

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 3433 04501 7468

D 11-5265

Boon, Martin James

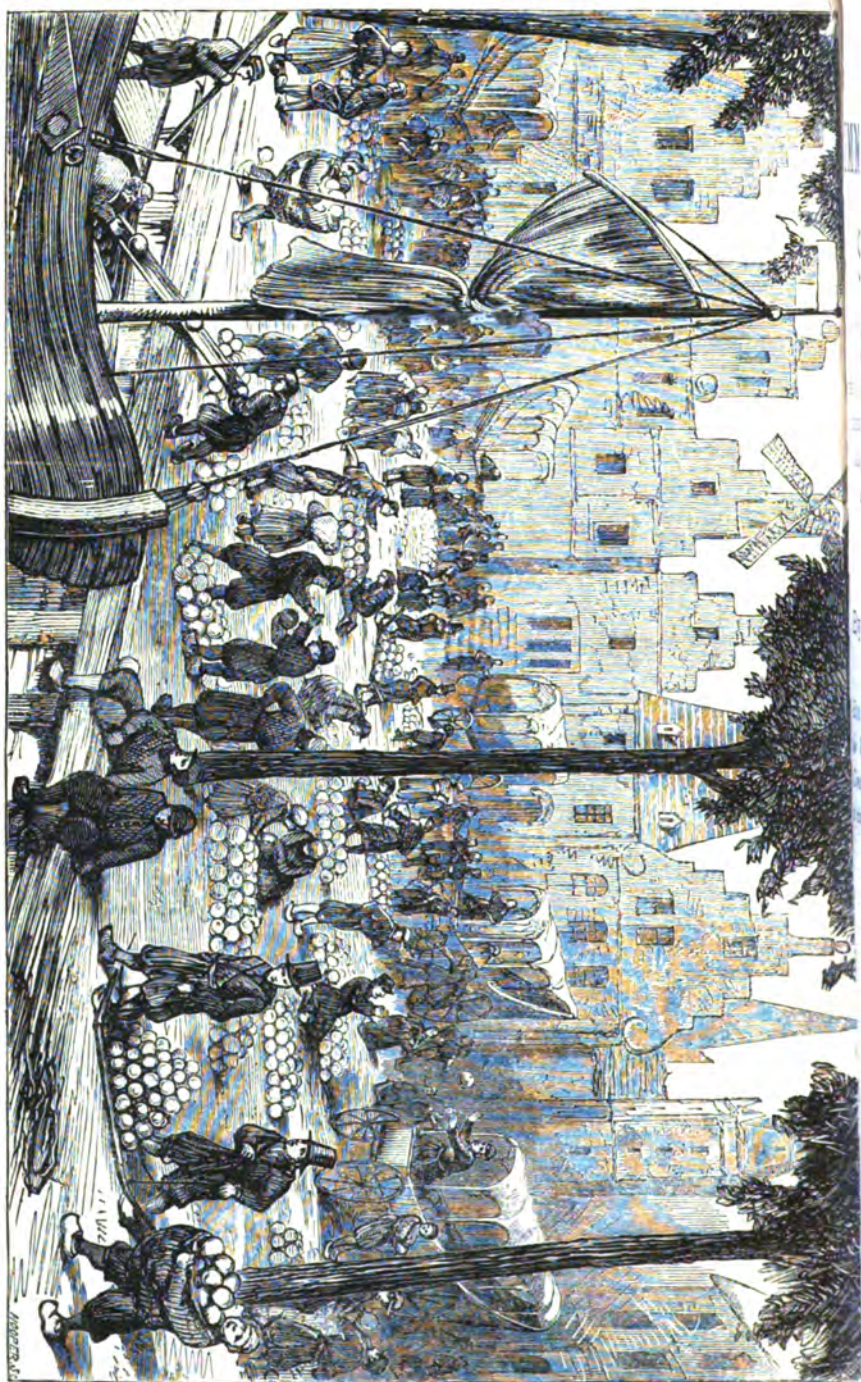
Immortal history of South Africa; the on

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<https://books.google.com>





THE CHEESE MARKET AT ALKMAAR.

[See page 101.]

THE
IMMORTAL HISTORY
OF
SOUTH AFRICA.

2407

THE ONLY TRUTHFUL, POLITICAL, COLONIAL, LOCAL,
DOMESTIC, AGRICULTURAL, THEOLOGICAL, NATIONAL,
LEGAL, FINANCIAL AND INTELLIGENT HISTORY OF
MEN, WOMEN, MANNERS AND FACTS OF THE
CAPE COLONY, NATAL, THE ORANGE FREE
STATE, TRANSVAAL, AND SOUTH AFRICA.

By MARTIN JAMES BOON,

AUTHOR OF

*How to Colonise South Africa, and by whom ; Jottings by
the Way in South Africa ; Home Colonisation ; How to
Construct and Nationalise Railways ; National Paper Money,
to enable all Nations to Construct Public Works without Bonds,
Mortgages, or Interest, &c., &c., &c.*

VOL. I.

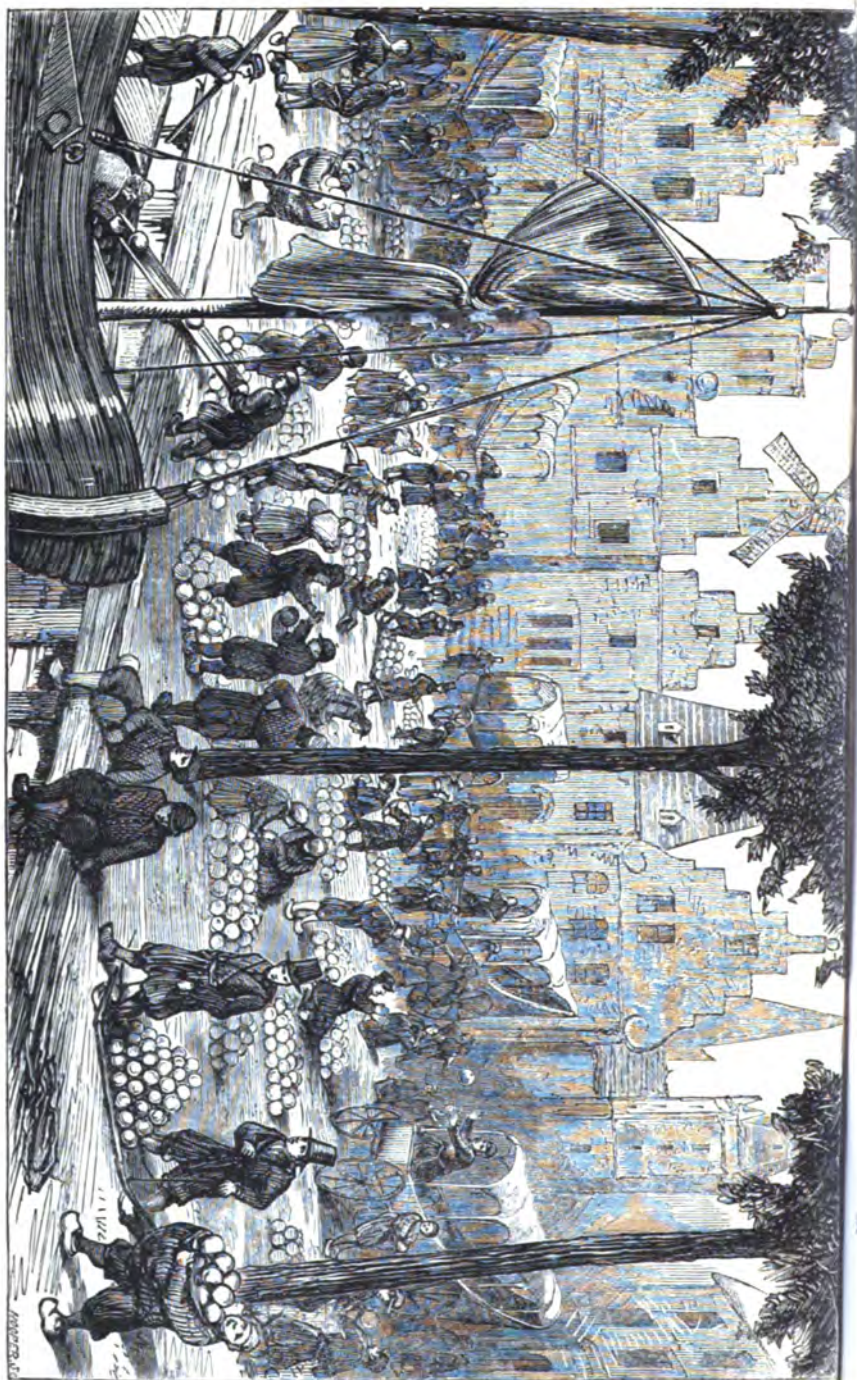
LONDON :

WILLIAM REEVES, 185, FLEET STREET ;
MARTIN JAMES BOON, 170, FARRINGTON ROAD.

SOUTH AFRICA :

HAY BROS., WHOLESALE AGENTS, KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.

1885.



THE CHEESE MARKET AT ALKMAAR.

[See page 101.]

THE
IMMORTAL HISTORY
OF
SOUTH AFRICA.

2407
THE ONLY TRUTHFUL, POLITICAL, COLONIAL, LOCAL,
DOMESTIC, AGRICULTURAL, THEOLOGICAL, NATIONAL,
LEGAL, FINANCIAL AND INTELLIGENT HISTORY OF
MEN, WOMEN, MANNERS AND FACTS OF THE
CAPE COLONY, NATAL, THE ORANGE FREE
STATE, TRANSVAAL, AND SOUTH AFRICA.

By MARTIN JAMES BOON,

AUTHOR OF

*How to Colonise South Africa, and by whom ; Jottings by
the Way in South Africa ; Home Colonisation ; How to
Construct and Nationalise Railways ; National Paper Money,
to enable all Nations to Construct Public Works without Bonds,
Mortgages, or Interest, &c., &c., &c.*

VOL. I.

LONDON :

WILLIAM REEVES, 185, FLEET STREET ;
MARTIN JAMES BOON, 170, FARRINGTON ROAD.

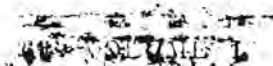
SOUTH AFRICA :

HAY BROS., WHOLESALE AGENTS, KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.

1885.



CONTENTS



CHAPTER I.—Boon Starts on his Travels from Bloemfontein—The Capital of the Orange Free State Republic, South Africa—Describes the Town and exposes its deplorable sanitary condition. 1—13

CHAPTER II.—Objections to youthful marriages—Definition of a "gentleman"—Health and happiness synonymous—The distinctions between pleasure and happiness—Education of the feelings as well as of the intellect erects a temple of virtue in every heart—Knowledge the groundwork of virtue, and virtue the foundation of happiness 14—25

CHAPTER III.—The climatic conditions of Bloemfontein misrepresented by doctors to entice visitors and secure patients—Cremation—The Jews, the vilest race on earth: their money-making dodges exposed—The Bible and the New Testament—Jesus Christ as God and Man—Christianity an instrument for degrading the masses and for enriching the priests, pastors and ministers of all sects—The pharmacopœia of the Church—Rationalism—Quackery: Medical and Theological—Huxley's Lay Sermons—The Eucalypticus—Luther and Shakespeare—Human Amelioration, Man's noblest work—Rainfall and drought: their effects on agriculture—Water Storage and Irrigation—Sheep Farming: defects and remedies 26—58

CHAPTER IV.—Dutchmen's homes—Dutch Farmers and Jewish Traders—Anti-English feeling of the old Boers—The English language prohibited by the Boers in their Schoois—The fighting powers of the Boers—The Colonial Government an organised conspiracy of cheats—Military bunglers—An Officer burnt in office—Dutch greed and mendacity—Sisters of Mercy—The Diamond Fields—The Chiefs Sepinare and Samuel—Dangers of the Road to travellers—Burning grass—Forests and the drought—The Grahamstown Scandal—Agricultural and industrial conditions—The power of the pen—Boers and Basutos—The Treaty of Aliwal North, *verbatim et literatim* 59—78

CHAPTER V.—Lord Derby and the Colonial Government on the Basuto Question, official despatches, &c., &c. - - - - - 79—99

CHAPTER VI.—Trouble in store for the Colony—The Basutos our auxiliaries and faithful allies—Cetewayo, John Dunn, and the Zulus—The Indenture system pure and simple slavery—The British Lion and the Transvaal—Execution of Mampoor: shocking scene upon the scaffold—The G.O.M. and President Kruger—The National Pitso—Starving, shooting, and mutilating the Chief Morosi: horrible disclosures—Basutoland, the natural granary of South Africa - 100—112

CHAPTER VII.—From Aliwal North to St. James Town—A genuine woman and good mother—Government frauds—Districts and Reserves exclusively for Natives—Missionaries the fomenters of rebellion—Sprigg; a placeman in a statesman's position; a land-hungerer, and selfish mercenary failure—Sprigg's brother-in-law a disgrace to human mind—General Gordon in Basutoland: his masterly plans, and sweeping abolition of sinecures and reduction of salaries, including his own, resulting in his dismissal from the post of Colonial Commandant - - - - - 113—127

- CHAPTER VIII.—The Coal Fields of South Africa—
King Alcohol capsizes *Cobb's Coach*, with some
serious, and many ludicrous results—The late
Prince Imperial and the Zulu Campaign—Human
Man-Eaters—Hereditary transmission of disease
- - - - - 128-136
- CHAPTER IX.—The Journey continued to Dordrecht
—A midnight bugler—Cattle-Lifting, the Dutch
and the Kaffir methods, and how to prevent the
same—Boon falls in with "*Satan*" *en route*—
Dordrecht described—Wealth of the Dutch
Farmers—The Dutch Church: courting and pro-
posing therein—The Malpractices of the Jews in
the Colony—Gross official corruption—The great
mineral wealth of the district—Preference of the
Dutch girls for English settlers - 137-155
- CHAPTER X.—Exeter Hall a curse to South Africa—
More about the Missionaries. Cetewayo and the
Zulus—The blood-sacrifice: terrible vengeance—
Monogamy and Polygamy—Isandula—Cetewayo
defended - - - - - 156-175
- CHAPTER XI.—A narrow escape—A contrast between
modern missionaries and the monks of old—The
Koranas or Bushmen—The Missing Link—Dr.
Brimstone's sermon—Over the Stormberg and
Bongola Mountains to Queenstown—Colonial
poverty and immorality—Gold-worship—Business,
the God in Queenstown—A protest against the
Emigrationists—A Market built for nothing
- - - - - 176-202
- CHAPTER XII.—The Africander Bond—The future lan-
guage of South Africa—Triumphs of the English
language—English self-esteem - 203-225
- CHAPTER XIII.—Land and money lords—Colonial
farming—Disastrous effects of the drought amongst
stock and sheep—The indolence and apathy of the
farmers contributing to their calamities—The
subjection of agriculture - - - 226-251

CHAPTER XIV.—The Waterford experimental farm—Agriculture—Water-wealth—Colonial statistics—The different Nationalities in the Colony—The "Native" Question—The "pass" system—A Trek threatened—Tree planting: what it will do for the Country—The locust tree shown to be drought-resisting - - - - - 252—282

CHAPTER XV.—"The Fruits of Philosophy" and the High Priest and Priestess of *The Modern Precautionary School*—Modern Malthusianism exposed—Theatricals in South Africa and the Morality of Modern Stage Plays criticised—The Pastor of Wheatlands and the Black Cabbage Seed—Education and the State—The Schoolmaster and the Conqueror - - - - - 283—309

CHAPTER XVI.—On to King William's Town—Land Lords are bad, but House and Money Lords are worse—The Christian Idea of Eternal Torture and the Dante Purgatory—Science the Helpmate of Man in Subduing the Earth—Production, Commerce, and Finance—Producing Pilgrims and the Load on their Backs—Bankruptcies and Suicide—The War-Sprigg Party and the Scanlen Dodgers—The Cape German Colony—Beaconsfield, Bismarck, and Salisbury The German Emperor and Ignobles of Germany—The German Connection a Curse to Englishmen—Filthy Lucre-loving Parsons and German-Wastelings—The Unregarded Toil of the Poor—A One-foot-in-the-grave Old Man—A Never-satisfied, Asthmatical, Young-old Man, and his Exhausted Wife and Young Family of Consumptive, Asthmatical, Small, Puny, Wizen Weaklings—The Union of Young Diseased Persons and the Evil Consequences Thereof—Bishops and Parsons Condemned for Marrying them—Blue Stockings—Boon in the Jaws of a Tiger—Sucking Poison—Boon's Remedy for Outcast London—A Second Daniel come to Judgment—The Jews as Diamond Salters—The Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing But the Truth 310—344

Reviews.

—:O:—

IMMORTAL SOUTH AFRICA.

BY MARTIN JAMES BOON.

"We have just had the pleasure of perusing the first volume of one of the most remarkable, instructive, and entertaining books ever presented to the public—*Immortal South Africa*—by Martin James Boon. Past, recent, and current events, all combine to enhance the interest and anxiety that we doubt not exist in the public mind with regard to all that pertains to the African Continent; and assuredly no Englishman, worthy of the name, can look with indifference upon the kaleidoscopic-like events now passing before his mental view in that veritable *terra incognita*. Egypt, the Soudan, the Transvaal, Basutoland, Zululand, Bechuanaland, &c., &c., are names now "Familiar as Household Words" in every English-speaking home, and naturally so; for where is the one to be found of the Anglo-Saxon race, from lisping infancy to the threshold of the grave, who has not read or heard, and on reading or hearing, of our African triumphs or disasters, felt the warm glow of patriotism and pride suffuse the brow, or sought refuge in tears from the agony of unavailing grief, and mentally resolved that the transient stain upon the national escutcheon must be removed? Under such influences and conditions as these, we feel not only that no apology is needed for inviting and commending to public attention *Immortal South Africa*; but that it makes its appearance at a singularly opportune and felicitous moment; and we confidently hope that it will obtain what it undoubtedly merits—the liberal patronage of the reading world. Although, as indicated by its title, the work is mainly devoted to South Africa, including the Orange River, Free State and Transvaal Republics, nothing has been left untouched where "British

Interests" are concerned—and where are they not? Few men have had better opportunities than Mr. Boon of acquiring the materials necessary to complete the Herculean task he has so successfully accomplished; and certainly no contemporary writer has brought to bear upon the subject greater natural ability and honesty of purpose, or more dauntless courage in maintaining the right and denouncing the wrong. As a resident in the country during a period of eleven years, Mr. Boon writes with all the authority of personal experience, and a sincerity as apparent as it is exceptional in the penultimate decade of the nineteenth century. "Fear, favour, or affection" on the one hand; "malice, hatred, or ill-will" on the other; appear to be *unknown quantities* to Martin James Boon. His descriptions of the natural features of the country are realistically beautiful. His defence of the poor Aborigines, plundered, cajoled, goaded, banished, and at times wantonly murdered, is a marvel of eloquent pleading, that appears unanswerable on the part of the oppressors. His denunciation of the Jews and their malpractices; of all shams, humbugs, and impostures, whether Governmental, official, or individual, are couched in language of crushing impetuosity, convincing and overwhelming. With unerring precision, and resistless force, he strikes at every abuse; tearing away with the mighty power of righteous indignation, the mask that has too long concealed them, and ruthlessly exposes them in all their nude hideousness, to the scorn and contempt of the world. Mr. Boon is far too much of an Englishman to have left untouched the German element—a by no means unimportant factor in the great South African problem; more especially now that Bismarck has shown the cloven hoof of acquisition in his Colonial Policy at Angra Pequena and New Guinea, &c.; combined with his ill-disguised hostility to us in Egypt—and with a master-hand, he has cleared away all the obscurity in which that portion of the question was enshrouded; and by virtue of his rare powers of perception and description, presented it to us in a form as intelligible, as the subject is interesting and important. Nothing worthy of notice appears to have been overlooked. Politics and agriculture in all their bearings; social, sanitary and domestic topics, the "Race" question, and a thousand and one other matters are dealt with in an able and comprehensive manner, revealing to the reader the *minutiae* of the conditions of daily life in South Africa, as distinctly as though he looked upon the subject through the medium of some powerful mental microscope. Throughout the entire work

—for we will take the public into our confidence, and say at once, that we have enjoyed the pleasure of a peep into the second volume, which is in an advanced stage of the arrangements necessary to enable it to follow Vol. I. into the “Hearts and Homes,” doubtless waiting to welcome its arrival, where we opine it will prove to be of “metal more attractive” even than its predecessor—the readers interest is never allowed to flag. The diversified contents of the book, and their mode of treatment by the Author render *Immortal South Africa* a mental *pabulum* upon which the appetite never palls. All English-speaking folk who value the principles and attributes of right and justice, truth and purity, will greet Mr. Boon’s book with a hearty welcome; whilst to the agriculturist, the settler in South Africa, or the intending emigrant, it is of supreme importance that “one and all” should be possessed of it, as they undoubtedly will be, if they have any genuine regard for their own interests. Although Mr. Boon makes no pretensions to literary style or polish, he is a writer possessing singular power and originality of ideas, fascinating by reason of their very freshness, accompanied by a rich vein of humour and keen sense of the ridiculous, whereby he at times completely deprives us of all control over our risible faculties. On the other hand we are now and again moved to the tenderest of human emotions by his simple, pure and unaffected pathos. Neither can we pass over without notice his trenchant criticisms of evil-doers in high places, his scathing sarcasms when dealing with organised or individual hypocrisies, or his truly terrible power of invective when delivering an onslaught upon social, political or ecclesiastical malefactors. With his perfect freedom from all conventualism, Mr. Boon is a literary gem of the first water, a veritable rough diamond; and it requires no great stretch of imagination to picture his pen as the magician’s wand, whose vigorous strokes shall bring about the moral redemption of South Africa, and hand down to posterity the name of Martin James Boon, as the Nineteenth Century literary Bayard. *Sans peur et sans reproche.*”

MONEY AND ITS USE.

In these days, when “hard times” is the universal, and unhappily but too well founded cry, certainly, any proposition, that appears feasible, for the amelioration of matters must be somewhat more than welcome. Whatever the cause, it is a

fact, which cannot be gainsaid, for all of us are only too painfully aware of it, that our country in common with others, is in a state of commercial prostration, the like of which has rarely, if ever, been experienced; and thousands upon thousands of our "horny-handed sons of toil" are in a state of semi-starvation through want of employment. Of such gigantic proportions is the evil, that private effort, however well intended, is utterly helpless even to mitigate it to any appreciable extent, and our wilfully blind or mentally paralysed Government seems to be either unwilling or hopelessly incapable of grasping the difficulty, and dealing with it in an effectual and statesmanlike manner. Innumerable plans and suggestions—all of a more or less impracticable character—have been promulgated by the Press, and mouthed from the platform or in the Senate, but nothing—absolutely nothing has as yet been *done*. The latest scheme for improving our condition and exorcising from our midst, or stalling off that rapidly approaching dread gaunt goblin Famine aye, famine; surrounded by plenty, wealth, luxury and sumptuousness, appears to be the construction of subways in different parts of the Metropolis, thereby providing employment for a considerable number of our idle hands. Employment! Yes; just the thing English working men want, and "don't they wish they may get it?" Whilst our Municipal or Local Government pettifoggers are discussing the matter, and turning about in all directions to find the ways and means—the indispensable, the *sine qua non*, absolutely and indisputably of our very existence on this sublunary planet, it is simply but a repetition of the "old, old story" that *while the grass grows, the steel starves*. What then is to be done? Why simply this:—Let every statesman, every politician, every political economist, every philanthropist, the clergy and ministers of all denominations, in fact, every man who wishes himself and his country well, procure at once the little *brochure*, entitled "Money and Its Use," by MARTIN JAMES BOON, author of "The Immortal History of South Africa," "History of the Orange Free State," &c., &c., &c. Having purchased it, let them read and ponder carefully its contents. Having done so, we are persuaded that all then remaining to be done, will be for every one in his respective sphere and capacity to do all that lies within him to carry, or cause to be carried immediately into practice the great and indisputable truths, and plans sketched out by the author. Let what was done in Jersey be repeated to the extent necessary in England, and then we shall have achieved our emancipation

for the greatest and grossest thralldom that ever disgraced, outraged, and held in bondage the world of manhood—that of the gold exploiters and monopolists. Then shall we have effected, noiselessly and peacefully, the greatest social revolution of this or any other age, and we make bold to prophesy that the name of Martin James Boon will be hailed with universal assent and acclamation as the talisman whereby this wondrous transformation was brought about.

THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND PHASES OF HUMAN

SLAVERY: HOW IT CAME INTO THE WORLD, AND HOW IT SHALL BE MADE TO GO OUT. By JAMES BRONTEERE O'BRIEN, B.A. London: William Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, E.C.; G. Standing, 8 & 9, Finsbury Street; Martin James Boon, 170, Farringdon Road, W.C.

THIS little Work, by an eloquent denunciator of the manifold evils of Profitmongering and Landlordism, whose entire life was devoted to the advocacy of Social Rights, is now given to the world for the first time in complete form.

The Author, in his lifetime, was frustrated in his design of finishing his History, through the ceaseless machinations of working-class exploiters and landlords. This has been at length accomplished by the aid of his various writings preserved in print. The object steadily kept in view has been to give the *ipsisima verba* of the Author, so that no foreign pen may garble or mislead.

In order to provide room for so much additional matter as was essential to the elucidation of the great reforms needed in the subjects of Land Nationalisation, Credit, Currency, and Exchange, it has been found expedient to omit from this edition some disquisitions on subjects of ephemeral and passing interest, not closely connected with the scope of the Work. Ample compensation has, however, been given in the additions which have had to be made for the elucidation and enforcement of the saving truths therein contained.

A man who lived for truth, and truth alone,
Brave as the bravest—generous as brave;
A man whose heart was rent by every moan
That burst from every trodden, tortured slave;
A man prepared to fight, prepared to die.
To lighten, banish, human slavery.
The mighty scorned him, villified, oppressed;
The bitter cup of poverty and pain
Forced him to drink. He was misfortune's guest

Thro' weary, weary years : his anguished brain
 Shed tears of pity—wrath—for mankind's woe ;
 For his own sorrows tears could never flow.
 He loved the people with a brother's love :
 He hated tyrants with a tyrant's hate.
 He turned from kings below, to God above—
 The King of kings who smites the wicked great.
 The shame, the scourge, the terror of their race,
 Those demons in earth's holy dwelling place.
 Thou noble soul ! Around thee gathered those
 Who, poor and trampled patriots were like thee.
 Thou art not dead ! Thy martyred spirit glows
 In us, a band devoted of the free :
 We best can celebrate thy natal day,
 By virtues, valours, such as marked thy way.

WILLIAM MACCALL.

We have been privileged with a sight of the proof-sheets of O'Brien's "Rise, Progress, and Phases of Human Slavery," and are sure that the thousands of Socialists throughout the world will hail with delight its appearance, for the first time in a complete form. It seems to us as the rising from the dead, after a long sleep, of the mighty great who electrified his audiences with his eloquence. With what convincing arguments does the writer show the horrors of slavery, tracing its progress from brutal chattel-slavery down to its more refined and diabolic form of wage-slavery. He does not, however, leave us here ; but in fixing the evil, he also, at the same time, gives the full and sufficient remedy. It is like the voice of the Deity, speaking from the dead to living. Let the people heed the voice, and their redemption draweth nigh.

HISTORY OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE

UNDER the above title, another aspirant for public favour will shortly make its appearance in the book market. The work will be complete in one handsomely bound volume, and is from the able pen of MARTIN JAMES BOON, author of "The Immortal History of South Africa," a work we had occasion to notice with unqualified eulogy, some short time back—"Money and Its Use," and other works on social and political economy. "Immortal South Africa," with all its encyclopædic comprehensiveness, from the immense variety of subjects it dealt with, could hardly do more than touch the fringe, as it were, of that many-coloured geographical entity, the Orange Free State. Those who have been fortunate enough, or had the good sense, to read Mr. Boon's more general work, cannot but have felt eager, when perusing the valuable and

interesting generalities, anent the Free State, therein contained, for more detailed information from the same authoritative source; and in the work under notice they will find it in abundance, variety and beauty. Mr. Boon has handled his subject, as only one in possession of absolutely personal knowledge and great natural gifts, could. In this book we positively feel as though we were onlookers or participants in the stirring events described. Public affairs generally—State, Local and Municipal—are treated with a copiousness that leaves nothing to be desired, and with a boldness of assertion, welcome and refreshing in these degenerate days of pandering to "authority," and cloaking its manifold transgressions and iniquities. Semitic and Teutonic rascality, appears to be rampant in the Free State, and the victims thereof seem, for the most part, to be Englishmen. So mean, contemptible, and dastardly; so utterly abhorrent to all the instincts of right and justice; in short, so fiendish, one might say, are the practices of these degenerate Cousins-German, and nefarious descendants of Abraham, that the Orange Republic must indeed be a sort of terrestrial pandemonium. If Mr. Boon is correct—and he certainly fortifies his assertions, both by direct and collateral evidence—the malpractices referred to are openly encouraged, or secretly connived at, by the Free State officials of all grades. Whilst the experiences narrated, are engrossingly interesting, throwing a flood of light upon that mysterious, but ever existent inner circle of social and political life in the Free State; the warnings given should not only be read, but engraven upon the memory of every Englishman contemplating a residence in that unfortunate and really little-known Republic. Whether as a supplementary, or companion work to "The Immortal History of South Africa," or from its own inherent merits and attractions, "The Orange Free State" should find a welcome and a home in every public and private library.

"HOW TO NATIONALIZE OUR COMMONS, WASTE LANDS AND RAILWAYS."

SUCH is the title of a little work of very unpretending appearance, but whose contents are of paramount interest and importance to all classes, and especially to that unfortunate stalking-horse of political parties—the working man. Whilst the author, who has evidently studied the question carefully and earnestly, expresses his views with all the energy of an enthusiast who has unlimited confidence in the soundness of his conclusions; he is remarkably felicitous in his mode of

illustration, which is characterised by such force and perspicuity, that not even the humblest capacity can fail to grasp his meaning. The author contends that the appropriation, with the public money, of our Commons and Waste lands is the only way to work out the great Land Question; and he urges that if this were done, and the whole brought into a proper state of cultivation, there would be no necessity for our agricultural labourers to emigrate, and that our own lands would yield sufficient sustenance for a population of "one hundred and twenty millions." The historical and legal bearings of the Commons Question are ably and copiously dealt with; and the statistics upon which the author bases his deductions, are collated from the most authoritative sources, including the report of the Enclosure Commissioners, from which he estimates the annual loss of revenue to the United Kingdom, through the present condition of our commons and waste lands, at the enormous sum of forty millions. Formidable as this amount appears, the author has something still more astounding in store. He says that if these lands were to be allotted to farm labourers for cultivation, they would in a few years yield, in the form of rent, an annual income to the State of "from sixty to eighty millions!" Such are a few only of the numerous items of interest contained in this truly valuable pamphlet, which not only points out existing evils, but—what is of infinitely greater importance—it shows the way out of them, in "short, sharp and decisive" fashion; and greater, better, and more wonderful still—"without a farthing's loss or cost to any one." Of the "Railway Question," the exigencies of space only permit us to say—without intending a joke—that it is dealt with exactly on the same lines. In conclusion, we cannot give better advice concerning this marvellous little work, than that contained in the words, "Go and buy it." The price places this little treasure within the reach of all, and it is written by that staunch, true friend of the working man, MARTIN JAMES BOON, author of the "Immortal History of South Africa," "History of the Orange Free State," "Money and Its Use," &c., &c., &c.

**"JOTTING'S BY THE WAY, OR BOON'S MADNESS
ON THE ROAD."—By MARTIN JAMES BOON.**

LONDON: GEORGE STANDRING, 8 & 9, Finsbury Street.

"This is a very remarkable book by a very remarkable man. Mr. Boon is an enthusiast of the most indomitable type. He is

irrepressible in his hopefulness. He presents us, in this volume, with a philosophical view of life—past, present and to come—in the Orange Free State, Natal, and Cape Colony. He has lived long and travelled much, and seen a great deal in these parts; and he believes that his thoughts, speculations, fancies, and facts will be of service to Englishmen—hence this work. Mr. Boon is a most pronounced Republican, and an ardent advocate of the nationalization of the land. He is a reformer, and is never happy, but as he is either destroying what he believes to be evil, or is uplifting and supporting what he believes to be good and true. His volume is interesting, instructive, and suggestive, and ought to be read by all reformers and those who take any interest in foreign policy. Mr. William Maccall, well known to advanced thinkers in this religion, introduces this book of colonial genius. We must not say, for the author is English born—but his ideas seem to have been strengthened, if not developed, by his colonial life and experience. In 1869 Mr. Maccall, at the Hall of Science, London, delivered four lectures on Pauperism. Among his hearers were the author of this book. The lecturer and his boon companions recognised a kinship of spirit, and this kinship has been strengthened by time. He is a merchant at Bloemfontein, Orange Free State. His "favourite ideas" do not let business muzzle his soul. *Maworm*, in the play of the Hypocrite, boasted that "he extorted [exhorted] all who came to the shop," and Martin Boon, who is a true man and no hypocrite, finds that his ideas being freely communicated and fearlessly maintained, do not hinder his progress in business. As Mr. Maccall's name is a sufficient voucher for the book we have only to add that it abounds with racy writing, which will amuse the cursory reader, and with thoughts that will interest the graver student of this mad world."—*Western Times*.

GEORGE STANBRING, 8 & 9, Finsbury Street, London, publishes "Jottings by the Way," and "How to Construct Free State Railways," by Martin James Boon. They are two thoughtful, earnest, and vigorous works. They are fresh, striking, drastic; brimful of all sorts of information and suggestions, and ought to be read by all reformers.—The PROPAGANDIST (Vail & Co., 170, Farringdon-road), is a twopenny monthly of the most advanced type, edited by Martin James Boon. It is a fearless, outspoken, daring periodical, advocating views of the most uncompromising kind. Martin Boon is far ahead of his age and country.—*Oldham Chronicle*.

**"A SCHEME OF IMPERIAL COLONIZATION:
HOW TO COLONIZE SOUTH AFRICA, AND BY WHOM."
BY MARTIN J. BOON.**

MANY readers must recall with pleasure and esteem the name of Martin James Boon, who, twelve years ago, played a conspicuous part as a social and political reformer, and who was the first popular champion of what has recently attracted so much attention—land nationalisation. The more disinterested and devoted we are in the service of truth, the more we have to suffer; and brave, benevolent Boon was not an exception. His worldly affairs having fallen into confusion, he went, early in 1874, as a settler to South Africa. If in England he had been a hero, in Caffraria he was destined to be a martyr. For a considerable time he has resided as a merchant at Bloemfontein, Orange Free State. His tribulations have not diminished his enthusiasm, and he continues to write and speak with the valiant zeal which he displayed in England. His pamphlet, "How to Colonise South Africa," contains many ingenious suggestions.

At the risk of being called a Jingo, I think that England should have a great foreign policy and a great colonial policy, and that England should be for the modern world what Rome was for the ancient world. I was amused the other day, when reading a lecture by Mr. Conway, to find Benjamin Disraeli treated as an earnest man, with something of the old Hebrew prophetic fire. It seemed to me the height of comicality that the most detestable impostor of modern days should be regarded as a serious and honest personage. It is enough to make me hate Benjamin Disraeli that, by his contemptible trickeries, he brought a vigorous foreign and colonial policy into disrepute. To that policy we must return if England is to maintain or to extend its place among the nations. Whenever that policy is revived South Africa is sure to be sought as an admirable field for colonizing experiments. Boon's main idea includes the rapid extension of a peasant proprietary in connection with an immense issue of redeemable paper money. As all money is simply representative, I see no reason for deeming Boon's plan unworkable. But I cannot discuss the plan here, and must content myself with trying to excite the interest of the reader in Boon's pamphlet. My own currency has always been extremely limited; and I might be too much influenced by prejudices if I were to enter on the debate of currency questions. That these questions have been profoundly studied and are thoroughly understood by Boon, I am convinced; and his sincerity and generosity are beyond the reach of doubt.

WILLIAM MACCALL.

HOW TO CONSTRUCT FREE TRADE RAILWAYS, &c.

"THE manifold advantages of a thorough system of railway communication are so well known and appreciated in those countries fortunate enough to possess this universally recognised desideratum, that any recapitulation thereof is totally unnecessary. The chief ground for surprise in connection with the matter is, that any Nation or State, claiming to be considered civilised, should be without, or inadequately provided with railways; and as we cannot for a moment imagine any people to be so blind to the interests of themselves and their country as not to be possessed of an earnest desire to have them, we are forced to the conclusion that the want of *means*, rather than the want of *wit*, is the real stumbling block in the way. We are led to these observations by the perusal of a pamphlet bearing the title at the head of this notice, written by that well known militant Apostle of Progress, Martin James Boon, author of the *Immortal History of South Africa, National Paper Money and Its Use, History of the Orange Free State, &c., &c.* The author having for a considerable time been an observant resident in the Free State is pre-eminently entitled to speak upon the question, which he treats from the point of view that the railways should be constructed by and become the property of the State, the cost thereof being provided for by the issue of State paper-money in the form of Notes, marked to denote the purpose for which they were issued, and made legal tender for all purposes within the confines of the Free State. The security upon which the notes were issued would be the railway plant and works themselves. Upon the completion of the line five per cent. of the receipts after paying all expenses to be called in, and notes representing that amount cancelled annually, until the whole would be passed out of circulation and the property left as a source of income, either to carry out other works or to relieve the burdens of the taxpayers, and all effected, entirely free of cost. Such is a brief outline of the author's general idea, and it is worked out in detail with admirable reasoning, illustrated by convincing examples. Every member of that somewhat cosmopolitan community, The Orange Free State, should invest sixpence, and study the question for himself."



BOON'S IMMORTAL SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

BOON STARTS ON HIS TRAVELS FROM BLOEMFONTEIN, THE
CAPITAL OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE
REPUBLIC, SOUTH AFRICA.

AFTER many months of hard work in Bloemfontein, I decided to take another special business buying-trip, having completed my stock-taking, and in one sense rejoicing that by strenuous labour, I had, even in the hard times of 1883, added to my means, but, to my annoyance and disgust, lost the same owing to the trickery of a man who was both a fool and a rogue, and of another "Africander" who was a fool, a rogue, and a rascal combined. To intensify my discontent, I had been pillaged by the lawyers of Ladybrand and Bloemfontein. Now, as money was not the only thing I cared for, and as man may not live by bread alone, I realised that my losses and difficulties would but be a spur to my future endeavours for myself and on behalf of the suffering world in general. It is not the abundance that a man hath, but the contentment of his mind, and the use he makes of his means and opportunities that give individual and collective happiness. I only grieved at

my losses from the fact that, after all my intense toil, I had diminished means and less opportunity to help in the cause so dear to me, and to aid generously and cheer heartily those who, in their old age, needed succour as some small reward for their toil and the many sacrifices they had made in the cause of suffering humanity. Truly they had been martyrs to principle, and that kept them poor. If the blood of such martyrs be the seed of a future church, then humanity is not without hope; for their lives, have in an unostentatious way proved that in the mighty heart of England—London—there were to be found those silent workers who knew the cause of a people's poverty, but lacked the strength to remove it. However, with a light philosophic heart I engaged my seat for the Colony once more, to meet the partner of my joys, sorrows, trials, and disappointments, and once again to embrace my loved young ones. Punctually at eight o'clock in the morning, on the eventful 30th of August, 1883, I bade my associates good-bye, and hastened round to the "Phœnix" Hotel, whose age was just one thousand years, all but a month. The proprietor promised that on my return I should find a young "Phœnix" out of the ashes of the old, to the delight and joy of the oldest inhabitant. Just as I was starting, to my annoyance, a man came up, to whom I had once been extremely considerate, until imposture—cheating and using my name among friends in Bloemfontein, Kimberley, and elsewhere for the purpose of obtaining funds—had quite exhausted my patience. Although a native of Germany, and full of its latter-day insolence, my sense of justice would not allow me to cast him aside until I had found him utterly unworthy, and not to be relied upon in any relation of life. Making free with that which belonged to another had secured him a public thrashing and a broken nose on the public market-place. It was hoped that this chastisement would have improved his morals and his honesty; but, alas! so far had the man gone in his bad career, that at last he was known as the "German Wife Beater," the general trust-breaker, the Dutch and Kaffir cheater, and a most unworthy subject of the Free State. In self-defence I had, when he offered me his hand before others, to tell him sharply that when he could prove he

was *not* a liar, a thief, and a vagabond, I would take him by the hand. Sad to relate, he was but one of the many that infest the country as its bane and curse. With haste I bade good-bye to the mentally blind and lame, and to those who did halt for lack of knowledge to give the people something to think about. During my absence, I had again shown my fellow-citizens how possible it was for the Free State to construct its own Railroads, and the inhabitants of Bloemfontein to make Water Works with Legal Tender Notes ; and although the Park Springs and the Kaffir-Fontein, born of bog and dissipated by drainage and drought, had proved a waste of money, and the impossibility of securing a constant water supply from such sources. I was not known as the one true prophet for the Town Council, its priests, prophets, trimmers, and toadies, allowed things still to pursue their bad and barren course to the loss of all. Still, by many I was wished good speed, even in a post-cart—the time having not yet come for the traveller to dash along by railroad. My friends hoped I should return in safety, and that at some future time my political and social lessons would take root and bless all around, if not before, at least when the young “Phœnix” arrived at maturity, and gave birth to its successor. Truly, the man with a new idea must indeed have faith, if his views of life are only to have their reward a thousand years hence ! Yet, this is often the sole reward of the True Reformer, who, without any anticipation that he will be appreciated, he must work on, and work ever and even die in the hope that in the dim future he may be understood. With a hurrah, and to the sound of the bugle, away we speed past the Town Hall and Library, over the market square, on past the Lutheran Church, the German Home, which is no longer Lutheran, but narrow in its views of life, and dogmatical in its utterings, though nothing else could be expected from its ignorant grass-gathering pastor ; on past the insolvent St. Andrew's College, which, but for the respect that tradesmen had for educational institutions, would have been before the Master of the Bankruptcy Court long before ; on past the barracks of the living army of the Free State, wherein some twenty half-bred young Dutchmen live a

life of celibacy, with all the temptations of a "Waaiohoek close by; it is astonishing how this little State attempts to ape a big Empire, flattered by an old sergeant of the German Empire, and dubbed Captain-General by a Cape Town Brand—then past, O ye reformers of Paris!—a memorial-stone erected to the memory of the Free Booters of the Free State, who, being hungry for the Basuto lands and cattle, paid a penalty of death for their cattle-lifting and blackman-slaying proclivities; and yet in the face of the "Thou shalt not steal" commandment, this monument has been erected and blessed by the Church, in memory of the dead, and thus the principle that "Thou mayst steal, if it is from the black man," is consecrated. But there the feeling of justice is lost sight of in the presence of a fort that six sturdy Englishmen would take on any dark night, guarded though it is by the formidable Free State army, led, as already stated, by a bully sergeant of German Empire, bugled by a wretched band creating horror and disgust to all. And then we pass the spot—"God's Acre," so called by a Church that dares to consecrate one piece of ground, and to impudently affirm that only in such a spot is there sure and certain hope of a resurrection! Do not alarm yourselves, you church-babblers! It would be a misfortune if any of the Modern Church parties and the would-be people's masters ever rose again from the dead. If sleeping in Jesus is an advantage, may that sleep to them be long. On we go, with the magazine on the right the Gunpowder Retail store of the Free State Government—a Government well known now to have winked at enormous supplies, being delivered to Bloemfontein and other border towns to enrich its Dutch and German supporters, to supply the Basutos with ammunition to defy the English Government, and in some cases the Free State Exchequer, replenished likewise by the sale of war material. On my left hand, to my utter disgust and contempt for the Town Council, I passed the native "location." If I felt indignant before, which I related of my first experience in my earlier "Jottings," I now felt unspeakable contempt for a Council of nobodies and do-nothings, who neglected to remove the birthplace of scarlatina, diphtheria and many other diseases, which all have their origin and

starting point in the filth collected in "Waaihoek." The Council had timely warning, but they took no effectual measures, and allowed a blockhead to receive money, as a sanitary inspector in the face of all who knew his uselessness. Good Heavens! When shall we have *men* to regulate and build decent houses for our two-legged and four-footed fellow creatures that congregate together? As a gregarious animal, man will always be found at close quarters; but is that a reason why more attention should be given to the stables of our horses than to the habitations of our people of all grades? Must crowded human beings always live in filth, and be surrounded by conditions unfit for swine? But for fear of a charge of incendiarism, I would have thrown a torch into the monstrous mass and burned the whole lot out. Would that this could be done by chance, though such mischance might be called the act of God, if but its foulness could be removed from the midst of Bloemfontein for ever. The same remarks are as applicable to the "locations" of every town in the Free State. Disease and filth reign everywhere; there is a constant stench in the nostrils of all healthy men, and there is a scourge in the homestead of every woman that has to hire servants from the dwellers in the infested region. The bishop and the many imbeciles called reverend were to be condemned for not preaching in the Kaffir churches the need of cleanliness, and we were supposed to think that if their Godliness was not more prominent than their sweetness and cleanliness, they were deficient indeed. When shall we have parsons who, like the Monks of Old, knowing how to use building tools, will shew the people how to build, and, if need be, will work with their own hands and erect human habitations. When shall we have Sisters of Mercy as ready, to attend to bodily as to spiritual wants, by giving lessons in cooking and all the ordinary duties of life, and producing comfort and pleasantness in the homes of the people instead of wasting valuable time in masses and matins, plunging the people deeper and deeper into superstition, stupidity, and idleness? At this point of the road, I met two inhabitants of the town, who bade me good-bye, and who having smarted under my lash for their foul tricks, would

have been happy if they could have shouted, "Away with him!—may he never return!" even if their hope had removed me to their region of HELL, and certain am I, that if their casting vote could have released me from its warmth, they would have preferred to prolong my torture. Such is the hate that some people have for those who dare to speak the truth in season, and sometimes out of season. Judging by one's want of success in life, there were times when it seemed unwise to utter one's own convictions, still one could not at all times be disloyal to the truth, let come what might. Their individuality being gratified at the expense of their families, roused my indignation and reproof, and when positive ruin stared them in the face like many others, they wore the Blue Ribbon which ought to have been worn years before, and the abstinence practised in the beginning, which would have made them successful, and then, instead of being jealous of my good luck, the outcome of very constant and hard work, they, too, might have rejoiced and been glad, even if, like myself, they had lost fortune by the want of trickery, as this after-history will explain, and fully bear out to the enlightenment of all.

For two years and more I had led an isolated life because I dared not allow those I loved to live in the town, and when I knew it could all have been altered by human agency, and that the town, with a good supply of running water, might have been a garden to live in, and the children enjoying its shade under green trees, instead of playing in its dirty gutters, I felt bitter against those who fattened upon high rents, and who did nothing to alter bad conditions. Much to the delight of the farmers of the neighbourhood of Bloemfontein, but to the inconvenience of us travellers, Nature had gathered up her big watering pot, and turned out the contents upon our devoted heads. A good Cape cart, well fitted, is a treat to ride in; but, as a rule, passenger and post carts are the oldest that can be got; while feeling glad for the rain, on account of the farmers, I cursed my luck at the prospect of being continually sprinkled by the heavenly showers through the means of the sieve on the top above my head; but it was useless to murmur. On, on, was the cry to the horses by our youthful

Jehu. Now, if the cart was old, our driver was young, and I felt it was a shame that a lad of fifteen years should be exposed to the elements, and the lives of the passengers risked in his hands, while his lazy father drank, smoked, and lolled at home. When will *things* in human shape remember that it is cruel to tax the strength and powers of the half-developed, whether of the two-footed or the four-footed animals in our midst? Passing by Koffyfontein, another wretched location, only made tolerable by its supply of water, which, like the Park Springs, was born of bog and being dissipated by drainage and draught. At this spot I began to make the acquaintance of my fellow-passengers, and to my surprise, after requesting their consideration for an orphan, I was surprised to find the elderly lady passenger was an old Colonist, to whom I had paid a visit in my earlier days, in the Colony, with a view of purchasing her husband's farm; but, with tears in her eyes, she told me how after many years of struggle, and the bringing up of a family, mainly through her endeavours, she had lost the farm, and its gardening pleasures, through the bad habits of her husband. This wicked wretch, time after time, ate up her industry to recover from his follies, he always made his way back, and heartlessly and haughtily demanded the fruits of her diligence and frugality. Truly, hers was a case where the ante-nuptial contract would have secured to her the results of her labours. It was painful to witness her emotion when she was describing her love for her old garden—the birthplace of her children—and what to her was at one time her *Eden*. She felt in reality the words of Adah to Cain, when remonstrating with Cain on the folly of his complaining: "Dear Cain, why wilt thou always mourn for Paradise? Can we not make another here or elsewhere? Where'er thou wilt, where'er thou art, I feel not, the want of this so much regretted Eden, have I not thee, our boy, our sire, and brother?" This was the feeling of this humble but loving mother; had the man but remained loving and kind, anywhere to her would have been an Eden; but without love she felt indeed Paradise was lost, and with no prospect of being regained with the father of her children, and now that she was no longer able to live with the man who swore a lifetime of

loyalty and protection, although compelled to live among strangers. Yet her love for the country was of the liveliest, and rural influences were to her the sweetest. Oh, the music in that word home ! It brings back to us a sweet strain from the heart of our memory. To the young it is a reminder of all that is near and dear to them. Our noblest, best men, the leading men of our nation, derived the best elements of their character from maternal care bestowed upon them in childhood. Who moulds our characters while we are yet young ? Certainly our mother does. There is no influence so powerful as hers upon the rising generation. While she shapes the characters of our great and good men, to her it also falls to train those who are to be mothers when she is no more, and to do for this generation what she has done for hers.

Home of our childhood ! how affection clings
And hovers around thee with her seraph wings ;
Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn brown,
Than fairest summits which the cedars crown.

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis sweet to look upon the fair
And open face of Heaven.

What a beautiful trait in the character of the English people is their hearty love of everything that savours and sounds of "country." It is a thoroughly healthy characteristic—deep rooted, and not to be eradicated by the longest and most engrossing occupations of a city or town life. Many a fainting heart is cheered by the hope that one day success will crown the labours of years, and enable the industrious citizen to close his days amid the quiet of a green suburban retreat, or a country house, far off among fields, hedgerows, and babbling brooks, with the flowers blowing, and skylarks singing at will, freely and joylessly. This is the season of youth, the hope of manhood, and the realisation of age in the cases of many.

We do not wonder at the universality of this feeling among our country men and country women. This old green country is worthy of all their admiration, love, and pride. It is almost a part of themselves, and associations connected with it are bound up with their being. Our poets have sung

of it till it has become mixed up with their tenderest and strongest influences. History, has made it venerable ; England's old castles and abbeys and churches, its battle-fields, its old halls and country houses, are they not identified in history with the march of this great people in civilization and freedom ? Then there are the birthplaces of its great men, the haunts of its poets, the stately piles dedicated to learning, the magnificent palaces of the nobles, the homes of the people, the huts of the poor, scattered all over this green land. There are the old forests, older than the Norman Conquest, and the old streams and mountainous country. The very word has music in it ; it brings up thoughts of the merry Maypole, the freshness of the woods and fields, pansies and spring violets, shady lanes, and rose-embowered lattices, the hum of bees and the music of birds, the bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle at eventide ; clear skies from which the sun shines down among green leaves, and upon grass land, mossy banks, and gurgling rills, while trout and minnow

*Take the luxury of glowing beams,
Tempered with coolness.*

Country, however, we cannot all have. We who live in towns and cities—the great accumulated deposits of civilization—must ply away at our several tasks, some with the hammer and others with the quill ; shopmen at their counters ; lawyers in their chambers ; needlewomen in their attics, merchants in their counting houses ; labourers at their daily work. But even here the love of country shows itself as strikingly as ever ; the strong passion displays itself in a thousand forms. Go to Covent Garden market any morning in June and you will there find the general love of flowers and green leaves displaying itself in another form. The stalls are filled with endless loads of bouquets ; the tables are gaily set out with their tempting array of calceolarias, geraniums, fuchsias, cactuses, roses, and heliotropes, all nicely potted and mossed ; and few there are who can resist the pleasure of having one or more of these in possession, and bearing them off in triumph. Many a longing look is cast upon these stalls by those too poor to buy.

What would many a poor girl give to be owner of one of

these sweet plants, reminding her as they do of country, and gardens, and sunshine, and the fresh beauty of nature ?

The love of flowers is beautiful in the young, beautiful in the aged. It bespeaks simplicity, purity, delicate taste, and an innate love of Nature. Long may flowers bloom in the homes of our people—in their parlour windows, in their one-roomed cottages, in their attics, in their cellar dwellings even ! We have hope for the hearts that love flowers, and the country of which they are born.

See, perched in that window sill, high above the rushing tide of city life, a lark in its narrow cage. Its eyes upturned, and its feet planted on the bit of green turf which its owner brought from under a great oak tree in the forest, when on his last holiday ramble, the lark pours through its little throat a flood of melody and joy. Though confined, yet it sees the sun through its prison bars, looks up cheerfully, and sings. And its captive owner in that narrow room behind—captive by the necessity of labouring for his daily bread—he, too, as he hears the glad melody, and as his eyes glance at the bit of green turf, and turn to the blue sky above, feels joy and love “shed abroad in his heart,” and he labours on more hopefully, even though the carol of the lark has brought his childhood’s home, the verdure of its fields and the music of its words gushing into his memory. Sing on, then, bird of Heaven, so beautifully described by the immortal Shelley in his poem on the Lark.

You see the love of country strongly displays itself on all the holidays in the year. Then you find crowds of men, women, and children, pressing and panting out of the towns and cities in all directions towards the fields and the fresh air. Steamers up and steamers down, stage coaches, omnibuses, and cabs ; and, above all, railway trains are, on such days, packed tight with passengers all bound for the “country” for a day on the hills, in the woods, or by the rivers—a long day of fresh breathing and pure delight.

One might say a great deal more of the thousand other forms in which this love of country exhibits among us—of the cottage-gardening, the taste for which is rapidly extending among the people—the small allotments so eagerly desired by working men ; the amateur or gentleman-farming ; of the

love of rural sports, and games, and exercise ; of our national literature which is so full of the free breath of the country, of our poetry, and song, which from Shakspeare to Wordsworth have always drawn their finest imagery from nature, and have never struck the chords of the national heart with more electric power, than when appealing to country life and rural beauty.

In the United States alone, women are the equal of men. There alone they may proudly toss their heads. There the scamp, who, meditating shame to the wife, sister or daughter, has not before him the simple terrors of a correspondent. He knows he has before him the peril to be shot. There a faithless swain, who could not be imprisoned for debt, may be kept in prison until he elects to marry the woman with whose affections he has trifled ; an injured woman may herself use a revolver ; a slighted one—a cowhide. The general spirit of American law, in reference to woman is well-expressed in the statute law of Massachusetts in regard to the rights of married women. The property of both real and personal which any woman, who may hereafter be married in this Commonwealth, may own at the time of her marriage, and the rents, usuries, profits, proceeds thereof, and any real or personal property which shall come to her by descent or bequest, or the gift of any person except her husband, shall remain her sole and separate property, notwithstanding her marriage, and not be subject to the disposal of a husband, or liable for his debts. Any married woman may carry on any trade or business, and perform any labour or service on her own sole and separate account ; and the earnings of any married woman, from her trade, business, labour or service, will be her sole property, and may be used and invested by her in her own name. Thus we see that in America, without giving further details, a woman is not looked upon as a mere chattel, and the slave to a man's never-ending demands, but is looked upon, as she should be, as the fit helpmate of man, to be honoured in all and under all conditions ; and in that case her children look up to her, not as the house or bread-winning slave, but the mother of a home. Had such arrangements been in practice in Africa, this woman would not

have lost her home and been made a hopeless fugitive, whilst her children were far away from her. And let there be no mistake, to raise a nation, let the woman be made free, and then we may expect a nation of men. The state of our own law may frequently be gathered from our police reports ; time after time, women asking for protection in person and property, and magistrates even admitting that they could not help or protect. There is nothing to be feared, but much to be hoped, by being just to women, enabling them, as in the United States, to acquire, possess, and devise. This would often make better husbands, never, certainly, worse husbands, and would prevent the dragging down of wives and children to the level to which business, misfortune, or vice often reduces husbands. For further particulars of the rights of woman, and of men's treatment of woman, I refer to my future publications and to "Boon's Weekly English Propagandist."

THE LOVE OF WOMAN.

Woman's Love in sighs arises,
 Breathes in throbs and blooms in tears,
 Withers when the one she prizes
 Wrecks the hope of future years.
 Like the smitten rose of summer,
 'Neath some angry, biting blast,
 For the storms that overcome her
 Leave no features of the past.
 Woman's love there's no repressing,
 For she loves and dotes on one ;
 One, alone, receives her blessing,
 From that heart too easy won.
 Fortune, smiling—frowning—never
 Warps the geracial ray of bliss,
 Which emits its light for ever,
 Sparkling in the constant kiss.
 Woman's love, to man once plighted,
 In the throb—the tear—the sigh—
 Though that pledge by man be blighted,
 By the shrewd, designing lie—
 Should all treasured hopes lie stifled,
 Future visions' raptures flee—
 Yet remains her love unrifled,
 Fixed, oh ! false one, still on thee.

Woman's love, our cares dispelling,
 Lights the stormy path we tread,
 Sheds a glory on the dwelling
 Where the bridal feast is spread,
 And averts the heart when lonely,
 From the sorrows that oppress ;
 Loves us dearly—fondly—only
 Loves till death that love suppress.

BAYLEY.

WHERE IS LOVE FOUND ?

Where is Love found ? The happy and true,
 Who is never weary, or dull, or lonely,
 Who is ever the same, yet always new,
 Who gladdens the heart, but the pure heart only ;
 Who smiles away sorrow, and drives away strife,
 Or, if the world frown, is at hand to cheer us ;
 Who smooths both the up hill and down hill of life ;
 And in age, as in youth, is ever near us—

Where is this Love ?

Shall we meet him in cities ? He is not there,
 Where Art presides with her thousand lures ;
 And Pleasures seeks, hand in hand with Care,
 The hearts that she tempts, but never secures ;
 Where mirth never gladdens, but all that's gay
 Is the banquet of Dead Sea fruits outspread ;
 Where the revel by night, and the sleep by day,
 Bring the burning pulse and the aching head—

Love is not there !

Where is Love found ? Where the wild flowers grow,
 And the birds and the breezes both are singing,
 And heaven and earth have a healthy glow—
 A blessing that each unto each is bringing ;
 Where the fruit tree blossoms and fields are green,
 At either side of some silent river ;
 And Nature—the mother of Love—is seen,
 The gentle, yet bountiful, beauty-giver—

There love is found.



CHAPTER II.

My male fellow-traveller was a young man on his way to ask papa the momentous question, as it is said, which, given in the affirmative, was to make him happy for the remainder of his life, and, if spared to the usual time, until sorrow and trouble came, owing to old age, and then to wish for his departure. A young man married is marred, so says Ouida, one of the greatest exposers of our wretched political and social conditions, and as such is abused by all the pigmies of our day, who will not and cannot understand her aims in life. No writer can be admired in all that he or she writes; but, take all in the best light, Ouida's writings are as necessary in this age, as the surgeon's knife to cut out a cancer in the body. To say that you could not put some of her books in the hands of a wife or a daughter, is to utter a fact; but this argument could be used against many books; and where is the man that would like his wife or daughter to read privately, much less publicly, the Old Testament? It is simply a history in some portions, of things done and to be done, that in its naked frankness is revolting. Ouida but explains facts and suggests remedies, and for so doing I thank her, and beg that all will read, mark, and inwardly digest, before condemning. She reveals to us many things, which seem impossible—incredible, but she reveals nothing but facts, she makes logically clear, that in this Nineteenth Century of ours, the upper classes are the most demoralized and brutish in their conduct, not only to society in general but to women of their own rank.

A young man married is a man that's marred! How can the man fail to be so, who chooses his yoke-fellow for life, in the blindest haste, when taste alters in all things so utterly from youth to manhood? Taste, bias, opinion, judgment,

alter as judgment widens; taste ripens and sight grows keener from long mixing with the world, and long studying its varied views. God help, then, the man who has taken into his heart and into his life a wife, who fair in his eyes, in all the glamour of love is as insufficient to him in his maturer years as are the weaker thoughts, the unformed judgment of his youth. The thoughts might be well in their way, the judgment generous and just, but he has outgrown them, and he can no more return to them than he can return to his boyish days. So the wife, too, may be good in her way; he may strive to cleave to her, to be faithful to her, as he has sworn to do; he may seek with all his might to come to her side, to bring back the old feeling, to find her all she needs, and all he used to think her; he may strive with all his might to do this; but it is lost labour. It is not his fault if he progresses, he goes on alone; if he falls back to her level he deteriorates with every day that dawns. A young man meets with a young girl in society, he falls in love with her, a few glances, a few meetings and he proposes. It is a pretty dream for a few months; then gradually the illusions drop one by one. He finds her mind narrow, ill-stored, with no single thought in it akin to his own. Or, and this I take it, is a worse case still—the wife is a good wife, he knows it, he feels it, he honours her for it, he knows she is a fond, good mother—but for all this, she is a bitter disappointment to him. He comes home, worn out with a day's labour, but successful from it; he tells her his successes or his hoped-for victories, of the one thing that is the essence of his life and the end of his ambition; she listens with a vague, amiable, absent smile; but her heart is not with him, nor her ear; she draws out, "Yes, dear, indeed! How very nice! But cook has ruined that leg of mutton, it is really burnt to a cinder." She cannot help it; her mission is to think of small things. The perpetual drop, drop of her small worries is like the ceaseless dropping of water upon his brain. She is less capable of understanding him in his defeats, his struggles, his victories, than the senseless writing paper, which, though it cannot respond to them, at least lets him score his thoughts on its blank pages and will bear them unobliterated. A man

early married is prematurely aged. While he is yet young, his wife is old. Married in youth, he takes upon himself burdens that should never weigh save upon middle age ; in middle age he bears a part that should be reserved for age alone. A young fellow starts in life with a good education and a promising profession, but with a little capital which cannot be lucrative to him till time has mellowed his reputation and experience made him more or less a name. He can live for a little if he likes ; he can take his knapsack, and a walking tour, if he wants change and travel ; he is not tortured by the envy of those who want bread ; the world is before him to choose at least where he will work in it—in a word, he is *free*. But if he marries, while young, his up-hill career is fettered ; if he keeps manfully and honestly out of debt, economy and privation eat his very life away. He toils, he struggles, he works on as all brain and hand-workers must, feverishly, and at express speed to keep in the van at all ; he is old, while by right of years, he should be young, in the constant harassing rack and strain to keep up appearance and *seem* well off, while every shilling is of consequence ; he works or writes for his bread with the turmoil of children near him, he smiles courteously with the iron in his soul and with summonses or bills hanging over his head ; he returns from his business, and, after a long day, jaded and worn out, desires rest and recreation ; but he comes not to quiet, to peace, to solitude with a book, anything to soothe the fagged nerves and ease the strain for an hour at least, but only to some petty miserable worry—some fresh small care, to hear his wife going into rabid and ridiculous agonies because her youngest son has the measles, or because the servant has not done her duty ; or he finds her heartless, cheapening his honour, running down his credit, holding his name as carelessly as a child holds a mirror, forgetting, like a child, that a breath on it is like a stain ; turning a deaf ear to his remonstrances, flinging at him with a sneer some died-out folly or some business mistake, misfortune, miscalculation, or loss through his faith in humanity ; the crown of his manhood, his undying faith in all ; goading him to words that he *knows* for his own dignity were best unsaid. Wise are the

old words of Sir Walter Raleigh : " Thou bindest thyself for life for that which perchance never lasts nor pleases thee one year, for the desire dieth, when it is obtained, and the affection perisheth when it is satisfied." A man among men, literally dying in the heat and burden of the day, of the weary weight, with no sympathy ; the torturing rack of home cares, his family and poverty dragging him downwards, is but a sample of the death in life, the age in youth, the early love-elected doom that-almost invariably dogs the steps of a man who has married early, be his station what it may, be his choice what it will. Such is the lot of the young man married in mad haste, and who gives up the one priceless birthright on earth, *Freedom*. In his early days it may be due to his full heart of sympathy for the opposite sex, or pity, which is akin to love, for the woman he would protect from the insults of others. Let there be no mistake, personally, I do not believe that it is necessary to be married to avoid all the pitfalls of life. That there are temptations to be met, assailing the young man on all sides, is true, but it is for us elderly people to remove these as much as we possibly can, create a higher ideal of purity, and under no consideration teach that indulgence is the highest aim in life, instead of self-control, full occupation, noble aims. When means are provided and a certainty, as far as human foresight can arrange, justifies a mature choice, let marriage take place, with a deep unutterable love that enables the man to feel that he has found his queen of life, and his home choice, and the woman look up to him as her highest ideal as unto a god. With such facts taught, men would hesitate to pledge themselves into a false position, and women would not accept what may but be lip-vows instead of a mature heart's devotion. Men are not so helpless in these days that of necessity they must make homes in haste ; nor are women so helpless as to be compelled to make a life's choice in haste to be repented of while life lasts. I am fully aware that the present conditions of existence create much of the need to delay settling in life ; and it is my pride to assist in breaking down the monopolies that make life so full of struggles and disappointments. I know full well that if the oppressing classes are removed that, then, there will be an

opportunity for early marriages ; but until such conditions are removed all the objections now urged for delay will be valid ; until that time arrives let due precaution be used, seeing that it is a life-contract that is entered into. Some, however, may object to all this, and urge early marriage as society's safety valve.

That considerable difficulties exist upon this point, and that strong prejudices exist in society generally cannot be denied ; but, because ignorance, difficulties and prejudices exist, surely this cannot be any reason why those who have wholly, or in part, overcome them, should remain inactive or be bound down by incorrect conceptions which they do not acknowledge. Reforms do not spring from the masses ; they originate with the few who have and use the power to think for themselves, and the courage, when they know they are right, of doing that which they are assured is true and good. The masses must, as a matter of course, receive the conception of the thinkers ; and in due time, when they see the fruits produced by the workers they will also acknowledge that the reforms are beneficial. A man's every-day life denotes his morality, faith, and honour by the manly strength of purpose he exhibits in doing his duty.

The man of the most humble origin, and in the most humble circumstances can stand throned as Nature's most noble work—a gentleman. Like a nugget of gold, he is not less solid, strong and pure, because encircled by a rough exterior. A man winning his bread by manual labour may be the peer or superior of one wearing a crown. The most heroic deeds have been immortalized by poor, unpretentious men. The qualifications necessary to entitle a man to the name of gentleman are numerous, but all derived from the same source and basis—purity and firmness of principle. A gentleman is ever loyal, just, generous, honest, truthful, brave, tender-hearted, faithful, temperate, consistent, forbearing, self-sacrificing, and unselfish. He is a true friend in adversity as well as in prosperity ; he is a man whose statement needs no additional oath, whose word is as sacred as his honour, for whom no bonds nor security are needed ; he is a man of charitable impulses and deeds, not receiving rich acquaintances with munificence,

then secretly turning the poor from his door ; he is a protector to the helpless and friendless, not sitting in church with saintly air, yet, at the first opportunity, defrauding the widows and orphans. He is a man not taking advantage of the misfortunes, of others, or acquiring wealth and station by intrigue and dishonourable means, but modest and unobtrusive, slow to anger, prudent in all occasions, not causing mischief by sly insinuations. He is a man above committing a low action—every woman's champion and defender whom all can implicitly trust. He is a true husband loving and sympathetic, with a constant desire to render his wife and children happy ; never reproaching actions done with the best of motives, never making hurtful allusions or trampling on sensitive feelings ; caring for no pleasure outside of his family ; his house, as an oasis in a desert, is the spot where all his hopes and aspirations centre. He is one who can be trusted out of sight to resist and combat all temptations. A man of this description is a "gentleman." During his life his example will elevate and benefit mankind, and the influence of his noble deeds and virtues follow him long after his earthly pilgrimage is over, while reward for him will be rest and happiness.

As it is impossible for the human imagination to form the faintest idea of any additional sense to those which we already possess, so it is impossible to conceive of any degree of happiness which shall not be in connection with our present feelings and faculties, and in harmony with them. Our very highest ideas of happiness, in any state, are invariably and inevitably associated with and restricted to our present sensational and emotional states, and cannot by any possibility transcend those states. We cannot even wish or desire to procure happiness otherwise than through the medium of our present mental, moral, and physical organisms. Our highest ideas of happiness are only to be realised by means of circumstances which will enable us to secure the healthy and pleasurable activity of all the faculties of our nature, sensational and intellectual.

Health and happiness are convertible terms. Perfect health is perfect happiness, and perfect happiness is perfect health. No organ or faculty can be kept in perfect health

without a full measure of activity or exercise, and this full measure of activity or exercise is the only means of obtaining the highest degree of the purest and most pleasurable states of consciousness of which each individual organ or faculty is susceptible ; and this is the highest state of happiness which mankind can realise, or of which they can form any conception.

* * * * *

Whatever the most stoical philosophy may utter to the contrary it is, nevertheless, a fact that we are the creatures of impulses, the puppets of our feelings. It is no objection to this statement to say that we are guided by our judgment, because our judgments themselves are invariably influenced by our feelings. This appears to be a law of our nature which cannot be abrogated ; consequently, in our so-called voluntary actions we are inevitably governed by our feelings. Our joys and our sorrows are precisely in proportion to the delicacy or coarseness of our nervous systems, and to the careful or careless training to which they have been subjected. Those who possess the most susceptible temperaments and the most acute sensibility are precisely those who experience the highest degree of happiness from amicable associations. And, by the same rule, the more we cultivate our feelings and purify our tastes the more intensely do we participate in the happiness of congenial spirits, and the more do we overflow in our desires and capabilities to communicate happiness to others.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

O happy they, the happiest of their kind !
 Whom gentler stars unite, and, in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love ;
 When Friendship, full, exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence ; for naught but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

What is the world to them,—
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense, all,
 Who, in each other, clasp whatever fair,
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ?
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look,
 Or in the mind, or mind-illumined face ;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
 Meantime, a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees
 The human blossom blows ; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm ;
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 Then, infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care,
 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young ideas how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh, speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss !
 All various Nature pressing on the heart !
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
 Progressive Virtue and approving Heaven.
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy ; and consenting Spring
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads.
 When, after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamoured more, as more resemblance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love.
 Together down they sink in social sleep ;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

THOMSON.

But this picture, unfortunately, has its reverse. Just as in the great external world, where the sun shines clearest and brightest there the shadows are deepest and darkest, so in the internal world of human consciousness, where the pleasures are the most refined and the happiness the most

exquisite, there the sorrow is the heaviest, and there the clouds of calamity throw their darkest shades.

*"The heart that is soonest alive to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns."*

Our pains, our griefs and adversities are by no means essential constituents of human existence; they are wholly and solely the monstrous offspring of our own ignorance. It is to the shallowness and imperfection of our knowledge on the most important laws and principles of human nature, and of the proper means of obtaining true happiness, that we are to attribute those injurious manners, customs, and habits which not only lessen and destroy our happiness, but actually, in thousands of cases, prevent its coming into existence. In fact, our ignorance is so intense that by far the great majority of both men and women have no just idea in what true happiness consists. They waste their time in an eager pursuit of vain and frivolous amusements, falsely called pleasures, which produce a feverish excitement, for the moment, and the result of which is a gradual mental degradation; and, in general, an inveterate and increasing distaste for all intellectual and ennobling pursuits.

As long as our present loose and imperfect systems of education prevail, which set up such a low standard of morality and happiness, we cannot expect much amelioration in our social condition. Social, and, indeed, every other amelioration depends entirely upon education, not a meagre, pounds shillings and pence education, but a thorough education of the feelings as well as the intellect, by which a Temple of Virtue shall be erected in every heart, based upon the immutable principles of truth and justice.

Every individual who has the desire may become a promoter of this grand object, simply by an earnest endeavour to acquire true and useful knowledge, as far as capabilities and circumstances will allow. By this pleasant means we shall infallibly diminish prejudice, and induce the formation of more correct habits, both of thought and action, and at the same time we shall be enabled to communicate and spread superior knowledge among those with whom we

associate, and set a noble example to all those with whom we come in contact. This is, indeed, the best and most effectual education, which we ought by all means to foster and increase. It is cheering to think that all (who can and will) may do this to some extent, wherever they are, or however they may be situated. It is wholly by the teachings and example of the *few* wise and good that the world does improve at all.

Pleasure and happiness are terms which are very generally confounded, being vaguely used indifferently to convey the same idea, but, a thoughtful consideration will show that they do in reality designate two perfectly distinct states. Pleasure consists in motion, change, excitement, variety; happiness consists in quietness, tranquillity and repose. There is pleasure in the sublime; happiness in the beautiful. There is pleasure in overcoming difficulties; happiness in enjoying the results. It may, however, be observed that, between the two extremes of energetic action and complete repose, there may be a countless variety of gradations, in which pleasure may be so modified by an admixture of the elements of happiness, and happiness so blended with the special characteristics of pleasure that it may be extremely difficult in some cases to draw the line of demarcation. A small, affectionate group of intelligent and congenial souls forms the only assemblage in which true happiness can be found.

Our endeavours ought certainly to be, as far as our means and talents will reach, to benefit mankind generally; but our moral and intellectual powers will never be in a state to enable us to accomplish this effectually, unless our surroundings are such as to give full development and activity to the kindly sympathies of a cherished home. Certain it is, that happiness will never prevail until every human being has attained to the full enjoyment of domestic affections in our home and country.

Knowledge is the groundwork of virtue, and virtue is the foundation of happiness, and this divine union can only be blended into a perfect unity in the consecrated area of the domestic circle. The purest happiness is to be obtained, and

the most soothing alleviations of affliction are to be experienced only in the domestic associations where kindness and affection have unrestrained sway.

OUR COUNTRY AND OUR HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air :
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of Nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend ;
Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet,
"Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?"
Art thou a man a patriot ? Look around,
Oh ! thou shalt find, where'er thy footsteps roam,
That land, thy country, and that spot thy home.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A multitude (whatever name we may give it), does not contain the requirements of happiness. We go to concerts, theatres, balls, or lectures for amusement, excitement, or pleasure, and to receive information ; and doubtless, all these may be very good in their proper time and place, and may furnish the elements of happiness, just as food and fresh air, and exercise are good in their proper quantities and qualities,

and form the elements of health ; but as food, air, and the rest are not health itself, but only the elements or means, just so theatres, or lectures, or any kind of knowledge, or all kinds of knowledge put together, are not happiness, but only the elements of happiness, or the means by which happiness may be attained. And as those who place their chief delights in sensual indulgence miss their way to health in mistaking the means for the end, just so those who expend their brightest energies in a continual round of external excitement, miss their way to happiness, by the same lamentable mistake.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

Let others seek for empty joys
 At ball, or concert, rout or play,
 Whilst far from Fashion's idle noise,
 Her gilded domes and trappings gay—
 I while the wintry eve away
 Twixt book and lute the hours divide,
 And marvel how I e'er could stray
 From thee, my own Fireside.
 Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
 That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
 Thus ever guide my wandering feet
 To thy heart-soothing sanctuary !
 What e'er my future years may be,
 Let joy or grief my fate betide—
 Be still an even bright to me,
 My own—my own Fireside !

A. A. WATTE.





CHAPTER III.

THE cry of the doctors in Bloemfontein, when in want of patients, was that in no part of South Africa, in no part of the vast Continent was there a health-producer, a sanatorium equal to Bloemfontein. In the case of my own family I had proved to the contrary, and my observations led me to convince and satisfy many persons that it was no longer a healthy spot, whatever it had been in its first years, and with a small population.

The results which arise from the apathy and negligence of life-holders are disgusting. Sheep and goats are starved in kraals all night within the town, and the effluvia therefrom, particularly in hot weather, cannot fail to be very mischievous to health. Some do not recognise, especially the doctors, who are paid to cure or kill, and unlike the Chinese doctors, practice only to be paid in health, and whose business, therefore, is to cure as fast as possible to secure their income. Again, that the fumes of ammonia, and so on, arising from stable litter and kraal dung are not injurious to health; but it is manifest that these gases actually do an immense amount of mischief to the tender systems of men, women and children. All accumulation of filth, of whatever nature, should be suppressed, and would be (but for the doctor's trade unionism) with a strong hand in all centres of population, to secure purest atmosphere. All this, and more I fully explain in my "Physical Religion," to be had of the publishers of my other works. Many misled by the doctors false statements, arrived in Bloemfontein, in the hope that the dry atmosphere would cure them; but, alas, the want of Nature's heat in the winter, and of a plentiful supply of fuel to give artificial warmth when needed, and good, well-cooked food of all light substances counterbalanced all; the extremes were too great

to be withstood, and, sad to relate, the invalids never recovered, never returned to their friends; but their bodies rest in eternal sleep, in a miserable compound, dignified with the name of "God's Acre," to the grief of their friends, so many thousands of miles away, who would have willingly deposited their loved ones in a Cemetery Garden of rest, until the time shall come when, for the sake of the living, we adopt the wiser plan of Cremation universally, and guard in a Temple of the Dead the ashes of our loved ones. But the deception practised on the credulous, was to the advantage of the doctors and undertakers. The want of heat and the constant change had, with all my care, to my excessive annoyance, given me rheumatism; but such was the extortion of the Bloemfontein physicians and the old German missionary quacks, called doctors, made so by a Cape Brand diploma, and who found it paid to physic the body and to ignore the belief in, and the need of physicing the substance or nonentity called a *Soul*, that I could not see the utility of seeking that assistance of Charlatans to be afterwards presented with an outrageous account, because I might be considered worth black mailing. Under these circumstances I used some very simple remedies, but not being perfectly cured, I hastened my journey, thinking that a warmer climate would be beneficial and bring about a perfect cure. I put up with torture of racked joints; but the first hope in this, as in many other things in life, told a flattering tale, and when I got into the cart, and the rain came on, my pains kept apace with the journey, and my limbs grew quite stiff, compelling me to ask for help to be removed from the cart. Now this, coming to the notice of my lady-passenger, and she not being young, spoke with experience and freedom, and assured me, that if I had only tried old Jacobs' Oil, that he first drew from his well in Arabia, and which, handed down to his successors, had proved an oil-well-fund ever since, I should have been cured, and feel a young man again. She then gave me such instances of cure that I felt that the machinery to make old into young will not be wanted, while the Jews can persuade the Gentiles to buy their cunning compositions. Talk of borrowing from the Egyptians in the old and the modern

vocation. But we should be careless of the country's best interests if we omitted to point out what, in our opinion, and others (who are able to judge and advise) is wrong, what is worthy of attention and capable of improvement. In another column we publish a letter from Messrs. Malcher and Malcomess, wherein they complain of the quality of Free State Wool; attributing the fact to the want of good blood being introduced from time to time amongst our flocks. That their complaint is not an idle one, every one who has but a superficial knowledge of the quality of wool knows perfectly well. What is more, every one knows that the remedy is possible—we might almost say, easy. We have now already flocks in this State which will provide a sufficient number of well-bred rams for the whole country, the more so, if those who have imported expensive stock find their enterprise rewarded in such a manner as to enable them to continue with fresh importations. Rams which may be considered good for all practical purposes, and which would vastly improve our present flocks may be bought in the Bloemfontein District for something like £3 each. Surely, that is no price to deter a farmer from improving his flocks, nor must such an improvement be transient. The climate of South Africa is such that constant degeneration on a more pronounced form than in a more temperate climate, can only be met by a continuous introduction of fresh blood. How all-important this question is, may be easily understood, if we add that one-half of the Free State will never be anything but a sheep country. That part we allude to may produce grain and vegetables sufficient for its own purposes and the requirements of its immediate neighbourhood, but it will never be able to compete with the grain districts in agriculture. All this, alas! many of our people cannot or will not see, though they injure themselves, in the first instance; whilst in the second place they injure the national prosperity. The fact that Free State wool to a large extent is inferior to Australian and South American wools—is in fact some of the worse wool brought to the market—is a deplorable one. But it is a truth, and must be told in all nakedness, since no improvement is possible without the wrong being previously acknow-

ledged. A question of such importance as this should never cease to be agitated. The Africander Bond, whose members congregate often and discuss all that concerns the welfare of land and people, should take it up. They might do great things for the country by following such a course. They might, for instance, collect a fund, purchase picked rams from good flocks, and distribute them among themselves by lot. If sixty farmers paid 10s. each, they might buy ten rams and ten breeders, and all would be benefited. For prize-shooting they might purchase some good animals, and instead of giving money, reward the successful shot with one or more good rams. Even the Government might convert its money grants on such occasions into premiums of that kind, and the result would doubtless be a lasting and good one. Another important question we desire to touch upon at this juncture is that of water supply. The present time teaches us a severe lesson, though it is not for the first time, and is forgotten as soon as the cloud has passed over us. But the country is beggared by this indifference, and this should not be. Bridges are a good and laudable thing, and we should like to see one over each river. So are telegraphs, and we do not begrudge the money paid for them. But a first and foremost question in a country like ours is that of water supply. Seventy-five per cent. of all disease amongst our flocks, we make bold to say, is caused through the want of pure and healthy water. Tens of thousands of sheep die annually from being driven about in times of scarcity of water, yet there is not one farm in the driest part of the country—the Middleveldt—where there is not one spot or the other affording sufficient water for all the stock such farm can carry. Now for the £30,000 spent on one or more bridges, 150 windmills, with driving-pumps, might be introduced into the country, and repay themselves, directly and indirectly, a hundred-fold. These windmills are excellently adapted for the high table-land we live on; they are the cheapest and most simple motors that can be procured. Here, too, our Government should not sit still, but show itself worthy the name of a Government by proposing a plan whereby the poor man may be helped; the indifferent and careless one instructed and animated. If we raised

days, is but another proof, that the Jew studies every trick that pays ; and to further mislead and bamboosle the public, I was assured instantaneous relief would be secured if I did but follow out directions and use Hamburg drops and other imposture of Jewish and German origin. I felt somewhat disgusted that Christians allowed a Bible hero's name to be used for such a mercenary purpose. But, then, when one thought of this Jacob, and read his history, as portrayed in the Bible of the Jews, one realised that he was an imposter all through his life, and like all Jewish compounds, therefore, a delusion and a fraud, and I felt delighted that men were pushing the sale of their Bibles. I felt that there was hope for the people, if they would but read them. The four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Luther, the translator of the Bible into German, had arrived ; it will not need four hundred years in the future to convince the inhabitants of this Globe that this Book, containing the history of the vilest race the Earth had at present upon its surface, for trickery, meanness, villany, debauchery and false-statements has not its equal. In fact, no one but Jews would call the Bible a Religious Book, and no one but those of Jewish nature, if not of their race, could uphold its character. But for the Church, built by a Paul, and made profitable to those who call themselves Christians after the man Christ, depicted in the New Testament, the Bible would long since have fallen into oblivion. This same New Testament was compiled by a new sect of Jews to mislead the people after finding that light was beaming in the World. Pretending to repudiate the Old Book, they manufacture a new, the worse of the two. The old was tolerable as the history of a wretched race, but the new, to hold men's minds as well as their bodies in thralldom, is simply damnable. As of the old, so of the new—no one reads with a view of understanding its lessons and facts. In one part, we see this Christ-Jew, an ungrateful child, stern relative, dangerous citizen, base egotist, who was neither husband nor father—who grossly boasted of being *the Son of God*, and having legions of angels at his command—who denied his mother, troubled families, inveigled children from their paternal home, refused burial to the dead, preached

intolerance and persecution. This ambitious fanatic, who ignored Moses and the Prophets, and who, when compared with the Ancient Philosophers, must be looked upon with pity and contempt, paraded himself as the Son of a God. On the other hand, there are passages that bring out all the good human qualities of the man Jesus, and who, however, in haste and thoughtlessness brought on his own execution, in the old Roman way of being crucified; but here I have no time to picture the outlines of a noble human figure to be found side by side of all that is reprehensible in the Christ Jesus found in the Gospels. Putting out of sight, for the moment, the question of miracles, there appears a general agreement of the most thoughtful of all ages, that there is not one exalted sentiment, not one noble word, for which the Evangelists or their Master are supposed to be responsible, which does not harmonise with the highest conceivable ideals of all that is good and true *in all ages*, and I feel that the time has come when Truth must be made known and fiction no longer taught and relied upon, as in days gone by. At present what is called Christianity is simply an instrument for "degrading the masses, and for enriching the Priests, Pastors and Ministers of all sects." To the injury of the people and the continuance of such a Public Fraud, Christianity, as taught and practised Sunday after Sunday in churches and chapels of all kinds, and supported by the wolves in sheep's clothing, who with black suits and white ties are wandering up and down this world of ours, and who are so fully depicted in the Poetry of D. Evans—

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

"The Cross of Christ! the Cross of Christ;"

A mouthing priest in frenzy shrieks;

"Bestows a boon of joy unpriced

On him in faith who humbly seeks"

From Calvary upreared on high

It casts its shadows thwart the sky.

O'er Afric's parched and arid plains,

O'er stern Kamskatchka's silent snows;

In Buddha's sacred sweet domains,

Where holy Ganges gleaming flows—

This Cross of Christ its gloom has shed

To fill the human heart with dread.

Then, are we slaves, or are we free,
 That reason's force should blindly yield
 To tales of priestly mystery
 The love by long research revealed ?
 Should we relapse and sink again
 Enwound by superstition's chain ?

They bear the name of Christians, yet
 The titles that its founders bore
 Adorn them now, but why forget
 The simple live's, they liv'd of yore ;
 Why make their whole existence cry,
 Behold one monstrous living lie ?

In cloth of finest texture clad ;
 By prancing steeds in chariot drawn ;
 The portly bishop seeming glad,
 Heeds not of sterling men the scorn ;
 Luxuriant housed, and robed and fed,
 He lives while thousands die for bread.

Unroll me now the scroll of time,
 When priestly craft o'erruled the earth,
 And branded thought as monstrous crime—
 The spawn of hell that gave it birth ;
 And when the brave in torture bowed
 To please a cursed Christian crowd.

The Cross of Christ ! the rack and flame !
 These words would suit such ghouls the best
 Whose hearts are dead to sense of shame
 As by their deeds they stand confest.
 High up their high imposture rears,
 Abortion sprung from human fears.

As then they taught, they now would teach,
 Had they the power—they have the will—
 And Smithfield fires again would preach ;
 Again their swords our blood would spill ;
 But reason's strong defensive shield
 Turns back the blade they try to wield.

Oh ! heroes of the glorious past,
 Whose work immortal lives for age,
 Who sought the truth and held it fast,
 Whose names the world revere to-day ;
 In darkest depths of God-made hell
 Your souls are thrust—so Christians tell.

Lo ! mark the names of those who sing
 The heavenly Lamb's eternal praise ;
 Whose gladness shouts triumphant ring,
 While angel harps attune their lays.
 What rapture dwells, what holy joy,
 With Williams, Palmer, Peace, Lefroy.

Oh ! glorious sun, whose rising beams
 Are piercing through the clouds of gloom ;
 Whose light of life and gladdening gleams
 Dispel the fear that haunts the tomb ;
 Haste on thy strong resistless course,
 Till creeds shall fade before thy force.

For me, I proudly make my choice ;
 If then a heaven and hell there be,
 Then in my faith I'll still rejoice ;
 The cross of Christ is nought to me
 Since all the best below are crammed,
 I humbly hope I may be damned.

When will men be honest enough to come out in their true colours, and how much longer are we to have this Nebuchadnezzar's image of science and religion, are hard points to determine. The old school is going, and if the theological seminaries continue to turn out such advanced theologians, it may be hoped that, at the outside, the next generation will be but little, if at all, plagued with Christianity, the bane of all true progress.

However, theology dies hard, and there is much to be done ere mankind will be free from its bonds. Whilst it is encouraging to note the last stages of Christianity and the internal causes of its decay, it will not do for us to leave the matter there. We must war relentlessly against the creed which would deprive us of our rights ; and although it is our duty to strike hard and often, we can still bear in mind that it is the creed, and not the Christian we seek to destroy. My cogitations at last led me to think that perhaps there is in store for us some converted Jew, so called converted, that is to say, at a fabulous price, as see the yearly reports of the "Jew Conversion Society," like Shapira, the Jew may gather up from out among the "Old Clo' " men, parchment of a Deuteronomy to pay and compensate himself for becoming a Pariah among his

own race, who had the audacity to ask a million of pounds for forged work, in the hope that for a time all subscriptions will be stopped for the heathen abroad to gather together this sum to gratify the modern believers in a lie. Fortunately, this trick on the credulous did not take ; but now I expect to see some converted Rabbi start anew, and since Jacob's Oil pays, go in for a few patent medicines, such as Moses' cure for snake bites ; Meshach and Abednego's cure for burning ; Balaam's cure for dumbness of animals, applicable to the human race ; David's patent warmth-producer, without the aid of a waiting maid, as in the Bible stated ; Job's patent salve for boils ; Jonah's cure for drowned or swallowed-up men ; Aaron's receipts for all mesmerisers and astrologers ; Jesus's Eye opening salve ; Messiah's blood purifier ; the Saviour's food for hungry men ; the Redeemer's wine for invalids ; Magdalene's hair restorer ; Timothy's stomach cordial ; Peter's limb restorer ; Martha and Mary's love elixir ; Christ's eye beam remover ; Jesus's mote take-me-out machine ; Christ's life-giver ; the Apostle's cure for all diseases ; Paul's perfect cure for liars and deceivers.

Searchers after truth must read their Bibles, and compare the same with Byron's " Cain and Manfred," and the true history as contained in Longfellow's " Golden Legend," and then they will understand the aspirations of humanity of the past and of the present. But, now, do not make a mistake, the medicines are not to be given away, whatever the faith may be in any or all without money or price, but all are to be sold with the usual eye to business, so characteristic of the Jew, as the following little poem so truthfully describes :

A TALE OF REVENGE.

Revenge is sweet : a blow for a blow
 Is a salve for wounded feeling ;
 The working of vengeance is sometimes slow,
 But is always soothing and healing.
 And if wrong was done long years ago,
 And the injury has but one manner of curing,
 'Tis consoling to feel in our silent enduring
 That vengeance gets sweeter by proper maturing.

The tale of revenge, I now relate
 Goes back to a fairly ancient date—
 About three thousand years or so,
 When Israel's sons and dark-eyed daughters
 First went to dwell where seaward flows
 The Nile's exceedingly turbid waters.

One son—called Joseph—most moral it seems—
 Was wooed by a Mrs. Potiphar,
 Who found he wouldn't fall in with her schemes,
 (Of the kind with which the Bible teems),

For this rigid youth
 Adhered to the truth,
 And swore that in his most amorous dreams
 He had never so much as thought of her.
 Such virtue was all the talk, of course
 (The seventh commandment was not yet in force)
 And laxity was not uncommon;
 But virtue sometimes is rewarded on earth,
 And Joseph the Jew got a Government birth,
 And the public scoffed at the woman.

A famine came on, yet the Jews grew rich—
 For even then Jew palms would itch,
 But the means of their riches were sinister;
 For though corn went up to a famine price
 They bought it for nothing ('twas very nice)
 From the virtuous Joseph who in a trice,
 Had become a Pharaoh's own Prime Minister.

At last the Egyptian blood grew hot
 At what they considered Semitic tricks;
 So to labour hard they condemned the lot,
 And set them working at making bricks,
 And drawing water and hewing wood
 As the best sort of thing for a Jewish brood;
 The bondage was stiff and somewhat cruel,
 For the work was hard and so was the fare,
 A choice of food was extremely rare;
 The staple diet—was water gruel,
 So the Jewish people grunted and groaned,
 And swore the wrong could be never condoned.

Then Moses who knew a "fak" or two,
 Arose, and tried what he could do;
 Showed by a number of conjuring tricks—
 Developing serpents out of sticks,
 Which gobbled up snakes in a brace of shakes—
 That Jews knew more than just making bricks.

Many other wonderful things he did,
Till Pharaoh thought he'd better get rid
Of the Jewish crew

Who were raising a stew.
As no decent people would ever do.
So Pharaoh kindly agreed to allow
The Jews to depart to avoid more row.

Now, Moses was "fly," as most Moses's are,
And intended to roam through the desert afar.
He was "up" in finance—as Joseph had been—
His wants were immense and Egyptians were green.
So he thought that he'd float the first Jewish loan,
In a fashion that might perhaps serve to atone
For the slavery that his race had known.
He issued his orders with craft and with skill,
And the good honest children gave ear with a will.
Each one was to borrow—of course from Egyptians—
Whatever he could, by way of "subscriptions"—
"Jewels of silver and jewels of gold,
And raiment"—the items need not be told.
The order was "borrow," but we all must feel
Such borrowing meant "to beg" and to "steal;"
However that be, it is certain they got
More Egyptian valuables than they ought;
It also is certain they sloped with the lot.

And ever since then
These Semitic men
Are known by the rings and the jewels they wear;
And over the earth, where'er they repair,
They keep on borrowing silver and gold
At a rate, now high, now low,
They are buyers of raiment—the sellers are sold—
And Moses is known as "Old Clo."
Though starting from Egypt on capital borrowed,
They won in the struggle for life;
The Egyptian was soft—for his softness he borrowed—
But the Jew is as keen as a knife.
And recently he's lent Egypt again
A part of the wealth that he stole;
For each shekel that he lent he's extracted ten,
But still keeps her down in the hole:
And makes old John Bull
A convenient tool,
To roam o'er the land
With a gun in his hand
To punish the evils of Pharaoh's rule.

The tables are turned and Israel is free,
 'Tis the Egyptians who suffer from "bonds;"
 And in bonds that people are like to be,
 For they can't make snakes out of wands!
 The Jews make the most of heaven's decree,
 To spoil the Egyptians—the Egyptians are spoiled!
 But where one would like the Jews to be foiled,
 Is in reading the phase as a wider description,
 And treating us all as if we were Egyptian.

TEUTON.

Let the idea strike the Jews that their wretched compounds will help them to live outside Palestine instead of on Palestine, as tillers of the soil, they will advertise, with the help of their brothers, the owners of Sunday newspapers until even they, at the bidding of the Christian public, will no longer tolerate their advertisements after they have made a fortune by the same, and then with gushing, flashing articles, will denounce and say, "Depart from me, I never knew such quacks, and want to know you no more until the righteous indignation has died out, and then with new schemes and profit, give me a call again."

It is something horrible, with our scientific knowledge, that so little is done by Conservative or Whig to bring about a better system of health condition. Southwood Smith, Mantigazza, Dr. Richardson, and others have spoken out continuously; yet, withal, how few can look upon life with frank joy! Our beautiful structure would work on with hardly a local stoppage, were it only fairly treated on all sides, but has to suffer from the blind folly of the creature, or such surroundings as cannot be got outside of. People will not learn upon what conditions joy alone is gained. They will not learn that the gentle langour at the end of a day rationally spent is better than the pleasures of alcohol. Drinks are swallowed in haste, foods are partaken of, without care, and of course the transgressors are punished. The perfectly healthy man is almost unknown, unless we look for him among the savages. How few find sleep directly their heads touch their pillows! How few, whose eyes are really clear, and who rise with every nerve-giving delight to consciousness!

The furred tongue, the bleared eye, the lassitude through excessive smoking, and to cure all these ailments a vast trade has grown in our midst.

We are the most doctored people in the world ; in all our papers, especially the Daily Liars, will be found fifty cures for all diseases, and a choice can be had of about five thousand patent medicines. If death were not of so British a nature as not to know when beaten, he would retire from business ; and yet with all these perfect cure-alls, and the doctors, who are on the increase, the undertaker flourishes, and we go on trying to keep off death by unnatural means, instead of natural methods, and out of such folly, the doctors and chemists, and medicine manufacturers, make fortunes ; and our Holloway's bequeaths thousands for some pet hobby ; and, if reckoned up, more would be found to be spent in the purchase of health restorers than upon our National education. Now, with all this vast system of quackery for the body and the soul, the people are starved in mind and body. Some preachers tell us it is not sweetness that they have to offer, but medicine. Praise, prayer, and preaching have been and must continue to be the pharmacopia of the Church ; it is no libel to call such utterances rant, rhapsody and superstition uttered and felt by simpletons, priests, bigots, and hypocrites. Many are so absorbed in the mystic and unknown, as to be senseless of the temporal. It may be still true that in the dark ages the Church helped the needy, after it had compounded with guilt, as it is so plainly shown in Shelley's Cenci.

THE CENCI.

ACT I. SCENE I.—AN APARTMENT IN THE CENCI PALACE.

Enter COUNT CENCI and CARDINAL CAMILLO.

Cam. That matter of the murder is hush'd up.

If you consent to yield his holiness

Your fief that lies beyond the Pincian gate.

It needed all my interest in the conclave

To bend him to this point, he said that you

Bought perilous impunity with your gold ;

That crimes like yours if once or twice compounded

Enriched the Church, and respited from hell

An erring soul which might repent and live.

But that the glory and the interest
Of the high thrones he fills, little consist
With making it a daily mart of guilt,
So manifold and hideous as the deeds
Which you scarce hide from men's revolted eyes.

Cam. The third of my possessions—let it go!

Aye, I once heard the nephew of the Pope
Had sent his architect to view the ground,
Meaning to build a villa on my vines.
The next time I compounded with his uncle
I little thought he should outwit me so!
Henceforth, no witness—not the lamp—shall see
That which the vassal threaten'd to divulge,
Whose throat is choked with dust for his reward.
The deed he saw could not have rated higher

Than his most worthless life—it angers me!
Respited me from Hell! So may the Devil
Respite their souls from Heaven. No doubt Pope Clement
And his most charitable nephews pray
That the Apostle Peter and the Saints
Will grant for their sake that I long enjoy
Strength, wealth, and pride, and best of all, length of days
Wherein to act the deeds which are the stewards
Of their revenue—But much yet remains
To which they shew no title.

Having possessed themselves of land, the priests compelled their devotees to labour, and out of such labour gave to those who never had a doubt of their Church—they offered alms. But it is not true that at any time desired to instruct the minds of their believers. No system of general education was ever introduced by any Church in the past; then, as now, all churchmen were opposed to the people knowing, or having the possibility of knowing, the truth by comparison, and now it is no thanks to the Church or any Christian creed or sect, that there is a broader system of education, and a better understanding of truth, as explained in Science, and a closer conformity to Nature's laws, and the lovers of humanity are seen moving hand in hand with such reforms as contemplate the health, comfort, and the liberties of the people. When the movement is for better homes, for our crowded occupants of pent-up alleys, whose are the voices which are loudest in the cause, and the gifts which are most

lavish for improvement? When there is a demand for shorter hours for the labourer, for fresh air for our overwrought *employés*, for workman's trains, for the opening of galleries of art, for anything which can broaden human intelligence, and brighten the human spirit, the Rationalist is ever to the fore. In the crusade against drunkenness, improvidence, and vice; in the siege which aims it rams against the drinking bar, the pawnshop and the prison, the Rationalist is the pioneer. His weapon, the pen, is brandished against cowardice, and violence and fraud; and his shield is flung over the helpless and abused. He would teach the love of home, of wife, of child. When chains are to be broken, he is fired with the shout of liberty. When bloodshed is abroad, he is fervid for peace. And he draws the inspiration of his hopes for earth out of his faith in the future, and points from the turmoil of the mortal strife to the rainbow which fore-promises future victory.

There are many preachers who have used the name of Humanity, but he only rightly uses it who is a true reformer, and points men onward and upward. There is no true progress without climbing and ascension. And the man is no reformer for this world, who has no faith in a better world to come in the future.

There are three preachers, ever preaching,
Filled with eloquence and power,
One is old with locks of white,
Skinny as an anchorite;
And he preaches every hour,
With a shrill fanatic voice
And a bigot's fiery scorn.

"Backward! ye presumptuous nations;
Man to misery is born
Born to drudge, and sweat and suffer,
Born to labour and to pray;
"Backward! ye presumptuous nations;
Learn to labour and obey."

The second is a milder preacher;
Soft he talks as if he sung;
Sleek and slothful is his look
And his words, as from a book,
Issue glibly from his tongue.

With an air of self-content,
 High he lifts his fair white hands :
 "Stand ye still ! ye restless nations,
 And be happy, all ye lands ;
 Fate is law, and law is perfect,
 If ye meddle ye will mar ;
 Change is rash, and ever was so,
 We are happy as we are."

Mightier is the younger preacher,
 Genius flashing from his eyes ;
 And the crowds who hear his voice
 Give him while their souls rejoice,
 Throbbing bosoms for replies !
 Awe'd they listen, yet elated,
 While his stirring accents fall :
 "Forward ! ye deluded nations ;
 Progress is the rule of all."
 Man was made for healthful effort,
 Tyranny has crushed him long :
 He shall march from good to better ;
 And do battle with the wrong.
 Standing still is childish folly,
 Going backward is a crime ;
 None should patiently endure
 Any ill that he can cure.

"Onward ! keep the march of time :
 Onward ! while a wrong remains
 To be conquered by the right,
 While oppression lifts a finger
 To defy us with his might ;
 While an error clouds the reason
 Of the universal heart,
 Or a slave awaits his freedom,
 Action is the true man's part,
 Lo, the world is rich in blessings,
 Earth and ocean, flame and wind
 Have unnumbered secrets still,
 To be ransacked when you will,
 For the service of mankind,
 Science is a child as yet,
 And her power and scope shall grow,
 And her triumphs in the future
 Shall diminish toil and woe,
 Shall extend the bonds of pleasure
 With an ever widening ken.
 And of wood and wilderness,
 Make the homes of happy men.

Onward! there are ills to conquer;
 Daily wickedness is wrought,
 Tyranny is swollen with pride,
 Bigotry is deified,
 Error intertwined with thought.
 Vice and misery, ramp and crawl;
 Root them out, their day is past,
 Goodness is alone immortal,
 Evil was not made to last.
 "Onward! and all earth shall aid us
 E'er our peaceful flag be furled,
 And the preaching of this preacher
 Stirs the pulses of the world."

This is the preaching of the Rationalists; this is their true, natural, Gospel. Science can do great things, and with a larger and devouter knowledge it shall still do greater. Religion wars against Science—but no real Science violates Humanity. And when Science comes to cast her crown before the feet of the world, and the people seeing, believe, and act up to the new light—life and love—the swaddling clothes will drop off, and the whole earth will rejoice, and sing Nature's praises for ever and ever.

I, while writing these remarks, remember that this is the 11th of November, 1883, a day set apart by a titled Brand of the Free State to pray to the Unchangeable One to alter His everlasting laws for the benefit of the Free State Lilliputians specially, and to save time, to be held on a Sunday. When will Presidents of little States cease from aping the follies of larger ones, and in defiance of cant and so-called religious demands, refuse to play the hypocrites in church in opposition to all the now well-known outcome of Nature's Laws? As well might days be set apart for the grace of God to shine upon some special one or many, to find out a new diamond or gold mine! True, some are blasphemous enough to give thanks to God for the discovery of Kimberley to the salvation of the Cape Colony and South Africa in general. Only three days prior to this date Mr. Justice Villiers drew attention to the advantages of Science in schools as a protest against Latin and Greek being taught—he would like to see, for the farming population, place given to natural knowledge; and he

admired Huxley's Lay Sermons, which so happily illustrated what he meant. Take the fact, that in the midst of so much praying, sham fasting, and other stupidities we, who were supposed to live in the healthiest town in the world were assailed by countless ailments. A winter never passed without that dreadful scourge, diphtheria, appearing in our midst ; and typhus fever was a constant visitor, which was imputed to every cause but the right one ; while, if knowledge of natural laws were imparted, cause and effect would be more easily recognised.

If knowledge extended beyond the Middle Ages and the Gospel, the City Fathers who held sway would have made strenuous efforts to improve the health of the town by cleaning out the Spruit and getting rid of the houses on the bank of the Sluit, as suggested in my paper, read before the Bloemfontein Literary Society, on How to Construct Water Dams, Houses, and other Works of Utility without the burden of Interest, Bonds, or Loans. In that essay I distinctly laid it down that all the houses must be removed, and the bank of the Sluit turned into a botanical garden, and the Spruit made into an ornamental water-way. But, there ! What can we expect in an age and in a city of superstitious public teachers ? Instead of natural laws being made known, people are told to seek the cure of their diseases and misfortunes in the weird evening light of the *Aurora Australis*.

If Science and Natural Laws were taught in our schools, we should be conferring on those who will eventually rule the town such knowledge as would teach them to discriminate between the great works of Nature's arranging and man's want of knowledge of natural causes. Children should be practically taught about rivers, clouds, evaporation, agriculture ; what effects trees have upon soil, and what benefits are conferred upon the land by their cultivation. Children should also have a knowledge of practical and theoretical mechanics. How many officials and inhabitants of the Free State could explain why night follows day, or the changes of the seasons, or impart any knowledge with regard to the practical improvement of stock and land ? No school is provided with an Agricultural Department. In this, as in

much else, the Americans are far ahead—their Harvard College taught Agriculture and many mechanical arts. What was wanted in the Free State, as elsewhere, was men of the Tyndal and Huxley type to impart knowledge in such forms as to make the study of scientific and natural subjects interesting and popular, and clear to all as part of every-day lessons and of their mental toils. In this case there would be an outlet for the physical powers side by side with menial development. Much might be said to show that had this knowledge been the heritage of the Free State, that no President would ask for a day to be set aside to ask the Eternal One to suspend or alter His laws for the benefit of some local part of South Africa. Singular to relate, to strengthen those who had faith in the prayers of the wicked, a few light thunder-storms gave water to a few spots; but, then, let it be remembered that this was at the usual time of the year when the spring rains refreshed the earth. To prove the efficacy of prayer the day of humiliation should have been when no one could possibly expect rain under any condition; but the Christian prayer-makers who, kneeling, roar like young lions, follow in the footsteps of the South African rain-makers. Both call upon their Deity when they know the time has arrived—that in the usual course of the seasons rain falls, and thus we see the same imposition practised by the ancient and modern priests upon the credulity of the people, and which will be continued until knowledge and truth cover the earth. Human kind must be encouraged to the uttermost to inquire into and prove—not to believe and submit without constant thought and testing—or mental progress is impossible, and civilisation is retarded. There should be no limit to the utterance of thought by pen, tongue, and the press: all expressions of opinion should be allowed, unless the spoken and written words be directed to the injury of society or the individual. Outside this all errors or misstatements of facts, or offences of taste or style should be left to the corrective of free discussion and the condemnation of enlightened public opinion. Heresies on political, social, and religious topics should be expressly encouraged. It is quite difficult enough, even under the most favourable circumstance, to think

beyond the limits of every-day habitual thought. There should be no cant about the "toleration of differences of opinion." The assumption of the right to "tolerate" another's thought is an insult and an impertinence. Each individual has the fullest right and duty of thought. If a statement is discovered to be wrong, it should be contradicted; no authority ought to protect it from denial, and no conventionality tolerate untruth. If any alleged matter of fact seems insufficiently vouched, doubt and inquiry becomes a duty. Toleration of error is treason to truth; but the contradictor and doubter should recognise and assert for the holders of the faith they assail, the same full right of reply and defence. Differences of opinion, clearly and thoughtfully expressed, should be regarded as most valuable aids to the attainment of human happiness.

No true thinker having new thought, or a new view of old thought, should be silent. It is their duty to give all the human family the opportunity of sharing in or rejecting the thought. None should be silent from undervaluing his thought. He should think aloud that others may appraise it. Reticence, out of respect to popular prejudice, or in obedience to fashion or custom, is disloyalty to truth. If those who are big enough to think and are not brave enough to give utterances, and in a clear and unmistakeable language, it should be rung in their ears by every speaker, thrust in their faces by every writer, that their reticence is a dishonourable cowardice; for they throw the severe burden of the fight for the world's redemption on those whose social position is weaker, and who are less able to give battle against the paltry persecution by which ignorant, but fashionable, orthodox society punishes those who climb out of its narrow travel-worn path. None, either as Church or Pope, as King or Parliament, should have the right to say to any—"This is true, final, and indisputable, and thus far only shalt thou think!" The constant cry should be—"Is this all true? Is it the whole truth? Can you find truth beyond it? Is there a mixture of error in it?" And every dissentient answer should be attentively listened to and carefully examined. Laws against blasphemy or heresy are standing monuments of the

weakness of the creeds they are maintained to protect. Truth fears no attack—can suffer no insult. A criminal sentence does nothing to expose error. The harsh enforcement of the Penal Laws demonstrates nothing save the vindictiveness of those who strike because they cannot reply.

The right and duty of thought come with the ability to think, and this ability was once only the privilege of the very few. In olden times, in politics, the people must not, did not, could not think. Force, not reason, made right. Law was the command of the strongest. The people had no voice in legislation; the noble helped the king, and the priest taught that he was heaven-appointed. The only duty of the people was obedience! their only right, to suffer contentedly, whilst obeying! Now, thanks most to the French Revolution, which closed the last century—a revolution brought about by the ages of misery which had preceded that mighty social convulsion—and thanks, too, since, to the growth across the Atlantic, of firm governments, without kings or hereditary peers, the disposition of Old World politics is, though slowly,—to the recognition of the sovereignty of the people. The greatest happiness of the greatest number, rather than the pleasure of the mightiest, is beginning to be accepted as the test of right. There is hope that in the near future international arbitrament may make war shameful, and that huge armies may cease to waste the resources and to corrupt the life of nations.

In theology, new thought has been too often marked as if it were the equivalent of crime, and complete subjection of intellect to church and priest has been paraded as if it were virtue. Early thinkers were almost all refuted with faggot, rack and prison. The executioner silenced the writer, and burnt his writings. At first theology forbade science, and the priest was the foe of the teachers. But Europe has awakened, and the dull sleep of the Dark Ages can never return. The printing press, school book, and lecture room are ladders by which to-day the humblest may climb to knowledge. A thinker is no longer alone by himself. The newspaper and the telegraph make all who read the possible companions of, and sharers in his thinking. America, Naples,

Holland, Bombay, Africa and England, have no space between them to divide or make barrier against thought. Like light, each thought-ray speeds through the world, and makes daybreak where it was hitherto the dark night of ignorance. The right to think is in many countries already substantially won; in others it is taken and exercised at some risk. The right to think must be enjoyed by all, even though odium and penalty have to be faced. No honest thinker need let fear make his heels heavy in the forward march. If his thoughts be strange to those around him, he can be firm, without bluster, clear without violence, direct without coarseness. It is true that the Churches still rely on persecution as a weapon; but the sword of the persecutor has become blunted by resistance, and the arm of the law is crippled when directed to the wounding of thought. Public opinion has force to-day; and though truly on many religious questions public opinion is yet not free from the shackles of traditional prejudice, and some disadvantages and difficulties must be faced by avowed heretics, but rejoice, time must bring permanent triumph to the advocate of Freethought. Thought is the crown of no one nation; each country gives gems to the glorious diadem, and the whole world may claim its triumphs. A grand two hundred years is the past, for it includes more of science-thought than the whole of the two thousand years which preceded it. A brave two hundred years! for in it the rack has been broken, and no heretic shall again be subject to its tortures; the stake and faggot have ceased to have terrors; and though there are still the prison and the fine, these are puny missiles for blind faith to hurl against the ever growing ranks of sturdy true Freethinkers. The Papal thunders launched, almost a century later, against the Encyclopædists, the Reformers, and thinkers, are the very emptiest echo from the ruins of a dying Church.

We have not the dangers of those who went before and made our path easy by their suffering, and we have help they wist not of. For us the chemist toils patiently in his laboratory; for us the physiologist and psychologist strive to find common ground in their studies; for us the anthropologist turns over fresh pages of the great volume, yet scarce opened

of the struggle of man ; for us caves are dug into and bones brought to light ; for us are unveiled temples and churches, languages and myths, empires and creeds from the remote yesterday, still to be carried far back. All these, and more, modern science puts before our eyes, encouraging us with the victories *thought* has won ; the *ideas we think* and act *upon* and the facts, as nature unfolds to all who seek.

HUMAN AMELIORATION, MAN'S NOBLEST TASK.

Fall, fall, ye mighty temples, to the ground !
 Not in your sculptured rise
 Is the real exercise
 Of human nature's brightest power found.

'Tis in the lofty hope, the daily toil,
 'Tis in the gifted line,
 In each far thought divine
 That brings down heaven to light our common soil.

'Tis in the great, the lovely and the true,
 'Tis in the generous thought
 Of all that man has wrought,
 Of all that yet remains for man to do.

IN MEMORIAM TO WILLIAM BARLOW, OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

" SUNDAY last was the birthday of the great Reformer, Martin Luther. On the 10th of November, 1483, St. Martin's Eve, a man-child—who was destined to work great changes in the world, which was waiting in expectation of a Reformation—was born in a miner's cottage at Eisleben, Saxony, Germany. This infant was Martin Luther. The Lutherans in Bloemfontein celebrated the four-hundredth birthday of Luther by meeting in the Town Hall, at which the President was Chairman, and which was addressed by several ministers of the Gospel. Perhaps no man's life had had so much effect on the destinies of christian nations as that of Luther. If one only thinks of the state of christianity, civilization and liberty which, obtained during the four hundred years previous to the birth of this great man, and then turn [to the progress

made during the four hundred years since, he may be able to estimate the value of the work done. "For political and intellectual freedom, and for all the blessings which political and intellectual freedom have brought in their turn, England is chiefly indebted to the great rebellion of the Laity against the Priesthood." These are the words of Macaulay, in speaking of the advantages of the Reformation in England, but which had been previously initiated by Luther in Germany. Luther, like the English Shakespeare, belongs to all countries; and all nations in all time will do homage to his high character, his ability and his genius. He did not only do the work of a Reformer, but he composed the words and airs of some of the finest hymns that Germany possesses. Many have even passed into the English language. It was thus meet and proper for everyone to celebrate the birthday of this great apostle of the Reformation, who was instrumental in breaking down so much superstition, and in casting light upon the darkness of the Middle Ages. John Wycliffe, who lived more than a hundred and fifty years before Luther, has been styled the 'Morning Star of the Reformation;' but although he preached against and attacked the corruptions of the Romish Church, he was evidently before his time. It was left to Luther to do the great work of the Reformation—assisted as he was by the Reformers—and he successfully accomplished it.

But, my dear, dear Billy Barlow, whilst writing the above, why did you not protest against the many anniversaries that are so full of annoyance in the town (Bloemfontein) generally? Think of the annual return of live stock, as the summer comes on, which prevents human nature living with all the patience of old Job, and, mainly from the filthy condition of your town. And, had you suggested prayer on that day for the removal of all vermin from our midst, such as flies, mosquitos, beetles, bugs, fleas, and Kaffir lice, it might have been possible for us to have existed in peace. Why, in the name of all that is reasonable, are you so neglectful? The existence of such nuisances is a puzzle to all enquiring men, and becomes perfectly unbearable to all who, for want of tree shade round the town, are necessitated to stop indoors, and who, to

recover from the fatigues of hard work for six days before, are compelled to take advantage of rest. But rest is impossible, owing to the above-mentioned annoyances; and, still more the loud unearthly toned bells of the Churches in the town. When will churchmen and chapelmen understand that they have no right to annoy those who do not desire to go to their Places of Fetish Worship, no right to add to the further torture by the ghostly dead bell? As we must die and pass away from the midst of our friends, why not adopt other methods, and do what is necessary quietly? And as the tropical heat is continually threatening small-pox and other diseases, why not adopt the consumption of the body by fire?"

"*Sapitas Sanitatum*.—"The angel of death is, so to speak, hovering over a doomed land, and he descends on those spots which are the foulest."—*Sir Richard Temple's Address at the Social Science Congress.*

"The Angel of Death, quoth Sir Richard, comes down
On spots that are vilest in every town;
Then flush out your sewers and clean well your drains,
And see that no refuse among you remains."

As it is, however, impossible to draw a *cordou sanitairé*, as the *variola* has a considerable period of incubation, and the seemingly sound persons may convey it to the Colony. A change of system is indispensable. If the scourge extends, incineration will be the safest system of treating subjects; and in America the question of cemeteries or crematories is receiving much serious consideration among the physicians and clergymen. The secretary is a chaplain of the navy, who quotes the cases of Cranmer and Ridley against the unsound arguments against burning. For all our bodies are burned, whether in an hour or five years; so it is better to effect the dissolution in the glow of the purifying furnace than in the gloom of the desolate grave, where corruption may be poisoning insiduously the lives of others. The process can also be effected at one-fourth of the average cost of interment; and all history tells us that nations have regarded the funeral pyre as a great honour. Cremation

also removes revolting associations and possibilities of a painful character. The tainting of water supply is now shown to cause a vast amount of disease amongst English cattle, and it prevents the making of cheese in some large dairies in Cheshire. Typhoid fever has often been traced to the fouling of a well at milk farms near large towns by the sudden outbreak of cases in families taking supplies from the same milk-seller. But for the dryness and windiness of this country, the demon of disease could never be exorcised, for dirt is the great mother of epidemics. If all our towns would multiply serried banks of resinous health-giving Eucalyptic, we should be rendered far safer, and our salubrity would be a growing quantity. With such belts of trees girdling us, we might then advance to the beech, beloved of Virgil, and, in time, rhyme of forests :—

" O, ne'er may woodman's axe resound,
Nor tempest, making breaches
In the sweet shade that cools the ground
Beneath our stately beeches."

The fruit of the beech, chestnut and rosebud trees, would also fatten herds of pigs, such as may be seen in Southern Spain and the villages of Texas. Already it is demonstrated that swine can flourish in South Africa, and with a small allowance of linseed or mealies, some of our farmers might raise regiments of black porkers, and harden them for bacon by a course of malt or barley. In Hants, we have often seen one hundred pigs clearing a stubble-field industriously. In Norway, swine and sheep are always stunned before the throat is severed, and the practice is spreading in England, as it saves noise and trouble. Cobbett always advised that pigs should be singed, as it improves the bacon. The animal, should in that case, be washed in warm suds the previous day. We have the "Rural Rides" of this most able and fearless reformer of a corrupt age, whose "Letters to Young Men" are full of sagacious advice and instruction. If read in South Africa our political prospects would be rapidly improved, and the intrigues of unprincipled adventurers would be soon detected and defeated. Now we are the sport of vulgar cunning

and avarice. If anniversaries of all that was good were kept up, then we might rejoice that the memory of all the Great Dead would be the duty of all to keep fresh and honoured in all ages and all countries. Think over all this, my dear Billy, and when you next take the mountain dew, with a Bridge-Her your constant Host, who so earnestly hoped that I should have to pay £500 damages, forgetting the two rascals who had cheated him, as well as myself, give him my curse for his ingratitude and his desire to share part of the plunder at my expense.

"Dr. Richardson has discoursed on "Felony" as the chief aim of Sanitation, showing that physical misery makes millions perish, reckless, melancholy, rebellious and drunken, and ready to run after any one promising a happier sphere. The marriage tie, instead of often being the seal of disadvantageous heredities, should be the bond of healthier and happier racial progress to generations yet to come. The great sanitarian, Chadwick, says to the scholars, they should know that the perfection of prudence is first to live, then proceed to learn, inasmuch as felicity is impossible under strain, and it is fatal work to press on the young man the excessive labour which is now in all departments making cram, cram, cram, the footing of knowledge. *Sanitas* and *vanitas* are separated only by a letter, yet are as poles apart; for *vanitas sanitatum omnia sanitas* will never be established among the masses, until *vanitas sanitatum omnia vanitas* has been blotted out. A great mass of skilled medical opinion condemns the present pernicious system of education, which promotes myopia, insomnia, and dementia.

'From righteous ants, let nought thy mind dissuade;
Of vulgar censures be thou ne'er afraid:
Pursue the task which justice doth decree,
E'en tho' the crowd think different from thee;
With righteous works alone thou should'st proceed,
When truth directs, thy labours shall succeed.
Such be thy aim—dispel each causeless fear—
And vain shall prove the rabble's vicious sneer.'

"Let nothing dissuade you from that which is right, and be not turned aside from the path of honour and justice by the

censures and derision of any senseless crowd. Be all your conduct regulated by the dictates of Justice and of righteousness; and thus shall your pathway be smoothed with peace and joy, and lighted by the radiations of a tranquil and serene mind. Thus shall your course through life be marked with success."

ORANGE FREE STATE WATER STORAGE AND IRRIGATION.

"Our general Day of Humiliation is past, and I believe that our several ministers have faithfully brought before us our individual and national breaches of the moral law; some of them have also alluded to our neglect of economical and sanitary laws. And I presume that even Professor Tyndal would not deny our need of humiliation and amendment in regard to these. In fact, those who are capable of appreciating our physical advantages, and have had long experience of our neglect of them, have probably, on an average, some few hours above 365 days of humiliation per annum! Forty years ago Mr. Fairbairn—than whom no abler man or truer Christian ever devoted a life to the welfare of South Africa—characterised as a species of impiety our praying for rain, which, when sent, we systematically neglect. There is no proverb more pregnant with truth, when properly understood, than that "God helps those who help themselves." But our practice in regard to His best material gift is enough to justify the supposition that, were he to feed us with manna, we should pray to be spared the trouble of gathering it.

"The great want of South Africa is moisture, or genial and periodical rains. There is no lack of sun. Indeed, the farmer who looks upon the parched and cracked earth, almost loathes the sun, and longs, with an eagerness which people in Western countries can scarcely appreciate, for a little moisture, either in the shape of dew or rain. If his fortune is invested in the soil it is easy to understand his anxiety in respect of his crops. In this respect it is scarcely less than that of his European compeer, who has too much rain, and is solicitous only for a little sun to ripen his cereals. But while the success of the farmer in semi-tropical climates, and in England, say, depend very much upon the elements, the South African is really not so badly off as the

Englishman ; for, while the latter cannot command the sun or forbid the rain when it comes at the wrong time, the superabundance of rain which falls at well-known periods in South Africa might be preserved and turned to account in times of drought, if only a well-devised expenditure were incurred in the construction of dams to retain it. We need not picture to ourselves the state of India before science entered upon the field and relieved the wants of the country, and added to its productiveness by the construction of banks and dams, so that now the supply of water available for irrigating purposes is to be seen in the form of lakes, dotting, like resplendent mirrors, the hitherto arid plains. Where before great poverty was rampant, there is now smiling plenty ; and the cost of these undertakings has been more than repaid by the enhanced value of land, and the abundant crops to which they have given rise. Money laid out in this way is well spent ; and why, as in India, should not the trial be made in South Africa, in Australia, and in South America, where double crops could be obtained in a year were water available when it is most wanted. In Holland it is not water, but land, that is required ; and there the good people drain the land and compress the water into canals or rivers for irrigation or transport purposes. Now, as the countries to which we have referred suffer from want of water, it is obvious that their necessities would be relieved if they would take steps to store it when it does come in overflowing abundance.

“ The annual rain-fall in South Africa—notably in the mountainous parts of the country—is quite as large as that of England. One evil, however, is, that in South Africa it only comes at long intervals ; the other is—and this the least to be defended—that no care is taken to lay in a store, not for a rainy day, but for those frequent intervals of drought which parch the land, and keep the agriculturist poor. It may be argued that dams and canals cost money, and that the country is too poor to incur the expense of constructing them. We would urge those who advance this plea to reflect, that works of this character cannot but prove re-productive, and that, if money is the only drawback, there ought

to be no difficulty in raising a loan on Government guarantee for this purpose, with South African Legal Tender Money. With dams, and reservoirs, and canals, there would be no more prolific country in the world than the Cape Colony. Plains, now festering beneath a blazing sun, would be clothed with verdure, supporting large flocks and herds. When we consider that the colony is exposed alternately to the evils of drought and excessive rainfall, entailing, in the latter case, extensive inundations of a very serious description, the reflection naturally arises that the inhabitants themselves are responsible, to a great extent, for the inconvenience and loss they endure, because they have not taken advantage of this overplus of water, to lay by a store for seasons of drought. Even the lower animals make provision in times of abundance for a period of scarcity; and nothing can really justify the indifference which the outlying farmers have hitherto displayed in respect to the storage of water. Providence has done a great deal for them in this respect, but they, it seems, will do nothing for themselves. Let the average English agriculturist conceive a country with immense flat plains stretching for miles on one side and gigantic mountain formations on the other, and then ask himself if he would not make provision to husband the rain which comes running down the mountain slopes and flooding the plains beneath, until they present the appearance of an inland sea. It is clearly apparent, then, that nature is not to blame for the losses which the South African farmers suffer during those periodical seasons of drought with which the country is afflicted. For ourselves, we do not doubt that the overflow from the mountains could be turned to good account by the construction of comparatively inexpensive canals and dams. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that the farmers and landowners can do this without assistance from the Government, and a minister, who should be instrumental in bringing before the executive some well-devised scheme by which these reforms can be accomplished would earn the lasting gratitude of his country. *Make me Minister of Public Works and it shall be done.* We are aware that this subject has frequently been advocated during the last twenty years.

At a time, however, when the Colony is passing through a period of transition, it would be as well to remember that the storage of water is among one of the first questions connected with the future of South Africa. Gold, diamonds and other minerals come within the category of transitory wealth; but a reliable water supply for irrigation purposes will prove of lasting benefit to the Colony in the development of its resources.

"The Irrigation Commission, now pursuing its inquiries into this subject in different parts of the colony, will confer an everlasting boon on the country if it induces the Colonists to take this question up on a large scale. If Colonial Capital is not enough, English wealth will find there a safe investment. Wherever irrigation and water storage have been practised, the best results have ensued; and any enterprise in this direction deserves the heartiest encouragement. A large area of land on the Sunday River is now being taken in hand with the view of taking full advantage of the natural supplies of water available, with proper appliances, throughout the year; and the example of the spirited promoters of this enterprise may well be followed throughout the Colony, and such works may well draw the attention of English capitalists. The whole subject is explained and illustrated in my pamphlet, "How to Construct Dams, Water and other Works of Utility without Bonds, Loans, Mortgages or the Burden of Interest." I pointed out in a former chapter that, whilst this State suffered from periodical droughts, prosperity and advancement could not be reckoned upon. In then discussing the question, I asserted that farmers, as a rule, are much too easy-going in matters concerning themselves, and that they are apt only to feel the shoe pinch when water is not at their command; but the moment bounteous rains fall all are joyous, all content, till the periodical drought once more overtakes them. I impressed upon the Government the necessity of assisting the farmers in every possible way in the preserving of water, and I asserted that windmill pumps could be used to advantage upon our flats for the purpose of raising the water so plentifully stored by nature under our feet. I trust that our

farmers will at once give them a trial ; they are cheap and easily worked at *all* times.

" But whilst thinking about what might be underneath the earth crust, I have not forgotten my old friends the farmers and gardeners. In fact, what do they lack to have their lands produce almost anything they like ? Water and manure. As to water, I think I have shown sufficiently well how it could be obtained on every farm in sufficient quantity. As to, manure, the soil of South Africa, like those of any other country, requires it. As a man who has produced an amount of work needs fresh propping up with a good meal, so does the soil after having furnished a crop. Kraal manure, no doubt, is good, but not in all cases, nor for all crops ; and besides, it is rather poor in the best manurial salts, consequent on the poor food animals gather with difficulty. It has always been an eyesore to me that the best manure of all—that which contains all the salts for plant food, in the best possible state for absorption—should be thrown away. I refer to human excreta, both solid and liquid. The experiment has been successfully made, and now we have splendid works in the Colony, where an inodorous concentrated guano is produced. Everyone who has used this manure has been pleased and always purchases it again. The heaviness and the quality of the crops are greatly increased, and quickness of growth secured. How easy it would be for the town of Bloemfontein to do the same, to the great advantage of its sanitary condition, and the surrounding farmers ! The sale of a year's product would pay for the Waterworks. I call attention to these few simple notions for the benefit of your farmers. I may return again to the subject, with the view of showing how easily pasturage could be judiciously treated. To impress more fully my remarks, I here take the opportunity of printing the views of the Dutch National Newspaper, *The Express*.

" Bloemfontein, September, 27th, 1883.

" We have no desire to lay down to our farmers what we consider their duty, or blame them for what may appear to us their carelessness or fault. Least of all do we despise the many difficulties they have to encounter in the pursuit of their

vocation. But we should be careless of the country's best interests if we omitted to point out what, in our opinion, and others (who are able to judge and advise) is wrong, what is worthy of attention and capable of improvement. In another column we publish a letter from Messrs. Malcher and Malcomess, wherein they complain of the quality of Free State Wool; attributing the fact to the want of good blood being introduced from time to time amongst our flocks. That their complaint is not an idle one, every one who has but a superficial knowledge of the quality of wool knows perfectly well. What is more, every one knows that the remedy is possible—we might almost say, easy. We have now already flocks in this State which will provide a sufficient number of well-bred rams for the whole country, the more so, if those who have imported expensive stock find their enterprise rewarded in such a manner as to enable them to continue with fresh importations. Rams which may be considered good for all practical purposes, and which would vastly improve our present flocks may be bought in the Bloemfontein District for something like £3 each. Surely, that is no price to deter a farmer from improving his flocks, nor must such an improvement be transient. The climate of South Africa is such that constant degeneration on a more pronounced form than in a more temperate climate, can only be met by a continuous introduction of fresh blood. How all-important this question is, may be easily understood, if we add that one-half of the Free State will never be anything but a sheep country. That part we allude to may produce grain and vegetables sufficient for its own purposes and the requirements of its immediate neighbourhood, but it will never be able to compete with the grain districts in agriculture. All this, alas! many of our people cannot or will not see, though they injure themselves, in the first instance; whilst in the second place they injure the national prosperity. The fact that Free State wool to a large extent is inferior to Australian and South American wools—is in fact some of the worse wool brought to the market—is a deplorable one. But it is a truth, and must be told in all nakedness, since no improvement is possible without the wrong being previously acknow-

ledged. A question of such importance as this should never cease to be agitated. The Africander Bond, whose members congregate often and discuss all that concerns the welfare of land and people, should take it up. They might do great things for the country by following such a course. They might, for instance, collect a fund, purchase picked rams from good flocks, and distribute them among themselves by lot. If sixty farmers paid 10s. each, they might buy ten rams and ten breeders, and all would be benefited. For prize-shooting they might purchase some good animals, and instead of giving money, reward the successful shot with one or more good rams. Even the Government might convert its money grants on such occasions into premiums of that kind, and the result would doubtless be a lasting and good one. Another important question we desire to touch upon at this juncture is that of water supply. The present time teaches us a severe lesson, though it is not for the first time, and is forgotten as soon as the cloud has passed over us. But the country is beggared by this indifference, and this should not be. Bridges are a good and laudable thing, and we should like to see one over each river. So are telegraphs, and we do not begrudge the money paid for them. But a first and foremost question in a country like ours is that of water supply. Seventy-five per cent. of all disease amongst our flocks, we make bold to say, is caused through the want of pure and healthy water. Tens of thousands of sheep die annually from being driven about in times of scarcity of water, yet there is not one farm in the driest part of the country—the Middleveldt—where there is not one spot or the other affording sufficient water for all the stock such farm can carry. Now for the £30,000 spent on one or more bridges, 150 windmills, with driving-pumps, might be introduced into the country, and repay themselves, directly and indirectly, a hundred-fold. These windmills are excellently adapted for the high table-land we live on; they are the cheapest and most simple motors that can be procured. Here, too, our Government should not sit still, but show itself worthy the name of a Government by proposing a plan whereby the poor man may be helped; the indifferent and careless one instructed and animated. If we raised

£50,000 for the purpose named, we should save the whole capital in two or three years in what is now lost for the want of sufficient and good drinking water for our flocks. On that score there is no such thing as extravagance, for it is the life and wealth of the country which is at stake, and which it is the duty of any Government to care for and protect. Our country has its own character, and its wants are according; and those who direct our affairs should not look to other and older countries with different resources and different requirements; and, instead of imitating and aping them, devise such measures as will tend to the benefit of a country whose needs are so manifest and apparent, that it would be easy for a statesman to inscribe his name on scrolls of history in never fading letters, if he will but look around him and do that which his hand findeth to do."





CHAPTER IV.

AFTER indulging in these previous suppositions, I was reminded by the heavy rain and the exposure, I was running a great risk of another attack of rheumatism, judging by the acute pains I suffered. I was amply provided with good wraps and overalls for my affected feet, and my sealskin cap to keep my head warm, and having a seat at the back of the cart I escaped a wetting that I should otherwise have secured, which fell to the front passenger and, as I fear, to his probable rheumatism. At last, with constant beating of our steeds, we arrived at the first outspan. The rain, previous to our starting, had somewhat helped to start the grass, but it was a pitiable sight to see the sheep and cattle in such lean condition. I was fully convinced that one week of heavy snow, or the 40 days of St. Swithin's weather, would have been the death of all the cattle of the Free State not stabled; and thus anyone can realize that the Creator of all, could by natural causes destroy the cattle wealth of the Free State, and in so doing, obliterate the Free State farmers without the Englishman's help.

The Dutchman's Home we had arrived at was one of the most miserable mud or raw-bricked buildings, and turned out to be nothing but a human propagating establishment, for, on our arrival, there came in view a motley number of white and black young ones of all sizes and all ages, and in the home were to be found lazy fat Dutch women squatting on their settees, or on their beds. At our earnest request, and an intimation that we were willing to pay, we got a compound of chicory and water, called by them coffee, for which they charged sixpence. The Dutch farmers, in these latter days, having come into contact with the Jewish traders, buy a "Vatch"-vender's charge, and get paid for what they never sell, and then beg shamelessly, as I well remember in one instance when in company with the celebrated General Clark,

the irrepressible German Colonel Schermbrucker, the long-legged Artillery Officer, and an unfortunate Sister of Mercy. This lady was foolish enough to believe that Sepinare, the chief, of the Barolongs, was a good Christian, simply because he had given the Church of Bloemfontein a farm. She meekly and bashfully admitted that he was wrong in having more than one wife, although it was gently hinted that even this Sister of Mercy, believing, old as she was, that her God, having made of one blood and of one nation all under the sun, would have accepted an offer of marriage from this chiet if in so accepting, she could have enriched herself first, and her church afterwards. These three unfortunate professional man-slayers aforesaid, had gone up to Basutoland to spy out the land, previous to their attack, which was badly arranged against the Basutos. No sooner had we partaken of our so-called dinner, for which we were charged three shillings for mutton and pumpkin—as a rule the only two dishes ever placed before travellers—than the hotel keeper trotted out for our further annoyance as a begging arrangement for his benefit a whole family of blind imbeciles, and solicited the alms of us passengers. He repeated the same to all other travellers, and with the proceeds lived as only Dutchmen can. With feelings of disgust, I passed out of the mud house, with its troop of half-clad black-and-white images of Dutchmen who knew not father or mother; was delighted to hear the onward shout of our driver, and I only felt comfortable once more, when we stopped at the next place for change of horses, and got a decent cup of coffee, for which we willingly paid sixpence. Fortunately the rain ceased, for which we were truly thankful, for I know not how we should have got over the heavy roads with such ancient steeds as they were, fed only upon grass, out of which all nourishment had been dispersed long before. As it was, it was with difficulty we finally arrived at Taylor's Hotel, where we had to stay for the night, and for a bed in a dark earth plastered room, more like a dungeon, and a supper, we paid six shillings. It is astonishing how extortion is practised upon all travellers at all the way-side Inns for wretchedly cooked meals and little miserable cell-like rooms to sleep in, and

rickety bedsteads with a scarcity of covering that is cruel. If people will keep what they call houses of accommodation, why in the name of honesty do they fail in accommodating? The bitter cold room, and damp walls prevented me from sleeping, and I was glad, after a long night of waiting, when the bugle sounded to start for Smithfield. Punctually at four o'clock we made another move on. To my dismay, we rushed through damp air and a bitter sharp wind that aggravated my torture, due to my rheumatism; and had there been a "Well of Jacob's Oil," I would have willingly jumped into it; if it could have cured me, as the waters of Samaria did the Leper. Such was the intensity of the cold, that I would have dropped myself into hell and availed myself of its heat to have removed my pains, if for a time it would have given me oblivion. Of course, after a comfortable warm bath, even if it had been for the time more exhausting than a Turkish Bath, I could have taken coffee with Plato and his lovely wife Prosphene, and there gathered up the general news from among the uplifted spirits dwelling down in the lower regions, and then acted as general informer to all the kinsfolk of the good souls down below. At last the sun rose in all its power and dispelled the damp air, and once again we had our bodies warmed, after the usual two hours cold before sunrise. On our left we passed the last new venture of one farmer (Carroll). Since diamonds and minerals have failed, the new speculation is for farmers to turn their lands into townships, and if in such lands they are fortunate enough to possess a running stream or a well supplied dam, they secure to themselves and their children a monopoly of natures liquid at the expense of the inhabitants. Again I had the annoyance of being dragged along by horses that in weakness positively wobbled, and after we had struggled on our journey for two or three hours one of the horses actually fell, never to rise again. So with crippled legs and aching bones, I, with the other passengers, had to walk on to the next stage. I grant and know, that the drought for the previous years had been severe, but that gives no excuse to the passenger-contractor for not buying mealies or corn, and keeping up the strength of his horses. I have in later times had cause to

curse my enemies; but on this occasion, I had to console myself with the fact, that had not nature been unkind to me, I would have walked the whole distance, and done my best to have made myself hungry, to have eaten freely in proportion to the charges made at our houses-of-call. At last, with a painful effort, I and the other passengers reached the house, and eventually sat down to breakfast, to try conclusions with the toughest beef that was at that time procurable in the Free State. But travellers get used to all this, when they remember the severe and inclement winters that this part of the world is subject to. It must be most astonishing to my readers to know that in burning hot South Africa, our winter is long and severe, and destructive to all animal and vegetable life. Once more on the way, we pass over a road that in the generosity of the Raad and the executive was made by one of the farmers. They afterwards repented of such generosity, and finally repudiated and refused to pay, compelling the contractor, Meintjes, to bring an action against the Government, with the usual result to the poor man. How, in these degenerate and subsidized days, is it possible for an individual to fight a Government, when such plunderers and blunderers hold the chest and funds of the people, and the poor wronged man has an empty pocket? In this case the contractor proved the Government an organised conspiracy in cheating him for the credit of the Free State, and its questionable brand. Would that he had been the only victim of such conduct in the State. Over and over barren plans we ride in constant sight of the feasts of the Assvogels, the South African scavengers. But at last even these South African velt scavengers could not consume the dead cattle in the path. The Dutch need have no fear; it will not be the grass-lands of South Africa that the Englishman will hunger after. Pasturally and agriculturally, the land is not to be envied; it is only in a political dispute that the Dutchman will be interfered with; but even this will not create much difficulty, for modern Dutchmen are as sorry in their hearts—if their pride would but let them admit it—as their fathers were at the abandonment of the Free State to the Doppers, and, in opposition to these Doppers,

they will yet beg for a confederating scheme that will once more place them under the English flag, the emblem of the free.

At last, we reach another outspan; and then the road that I remember so well taking for Reddersburg when on my way three years before, to see the Free State Diamond Mine that was to eclipse Kimberley. Certainly in one way it did finally outdo old Du Toits pan, if company-promoting and share-making and other trickeries are taken into consideration; for, after ten years scraping of the ground, and then in the long run being supplied by Illicits,* the result was an immense loss to the Free State, but an enormous gain to the Jews and Germans. After four hours, we arrived at the famous hill through which we have to pass on our way into Smithfield. At this spot nature and man had had a prolonged struggle in the formation of a new road into the town, instead of going round for miles. Man had blasted it with gunpowder and removed the debris, and thus literally removed a mountain and made the path straight; in truth, what hill or hills in these days can stand against powder, guncotton or dynamite? It is comforting to know, that, like this hill, although at a heavy cost, all hills can be removed to make way for the comfort of man, and to his general convenience. At last we emerge out of this country and find ourselves in old Sir Harry Smith's Field, and in honour afterwards of a meeting held to settle general matters on the spot, a town was formed, which afterwards was called "Smithfield." I need hardly say that this village was in no way like London's Smithfield. Originally forming a trading post for Kaffirs and Dutch Boers with the English. No religious martyr in that place paid the penalty of death by fire for their disbelief in the theology of the day. The situation here is not one of the best, and bigotry and ignorance are dominant; the anti-English feeling being so strong in the hearts of some of the old Boers, that they positively prohibit the Rev. Mr. Bell to teach English in the schools for fear that the children should forget the old language of their

* See Reports of Edelling and Douglas in November, 1883, in Jagersfontein.

fathers, or express a desire to become part of the great commercial nation that is destined, for good or evil, to become the omnipotent race of the civilized world. Smithfield is a town of great pretensions, a fine Dutch church and a prominent English church, with schools and outhouses, give it a somewhat bold outline. The former is supported and controlled as all other Dutch churches are in the Free State; the latter is conducted by a perfect Bell—a Boon to the English residents and advanced farmers in the neighbourhood; but his reverence does not give satisfaction to all; he is considered too masculine, is fond of playing and promoting cricket, football, tennis, and all other manly games and sports. Such practices gave offence to the Dutch, and as Mr. Bell constantly urges the Dutch to learn English, which many hate with all their heart and soul—supposing that they have a heart and soul—he is socially disliked by them; at all events, he is a contrast to the clerical dotard at Jagersfontein, who protests against the sale of ginger-beer and bread to travellers on a Sunday; but for his own labour and profit on a Sunday, charges to a struggling starving family eight shillings as a baptismal fee. “Thou shalt do no manner of work on the Seventh Day,” is curiously interpreted by him, and by many of his cloth. The Rev. Mr. Bell, however, has not so much to say about or against those who live by false pretences as the loud toned ranting, canting, Father Douglas maintains, and with truth, but who, in trying to point out the mote in his brother's eye forgets the beam in his own. The whole of his life is a fraud, he preaches and supports what in nature has no foundation, and virtually lives a lie, and upholds his position by hypocrisy. The Rev. Mr. Bell is a muscular christian, and in being so, he is wise; he knows it is better to make friends with the children of this world, although they belong to the mammon of unrighteousness, as it is called. However, the time is coming when he and his unfortunate brethren will not be wanted, but, like other mortals, will have to work for their own living. I also fully remember, how I almost came to grief at this place; once, thinking that it would be a walk from the waggon to the Hotel, and not knowing my way in the dark—not having made a moon that

night—I, in my impetuous way, hastened on, when to my horror, I fell into, what at the time I thought was the bottomless pit that one has heard so often about, but which is an absurdity; for how can there be a pit that has no bottom? Truly these fable preachers and self-styled teachers speak of most absurd conditions. Fortunately for me, instead of still flying down that bottomless pit, I soon found the bottom of the one I fell into at Smithfield, but only when I fell flat upon my stomach, and such was the shock, and the time that I took to recover, that I thought it was all up with Boon, and all his future missions. It was on this road that I once had the company of those unfortunate, uniformed tailor-made-men, who did so much harm to the Cape Colony—General Clarke, the Cape Colony commandant, Captain Giles, the artillery-bungler, and Colonel Schermbrucker, the free-lance and public office-seeker. All these officers failed most conspicuously in promoting the interests of Cape Colony, as it ever must be when mercenaries are employed to kill for the benefit of others. Not one of these men had the slightest ability to conquer the Basutos, but simply desired to keep out of danger, and help to spend part of the £4,000,000 war debt incurred by the officials of the Cape to carry out Sprigg's mad policy, to subdue the Basutos and conform to conditions that were dishonourable, after the Basutos had permission to buy freely the weapons they had in their possession. The after-life of some of these officers was simply outrageous in their relationships of life with their brother officers. General Clarke, not making a mark, but proving a perfect failure, he and his brother officers hastened out of the Colony, and disappeared from all active scenes but not before they had stunk in the nostrils of all good men and the colony generally. Well do I also remember travelling in the same coach with a loud loose-tongued German, Sham Buckner, who had failed as all loud talkers, but no-doers, invariably fail. After blundering in all his appointments; after accomplishing nothing except talking very loud, and securing his own interests, he finally, without a contest, sat in the Upper House of Assembly, where with his waspish nature, he did his best to worry all Governments, while

curse my enemies; but on this occasion, I had to console myself with the fact, that had not nature been unkind to me, I would have walked the whole distance, and done my best to have made myself hungry, to have eaten freely in proportion to the charges made at our houses-of-call. At last, with a painful effort, I and the other passengers reached the house, and eventually sat down to breakfast, to try conclusions with the toughest beef that was at that time procurable in the Free State. But travellers get used to all this, when they remember the severe and inclement winters that this part of the world is subject to. It must be most astonishing to my readers to know that in burning hot South Africa, our winter is long and severe, and destructive to all animal and vegetable life. Once more on the way, we pass over a road that in the generosity of the Raad and the executive was made by one of the farmers. They afterwards repented of such generosity, and finally repudiated and refused to pay, compelling the contractor, Meintjes, to bring an action against the Government, with the usual result to the poor man. How, in these degenerate and subsidized days, is it possible for an individual to fight a Government, when such plunderers and blunderers hold the chest and funds of the people, and the poor wronged man has an empty pocket? In this case the contractor proved the Government an organised conspiracy in cheating him for the credit of the Free State, and its questionable brand. Would that he had been the only victim of such conduct in the State. Over and over barren plans we ride in constant sight of the feasts of the Assvogels, the South African scavengers. But at last even these South African velt scavengers could not consume the dead cattle in the path. The Dutch need have no fear; it will not be the grass-lands of South Africa that the Englishman will hunger after. Pasturally and agriculturally, the land is not to be envied; it is only in a political dispute that the Dutchman will be interfered with; but even this will not create much difficulty, for modern Dutchmen are as sorry in their hearts—if their pride would but let them admit it—as their fathers were at the abandonment of the Free State to the Doppers, and, in opposition to these Doppers,

they will yet beg for a confederating scheme that will once more place them under the English flag, the emblem of the free.

At last, we reach another outspan ; and then the road that I remember so well taking for Reddersburg when on my way three years before, to see the Free State Diamond Mine that was to eclipse Kimberley. Certainly in one way it did finally outdo old Du Toits pan, if company-promoting and share-making and other trickeries are taken into consideration ; for, after ten years scraping of the ground, and then in the long run being supplied by Illicits,* the result was an immense loss to the Free State, but an enormous gain to the Jews and Germans. After four hours, we arrived at the famous hill through which we have to pass on our way into Smithfield. At this spot nature and man had had a prolonged struggle in the formation of a new road into the town, instead of going round for miles. Man had blasted it with gunpowder and removed the debris, and thus literally removed a mountain and made the path straight ; in truth, what hill or hills in these days can stand against powder, guncotton or dynamite ? It is comforting to know, that, like this hill, although at a heavy cost, all hills can be removed to make way for the comfort of man, and to his general convenience. At last we emerge out of this country and find ourselves in old Sir Harry Smith's Field, and in honour afterwards of a meeting held to settle general matters on the spot, a town was formed, which afterwards was called "Smithfield." I need hardly say that this village was in no way like London's Smithfield. Originally forming a trading post for Kaffirs and Dutch Boers with the English. No religious martyr in that place paid the penalty of death by fire for their disbelief in the theology of the day. The situation here is not one of the best, and bigotry and ignorance are dominant ; the anti-English feeling being so strong in the hearts of some of the old Boers, that they positively prohibit the Rev. Mr. Bell to teach English in the schools for fear that the children should forget the old language of their

* See Reports of Edelling and Douglas in November, 1883, in Jagersfontein.

pretending to be the most loyal subject of Queen Victoria. His conduct in the Free State and his abuse of the English led to his being burned in effigy, and his career in seeking his own advantage led to his not being trusted to any portfolio in public life. By the same coach travelled one of the unfortunate women, who not being able to secure a husband, and who finding all other things fail, turned themselves into what are called sisters of mercy. From such unnatural, unmerciful beings, good Lord deliver us; for as cant and a want of natural knowledge how to live happily, and what to live for, characteristic of these unfortunate, ill-looking and elderly maids, we must let them know that if England does not expect them to do their duty as become women, then all sensible people will wish that at once they will learn the trick. This poor woman was sure that the chief Sipinare was a good man, but as the question of polygamy was not a subject to discuss any more than polyandry, the colonel assured her, that apart from his christian views, he admired him for his success over his half-brother in his late battle, by such success securing the chieftainship and the sanction of the Free State. He valued his position in the Market and at the World's understood condition, that nothing succeeds like success, which covers a multitude of sins even to the shedding the blood of one's father's offspring, as was the case here. The Free State supports Sipinare, because it hopes yet to remove him when he is no longer wanted, it covets his land for the boer-farmers, and to make indentured servants of the tribe; another form of securing men-servants and maid-servants for agricultural purposes, as our lords in England and elsewhere secure their men and maid-servants, by making them landless and homeless.

The Church of England, its Bishops and Sisters of Mercy, support this bloody man, who hesitated not to hire white mercenaries—Dutchmen, I am glad to say, not Englishmen, to shoot down the legitimate chief, Samuel, because this Sipinare gave them a farm and they hope for more on the principle explained in Shelly's "Cenci," as previously given. It is well understood that in the past, the churches would condone any offence or crime, when they profit by it. A feeble denial may be given to all this; but history gives the

lie to the deniers. When once this hypocrisy is full known, the Church is doomed. Amidst these thoughts, I found myself at the Caledon Drift. Here I experienced the usual Dutch mendacity and greed. Requiring to pass over, I desired to sit on a Dutchman's waggon to save me a wetting or waiting for other convenience; but judge of my surprise when he demanded a shilling for the seat! When I expressed my surprise, he lowered his demand to sixpence. I expressed my contempt, and, to show him that I was not like a Dutchman, but an Englishman, who could help himself in an emergency, I wished him a visit to heaven-downwards, and at the same time, while telling him that such a journey would do him good, I took my boots, socks, and although the current was strong, waded through it successfully, to his amazement. To get through South Africa, man must be able to help himself at all times; if he cannot he will fail in all things. From the Caledon, I made my way over a sandy plain—a distance of over twenty miles—to a miserable village called Rouxville, my people being astonished that I should walk such a distance, and not wait for the waggon. But a good pedestrian with a will, finds all things are possible. The fact is, that in these days of steam and convenience, people are forgetting to use their legs. At the Caledon Drift, I learnt to my disgust, that on the previous journey our driver had nearly drowned four lady passengers, and but for the presence of mind of ONE, the whole would have been washed away. I here protest against a lad of fifteen having charge of four horses, which may either bolt away or stick in the river, or rush over a krantz, and no one at hand to help him. On our way, we were much inconvenienced by passing through burning grass. This habit of burning grass, is considered wise by many farmers; but in some measure it makes still fewer the few forests in the Free State. Now the intense cold in winter and the scarcity of rain is the main cause of the long continued drought, forests would help to neutralise this evil. If, like the Chinese, the Dutch would but plant trees either at every human birth or at the command of the Government, bush or forest in the Transvaal or the Colony would be the saving in the Free State of thousands

of cattle, sheep, horses, and other animals who need the cover of bush, or the warmer kloofs in the winter. If the farmers could follow the plan of the wild animals, feeding in the high hill grass in the summer, and descending to the lower lands and bush in the winter, thousands of cattle would be saved by the farmers, and their pockets enriched. If they cannot do this, then they must gather up their root crops, go in for a summer crop of hay, and if England can produce a crop of hay worth twenty millions a year, a larger quantity can be produced in South Africa.

At last, half choked with smoke, we reached Rouxville, and found the very best accommodation, and having partaken of a good meal, I settled my thoughts down and retired to rest, after having been warned that I should be wanted at four o'clock in the morning to start to Aliwal, and with a good night to all, I retired to sweet repose and pleasant dreams. Punctually at four o'clock next morning I was awakened, and having partaken of a comfortable cup of coffee, mounted the cart, and passed on my journey. On and on we rode until we found ourselves upon the road, that to the astonishment of Africanders, I walked over three years before, when I hastened one Sunday into Aliwal North, to visit the old churches, and, if possible, to find out if they were more humane in their views than others that I called at. But, alas! I found the same kind of Sunday wares vended, strong abuse of all Rationalists and enquirers; but peace for all that did not desire to know, and would support the little Bethels, with their simon pure parsons—pure so long as they were not found out. Fortunately at that time, the "Grahamstown Scandal," with its dean and its doctor, had not occurred to bring disgrace upon Christians; but what can be expected in these times of gross superstition and animalism? These men go so far as to say, that but for the grace of their God, they would be no better than others who long and lust. Good heavens! If they were not prevented from committing crimes and atrocities when the laying on of hands has once made them priests after the order of Melchizedek, and which cannot be undone, are we to say that their God permits, or urges them to act so vilely? I know it is said in their Holy

Writ, that "If there be evil in the city, have not I, the Lord, created it?" Now there is still a dispute whether it is the God of heaven or of this world that permits it, as see what Lucifer in Longfellow maintains:—

LUCIFER

(FLYING OVER THE CITY.)

Sleep, sleep, O city! till the light
Wakes you to sin and crime again,
Whilst on your dreams, like dismal rain,
I scatter downwards through the night
My maledictions dark and deep.

I have more martyrs in your walls
Than God has; and they cannot sleep,
They are my bondsmen and my thralls;
Their wretched lives are full of pain,
Wild agonies of nerve and brain;
And every heart-beat, every breath,
Is a convulsion worse than death.

Sleep, sleep, O city! though within
The circuit of your walls there lies
No habitation free from sin,
And all its nameless miseries;
The aching heart, the aching head,
Grief for the living and the dead,
And foul corruption of the time,
Disease, distress, and want and woe,
And crimes and passions that may grow
Until they ripen into crime!

Now which is it—God, the all-wise and omnipotent, the creator of the universe; or his creature, the devil, as it is stated? When shall we have the truth, the whole truth; and nothing but the truth.

Alas! alas! that in the nineteenth century, men should be so blind as to believe such ridiculous tales. One can almost pity, and would even pray, if it was of any use that the blind would lead the blind into the ditch, and thus put an end to all. But, on we go until we sight Aliwal North, and, finally, with a bound we cross over the splendid Iron Bridge, built with the money of the Cape Colony, and rattle up the high street of this border town. All-is-well! I was struck with

the marked difference that three years' absence showed me. Splendid stores and other buildings, showing signs of progress and increase. But even here the old cry was the place was rotten, which in other words, meant little work and but little pay of John Bull's money; men starving and asking for work, and unable to get the same, what can be worse, as Carlyle puts it, "able-bodied men asking for work and asking in vain," and yet all the time Land asking to be married to Labour, and no statesman in the Colony able to shew how to construct Railways, Harbours of Refuge and Docks; how to create agricultural wealth, how to open up Mineral Resources; simply because no statesman understands how to issue Legal Tender Notes "based on Wealth in the construction of all Public Works of Utility." Here production and consumption could conform to each other and be both illimitable. Towns are laid out on the best plan, as at this Aliwal, but for the want of money, all either stand still or go backwards, and yet thousands of men, millions of acres of land are needing each other, and clamouring for each other. What makes the matter still more saddening, is, that the people not understanding the reason why, beg the rulers to go to war, to take possession of the native property, the land and the cattle, to enable them to live and be enriched. Thus we have the sight of men being drilled and taken to a field, there to meet others taken from some other town to meet in that field; when there, to confront each other, and though they may have no ill-feeling one against the other, yet, at the command of an officer, they fire and slay one another, and all for the glory of their chiefs, and to enable them to be doing something. Truly this is a hellish work, and if it is true that the Devil finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, "let those who make the quarrels be the only men to fight," not as men now upholding dynasties that only trample on the rights of all humanity. But, think my readers, would it not be well that our agricultural and industrial conditions should be better understood, and that, instead of men slaying one another, causing wives to weep and children to mourn, men should utilise each other's labour for mutual advantages, which I will more fully explain later on, in my "How to

make our National and Colonial Wealth by means of Imperial or Colonial-Legal-Tender Money to the advantage of all.

ORIGIN OF WAR.

First envy—eldest-born of hell—imbrued
Her hands in blood, taught the sons of men
To make a death, which nature never made,
And God abhorred; with violence rude to break
The thread of life, e're half its length was spun,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy ambition saw and soon improved,
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud, to snatch a single life.
Puny impiety! Whole kingdoms fell
To taste the lust of power. More horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast. "One" murder makes a villain,
"Millions," a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers satisfied the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men,
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why boast the lies
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of unity and love?

BEELEY PORTER, 1731.

ADDRESS TO PEACE.

O! first of human blessings! and supreme!
Fair Peace!—how lovely—how delightful thou!
By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men,
Like brothers, live in amity, combined,
And unsuspecting faith; whilst honest toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right
Which idle, barbarous repose, but usurps.
Pure is thy reign, when unaccursed by blood,
Nought save the sweetness of indulgent showers—
Trickling distils into the verdant globe
(Instead of mangled carcasses—sad scene!)
When the blithe sheaves lie scattered in the field,
When only shining shares—the crooked knife,
And hooks imprint the vegetable wound;
When the land blushes with the rose alone,
The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.
O Peace! thou source and soul of social life!

Beneath whose calm inspiring influence
 Science his views enlarges, and refines,
 And swelling commerce opens all her ports—
 Blest be the man divine who gave us thee.
 Who bids the trumpet hush its horrid clang,
 Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
 Who sheaths the murderous blade—the deadly gun
 Into the well-filled armoury returns,
 And every vigour, from the work of death,
 To grateful industry converting—makes
 The country flourish and the city smiles.

Unviolated, him the virgin sings!
 And him, the smiling mother to her train;
 Of him, the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
 Chants; and the treasurer of his labour sure,
 The husbandman of him, is at the plough,
 Or team, he tills. With him the sailor soothes,
 Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
 And the full city: warm from street to street,
 And shop to shop responsive rings of him.

Nor joys one land alone; his praise extends
 Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day;
 Far as the breeze can bear the gift of peace,
 Till all the happy nations catch the song.

JAMES THOMSON.

At Aliwal I was glad to find a good school and public library. I knew it would be of no use to leave one of my radical pamphlets at the school. At present, the inhabitants only want what they call orthodox works, and they have in most cases adopted the recommendation of the Church.—“Never read any book but what we recommend.” But surely, in science we should read the newest book, and in literature, not only the oldest, but many books on all vital subjects. Books possess an essence of immortality; temples crumble into ruins, but books survive. Books introduce us into the best society. The book is a living voice. The great and good do not die. The humblest and poorest may commune with the great spirits of the past, without being thought intrusive. Would you laugh, would you grieve, would you be instructed; it is to books that we turn for entertainment, for instruction, and solace in joy and sorrow, in prosperity and in adversity.

There is perfect communion in books, no monopoly in these days, and never will be again while the printing press exists and public library's last. Man himself, is of all things in the world the most interesting to man. Whatever relates to human life; its experience, its joys, its sufferings and its achievements, has attractions for him beyond all else. Each man is more or less interested in all other men, as his fellow-creatures—as members of the great family of human kind, and the larger a man's culture, the wider is the range of his sympathies in all that affects the welfare of his race. "Man," says Emerson, "can paint, or make, or think nothing but man," most of all is this history shown in the fascination which personal history possesses for him. "Man's sociality of nature" says Carlyle, "evinces itself in spite of all that can be said by this one fact, the unspeakable delight he takes in biography." Every person may learn something from the recorded life of another. The records of the lives of the good, the reformers, the martyrs of the past, are especially useful, they influence our hearts and set before us great examples. Personally, I value my books above all gold, and for the martyrs of reform, I have the profoundest respect and veneration—The writer of a great book to me is god-like. In the future, I trust to draw attention to the great souls who have given life for their struggle for bread, while they have made known those Political and Social truths that are not yet understood, but which it will be my pleasing task to make known in my future perambulations around the world. The best books are those which most resemble good actions. They are purifying, elevating and sustaining; they enlarge and liberalise the mind; they preserve it against vulgar worldliness; they tend to produce high-minded cheerfulness; and equanimity of character, they fashion, shape, and humanise the mind. The great lesson of Biography is to shew what man can be and do at his best. A noble life, put fairly on record, acts like an inspiration to others. It exhibits what life is capable of being made. It refreshes our spirit, encourages our hopes, gives us new strength and courage and faith in others as well as in ourselves. It stimulates our aspirations, rouses us to action, and excites us to become co-

partners in their work. To live with such men, and to be inspired by their example, is to live with the best of men, and to be in the best of company. It may be said that much of the interest of Biography, especially of the more familiar sort, is of the nature of gossip;—but gossip illustrates the interest which men and women take in each other's personality and individuality, and which is capable of communicating the highest pleasure, and yielding the greatest instruction whether in the form of anecdotal, or of personal narrative, is the one that commends itself to by far the largest class of readers. The moral estimate of books cannot be estimated. They contain the knowledge of the human race. They are the records of speculations, successes and failures in science, philosophy, religion and morals. They have been the greatest motive power in all ages—at all times. "From the gospel to the *Contract Social*," says De Bonald, "it is books that have made revolutions." Indeed a great book is often a greater thing than a great battle. Robeloves overturned monkery in France. Mosheim's History exposed the Roman Church. Lecky's Civilization exposed the rottenness of the past. We can hold these, and an innumerable number in our hands, and feel that though dead yet they speak, breathe, and move in their writings. The sympathy between thought and thought is most intimate. Words, ideas, feelings, with the progress of time, harden into substances. Words are the only thing that last for ever. May the words of the wise and good be our daily portion :—

THE POWER OF THE PEN.

"What dost thou know, thou grey Goose-Quill?"
 And methought with a spasm of pride,
 It sprung from the inkstand, and fluttered in vain,
 Its nib to free from the ebon stain
 As it fervently replied;

What do I know? Let the lover tell,
 When into his secret scroll
 He poureth the breath of a magic lyre
 And traces those mystic lines of fire
 That move the maiden's soul.

What do I know ? The wife can say
 As the leaden seasons move,
 And over the ocean's wildest spray
 A blessed missive doth wend its way
 Inspired by a husband's love.

Say what were history, so wise and old,
 And science, that reads the sky ;
 Oh, how could music its sweetness store ;
 Or fancy and art their treasures pour ;
 Or what were Poesy's heaven-taught love,
 Should the pen its aid deny.

What are thy deeds—thou fearful thing,
 By the lordly warrior's side ?
 And the sword answered, stern and slow,
 The hearth-stone lone and the orphan know,
 And the pale and widowed bride.
 The rusted plough, and the seed unsown,
 And the grass that doth rankly grow
 O'er the rotting limb, and the blood-pool dark,
 Gaunt famine, that quenches life's lingering spark,
 And the black-winged pestilence, know.

Then the terrible sword to its sheath returned,
 While the needle sped on in peace ;
 But the pen traced out, from a book sublime,
 The promise and pledge of that better time
 When the warfare of earth shall cease.

Mr. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

But thinking that, as bread cast upon the waters returns, so it is said, after many days, I left my "How to Colonize South Africa, and by Whom" in the hope that the Premier and Mr. Dowling might at last see the folly of their ways, and advocate the true thing. I am not sanguine enough to suppose that they will ; but my conscience is clear and I feel that, like an old Roman, I did my best to save my adopted country from total ruin. While in the town, I was assured it was something alarming to face the difficulties of raising stock in the district, owing to drought and the severe winters. I had but little time to note much that went on in the Town. It was here that the convention was made between the Boers, the Basutos, and the English. Much has been said of the fighting powers of the Boers, of which I shall have to say something not complimentary to them, in my later

jottings. In, or near the Transvaal, some have regarded the South African question as one of the great unsolved, perhaps insolvable, problems of our Colonial system; but this is not true, if once we have wise men in Downing Street, instead of the present red-tape figures of men. Much has been said in the past, especially since the accidental success in the Transvaal, of the pluck, energy, and splendid lion-like courage of the Dutch-Boer. This is the grossest exaggeration. All the Boers from their boyhood, and sometimes even the girls, have been taught to shoot the game and wild bucks, but never to get into close quarters. At a target, the Boers were never able to beat the English-soldiers, but when in the field passing an enemy, like the lion, the Boer makes dashes, if he thinks that with a bound he can take possession; but like this South African beast of human prey, he hesitates to attack in the open. Now all the warfare with the black races to the Dutchman has been so much human black buck hunting, and he feels, when out on a marauding campaign, no more compunction in shooting man bucks than any other wild animals. Having by violence taken possession of the soil in various ways that I shall fully explain later on in my "History of Histories of the Free State and the Transvaal"—made prisoners of its inhabitants, and then slaves of them under the form of apprenticeship, and having afterwards, in most cases, failed to remunerate either in cattle or money, as agreed upon, the Boer by such failure of fulfilling his engagements with the natives, drives the natives into acts of stealing from among the herds that his labour had helped to rear. This mode of self-compensation was called stealing by the Boer, and gave him the opportunity, when repeated time after time of organizing the Boer Commando which is nothing more than an armed horse-force to shoot at will, whenever a Kaffir appeared in sight. The black nigger sighted was not examined closely; it was not of much consequence, whether child, women or man. The sons of Ham had to be removed, so said their Bible, and thus the Boers being in the place of the old Israelites, had the work to perform; of course on the same condition that they like the Jews, having destroyed inoffensive inhabitants, were to take

possession of all they could find ; for " thus saith the Lord ; " and the Boer in so believing, doeth it with all his might, heart and strength, to the glory of his Jehovah. But at times the people object to this process of extermination, and when beaten on the plains flee to their Kaffir Natural Barracks, the mountains, and hold their enemies at bay, until repeated rushes of Dutch courage, helped on by Cape Congo, the Boer sweeps in and over the growing crops in the plains, and having cut and burnt the same, lets starvation do the rest, until in hunger the natives surrender. Such at times were the condition and courage of the Boer, that, as their history proves even their leaders were so ashamed of their followers, with their cry of " Huis toe " that they often contemplated calling in English assistance, and would have done so, but for the knowledge that the English Government had left them in the Free State, with the understanding that they were to live in equity and peace with their neighbours, and at all times to give no cause for the rising of the native tribes. The English, on the other hand, have no desire to kill, being true to their commercialism, they require to trade, and thus to enrich themselves by exchange of commodities ; and desire population, while the Boer-farmer requires vast open plains and hills for cattle pasturage, with sufficient human labour in the form of enforced servants, to herd his cattle and flocks, and female labour for the house and his hut-harem. Now the Boer pursuing time after time his mode of crop-destroying and cattle lifting, had at last subdued by starvation, not fighting in the open—the Basutos. These were at the mercy of the Dutch Government, so called—but which was only an organised armed force for robbing the natives. The Basutos, as a last resource, appealed to the English in the colony to save them. Their cry for help and to be saved was heard, and a treaty was signed at Aliwal North between the English and the Free State land and cattle lifters—dignified into a name of Government with Brand as a President, giving the Basutos over to the protection of the English Imperial Government. The Boers were enriched by some hundreds of farms in the conquered territory, and thousands of cattle. The natives with the usual thanks and prayers, were offered

up to the God of battle, who is stated to be a Man-of-war. What an aping by these Dutchman of, and walking in the footsteps of their great Creator ! Bitter and long curses were uttered,—not even now forgotten,—against the English interfering, in not letting the Boer kill out the natives, and take possession and spread havoc and desolation. The Dutch ministers meanwhile, preached the decrees of Heaven in making the black tribes servants for ever. This, and much more will be explained in my *later chapters*.

Now the same spirit of plunder and exploiting took possession of the Colony, headed by one, Sprigg, who, thinking to coerce the Basutos into submission to a wrong, undertook to conquer them ; but, after spending millions, and losing most valuable lives, was unable to force them to his conditions. This, in the end, brought disgrace and defeat to the Colonial arms, compelling the Placemen of the Cape Colony to solicit the Imperial Government once more to take over what the Colonists had at no time any claim or right to. The Basutos gave themselves over to the British Government, acknowledging the Queen as their head and protesting against being subjugated by the Colonists. They maintained their position ; and such was the miserable plight of the country, that at last the Colonists passed a resolution to hand the Basuto Lands back to the Imperial Power, it being considered the only solution of the difficulty brought about by the action of a Fool—a Retired Reporter of the English House of Commons.

To enable my readers to understand the Basuto Question in all its fulness and bearings, I subjoin, in chapter five the following discussion between the Cape Government and the Imperial Power in Downing Street, England.





CHAPTER V.

COLONIAL GOVERNMENT HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

BASUTOLAND, FRIDAY, JULY 6th.

[The Imperial Despatch].

Mr. Scanlen laid on the table copy of a memorandum to the Secretary of State for the Colony by the Hon. J. X. Merriman; and the reply of the Earl of Derby, on the subject of the future Government of Basutoland.

Mr. Uppington: "I move that those despatches be now read." (Hear, hear.)

The Clerk of the House then read the Despatches, as follows:—

"7 Albert Mansions, Victoria Street,
29th May, 1883.

John X. Merriman, Esq., to the Earl of Derby.

My Lord,—In accordance with the permission granted by your Lordship, I forward, under a separate cover, a memorandum on the present questions connected with native affairs in the Cape Colony, more particularly as regards Basutoland. Recent advices from that part of the world serve to endorse my observation on the dangers pointed out and I venture to hope that your Lordship will not think that I have presumed too much in making suggestions in a matter of such paramount importance to the Colony.

I have, &c.,

(Signed) JOHN X. MERRIMAN,"

The Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, &c., &c.

Memorandum on the Present Situation of Affairs in
Basutoland.

1.—For the purpose of considering the present state of matters connected with the question of Basutoland, it will not be necessary to go further back than the annexation of that country, and the formal adoption of the tribe as British subjects.

2.—This step was taken at the instance of Governor Sir P. E. Wodehouse, towards the end of 1867, and was reluctantly assented to by Her Majesty's Government.

3.—At the time that the formal notification of the contemplated acceptance of the allegiance of the Basutos was made to the Orange Free State Government, the arms of the Republic, which was at the time engaged in a protracted struggle with the Basuto tribe, were entirely successful, and the Basutos were reduced to the direst extremity.

4.—It then appeared certain that nothing short of the interposition of the British Government could prevent the entire subjugation of that portion of the Basuto tribe at time in arms, and their consequent ruin and dispersal.

5.—Nor can there be much room to doubt that the Basutos had brought this fate upon themselves, as hostilities were, in the first instance, rendered inevitable, by their depredations and their persistent breaches of all their engagements towards the Orange Free State.

6.—The acceptance of the tribe as British subjects saved them from destruction; but the action of the British Government on that occasion was regarded by the burghers of the Orange Free State, as well as by Colonists, allied to them in blood and feeling, as a most unwarrantable interference between criminals and their just punishment, and an act of spoliation and oppression towards a weak State in the interest of the coloured races.

7.—The Governor of the Orange Free State protested in the strongest terms against the proposed interference, drawing attention to Article 2 of the Convention of 23rd February, 1854, which bound Her Majesty's Government not to enter



AWC

into Treaties with native tribes north of the Orange River, which might be prejudicial to the interests of the Orange Free State.

8.—In his replies, Sir P. E. Wodehouse, as agent of the British Government, held out as the greatest inducement the fact that the British Government would be able, and would be bound, to exercise the control over their own subjects, leaving the Orange Free State free to enjoy their own territory in peace; and this promise of immunity was insisted on before the Proclamation accepting the allegiance of the Basutos, which was issued in defiance of the protests of the Free State, on 12th March, 1868.

9.—The Volksraad, or National Assembly, of that Republic entered a protest against the measure, founding their objection on the terms of the Convention of 1854, above alluded to; and action was suspended in order to admit of a deputation being sent to England to lodge a more formal objection against the course proposed.

10.—The deputation started on the 19th June, 1868, and on the 17th August of the same year, the Governor of the Cape communicated to the President the refusal of Her Majesty's Government to entertain the proposals submitted by it.

11.—Meanwhile, and since the issue of the Proclamation the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police, a body raised and maintained by the Cape Colony, were employed in protecting Basutoland and in maintaining the *status quo* which existed at the time of annexation.

12.—Early in the following year, on the 4th February, 1869, a formal conference assembled at Aliwal North to discuss the terms upon which a settlement of the question could be arrived at.

13.—The meeting was attended by the President of the Orange Free State and four Commissioners, and Sir P. E. Wodehouse, in the capacity of High Commissioner, representing Her Majesty's Government. The minutes of the discussions which took place, will be found in C. 18—1870 p. 9, show, that in his endeavours to obtain for the Basutos

a sufficient territory, Sir P. E. Wodehouse strongly insisted, as he had done before, on the guarantee of the frontier as a means of inducing the Free State Commissioners to agree to the terms proposed by him.

14.—After somewhat protracted negotiations, a convention was signed by Sir P. E. Wodehouse, acting on behalf and in the name of Her Britannic Majesty, on the 12th February, 1869, which embodied the concessions arrived at, created certain mutual obligations on the part of Her Majesty's Government and the Orange Free State respectively, and, by Article 6 of this Convention, the Orange Free State agreed, on the written request of the Chief Molappo, to relieve his portion of the Basuto tribe from their subjection to the State, and to consent to the territory occupied by him, which was at the time an integral part of the Orange Free State, becoming British territory.

15.—In all these negotiations and arrangements, including the employment of the forces raised on Colonial behalf, the Cape Colony had no voice whatever, nor was the matter ever submitted to the Local Parliament for an expression of their opinion. The annexation of the Basutos was wholly the act of Her Majesty's Government, and to the Convention with the Orange Free State, neither directly nor indirectly, was the Cape Colony a consenting party.

16.—To recapitulate: (1.) The annexation of the Basutos to the British Empire in 1868, was regarded by the Orange Free State, and by all who sympathised with it in South Africa, as a high-handed piece of interference, as a breach of the Convention of 1854, and as a cruel deprivation of the legitimate fruits of conquest. (2.) The principal motive held to induce the Republic to accept the position was the guarantee by the High Commissioner of the peace and tranquility of the border. (3.) The Cape Colony was no party to the annexation, nor was it in any way concerned in the negotiations between the Imperial Government and the Basutos.

17.—For some time after the events recorded above the Basutos were governed by an Agent of the High Com-

missioner, who carried on the rudimentary sort of administration, which sufficed to secure peace and order, under the direction of the High Commissioner, without reference to the Colonial Government.

18.—In 1871, at the instance of Sir H. Barkly, then Governor of the Cape, an Act of Parliament was passed, which formally annexed Basutoland to the Cape Colony, and transferred to it the responsibility for the expenditure and administration of that territory.* In the following year, 1872, a change occurred which extended to the Cape the system of responsible Government, similar to that in operation in the other self-governing colonies, with the practical effect of transferring the control of native affairs from the Governor to that of Ministers responsible to the Local Parliament, and subject to a Parliamentary majority. No attention seems to have been paid to the position of Basutoland under the new arrangement, and no one dreamed of consulting, or even informing the people in whose condition so radical a change was made, of the altered position of affairs. Nor did any communication take place with the Government of the Orange Free State, whose security might have been, and as events have proved, was, most naturally weakened by the change.

19.—Nor indeed was any inconvenience at first experienced. The Colonial Parliament took but a languid interest in native affairs, and the Basutos made sensible advances both in material prosperity and in the habits of orderly Government. The revenue amply sufficed for the simple form of establishment required, and for the maintenance of the handful of police which kept the peace, while the Orange Free State enjoined an immunity from thefts along the border almost wholly unprecedented in the history of European settlement in South Africa.

20.—This state of matters continued till the issue of a Pro-

* It should be noticed, however, that the peculiar provision for legislation, for beginning action by means of a proclamation of the Governor of the Colony, practically left the administration in the hands of the High Commissioner, as the executive orders of the Colony, under the system then prevailing, were civil servants under the control and subject to the orders of the representative of Her Majesty's Government.

clamation applying the Disarmament Act to Basutoland, a measure which was at once siezed on by the retrogressive and barbarian party among the Basutos, as a means of regaining their ascendancy.

21.—The suspicions of the people being once aroused, no amount of explanation or concession on the part of the Cape Government sufficed to allay the excitement or to shake the power which this unfortunate step had enabled some of the chiefs to regain. As is well known a war ensued, which ended, after an expenditure of more than three millions sterling, in an arrangement entered into, by means of the arbitration of the High Commissioner with the full concurrence, if not actually at the instance, of Her Majesty's Government.

21.—It is not surprising that a war with a tribe who had given such evidence of a capability of improvement should have been disapproved of both by Her Majesty's Government and by public opinion in England, but it is unfortunate that expressions of this disapproval should have reached the Basutos during the time that they were engaged in a struggle with the Colony, and that colonists should be able to attribute, with however little reason, the undoubted ill-success of the colonial arms to the supposed sympathy and encouragement which was shown those rebellious fellow-subjects during the struggle.

23.—Simultaneously with the peace which followed the award made by the Governor, the Ministry, which now holds office at the Cape, entered upon their duties.

They were avowedly of moderate views on native matters, and they represented those who had consistently opposed the policy which had led to the Basuto war.

24.—For two years they have endeavoured by every means, short of the employment of force, to establish the Government of Basutoland on a satisfactory footing. In their efforts to attain their object they have shrunk from no concessions, however humiliating they might appear to be, and they have set their faces against any abandonment of obligations created by Colonial action, while any possible means remained of a peaceful solution. In so continuing their efforts they have disregarded the strong expression of opinion in

favour of abandonment from almost all political parties in the Cape Parliament.

25.—The opposition in Basutoland, which has defeated the efforts of the Government to restore order, is not numerically large or powerful, but it is strong in the fact that there is an universal and not unreasonable belief among the Basutos that any efforts made by the Colony to repress disorder would result in the deprivation of at least a part of Basuto territory, and the belief, acting on the strong national feeling of the tribe, tends to strengthen the power of those chiefs whom the late war has caused to be regarded as the champions of the national cause.

26.—The Cape Government is now most reluctantly obliged to acknowledge that they have failed in their efforts to restore order and good Government, and they have to give their adherence to the well-nigh unanimous opinion held in South Africa, that it would be useless, and indeed mischievous, for the Cape Colony to retain its connection with a native territory, over which it can no longer exercise effectual control, and that an immediate repeal of the Annexation Act of 1871 is the only possible course open for the Cape Colony.

27.—The repeal of the Annexation Act, and the refusal of the colony to entertain any further responsibility for the affairs of the Basuto tribe, being absolutely certain to be carried into effect within, at most, a few weeks, the Government of the Cape felt it to be their duty to lose no time in communicating the state of affairs to Her Majesty's Government, to whom, as one of the contracting parties to the Convention of Aliwal North, the Orange Free State will look for the fulfilment of all treaty obligations arising out of the position of the Basutos as British subjects.

28.—In view of the Orange Free State insisting on its guaranteed rights, a contingency indeed which has arisen, it becomes of pressing importance that no time should be lost in defining the position, in order to avoid the almost inevitable obligations which will be forced on Her Majesty's Government if anarchy should set in, and give rise to claims which, under the written contract, it will be impossible to disregard.

29.—Should Her Majesty's Government see fit to decline any responsibility for the government of the Basutos, on the repeal by the Colonial Parliament of the Annexation Act of 1871, means will have to be taken, without delay, to repeal the Convention of Aliwal, and to make some declaration, of whatever nature it may be, that the Basutos are no longer in the position of British subjects, as, failing such action, or before it can be completed, there can be little doubt that a plentiful crop of claims for compensation in respect of depredations committed by natives, holding the nominal position of British subjects, will be sure to arise.

30.—In the event of such a deplorable contingency taking place as the entire abandonment of the Basutos, both by the Colonial and by the Imperial Government, it is not difficult to forecast the probable course of events. On the one hand internal dissensions between rival chieftains, which are already threatening, will take place; both sides will strive to enlist the services of Europeans, and the state of affairs now in progress in Bechuanaland will be repeated. On the other hand, thefts and outrages along the border will furnish, as they have done in former times, a more or less justifiable pretext for armed reprisals, which will lead to a struggle on a large scale, ending in a savage war of extermination. The withdrawal of authority from Basutoland means immediate anarchy, and a proximate war of races on a very large scale.

31.—The abandonment of Basutoland by Her Majesty's Government, and the consequent repudiation of the obligations incurred by the Convention of Aliwal North, will be regarded throughout South Africa as an indication that a severance of the connection between that dependency and Great Britain is within measurable distance; and those who have recently expressed their approbation of the lawless proceedings in Tembuland and Bechuanaland will consider such a step as an indication that Her Majesty's Government will no longer offer any opposition to a method of settling native and other questions, which is diametrically opposed to all the traditions of the Empire, and, indeed, inconsistent with even the nominal control of Great Britain.

32.—The large majority of colonists of all races would regard such a contingency as a most deplorable one ; but the abandonment of Basutoland by Her Majesty's Government, will be looked upon by them as a preliminary step to the abandonment of South Africa as an Imperial possession.

33.—If, on the other hand, Her Majesty's Government should desire to adhere to their treaty obligations towards the Free State, and should be prepared in the discharge of their obligation to assume the responsibility for the control of the Basutos, it seems equally necessary that any action which may be contemplated, should be concurrent with the formal act of abandonment by the Cape Colony ; and should be entered on with the full co-operation and loyal assistance of the Local Government. Any terms or conditions can be more readily made before any definite step is taken which will pledge the Cape Legislature to the absolute abandonment of all responsibility for the Government of the Basutos ; while, in the interests of peace and order, it is important that there should be no break in the continuity of administration which might give rise to complications with the Orange Free State.

34.—It will perhaps be convenient in connection with the Basuto question to consider the relations of the Colonial Government towards the native territories which lie between the boundary of the Colony proper and that of Natal, which present many inconvenient anomalies. Indeed, some such consideration will be rendered inevitable, whatever may be the decision with regard to the future of Basutoland ; for the territory claimed by that tribe runs over the Drakensberg mountains, into the heart of of East Griqualand, which is annexed to the Cape by a formal Act of their Legislature, and forms an integral part of the Cape Colony. In the event of abandonment, questions connected with this strip of country may be expected to form a fruitful source of strife.

35.—There are also, between the Cape Colony and Natal, two territories known as Tembuland and St. John's River, formerly annexed to the Empire, but not to the Cape Colony. They are governed nominally by the High Commissioner, as Governor, without any reference to the Colonial Parliament,

who have, however, up to the present time, provided funds for the maintenance of order, and the expense of administration.

36.—This curious position may at any time cause grave inconvenience, and it is within the bounds of possibility that the Colonial Parliament might refuse to proceed with the completion of the annexation of these territories to the Colony, a course of action for which several reasons could be advanced, and which might, in practice, prove highly inconvenient.

The best solution, from a Colonial, and also from an Imperial point of view, would be found in the assumption by Her Majesty's Government of the control of all the native dependencies of the Colony, including Basutoland, Fingoland, Tembuland, East Griqualand, and St. John's. These together would form a tolerably homogenous and self-supporting territory, with a seaboard, independent of the Colony proper, who would be, by such an arrangement, placed in a position to contribute liberally towards the support of such a scheme ; whilst Natal, who derives a considerable amount from the custom-dues of East Griqualand, might also be fairly called on for a contribution. These amounts, with those raised by taxation, would supply a revenue amply sufficient for administration on the most efficient scale, while to South Africa, and to the cause of law and order generally, such a step would be of incalculable advantage.

37.—Such a Government might follow closely the model of British Kaffraria, which, as founded by Sir George Grey, has been, perhaps, the most successful attempt to govern natives and Europeans together ; and, after some years of a peaceful separate existence, was absorbed in the larger Colony without any difficulty other than that caused by the reluctance of the inhabitants to have their peculiar political condition terminated.

38.—There is no reason to believe that the Government of natives under such conditions would present any difficulty whatever. Existing troubles, and others which threaten, arise from the feeling of unrest, which is inseparable from the

attempt to govern large masses of unrepresented men by means of a political majority in an assembly sitting next door to them. The natives, and all matters connected with their government, form a convenient political factor in the strife of local politics; and the result is a feeling of doubt and uncertainty in the native mind, which is absolutely detrimental to the successful government of a race which cannot, for some time at any rate, claim any personal representation in the Government.

39.—To conclude, two courses seem open to Her Majesty's Government; either an entire abandonment of Basutoland, or the assumption of the responsibility for the control of that tribe.

The former will be disastrous to every interest in South Africa, and will be at the same time a direct breach of treaty obligations with the Orange Free State.

If the second course is adopted it will probably be convenient to consider the Government of Basutoland in connection with that of the other native territories now dependent on the Cape Colony.

Ample funds would be found for the establishment of a separate administration in contributions from the Cape, and from Natal, with the revenues of the territory itself.

Such a form of Government would be best suited for the natives, as it would be a guarantee to them of uniform administration, and would remove them from the disturbing influence of Colonial politics. Even if the arrangements were temporary, the precedent of British Kaffraria shows that it would form the best stepping-stone for a more complete absorption of these territories in the self-governing Colonies of South Africa.

Finally, such a plan would be popular in South Africa, and would form no inconsiderable factor in the settlement of the many troublesome questions now arising in that part of the world.

(Signed) JOHN X. MERRIMAN."

29th May, 1883.

[Copy—No. 84.]

" The Officer administering the Government,
Cape of Good Hope.

" Downing Street, June, 1883.

" Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your despatch of the 1st May, enclosing a minute by your Ministers with reference to the present state of affairs in Basutoland, which has received the careful consideration of Her Majesty's Government. I have also before me your despatch of the 5th May, giving a clear and able account of the Basuto question, and I have had the advantage of conferring with Sir H. Robinson, as well as with Mr. Merriman, from both of whom I have received important information and explanations.

The minutes of your Ministers and your despatch of the 5th May, with its enclosures, supply a sufficiently complete recapitulation of the principal transactions which have led to the existing state of affairs, and I need not review at any length the earlier history of our relations with the Basutos. It is now represented that after prolonged efforts to restore peace in Basutoland (including the withdrawal of the Disarmament Proclamation, the substitution of compensation to suffering loyal Basutos in place of that restoration of their power which had been directed by Sir H. Robinson's Award, and the proposal of a new Constitution under which the Basutos would administer their own affairs with the least amount of interference), and after personal communications with them by the Premier and the Minister for Native Affairs, the Basutos have, with the exception of Letsie and about 2,000 persons, refused to attend a conference summoned by the Governor's agent. This refusal is accepted by your Ministers as a distinct and formal declaration that the other chiefs, including Masupha and Joel Molappo, and their people, decline the proposals made for their government, and intend to have no further connection with the Colony.

In these circumstances your Ministers deem it necessary that Her Majesty's Government should be informed, without delay, that it is certain that the relations now subsisting between the Colonial Government and the Basuto nation will

no longer be continued, that the withdrawal of all authority from Basutoland will be followed by serious complications, and that any action which Her Majesty's Government may determine upon should be taken before Colonial rule in Basutoland is terminated. They conclude by calling attention to the recently expressed wish of the Basutos generally to be under the direct rule of Her Majesty's Government.

In order to relieve the Cape Government from the duties and responsibilities which it has assumed in connection with the Basutos, an Act of the Colonial Parliament repealing the 'Basutoland Annexation Act of 1871' will be required. I do not find it expressly stated whether it is proposed that this measure shall be introduced by the Government, but I understand that there is no question as to the strong desire of the Parliament for such legislation. As the Act, if passed, cannot take effect without the Queen's Assent, it becomes necessary for Her Majesty's Government to consider, in the first place, whether they can advise that the Royal Assent be given to the surrender by the Cape Colony of the obligations which it has assumed; and, secondly, whether in that event Her Majesty's Government will be bound, or should consent to accept any part of these obligations.

The annexation of Basutoland was decided upon by the Cape Parliament under no pressure from the Imperial Government (which had contemplated its annexation to Natal), and after a full enquiry, not only to its financial prospects and the general advantages which might be expected to result from bringing it within the Colony, but, as I shall show, into the relations with the Orange Free State which would be consequent upon the assumption of responsibility for the Basuto frontier. Liabilities so undertaken cannot of course be lightly cast off by a Colony, the Government and Parliament of which have, under the constitution established for more than ten years, had the direction of the policy followed in Basutoland. I freely admit that successive administrations have made great endeavours (although as in the Proclamation of Disarmament, not always well judged or opportune) to govern the country, and have expended several millions of pounds in those endeavours. And it is therefore only just to conclude

that the Colonial Government and Parliament would not favour a step involving the administration of serious administrative failure if they saw any prospect of re-establishing the Colonial authority.

If Her Majesty's Government could see reason to anticipate that the officers of the Colonial Government would again be respected and obeyed, and the former taxes paid to them by the Basutos, they would be disposed to suggest that the Cape Government, though withdrawing from the internal administration of the country might continue to maintain the peace of the frontier with the necessary force. But Her Majesty's Government do not desire to insist on this view in the face of the strong feeling at present existing among the Basutos, and are willing to consider how far, and under what conditions, the Cape Government can be relieved from the burden now pressing upon it.

A principal part of this burden consists in the obligation to prevent the Basutos from troubling the people of the Orange Free State by incursions near the frontier. In paragraph 21 of your despatch of the 5th May, you observe that, 'should the Act, repealing the Basutoland Annexation Act of 1871,' become law, and should it be the intention of Her Majesty's Government to withdraw all British authority from Basutoland, and to disannex the territory from Her Majesty's dominions, the Government of the Orange Free State would certainly expect arrangements to be made relative to the obligations which were undertaken by the Convention of Aliwal North. And in another despatch you transmit to me a copy of a telegram from the President of that State, in which he requests that the necessary steps may be taken by Her Majesty's and the Cape Governments to uphold the Treaty concluded between Her Majesty's Government and that of the Free State on the 12th February, 1869, at Aliwal.

This Convention does not appear to contain anything binding Her Majesty's Government to continue permanently responsible for Basutoland. It is true that Lord Granville, in his despatch to Sir P. Wodehouse, of 24th June, 1869, adopted Sir P. Wodehouse's words, that, if a reasonable line of boundary were fixed, the British Government would, I

have no doubt, be able, and would be bound to maintain a due control over their subjects. But these words do not embody or imply any acceptance of sole responsibility for the peace of a common frontier. Difficulties are apprehended as not likely to arise on that frontier, not only through the incursions of Basutos into the Free State, but through lawless attempts by persons entering Basutoland from the Free State, to seize and occupy land there, as is now being done on the south-west frontier of the Transvaal. A state which you can describe (as in the 23rd paragraph of despatch of 5th May) as having become the most prosperous in South Africa, through having enjoyed for some years the advantages of a civilized frontier, and complete immunity from native questions, cannot be absolved from all liability for the defence and control of its own territory, and is bound to maintain on its side an efficient frontier police.

The British responsibility for the Basuto frontier is therefore limited, but whatever may be its extent, it is not a responsibility which rests at the present time on Her Majesty's Government. The Select Committee of the Cape Legislature Council, on whose recommendation Basutoland was annexed to the Cape, in 1871, fully examined the liability which the Colony was then about to assume in relation to the Orange Free State. The Attorney-General of the Colony gave evidence that the treaties existing between Her Majesty, as Governor of Basutoland, and the Free State will be of force, as far as that part of the Colony is concerned, between the Crown, on the part of the Colony and the Free State, equally after annexation as before it. For instance, the Treaty of Aliwal will be as good as ever. The Colony takes over Basutoland, with all the incumbrances and obligations at present affecting it.

It remains to be considered whether, in the event of Her Majesty being advised to sanction the retirement of the Cape Government from the administration of Basutoland, Her Majesty's Government would be under any such obligation to the Basutos as would bind them to resume their government or protection. I am clearly of opinion that the Basutos have forfeited all claim to such consideration. In 1881,

Letsie, Lerothodi, Joel Molappo, and subsequently Masupha, with the other Chiefs, fully accepted all the terms of Sir H. Robinson's Award, made by the request of Her Majesty's Government to terminate the difficulties then existing. Most of these Chiefs have since been in open rebellion, and it would be idle to contend that the most intelligent native race in South Africa has not been well aware that in thus treating the High Commissioner with contempt [it has broken its allegiance to the Queen. Her Majesty's Government are, therefore, free as regards the Basutos, to that course which may seem most consistent with their duty in view of the circumstances of the present moment and the general interests of the Empire alone.

Her Majesty's Government, therefore, for the reasons which I have stated, cannot admit (1.) that the Cape Colony has a clear and unquestionable right to surrender the trust which it accepted in 1871. (2.) That the Orange Free State is entitled to claim more than, in such event, Her Majesty's Government shall undertake, a fair share of the maintenance of the peace of the frontier, or (3.) that the Basutos have deserved or are entitled to claim that old relations with the Crown shall be re-established. But Her Majesty's Government, principally in recognition of the strenuous efforts which have been made, and heavy expenditure has been incurred by the Cape Colony, under successive administrations to govern Basutoland, are willing to test, provisionally, and for a time, the sincerity of the assurance that the Basutos desire to come under the Crown.

They can, however, undertake to do so only under the following conditions, which they feel to be reasonable, viz :—

1.—That the Basutos shall give such satisfactory evidence as may be demanded of their desire to remain under the Crown, and shall undertake to provide such revenue as may be required, and to be obedient to the laws and orders of the High Commissioner.

2.—That the Orange Free State shall make all necessary provision for preventing incursions from the Free State into Basutoland, and shall assist in the apprehension of any Basutos or others who may commit offences within the Free

State. In the event of the Free State failing to carry out this obligation, Her Majesty's Government will hold themselves relieved from responsibility with regard to the frontier.

3.—That the Cape Colony shall undertake to be embodied in the Act repealing the Basutoland Annexation Act of 1871 (which must, as you are aware, be reserved for the signification of Her Majesty's pleasure), to pay to the High Commissioner, on account of Basutoland, all customs, duties, or other revenue which may be received on account of goods imported into that territory, or in connection with it, or an equivalent for such revenue.

If the Cape Parliament will agree to the arrangement which I have mentioned, as to the Customs receipts, Her Majesty's Government will be prepared to consider the charges which the proposed transfer of Basutoland would entail, and the sufficiency of the probable revenue of the territory to sustain those charges.

It cannot be too clearly understood that in thus proposing to intervene for the prevention of such difficulties as are now apprehended, Her Majesty's Government accept no permanent responsibility for the affairs of this part of South Africa. If the parties more immediately concerned should not by assisting in every possible way, give proof that they appreciate the intervention now offered, Her Majesty's Government will not hold themselves bound to continue it.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

(Signed) DERBY.

THE BASUTOLAND PAPERS.

The papers presented to Parliament in connection with Lord Derby's despatch of the 14th June, include a Ministerial Minute of the 1st May, forwarded with covering despatch to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, by His Excellency the Administrator, and a despatch from Lieut.-General the Hon. Leicester Smyth to Lord Derby, under date the 5th May, enclosing a Memorandum by Sir Hercules Robinson on the Basutoland question, with an annexure and a statement of revenue and expenditure in Basutoland

from the date of annexation to the 28th February last. Subjoined is the Ministerial Minute above mentioned :—

Colonial Secretary's Office, Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope,
Minute No. 138.

1st, May 1883,

The position of matters regarding Basutoland, is such that Ministers deem it imperatively necessary to bring the same under the consideration of His Excellency without delay.

The history of events which led up to the present unsatisfactory situation, is so comparatively recent and well known that it will not be necessary to touch upon more than a few salient points.

The Disarmament Proclamation took effect in Basutoland in the month of July, 1880, and in the month of August following, the first resistance to Colonial authority occurred in an attack directed by the Chief Masupha on a subordinate Chief in the Berea district, because of his obedience to the law.

Other and similar acts of resistance followed in different parts of Basutoland, till it became apparent that the Basuto tribe, excepting a small section, had determined to disregard and resist the authority of the Colonial Government. In consequence, forces were organized and ordered to proceed to Basutoland, for the purpose of maintaining law and order.

The efforts made to compel the Basutos by force of arms to submit, were not attended with success, though the resources of the Colony in the endeavour were severely strained.

While the Colonial forces were still in the field, negotiations for bringing about a settlement of the difference which had arisen were entered into, and Her Majesty's representative in the Colony, acted as arbiter at the instance, and with the approval of Her Majesty's Government, between the Colonial Government and the Basutos. The result was an award, which was accepted by the Basuto people, but in a great measure never fulfilled by them.

Ministers made strenuous efforts to secure the rights guaranteed by the Award to such of the Basuto people as had remained loyal and suffered heavy loss in consequence, and the further compliance with the terms of the Award as

provided thereby—the Government, in the meanwhile, strictly fulfilling its obligations under the Award.

Finding, however, that a full compliance on the part of the Basutos, was no longer to be hoped for, and, having regard to the representations made by them, the Award was cancelled, whereby the Basuto people were relieved of further duties and obligations in respect thereof, in the hope of facilitating a speedy return to that peaceful and orderly state which prevailed prior to the issue of the Proclamation.

The Award having provided for the restoration and compensation of property of loyal subjects, seized and possessed by those who had defied and resisted authority, and restoration and compensation having only been partially made, Ministers deemed it proper to submit to Parliament a proposal for compensating, equitably and fairly, those who had suffered for their fidelity to the Crown. Liberal provision having been made by Parliament, the necessary steps were taken and compensation has been, and is being, awarded to the sufferers. After the cancellation of the Award, the Disarmament Proclamation, the application of which to Basutoland was the cause assigned for the late disturbance, was repealed.

In the intimation to the Basutos that the Award would be cancelled, it was pointed out that all reasonable obstacles to an immediate return to order and submission had been removed, and that Ministers were sincerely anxious for the welfare and happiness of a people who had given such bright promises of their ability to advance on the road to civilization.

Ministers deeming it their duty to exhaust all available means to endeavour to bring about a satisfactory solution of the Basuto difficulty thought it advisable that the Premier and Secretary for Native Affairs should visit Basutoland with that object in view.

While in Basutoland, the Ministers discussed with the Chief Letsie, and other Chiefs and persons of influence in the tribe, the position of affairs, and submitted tentatively to the Basuto people the terms of a Constitution for their future government. Ministers beg to draw His Excellency's attention to

the draft Constitution, and the discussions which took place, accompanying the Minute in a printed form.

Since the departure of Ministers from Basutoland the acting Governor's Agent, Captain Blyth, convened a pitso, or national gathering of the Basuto nation to ascertain their views, and to submit formally the terms of the Draft Constitution for their acceptance, which the Basutos had been informed would be recommended for their future government, if accepted by the whole tribe.

Ministers regret to inform His Excellency that at the Pitso held on the 24th ultimo, at Matsung, the residence of the Chief Letsie, only he, his sons, and about two thousand persons attended, while Masupha, Ramanella, and Joel Molappo, Chiefs of influence, absented themselves, though specially invited to be present.

Ministers regard this refusal to attend as a distinct and formal declaration that those Chiefs, for themselves and their followers decline the proposals made for their government, and as expressing an intention to have no further connection with, or to be under, or subject to the Colonial rule.

Such being the case, Ministers desire respectfully to bring under the notice of His Excellency the necessity for immediate action being taken for preventing the grave consequences which would ensue from the refusal of the Basutos to submit to the authority of the Colonial Government, and from an insufficient control over the tribe he maintained.

As it is certain that the relations now subsisting between the Colonial Government and the Basuto nation will no longer be continued, Ministers deem it right that Her Majesty's Government should be informed without delay of what will inevitably occur.

That the withdrawal of all authority from Basutoland will speedily be followed by a condition of things worse than exists at present is, it is feared, certain.

The Colony having patiently and perseveringly endeavoured, as in duty bound, to bring about a settlement of the difficulty, and in its efforts exhausted all means at command, there is no course open now for adoption which will enable it with

advantage to its own or other interests, to continue its present position in relation to Basutoland.

It is hardly necessary to point out that in any action which Her Majesty's Government may determine on in 'regard to Basutoland, it is essential that it should be taken prior to measures being adopted which will terminate Colonial rule in Basutoland, and before the serious complications ensue, which are certain to follow on the withdrawal of authority.

The issues involved in the withdrawal of authority from Basutoland are so momentous that Ministers deem it advisable that one of their number should proceed by an early opportunity to England to consult with Her Majesty's Government, and, consequently, the Honourable John Xavier Merri-man, Commissioner of Crown Lands and Public Works, will proceed by the next steamer to England for that purpose.

In conclusion, Ministers beg to invite His Excellency's attention to the request of the Basutos to the Premier that he would bring to the notice of the Right Honourable the Secretary of State, their wish to be under the direct rule of Her Majesty's Government, from which they complain they were transferred to the Government of the Colony without their knowledge or consent.

(Signed) THOMAS C. SCANLEN.



the draft Constitution, and the discussions which took place, accompanying the Minute in a printed form.

Since the departure of Ministers from Basutoland the acting Governor's Agent, Captain Blyth, convened a pitso, or national gathering of the Basuto nation to ascertain their views, and to submit formally the terms of the Draft Constitution for their acceptance, which the Basutos had been informed would be recommended for their future government, if accepted by the whole tribe.

Ministers regret to inform His Excellency that at the Pitso held on the 24th ultimo, at Matsung, the residence of the Chief Letsie, only he, his sons, and about two thousand persons attended, while Masupha, Ramanella, and Joel Molappo, Chiefs of influence, absented themselves, though specially invited to be present.

Ministers regard this refusal to attend as a distinct and formal declaration that those Chiefs, for themselves and their followers decline the proposals made for their government, and as expressing an intention to have no further connection with, or to be under, or subject to the Colonial rule.

Such being the case, Ministers desire respectfully to bring under the notice of His Excellency the necessity for immediate action being taken for preventing the grave consequences which would ensue from the refusal of the Basutos to submit to the authority of the Colonial Government, and from an insufficient control over the tribe he maintained.

As it is certain that the relations now subsisting between the Colonial Government and the Basuto nation will no longer be continued, Ministers deem it right that Her Majesty's Government should be informed without delay of what will inevitably occur.

That the withdrawal of all authority from Basutoland will speedily be followed by a condition of things worse than exists at present is, it is feared, certain.

The Colony having patiently and perseveringly endeavoured, as in duty bound, to bring about a settlement of the difficulty, and in its efforts exhausted all means at command, there is no course open now for adoption which will enable it with

advantage to its own or other interests, to continue its present position in relation to Basutoland.

It is hardly necessary to point out that in any action which Her Majesty's Government may determine on in regard to Basutoland, it is essential that it should be taken prior to measures being adopted which will terminate Colonial rule in Basutoland, and before the serious complications ensue, which are certain to follow on the withdrawal of authority.

The issues involved in the withdrawal of authority from Basutoland are so momentous that Ministers deem it advisable that one of their number should proceed by an early opportunity to England to consult with Her Majesty's Government, and, consequently, the Honourable John Xavier Merri-man, Commissioner of Crown Lands and Public Works, will proceed by the next steamer to England for that purpose.

In conclusion, Ministers beg to invite His Excellency's attention to the request of the Basutos to the Premier that he would bring to the notice of the Right Honourable the Secretary of State, their wish to be under the direct rule of Her Majesty's Government, from which they complain they were transferred to the Government of the Colony without their knowledge or consent.

(Signed) THOMAS C. SCANLEN.





CHAPTER VI.

On three occasions—in 1854, 1868, and 1869—we entered upon distinct engagements with the Free State and the Basutos, in the one case to protect the Basuto border, and in the other to guarantee the tribe against inroads from the Free State, or the Colony; and in 1870 the Cape Government took over those engagements by the Annexation Act of that year, and accepted responsible Government. As the Basutos, however, had grievances, and refused to put them out of sight, the Cape Government, admitting its inability to coerce the tribe into submission, desired to cast off its engagements; and the Imperial Government, while permitting it to do so, has refused to take them again upon itself, giving as its reason the repeated rebellion of the Basutos. In other words, the British Government, having announced that it was governing Basutoland, has committed the majority of the people to expressions of loyalty which were resented by a turbulent minority. By persistence in their contumacy, the minority has gained the day, and worn out the patience of the British Government, which has withdrawn its protection from the loyal majority; and, while thus abandoning the country to civil war, has left it helpless against the inroads of its old enemies, the Boers. Of course, it may be argued that, having done our best and failed, we had no other resource but to leave the Basutos, as we have left the Zulus, to fight matters out among themselves. This is the doctrine of expediency; but is it either honourable, or politic? The Basutos, it should be remembered, were our auxiliaries against the Zulus, and faithful allies too. We were indebted to them, and they had claims upon our national gratitude. Moreover, all who know them, speak of them as the best of the Kaffirs; at any rate, they are the only tribe which has

shown a general tendency to accept the institutions of civilized administration, and to conform to the requirements of progress. They were, in fact, the single creditable outcome of our connection with the South African races, and, probably, the only race who had any sympathy whatever with us. It would, therefore have been not unbecoming, if we had met this national desire for tranquility and advancement half-way, and had insisted by force, if necessary, on the suppression of the disloyal minority, and given the Basuto people a fair chance of prosperity. As regards the policy of abandoning them, apart from the repudiation of honourable responsibilities, it would be difficult to contend with any plausibility, that in the present outlook of South African affairs, such an abnegation of supremacy was opportune. We surrendered the Transvaal because, so the Kaffirs and Boers said, we were beaten in the field. We had cancelled the results of the Zulu war by handing Cetewayo back his country. And then, to round off the policy of self-depreciation, we deliberately leave Basutoland to itself, because we cannot coerce two recalcitrant members of the Royal Family. But is it good policy? Is it statesmanship, looking forward to the troubles which are undoubtedly in store for our Colonies, to reduce in every possible way our local prestige, and cut off from ourselves the last possible chance of support and alliance. We would not go so far as some of the members of the Cape Government, who have declared in open Parliament that this surrender of our fair name, means the loss of South Africa in the near future. But of this the country may be assured, that if ever the war between the races to which those speakers look forward to does break out, England, in Africa, will be without a friend. That such a war is not altogether a dream may be inferred from the fact that Aylward, one of the staff of General Joubert during the Transvaal war, has been lately in America with the avowed object of obtaining materials of war, for use against England in the next Boer campaign; whether he is to be believed or not, is of course, a question which may divide opinion; but he made no secret of what he was pleased to call his mission from the Transvaal, and was

certainly credited as speaking the truth by most of the Americans.

It is never too late to protest against a policy which surrenders national obligations at the bidding of force, or, under apprehensions of expenditure of money; for that which has been done here to-day may be done there to-morrow. But, as regards Zululand and the Basuto country, it is, of course, too late. There remains, however, within the space of useful discussion, the question of future procedure. With regard to the Basutos, the point is endlessly complicated by the neighbourhood of the Boers; for, unless we are prepared to compel them by force to respect our wishes, we must accept the alternative, and consent to work their will upon their neighbours. The Dutch farmers, it will be remembered, are only able to exist by the employment of forced labour; it was the abolition of slavery among them which embittered them to exasperation against us. Independence, for itself, was not what they sought; it was the independence which carried with it the power to replace Kaffir slaves upon their farms. This they have already begun to do, under the suzerainty; for the tribes of Mapoch and Mampoor, lately conquered, have, as we were told by telegram a short time ago, been "indentured" out as farm hands among the settlers of the Transvaal. Now the system of "indenture" is that which was exposed in the Blue Books of a few years ago as being slavery, pure and simple. The Boers, however, have not yet obtained nearly enough forced labour for the purpose of their Republic, and at every new frontier, Kaffir "apprentices" are being distributed among farmers, and more grazing land occupied by the aggressive Dutchmen. Until now, virtually, the Transvaal did not extend to the sea. Other events, however, that may happen, are likely to give the Boers the nominal pre-eminence in South Africa, which numerically they already possess; and it is idle, therefore, to conjecture what evils may develop under British suzerainty. In Zululand, again, the presence of Cetewayo is a factor of trouble in the problem; but, on the other hand, there can be no doubt that, if matters are left to take their own course, John Dunn will in the end

prove too strong for the faction of Dabalamanzi. In him, a far-seeing, resolute, and self-willed white man, Government, if it chooses, might perhaps find the solution of the Zulu problem; and, in strengthening his hands, fortify, not only the Zulu country, but Natal, against any chances of successful encroachment by the Transvaal.

There is nothing new in the Dutch opinion in South Africa to the effect that the Transvaal Convention was ever intended to be of a permanent character. The native tribes undoubtedly regarded it as something that was to last and make itself felt; and, in all probability, the British Government also took that view. But the Boers certainly never did anything of the kind. They regarded it only as a convenient way of getting out of existing trouble; and so, from the outset, they proclaimed their contempt for it—over-running the native territory, making slaves of its inhabitants, and defying to its teeth the Government of Great Britain.

In this connection, a letter of the Lord Mayor elect is worth reproducing. It is an answer to a request that he would invite the Transvaal Delegates to his banquet next month, October 18th, 1883.

"Dear Sir,—Mr. Soulsby has forwarded me your letter of October 15th, and I certainly must express surprise that such a request should have been addressed to one who flattered himself that he was tolerably well-known as a member of the Aborigines Protection Society. I can only say that nothing will induce me to shake hands with the representatives of a Republic to which I have repeatedly replied in the House of Commons, in the words of Canning, 'Its infant lips were stained with blood; its whole existence has been a series of rapacity, cruelty and murder.'

Yours, &c.

R. A. FOWLER.

To verify the words of Fowler, I here print the account of the murder of Mampoer, a Kaffir Chief, who maintained that he owed no allegiance to the Transvaal, and, therefore, he in no way was bound to pay any taxes, or to account for any acts done and committed by the tribe over which he was

Chief, and although it was understood distinctly by the Kaffirs that no interference was to be allowed, and that the British authority was always necessary before the Transvaal Boer Government could take up arms against the native territories, or absorb the land of their people; the resident, who was supposed to represent the majesty and might of England, never in one single instance protested against their action, or protected the natives against the rapacity of the Boers. This Mampoor offered to surrender with conditions, and in the presence of the British Resident. To this, the reply was unconditional surrender of all; finally, by an act of base treachery, he was given up to the Boers, tried by Boers, sentenced to be executed, was murdered in the way here described; the cattle of the tribe divided among the Commando, the lands divided among the Boers, the starved out men, women and children sent all over the country, and in the form of apprentices, made slaves of for ever, and all done without a single protest on the part of the British Resident. This Resident, as England's representative, was insulted by not even getting an invite at the swearing in of the President, so tame was the British Lion in the Transvaal, that not even this studied insult was noticed by this wretched representative. Time after time English subjects were commanded for the killing out of the Mampoor people, and although they maintained that they were exempt, as provided for in the Convention, they were disregarded, and ironically chaffed, as if they were children. O my country, how thou hast fallen with a Gladstone and Co.!

At last insolence upon impudence gave confidence to the President, and disregarding his fear of the sea, paid a visit to the Grand Old Man in England, and demanded the most outrageous alterations in the Convention. Gladstone received the deputation on the 13th of November, 1883, and in reply to the address presented by Kruger, he spoke in most general terms, declaring that no wilful mistrust or hostility existed here against the Transvaal. As soon as the British public was convinced of the truth of the contentions of the Transvaal, all differences would disappear, and harmony and friendship would result. Statement, embodying views of telegrams re-

garding modifications of Convention, was forwarded to Lord Derby; further negotiations to be conducted in writing.

The *Daily News* says the Bechuanaland question gravely affects future development of trade of Cape Colony, and equally concerns Imperial Government; and that such an important commercial highway must not be closed against British subjects. Cape Colonists were manifestly entitled to be heard in this matter, seeing that the continuation of the railway from Kimberley must pass on through Bechuanaland right round through the Transvaal by way of Pretoria to Delagoa Bay.

THE EXECUTION OF MAMPOER.

Transvaal Advertiser, Nov. 24th, 1883.

"The Executive Council of this State having decided that the sentence of death pronounced upon the Kaffir Chief Mampoer at the last Criminal Sessions of the High Court for murder and rebellion should be carried out, the execution took place on Thursday morning. Generally the dread sentence of the law is carried out within the precincts of the gaol, but, for some reason or other, it was resolved to vary the practice in the case of Mampoer, and the gallows was erected on the western side of the gaol, within the enclosure. Shortly after 6 a.m. Mampoer was marched from his cell to the enclosure, and after some delay, consequent upon a defect in the arrangements, he mounted the platform with a firm step, and without any outward sign of fear at the preparations made for depriving him of life in so ignominious a manner. He was then pinioned, and his legs bound, and the halter adjusted about his neck, and then only a nervous twitching of the fingers was visible. Shortly afterwards the bolt was drawn, and the drop fell. A horrible scene then ensued. The rope broke, and the unfortunate wretch fell into the pit which had been dug to give the requisite fall. The hangman, Booth, was, for a short time, unnerved by this incident, and did not know what to do, but the gaoler and another official went to his assistance, and the body was once more hoisted on to the platform, and the rope knotted, and the body left to hang for the prescribed time. It is stated that the neck of the unfortunate Kaffir Chief was dislocated by the fall, and, if so, probably life was

already extinct before the body was suspended for the second time. At all events, the spectacle was a horrible one, and one not very much calculated to impose the spectator with the system of strangulation as the recognised and legal means of doing a criminal to death.

We have to record that some 260 white persons took advantage of the opportunity of witnessing a public execution furnished to them by the Executive. It is not difficult to understand that curiosity to see such a horrible spectacle should have existed amongst a low and uneducated class of people; but it is extraordinary that men of education and standing in society should have turned out early in the morning to behold a scene that, under any circumstances, is most repulsive and horrible. The Government, however, enforced the attendance of the Kaffir prisoners, who had been more or less compatriots of Mampoor; and they were compelled to witness the death agonies of the Chief. It may be mentioned that the Government did not consider it necessary to provide the condemned prisoner with a shirt, and he was hanged in all his nakedness.

The executioner was the man Booth, who was condemned to a long period of penal servitude for the murder of his sergeant some time ago. As a reward for his meritorious services he has been pardoned, and the Government has liberally provided him with a suit of clothes and a sum of money to start him in the world. It is understood that he will proceed to Natal very shortly.

THE NATIONAL PITSO IN BASUTOLAND,

Held on Thursday last, at Piet Mokholokholo's village. There were about 3,000 Basutos present, including Letsie, who arrived in a carriage drawn by four greys, and Lerothodi, and most of the "House of Letsie." The situation selected for the Pitso is described as one of the most pleasant and pretty sites in Basutoland. The following officials were present:—Captain Blyth, C.M.G. (who wore the insignia of the Order upon his left breast), Acting Governor's Agent and Imperial Messenger, Mr. Surmon, R.M., Com. Nettleton, R.M., Rev. John Moffatt, R.M., Mr. Glazbrook, Chief Clerk

to the A.G.A., Mr. Elliott, M.A., Private Secretary to A.G.A., Dr. Reed, J.P. for Basutoland, and the District Medical Officer at Masern. The visitors included the missionaries from Morijah, Thaba Bosigo, and Roman's Hoek, the interested traders of the county, and a few others. The proceedings were opened and closed by the French Missionaries. Business commenced by Tsekelo Mosesh calling upon the people, by order, to be quiet. Lerothodi drew the people in closer. Capt. Blyth then enquired of Letsie if all the Chiefs were present, and if all had been summoned. Letsie replied that all Chiefs, or their representatives, were present. It soon, however, transpired that Masupha, Joel, and Ramanella were absent. The Governor's Agent then addressed the Pitso, and urged upon the chiefs and people the necessity of having a clear and decided "Yea" or "Nay" to the Queen's proposals, which were printed in English and Tesuto, and read to the people as follows :—

[A TRUE COPY.]

"From the Queen's Government to the paramount Chief Letsie and to the other chief men and people of Basutoland :—

You know that the Cape Parliament has passed a Bill removing for the future all connection with the administration of Basutoland and all responsibility for the acts of the Basutos. After the recent conduct of the tribe, Her Majesty's Government feel that they cannot refuse to assent to this Bill, and the question is accordingly forced on them—shall they resume direct charge of the Government of Basutoland, as they had before the annexation of the country to the Colony in 1871, or, shall the Basutos be allowed to revert to the position they were in before 1868, when, at their earnest entreaty, the Queen accepted them as British subjects as the only way of saving them from extinction as a tribe. The Basutos have of late shown but little gratitude for the disinterested consideration which led the Queen to extend over them the protection of the British flag. When they were at war with the Colony, they invited the High Commissioner to arbitrate between them, but his Award, although accepted

by the Basuto people, was in a great measure never fulfilled by them. Her Majesty's Government are, therefore, under no obligation to resume their Government or protection; but the Queen fears that they are not strong enough to stand alone; if left to themselves the future of the Basuto nation will not be long. Letsie himself has said the abandonment of Basutoland means the destruction of the Basuto people; he has added that he wishes to remain in the cave in which he was placed by his father, Moshesh.

Before deciding, therefore, on the course which the Queen's Government will take as regards the future, they desire to put to the Basuto Chiefs and people assembled as a National Pitso, the following questions:—

Do you desire to remain British subjects under the direct Government of the Queen? and, if so, do you undertake to be obedient to the laws and orders of Her Majesty's High Commissioner, under whose authority you will be placed, and to pay a hut tax of ten shillings, in aid of the administrative expenses of your country? Her Majesty's Government ask for plain, straightforward answers, yes, or no, to these simple questions. If you say yes, the Government ask further, are you united? The Queen does not want unwilling subjects. Her Majesty's Government cannot take over a divided people.

Letsie then put the question in the following pointed way to the Pitso:—"Let me ask you, did Government come to Moshesh, or did Moshesh go to the Government? Here is an old man, Mr. Dyke. I ask him, "what did Moshesh do?" Mr. Dyke having replied that "Moshesh sent to the Government," Letsie then continued, "My father went to the Government, and the Government accepted my father. I ask, then, is it right for me to throw away what my father accepted?" This appeal, it is said, "brought down" the assembled multitude. The Chief proceeded at some length, and finished by saying, "I am for peace, what say ye?" There were loud cries from all, "We are, Chief." Letsie: "I am for the Queen's Government. What say ye?" There were loud cries, which shook the air, "So are we Chief! Mother, do not leave your children to be killed!" After

Lerothodi had addressed the meeting, Jecko, Mama, Seiso, and other Chiefs came forward and expressed their willingness to sign a document which had been drawn up by Commandant Nettleton, at the instance of Letsie and the Imperial Messenger, which document, with the signatures attached, will be found lower down. Letsie having signed the document, the other Chiefs and headmen present added their signatures. The Chiefs who signed represented over 110,000, and that the absent chiefs represent about 20,000 people.

**AGREEMENT OF CHIEFS TO THE TERMS OF THE BRITISH
GOVERNMENT.**

We, the undersigned Chiefs of Basutoland, assembled at General Pitso, this 29th day of November 1883 as convened by due notice, do hereby state and affirm that we have heard the proposals of Her Majesty's Government, as conveyed by the High Commissioner through Capt. Blyth, C.M.G., Acting Governor's Agent.

That we fully understand the meaning and intent of the same.

That shortly these conditions are:—

1.—That the Basuto nation earnestly desire to remain British subjects, under the direct Government of Her Majesty the Queen.

2.—That the Basuto nation undertake and promise to be obedient in all things to the Laws and Orders of Her Majesty's High Commissioner, and the Officers he shall appoint.

3.—That the Basuto nation shall agree to, and fully pay an annual hut-tax of ten shillings sterling for each hut.

Now, therefore, we, the undersigned, do hereby accept and agree to these terms in their full sense and meaning without any reservation.

In witness thereof, we now solemnly affix our several signatures.

Signed and witnessed at Piet Mokholokholo's Village this 29th day of November, in the year of our Lord, 1883 :

LETSIE (Wit.—A. MABILLE, W. NETTELTON),

LEROTHODI LETSIE (Wit.—NETTELTON, J. MOFFAT),

BAREND LETSIE (Wit.—NETTELTON, J. MOFFAT) ;

Also—Theko Letsie, Mama Letsie, Seiso Letsie, Nkweb Moyela Letsie; Bereng Molomo, for Molomo, Itsana Mosheshoe, Tsekelo Moshesh, Nhina, for Chief Jonas, then Molappo, Putso, for Chief Jonathan Molappo; Letsie, Nima Moshesh, (X their mark); Wm. Moshesh, Tabele Moshesh, Jacob Molitsane, Job Mokhahane, Sepinare, Mophoto, Mafa, Ramabedekwe, Lethloenya, Lefoyane, Tsien, Senta, Mothelabe (X their mark); Sethlatsu, Asrael, (X his mark); Abraham Azrael, Jeremiah Job, Moske Matthus, King; Mothlohelsa (X his mark). Since Ramanella, Molomo, Joel Leduma, and Moletsane.—

[The foregoing signatures represent 125,000, out of a total population of 130,000.]

Now that once more the English flag waves over the Basutos, there is hope for them and for South Africa. The flag raised at Maseru, is but the beginning of the confederation plan until the British Ensign, the Emblem of the Free, shall be hoisted from the mouth of the Congo to Zambesi, right into the heart of this mighty Continent, until steamships ply as pleasure boats on the Victoria and Alexandra Lakes right down the Congo, as the American steam boats do on all their inland lakes. The Dutchman may object, but he will at last be compelled to ask for confederation. The English can afford to wait for the future; the drought of 1883 virtually killed the Dutch in the Free State, and to secure once more the necessities of life, they will beg for confederation, and Sir John Brand, if living—if not, his successor, will assure them "*all will not right come* if they throw any obstacles in the way." The Imperial Government would not allow the land of the old Chief Morosi, at Quithing, to be cut up for the benefit of the Colonial murdering mercenaries, who, after having starved the old Chief out, shot him, and whose head was cut off, boiled in a pot, and stripped of its flesh, now to ornament the room of some officer, unless sold to a skull curiosity-monger. This I had upon the authority of one Taylor, who witnessed the boiling, notwithstanding the after denial of some in Colonial authority. With the full hope of a wide military road right through Basutoland, right across the Malutus and Double

Mountains, passing on in a straight line to Natal, and then veering off over the Pondo Mountains, right down to the Port of St. John, which is its Port outlet, with the full understanding that all this territory is but to be the reserve of the Basuto's, Griquas, Pondo Griquas, and Fingoe lands, there will be hope for that part of South Africa, but if the Imperial Government once rules otherwise—due to the influence of traders, missionaries, and others—England may look out for future trouble and expense. These territories must be purely for the use and benefit of the natives, with full opportunities for selling their produce and buying their supplies; nothing beyond this. If left to themselves, the Basutos will grow enough corn that would supply the whole of the Cape. It is the natural granary of that part of South Africa, and thus save an outgo for flour for the Colony of about £400,000 and more. The Transkei can supply any quantity of wool, beef, skins, and Indian corn, and thus can at all times prove most beneficial to the Colonists.

The Cape Blue Book would show the enormous trade that was done by these people with the English trader until the madman Sprigg destroyed the then, and after, possibility for its development. To him and his mercenaries the Colony owes a debt of £3,000,000, and the loss of the finest land, and the love and aid of the very best race of natives it was the lot of the Colonists to have as fellow subjects. Truly, some men are but as curses to a country; and of such may be said of Sprigg, one cannot but hope that the fate of these people are at last in the hands of an enlightened, progressive, and humane Government, freed from the control of party politics and missionaries, and governed by some well-defined plan. It has been said there is hope for any people when its statesmen do not think it is their business to interfere in every matter and small detail. However much my readers may differ, I am bold to say that, not only in South Africa, but all over the globe, there is too much governing. The people only want to be left alone and they will soon learn what is their best interest; and as time goes on it will be seen that an equitable, peaceful exchange of goods are advantageous to the interest of all. The Cape Kaffirs of the past were more o

warriors, while at the present day they are more of herdsmen. In the course of the years past they have learnt to appreciate the power of the white man, with all his scientific works and food supplies. The inhabitants will yet feel, sooner or later, that it is better to belong to the great power upon which the sun never sets. England is the only power that can enforce the rights and duties of humanity as befits a great power, backed up, if needed, by the thunder of her fleets, from Pole to Pole.





CHAPTER VII.

AFTER partaking of a good meal, we once more took our seats in a *Cobb's* coach, and with a hurrah, we leave Aliwal for St. James Town journey. It was my good fortune to have for my *vis-a-vis* in the coach, a real genuine woman, and a good mother; a mother indeed in the Colony, and if it was true in the days of the first Napoleon that mothers were wanted, is it less true they are wanted in all countries in these days. Sixteen children was the number she had presented to the Colony, and with such good conditions, she was still well and healthy. The words of the Poet Russell came to my memory, "They who had most children had riches to boast." Ill health, due to ignorance, is the common heritage of most white women in South Africa. "The first wealth is health," so writes Emerson, and in this terse little sentence is concentrated the ethics and economy of sanitary science. Some years ago, Gail Hamilton vigorously declared, "that a woman of twenty should be as much ashamed of being dyspeptic, as of being drunk," and not less radical was the address of Dr. Hunt, of New Jersey, at the Social Science Congress, who relegated physical disease to a similar place, that would be assigned to defective morals. It is undoubtedly true that a large proportion of people do not even know what health is, in its true sense. Good health is a positive condition, not merely the negative one of being free from actual pain or disease. Good health is the inevitable result of good conditions, and as it is the first wealth, and the first requisite of success in every undertaking, these conditions deserve careful study and all our consideration. This healthy woman had for latter-day joys twelve children grown to

maturity. Her sons filling responsible positions in life ; some of her daughters married, giving joy to their husbands in all fulness of home comfort, that was truly to be envied. I felt as I conversed with her, her children could indeed call her blessed, and if it is true that a good wife is a gift from the Lord, then, indeed, the man who called her wife, must have felt her price was beyond the value of Rubies.

Happy he must pass his Life,
Who is directed by a good wife,
Adam could find no solid place
Until he saw a woman's face ;
In the female race appear
Truth, darlings of a heart sincere.
Confusion take the men, I say,
Who no regard to woman pay.

This mother was the daughter of an old Native Land Commissioner of the past, and having spent much of that period under the British Government, she could speak with authority. Her vicissitudes in life under her father's roof, and in her own home, and her removals through frontier disturbances had been many. At one time she and her husband possessed about £30,000; but in later years, owing to losses in cattle and Government Frauds, they grew poor, but had still enough to live comfortably on during the rest of their days, in the midst of their happy children and children's children in the Colony and in the Free State. Moreover, she could, if so inclined, go to the Transvaal, although she had no special desire to visit the latter often, from the fact that, through the blundering of a Gladstone, she had lost one son in the late war, and the sight of his grave made her feel a bitterness against the modern English Government for its folly and general incapacity. Her early recollections of her father's home made her, from contrast, bitterly condemn the modern Rulers of Downing Street, and the present occupiers of the country ; and she was fully persuaded that the Colony was better off, and freer, when the leading statesman in the present responsible Parliament, so called, had no power over it. She was delighted at the prospect of the Basuto Lands, and the Transkei, and the adjacent territories being once

more placed under the protecting arm of the Imperial Government. She was fully persuaded, from her long experiences, that the black man desired to be under the Queen's Government. The natives had no love for the petty chiefs that so continually informed them that they had control over their destinies, and who were so often changing their views of things, and altering their boundaries and general conditions, giving them constant fear and change, to their loss and annoyance. At present the Transkei is a loss to the colony of £450,000 a year; and if Europeans are located upon Reserves, a million pounds a year will not pay the cost of Colonial Government in so-called times of peace, while war will always be looming within measurable distance. The plan that is adopted in Canada should be adopted by the Imperial Government in South Africa, and wherever there are native tribes to control or assist and arrange for. There should be Districts and Reserves entirely in the hands of the natives, into which no white man ought to trespass, and out of which no native, without a full pass from the Border Magistrate, should be allowed. All trading should be done at certain times, and only in the boundaries of their line. The huts and habitations should all be a certain number of miles from the boundary. Those who without a pass crossed the boundary should be looked upon as the enemies of the white man, to be shot or otherwise punished according to law. Missionaries, the fermenters of rebellion and self-covetous men, should, under no condition, be allowed in the native locations. For fuller details respecting the Missionaries and their aims, I refer my readers to some of my later chapters.

The Colonial Government have sold lands in Tembuland, and elsewhere over the Kei, which, in equity and fairness, the Colony had no more right to sell them than an American Colony would have. Not satisfied with this, a township of Umtata has been sold, though Umtata is not Colonial territory. Nor is this all. Round each Magistracy, which, in itself, is an intrusion, and would not be wanted but for the rapacity of the white land-occupiers, and in some cases land thieves, a reserve is made, clearing the natives off and pre-

paring locations for Immigrants, who eventually come into collision with the native black owners of the soil. All this might be tolerated if there was no other land upon which white men could plough and gather the fruits of the earth, but there is land in abundance in other parts of the globe to be utilised without interfering with native rights. Each locality of the globe is for special races, and upon it the native has unquestionable rights to exist, as I have explained in my "How to Colonise South Africa, and by Whom."

The natives are very much, and rightly, dissatisfied at being banished from their homes, especially at ploughing time ; and such is the detestable administration of affairs by military men, young hobble-de-hoys, and boy missionaries, that all the natives are becoming daily more dissatisfied and unsettled, and instinctively feel that they are being pushed out of existence. Now this would not be so if the land was held as a Native Reserve, and blacks should be as little disturbed as whites, so long as they did not interfere with conditions outside of the boundaries. The natives know it is to their advantage to barter and trade with the white man ; but the haste to get rich and to secure the land of the natives leads to all kinds of present distrust and future complications, which nothing will remove or save from but a return to Imperial protection and to non-interference. So far as the present officials are concerned, let them receive grants of land in the English portion of the Colony, with the understanding that, as farmers or workers, their outside monopoly must depend upon themselves in the future. My female companion's relationship with Sprigg, the late Premier, and the In-man of King William's Town, led to a discussion of their respective qualities. I have elsewhere expressed my view of Sprigg, the unfortunate man, the accidental placeman in a statesman's position. And yet what could be expected from a shorthand writer of the House of Commons? Listening to men of genius and statesmen will not make the hearer a statesman, and no amount of sitting on a Colonial Treasury Bench will ever convert this man into a fit and proper person to rule his fellow men, He was a failure as a farmer, and he failed

most outrageously as a legislator. His land-hunger and his injustice to the Basutos eventually incurred a debt for the Colony of £3,000,000, for which the Colony pay £150,000 a year interest—a fine legacy for the Colonists and their children—and all due to his want of honesty towards the black man, and in hunger for *Land*. This relative admired the ambitious Sprigg, maintaining that he was a plucky little man; but the pluck of a wasp is not the pluck that the Colony wants to attack its Souer men. His one and only success while in office was the raising of his own and his brother official's salary, fully showing his mercenary feelings and strong desire to help self. There was no pluck in this, for the opposition went with him in this, as the members hoped in time to be benefited by the increased salaries. And this has really come to pass. His efforts to save a relative from distress and from just punishment, when out of office, reflects no credit on him. Upon what condition he determined to avoid collision with the powers that were to save him it would be unwise to make known. As a husband and father, and even a citizen, he may be a credit to each; but as a statesman, in or out of office, he is a perfect failure. Of his dearly-beloved brother-in-law nothing good can be said. Even this lady admitted that she had to shut her eyes to his career, which would have been still more deplorable but for his wife, who had so carefully helped him, and looked after his children—which she could not help bearing him while living in conjugal relationship. He owed all his advantages to her and her relations. She was, so to speak, his living salt, and to her he owed his safety. He was know to be a lecherous blackguard, one that could be bribed, and in his public character most vile, though he escaped punishment, and even now thinks he may escape it. I brand him as a disgrace to human kind, and as a monument of warning to others. Her advice to General Gordon, while on a visit to Basutoland, was most wisely given, and he had to admit in the end he had been but a tool in the hands of the Ministry, who, in not listening to his advice dismissed him from his post of Colonial Commandant, and disgraced themselves. General Gordon's plan of defence, his constant patrolling, and the

wide-sweeping reduction of sinecures and salaries in the force, were most masterly ; he did not even spare his own salary. Of course, all this gave offence to the would-be Generals, Commanders, Colonels, and other mercenaries, who desired to saddle themselves upon the Government, who lived only upon war and dead men's wealth, and whom we find at the present time so numerous a class in the Cape Colony and elsewhere. Her views of a good wife and mother agreed with mine to a degree that I had never met with in my life before. As a rule, it is not considered wise to enlighten women in all that appertains to the laws of health, physiology, food, maternity, the relations of the sexes, heredity, and so on. For a fact, however, we need the vital truth demonstrated, that only in company with woman can man hope to progress and the future race to improve. Her experience dated from the time of the Cape Slave-Emancipation, which, by the way, was a big fraud of the Government and its agents in England. At the time of what is called the Emancipation Era, the Emancipators ignoring that in freeing the black they were enslaving the white producers in England. The forty million of pounds, bearing an interest at this day of about two million pounds every year. By means of this interest, a burden on the white producers, the debt since the Emancipation may have been, so to speak, paid twice over in interest ; and yet the debt still remains unpaid by the white slaves of England. Noble Emancipators that free the black and enslave the white for ever ! This lady's experience of six Kaffir wars, and afterwards, her last sad loss that of her first-born in the Transvaal, made her very bitter on the Gladstone party and the many supporters of Exeter Hall who howl so loud for equity for the black, and forget the equality of the white in England and in the Colonies. The knowledge of those who have long been residents in South Africa, compels them to protest against the false preaching and the bad influence of the London Missionary Society, who parade themselves as the teachers of equality, and say that their God made all men of one blood. The cant of the missionaries has more or less been the cause of many wars, combined with the everlasting land and cattle hunger, not only of the white traders,

but of the missionaries themselves and the colonists generally. All these men may deny this, but it is true gospel, that will last until the system is altered of allowing white farmers and traders to live among and in the midst of the natives. The lady's influence and example in making her children homely and musical was all that one could desire, and she thoroughly understood that if a mother would make a home comfortable for her children, she must at all times invite their young acquaintances to join in their choruses, and must assist them in instrumental exercises. Would that all mothers understood this fact ! then home would indeed be home to boys and girls, and a deep everlasting love would grow and increase for the best of parents. Truly she comprehended that in such cases mothers exercise more influence for good in a home than the father, and she gloried in the fact that all earnest noble minded men had admitted that to their mother's influence they owed their success and greatness in life. The position of woman in any nation shows the grade in civilisation of that nation. It has changed much in history. Our European forefathers passed their lives in the battle and the hunt, in eating and sleeping, while the women performed all the hard work of life. This, indeed, was the general state in early times, and modern respect for women was a clear sign of progress. Even among the Greeks woman was a house-slave. Demosthenes said " That the duty of woman was to watch the house, as though woman's highest function was that of a watch-dog." Paul declares " That women should obey, and should learn in silence with all subjection." Mohommedanism had its paradise with houris, not with women, and never treated woman as the companion of man. In China she was man's servant. In the middle ages we find every form of ill-usage of women—as illustrated in the treatment of witches, poor, wretched women, bereft of all rights. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries woman's position was at its worst. All travellers show us that among savages, women are degraded into mere beasts of burden, while the men hunt and shoot. They have no rights. They are bought and sold. In South Africa a woman can be bought for cattle. Among the Zulus the men fight, play, visit each other ;

women work. Among half-civilised nations they are but little better. With some, women must not speak if guests are present, must kiss their hands, and so on. As civilisation advances, woman's position improves, and it is the best measure of the culture of a nation. America is the El Dorado of woman. There she enjoys both respect and liberty. Woman is not there the helpless, defenceless creature she is in some lands; young women may travel about freely and in perfect security. The watching of young girls usual in France and Germany is unknown in America. The principle there is that of human equality. The system prevailing of common education is good. It corrects the roughness of the boys, and has the tendency to the sentimentality of the girls. In a college in Ohio where there were 1,200 students, one-third were girls. Political equality has not yet been obtained, though many societies are working for it, and in England it has only been denied by a small majority in Parliament. In America there are female preachers, lawyers, writers, lecturers, and so on, and the favourite lecturers are females. Many teachers are women; indeed, there are more female than male teachers. Female physicians are increasing in number; there are now four hundred, while a few years ago there were only twenty. England is far behind America in its treatment of women. In woman the development of the emotional functions is greater; in man the intellectual. This, again, is a result, not a cause. Woman's brain has been used differently from that of man, and time and heridity have caused the greater development of the emotional part. Woman's education stops at the age at which man's real education begins. If men were kept for generations in the kitchen, while women were sent to college, the present condition would probably be reversed. Besides, higher education is already showing results. At the last examination held at the London University, the percentage of passes was higher among the women than among the men. Woman is capable of the highest achievements in poetry, in philosophy, and in science. Women who rise above the ordinary intellectual level find obstacles to their progress placed in their way. Man should not shrink from an equal competition. Since women have been allowed to

fill, as Queens, the highest position in the State, why should lower offices be closed to them? The difficulties encountered by unmarried women and widows in gaining a livelihood are cruel. The life of an independent, self-respecting, unmarried woman is better than that of an unhappy married one. All careers should be thrown open to women. Happy marriage can only exist in equality and in friendship. Women in England, before 1868, had few or no rights in the nation's life. Since then great changes, political, social, and legal, have taken place. Women have received the right, as rate-payers, to vote on the School Boards, and to be elected to them. Fears had been expressed as to the ability of women in public life; but they have shown themselves, on the School Boards, to be quite equal to men. The Municipal Vote could only be exercised by unmarried women. Before 1870 married women had no right to property; they rather were themselves property. If a married woman held property it could only be by trustees, who held it for her. If a married woman was in a position where sureties were required, she could not give them, but judges have often accepted their bonds, although legally worthless, in order to avoid worse injustice. In 1870 married women were given some rights, and in 1881 wider changes were made. Now married women can hold property, can sue and be sued, in a word, recognised by the law. The political franchise is still withheld from women, but cannot be kept from them much longer. It is not a party question. Many Tories are in favour of it, hoping, by clerical influence, to use the woman's vote, while many Radicals believe they would win women's aid. The more co-operation there is between men and women the better for all. Men would find in woman's patience, woman's devotion, woman's endurance, woman's courage, woman's loyalty, the best aids for work for human good.

Women influence men in all things of their life for good or for evil, and often change the destinies of man. Neither can occupy the position of the other. Nature and humanity need both for the purposes of the race. Without consideration for others, man is a poor selfish being, and without cultivated intelligence, the most beautiful woman is little better than a

well-dressed doll. The one excels in power of brain, the other in qualities of hearts; and though the head may rule, it is the heart that influences. Both are adapted for the functions they have to perform in life; and to attempt to impose woman's work upon man would be quite as absurd as to attempt to impose man's work upon woman. Woman can be the presiding genius of the fire-side. Woman is by her very nature compassionate, gentle, patient, self-denying, loving, hopeful, truthful, and her eye sheds brightness all around.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

When man is waxing frail,
And his hand is thin and weak,
And his lips are parched and pale,
And wan and white his cheek;
Oh, then doth woman prove
Her constancy and love.

She sitteth by his chair,
And holds his feeble hand;
She watcheth ever there,
His wants to understand;
His yet unspoken will
She hasteneth to fulfil.

She leads him when the moon
Is bright o'er dale and hill,
And all things, save the tune
Of the honey bees, are still,
Into the garden's bowers,
To sit 'midst herbs and flowers.

And when he goes not there,
To feed on breath and bloom,
She brings the posy rare,
Into his darkened room:
And 'neath his weary head
The pillow smooth doth spread.

Until the hour when death
His lamp of life doth dim,
She never wearieth,
She never leaveth him:
Still near him night and day,
She meets his eye alway.

And when his trials o'er,
 And the turf is on his breast,
 Deep in her bosom's core
 Lie sorrows unexpress'd :
 Her tears, her sighs, are weak,
 Her settled grief to speak.

And though there may arise
 Balm for her spirits pain ;
 And though her quiet eyes
 May sometimes smile again :
 Still, still, she must regret,
 She never can forget !

ANON.

And here I may venture to touch upon a subject which, though of universal interest, is not indeed forgotten, but the educator shrinks from it, the parents avoid it ; it is considered unwise to mention it at all. Love between the sexes—the laws of affinity regulating young and old are ignored, and especially are the young persons left to gather their ideas from love stories, or the shallow experience of others, as ignorant as themselves, and who know not that love to woman is more than ambition is to man, her life, her light, her very all. Love in its purity, its loftiness, its unselfishness, is a proof of our moral excellence. It is by this passion, which no words can describe, that the world is kept fresh and young ; it releases man from slavery to self. All love renders us wise in a degree, and elevates the intellect. One of the finest compliments ever paid to a woman was that of Steele, “that to have lived with Lady Hastings was a liberal education.” Woman is not woman until she has known love, neither is man, man. Better to have loved than never to have loved at all. Men and women enter a world of joy and interest through love and matrimony. Family life may be full of trials and sorrows ; the home may be full of cares ; but in the end they purify ; a home without children is incomplete. A man always devoted to business grows narrow, and hardens while watching for advantages, and in so doing grows suspicious and ungenerous, and then it is seen that home influence and domestic cares withdraw the mind from the degrading practice of the age. Make money, honestly, if

you can, but make money; buy cheap and sell dear, away from such degrading maxims the home is refreshment and rest. But a man who loves his home and family, does not think it wise to confine his sympathies only to that haven of peace. His love enlarges, and through his family, it shows itself in the world. What a happy man Edmund Burke must have been, when, after all his political struggles, he could say that directly he entered his house every care vanished, there he found rest of brain and peace of mind in union with his high minded wife. For a man to enjoy true happiness in marriage he must have a mind mate as well as a help mate; it is not needed that she should be a copy of himself. A man does not want a manly woman, who thinks she is superior to himself in business matters and the ordinary knowledge of life, any more than a woman desires a womanly man who makes himself foolish in a home. And a man must be full of affection when he can feel that even in poverty he would not exchange his wife for the whole world. The brain woman, says Windell Holmes, never interests us like the heart woman. Men are so wearied with business and themselves in these days, that it is not mental contention, but soothing influence that must cheer a man after his day's struggles. Of course there must be mind in mind and sentiment to make two loving hearts. A true wife should possess such qualities as make home a place of repose for the husband; a good sensible wife should do as much as possible, to free her husband from the troubles of the family management; and a man in return should not at any time, waste his substance or give a just cause for a wife to chide him for a neglect of duty, either in providing the means of living or in helping to train up the boys and girls in all the useful knowledge of the world. A man should look for cheerfulness in preference to brilliancy. Lively talents are not always in place in a tired man's home.

Passion, at times, is too disturbing; her love should be
A love that clings not, nor is exigent;
Encumbers not the active purposes,
Nor drains their source; but prefers, with free grace,
Pleasure, at pleasure touched, at pleasure waived.
A washing of the wearied traveller's feet,

A quenching of his thirst, a sweet repose—
Alternative and preparative. In groves,
Where, loving much the flower that loves the shade,
And loving much the shade that that flower loves.
He yet is unbewildered, unenslaved.
Thence starting light and pleasantly let go
When serious service and duty call.

Of all qualities, good temper is the one that wears the best in married life; with self-control it gives patience, the patience to bear and forbear, to listen without complaint, to refrain until the angry moment is passed, and then the soft answer turneth away wrath. A man's character is powerfully influenced by his wife; a lower nature will drag him down, a higher lift him up. Many great men of all ages have to admit the great debt they owe their wives; while, unfortunately, many men have been unequally yoked to their sorrow. Great and terrible are many men's struggles; but greater still is the misery, that most tragical of all things for a noble soul, loneliness of heart, that silent crucifixion for which there is no solace and no sympathy. How awful to live evermore in a Gethsemane! No appeal to God to take the cup of anguish away is of any utility, for the sufferer knows that he must drink it night and day till he dies. And if the unhappy woman who disguises intense, inordinate, insatiate selfishness under fine phrases, the most merciful judgment that can be pronounced by the unfortunate man is that she is not perfectly sane, for were she not insane she would deserve the bitterest curses.

It would occupy too much space to give the examples that could be given, showing the many good wives that have helped their husbands in thought, word, writing and deed; this must be left for some future chapter; also how mother's have helped and watched over their sons in their upward and arduous task. Picture Cromwell's mother never going to rest until she was assured of his safety. The debt of men to women is unknown; and well it would be if men would never forget this; if they always remembered it they would act very differently to women, and while remembering that they had a mother, they would honour all women, and do their best, at all times, to raise rather than debase. If these

truths were more fully appreciated in all the relationships, it would be better for all. The man, the head, the wife for home commands, that is the true idea and ideal. My companion maintained that a woman was equal in brain to man, and fitted at times to be a bread winner ; to the last I protested against this. I do not believe that a woman should of necessity so toil, that there are times when the woman is the stronger, and that necessity calls upon her then to support all, I admit. This patent fact, I could not dispute or refute ; but that is due to the want of justice on the part of men and society in general. I admit the value of all women knowing how to help themselves, and, therefore, would give them equal chances to know, and do, in case of the death of the man toiler ; but in marriage, a woman may know many things without being required to perform them, as long as the husband is in health and able to do his duty, just on the same principle that it may be useful that a man should know how to cook coffee, or a chop, or to sew, seeing that so many young men emigrate ; this would be a help to them in time of need, and it would be better for them to learn all these useful things than waste their time in smoking, drinking, card and billiard playing, and other foolish ways of passing their time. This lady, however, was convinced that with proper training, a good daughter could be both musical and a good helpmate to a man in all things. And if it was the general practice of mothers to train their daughters wisely, wives would be looked upon as something very different from merely a superior servant in a man's house. I have met with many women ; but not before did I meet in the Colony one who so fully endorsed my views of the right position of women. In all matters she felt with me that men wanted more than house ornaments, they wanted loving companions in all things.

FIRST LOVE.

'Tis sweet to hear,
At midnight, on the blue and moonlight deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters creep ;

'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear ;
 'Tis sweet to listen as the night winds creep
 From leaf to leaf ; 'tis sweet to view on high
 The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.
 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home ;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;
 'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
 Or lulled by falling waters ; sweet the hum
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
 The lip of children, and their earliest words.
 Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes,
 In bacchanal profusion, reel to earth,
 Purple and gushing ; sweet are our escapes
 From civic revelry to rural mirth ;
 Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps ;
 Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth ;
 Sweet is revenge—especially to women ;
 Pillage to soldiers—prize-money to seamen.
 Sweet is a legacy ; and passing sweet
 The unexpected death of some old lady
 Or gentleman, of seventy years complete,
 Who've made "us youth" wait too, too long already
 For an estate, or cash, or country-seat,
 Still breaking, but with stamens so already,
 That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
 Next owner for their condemned post-obits.
 'Tis sweet to win—no matter how—one's laurels,
 By blood or ink ; 'tis sweet to put an end
 To strife ; 'tis sometimes sweet to have one's quarrels,
 Particularly with a tiresome friend ;
 Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels ;
 Dear is the helpless creature we defend
 Against the world ; and dear the school-boy sport
 We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.
 But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
 Is first and passionate love. It stands alone,
 Like A'am's recollection of his fall ;
 The tree of knowledge has been plucked—all's known,
 And life yields nothing further to recall,
 Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
 No doubt, in fable, as the unforgiven
 Fire which Prometheus filched for us from heaven.

BYRON.



CHAPTER. VIII.

As we ran on the ladies drew my attention to the coal-fields of the district, and I heartily agreed with them, that it was part of the Wealth of the Colony, and, that to work at the mines, was the future work of the Colonists, and that it would be far better if men were employed, and took spade and pick, than to carry military weapons of destruction over their shoulders, and as their schoolmasters do not carry a ruler or a cane at their sides, why is it necessary for soldiers to carry in time of peace, their slaying tools so prominently? Is it such a noble profession to be a slayer of men and a public advertised murderer. Butchers are, as a rule, looked upon with abhorrence, rather than labour or life-producers. Away, away, with such evidence of our civilized barbarians; to be defenders of one's country is a grand position, but to be merely blood letters out, and life takers, as mercenaries, is a most degraded position to occupy; instead of such monstrosities, let us have Captains and Generals of industry, and although it may not be possible to turn all weapons into peaceful tools of agriculture in this country, let us assist and help in the time when men shall cease to hunger after each other's goods, without giving an equal quantity of goods in return. Service for service—labour for labour. Goods for goods all based on equitable values, cost being the limit of price to meet all times, then indeed, may we expect the lamb in man to be with the lion in man, as we do not find it to day in all modern nations, moved as they are now, and exercised by dynastic influence, as in Germany and other states in Europe. It is no use praying for peace in our time. O Lord! and consecrating and blessing flags to be carried into a field of battle, and for Bishops who represent the Son

of God and Peace upon Earth, to wish all success from their *God of Battles*. But it is to labour, and labour alone, that peace and good-will is to be achieved, if not in our time, O Lord, then in that of our children's, not that I pray for peace in our time and the deluge in the time of our children, if for a purification process, we must fight, then let the present generation have its share of glory and death likewise.

The working out of the coal mines and the agricultural wealth of South Africa would be far better than the hunt for gold-mines, and the constant seeking of diamonds; fortunately the latter, has its limits, the return for diamonds presently will not cover their cost; and the need for gold will in the future be a second consideration, the quantity for ornaments will be less, for the time will come, when European human beings will think it vulgar, and on a level with African negroes to bedizen, with all kinds of jewellery; and let the English once make a medium of exchange in the inconvertible legal tender money, the gold conventional symbol of barbarism will be ignored, from the very fact that paper currency will answer all the purposes for trade and taxation. It is labour that should enrich; all the haphazard style of getting rich is most demoralizing, and must at all times be protested against. Work, and work alone, should enrich, not luck, chance, or false speculations; let this be but understood in the future, then the man with real work in him will be the only man honoured; not as now, the man who reaps where he never sowed, or gathers from the labours of others, that which enables him to live in affluence, from that for which he never gave an equivalent in any form, shape or way. When this principle is recognized, and a young man seeks the heart and hand of his loved queen, it will not be a question,—“can you keep my daughter, as she now lives, or what is the income you now possess? and the probable one you can secure at the expense of others and perhaps his relations, who in their manner have some monopoly of the producer's labour, but the power the man possesses for work, and his freedom from vice, from the wasting of his time at billiards, or any other folly, such men of work and grit in them, will then never fear to live honestly and honourably, and will rejoice to settle down as comfort-

able citizens in any state or country, and work heartily and willingly for their wives and families, and then fulfil, if not the whole duty of man, as much as lays in their power. It was while discussing all these general matters that she hastily drew my attention to the spot, where, due to the carelessness of the driver who having too much on his chest, and in his head in the shape of a strong spirit of the Colony, and although repeatedly requested to throw off the same, and who in not doing so by his carelessness, threw over the coach, and in so doing, broke several of the passengers ribs and bones, and in this lady's case, reversed the order of nature, for she, in the general capsize was thrown on to the panting breast of a big Dutchman, who was made unconscious by the collision, and thus experienced that instead of united we stand, it was united we fell, much to the injury of both. Such accidents are often occurring, and it is time that a strong protest should be made against the use of King Alcohol by the drivers of the post and passenger carts, the use of which so often ends in broken limbs and sprained joints for the remainder of our days.

Just as this horrible accident had been related we rode in full gallop into St. James' Town, a Colonial speculation in town-making. With a light step we rushed in the hotel for a bath, after which we adjourned to the supper table. Whilst partaking of the supper I was introduced to a man that had been in the Zulu campaign, one who had often rode with, and acted as interpreter for, the late Prince Imperial (so called, of France), who met his death while playing the soldier in a country that he had not the slightest interest in. In my protesting against such conduct, and expressing that perhaps his death solved a European difficulty, I but roused the ire of this would-be great man, who, while acknowledging my strictures on the oath-breaker, Napoleon III., assured me that the Prince was a most estimable young man; not knowing him I could not deny this, not caring much if it was so, I took no trouble to deny or dispute. My statement was that this young trained man-slayer had, as far as I could learn, no one to blame but himself. He went out as a volunteer; and, although it ought not to be, that children should be respon-

sible for their father's sin and mother's folly, unfortunately, nevertheless, it is true that children do suffer for their fathers' errors, and in such case his career and death should warn us to avoid the evil and seek the good. And in the end I still maintained that we had a duty to perform, in not failing at all times to hold up to public hatred and execration his father so believed, who, in the presence of the Roman Catholic Bishops, who condoned his *coup-de-etat* after his success in shooting down the Parisians, seized his throne in France, and who assisted him to swear before high heaven and the God of the Universe to uphold the Republic in France in 1848, but which he stabbed in the dark in 1851, for his self-aggrandisement; and, as the eldest son of that Church, that for so many centuries has been the curse of Europe, he received their support to enslave the French, until Sedan once more freed the French from perjurers, assassins, mountebanks, courtesans and the false teachers of the Son of Peace. These truths must be made known. It is time that such human man-eaters, in and out of the Church of Rome, or any other Church, should be denounced, offend who it may. At this time an unfortunate woman stepped in, who by dress and appearance had seen better days, but who, alas, was one of many that is to be found in South Africa. These confirmed dipsomaniacs profess to be subject to mental depressions. If it is the outcome of hereditary disease it is something awful to contemplate, and which so often ends in confirmed drunkenness, and who at last become so selfish that even their children learnt to despise and even hate them; and at last this leads to making innumerable shams all over the country, till one is disposed to say that the Colony is peopled by vice and sham—everyone tries to appear what they are not, and never were. It makes one feel ill to meet so many; the women seem simply idiotic in their pride and nonsense, in the midst of roguery, beggary and bankruptcy. These respectable tiplers, who live by pretence and sham, and under the plea of diarrhoea, feign an excuse for drinking a great deal, until the drink mania is their master. If it was a disease, and uncontrollable, how awful! for which one cannot express one's horror sufficiently.

It would almost appear that there are some natures never to be reclaimed, and that they must go their way and abide their fate. What a grand thing it is to feel that one has a good mother in her old age; it makes a man proud of such. While, on the contrary, how sad it must be for the children and orphans of such unfortunates that cannot control themselves, their children constantly getting in contact with the native races, which necessarily destroys their character, morally and intellectually. You can see it in so many of the farmers' boys, who seem to have no decided character, no ambition, no intellect, a perfect vegetable life, at all times, in all things. Now and then you do meet with those who, weighed down with the responsibility of being life producers, and who, to some extent, lead unnatural lives, and live on, asking themselves whether they are so living right in limiting their number, which seems at times as great mysteries. But that drunkards and mere human beasts should multiply, and the rational beings become less, is to be regretted. There is but one comfort, that the few born to such reasonable beings should give a feeling of satisfaction in their production, and make their parents proud of such offspring.

It was while dotting these thoughts down that I determined to give, for the benefit of my readers, the thoughts of Carington Forster, who so wisely and fully explains my views, and to whom I feel profoundly indebted.

HEREDITARY DESCENT.

HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION OF DISEASE.

"The time is coming when it will be regarded as infamous to perpetuate diseases."—COLONEL E. INGERSOLL.

"The hereditary transmission of disease is, without exception, the most hideous evil and the greatest curse attending civilised humanity."

"I am convinced that a great number of human beings are totally unfit to reproduce the race, and that, if they do so, they will necessarily entail misery upon their posterity."—MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY.

There has been a good deal written about the rights of

man; there is one "right of man," however, which has yet to be recognised by man—the prenatal right of every human being born into life to a sound and healthy organisation. This is the sacred birthright of all; nor can any human being be denied it without an infinite wrong being done him, for which nothing can atone. Yet how is this sacred "right of man" recognised? The sufferings of millions from inherited infirmities, weakness, and disease supply the soul-sickening answer. The curse of their parentage rests upon millions, stamped from birth with tendencies to disease, and its consequent suffering and death. That to be born with a healthy and sound organisation is a life worth living, is universally acknowledged. The fearful responsibility in this matter of parentage is, nevertheless, almost universally ignored. That parentage has any such responsibility, is, indeed, so far from being practically understood among us, that it is actually in this latter end of the nineteenth century, with all our enlightenment, all our knowledge, all our wonderful and much-vaunted progress, a novel doctrine. Anything more frightful than this shocking ignorance of, and complete indifference to, this responsibility of parentage it is impossible to conceive of. The last consideration commonly with those contemplating matrimony and parentage is whether they are capable of transmitting a sound organisation to their offspring. Every other petty consideration and paltry question is taken into account, but this, the all-important one. Men, and especially women, marry every day, who are totally unfit to become parents, and transmit their own diseased conditions to their unhappy offsprings. The children of such parents—puny, delicate, and unhealthy—become in their turn, in due time, the progenitors of a still more debased progeny; and so the evil goes on. To such an extent is this hereditary transmission of disease and diseased conditions going on amid us that it must inevitably, unless checked, soon lead to the rapid degeneration of the race. Millions are born with diseased tendencies, which sooner or later show themselves, and condemn their victims to pain and suffering and premature death. Indeed, "more human beings die from diseased tendencies inherited from parents, who had themselves

inherited them, than from all other causes of death put together."

The civilised world is full of disease, transmitted from parent to child. Yet such disease is assumed by some to be the irremediable and perpetual lot of the race; and the curse thus inflicted on human beings, solely by human agency is attributed to the Deity. The awful truth is, we have become so familiarised with inherited disease, in all its forms, that we have become callous to it. That fell destroyer, consumption is deliberately transmitted to an extent simply horrible. What one of us whose circle of acquaintance does not include a consumptive family? Who of us is there who has not witnessed the fatal drama—youth, slowly fading and wasting away into the grave, after a taste of life; so short that they may be almost said never to have lived at all? Thousands of those thus condemned to a lingering and painful death directly owe their dreadful fate to their parentage. Besides, diseases of the lungs, diseases of the heart, liver, stomach, brain, kidneys, may all be thus transmitted. Scrofulous diseases, syphilis, and the horrible affections of cancer and tumours, are all hereditary; and thousands are condemned to suffer, more or less, all their lives from one or other of these diseases, inherited from their parentage—all because their parents were ignorant of the great truth, that the child derives its organisation in each and every particular from its parents; or, knowing this, elected in their criminally selfish indifference, to ignore it, and wilfully bestow a legacy of suffering, a heritage of woe, upon the unhappy beings they called into life.

The thought of the fearful amount of human pain and suffering thus inflicted by human agency is simply appalling. The lives of thousands are embittered and rendered useless by hopeless and chronic invalidism. Thousands are endowed with so little vitality that the necessary energy and vigour of body and mind for making existence itself tolerable are wanting. We see such people everywhere, especially in our large towns, where we meet them by hundreds in the streets. We can hope to see this hideous evil stayed, when all shall fully recognise and understand the great responsibility of

parentage. Towards bringing this about all the zeal of intelligent men and women will be given. The chief and primary evil to be overcome is the frightful ignorance and indifference prevalent on the subject. When once this responsibility of parentage is fully recognised and understood, there will be created a strong public opinion, which will cause it to be regarded as criminal to perpetuate disease; when it will be universally recognised that those who are unable to beget children with strong and healthy bodies have no right to transmit disease and physical debility. The real immorality of the doctrine—so long unquestioned even by good Christians—that every man or woman, whatever their physical condition and health, has a right to bring beings into the world at will, will be apparent to all. Too long has the fearful amount of human woe and suffering for which this pernicious doctrine is responsible, been accepted as unavoidable and ordained by God. "The God of orthodoxy has long enough been made the scapegoat of the inherited hereditary misfortune of mankind." Those who are unable to transmit the birthright of a sound and healthy organisation to their offspring have no right to become parents. To give life without this birthright is nothing less than a crime, and should be—as it will be—so regarded. Only those are fit to become parents who are fit to propagate the race; and no man or woman who is not strong and healthy is fit to propagate the race. By no process of reasoning or casuistry of argument whatever is any human being free to transmit disease and suffering. When the world shall have recognised the righteousness of this prohibition, no man or woman, not even a monster, will seek or wish to ignore or disregard. All prospective parents will see how great a duty devolves upon them of obeying the laws of health, and preserving and augmenting their physical strength and vigour. As they value the happiness and well-being of their offspring, will they be careful against incurring any disease or weakness themselves. In a word, parents rightly appreciating the great natural law, that the organization of their child depends entirely upon themselves, will no longer ignore their responsibility, or be selfishly indifferent as to the life-long legacy

they bestow upon it. Then, and not until then, may we hope to see the vast amount of disease, which may be traced to hereditary transmission, disappear. When disease shall be the exception instead of, as now, the rule, and when, with a better understanding and avoidance of the causes of acquired disease, man will be restored to his own natural and normal condition, and dissolution take place only when old age and the decay of all the faculties should make it what it ought always to be—the welcome termination to a long life. This should be the lot of every man. This will be the lot of every man who is well born (in the only true sense), and who lives always a healthy and natural life.





CHAPTER IX.

THE evening previous, at the supper-table, we were warned that we should start early, it being Sunday, and we were expected to get into Dordrecht before churchtime, as it was considered irreverent for post or passenger carts to disturb, by the sound of their bugles, the churchgoers, and more or less put the whole of the rising village in a ferment and commotion on the arrival and departure of passengers and post. At the hotel I had hastily jotted down my previous remarks, and, being thoroughly exhausted, lay me down to sleep. Now, although warned to start about four in the morning I was not prepared for the after early annoyance. With the notice that early was the start, I retired to rest, so to speak, with one eye and ear open; and to my annoyance, at midnight, I heard the bugle sounding. With a fright I started from my bed, and warned my other bedroom companions that the time had arrived for our departure. From our general feelings and need of rest we felt somehow there must be a mistake; and then, to surprise us, we found that it was not our coachman that had bugled, but the bugler of a detachment of the Cape Mounted Corps, one of the most unfortunate conglomerations of human units to form a defensive wall for a colony that was ever brought together as a military force, officered by perfect incapables, and in the end not even fit for its primary work—that is of waylaying drifts and catching cattle lifters, either the poor Dutch whites or the common Kaffir thief. Cattle lifting (since the demoralization of the country, due to its jumping from one thing to another, since the finding of gold and diamond fields) is quite a feature. Many and many a white man, to their eternal disgrace, have been placed on the roads as

felons for cattle stealing. For a Kaffir to steal is part of his training, and somehow he has an impression that the white man has stolen his lands, therefore he thinks it no crime for him to take the cattle or sheep upon the land *so stolen*. The Kaffir considers it no crime, only an annoyance, to be found out; but, with all the coolness imaginable, he takes his punishment, and returns to his family, a martyr, and an example for the natives to revenge themselves upon the white man—the stealers of their grazing ground. The difference between the Kaffir and Dutch stealers is very marked. The former steals, kills, and consumes in haste over the night fire, and enjoys it, while he thinks how he pays out the farmer who steals his land, but never compensates him for his loss. The white man cattle stealer brings all the cunning and ingenuity to hide his crime against his fellow white man. With fresh false branding, with red-hot pincers pinches out, and with hot scissors, he stamps, cuts out, and clips pieces of the ears off the sheep, stopping the blood flowing, and in various ways hides the villanous deeds done in the night, and then through the night drives them into his hired kraal, and passes, until found out, as an honest man. So degraded have the poor Dutch and white loafers in the colony become, that it is not stealing they think about, it is the being found out that distresses them. In some respects this is on a par with the old Spartans, but with the difference that the Spartan studied in every way how to elude and take advantage of the enemy he was seeking to destroy. The South African white thief steals because he is too lazy to toil and secure the labour of his own hands; the Kaffir steals in many cases to satisfy hunger. As a rule his Dutch master starves and beats him, and in desperate hunger he takes the cattle, eats the flesh, and hides the offal and skin in the ground and passes on; but if by chance he drives on the stolen cattle to his own or his friends' kraal, and the farmer traces the spoor to such kraal, the law of Kaffir compensation is applied, and for one sheep he recovers ten, and other cattle in proportion; and in some cases the chief positively eats him up, as a warning to others not to rob the white man. Now all this Kaffir stealing would be prevented if, as I have

before, in previous chapters, drawn attention to, the Kaffir had his own reserve. So far as the white stealers are concerned, that is a question of right dealing; for, although it may appear strange, it is no less true, than well-to-do farmers will steal sheep from their neighbours, as the Criminal Records could give proof in many cases. Now, from various sources and information given, as the usual statement runs, the boy officer commanding this small troop at James Town had an idea that the Kaffirs were out on a cattle-lifting expedition, so, with all the stupidity of youth, he could not keep council on the Saturday, and so gave further notice to the friends of the would-be stealers; he bugled up with all his might, making it known to all in the town to their intense disgust at being woke up in fright, but to the joy of the Kaffirs, who contemplated the cattle lifting on that night; full warning having been given, the troop afterwards returned finding out nothing, which only in the future gave them a disregard for the after-night stealing. It might be put as a question, of course, with no idea of getting an answer—why do night patrols advertize what they are about, and when they are going out, and thus defeat the purpose they contemplate?

- The night being cold, or rather I should have said the early morn, we begged for coffee, and although we were willing to wait until four, the landlord though he might as well get rid of us all, and thus enable him to take his full Sunday rest afterwards. Personally, the landlord was a very decent man, who did his best to make us all comfortable, but his kindness gave us no pleasure, as we contemplated the cold raw morning we should have to ride through, and as my rheumatics had not left me, I looked forward in dread; but grumbling being of no avail, we got into our seats, and as the driver felt there was any amount of time, and as the road was not first-class, we simply walked to the next stage, and my readers can picture our position in one of the coldest districts of the colony, for tightening our wraps and shaking ourselves to get warm proved of no avail, and only when passing the coach, a then perfect wreck, that had been turned over five times and broken an innumerable number of limbs and bones,

did we forget for a moment our bodies and the intense cold of the morning ; the recital of the horrors of past travelling we all felt was no joke ; and our then position gave us no love for Free State or Colonial travelling, and we truly felt that our lives were not our own, and as we walked on with half-sleepy horses in the dark, my readers can picture the awful plight we felt ourselves to be in ; however, it is a long road that has no turning, and finally we arrived in a half-frozen state at the next stage.

During this early dark morning journey, I was awoke somewhat in horror by our coachman, who was made mad by the action of his servant, who he called Satan, and who he threatened with death. It has often been a puzzle to me where we should find old Satan. If his character is a true one, I feel I had often met with his imps in my travels, that I felt quite curious like to know his exact whereabouts. In the old indictments for murder at the Old Bailey, it ran that, moved by the Devil, a deed of violence was committed. The drawers of such an indictment were not logical enough to see that if such was true, then the Devil ought to have been tried for the offence. We never hold a child responsible for the breaking of a window if a strong arm takes hold of the child's hand, and thrusts it through the pane of glass—but apart from joking, some of the helps in the colony are most aggravating, and it makes drivers and others feel as if they were Devil-worried somehow. It is no use telling them that at one time all the Devils went into the pigs in the land of the Jews and got drowned, for, in reply, they will tell you that is another dodge that won't do for the land marines. From the time of that to the said event occurring, there are many whose interest it is in keeping up a regular supply of Devils, just as the Birmingham Brass Founders find it pays to make South or West African idols to frighten and keep into submission the believers of man made God's and Devils.

At last, after shivering in the cold for over seven hours, we, with a beautiful sun-rise that cheered us up as we rode on, entered the yet to be noble avenue of trees that led right on to the little town of Dordrecht, and just in time for a hearty breakfast, and getting in so early without fear of

disturbing early prayer makers. Dordrecht is in a most unfortunate position, and for heat in the summer, must be insufferable, while in winter the bleak winds from the Stormberg range of mountains, as one Scotchman told me, must be keener than found in the land of his birth. The Dutch population of the district of Dordrecht, especially the old families, are very rich in sheep, and thus it forms the depot for all the wool of the neighbourhood. There is no secret how these Dutch became so wealthy; having driven out the natives, they allotted to themselves a farm about the extent of six thousand acres, in some cases, twelve thousand; and with a few sheep they at last were large flock owners. In some years of panic, or when some trekked into the Transvaal because they could not secure Kaffir slaves for their demands, sold their farms—in some cases for a bag of coffee. Now, thanks to the settled Government due to the connexion with England and the rise in price of all lands and property, due to the finding of the Diamond fields, they are worth thousands of pounds. These farmers live in a rude kind of way, somewhat apart from the English farmer. With their usual generosity based on fear, they had given oxen, horses, sheep, wool and skins; and they had erected a monument to their Dutch Deity in the form of a two spired Church, costing in all about fifteen thousand pounds. Without this constant demand by the Dutch ministers calling it out through their fears, virtually the Dutch religion would be dead,—as see Reports of the Synod in November, 1883, in Cape Town. At the present time it is the weekly, monthly, and quarterly meeting place of the young Dutchmen to court, even propose in their house of God; get accepted, married, and in some cases done for; the house in which their children are christened, confirmed, etc., and their general meeting house for all purposes, to keep up appearances in the land that the God of Israel had given them by the aid of their rifles. To appear in the eyes of the world that they had not forgotten their gifts on the principle of Old Jacob's plan of action—the third Jew of notoriety for clever tricks of business at the expense of man, and even his God of Israel, for after having made such a good bargain in getting all the promises for a pot of porridge, he bargains that

if his Lord will save him from his brother's righteous indignation and punishment, and bring him safe to his Father's house again, he will give him one-tenth of the possessions he the Lord had given him, the same amount of percentage that the Egyptians give to the Jews of modern days. It is astonishing how considerate these old ancient Arabians were, and are, to give one-tenth of their wealth they secure out of the labour of other producers hands, as a sacrifice most acceptable to their Jehovah; what striking generosity for the other nine-tenths. This is the spirit and principle Jacob's descendants act upon to this day. Finding that their game—private and public plundering is now becoming known, the modern Jews and their advocates in their Banner of Israel, howl out in fear, and what they are pleased to call the cowardly and criminal withdrawal of English troops from Egypt, and in so withdrawing, consigning millions to perpetual misery when they know that the presence of the English is the sole shield for incurable cruelties and hopeless oppression in the Nile valley; it has come to this, that to feed the vanity of the English, they are told they are related to the Jews and Arabians and they must take possession of the Alexandria gate and the gate of the Eastern World, Constantinople; and why, because the so-called aristocracy of God demands them to secure to them the power of laying it on heavy upon the Egyptians in the shape of interest for money that they never lent, although they hold bonds of indebtedness that the late Khedive gave in their name, and which is expected to be extracted at the mouth of England's cannons, and at the point of their bayonets. The English press is nothing unless it is fulsome, laudatory and servile, so since the coming of age of a Jew of a hundred years, a man that was knighted for what one knows not of, or wherefore, if real merit is to be the reason why men are to be honoured. We are told that Sir Moses Montefiore is a grand type of the chosen people; if types are to be looked upon with pride, then give me the great massive head, with its broad breadth of forehead, its intellectual look and grandure of the old Greeks, rather than the facial outline of the Jews that one meets in Kimberley, London, or any large centre. If it is a handsome, ugly class

of men that is required, then commend me to the modern types of Jews, who, with a life-time of cunning and forestalling are to be found in every Jew quarter. Since the days of the bastard Jew Disraeli who was a curse to England, it is customary to speak with bated breath; but while I breathe I denounce the Charlatan that, in England's name, used loud-sounding words, and played such high jinks before the world, and who was but a discarded son of Israel among his own people, and who only tolerated him for the support he gave in his official capacity to enable his brethren to bull and bear the exchanges of Europe. We are told that they have been a discarded race, everywhere persecuted and exposed to the most cruel sufferings for their fidelity to the faith of their fathers. Nothing of the kind—it is no at religious persecution at all. Who cares in the present whether they go to a synagogue or not, whether they fast, wash, or do otherwise? Why, the cunning of their race was exemplified, if we accept the account, from the very beginning. Their Joseph is placed in Egypt in early times, in his forestalling of the corn, to eventually enslave its people by the very food that the Egyptians had raised themselves. Who oppressed them, when led on by one Joshua, they invaded a land of peace and contentment—as old Palestine is described—and with fire and sword destroyed men, women, and children, on the principle that no descendants of the natives of the soil should increase and multiply to remove the oppressors in after time? If these actions are to be applauded, one is almost sorry that the same principle was not applied when they were in Egypt, learning how to take advantage of the Egyptians, in gratitude for the land of Goschen given them. I have often thought it must have been some mistake that the Jews crossed the Red Sea, while the ancient Egyptians—the scientific and the philosophers of their time—met a watery grave. The immense wealth, the outcome of usury and commissions, not of labour, has enabled them to control the bourses of Europe; and so they can, as it were, direct the policy of Cabinets and Courts.

It is not their religion—for that, like the many religions of the past, is dead; but to the power they possess, due to our

false monetary laws, of securing the wealth of the world into their hands without giving an equivalent for it. They, as of old, now seek to hold the nations in their grasp, and even call for England's protecting arm to guard Egypt and Syria; so that when of necessity they have all once more to go to Arabia with the jewels and wealth they, in the form of interest, borrow from all the nations they have dwelt among. To-day they could buy the whole of Palestine and Syria from the Turk, who, for a price, would willingly sell it. To Arabia the land of their ancestors—the Chaldean is still in the family—as to the restoration which is the hope that cheers and animates them, that is pure fudge and snobbishness, they never want to return until they can find no more honey to sip or wealth to cull from the soft-headed and tender-hearted foreigner, who, not knowing how to make his own money, relies upon the use of that the Jews have gathered together somehow.

We are told that there are most respectable men among the Jews; no doubt made respectable by English titles and bought ones in open markets in Europe, secured in England by the great gifts to the people in power. The Englishised foreign nobodies, hereditary peers, are irresponsible men. The mass of Englishmen have no delight in honouring these men, oppressors and usurers, but all being done in the name of England. As an Englishman I protest against the public Jew Swindle. That these titled men work according to their rules of interest, and amass their wealth, I don't deny. In the middle ages we had military exploiters who took possession of the soil, and gradually gathered into their hands the agricultural wealth of the people, which is called rent, and to the success of their foreign ancestors is the amount of their present RENT ROLL. It is financial exploiting that now gives command, and the bodies of men who mass the inhabitants of a land in centres, arrange for the customs, compel all to borrow or steal from the arranges—and thus you secure a land of borrowing slaves as it is to be seen in merry free England of the nineteenth century. The young, hopeful Jew, with a small capital lent by his brethren, with suavity and cunning, embarks in business, thinks

nothing, as I have explained in my first jottings, of making dupes, cheating his creditors, going into bankruptcy, burning his business premises and pocketing the insurance money, or even to give the Christian a bad name, he will even burn his own synagogue down (as in Germany in 1833) to gain sympathy from his *fellows*; but, when successful, with the proceeds founds the house of Dan, Nathan, Joseph, Levi, Manasseh, or some other compound, and poses as one of the aristocracy of his local God of Judea, who, so they say, commanded his ancestors to commit those villainous acts, as related in their Bible, and to commit those indecent practices to be found in the law of Moses. O Moses, O Moses! thou manslayer, tooth-drawer, and tailor, you might have been tolerable; but as a law-giver, before, behind, or after Pharaoh's time, you have been a misfortune to the world, and a disgrace to your race, and, in handing down your arrangements, a curse to the world at large. The one thing that you were truthful in, was that the children suffer for their fathers' sins. May the Jews return to the land of their original fathers must be the earnest prayer of all his well-wishers.

But to the Dutch, although they claim, like the ancient Arabians, to clear out this land of South Africa of all the Hittites, Perizzites, etc., and make it their Palestine, flowing with milk and honey, object to a tenth part of their yearly wealth for such human priests as they have. Religion is no longer the mystery it was; a Holy of Holies and a peep behind the curtain is now to be had for a small consideration. Fire from Heaven is no longer needed to burn the sacrifices; priests and their friends can accomplish all the consuming without their God in these days, needing the scent of burnt offerings. In this the Dutch truly believe; the old dispensation has passed away, and their faith in a new one is not of the liveliest, if their gifts are taken into consideration, and there is no doubt but for the need of going to the towns for a supply of food, coffee, and other necessities of life, which they are too lazy to raise on their lands, the church would see them but seldom; and in that case the traders would be troubled the less for small change to appear generous when at the church, when the plate is presented to them. Christ's

men they are not, and the teachers, so called, of this Christ know nothing of his real teachings. The preaching is all in a double Dutch Hottentot language that the Hollander, or foreign man, retails out to them. The hypocrisy and selfishness of these Dutch ministers is apparent to an outside looker on; in that it can hardly be wondered at, if the Dutchman has a sly inkling of the truth. At one time his gifts in garden and field produce were considerable whenever he came into the town; and the feeders of religious milk to these babes are all mourning over the degeneracy of the age and the scarcity of the gifts of the farmers; and they even find it better to place their sons in the business houses of the country, especially in the lawyers' offices, rather than bring them up in the fear of the Lord, or manipulate them into pulpit-talkers like themselves. Truly they are wise in their generation: it is such an easy step to cheat, lie, and rob in the pulpit, and then continue the same in some Boer Winkel, as is now the custom of the Jew and German traders in South Africa.

I have met many of these old missionaries, men of humble German origin, who, perhaps, with all earnestness started in their work of talking to the heathen, and converting themselves, while being kept by their societies, into owners of farms and rich men in general, and then leaving all their early modesty, after finding themselves by accident in office as Privy Councillors, get so filled with insolence as to be perfectly intolerable; and not content with abusing their wives and friends, until in haste they are removed from all honourable functions, and have to retire upon their farms—the gifts of Kaffir Chiefs—live upon the sheep and pumpkin—the outcome of the gifts of the faithful natives who foolishly believed their religious tales and mysteries. The only regret they seemed to have was, that in their old age of plenty their sons acted as a sponge draining process, for in a very few instances could they, with any pride, speak of the professional or business-like qualities of their offspring. The whole district of Dordrecht is considered the coal bed of the eastern province, and may yet prove so, when a paternal government shows its ability to open up the same. The mineral wealth is undoubtedly great here, but at present

there is not in the colony a statesman great enough to grapple with the subject, or sense enough to allow others to do so. The apathy of the Boer man is simply degrading to the colonists. It is either party-warfare, simplicity, or criminal laxity. National wealth in the colony is not opened up and fully utilised. If there is any truth in the statement that the Boer Africander Bond desires to be serviceable to the colony, they could give no greater aid to the colony than bring all the pressure they could bear to compel the ministry to utilise colonial coal on the colonial railways. It is astonishing to understand the apparent opposition of the powers that be, to oppose the use of the colonial produce in the room of the imported article. Dare we suppose that the Commissioner of Public Works receives a commission for supporting the one in opposition to the colonial interest. Perish the thought in this sweet land of purity ; commissions and honorariums, back-stair influence and parliamentary pressure action. There can be no doubt of its being thoroughly serviceable for all colonial purposes ; that has been proved by the satisfactory results of the full and careful tests of the coal dug out from this and other parts of the colony. The surest proofs of all this is in the report submitted to Parliament on the subject of colonial coals. In that particular report no tenderness was shown for the colonial wealth, yet it bore most favourably in opposition to the sea-borne coal from England. In every way obstruction has been placed in the way of using this colonial coal ; no provision being made for its general use. Mr. Tilney, the locomotive superintendent appointed to make the experiments, and who did so, handicapped as he was in the use of the ordinary fire-boxes, nevertheless recommends the use of the African article to the imported. This was all known to the Commissioner long before the motion was asked for for the use of colonial coal on colonial railroads was introduced in Parliament. While in possession of such evidence, it was curious to observe that the Commissioner was singular in being the only opponent in the House of Parliament in opposing the use of colonial coal. But, fortunately for the colony, in spite of this opponent's personal opposition, the House adopted a motion to prefer and use the colonial coal instead of the imported.

It was stated, that at the time the motion was passed, there was in hand at least two or three years sea-borne coal. Whose interest was served by this large supply being in hand the report does not state. If this is a true fact, then one would say to any real energetic member of Parliament, this is a fit subject for inquiry. But where is such a member? Why was it that a Government, so embarrassed for money that it had to apply to Parliament for extraordinary taxation of the country, invested so largely in coal in excess of the probable demand? The interest in each year's supply of coal cannot be less than about £12,000, and to this we have to add the loss in a perishable article piled up in the Government yards, as in Sterkstroom. There lay tons of sea-borne coal, a large proportion of which had become pulverized and deteriorated by exposure for use in colonial railroads. How much worse must be the waste at older stations. Can there be any excuse, save somebody's commission for so burdening an already overtaxed public by almost wilful waste. Now, all this must have been in the knowledge of the Government of the day, or let us rather say in the knowledge of what was supposed a Government. With such potent facts, one cannot but urge all to understand that in every country the production and use of its own coal and other mineral and agricultural wealth must, of necessity, be the nourishing element of prosperity and its manufacturing industries. To save a depletion of colonial money, let us all unite to compel any Government to use colonial coal, let whose private interest suffers, notwithstanding.

Another lady passenger informed me that at this out-of-the-world, worried part of the universe, a man of the name of Wonder de Wit, a man of exceedingly hospitable nature, but with a reservation, when anyone called at the house on horseback. And here I may mention that for any traveller to call at a Dutchman's house on foot he is at once looked upon as a loafer. The proprietor of a farm, secured as it may be by the shooting of the original native owners, never contemplates the possibility of a visit by angels unawares; he remembers too well the visit of the travellers to Abraham's dwelling, and the after consequences, but a man on a horse is another kind of respectability, and generally is welcomed,

if the rider shakes hands with the whole of the family, little and big, even if he has twenty to welcome, desires to know how they all get on, and fully acquaints them with all his family pedigree. Now this De Wit, a no wit wonder, on the appearance of a new arrival, immediately desired to know of the new comer whether the world is round. If an answer in the affirmative, then a speedy clearance was demanded; if an answer in the negative, the doors are at once thrown open, and a general conference, and a more stedfast belief in David's words, that the Lord would go to the furthestmost end of the earth, and maintain the pillars and the foundation of the world for ever. What a strange infatuation to suppose that the Creator was a bigger kind of brother, one that would come down and look to his smaller brothers on earth. This De Wit reminded me of an ancient, who, in London, maintained the world was flat. Well, there is no accounting for the flats in this age of modern civilisation and barbarism. But the ideas of this pastoral Dutchman were no worse than his London brother, and both built upon Bible propounded conviction. However, thanks to time being the tyrant of us all, it will all end when these men are gathered to their fathers. I also found the prejudice to an English education was rather intense at this out-of-the-way place, and, as in many other parts, due to the fact that immediately the Dutch girls understood more than their parents, and gathered some knowledge, their little world not being connected with the greater outer world, they, with all the curiosity of their old maternal Eve, desired likewise to possess themselves of a tree of knowledge, in the form of an English husband, who might enable them to know good from evil; and if not live for ever, for somehow they feel they will surely die, at least they, as the wives of decent Englishmen, will not have to work and slave as white Hottentot women, and are thought to be worthy to be the companions of men. Thus, as I have said somewhere, the time must come when the English habit will overrule and exercise the Dutch population, and absorb them into the English nation. At the country balls and gatherings the fact is so well attested that often words and blows are the ending of their dance-parties, due to the

circumstance that the Dutch girls will flirt and dance with the English, instead of and in preference to their neighbour's sons. Now in the midst of all this explanation and speculation I was startled by an exclamation, "O Mr. Boon, have you seen the statement about the extraordinary discovery of the Ark on mount Ararat." To my expression of ignorance, she again requested to know if I had not seen it in the papers. With the simplicity of a Simon Pure, I admitted that it had not reached so far as the City of Bloemfontein. O think of it, she exclaimed, is it not glorious, after all the many pieces that the Roman Catholic Churches hold as a proof that Noah was a ship builder, although only a rural landsman, and who, in his old age turned navigator. Her genuine simplicity was such, that I did not like to remind her that the Catholic Church, with all its shameless impositions, had no pretensions of having pieces of the Ark in their possession, but it was a fact that their Churches did, so they say, possess more pieces of wood, said to be of the cross of Christ that would fill many a Church; but even this, thanks to people reading, is doubted, as is of the virtue of Saint's bones, the hearts of maidens, who after death have had the cross of Christ impressed upon them, or that the blood of St. Janirus liquifies once a year. But to magnify the importance of the statement, she assured me it was found in deep snow, and that thousands were about to make a pilgrimage to Ararat to view it. If such a pilgrimage took place, it would make the fortunes of the restaurant and hotel keepers. But I hastily, but humbly, suggested it must be stopped, or else not only would they use the remains to cook their coffee, and to give fire for warmth, but that it would create quite an artistic manufactory of old ship wood-breakers, to supply the pieces to enable the victims to show the relics of the past, as a reward for all their exertions. What dear old souls, as they would say of such, was this great mother, in all her sympathies in and for our Churches of the day, their simple faith, we are told, is worth all the wisdom of the world. It is astonishing how credulous are the women of the present day; when with such eagerness they lay hold of Barnam's Hamburg, or a false telegram

said to be a fact, and for advertising purposes said to come from the East, the land of light. I do love a good-natured simple-hearted woman, but for mercy's sake, let us have some genuine knowledge of the true past, or, in the name of the future, what kind of women are we to have, and what kind of children will such women give us. If we have no alteration in the present modes of teaching, without a change, we shall return to the stamp of the bush and cavern dwellers. One could look upon this woman as a most kind, clever mother, but her general ignorance of historical facts were truly lamentable, and her firm belief that she was a literal descendant of Augustus Adolphus of Sweden, of the fourteenth Century was most amusing. What a pity it is that people will not be content that they are the descendants of all the ages of the past; and, instead of trying to make out a false pedigree, and their near relation to the heroes of the past, they could credit themselves with being the descendants of honest, truthful men and women, and their every-day action proving that they were living monuments of their past good qualities. It will be a great work in the future to show the miserable history of the blue-blooded gentry of Europe, but it must be done, and their blue blood, as it is called, will be found sadly wanting in morality, honesty and the virtues that make men among men, women among women. We who know the history of the aristocracy of the past, have an everlasting work before us, in showing who are the real heroes of the past, and who, as giants have worked and died for humanity's sake, are worthy to be placed in the future valhalla of our great men. This sacred place to the great dead of the past ages has yet to be constructed, into which the Saviours of mankind will be placed as a guide to all men to go and do likewise. In that building there will be no room for shams and public official murderers. At present we don't raise monuments to our Public Hangmen. In the future we shall not raise monuments to our dynastic official murderers, false swearers and robbers.

Opinion and fact superficial thinkers, who have no energy to investigate, and who are content to dwell on the very

surface of things, settle many important questions, very much to their own satisfaction, by telling us that, after all, it is a mere matter of opinion and that one man's opinion is as good as another's. Now, what are opinions? Opinions are founded upon conjecture, and conjecture is founded upon ignorance.

There are thousands of matters of fact known only to the initiated and scientific, which are held by the ignorant as mere matters of opinion. And, on the other hand, the world is full of wrangling—newspapers teem with zealous discussion—and many books, by superficial writers, are sent forth simply to maintain the truth of opinions which actual experiment and observation have long since shown to be false.

The incipient stages of any new science are necessarily accompanied by a limited range of facts; consequently, thousands of vague and imperfect ideas float, for a time, in the hazy region of opinion, but which, by means of observation and experiment are gradually brought into the clear and lucid atmosphere of evidence and demonstration, and are thereby shown to be either facts or fiction—true or false; if found to be false, they are consigned to oblivion; if true, they are consecrated to science.

As soon as a competent knowledge of any subject is attained, that is to say, when we have investigated the subject with diligence and attention, when we have performed experiments and made observations, when, by a careful and extensive introduction of particulars or widely-collected analogies, we have established a conclusion upon the solid basis of demonstration, then we cease to conjecture—we cease to hold opinion; we are then, in relation to that particular subject, in possession of a matter of fact, upon which we can base our actions with the greatest human certainty. Opinions are ideas founded on conjecture, and conjecture is founded upon ignorance; facts, on the contrary, are founded upon knowledge, which is the result of investigation and experience; cognate facts, classified constitute science.

TRUTH, SCIENCE, FACT, OPINION.

THE NOBILITY AND BEAUTY OF SCIENCE.

Science! thou fair effusive ray
 From the great source of mental day
 Free, generous, and refined,
 Descend with all thy treasures fraught,
 Illumine each bewildered thought,
 And bless my labouring mind.

But first, with thy resistless light,
 Disperse these phantoms from my sight,
 Those mimic shades of thee;
 The scholastic learning—sophist cant—
 The visionary bigot's rant—
 The monk's philosophy.

O let thy powerful charms impart
 The patient head—the candid heart
 Devoted to thy sway,
 Which no weak passions e'er mislead,
 Which still with dauntless steps proceed
 Where Reason points the way!

Give me to learn each secret cause;
 Let Numbers, Figures, Motion's laws
 Revealed before me stand;
 These to great Nature's scenes apply,
 And round the globe, and through the sky,
 Disclose her working hand.

Next to thy nobler search designed,
 The busy, restless, human mind
 Through every maze pursue;
 Detect perception where it lies,
 Catch the ideas as they rise,
 And all their changes view.

Say, from what simple springs began
 The vast ambitious thoughts of man,
 Which range beyond control,
 Which seek eternity to trace,
 Dive through the infinity of space,
 And strain to grasp the whole?

Her secret stores let Memory tell,
 And Fancy quit her fairy cell
 In all her colours dressed,
 While, prompt her sallies to control,
 Reason, the judge, recalls the soul
 To Truth's severest test.

Then launch through Being's wide extent ;
Let the fair scale with just ascent
 And cautious steps be trod ;
And from the dead corporeal mass,
Through each progressive Order pass
 To instinct, Reason, God.

There, Science ! veil thy daring eye,
Nor dive too deep, nor soar too high,
 In that divine Abyss.
To Faith content thy beams to lend,
Her hopes to assure, her steps befriend,
 And light her way to bliss.

Then downward take thy flight again ;
Mix with the politics of men,
 And social Nature's ties ;
The plan, the genius of each state,
Its interest and its powers relate,
 Its fortunes and its rise.

Through private life pursue thy course,
Trace every action to its source,
 And means and motives weigh ;
Put tempters, passions in the scale.
Mark what degrees in each prevail,
 And fix the doubtful away.

That last best effort of thy skill,
To form the life and rule the will,
 Propitious power impart.
Teach me to cool my passion's fires,
Make me the judge of my desires,
 The master of my heart.

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,
 And all in life that's mean ;
Still true to reason be my plan,
Still let my actions speak the man,
 Through every various scene.

Hail ! queen of manners, light of truth ;
Hail ! charm of age and guide of youth,
 Sweet refuge of distress.
In business thou, exact, polite ;
Thou giv'st retirement its delight,
 Prosperity its grace.

Of wealth, power, freedom, thou the cause ;
Foundress of order, cities, laws ;
Of arts inventress, thou !
Without thee, what were human kind ?
How vast their wants, their thoughts how blind ;
Their joys how mean, how few ?
Sun of the soul, thy beams unveil !
Let others spread the daring sail
On Fortune's faithless sea ;
While undeluded, happier I
From the vain tumult timely fly,
And sit in peace with thee.

ALANSIDE.





CHAPTER X.

It was my good fortune to be riding with an eye-witness of the late Zulu War, and as I took the trouble to verify his statements, I can vouch for their accuracy and truth, and, in printing them, I give to the world facts not hitherto made known, which, if they will not make out some historians of the past liars, will not give them all the credit of speaking the truth. This man maintained, and fiercely so, that much harm had been done by the missionaries, and that the so-called Exeter Hall influence was a curse to South Africa. Dr. Colenso found the Zulu a simple logical heathen, as he called him, and that you could not steal a march upon many of them, either in argument or trading. I little thought, when searching for truth, and reading this clever but dishonest doctor's Pentateuch, that I should in after years ride and walk over the same ground, and test much that he had written respecting the Zulus. My long residence in Africa has given me much information, that, if only made known, would be the means of dismissing all South African missionaries, and the need of their public lying in Exeter Hall so constantly. This may appear strong language—I mean it to be strong. It is time that these men ceased from publicly falsifying facts, hoodwinking old ladies, and working upon the feelings of tender-hearted people.

An unfortunate Rev. Robins told Cetewayo of an everlasting hell, to which all would go if they did not believe the Gospel he preached. The idea of an Eternal Hell was so repugnant and inconsistent to this king of the so-called savages, that he denied it was possible that, if the missionaries' God was good and all-powerful, such a place could last for ever, and not only would he deny this, he would positively prove the same. His country is full of

wood, and on a certain day, at his command, about twenty tons of that fuel was gathered in a certain place, and afterwards set fire to. When the whole mass was one pile of red glow, he gave the order to his men to tramp, tramp it all out, and, incredulous as it may appear, in the presence of his people and the missionary, his men rushed in with their usual bare feet, and left nothing undone until the whole of the fire was crushed out, and then turning round, asked the Gospeller, if he by command could get that fire put out, the all-powerful God or King that he talked of, could put the Hell out he described as being made, and kept going for ever and ever; hundreds were burnt frightfully, but, at the order of their king, they willingly did this work. It has always been the interest of the missionaries to make out this king as one of the worst, and that he was hated by his subjects. This is a missionary lie. It is well known now that the natives will not believe their sayings as gospel, and it is therefore their interest to create discord, and to work for the occupation of the English to be tolerated and supported in their midst; and they fully know that, so long as the arm of England is not near to protect them, in the form of guns, bullets and bayonets, they run the risk of being turned out as impostors. The fact is, the truth is peeping out. These men are suspected of being great liars, who call themselves followers of Christ. They are known as such in England by those who, like myself, have lived in South Africa, and, as such, are treated with contempt, which no amount of prayer to their gods will alter or remove. This narrator came into bad odour, because, at one of their out-door meetings, one of the reverends assured the natives, whatever they asked of God, if asked in faith, would be granted to them. One *faithful* fellow, in his simplicity, placed his empty snuff-box before him, and, with all faith, not a little, requested that it should be filled. After waiting a long time, and finding it still empty, he rose with disgust, and, with a look of contempt, which from a savage Zulu is by no means a pretty one, coolly walked away, and persuaded his companions to do likewise, and put no faith in a man who told them to have faith which was not to be relied upon. The Rev. Robins

thought this trader had put the black man up to do this; and he afterwards found that his credit was run down to do him an injury, not, as he preached, to do him good, and the same to all men. This man, Howe, was afterwards interpreter to Lord Chelmsford, in Zululand, and with Sir Garnet Wolseley, in the Secoconi War, and he can testify to all this truth. He often asked, what, in the name of patience, could these men give as an advantage to the Zulus. They at no time show them how to improve their stock, raise their corn, or in any way help them to create wealth; but their cry to these natives, is, believe us, and their horse leech cry, give to us, give to us, we are the servants of the Most High. But the Zulu rightfully protests against being imposed upon by such turned-out imposters from England's shores. King Cetewayo was at all times favourable to the English people, and it made him indignant when the cry of the missionaries and others who, for selfish purposes, maintained to the contrary. The following incident will show the fact, and which was not an isolated case. The blood-sacrifice was not a crime, from a Zulu point of view, nor is it worse than what is done in Europe to-day, by what is called civilized monarchs, and advocated by the privileged classes. This Howe and two others, like many other inhabitants of Natal, had permission to hunt in Zululand. This party of three, while out, a Zulu for plunder took up a gun of one of them, and not knowing he had companions in the bush, then looking round, like "Old Moses," to see if anyone was near, deliberately shot the man in the head, *dead*, and then walked off with the gun to his kraal. This horrible tragedy was seen by his companions, and reported by them to the king. The man Howe was a known runner in a hunt, and was known to the king as the guinea pig, and the king assured him that he would show him how he punished the people who robbed and shot his friend, the white man, who killed his vermin in his forest, and who traded with him peacefully. With an armed force of about 70 men, and with this Howe to show them the kraal, they went to execute justice. They marched until they arrived at the kraal, the gate of the stockaded kraal was closed, and the man pointed

out who had done the deed. The gun was found in the man's hut, and instead, as the man Howe thought, the guilty man being taken before the king for punishment, he was horrified to witness the killing of every man, woman and child; the dwellers in the kraal making no resistance, knowing this was all according to Kaffir law. As the wrong was done the whole family were punished for the guilty one. Now, as this was the usual law, the King was only in his right. While the killing was going on, and this man stood at the gate, a little boy ran to him for safety, but the act being seen, he was fetched and killed with the rest. Prior to his death, Howe pleaded hard for his life, but he was told, no, it could not be granted, for if he lived to maturity, he would grow up to hate the white man, and then perhaps even he might be killed by the one he saved. After this deed of vengeance for a white man murdered, the avengers returned to the king. Thus the enemies of his friends had been duly punished. Now this is Kaffir law, and until they agree to do otherwise, who can say it is not the right course to pursue under all the circumstances. The civilised rule, so called, is to go into foreign lands at the behest of a king, queen, emperor or empress, shoot, slay and lay waste, and then in the name of their dynastic wholesale butcher, take possession and raise their respective wholesale employers' flags, singing praises and songs in rejoicing. Witness the land-stealing process and theory of the Portuguese at the mouth of the Congo, for ages a nominal possession; but no sooner does a Stanley discover to the world the splendid internal water shed and navigable way to the interior, than these lazy Portuguese (who were too indolent to search out the interior by going constantly up the river until they found the source of the Nile, and the other internal mighty streams that flowed East, North, West and South, to irrigate this mighty dark Continent), with all the insolence of brigands lay claim to the interior, without the slightest consideration of the native, and even dares to claim the whole on the plea that they being the first to break into the possession of, and thus they cannot allow other thieves to take a share, and yet call themselves Christians, and constantly pray that they may be done by as

they perform to others. The time has come when all rivers must be free, and that no interference must be enforced in opposition to the owners of the soil, other than a strict course of free trade, as agreed upon—mutual understanding. No nation, commercial or otherwise, has any right to compel natives to buy of the foreigner, and in any way to submit to the interference of the trader. I know all this will open up delicate questions, and the right of English control in India, China, and elsewhere; but I, as an Englishman, no more excuse dirty tricks carried out by my nation, than I do of the late attempt of the Germans to set up a monopoly at Angra Pequena on the West coast below Cape Town, the days of such public Port stealing must end, if the name of respectable honesty is to be attached to any men of any or all nations. But something like this king practised was performed in the last century in the Glen of Glencoe by a Christian band led on by a Christian officer, because some mistake had occurred by their chief, making the whole tribe responsible for the forgetfulness or the folly of its hereditary chieftain, because this chieftain, desiring to be let alone, had not hastened to swear allegiance to the foreigner on a throne; and later on, have we not the most advanced, and so called Christian England holding districts in Ireland, responsible for the acts of those who in a rage at the constant torture, starvation practised and continued against them by the nominees of City undertaking Companies, and the descendants of Norman and German aristocracy to fleece them at all times, rack-rent them, and in one form or another rob or plunder them, as if they were out of the pale of civilisation, and to be treated as if they were white Irish Africanders, only to be coerced by the shooters and bayonet users, at the dictate of their masters as they think proper. All honour to the outspoken Irish who protest against the land robbers and sellers, perhaps some or all the Lord Bishops of the present House of Incapables, called a House of Lords, will explain how it comes to pass, that with all the light and knowledge supposed to be known and practised, that such devilish, bloodthirsty, inhuman tricks can be played out, either in or out of South Africa, in this age, and that such land monopolies for individual greed at the expense

of the toilers of the soil, can be allowed and continued under any organised, barbarised, or civilized forces.

THE ACRES AND THE MEN.

A billion of acres of unsold land
Are lying in grievous dearth,
And millions of men in the image of God,
Are starving all over the earth !
O tell me, ye sons of humanity,
How much men's lives are worth ?

Ten hundred millions of acres good
That never knew spade or plough,
And a million of souls in our goodly land
Are pining in want, I trow,
And orphans are crying for bread this day,
And widows in misery how !

To whom do these acres of land belong ?
And why do they thriftless lie ?
And why is the widow's lament unheard,
And stifled the orphan's cry ?
And why are storehouse and prison full,
And the gallows tree high ?

Those millions of acres belong to man,
And his claim is that he needs !
And his title is signed by the hand of God—
Our God, who the raven feeds ;
And the starving soul of each famishing man
At the throne of justice pleads.

Ye may not heed it, ye haughty men,
Whose hearts as rocks are cold
But the time will come when the fiat of God
In the thunder shall be told !
For the voice of the great I AM hath said
That the "land shall not be sold."

The missionaries talk a great deal about the number of wives, and constantly cry out about the awful crime of polygamy, forgetting that it is quite a European habit. Now let me here say, that I am an advocate for monogamy, not as some religious fanatic might say a practitioner in polygamy. While speaking of the habits of this king, one has to be constantly careful of the statements of these holy men, who

traduce those in opposition to them on these questionable facts and practices and their pretended soul-hunger. If the king had many wives, it was, and is mainly due to Zulu custom. It is said that the mother of the Sultan of Turkey always provides yearly a number of women to his harem, on the principal of increasing, by the best means, the number of the faithful. So in the Zulu fashion, a number of women are always about, and are ready and willing to become mother's of princes and princesses, so called. Now, if it, as it often does happen, that his chief's should, as it is found, by the courtiers of European courts, a lively good-looking woman or girl from their point of view, they sing her praises, and as it happens that that is sung loudly so that the king may hear of it, he invites the dark handsome beauty to his kraal, and if he takes a fancy to her, and thinks she is worthy to be the mother of princes of his blood, she becomes a recognised wife, much to the gladdening of the heart of her father, who thinks and knows he is honoured by the connection; and in most cases, to the gratification of the maiden, who thinks it an honour to be related to a king with the possibility of being dowager-queen-mother. Their sense of beauty may be different to our princes and our coming K—, who at one time prefers black hair, dark eyes, swarthy skin, at other times blue eyes, light auburn hair, and fair skin, and the many other varieties to be found in all the courts of Europe, and who are at the back of any of the princes who are rich enough to buy their favours or marry them after the morganic fashion, but which our good bishops, with an eye to their future interest, only wink at, and never in the slightest way indicate their horror of such conduct, that even is to be found in the court of Purity, called the Victorian. For fear of a mistake, don't let me be misunderstood. Not only are there thousands who are to be bought by princes and a coming K—, let who like say to the contrary; but thousands among the aristocracy and other women, who, either for love as it is termed, lust—it should be called—or the honour and pleasure of becoming mothers of children by —, such hopeful coming kings, and having such would be proud of such offsprings; and many would treat with scorn if payment were offered, but would jump for

joy if they could secure the attention of a king. We may talk and prate of the virtue of our women of the upper and middle classes, but they, in nature, know no barrier, and they might even indignantly answer, why should they not be the mothers of princes, without the sanction or a public blessing, given at a time when they publicly announce by ostentation, that, having been modest so long, they then are about entering into bonds of sexual intercourse from the altar of their mammon. For, when they are assured by the archbishops, assisted by the innumerable train of white-surpliced priests of their temple, who even, for the time being, turn their Cathedrals into a temple of Venus; and if they fear to offer money, they still practice as the ancient first comers did, in their old Temple of Venus, for the benefit of the then priesthood. The modern bishops and priests sell their services, and receive payment for the use of the House of their God, and virtually, as their Christ said of His people's Temple—and what to them is the highest, their house of prayer—they turn into a house or den of thieves, and a public exhibition of men and women. Entering into natural conditions of life, as a matter of comparison, I think the best of the position is that of the Zulu. He does not, with a pomp, make one wife the head ornament; and while solemnly swearing to endow her with all his earthly goods (a very few goods if the labour of princes had to produce them), and to cleave to that one henceforth, and no other, and yet often to do his very best in the opposite direction; and with a large allowance voted by Parliament, and that at the expense of other men's toil, they keep their wife's mistresses. I have no objection to Princes of Christian, or any other so-called nation, marrying publicly or privately, morganatically, or any other form, so long as they maintain their position and wives out of their own labour; but how, in the name of common decency, can they ask, time after time, for a subsistence, at the public expense, thus converting themselves into paupers, on a level with the general genuine paupers of all countries is more than I dare to fathom. Educated pauper mendacity can go no further. At all this the head grows sick, and the heart grows faint at the fearful hypocrisy of our

times, and by the would-be advertised Simon Pures of the churches of all sects, and the magnified chastity of our Princes and Princesses of all courts. Good heavens, who now would maintain a Catherine of Russia with her full grown grenadiers, was to be found in the — Victoria, or that the first gentleman of Europe in the person of our coming K—. But when we find a gillie dying worth thousands, and a large number of Fitzes about, one is apt to be a little suspicious of them and their Cambridge habitations, and how they board themselves so privately. When shall we all live a natural existence, whether in Zululand or in any other land, echo—for many years, perhaps, centuries will echo when. The priest and modern monger of the religious sects are so delighted to perform an operation on their neighbours, and then their sight is so clear to see the mote they *make* on other's eyes, that they have no time to look into a glass to find the beam in their own. Why, the Christian of to-day is worse than the Turk of yesterday, and for my proof let English History show, and in my future "Walks Through London," I shall have the pleasure and pain of giving in print for the edification of all parties, for I fully intend doing the same with all my heart and strength, to the future disgrace of the shams and the glory of man, and if ever I should sit in the Council of Downing-street, or have the delight of being a wet nurse to the coming statesman, I will help to remove the living imposters of all classes. Another complaint against Cetewayo, was, that he caused his subjects to kill each other. Now this and many other subjects need explanation. At all his feasts, to the delight of all his young strong men of a regiment, they were expected to show their power and strength in beating an older regiment in a kind of court tournament, and if their cry is not "God defend the right," it is life to the strongest and most skilful, when the old regiments were pitted against them as opponents; they who came out of these sham battles, were great warriors and worthy of life; but they who showed no aptitude for warriors, were removed, and not troubled about; they were of the weak, and not fit for any undertaking in life. Now, in another form, this was the practise of the

ancients, and is the practise of the moderns. If not in European barracks and sham-fight fields and other military exercises, white men now are not pitted against each other; how many thousands die in being unused to the hardships preceding the completion of our human slaying machines for general home or foreign slaughter, and with what pleasure and satisfaction the Prince-made Colonels, Commanders and wearers of all kinds of decorations never secured as the outcome of any valiant deed or achievement, look on and admire, while they forget the maimed and defeated, but afterwards congratulate the survivors and successful, who are fools enough to be pleased be at the beck and call of the do-nothings, and know-nothings, in the shape of our tailor-made Princes, and other titled walking unfortunates, who are all maintained at the public expense; and which Englishmen notice—not the foreigner that is within his gates. Good heavens! when shall we cease to complain of all the importations and Norman and other montrosities that are created, maintained, and condoned at the public expense, and even blessed by the clerical portion of the community in the churchès, before High Heaven, and, as they say, before the ever to be highest. The battle of Isandula was a mistake in all its movements. The insolent conduct of the military men, who would not listen about the fighting customs and manners of the land, the spreading out in an extended line against advice given, the lardy-dardy tailor-made officers, breeding contempt among the common soldiers by their want of ordinary skill, but which would be mutiny to *doubt* and not to obey, led to the vilest surprise and sacrifice of life on record—a standing disgrace to the General when once in the toils—and if not known on the part of the would-be wise men who were in command, nevertheless arranged for, until passion and madness at the sight of so many stomach-ripping-open spears and machines, in the hands of the Zulu savages led to the cry, God for us all, and the devil take the hindmost. And thus another chapter of disasters befell another of England's interference of the liberties of a people, at the behest of missionaries and the traders in Zululand. The after disasters were but the sequence of the first mistakes, the honouring of the two officers for

running away on the fleetest horses they could secure, with the flag of the 24th, for the sake of regimental money and other considerations is not too creditable to their bravery, but rather to their cowardice; and for such cowardice met their reward in their death at the drift. Their place was with their men, and if need must, to die with them, sword in hand and flag by their side. Some may say, speak not unkindly of the dead—what, speak not of the dead if they have dishonoured themselves and their country! Why, if possible, with greater strength than a Moses, I would hold up my arms and tongue in execration of such conduct in the interest of the living. False teaching and pride must not let us unsay what we know of those who have not done well. The false idea that they who die in the Lord, or who are prayed-for-ones, who, if the prayers like so to say, are sure of a certain resurrection of the body, although they know it is a corruptible, and at times an ugly one in the bargain, adds to the wretched system we have of honouring the dead unworthy, and forgetting the worthy, for the sake of not allowing any scared conscience to exist, and to create an emulation for good and all true things. It is time that we understood the Egyptian idea of judging the dead after death, and burying in proportion to their deserts. In this case sons would emulate good fathers, and daughters good mothers; men make good citizens, not as now, when after spending a short and a merry life, get absolution on the cheap or at low prices at the last with the prospect of a future home in the skies, and if well off to live in a mansion prepared for them—after not forgetting to tax their fellow-men of the labour of their hands to subsidize the workers of what they are pleased to call their Lord's vineyard. Good gracious, what jokes these men do perpetuate who toil not, who spin not, but live on the fat of the land. Shall we ever get rid of such jokers? Glory to the men who will hasten the day for the jokers' sake, and as well for the joked upon; they may be long-suffering, but look out when they are tired of such long-suffering, weeping, and gnashing of their teeth; treading upon a rattle-snake will be no joke or fun in those days. One of the saddest sights at Isandula was the hanging up with ropes, back to back, of two little

drummer boys, and in that awful position, spears driven through them, impaling them until death ended their torture. But who are to blame for boys of tender years being turned into combatants in any campaign ; perhaps motherless, fatherless. What associations to be brought up among in a camp of soldiers, and yet the leaders of a national Church never complain, and philanthropists look on and smile blandly, and it is left for the heathen to draw attention to all this, and for fear that there should be a howl of indignation against the Zulu for all this, for it will only be a howl. Just think how many years ago the Father of the Church called National help to mutilate, burn, and even boys, in Christian times, hung up, because they were in opposition to the powers that were, and were not content at the position that the landlords and moneylords desired them to occupy, and then afterwards quartered them, and exposed them in the public places. Even a giant among men—our Cromwell—was not allowed to rest in peace ; his body must needs be burnt, and his ashes strewn to the wind ; but, thanks to the efforts of the past men, we can honour his statue at Westminster now. Many a poor man, who but complained justly, was done to death ; his head and heart placed on a spike, not because they had committed treason against the true and holy, but protested against those who had committed treason against the rights of men and women, let the history of the past truly testify. If fighting must be done, let men who know what they are about, and may expect, enter the fields of carnage. But the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals are more considerate than our modern German Duke of Cambridge and other commanders. This Society will protect the young animal, the sick and the aged ; but who cries out about our children in the Army and Navy ? Who are the fags, and sometimes worse, of the officers and men, and *who thinks* of the sick and aged soldier, but never forgets the half-pay officer, and the pension to the titled sinecurists. Come, let us all reason together, and alter all things, if we wish England and the world to be prosperous and happy. The stupid ultimatum, the invasion and after disasters, and fighting, and capture of Cetewayo was a crime

on the part of Sir Bartle Frere and his accomplices ; but the sending back of the King to Zululand was the last blunder of fools. The locating him, his wives and family, and his cattle in Natal, somewhere, would have answered all the requirements of the King and family. A defeated, a conquered and imprisoned King was a thing of contempt to men who only knew how to honour success. Many Zulus remembered their King in his days of prosperity, and might be willing to give cattle or money even afterwards, but honour or allegiance they felt they no longer owed him. They are not prepared to go so far as the old unreliable Carthagenians, as to put to death their unsuccessful men, General or King ; but a defeated monarch is virtually dead to them, and, therefore, all allegiance and help is passed on to the next successful chief man. There is nothing wonderful in all this, or even strange. The same has occurred in ancient times, and even in India, in the past and present century. Generals and men of the army going over to the successful General, and, for the time being, serving him, so long as the pay was sure, and serving him so long as he held his own against his enemies. And so it will be to the end of the fighting era—so long as we have soldiers, who are as fighting machines, and not defenders of their country. The English army of to-day is a mercenary one, equipped and maintained for offensive, and not defensive warfare ; and under a National name commits violent and questionable deeds. The English must not forget that the Zulu King was always friendly to the English, and never invaded Natal, although he could have done so with ease ; but of course, when invaded and attacked, they felt it was their duty to kill, and if they did it rudely they did but kill. If modern science shows white men how to kill scientifically, at present they have not learnt the art of painless warfare if they have of killing animals that are to be used for man cannibals and meat-eaters, any more than the savage.

Such were my thoughts as we rode along, until my attention was drawn to the fact that Barkley East was on my left, the capital of the new jumped land by the poor Dutch in Tembuland, where, to their annoyance, they had to retire

from, until they purchased from the Colonial Government the right of hiring, and where no squatting was allowed, but which they afterwards found so cold and unsuitable for their cattle, that they lost their cattle stock and household goods. On my right was to be seen Penhoek, around which hill a splendid road had been made to facilitate traffic to the up-country district, and which I so well remember when I walked over on my eventful tour three years before, on my way from Aliwal to Calligans; a man and a gentleman, the proprietor of a large farm and a general store, and who having learnt that I, rather than wait another week for the post-cart, had walked in the day-time, and availed myself of the wagon at night, had only taken three days for the trip, and who so hospitably entertained me, and, with some inconvenience to himself, carried me in his buggy into Queenstown. The earlist ride, and certainly the most enjoyable, it was my good fortune to have had in South Africa, and who, when requested to make his usual charges for accommodation and ride, in the most gentlemanly manner, intimated he had no charge to make to me, to which I objected; but he calmly and firmly assured me that such was the pleasure of the new ideas that I had given him, that he could not charge me. The first proof of a gentleman that I had at that time met with, alas! though many look upon me as a heathen, and an enigma, but as it is not now gentlemanly in these days to call me a infidel, or atheist, although like all, born an atheist without the knowledge of a God. I cannot assert what I know not, and although many say they almost believe I am, although they agree with me in much, I have full hope the time will come when truth and even righteousness will cover the earth. But gainsay the truth who may, we cannot invent a new religion, but we can make known new ideas, to give peace, delight and happiness, to the whole human family. My attention was drawn to a Kaffir station, and the remarks of a Mrs. Big-Field, who had been a missionary's daughter, but, fortunately for herself married to a Big-Field, a member of Parliament, who possessed considerable wealth. It is an old adage that a light heel makes a heavy hand, and this was verified in her case. Her personal appearance was not too pre-

possessing, but her early education and bringing up, as they say, was bad, and certainly not of the best. One of the helpless class of women that must have a servant for every little matter, and as a consequence at the mercy of her helps; so helpless, she admitted, that if it was necessary to cook before she could eat the food, she believed she would go without. It is something cruel the way girls are trained in this South Africa, all rely upon a dirty bush girl, or an unwashed Kaffir, to prepare the food, cook and clean up, and thus it is lost sight of by the controller of the house, that for the want of a good clean well prepared dinner, indigestion and many other ills of life are to be traced.

A good stomach is an aid to digestion. Carlyle prophesied that the kitchen range was to be considered a sort of throne and altar of the future, and that the gridiron was to be brandished as a censor in the coming temple of humanity. Some theories look very much as if the good time was coming that way. The theory is that the stomach dominates the conscience through the appetites, and the way to save the race is to get it sound at the core. It is held that religion cannot act on a bad stomach—the result of poor cooking. That conscience only touches the head, and cannot get it right without savory food. That stimulants and a thousand panaceas that men look to are only whips that fail in the long run. All these remedies seem to argue a deep-felt need of aid, and, having tried many things, it is only fair to give the kitchen a good, honest probation, though, perhaps, it may be well to remember, as a hint, that men never will get right on bread, or even on the best cooking alone.

The woman that neglects the cooking of good food, as a rule, is a bad nurse and house manager, and, for want of knowledge and timely aid, their little ones are neglected when suffering from colds, left to the tender mercies of their black nurses who, with their usual callousness, sit them on cold stones, or place them in draughts, or forget to change their clothes, in a climate that suffers from such extreme changes from cold to heat, heat to cold. As the sun goes down a chill is given, which finally consigns the children to an early grave; as was the case with this young mother, and thus

again the philosopher realized that all nature's efforts and one of her proudest outcomes—a human being—was lost to society, to the want and wisdom of a mother, and the due care of a servant. It is a lamentable fact in Africa, that when a man marries the wife of his choice, she in neglecting or being unable to undertake the necessary duties, compels the husband to slave, not only for his wife, but for a black house girl and a black boy for general work, wood chopping, and water carrying, who live upon the poor man without having the true opportunity of earning their wages, or fully occupying their time, but who act as an incessant sponge upon his income, and if allowed to take care of the larder, will waste more than would keep in comfort the husband and wife, so that for want of proper supervision he is constantly kept poor through the want of proper management on the part of his wife. Men tire of simple bedroom companions, they need something more if life is to wear its happiest aspects, and well it will be when women realize this. Men in the past, and in these days have, and are making all the efforts possible to help women in their domestic arrangements, for what with the sewing machine, labour and other saving machines for cooking, and utensils for the house, it is quite possible for wives to help themselves in much. The great difficulty of existence in these days does not allow men to marry, and anticipate their wives to be useless, and to have a need to call for outside help for every domestic duty. The common Kaffirs are complaining that the plough has not improved the industry of their women, or made them better, for they were occupied when they hoed the ground. It gave them less time for that everlasting gossip so dear to the females of all races; but for the want of general improvement in the huts and clothing even the Kaffir would object to machinery. The time has now arrived when the idea that the black women are slaves to hard labour must be exploded. They never have had to work hard; the general lives of both male and female of the dark races, is of the easiest and jolliest of the kind that human beings can enjoy. Thousands of women and men in the centre of all the European nations would be glad to change their working time for that of the

blacks. It is the interest of the missionary to maintain to the contrary, but when it is understood that the Kaffir needs but little clothing, and that their children require none ; that they have no domestic duties that will occupy them for two hours a day ; that if the woman hoe, sow and gathered corn, that this again, all through the year, would not be three hours a day, and that the boys and men look after the cattle and general defences, it will be seen that they are not overworked, and thus it happens that they have so much time to spend over the Kaffir beer pot, and the going to and fro from village to village, making merry and passing away time in full physical enjoyment over the mealies and milk so readily and easily procured by the Kaffirs in all parts of Africa, notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary ; but it is quite different among the white population of South Africa, wives and little ones must be clothed from head to foot, and this means continual expense, when it is remembered that most all things are imported, and, therefore, so much dearer than in England. It, therefore, follows that wives must be useful, and not mere consumers of all that a husband can secure. They should be something more than table addition makers to the world's number, and their pride should consist in not how little they know, or can do, or what it is possible they cannot do, if circumstances need their help. We do not want any addition of blue stockings, or mere piano destroyers, or trained up shop assistants, or telegraphists, but women that can always help, if need be, in the kitchen, nursery, and home details, without being a drudge or a slave, and understand all these general matters, as much as a man is expected to understand the details, and to perform, without thinking he suffers in pride, when he fulfils his daily labour by the sweat of his brow. A good industrious woman, like a good industrious husband, is above all price ; but if women are not trained up better, men will hesitate to have their lives marred and their responsibilities increased early or late in their existence. So brothers and fathers look out, and, instead of again arguing how it is possible to marry on three hundred a year, let your wisdom be shown how it is possible to marry and live upon less ;

and here let me close this chapter with the utterances of a wise woman, in hope that a word to the wise will indeed be sufficient.

THE WORK YOUNG GIRLS MIGHT DO.

I wish it were in my power to persuade young girls, who wonder what they shall do to earn a living, that it is really better to choose some business that is in the line of woman's natural work. There is great repugnance at the thought of being a servant; but a girl is no less a servant to the man who owns the shop where she stands all day behind the counter than she is where she waits at the table, or cooks the dinner in a pleasant house; and to my mind there would not me a minute's question between the two ways of going out to service. The wages are better, the home is better, the freedom and liberty are double in one what they are in the other. If, instead of the sham service that is given by ignorant and really overpaid servants to-day, sensible New England girls, who are anxious to be taking care of themselves, and earning good wages, would fit themselves at the cooking schools, or any way they found available, they would not long wait for employment, and would be valued immensely by their employers. When one realizes how hard it is to find good women for every kind of work in our houses, and what prices many rich people are more than willing to pay if they can be well suited, it is a wonder more girls are not ready to seize the chance. It is because such work has been always so carelessly and badly done, that it has fallen into disrepute, and the doers of it have taken such low rank. Nobody takes the trouble to fit herself properly; but women trust to being taught, and finding out their duties after they assume such positions, not before.

SARAH O. JEWETT.

DO THE THING WELL.

Do the thing well, whatever you do !
In darning a stocking, or cobbling a shoe,
Or cleaning a drain, or sweeping the street,—
Do the thing well, and do it complete.

Ever remember that honour is won,
Less by what is, than how it is done ;
Noble natures ennoble the homeliest toil,
Love filling their labours with sunshine the while.

Do the thing well, and do with your might,
What'er comes to hand that's useful and right ;
We grow up beyond what is worthily wrought—
Mean labour sinks down to a meaner thought.

Shrink not from hardship ; the faint heart that cowers
From facing the wind, or meeting the showers,
Can never grow up to that sturdy strength
The brave-hearted win from their labours at length.

Never grudge labour ; pains taking still,
In giving the finish, gaineth the skill :
Our future grows up from the tiniest seeds
Scattered around us in every-day deeds.

The Present weaves up from the acts of to-day,
Habits that cleave to our life all the way ;
The shackles that bind us for many a year,
We rivet on willingly now, and here.

In the Future the spirit may struggle in vain.
To rend itself loose from the galling chain ;
The slothful man's lion, that lurks in our path,
If we flee from him now, may hunt us to death.

He who is faithful in little, we know,
Up to the heights of a kingdom shall grow ;
While he who stands trifling, 'mid life's little things,
All his wealth flits away on vanity's wings.

Then, Youth in thy freedom, and Strength in thy power.
Chain now to thy service the swift passing hour ;
Fix it a gem in thy future's fair crown,
By faithfulness make every moment thine own.

B. H. F.





CHAPTER XI.

AT this stage of our journey, while turning sharp round the hill, I was horrified to find that our six horses were uncontrollable, and at last, in fear, the coachman placed the ends of the reins at the back of him, with the urgent request that the male passengers would pull back with all their might, strength, and soul, if they desired to save an upset; and for one mile it was a race, and a question who would win. I urged the coachman, for the sake of the ladies and the whole of us, not to let go the break; but the harder he seemed to press the break, we could see no perceptible check. At last, with our continual holding on, this fearful race was ended, and we found ourselves on the plain at the foot of the hill. Then, having time to investigate the cause of being unable to bring the coach to a stand while hurrying down the hill, we all, to our inexpressible horror, found that it was not, as supposed, due to the extra amount of corn that by some mistake the groom had given these horses, but that it was simply due to the carelessness of the in-spanner, at the previous stage, not having packed the break afresh; so that in reality our break could not bite the wheel—that what we relied upon at all times to control the coach, and save us from destruction, was as much wanting as if no control had been provided for. With deep and long mutterings of no good feeling for that in-spanner, with nerves steadying and courage reviving, we rode on until we came to a large Kaffir station, at which we had the break made serviceable, and as usual found the missionaries, like the monks of old, had pitched themselves on the best lands, but, unlike the said monks, their land was but a barren waste.

Personally I have always admired the Religion of Labour, taught and *practised* by the old monks on the land around

their ancient abbeys and monasteries. Certainly, if tilled fields, well-gathered fruits of the earth, and afterwards well stored up in some of the best-built storehouses that, at that time, England could boast of. And, I may here remark, apart from religion, that these Church lands were cultivated with a full belief in the dignity of Labour, and until the greed of a King Henry the Eighth, with the hungry nobles that surrounded him, with violence took the possessions of the Church away to enrich themselves, want and destitution was unknown in England among its peasantry or its working classes. No man then needed to be idle, for his willing hands were welcome; there was no one asking for labour then and unable to secure it, and without a full recompense. But all this ended when the Ignobles of Henry's time took violent possession of these Church lands as private property. One could have forgiven these men if, finding that the Church had misused such splendid land for the benefit of the people, they had, in another form, nationalised them, but—as I shall show in my future history of the land robbers of that and after time—to take possession of them as their own private property, and, as time rolled on, to lay the burden of their support upon the peasantry of England, and afterwards free the land from taxes, as they did in the reign of William III., is so outrageous upon common honesty, that the wonder is that any body of legislators can sanction the continuance of such illegal possession and confiscation that are continually being carried out by the descendants of the first land thieves, and which must now cease. The lands in the possession of the nobility were stolen from the Church and the people in common.

The time is now arrived for the English people, as a whole, to take possession of all again, for the benefit of all, and no special class. I advocate no private ownership in land. For ages the peasant has been looked upon as a slave, as an outcast, always kept at a starvation point. As a man and a worker he has as much skill in his department as any of the trade unionists, and, apart from the difference in the cost of living, entitled to as fair a pay for his out-door labour as the mechanic or artizan of our towns. Generations ago, and now,

all villages of England could boast of an abundance of hands, whose skill in their own calling was varied and exact. A good farm labourer could drive a furrow over a fifty-acre field with a precision that was almost artistic. Again, ditching and draining in some of England's wet soils require as much skill as ploughing; for, not only must the farm hand do his work straight, but he must, by his rule of thumb, estimate the fall which he can distribute over the space through which the drain is carried to its outfall. He knew, and knows how to mow the thick grass so as to leave the field even, and to reap so as to show a short and equal stubble. He can build a hay or corn-rick in the open, with just that increasing diameter which the material will bear, and with complete regularity. He can thatch with the smallest amount of straw, and with almost certainty of protection from rain; knowing by habit the exact incline at which the thatch should be put, so as to secure these possibilities. He can clip a hedge so as to have it strong and even, and take his part in shearing sheep in a most perfect manner. He has much general knowledge of farming, and is at all times able to see, if not arrest disease in horses, cattle, sheep, or pigs. As a rule, he knows as much, if not more, than the gentleman farmer, or his employer; for his faculties have been concentrated upon land, and especially the land on which he has been born and laboured, and his forefathers before him. As a rule these old-fashioned farm men are, for general skill and all-round rural ability, far more ahead than the townsman, who so often sneer at the mention of the ability of his country fellow-working-man.

At the present time the agricultural labourer's condition in England is the most deplorable of all. Despised and kept down, he is doomed to wretchedness, poverty, and want. He is virtually a white wage-slave, looked upon in some cases as a social outcast, working for a pittance that barely affords him the necessities of life—this to the everlasting disgrace of all who are responsible for such a wretched state of things. The same results are to be found all over what is called civilized Europe, and even now in America, since monopolists and English capitalists have taken possession of

the land, and will continue to do so until they are made to surrender it at the cost price. There is no reason in nature why any labourer should be poor while with sinews he can produce food from the soil.

I have often, and no doubt shall, even in the future, combat with the so-called skilled artizans, who, with contempt, look upon the countryman as beneath him. Agriculture is the backbone of a country, and the labourers and those who assist to make it so, are worthy of all honour and full-pay; and well will it be if the agricultural leader, Joseph Arch, can make this known to all the mechanical trade unionists he comes in contact with time after time. But for the fact that this Joseph Arch was the possessor of a small freehold, he would have been unable to take the stand he has, and be the present mouthpiece of the peasant interest. His former itinerancy gave him a power that no townsman could possibly have or secure; but all this will be but as talking to the wind, if he fails to see, or know that the land must be nationalised and colonised on some such system as I have advocated and published in my Home Colonisation pamphlets some years ago. To suppose that the outcomers of all this hereditary genius are to be the future white slaves of a private property-holding aristocracy—for virtually the peasants of England live in fear of Church and State, simply because they are landless and helpless under the tyranny of the ruling classes,—is to suppose an impossibility in these days of coming enlightenment.

To be expected to know how to do all these things on land and on a farm on twelve shillings a week, what a living satire upon the justice and generosity of the upper classes, and in the bargain, to doff his hat and be respectful at all times to his masters, their God, and to all set up in authority over him; to live in fear at all times; never to be himself, but always another's, to live in a cottage, very often without a scrap of a garden, the rent of his cottage—one-sixth of his earnings—to be always ready, well or unwell, at the call of his employers, often after a walk of miles from his home; to be exceedingly polite to the squires, to whom he is under no service or obligation, and at all times to listen to the babbling

of the parsons, who in the case of the country labourer never knew that he, as an Englishman, had any right to call his cottage his castle ; and although we have had books by the thousand on agriculture, how to keep up and improve the stock for the pecuniary benefit of the owners, so called, of the soil. Who ever thought, or hinted, at the importance of keeping up the stock of an enlightened and an improved peasantry ? Houses, sheds, and stables built by the peasants' labour on the most improved sanitary conditions for horses, cows, sheep and pigs, but who as a science and an advantage advocates the building of improved dwellings for our rural peasants. In his old age the workhouse was inevitable, where he would have to live parted from his wife, and in solitude live out his time, eaten up with rheumatics, due to his want in past years of good clothing and shelter. Under such conditions no wonder that many left their country beauties, for as they thought, a more lucrative employment on our railways, as navvies and spademans, and when these sons of our true nature's nobility found the railway finished, rushed to the towns, to become competitors with over-populated districts, where too, for a time, there were better wages and apparently more independence, but, owing to the house-lords, who in their position are as big as landlords in their mode of extortion, if even not worse, no better lodgings than he had in the country, and certainly not as healthy. But this depletion of our country districts, which is sapping our nation of its best blood, would and could not take place if the land laws were not so unjust. The natural-born right of every Englishman to use nature's land to the extent of that which is sufficient to maintain himself and family out of his own labour, must be shouted out from the housetops ; free use in land not cultivated, free exchanges for produce in open markets, based upon the principle, this it is as easy to sell for a legal symbol, made as required, to facilitate exchange, as it is now to buy with money in existence, as explained in my " Money and its Use," will once more populate our English counties. Thousands of our best built men have emigrated, and, with their usual sturdy pluck, have succeeded to their gain, and England's loss ; for a time this may enable the landlords to rejoice, but

an immediate gain may be a permanent loss to the landlords and farmers. The greatest danger to English agriculture would be an exodus of the agricultural labourers. As farms became larger, farmers living, as they think, more gentlemanly, and more expensive in their habits; as rents rise and the small economies of agriculture are neglected, the risk became nearer and nearer, until at last the reality has been reached; that English farmers pay the high rents, and a new rent-law, based on equity, is demanded for England. One never hears or reads in agricultural books of English farmers and English land-stealers discussing, or reflecting on the old Cromwellian age of farmers. Men who felt they had a living interest in England's soil, and on such could die, rather than it should be in the hands of the foreigners, or that an increased satisfied peasantry means a greater backbone to this England of ours, and how it is possible to check the flow of human life from country to town, or to America and the Colonies can be stopped, or how the hands to our lands can be restored. Fortunately for Englishmen, America is destined to work out a revolution in land tenures for the United Kingdom. The enormous supplies of food raised in America, its cheap transport to England, must of necessity reduce agricultural produce prices, and it will be found that it will not be possible in the future to maintain a few hundreds with a gift for nothing in the form of rent to the amount of £250,000,000, and yet with this income out of labour's earnings the land class have thrown the burden of taxation on the commercial classes. Land must be free, and then we once more shall have millions of English land workers and gatherers, who, like their American brethren, will gather where they have sown; not, as now, gather up for the men who neither sow nor reap. Free land in Ireland first, then free land in England, Scotland, and Wales next; a time of right must succeed this age of public swindling by land and money-lords. I have endeavoured to show this in my "How to Cultivate the 30,000,000 of acres of untilled land in England by Individual and Co-operative Farming," which I earnestly recommend to all Reformers and well-wishers of England. This much I am certain, that, until the plan is

discovered, more land in England, Ireland, and Scotland will go out of cultivation, rents will fall, and agricultural interests will decrease, until the land is nationalised, and let out to tenants for a number of years, as tenants of the nation, protected in all their improvements. Then, and then alone, will they feel they have an interest in England's soil, and no longer treated as aliens on their mother earth by a band of foreign land-stealers. I have exposed the whole of the Kaffir Mission Station frauds in my "History of The Free State." Missionaries at such places would be tolerable if they were but mechanics, or useful members of society, and like Roman Catholic Trappists Monks, at Roma, and other parts of South Africa, could, like Paul, labour with their own hands, and show the native how to improve himself; but to live, as the majority of these missionaries do, upon the labour of Englishmen, and their gifts, supplemented by the gifts of the Kaffirs, is so loathsome a position, that I feel indignant when I meet such evidences of mendacity that I feel I must expose the continual fraud one meets.

Stopping at this station for repairs led to a great deal of gossip, in which a Mr. Stout, the Cape Colony architect, took part. A statement was made by one of the passengers how grand it must be, and feel, when one has plenty of money. He, thinking it applied to him, voluntarily intimated that he did not know, for, to his misfortune, he could not get much. Now this open lie was uncalled for, for it was well known that during the last ten years he had been coining money, as it is said. King William's Town Public Buildings, and Public Bridges, Town Hall and Public Buildings of Queenstown, and Works, Church of Dordrecht, and miscellaneous work of all kinds had passed through his hands, and it was perfectly immoral to plead poverty; most of these men are like the unfortunate Mr. Warmfoot, who, like myself, came out in the *African*, and who could never keep out of debt, and who, time after time, was unable to pay his old milk bill, and pleaded poverty when urged to pay up, but, while ignoring his just debts, could speculate in land, in the full hope of a rise, and who to do so, forgot to pay his tradesman and other people who assisted him, and such people never pay at

all if they fail in their speculations. Such attempt to get rich at other people's expense, while in good civil situations, is both immoral and improper, and must be protested against in all seasons and at all times. The possibility of buying cheap, even in our time, keeping it in the hope of selling dear, is most demoralizing; and when once it is the work of a Town Council to build its houses, as explained in my "How to Construct Public Works by means of Public Money," no town people will part with their lands, to be held as private property; each citizen in those days will pride himself upon how, at the least expense, he can vie with other cities to make his city the most beautiful. In those days we shall have no bitter cry from the outcasts of any city; shelter will be found to suit all classes and *workers*. On the Stormberg Range, and by Pen's Hoek, we met a band of Korannas or Bushmen, and I feel convinced that if the late Darwin had met them, he would have jumped for joy at meeting the missing link. One had so often heard in the midst of decent good looking people, that the creator has made men in his own image and likeness; but one feels certain, that in the presence of such hideous objects, they were not made at all, but like Topsy, must have grown out of some huge mistake. Mr. Stout, on the sight of such, felt assured that by some law of affinity he could not explain his black servants were returning to the same order or race, for they grew more and more like them every day, and in one case in particular, one servant was getting a face upon her more like her pet dog the longer she lived. But this is not only true of the blacks, but also true of the white. I have seen in the professions men of the ugly-handsome class, that if not for constant combing, pomading, hairdressing and tailor-made-up arrangements, they would pass well for full grown *apes*. Miss Braddon has described such as handsome ugly men; personally I would leave out the handsome, and call them dressed up ugly men, who without dressing and means would be looked upon as Bill Sykes. Alas! alas! that so many are to be seen. In these days, when the Greek God-jove-like look and dignity, with the massive intellectual brow and brains of power, should be in the increase. I don't mean weight of brains,

for we now know that it is quality, not quantity that produces intellect and genius. While looking at this Mr. Stout, and thinking of the beautiful Mr. Warmfoot, of Queenstown, all of a heap, and of a sudden, as we say, my observation was drawn to a remark, dear, dear me, what a wicked woman you are ; now don't, don't, what ? not believe in eternal punishment but rather in utter annihilation. " Well, you know," meekly said, was the answer by the lady, the daughter of the missionary, " my dear, dear papa had his doubts, and even expressed his belief that many of his brethren in the vineyard of his Lord had their doubts also, and which only recently caused a Rev. Impey to cease his connexion with the Wesleyans of Kaffraria, because he could not advocate a burning brimstone lake somewhere in the centre of the globe as the future dwelling place of a large number of dead and damned." My feelings will not allow me to describe the wriggling, torturing, screaming of the poor wretched things. Who like to know of such, must listen to the well-nourished Spurgeon, and his like, who, having, according to his account, been taken into the Council of the Highest, can give the materialistic scenes so vividly, and with such unction when informing his audience that children, not a span long, and others of all sizes, are to be found in their realistic hell.

The following verses indicate the thought of these Hell twaddlers:—

DR. BRIMSTONE'S SERMON.

The Reverend Brimstone says: " Beloved
Be always meek and 'umble ;
A ssaunt should never ax for moor,
An' never larn to grumble."

We ain't to tork o' polleticks
An' things as don't consarn us ;
And wot we wornts to know o' lawr,
The madgiatrait will " larn " us.

We ain't to drink wi' Methodists,
No, not a friendly soop ;
We ain't to tork o' genteel folks
Unless to prase 'em cop.

We ain't to hear a blessed word
 Agin our betters sed ;
 We're got to lay the butter thick,
 Becorse they're rich—'igh bred.
 The parson put it kindly like,
 He sed, says he, as 'ow
 We bean't so good as them there grubs
 We turns hup with the plough.
 There's nowt more recheder 'an we,
 Or werthier 'an the rich ;
 I prases 'em for bein' born
 And 'eaven for makin' sich.
 We got to keep our wicked tung
 From disrespectful specking ;
 We han't a got to heet two much,
 Nor yet go plesyer seekin'.
 Nor kitch a rabbit or a aire,
 Nor call the Bobby names ;
 Nor stand about ; but go to cherch,
 And play no idol games.
 To luv parokeal horf'cers,
 The skwire and all that's 'iz ;
 An' never go wi' hidle chaps
 As wornts the'r wages ris.
 So now conwarted I ha' bin
 From hignorance and wice.
 It's only hapines that's sin,
 And norty things that's nice.
 Whereas I called 'em hupstart jents,
 The wust o' lo-bred snobs.
 Wi' contrite 'art I hollers ont,
 " My heye, wot bloomin' nobs."
 I sees the herrer o' my ways ;
 So lads this wornin' take,
 The poor man's path, the parson says,
 Winds round the burning lake.
 They've changed it since the days o' yor—
 Them gospel preachers ; drat 'em.
 They used to preach it to the poor,
 And' now they preach it at 'em.
 In want full many a vice is born,
 And virtue in a dinner.
 A well-spread board makes many a saint,
 And hunger many a sinner.

GAFFER DITCHER.

What are we coming to, when the daughters of our clergymen tell us that their worthy parents don't believe in the Fire and Eternal Punishment. This is all highly satisfactory. The labour of the earnest inquirer of the past is now being seen. The doctrine of eternal punishment is ignored in ordinary pulpit ministrations, denied, and scoffed at and contemned by all respectable people. It is now left to the vulgar preacher in the most miserable portion of our cities to be made more miserable, and to the poor must be preached with the good old-fashioned flavour of brimstone. The poor must not console themselves, like better-off people, with the belief that there may be a term to the punishment in a future life for the sins done in the body, but there is now a revulsion of feeling in the conception of a hell with its whole apparatus of torture and its perpetual lease of existence, and its hoary, old-headed devil at its head, as chief engineer, stoker, and hot coal renewer. Even this old one, as far as we know, never having been married, and not having successors, must be tired of being the constant receiver of such numbers of damned, and one can quite understand that the repetition and sameness would be worse than hell.

If, as it is said, the God of this world could but take his walks abroad, and, like the modern Jesuits, see but not be seen, whom he might devour, what an insatiable wretch he must be—never tired of evil doing and consuming.

To think of it, the authors must have been the spawn of a hell. No humanitarian could conceive such a home for ever and ever, for even the worst. Convince men that their happiness and prosperity are dependent upon their allegiance to truth, justice, honesty, and its daily life, and the rights of individuals will be respected. Murderers, thieves, liars, and other vagabonds are deterred from crime more by fear of the judge, and the present certain punishment, than the punishments to take place after death.

The fear of future punishment will not prevent wrong and injustice, especially now, as the belief in a hell and heaven is being slowly removed from men's minds; and, now that so many parsons tell us that hell-fire is too hot a subject to be talked about and handled before a comfortable congregation,

and now that the laity are giving it the cold shoulder, few parsons care to discuss such nasty, horrible subjects, or if by chance they mention such, they tell their hearers that it is a figure of speech, and dare not question the ultimate goodness of God until they have better means of knowing what will happen in another world. The time will come when the believers in a hell of ancient and modern conception will be as extinct as the Dodo. Let these two figures, hell and devil of their four-cornered fortress be once deserted, then indeed the two, Creation and Salvation, will soon follow, and then men will be free of the priest to the glory of man.

Rejoice and be glad, for salvation is coming, by men fulfilling their duty, and living out a noble life, goodwill and peace among men will arrive, when the false religions are no more, and truth and all rational facts are known and acted upon. The Impy, a host in herself, in war or peace, admitted that we did not know all; but the worst part of the matter is, that people don't want to know the whole, or even a part. If they could but get an insight into a part, they would hunger after the whole.

At last, with a rush much after time, we got over the Stormberg and Bongolo mountains and found ourselves in the rich plains of the Bongolo, a well watered and most delightful valley. At the way-side inn, with its English swinging sign-board, and its fine garden, we took refreshment that somewhat freed us from the dust of the hills, and, with a longing for a dip in its fresh filled dam, but which was impossible, as the bugle blew for departure, and with a sigh of relief, we prepared ourselves for a lovely ride of eleven miles into the town of the Queen. At last, with a rush, just as we were admiring a lovely sunset, we reached Queenstown, tired and exhausted, and truly thankful for the forthcoming supper and accommodation. Having partaken of supper, and, for the sake of good digestion, the mile walk afterwards, and seen my friend off, on his way by rail to East London, I retired to my room, and when once in bed fell off into a sound sleep. I was just dreaming of the reunion with my family, and then picture my annoyance, after sleeping for about two hours, to be woke up with a thundering at the door, as if the Judgment Day had

arrived. I, in a fright, prepared to meet my congratulations and doom, when, to my surprise and disappointment, I found that a lodger, home from a spree, had mistaken my room for his, and in his half-drunken fray, demanded admission.

When will men remember the feelings and rights of other men and fellow-travellers? Surely the rights of the individual are not to be ignored, even at a public hotel. In the name of the sick and weary, and the heavy-laden, let others talk and walk as if other people had feelings to be considered. This disturbance, as is always the case, prevented my getting further rest the remainder of the night and the early morning, and when I got up I had the head-ache, and a very strong feeling of indignation against my disturber. May his voice grow less, and his tread grow fainter, and his uproarious manner and style, for my comfort, and that of others, be known no more.

With an unknown blessing for the cook, who gave me my early cup of coffee, I made it all right for the post, and telegraphed to my friends and family. I then wandered forth to view the town I had left, on my way to the Free State, three years before. Many improvements had been made; an outward sign of prosperity was on the surface of all things. The new Town Hall and some other public buildings were at once ornamental and a convenience to the public in general; yet, with all its many improvements, there is yet an obstacle which, even a good supply of water they hope soon to have, will not be got over. If Dordrecht was the fag-end of Creation, finished in the last moments of Saturday night, there certainly was an oversight when so much loose sand was arranged for at Queenstown, to be blown all over the town.

So constant had this become that it was commonly known as the "rain" of the district, and caused sore eyes, and many other annoyances. My usual curiosity led me to inquire about its churches and its banks, the two principal causes of immorality and impoverishment to be found in all our towns in all parts of Great Britain. The arrival of an up-country coach led me to see the poverty of the town, and the immorality of its young boys. A few more years, and

"how the poor live" will be sketched in our colonial towns as it is now done in London and other cities of England. The same laws, land, financial and educational, as in England, produce the same results in our colonies: like causes produce like effects. The existing process must have become intense when small children run after a coach and beg a job, and ask for small coins, as the unfortunates do in this colonial centre of civilization; I could not help weeping internally when I witnessed all this, and felt that I would immolate my own children rather than that they should become mere street Arabs, as I found them in the queen town of South Africa. But when I calmed down, and realized the cause, I bitterly remembered that I could neither remove it or its effects. Had I been able to have done so, I should have left the town happy. Some, without knowing anything, or caring to know, the outcome of our land, money, or exchange monopolies, attribute all this want and misery to over-population, and due care on the parents' part in not regulating their number. I have not studied Malthus, Saddler, and others, without knowing something of modern Malthusianism, so called, but which was never fathered by Malthus in any of its later practices, and which the modern advocate of limited numbers entirely ignores. Whether they are ashamed of their own stock and race, and therefore desire that their names should be known no more, I know not; but that there is poverty and wretchedness is apparent to all. To attribute it to "numbers" *now* when there are millions of acres untilld asking to be utilised, and which the monopolists will not allow, is, on the face of all things, not the *real* cause of poverty in our day, whatever it may be in the centuries to come. Healthy numbers should be an advantage to any state or colony, and while there remains millions of acres that would feed all, with all the disadvantages of South Africa, as there is in England of to-day, millions of acres unused, it is absurd to allow one child or man to be in want. I admire all men that would remove misery; but if to-day all increase of population was to cease, and no alteration of our Land Tenures, what or who would give the labourer his rightful due? I have combated this question, in my

previous writings years ago, and, as I have no doubt that I shall yet have to stand foot to foot in opposition to those who advocate the utility of the nasty thing called Malthusianism of this day, I shall refrain from going into fuller details at the present time. This much I will say, that while there lies so much land all over the globe and for Englishmen in our colonies, it is not a question for us to reduce our numbers, except where hereditary disease is known. It may be the duty of future generations to adopt even the modern modes of prevention; but as it is true that we have our work in this our time and generation, so it will be for all in the future to act as they may think best. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," is as true now as when it was first uttered. The large stone building of the South African Bank, which should have been called the English Bank, for drawing off South African produce, gave but the outward sign of their continual system of how to skin the inhabitants of South Africa. The missionary, trader and merchant start in the game and rob the natives of land, cattle and wealth; the bankers, professionals and bishop-controlled clergymen then follow up the traders, and in their turn *skin the whole*.

By knowledge we may avoid the last, the dealer in the future, and the unknown whose stock-in-trade consists of his God, creation, the fall, the devil and *his* salvation, for his benefit, and at the expense of the public classes and races; but the banker, under our present monetary system, will not let the merchant and the trading classes alone. The mechanical part of banking I do not complain of, but the limited supply of metallic money is everlastingly absorbing the earnings of all classes, to the exclusive benefit of the holders of a metal currency. I cannot, in this, go fully into the whole of the machinery how they do it, but I do know how it is possible they should not do it. The constant letting out of English money, and then sending home the interest in the shape of wool and other produce, out of South Africa, enriches the shareholders, and impoverishes the South Africans, as they delight to call themselves. How to prevent all this, can be understood, if my readers will take the trouble to read and comprehend my later chapters of Human

Slavery, and read, mark and inwardly digest my pamphlets on "Money and its Use;" "How to Construct Railways and other Public Works of Utility, without Bonds, Mortgages, Loans, or the Burden of Interest," and my "Immortal History the of Free State," and my, "First Jottings in Conjunction with the Second Jottings and Home Colonization and the Remedies for the Present Time." My surprise at the immorality of the outcasts, and the boys of the Arab class of Queenstown, was not so great, when I thought of its ministers, who live and multiply, and so continually fail in teaching morality, truth and dignity—they who live upon false pretenses, and give no fair pay for what they receive; they who know not the truth cannot teach it in their pulpits. They who in reality know not the law of *tuum* and *meum*, and have no policy or guide to give, are only false prophets, and living dishonestly; how can they tell the boys their honest duty to society, they who know not how to work, and secure an honest livelihood from the use of land, what can they know or do to give employment to those out of work—outcasts of Queenstown? Is there no land in the Bongolo flats where an agricultural school could be formed, that would give employment to these little one's of the rising generation—the future men of the colony? Shame! shame! that even the white boys should be in the way in South Africa.

I was disgusted at the lunch table to hear the landlady tell an incident of a boy discharged by a trader, and left in Queenstown to plunder, if no one would give him work; and she related how, after some days, he was found that very day, the 30th of September, in the river, dead, and, with a laugh and a giggle, how he was crab-eaten and almost unrecognisable. And this in a country that asks for emigrants to occupy its lands unused. Yet, with all the public teachers, boys can grow up as nuisances, for want of the clergy doing their duty; and here we had a mother so callous to the advantage of human life, laughing at the disappearance and disfigurement of the same kind of being, as she gave birth to, in perhaps better circumstances, and who, for ought we knew, was some one's darling, that had strayed away, and for want of help

accidently, or purposely was drowned out, another effort of Dame Nature lost for ever.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Kiss him once for Somebody's sake,
 Murmur a prayer soft and low,
 One bright curl from its fair mate's take—
 They were Somebody's pride, you know.
 Somebody's hand had rested there;
 Was it a mother's soft and white?
 And have the lips of a sister fair
 Been baptized in the waves of light?
 God knows best, He has somebody's love,
 Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
 Somebody wafted his name above
 Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
 Somebody wept when he marched away,
 Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
 Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
 Somebody clung to his parting hand.
 Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
 Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
 And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
 And the smiling, childlike lips apart.
 Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
 Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
 Carve on the wooden slab at his head,—
 "Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

Mrs. LACOSTE.

It did almost seem true, as one merchant stated, that business was the only God now, and more especially in Queenstown. If they have no gold to make a calf to worship, the hunt after gold holders to worship them was as great as ever. The constant cry for a market to sell in allows men to forget common humanity, and mothers that bore children themselves. Are we still to allow the monopoly of the wealth of nature until poverty keeps pace with the progress, power, and strength of South Africa. Think of this country's future if this is to be the outcome of its past; the little ones, who being here, had no wish to be here, who could not help being here. Let us be up and doing something for them, to save them from human damnation and a living hell in our prisons

and convict stations, as described by Judge Smith in Cape Town, January, 1884, to those whom much is, or has been given, be up and doing. To those who have intelligence, let their intelligence be used for humanity. No longer let us delay, for the hour cometh when no man can work.

LABOUR.

Laborare est arare.

Pause not to dream of the future before us,
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us.
 Hark; how creation's deep musical chorus,
 Unintermitting, goes up into heaven,
 Never the ocean wave falters in flowing,
 Never the little seed stops in its growing;
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing.
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labour is worship!" the robin is singing,
 "Labour is worship!" the wild bee is ringing;
 Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
 Speaks to thy soul from out nature's heart.
 From the dark clouds flows the life-giving shower,
 From the rough sod comes the soft breathing flower;
 From the small insect the rich coral bower;
 Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labour is life! 'tis the still water faileth,
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth.
 Keep the clock wound, for the dark rust assaileth.
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
 Labour is glory! the flying cloud lightens,
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens,
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
 Play the sweet lute wouldst thou keep it in tune.

Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet us,
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
 Rest from the sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
 Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
 Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow,
 Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
 Lie not down wearied 'neath Woes weeping willow,
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee,
 Bravely sling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
 Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee,
 Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.

Work for some good—be it ever so slowly,
Do some kind act—be it ever so lowly,
Labour!—all labour is noble and holy,
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

Mrs. F. OSGOOD.

My opposition to enforced emigration compels me here to print my views, as uttered and made known twenty years before, which are as applicable now as then, as emigration is being advocated as the cure for English producers.

A PROTEST AGAINST THE EMIGRATIONISTS.

For some time past a numerous band of emigration agents have been prominently exposing themselves to public gaze, and, so far as I can ascertain, they are composed of scheming, treacherous Tories, cunning Judas-like Whigs, and half-hearted reformers, among them may be found a few M.P.'s; a larger number of religious shepherds—men, who seem to be as deficient of true patriotism as of true Christianity, and to such a length have they carried their plans, that they have of late engaged in their service a few itinerant speakers to stand at the corners of the streets, soliciting the passengers to sign memorial sheets to the Government, calling upon the working classes to provide a fund out of their already over-taxed productions, to transport their fellow-workmen to the wilds of America, or to the hoped-for gold and parched-up fields of Australia, or the ice-bound plains of Canada. Thus, in their blind folly, they seek to deprive our country of that bone, sinew, and brain which would enable us to bring about those reforms that would save us from the land and money-sharks within, and the disturbing enemies without. If these men prove successful in their efforts, it will be another proof of the folly of our rulers, and the ignorance of the people in once more supposing that to reduce our numbers is the only way to bring relief to our starving people.

The proper end of all human thought, care, and labour, should be the greatest happiness for the greatest number wherever the human race is to be found. Every other pursuit is futile, and will only end in degradation, misery, and death. Surely, there cannot be a doubt in the minds of reasonable

men that England needs all her brave children for her glory and position among the nations, yet the perversity of some men, combined with the aristocracy and middle-class rulers—assisted by the parasites and flunkies of office, who have so long ruined and robbed the honest producers of their wealth—have made it appear that it would be better for the toilers to go to a foreign land (where there are no better laws in connection with the land than here) to seek for homes and plenty; while they, the spoliators and confiscators of honest men's productions, continue to carry on the present system, which makes them always idle, living in luxury, and faring sumptuously every day, living in palaces which they never assisted to rear, surrounded by the comforts and beauties of art and nature, which they continually steal from the producing classes, and, by so doing, leave only the commonest food for the workers, and the worst of shelter for their families and themselves to live in.

All wealth is the product of labour: by labour in preparing, making fit, and appropriating the produce of the earth to the uses of life. Any one not engaged in so doing is an unproductive member of society; and, therefore, every unproductive member in the country is a useless member in society, unless he gives an equivalent for what he consumes. If this be true, and who can doubt it but those who live and take all without giving any service in return, how long could distress last in this country if the laws were framed upon the principles of justice? Men, women, and children are starved out from the want of means to satisfy the desires of their nature, because a few thousand unholy monsters—aided by a servile and mercenary priesthood, backed up by a few thousand slaughtering hirelings—have stolen the land from the people, and thus prevented them from using that soil which is now laying waste in our midst, which would provide sustenance for those now in need, and for millions unborn. If men were to become rational, instead of seeking for happiness in the uncultivated parts of the world, would they not enforce their right to live upon the products of their own toil in the land of their birth? Would they not, instead of being cheated by a set of lazy aristocrats and upper-class land-robbers—

men who hold the land from the people through the crimes of their forefathers, whose history is to be found in the annals of the past—men who, for their own selfish purposes, never hesitated to assist any black-hearted king or queen to deprive the people of their land and liberties, and who, by all the chicanery they were masters of, stole from the tillers of the soil the wealth that their industry had created, and, instead of being called noble, should be looked upon as the most ignoble scoundrels that ever pestered humanity. If such were done, we should see all such men as dukes, earls, temporal peers and peeresses, spiritual peers and barons, baronets and knights, made useful producers in society; thus proving to such that, as the land is useless to the idle, the most honest course that they could pursue would be for them and their families to till the soil, so that out of the crops their industry created they might enjoy an honourable existence, without trespassing upon the individual rights of others.

We are told by the advocates for emigration that our wants arise from too great a number of people. This is a monstrous untruth. Our wants do not—they cannot arise from too great a number of people, for many years to come. They arise from the fact that one-third part of the people live in idleness, luxury, and splendour, while the mass of them are compelled to live upon less than one-fourth part of the produce of their own labour. Therefore, let the useful classes say emphatically "No, we will not emigrate." If emigration is needed, let those who have never done anything to add to the happiness of the human race, go and begin in a fresh land to make themselves useful by working the soil to yield them its produce, and leave those to enjoy here the fruits of their toil, whose labour has made our country what it is—the wealthiest storehouse in the world. Some tell us that it is the law of Nature that causes the present distress—that population tends to increase faster than the means of subsistence. No, no; the cause—and the only cause—is the law; not as Mr. Malthus and his mistaken disciples say, "the Law of Nature." No, no; not the Law of Nature, but as the well-known political writer, Mr. Godwin, says, "the law of very artificial life." It is

the law which heaps upon some few with vast excess, through the present land and money laws, the means to procure every comfort and luxury, while others, and some of them not less worthy, are condemned to pine away in want. Dr. Paley, in his "Political Philosophy," has said, "The decay of population is the greatest evil a State can suffer, and the improvement of it is an object which ought, in all countries, to be aimed at in preference to every other political purpose whatever." Then, if the decay of population is an evil—and who can doubt it when it is remembered that all persons can produce more than they can consume, and thus help to form a fund to build those monuments of the wealth of nations that are to be seen in their midst—if such is true, where is the difference between banishment and decay? The evil is alike to the loss of the people.

How long are we to be told by land-robbers, millionaires, loan-mongers, contractors, speculators, stock-jobbers, company promoters, discounters, notaries, lawyers, and other licensed spoliators of the people, who act as go-between's to the hungry servile horde, who have systematically made the wealth producers the drawers of water and hewers of wood; and, who at last are as nothing in the land of their birth but white wage-slaves to the same classes who have always been licensed by the land-robbers to rob and plunder their forefathers from the time of the Norman Conqueror to the present time; and who, unless the people desire to the contrary, will carry out the same arrangements, upon the present and succeeding generations; and yet, forsooth, though this is well known, we have among us a number of self-styled saviours of the people, who tell us it is the number of hands and the extent of our power to produce, that necessitates us leaving England, to be again crucified between land and money lords in the far-off colonies. Are we to be continually told that having produced all the wealth and enabled all rents, taxes, dividends, premiums on insurance, fire and life policies and the interest of three thousand millions, private and public debts? Out of the same source comes also the enormous income annually received by capitalists, and traders

under the name of profits—and yet withal, if we accept the authority of Lord Overstone—to add to the stores of the land and money lords one hundred millions per annum. We, therefore, tell these inhuman monsters that we will not listen any longer to their soft nothings and fine promises, and that if they any longer insult our reason, crush out our life, and oppose our natural rights, or any longer withhold the abundant means of life, by using against us the standing army—that force which is the greatest blot on our boasted civilization—we will rise in all the majesty of free men, and wipe them from the face of the earth. How long should we have discontent among our Irish brethren bordering on civil war—the large army of soldiers and policemen, kept up to keep the people in subjection for the purpose of guaranteeing to the descendants of the Saxon land-robbers, the land and rents—if an Act of Parliament were passed, giving power to buy up the waste places of Ireland to be prepared and let out to the people of the land, and at the same time arranging for an Exchange Medium, so that the tillers of the soil and the producers of wealth might be free from paying that heavy toll to the gold holders which they are at the present compelled to do, because the people are insane enough to suppose that trade could not be carried on without the metal basis, which is presumed to be sufficient for all time? Once make land free to the people of Ireland, so that while the land is there to be used, anyone should have the right to till it—make a symbolic money representative, making it conditional that all should have the use of the same when they produce wealth, and thus have free trade in money as well as in land—we then should find the Irish nation the happiest, freest, and the most loyal to right and justice upon the face of the earth. Let land-holders be cautious how they tamper with our patience by their practical mockery of all virtue, justice and right, and their assumption to religious goodness and charity. Charity! who that had the exercise of his natural rights to use the soil that lies idle in this country, would accept any dole of charity to transport himself and family to a foreign shore? None, except it be those mean parasites and flunkies who deny our right to live in our native land. Instead, then,

of the poor emigrating—which would take the useful members from among us, and give additional power to our rulers to awe those left behind—let the producers make the principles of the Land and Labour League their guide, and determine to remain in the land of their birth until every nobleman's park and every waste acre is cultivated; let the 30,000,000 acres of untilled land be drained, enclosed, and let out to the people in small farms of ten acres each, and when they are occupied, and it is found impossible for more to exist on these islands, let a proper system of emigration be carried out upon a broad national plan to assist the people to go away to the waste places of the earth till then; let the hounds, pheasants, rabbits, and all other creeping things that are sport to the aristocracy, perish, and the earth be used by man until the whole of his wants be satisfied; and then, if real want should be known, let man devise the means of removing the evil. But, till that time arrives, it is the greatest blasphemy against nature for any human being to be in want while he is surrounded by that raw material which, if it was not in the hands of the monopolist, would supply him with plenty. Above all, let us now show the plausible emigrationist that all their soft words and wondrous pity cannot deprive us of the knowledge we possess. That we fully know that selfishness is the only cause of the present disgraceful state of society, and that a return to natural laws is the only remedy for our evils. That we, the busy and useful members of society, will not be any longer overriden by the numerous aristocratic, Whig and Tory Land and Property Stealers and other speculating flunkies, who are living in idleness, and who are constantly hatching up quarrels among other nations to the detriment of the workers. That, as men, we have the right to live upon the soil that gave us birth, and that our right shall be no longer withheld. Let us do this in a firm, manly, orderly way, and every good citizen will help us, and we shall be triumphant. The victory must be ours if we cling to our programme; let no petty jealousies creep in, causing injudicious action. These are the things that I wish for, and desire all to strive after. Those who are not prepared to demand their rights,

let them call upon Mr. Auberon Herbert, Sir J. Lawrence, Sir J. Grey, the Rev. — Herring, G. Potter, and others, who advise them to emigrate. Let these men be honest enough to show by their example, that it is a good thing to emigrate, and take the part of leaders, like ancient Moses, and lead them to the wildernesses of our Colonies, and take up the new profession of producers; and when, by their labour, they shall have made the waste places bloom like a rose, they shall have full credit and all the praise for their labours; but for those who desire to stop in the old land, let them demand their rights like men, in short, cease to be slaves, and then there can be no tyrants. In conclusion, let me draw the attention of my readers to the six principles of the Land and Labour League, and if, by their advocacy, I should be the means of winning my fellow-countrymen from the lethargic state they are now in, I shall feel amply rewarded for any service that I may have given to their Political and Social Rights.—Yours fraternally,

MARTIN J. BOON.

REMEDIES FOR THE PRESENT TIME.

Proposed by Martin J. Boon, and seconded by the Producers of England—That a deputation be formed of the members and supporters of Land and Money Reform, to wait upon Mr. Gladstone, to urge upon him to bring before the Commons' House of Parliament, at the earliest moment in the ensuing Session, an Act embracing the following resolutions, so that, without further delay, the starving and unemployed may have the means to purchase the necessities of life for themselves and families, and thus cease to be a burden to their already over-taxed fellow citizens.

1st.—That an Act of Parliament be passed, specifying that on and after the first day of May, 1870, all Forests and Untilled Lands throughout the United Kingdom be used for National Purposes, the same to be held as National Property, and under no circumstances to be sold to private individuals; the future rents of such lands to be used to defray the legitimate expenses of the country; that a Board of Commissioners be elected, one from every county, by every

person over twenty-one years of age, of sound mind and unconvicted of crime. Each Commissioner to receive for his services a salary of £300 per annum. The said Commissioners to render a quarterly account to the Home Secretary, who shall at all times be prepared to give to the House of Commons and the public the full particulars of such lands.

2nd.—The Commissioners to have power to drain and make all the necessary arrangements to enable them to divide the lands into small Acre Farms; also to have the power to borrow a sum of National Notes, free from all interest, such notes to be legal tender for all taxes and purposes of trade; the notes to be used as a means of exchange to pay for labour, material and machinery in carrying out the above arrangements.

3rd.—The tenants of the farms also to be supplied with a sum of National Notes, free of all interest, to enable them to purchase agricultural implements, live stock, and all kinds of seeds, and to pay for the costs of farm houses and out buildings, and to purchase food, clothes, and necessities for themselves and families for the first year. The said notes to be redeemed by the tenants out of their produce, at not less than one-twentieth per annum.

4th.—That the Chief Commissioner of Public Works be empowered to borrow a sum of National Notes to enable him to erect in all the large towns throughout the country large store houses, where the farmers can deposit their corn, and the producers of our worked-up articles their goods. When the goods and produce are deposited, the owners to receive their value in National Notes, thus enabling the producers to bring into existence wealth, *ad infinitum*, and the exchange medium facilitating consumption, *ad infinitum*, without the need of gold, and thus making it as easy to sell for money as it now is to buy with money.

5th.—The Chief Commissioner to have power to borrow a sum of National Notes, to enable him to purchase the dilapidated buildings in the metropolis and the large towns throughout the kingdom, such as is known as the fever courts, alleys and streets that breed disease among the

people, and to erect upon their sites large commodious dwelling houses, fitted up with bath rooms, and all the latest improvements, with public hall, library, washhouses and school-rooms attached; the rents to be paid at the rate of one-thirtieth per annum, to redeem the original outlay; the rents, after thirty years, to form a fund for local purposes.

6th.—The Chief Commissioner of Public Works to borrow a sum of National Notes to enable him to erect dwelling houses on the waste places near the large towns throughout the kingdom, for all classes of the community, and to enable those who work in the cities to live in the suburbs; he shall have power to make a railway to the said dwellings, and the charge for conveying passengers and goods on the same to be regulated by the cost of such line; and as it has been ascertained that it is possible to carry, after paying all expenses, five hundred persons over a distance of sixteen miles at two shillings a mile, the cost of each journey not to exceed one penny for sixteen miles; the notes borrowed to make these works to be redeemed out of the rentals of such works, at the rate of one-thirtieth per annum. And it is to be further enacted that when the fourth part of these sums is paid back into the National Treasury, that the same amount may be used for the purpose of making embankments to all our rivers, making of canals to convey the manure of our towns to the country, making of water-works, gas works, rail and tramways, and any other public work that will benefit the people; and that all these works shall be National property, no official on them to receive more than £300 a year for his services, and the superintendents to forward a quarterly statement to the Home Secretary, who shall publish the same in the public journals, so that all may know the full particulars of the National Property.

A MARKET BUILT FOR NOTHING.

"Labour, the source of all wealth, of all rent, and all interest."

Daniel De Lisle Brock, Governor of Guernsey, was waited upon, Jonathan Duncan tells us in his pamphlet on the "Bankcharters," by a deputation of the principal townsmen of St. Peter's, who requested his countenance and assistance toward the erection of a covered market, much wanted in that

town. The Governor readily consented, and asked in what way he could assist them most effectually. He was told that the principal difficulty was to raise the required funds. The Governor replied that if that was the only difficulty he thought he could surmount it; but he would first ask if they had the requisite stores of bricks, timber, granite, and flags, but, above all, had they the skilled artisans and labourers required for the building of the market. They replied that there was no want of labour or raw material; that their difficulty was chiefly financial. "Oh!" replied the Governor (and let the name of Daniel De Lisle Brock be ever held in esteem for his enunciation of a great principle), "if that is all you want, I will, as Governor, sign, stamp, declare legal tender, and issue 5,000 Market Notes. With these pay for material and wages. Go to work and build your Market." The market was commenced. The first effects were to animate trade by the additional circulation for payment of slates, bricks, &c., and to increase the custom of the shops by the expenditure of the workmen employed on the market.

In process of time the market was finished. [J. H. has been on a pilgrimage to see it, when living at Jersey, and can bear witness to its convenience and completeness.] Stall rents became due, and were paid in these notes.

When the notes all came in the Governor collected them, and, at the head of a procession, with some little form and ceremony, he proceeded to the Town Cross, and publicly burnt them, by way of cancelment!

THE MARKET WAS BUILT FOR NOTHING.—Not exactly for nothing; the market cost labour, skill and material, and what else do any of the works of man require? What more do the Rivington Works or the Thames Embankment or Railways require but labour and material.

May 16, 1884.

JAMES HARVEY, Liverpool.





CHAPTER XII.

WHILE taking supper I met with an old colonist who, knowing that I had just arrived from Bloemfontein, chaffed me for living in a state where all the grass was blown away, and where all the wicked of the colonies went to dwell, and who laughed at the English, who comprised the bulk of the inhabitants of the capital of the Boer-Dutch Free State, for listening and allowing such false views as those contained in a manifesto, issued by the Colonial Hofmeyr, to be promulgated without contradiction. I smiled; being fully satisfied with my supper, I was in a humour to take all jokes. Now, this hotel meeting was only a letting off of steam. It pleased them, and hurt no member of the Africander Bond—a political confederation of the Hollanders and Germans of the Free State, who have an idea that, as Germany is too small, they must try and make a greater Germany outside. It pleased the stewards of the Bond to call the meeting, and particularly pleased the proprietor, who made a few pounds out of the gathering, the which he kept back instead of paying me for part of the material that graced the table, and which, as a true descendant of Moses, he of his own accord, having borrowed of me, and like the old Jew in Egypt, still owe the Egyptians and me, and I fear, for my sake, is likely to owe. The Volksblad charged Mr. Hofmeyr with insulting his fellow-colonists in a somewhat disparaging tone, making a comparison between them and their Republican neighbours. The comparison was simply intended to show that, being of one blood, and of one race, the Cape colonists who call themselves Africanders, are less patriotic than their cousins beyond the Orange River, owing to certain conditions which Mr. Hofmeyr hopes to remove. They don't want to fight, and they don't want to take the trouble to record their votes in parliamentary elections, because the official notices, or

unofficial appeals made to them in that cause, are framed in a language not understood by them. Here Mr. Hofmeyr is wrong, for readers of the *Government Gazette* will find intellectual food in Dutch and English. Mr. Hofmeyr seems to make his complaint, not so much on this ground, as the general denial of equal rights to use the Dutch language in courts and schools. The farmers speaking only Dutch, are discontented at being compelled to speak to a magistrate, at all events in court, through an interpreter, particularly when the interpreter happens to be a black or coloured man. This feeling of injustice and of unequal treatment thence derived, pervades their whole political life, and paralyses their sense of citizenship. The complaint may not be a reasonable one; nor can Mr. Hofmeyr be ignorant of the largely-increased political vitality awakened amongst Dutch-speaking colonists in consequence of the agitations of the last three years. We cannot believe, however, that Mr. Hofmeyr has given a wholly false representation of the opinions of his constituents, and it is certain that he meant no insult to them in the representation, whether true or false.

"Give the Dutch-speaking colonists equal rights of language," Mr. Hofmeyr says, "and they will discharge the obligations of citizens as readily and as cheerfully as their kinsmen in the Free State." Then another class of critics cry out that what Mr. Hofmeyr wants is to substitute the Dutch language for that of England, and to revolutionize our whole system of official correspondence and record. We confess that, reading the translation of Mr. Hofmeyr's speech, we saw no trace of this subtle and mischievous design. Independently of the fact that this is a British Colony, there are many substantial reasons why the English language should hold its position as the official language of the country. If the Cape Colony ever ceases to be British territory, its new masters will settle the point for themselves, and, as its seaports at least would in that case be likely to have a succession of masters, the point would probably be settled, and unsettled, and settled again, with as much frequency as the recurrence of a revolution in a South American Republic. Meanwhile, however, the English language, being

secured in its supremacy, there is surely no shock to the Constitution in the concession of a greater latitude in the official use of the Dutch or Africander tongue. Unity of language is a condition of political unity very much to be desired; but it is by no means an essential condition. The introduction of the Dutch language into Parliament was opposed on the ground that every colonist, sufficiently educated to assist in making laws for us, can speak and read English; and, for a mere sentiment, it was a pity to confuse debate with the use of divers tongues. But the Dutch language having been admitted to equal rights with English in Parliament, it is absurdly inconsistent to cry out against its admission in divisional councils and magistrates' courts. Moreover, it is absurd to force the Dutch-speaking colonist to accept the English language as the medium of instruction in elementary schools, where the time spent by the child gives it no chance of becoming familiar with that language. Why should the child not be taught simple lessons in grammar, geography, history, and the like, in its mother-tongue? The alternative is not that English will be mastered, much less loved, but that the pupil will learn nothing.

This great concession having been made, it is silly to fret and fume about the smaller concession. We shall not induce the people to learn English one day the sooner by putting any kind of affront on their Dutch. On the contrary, by doing so we shall create or strengthen a sentimental hatred of the English language, and provoke an anti-educational covenant. Whatever the Bond may endeavour to do the other way, the English language will make its way as education extends, and the Africander, who has learned to read his own *patois*, will loathe the light food procurable therefrom, and long for acquaintance with a nobler literature. It is just a question of the survival of the fittest, nor shall we forward the solution a bit by artificial obstacles or restraints. The day is not past for the old coarse method by which the Dutch settlers of the Netherlands, under the East India Company, suppressed the language of the Huguenot settlers, who brought them some of their best blood. The admission of the Dutch language to Parliament inaugurated a new era

of conciliation. Every man who knew what that measure really meant recognised in it the thin end of the wedge. If it were wise or expedient to insist on unity of language in the colony, then was the time to make the stand. Those English who like their own language best, and desire its extension amongst our fellow-colonists of every class, will best gain their end by leaving the issue to the natural law, which regulates the survival and predominance of types, whether in the animal or vegetable kingdoms, or in the domains of thought and the source they spring from.

The following is the Text of the Constitution of the Africander Bond and Farmers' Association, as adopted by the Congress recently held at Richmond :—

THE AFRICANDER BOND.

GENERAL CONSTITUTION.

Art. 1.—The Bond recognises no nationality, except that of the Afrianders, and deems all such to belong to the same who, of whatever race they may be, have the welfare of South Africa in view.

Art. 2.—The object of the Africander Bond is :—The forming of a South African nationality by the promotion of true patriotism, as a preparation for the final destiny—a united South Africa.

Art. 3.—The Bond shall endeavour to attain this object by encouraging the Afrianders to assert themselves, politically as well as socially, as a nation.

Art. 4.—As ordinary member of the Bond, one may be admitted in accordance with regulations to be adopted by the respective provinces.

Art. 5.—The Bond shall be divided into provinces, one of which shall be established in each Republic, or State, and Colony of South Africa.

Art. 6.—The management shall, as far as practicable, be exercised by means of Ward Committees, District Committees, Circle Committees, Provincial Committees, and a Central Committee.

Art. 7.—The Central Committee shall consist of two repre-

sentatives of each Provincial Committee, who shall remain in office until their several Provincial Committees shall have elected other representatives in their stead.

Art. 8.—The Central Committee shall meet at least once a week, in each province alternately, on a day to be selected by itself, and, as much as possible, at a centrally-situated spot, to be chosen by the representatives of the provinces whose turn it may be; but should these representatives not agree in their choice, then the Central Committee itself shall determine at which spot in the province in question it shall meet.

Art. 9.—The Central Committee shall watch over the general interests of the Bond, and publish a report of its doings, as well as of the general condition of the Bond, as soon as possible after the conclusion of each of its meetings.

Art. 10.—The Provincial Committee shall—

- (a) Provide for the collection, and, in consultation with the Central Committee, for the appropriation of all moneys under their charge.
- (b) Transmit a third of all moneys paid into their funds to the Central Committee.
- (c) Superintend the doings of the Committees subordinate to them.
- (d) Meet at least once a year, forward reports of their doings to the Central Committee, in accordance with the instructions of that body, and before separating appoint the day and place of their next meeting.

Art. 11.—Every Province may enact a Provincial Committee for the discharge of its functions, provided that its terms shall not be opposed to those of the General Committee.

Art. 12.—In consideration of the circumstances there existing, the Cape Colony shall be at liberty to organise a province of the Bond under the name of *Afrikaander Bond en Boeren-vereeniging van de Kaap Kolonie*.

Art. 13.—All elections of Committee Members shall take place by ballot.

Art. 14.—The Central Committee may, with due regard to

the opinions of the Provincial Committee, amend this Constitution.

Art. 15.—This Constitution shall be laid before every Branch of the Afriander Bond in South Africa, and of the Farmers' Association in the Cape Colony, with the request to communicate their opinions thereon to the Central Committee, before the 26th day of September, 1883, and the Central Committee shall then be at liberty to amend the Constitution in accordance with the opinions so obtained, and shall thereupon promulgate the same.

NOTE.—It was proposed at Richmond by Mr. Du Toit that the words "With its own flag" should be attached to Article 2, and that the proviso of "European descent" should be inserted in Article 1. of the General Constitution. Both motions were rejected with an overwhelming majority, as was also a suggestion of Mr. Moolman's to charge the "*Bond en Vereeniging* with the care of our Volkstaal."

To enable my readers to comprehend the language question in its full importance I feel I cannot refrain from reprinting the thoughts of one of the best of colonial judges, and in doing so, I pay a tribute of gratitude to him for it, and this will be easily understood from the following:—

THE FUTURE LANGUAGE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

By the HON. J. H. DE VILLIERS, Chief Justice of the Cape Colony.

What is the future language of South Africa to be? In speaking of the language of South Africa, I mean the language of the bulk of the population, including not only the officials, the mercantile community, the professional and other highly educated classes, but also the agricultural population and the labouring classes. Will the language of Holland, pure and undefiled, re-establish its supremacy? Or will it be the language of Holland as altered, or as some would say, corrupted, in this colony by contact with the language of Englishmen, Germans, Malays and Hottentots, and by the slow process of dialectic growth and phonetic decay? or will English prevail over both the former?

To most people the answer to these questions will appear a simple one. "This is an English Colony," they will say, "and, sooner or later, English must become the mother-tongue of the inhabitants." In arguing thus, however, they are apt to forget that the mother-tongue of a country cannot, like a worn-out garment, be cast aside, when it has served its purpose—that it takes many years before a strange language can be taught to the mass of the people; that it must take several generations before it can become familiar; old associations and prejudices will ever combine to assist the intruder. At the present moment, incredible as it may appear, there are still persons born, bred, and living, in the Highlands of Scotland, and in Wales, who do not understand, or even speak the English language. In Canada, a portion of the population still speak and understand French only, in some parts of Alsace the peasants, after a French occupation of about two centuries, speak only German, and in parts of Friesland, the language spoken by the rural population is wholly unintelligible to the inhabitants of some of the other provinces of Holland.

It is the peasantry who are always the most tenacious of a language, and it is the peasantry who constitute the bulk of our colonial population. Let me not, however, be understood as arguing the impossibility of one language being supplanted by another as the living and spoken language of a nation. If this were my contention, it would be unnecessary to say another word; for it would follow, as a logical sequence, that Cape Dutch, which is the language of the bulk of the people of the colony, will not, and cannot be superseded by any other. My object has rather been to show, at the outset, that the question which forms the subject of this discourse is not so easy of solution as some would suppose.

There have, undoubtedly, been instances in which a whole nation has adopted a foreign language to the exclusion of its own. In some cases the language of a conquering nation has entirely taken the place of that of the conquered; for example, the language introduced into England by the Anglo Saxons, and Jutes entirely dominated that of the

early Britons, who spoke a Celtic dialect; but in an incredible short space of time they adopted the language of Rome, together with her laws and institutions. In other cases the conquerors adopted the language of the conquered: the Franks, who were a Teutonic race, overran France after the fall of the Roman empire, and adopted the language spoken by the inhabitants as their own, retaining only a few Teutonic words, idioms, and phrases. For three centuries after the Norman conquest of England, French and English lived side by side, until, in the end, English displaced the language of the conquering nation. But we need not go far in search of illustrations: in the western districts of this colony the various dialects of the aborigines have already given way to Cape Dutch, and in the eastern districts they are slowly, but surely, retreating before the steady advance of English and Cape Dutch.

What is true of nations and tribes is also true of large bodies of immigrants who settle in countries where a language different from their own is spoken. The Huguenots, who fled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, towards the end of the seventeenth century, readily acquired the language of the countries in which they respectively settled, and their descendants, in most cases, lost the knowledge of their mother-tongue. The Abbé de la Caille, who visited the Cape for astronomical purposes, sixty years after the arrival of the French refugees, gives the following testimony derived from personal observation.

After describing the valley of Drakenstein, in the neighbourhood of which the Huguenots first settled, he says:—"In regard to these refugees, they preserved the French language, and taught it to their children; but the latter, being obliged to speak Dutch, partly because they transact all their business with the Dutchman and Germans who speak Dutch, and partly because they are either married or related to Germans and Dutch, have not taught their children French, so that as none of the original refugees are left, it is only their children who speak French, and they are all old. I have not seen a single person under forty who spoke French, unless he had himself come from France. I cannot, however, assert that

this is universally true ; but I have been assured by those who speak French that in twenty years time there will not be a person at Drakenstein who will be able to speak that language."

If instead of twenty years the Abbe's informers had said *fifty*, the prediction would most certainly have been correct. At the beginning of this century the knowledge of the French language was wholly lost among the descendants of the Huguenots, and if, at the present time, there are a few of them who understand or speak French, they may have acquired it from their French teacher ; but they certainly have not inherited it from their forefathers. It is clear, then that in this colony the native languages are doomed to perish, and that French will not revive ; but it is not equally clear which language will permanently take their place. Two or more European languages may for a time exist here side by side, but it requires no prophetic foresight to foretell that in the end one will displace the other. The question is which is it to be ?

Sixty years ago it was confidently predicted that Dutch—that is to say the language of Holland, which is distinguished from Cape Dutch (the language of the Cape)—would prevail. At that time, so far as one can judge from the scanty literature of the period, the antagonism between Dutch and English was at its height. The Dutch party considered it a mark of patriotism to speak and propagate Dutch. The English party, on the other hand, considered it a mark of loyalty to speak and propagate their own tongue. Gradually, however, the bitterness of feeling diminished in intensity, but it never wholly died out. When, at the end of 1825, the Dutch *Tydschrift* came to an end, the *English Chronicle* sounded a note of triumph in the following terms :—"Othello's occupation gone. Died, at the age of 365 days, *Het Nederduitsch Zuid Afrikaansch Tydschrift*, deeply regretted by the Antediluvians of the Cape and the descendants of Van Riebeck, whose writings the deceased deeply studied, and whose arms have lately been renewed over the town house of His Majesty George IV. The departed was of a peculiar disposition and temper, and, although nursed, dandled, and rocked

in the very cradle of Government and the sworn son of Great Britain, yet he never opened his lips in praise of her customs manners, laws and language." Amenities like these, so far from discouraging the advocates of the Dutch language, rather urged them on to greater efforts, and the deceased periodical saw the light again under a slightly different title. It was felt, however, that the corruption which the Dutch language had undergone was a serious obstacle to its general diffusion, and its supporters now strove to purify it of its adulterations, or, in other words, to restore the language of Holland free from the colonial alloy. As a first step towards obtaining this end a very learned professor undertook to write a work in which the barbarisms of Cape Dutch would be exposed and the people of this colony taught not only to read, but also to converse in good Dutch—a work, in short, which would have the miraculous effect of immediately substituting one language for another as the mother-tongue of the people. The idea was conceived in 1840. In 1844 the work appeared under the title: "The Dutch Language restored in South Africa;" but instead of fulfilling the ambitious designs of its promoters, it was an ordinary grammar of the Dutch language, with a paragraph here and there pointing out idioms peculiar to the Cape, and with an appendix containing a list of words used at the Cape, but not recognised as sterling in Holland. The preface, however, explains the alteration in the design. After stating that the object which the writer originally had in view was to restore the Dutch language in South Africa, he adds: "In writing this we cannot refrain from smiling at the very thought that we should, at the commencement of our undertaking, have persuaded ourselves that this was so much as possible. Three years and-a-half have since elapsed, and, during that time, we have observed so many fresh proofs of indifference in regard to the Dutch language, that we have altogether changed our opinion as to the possibility of further checking the evil. We have come to consider the language, to which we have been devoting our labours, as a physician does an incurable patient, whose worst sufferings may perhaps be allayed, whose certain dissolution may perhaps be retarded,

but of whose complete recovery there no longer exists the faintest hope." In the body of the work, however, the author admits (p. 28) that "the civilized classes are everywhere doing their utmost to get rid of the Cape idioms," and that the Cape vulgarisms, of which the book gives examples, are characteristic of the speech of the lower classes. He adds that those who speak grammatically are said to speak high Dutch, and that an Englishman who speaks Dutch always uses the vulgar tongue of the Cape.

From 1844 to the present time the indifference complained of by Dr. Changuion has been increasing rather than falling off, while, if he were still amongst us, he would no longer have the consolation of thinking that the civilised classes are forsaking the Cape Dutch dialect. On the contrary, he would find that what is wrongly called High Dutch has been almost altogether banished from ordinary conversation, and that even in the pulpit the younger generation of Dutch reformed clergymen do not always aspire to that grammatical accuracy which distinguished and still distinguishes the older generation of Dutch reformed clergymen, and which is still expected from a pulpit orator in Holland. Even immigrants arriving here from Holland gradually adopt our Cape idioms, and their children soon learn to converse in our soft and easy *patois*, in preference to their harsher mother-tongue. This may be owing to the very small number of these immigrants who come out to South Africa; but there exists no likelihood that a stream of immigration will ever flow from Holland large enough to have any influence upon the future language of this country. Judging then, from the experience of past times, and from the tendencies of the present, we may safely conclude that the present language of Holland is not destined to become the future language of South Africa.

No longer indeed do we hear of endeavours to restore the Dutch language in South Africa, but probably very few of us are aware that strenuous efforts are now being made in certain quarters to give permanency to the Cape Dutch dialect by recognising and adopting it as the literary language of South Africa. A journal, under the name of the *Patriot*, has been started, which professes to employ this language only,

and, I understand, that the promoters of the journal intend, before long, to publish a history of South Africa, and a translation of the Bible in the same language. If the object of the movement is to reach the mind and understanding of those to whom any other language is unintelligible, nothing can be more praiseworthy. But it appears to me doubtful, to say the least, whether there is any considerable portion of our population who are unable to understand correct Dutch. Corrupt as the Cape Dutch may be, I apprehend that those who would have sufficient education and intelligence to read and understand it, would also be able to read and understand grammatical Dutch. There can be no doubt that the wants of the Dutch-speaking colonists must, for a long time to come, be supplied by other than English newspapers; but I am not aware that the existing Dutch papers, which have hitherto been conducted with so much ability, fairness, and moderation, are unable to supply those wants; and their conductors certainly have not yet deemed it necessary to descend to the use of the Cape Dutch merely for the purpose of making themselves understood. Nor am I aware that the Dutch State translation of the Scriptures is unintelligible to any considerable portion of the Dutch-speaking inhabitants of the colony. The language of this version, like that of the English authorised version, and Luther's German translation is at once so simple and so pure, that it is difficult to believe in the necessity for another version better suited to the intelligence of the upper or of the lower class. Of course I am not now concerned with the question whether a nearer approach might not be made to the original in accordance with the suggestions of modern criticism, but merely with the question whether or not the language is intelligible.

The German Protestant still clings with fondness, not unmixed with pride, to the celebrated translation of Martin Luther, and would resent as an outrage on his sense of propriety any attempt to substitute for it a version in *Platt Deutsch* for the benefit of the lower classes. The Dutch authorised version has indeed undergone some alterations in spelling, and in some points of grammar, but in the main it still retains the language and grammatical structure which

were given to it by the painstaking translators appointed by the Synod of Dort in the year 1619. It has been reserved for our South African patriots to discover that there is a depth of simplicity, beyond even that which the Dutch version has reached, and that there exists a class of people in our midst whose simple minds and weak understanding cannot be reached without (if I may use the expression) levelling down the Scriptures to their standard.

For my own part I do not believe that the Dutch-speaking inhabitants of this colony have attained that stage of intellectual degradation ; but, even if they had, it would be a far more useful and noble employment to assist in levelling-up their intelligence than to suppress the only book which, by being universally read, still preserves amongst us a standard of correct, pure, and idiomatic Dutch. For scientific purposes, no doubt, it may prove useful to preserve evidence of the great change which the Dutch language has undergone by being transplanted from Holland to this colony. In the same way the promoters of the movement I have mentioned might do good service by collecting those bits of humorous and racy poetry in which the country abounds, and for which the language is not ill-adapted. But if the new South African literature is intended to arrest the spread of English, and prevent the importation of the Dutch, I am firmly convinced that it will prove a mistake, and end in failure. It is idle to expect that Cape Dutch will soon, if ever, become a literary language in the highest sense of the term, capable of competing either with Dutch or with English. Poor in the number of its words, weak in its inflections, wanting in accuracy of meaning, and incapable of expressing ideas connected with the higher spheres of thought, it will have to undergo great modification before it will be able to produce a literature worthy of the name. The force and energy which would be wasted in bringing the language into such a condition would be more usefully employed in appropriating that rich and glorious language, which is ready to our hands, as a literary language of the first rank.

The worst feature of the new movement is that it appeals to the patriotism of the colonists for support—as if patriotism

consisted solely in the extension of the customs of our forefathers, whether such customs are worthy of retention or not. Surely, it would be a more genuine patriotism to improve and elevate the mental condition of our countrymen, by opening up to them those vast resources of intellectual wealth which a study of English literature must reveal : and if any prejudices stood in his way, the true patriot would combat them at the risk of his own popularity, in order that his countrymen might not be left behind in the race after culture and mental improvement. In truth, it is a misuse of terms to speak of patriotism in connection with this subject. The French colonist of Canada or the Dutch colonist of the Cape does not love his own country the more because English or Dutch is his mother-tongue. The Australian, or the Canadian of English descent does not love his own country the less because English is his mother-tongue. The Americans, before the Independence, spoke English ; but they, nevertheless, manfully asserted their rights against the Government and Parliament of Great Britain. When they had obtained their independence, their use of the English language did not prevent them from becoming one of the chief rivals of the mother-country. I have no fear, therefore, for the patriotism of South Africans, whether they be inhabitants of this colony or of the neighbouring states, if they shall cease to use a Dutch dialect as their mother-tongue.

All honour be to that country, physically so small, morally so great, which first introduced civilisation into South Africa. I often wish that her history were more studied here, especially by those who profess to look up to her as the model for our imitation. But it is unfortunately too true that the country, which was herself the birthplace of the religious and civil liberty of modern times, was the indirect means of establishing the grossest form of despotism in her colonies. If the statesmen of Holland had been immediately responsible for the good government of her colonies, I have no doubt that things would have been different ; but the government of her East Indian possessions was entrusted to a trading company, which cared little for the moral, intellectual and material advancement of the inhabitants, so long as the Com-

pany enjoyed the monopoly of trade, and brought in a good return to the proprietors. The Cape of Good Hope, as one of the trading stations of the Company, fell directly under their sway. For a century-and-a-half they misgoverned this country to such an extent that the evil effects of their misgovernment are still perceptible. If you wish to have proofs for this assertion, let me refer you to the excellent lectures of that learned judge and true patriot, whose early death the members of his profession and the whole colony have not ceased to deplore; I mean the late Mr. Justice Watermeyer.

Certainly, our Dutch rulers gave very little encouragement to any language but their own. I have already mentioned the two causes to which the Abbé de la Caille ascribed the decline and gradual extinction of the French language among the descendants of the Huguenot refugees. He might have added a third, more potent than either. It was the firm determination and fixed policy of the Chamber of Seventeen, as the General Council of Direction of the Dutch East Indian Company was called, to allow the use of the French language only so far as it was absolutely necessary, and to prevent its spread altogether, and the local councillors at the Cape were not remiss in carrying out the wishes of their superiors. To the truth of this assertion the old records of this colony bear ample testimony; but I will content myself with a very few quotations. In the year 1701, the local council wrote to the Chamber, informing them that the French minister, Pierre Simon, was about to leave the Colony, and requested them to send out another minister in his place. The answer, addressed to Governor Vander Stel, and signed by all the members of the Chamber, is dated the 20th September, 1701, and runs thus:—

“We presume that the Rev. Pierre Simon will not leave the Colony until another minister arrives to take his place. One who understands the Dutch and French languages will be sent out by the Chamber of Amsterdam, not, as we understand it, with the view of preaching in the latter language, but only for the purpose of visiting, admonishing, and comforting those old Colonists who do not understand our language. By such means we may, in course of time,

succeed in having that language destroyed (the Dutch word is *gemortificurt*—mortified), and, as it were, banished from the place; and, with this object in view, you will take care that the schools shall serve no other or further purpose than to teach the youth to read and write in our language."

After carefully searching the records, I do not find that any formal resolution on the subject was passed by the Council upon receipt of this despatch; but, in their reply dated the 3rd February, 1702, and containing a very interesting report on the social and financial condition of the Colony, the following passage occurs:—

"We will take care that, through the use of the Dutch language in the church and school at Drakenstein, the French language shall come into disuse among the members of the congregations, and thus, in course of time, be entirely rooted out; and this will the more readily happen, inasmuch as there are no longer any French schools."

The council kept their promise faithfully, and lost no opportunity of discouraging, and even prohibiting the use of the French language. Thus I find that, in December, 1709, upon the receipt of a letter in French from a Consistory at Drakenstein, submitting the names of certain persons as fit and proper to be elected members of the Consistory, the council passed the following resolution:—"That the Consistory be informed that they shall not in future have to write letters to Government in the French language, but that it shall be done in Dutch only."

From what I have said about the Dutch East India Company it seems clear that we owe but a trifling debt of gratitude to *their* memory; and such a debt as we do owe, we should but inadequately discharge by perpetuating a language which, in the ears of the directors, would have sounded more odious than French, and more barbarous than the English language itself. But I do not believe that it will be perpetuated. For several generations the two languages may live, more or less, peaceably side by side, but in the end the fitter one will survive.

Gradually the old prejudices against the English are giving way to more rational views. The youngest of us can pro-

ably remember the time when it would have been considered a species of sacrilege to propose that a sermon in English should be preached in the Dutch Reformed Church of this town, whereas we now find that an English service is held as regularly as a Dutch service. In many a so-called Dutch household English is the home language of the family; and, as the rising generation grows up, this tendency may be expected to increase. In the capital of the Orange Free State itself, I am credibly informed that English is as frequently heard in ordinary conversation as Dutch; nay, it has been confidently asserted by the chief Free State paper that English is spoken more accurately and more generally in Bloemfontein than in the capital of this colony.

When we refer to the literature imported into this country, we find that English books exceed in number all the rest put together; and, in such country villages as have public libraries, English books constitute the great bulk of the collection. In the Bloemfontein library itself, which may be looked upon as, to a certain extent, indicative of the tastes of the reading public of the colony, English books outnumber the Dutch in the proportion of nine to one. Nor is all this to be wondered at: the practical usefulness of a language will always be the best guarantee for its diffusion. In the conduct of important mercantile transactions, and in the carrying on of official correspondence, the use of English has become well-nigh indispensable. Stern necessity, moreover, requires a knowledge of the English language from those who desire to serve their country in Parliament, or to practise in the law courts, or to become members of divisional councils and municipalities, or to become qualified for the office of justice of the peace, or to engage in the noble occupation of teaching the youth of the colony. But, independently of the practical usefulness of a language, its inherent richness and power will give it immense advantage over its poorer and weaker rival. It has been eloquently remarked by Donaldson, in his "Varronianus," that "a language is only dear to us when we know its capabilities, and when it is hallowed by a thousand connections with our civilization, our literature, and our comforts. So long as it merely lisps the inarticulated utter-

ances of half-educated men it has no hold upon the hearts of those who speak it, and it is readily neglected or thrown aside in favour of the more cultivated idiom which, while it finds names for luxuries of civilization hitherto unknown, also opens a communication with those who appear as the heralds of moral and intellectual regeneration." The truth of this remark is illustrated by the readiness with which the ancient Gauls accepted the language of the Romans.

It is, no doubt, true that the language of a nation is the product, rather than the cause of their mental qualities; but it is also equally true that the intellectual progress of a nation is mightily influenced by the character of the language which they use, whether they have inherited it from their ancestors, or adopted it from another race. "Men," says Bacon, "believe that their reason is lord over their words; but it happens, too, that words exercise a reciprocal and reactionary power over our intellect." Can the language of a people, then, be a matter of indifference to those who have their interests at heart? If it be true that our words exercise a reciprocal and reactionary power over our intellect, it surely is a matter of the greatest importance that they should be exact in their meaning, that they should be capable of dealing with a wide range of subject, and that they should not be deficient in the power of giving expression to the thoughts of great thinkers. Where qualities like these are wanting in the old language, but are abundantly present in the new, it is no presumption to predict that the former must yield to the latter. Ideas which were incapable of expression in the old language find ready admission by being clothed in the new. In the course of time the new language becomes interwoven with the daily life of the people, and, instead of being regarded as an intruder, becomes as precious to them as it is to those with whom it had its origin.

As an abstract proposition no one will doubt that it is good, in every respect, for a people that they should speak a common language. The occupations of life are so pressing, and the natural indolence of man is so great, that it is vain to expect that a large proportion of the population will be able to master two or more languages. So long, however,

as different classes speak different languages, no community of interest can permanently exist between them. With so many elements of discord existing in our comparatively small and scattered community, it would be a real advantage to this country if the antagonism arising from a difference of language could be entirely done away with.

At the present time, the question I have been discussing assumes more than ordinary importance. A vague yearning for a closer union of the disjointed fragments of the European population has come over the land. The desire for a confederation of the different States and Colonies of South Africa is gradually gaining ground. With some, the idea takes the shape of a dominion under the British Crown, with others that of a confederation of independent States. I am not now going to tread on the delicate and forbidden ground of politics; but this I will say, that whether we are to have a South African Dominion under the British flag, or a union of Independent States, under a South African flag, the advantages of a common language will be equally great. What the future will bring forth none of us can tell. Taken at our best, the range of our mental vision is so limited, that we oftener than not fail to detect the full operation of all those circumstances which are silently moulding the events of the future. Sudden catastrophe, too, will sometimes upset the most careful calculations; but considerations such as these need not deter us from studying the signs of the times, and bringing our knowledge and experience of the past to bear upon the probabilities of the future. Something is gained if we are thus enabled to prepare, and bid others prepare, for those coming events whose shadows we see dimly cast before them, and nothing will be lost if our anticipations should not be fully realised. Where it is found as a fact that the current of events is uniformly tending in one and the same direction, it may be our duty to do everything in our power to stem the current, or it may be a wiser course to accept what is inevitable; but it would be sheer folly to close our eyes to the existence of the fact.

Apply these remarks to the question with which I started. I have only to add that all the facts and arguments, which I

have to-day brought forward, appear to me to point to the conclusion that the time is still far distant when the inhabitants of this colony will speak and acknowledge one common mother-tongue; that it will, however, come at last, and that, when it does come, the language of Great Britain will also be the language of South Africa.

TRIUMPHS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Now gather all our Saxon bards, let harps and hearts be strong,
To celebrate the triumphs of our own good Saxon tongue;
Far stronger far, than hosts that march with battle-flags unfurled
It goes with Freedom, Thought, and Truth, to rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays on every surf-worn shore.
And Scotland hears its echoing far as Orkney's breakers roar.
From Jura's crags and Mona's hills it floats on every gale,
And warms with eloquence and song the homes of Innisfail.

On many a wide and swarming deck it scales the rough waves' crest,
Seeking its peerless heritage—the fresh and fruitful West.
It climbs New England's rocky steeps as victor mounts a throne;
Niagara knows and greets the voice, still mightier than its own.

It spreads where Winter piles deep snows on deep Canadian plains,
And where on Essequibo's banks eternal Summer reigns;
It glads Acadia's misty coasts, Jamaica's glowing isle,
And bides where, gay with early flowers, green Texan prairies smile:
It tracks the lone swift Oregon, through sunset valleys rolled,
And soars where Californian brooks wash down their sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor-groves, on seas of fierce Malay,
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood, and towers of proud Bombay;
It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes, dusk brows and swarthy limbs,
The dark Siberian soothes her child with English cradle hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won in gentle Saxon speech;
Australian boys read Crusoe's life by Sydney's sheltered beach;
It dwells where Africa's southmost capes meet oceans broad and blue,
And Nienveld's rugged mountains gird the wide and waste Karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart, that while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with Autumn's fruits, and those with flowers of spring
It quickens lends whose meteor lights flame in an Arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross hangs its orbit fires on high.

It goes with all that Prophets told, and righteous kings desired;
With all that great Apostles taught and glorious Greeks admired.
With Shakespeare's deep and wondrous verse, and Milton's loftier mind,
With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore, to cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom, and error flies away,
 As vanishes the mist of night before the star of day !
 But grand as are the victories whose monuments we see,
 These are but as the dawn, which speaks of noontide yet to be.

Take heed, then heirs of Saxon fame ; take heed, nor once disgrace,
 With deadly pen or spoiling sword, our noble tongue and race.
 Go forth prepared in every clime to love and help each other,
 And judge that they who counsel strife would bid you smite a brother.

Go forth and jointly speed the time, by good men prayed for long,
 When Christian States, grown just and wise, will scorn revenge and
 wrong ;

When earth's oppressed and savage tribes shall cease to pine or roam,
 All taught to prize these English words—Faith, Freedom, Heaven and
 Home.
 J. C. LYONS.

Holding, as I do, the strongest views and feelings, due to my Saxon nationality and feelings, an inborn pride that it was the grandest thing to be born an Englishman ; but for fear that I might embue my fellow Saxon countrymen with too much pride and self esteem, I here subjoin the lesson and example set in the speech of England's Saxon Gladstone, so far as our language is concerned, that is so well known to be the commercial language of the day, that even the celebrated Pearl Andrews, of Boston, America, whom I here greet, and yet hope to see on the other side of the Atlantic, who for so many years has advocated a universal language, that I feel that he even must realize that naturally the Saxon language will dominate for all purposes all over the world during the next century, and that all people of all nations will consider no education complete that does not enable a dweller of any country to know English, as well as his own native tongue.

ENGLISH SELF-ESTEEM.

And now I will grapple with the noble Lord (Palmerston), on the ground which he selected for himself, in the most triumphant portion of his speech, by his reference to those emphatic words, *Civis Romanus sum*. He vaunted, amidst the cheers of his supporters, that under his administration an Englishman should be, throughout the world, what the citizen of Rome had been. What, then, sir, was a Roman

citizen? He was the member of a privileged caste; he belonged to a conquering race—to a nation that held all others bound down by the strong arm of power. For him there was to be an exceptional system of law; for him principles were to be asserted, and by him rights were to be enjoyed that were denied to the rest of the world.

Is such, then, the view of the noble lord, as to the relation that is to subsist between England and other countries? Does he make the claim for us, that we are to be uplifted on a platform, high above the standing ground of all other nations? It is, indeed, too clear, not only from the expressions, but from the whole spirit of the speech of the noble viscount, that too much of this notion was lurking in his mind; that he adopts in part that vain conception that we, forsooth, have a mission to be the censors of vice and folly, of abuse and imperfection among the other countries of the world; that we are to be the universal schoolmasters; and that all those who hesitate to recognise our office can be governed only by prejudice or personal animosity, and should have the blind war of diplomacy forthwith declared against them.

Sir, the English people, whom we are here to represent, are indeed a great and noble people; but it adds nothing to their greatness or their nobleness that, when we assemble in this place, we should trumpet forth our virtues in elaborate panegyrics, and designate those who may not be wholly of our mind as a knot of foreign conspirators. Now, the policy of the noble lord tends to encourage and confirm in us that which is our besetting fault and weakness, both as a nation and as individuals. Let an Englishman travel where he will as a private person, he is found in general to be upright, high-minded, brave, liberal, and true; but with all this, foreigners are too often sensible of something that galls them in his presence; and I apprehend it is because he has too great a tendency to self-esteem—too little disposition to regard the feelings, the habits, and the ideas of others.

I doubt not that use will be made of our present debate to work upon this peculiar weakness of the English mind. The people will be told that those who oppose the motion are

governed by personal motives, have no regard for public principle—no enlarged ideas of national policy. You will take your case before a favourable jury, and you think to gain your verdict ; but, sir, let the House of Commons be warned—let it warn itself—against all illusions. There is in this case, also, an appeal. There is an appeal, such as one honourable and learned member has already made from the one House of Parliament to the other. There is a further appeal from this House of Parliament to the people of England. But, lastly, there is also an appeal from the people of England to the general sentiment of the civilized world ; and I, for my part, am of opinion that England will stand shorn of a chief part of her glory and her pride if she shall be found to have separated herself, through the policy she pursues abroad, from the moral support which the general and fixed convictions of mankind afford—if the day shall come in which she may continue to excite the wonder and the fear of other nations, but in which she shall have no part in their affections and their regard.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.





CHAPTER XIII.

HAVING carefully looked into all the carriages at the station, and finally being assured by the occupants of one compartment that they would be kind to me, the orphan, I prepared for our midnight journey without fear. The bastard Pullman carriage gave us hope that a few hours' rest might be secured; but alas! such was the interest my fellow-travellers took in me, the fatherless one, that all such hopes were soon dissipated. They were most anxious to know from whence I came, and whither I was going, and anything else worth the knowing. So, with my usual fullness and generosity of soul, I did my best to acquaint them with my past disappointments, discoveries, and my future hopes in the fortunes of mankind.

Although I know England and her colonies suffer from much mismanagement, and are likely still to be crucified between the two giant thieves, land and money-lords, I know that remedies will be found as antidotes against our national despair. The moral excellencies of the English nature will yet get rid of the demoralizing commercialism of the age. The climate of England is always calculated to give birth to heroes, if conditions are arranged for the production of the same. Remove the artificial surroundings, and the soundness of the nation will be uppermost. In the future a man will not be honoured in proportion to his *gold*, or worshipped for material ownership, but for his *manhood*, independent of his differing from other people in political, social, and religious economics. In the past, from her cottages, England has brought forth those who ruled her destinies, and, undoubtedly, from the same source will rise that genius which will do honour to her imperishable name. The physical, mental, and moral qualities of the English race cannot die out; for if the time must

come when the repression of all her best qualities has to be removed, even with force, against illegal, illegitimate assumption, the coming man will be there to show and lead the way. The future *Commonwealth* of England for the benefit of all—not as now, for the few—will come, strive who may to resist it: to think otherwise, much less believe otherwise, would indeed be the looking forward for *chaos*.

One of my fellow-travellers was a Bontebok sheep-farmer, who, relying blindly upon dame Nature, and having failed to arrange for a reserve supply of green Silo, or dried root crops, had, out of a flock of 4,000 sheep, lost over 1,500 through poverty and the continual drought—causing him to cut the throats of the new-dropped lambs and kids, in order to save the lives of their mothers. Thus, he feared, he should lose the whole of his stock, both small and large. I assured him that this was the condition of the Free State. A few showers passed over some narrow strips of country, but the grass was everywhere in an exceeding bad state. Travellers likened the appearance of the grass-land, all the way, to the transport road; and those who came down northwards said there was not a vestige of grass to be seen. The grass throughout the State had not been so thoroughly parched, and in such a miserable condition, since the great drought in 1862; many farmers were worse off now than they were then. The consequences up to the present had been disastrous; in fact, many men, who were considered to be comparatively rich farmers, were being gradually reduced to poverty and distress, through losses sustained by sheep and cattle dying by hundreds, and even thousands. The commercial outlook was something awful to contemplate. It was estimated that over 250,000 cattle, worth £1,000,000, had died out in 1883-4. It is, perhaps, remarkable to think that this should be the case, seeing that, as a rule, Summer gives such splendid grass on these lands near the sea. Why, it may be asked, do not the farmers arrange for hay and root crops? As a matter of fact, the farmers are too indolent. In the past, sheep grazing on the high lands was one of the most lucrative pastoral investments a man could embark in, but seeing that so much enclosing of land has taken place, it

requires men of thought, and a knowledge of position, to regulate the number of stock to the acre.

Times, formerly, have been so good to the old, fortunate settlers, who had farms given them with certain conditions, which—like the aristocracy of England in the holding of lands—have been ignored, forgotten, or evaded, and, in so arranging, became rich, and, in some cases, insolent, until they almost believed that *they* were the *backbone* and *aristocracy* of the country of South Africa. But, as a check to their future insolence and contempt of those who have not been so fortunate as to have 2000 acres given them by a paternal Government, they find that their lands will not secure them so much, or that their sons, through no fault of their own, cannot succeed, and, in failing to meet their creditors' claims, are but the victims of the over-stocking of their fathers' lands, who, having eaten up the whilom nourishment of the soil, expect their sons to prosper on such barrenness; and, finding they do not succeed, are inclined to be severe upon them; as if success were possible when the food on the lands has been so unfairly eaten up by their sires, to the ruin and disgrace of their offspring!

One farmer, whom I know intimately, after enriching his employer for twenty years, during which time he had gathered together a herd of 200 cattle and about 5,000 sheep, and, without knowing that in so doing he had over-stocked himself for the grass supply, and in the utter forgetfulness that this want of food would produce poverty and weakness, had thus prepared his stock for all kinds of disease, and, finally, death—in one attack of lung-disease he lost 150 head of large cattle, and, during the four years of indifferent grass and drought, lost 4,000 sheep, and consequently ruined ever after, and, in his latter days, had to become once more a wage-slave.

Now, to some extent, this might have been got over, but for the monopoly of the land. Land, the gift of a bountiful Nature, should not be the private property of individuals. One generation ought not to be replete in lands to the injury of the next coming into existence. The parting of public domains for a trifle, for the purpose of enriching a few, as in

America and Australia, must be discontinued. In Africa it is seen that a landless people must ever be a helpless and a degraded one. Fortunately no king, emperor, or sovereign, if they can measure the probable quantity of air and light, can regulate its supply, even if it could be charged at so much a cubic yard, although there is even now a danger—since engineers have found out the value of sun-light and force, and the advantage of wind as heat and motive powers—that land and money monopolists will endeavour to lay some embargo upon the use of the same, unless the people watch their future interests. The Creator of all never intended that air and light should be the sole private property of individuals, neither did He the land, the sea, and all that they produce, for any special persons, to the injury of after-comers, except those supposed to be born to the present holders—I say *supposed*, for in these days of lewdness, looseness, lust, and animalism, it is difficult to know who is who, if the divorce and other records of the aristocracy are to be taken into consideration. Of course much might be done to save stock if farmers would act upon the advice and help that could be given by experienced farmers and engineers, in watering lands with stored-up water in some parts of the colony. It cannot be ignored that it is a poor country which has to rely so continually upon artificial means to preserve its stock. Under the present circumstances of deforestation the lands must be watered, and that continually, if the present generation desires to hold its own, and keep the road clear for internal trade. Here—looking upon myself as another John preparing the way for the future Christs, to make all things possible—I print the views of a practical farmer, so that the colonists of all countries into which this book may find its way may have no excuse for not taking advantage of all information which tends to make their efforts successful in all departments.

THE SUBJECTION OF AGRICULTURE.

A LAY SERMON BY A FRONTIER COLONIST.

CAN nothing be done in the way of encouraging production still further amongst our farmers? In spite of many draw-

backs, our home-grown tobacco, wine, and brandy are slowly, but surely, pushing imported samples out of our markets; and the victory would be more complete, could our producers but be prevailed upon to take a little more trouble in the preparation of the articles. Similar success would speedily crown efforts in other matters, small perhaps individually, but, in their aggregate, neither small nor unimportant. The details have often been given of what the colony could save by the production, even for its own use, of many articles of daily need. When Mr. Froude drew attention to some of our very obvious shortcomings in these things, many of those who were his professed admirers, and who sympathized with his mission, retorted that Mr. Froude did but show his ignorance of the first principles of political economy in so reflecting upon us. It was urged that we did not produce these things because it paid us better not to do so, and because we produced other things. It was even said that our customs' revenue would fall off if we were not large importers! How were farmers, who sheared thirty or forty bales of wool, to be expected to harass themselves about milk, jams, and pickles? Such a reply, however, is not satisfactory. Mr. Froude was shown some of the international-exhibition-like stores of Port Elizabeth, and when he asked for a specimen of the country's manufactures, the obliging showman proffered a quid of Boer tobacco, and begged his acceptance of a Kaffir knobstick! One newspaper indignantly asked why the clerk did not show his employer's bales of wool to the anxious inquirer. But Mr. Froude doubtless thought, what a good many more think, that the country which imports almost everything, and exports only one thing, and that not a very valuable one, cannot be in a thoroughly healthy position. The reply made to Mr. Froude's criticism would be perfect, were there more amongst us whose time was fully spent in solid work; but so long as there is such a waste of time, and so long as lands on farms lie fallow, when they ought to be covered with produce, the reply is irrelevant. We cannot say otherwise of the reply than is usually made to those who urge upon sheep-owners food!—they say, "we may as well

throw up the game, because, in Australia and other parts, sheep do not require this, and we should be too heavily handicapped to be anywhere in the race." But so long as so little energy is shown, so long as so much time and so many opportunities are wasted, so long as all that is wanted, in very many cases, for the production of these Winter crops is the employment of time which is otherwise frittered away, we must say that the impossibility of raising Winter food hath not appeared.

Again, in agricultural matters in this country, it should never be lost sight of, that, on an average, one year in every four will be a bad one. No time should be lost, therefore, during good years. Every nerve and muscle should be strained to secure the greatest returns. As these pages are being written the whole frontier is being agitated over the failure of the mealie crop. By the middle of the year, it is believed that mealies will be at famine prices. "Never mind that," say many, "the scarcity will drive the natives to the railway works, and Mr. — will have another chance for his Budget by the extra importation of breadstuffs!" This is how we treat a great question; this is how we excuse our own improvidence!

The writer lately was at the farm of a man who, as the saying is, had been thrice ruined. Twice he had lost his stock, and had his house burnt in war; the third time, just as he thought it was well with him, his sheep died, and his farm became unfit for those animals. Then did he find much comfort in those trees which he had planted, and which are—aye—growing while men are sleeping, and sheep are dying. Only last season his orange-trees had produced 300,000 oranges for sale; he had sold them, and could have sold twice as many if he had had them. For several years, and with the help of his family, he had made large quantities of butter, and still larger quantities of jams from apricots, peaches, and Cape gooseberries. He was able, every year, to sell all that he could make, and, latterly, the demands were greater than with the utmost industry he could supply. In the matter of potatoes and wheat he found himself similarly situated. He was not coining money, to be sure, but he

was living in ease and comfort, notwithstanding his labours. There is room enough for many more to do the same thing ; all that is wanted is a little knowledge, some patience, and "pegging away." We should soon find other lines in which producers could work with advantage. Why, for instance, should millions of lemons be allowed to rot in orchards, when their juice could be pressed out and shipped to England, as is done in other countries ?

There is no more certain truth in connection with the practical politics of a country like Britain than that the foundations of its prosperity rests, not on the millionaires, but on the countless thousands who earn but five shillings a day, and who live on them too. How were the French peasants enabled to pay off Bismarck, but by bringing out the innumerable small hoards made by preserving and sugaring fruits, for instance, or by growing wine, which their less provident fellow-beings, in the Cape and elsewhere, have to buy from them ? Yet, the French are not a mean, though they are a thrifty people. But we are, to a great extent, the spoiled children of fortune ; the spirit of industry and thriftiness is not in the air above us, nor in the ground under our feet. From the horse-breeder who, rather than take market value for his animals, will let them die of bots in the Veldt, down to the cotter who, rather than let his ill-got-up hams go at less than a dollar a pound, will make an effort to eat them up himself, we are dominated by the idea of the *grande culture*. We are Conservatives, as "Omega" says, and we wish to remain so.

When we say that the spread of education amongst our people must be looked upon as an indispensable agency in the rehabilitation of agriculture, we shall doubtless be reminded that this is but another iteration of a well-worn platitude. And yet, when it is part of the problem with which we have to deal, to sharpen the wits of those who have some, and to give wits to those who have none to boast of, the necessity of encouraging education cannot be lost sight of for a moment. We all admit the necessity in theory, but in matters educational we are, practically, nearly all infidel. For, of the small value attached to education, we

have an undoubted practical illustration in the fact that, although, for the improvement of agriculture, we have had compulsory Fencing Acts, and Labour Acts, and even prohibitory Liquor Traffic Acts, all proposed and discussed, a compulsory Educational Act has scarcely ever been alluded to out of the four corners of official reports, and this, too, although few such compulsory Acts are so necessary, or have so much to recommend them.

One may go into almost any of our colonial towns with the certainty of finding that the persons who take a lively interest in backing-up the efforts of the Superintendent-General and his deputies, the teachers, are included in a very narrow circle. Our school committees, instead of having any such conception as that they are part and parcel of our national arrangements for maintaining, in its highest possible efficiency, the machinery of education, and for enlarging, year by year, the area of its utility, content themselves with seeing that the financial part of their trust is properly controlled. For the rest, *quies non mouere*, is the ruling principle. How far this lack of vitality in these committees is to be attributed to the blighting influence of that paternal and fostering care which, doubtless, would be pleased with nobler results, this is not the place to inquire; we may just say, in passing, that we do not view with unmixed delight the proposal to extend that same paternal and fostering care over "fresh fields and pastures new." But, be this as it may, it is quite evident that those who believe in the value of education, and who would desire to see their country rising in the scale of nations, must not relax in their exertions, and, on the contrary, must show even more earnestness than they have done. This must especially be seen to in our towns and villages, which, despite the well-meant efforts to establish country boarding schools, are likely, for some time to come, to remain the centres of "sweetness and light." A Superintendent-General may plant, and his inspectors may water as best they can, but it is only the continuous, kindly, believing, and resolute exertions of individuals more immediately concerned that can secure the increase.

Now, with reference to the particular subject under discus-

sion, there should be, in connection with every undenominational school throughout the colony, efficient provision made for instruction in matters agricultural. The supply of this desideratum ought at once to be firmly dealt with by every agricultural society. The only societies in the colony that look after particular wants, and that try to minister to them, are the religious societies; and if our agricultural societies limit their usefulness to yearly awards of prizes to the most successful producers—in nine cases out of ten the same men every year—they may just as well not exist at all. Their efforts, however, can only be valuable in proportion as they succeed in laying up life and food for future use, in the shape of raising up a generation qualified to deal with the difficulties that are accumulating on the path. Of that branch of knowledge, for instance, generally known as agricultural chemistry, how many of our farmers or their sons know even the name? What provision has any single society ever tried to make to meet the want? The soil is the farmer's raw material, yet how few of them know anything of its composition, or even its physical properties, on which the possibility of turning this raw material to the most profitable uses depends? When they dress their lands, how few even think what these dressings should and should not contain, for the realization of the end in view? How many, even of the rising generation of farmers, have ever heard of Liebeg, or Boussingault, or Lawes, or have some idea of the nature of the services such men have rendered to the farmer's art? From the numerous jeers that have been thrown upon him, perhaps a few may have heard of Darwin! but this will have been in connection with his, of course, very silly and childish, or atheistic theory of man's descent; but along with the jeers, how many of our young men have ever heard of one good word for that philosopher's researches into heredity and breeding, which have simply laid all posterity under an obligation? How many of our farmers, we do not say have read, but have even heard of the "inter-marriage" by Alexander Walker, or have any conception of its value to the stock-breeder? In their ignorance of such authors and their works, is it to be wondered at that so

many of our flock-masters still believe that a particular breed of animals have dropped from the sky upon some favoured place beneath, instead of being the result of the conscious, intelligent, and persistent selective acts of men such as all may advantageously mimic, if they cannot carry to a forwarder stage? Or is it to be wondered at that they lose sight altogether of the importance of the truth, that a particular animal is just the sum of all the conditions it has undergone? In the branch of physiology, again, how few have a saving knowledge of the laws of life, knowing the laws by which animals "live, move, and have their being," understand the food deficiencies of particular pastoral areas, and in what direction intelligence must work for the supply of these?

So long as these and other grave defects exist amongst present and prospective members, agricultural societies may die of inanition, but need not die for want of work to do. The time has not come, neither is the foreshadowing of it to be detected, when agricultural societies may rest and be thankful. Young men who, as farmers' sons, otherwise, have obtained a practical knowledge of their profession, require a course of scientific study to brace up their intellect. This alone can remove that tendency to trust to the rule-of-thumb practice, which is so slipshod, and alone can free their minds from the deadening effects of those traditions of a time gone by, never to return, when the possibility of husbandry, in its widest sense, were vastly different from what they now are. This, then, is the work of the future for our agricultural societies; and no ordinary obstacles should deter them from undertaking it. And the objection cannot be raised here that the proposed method of elevation comes from without. Self-help is the best help, and the only help that in the end fails to demoralize. Agricultural societies consist mainly of farmers. These will enter with spirit into any measures proposed by members of their own class. Let the one or two leading minds that are to be found in every society therefore come forward boldly. Let them show that agriculture has yet a future before it in this Colony; let them show that they themselves have a living faith in the future,

not a languid and half-hearted faith. Then will our agricultural societies be worthy of the name. When their influence is perennial and all-pervading; when their life is something more than a meteor-like flash in the village sky, blazing for a moment, and then disappearing in the darkness, suspended animation, or death of another year.

And if, happily, our efforts to supply youths possessed of knowledge and intelligence should succeed, no efforts should be spared to retain these amongst the rank and file of our agriculture. For, although, as we have seen, the difficulties in the way of successful husbandry have been increasing year by year, we have not taken sufficient care to have the proper men to deal with them. Intelligent youths of farmers' families have been constantly drafted off into other spheres, where it was supposed their faculties could have better scope. Parents and guardians must cease to be guided by the delusion that any youth with a beggared brain is quite good enough to manage a farm. One cause of the subjection is, that we have all too long believed that agriculture is the refuge for the intellectually destitute. We must change our front, and instead of acting as if farms were paradises specially designed by a kind Providence for our intellectual failures, we must be persuaded that the proper management of a farm requires at least as much ability as any other mundane business. And there are indirect ways of bearing testimony to the subjection of the farmer as well as direct ones. As a class, the social amenities of farmers are very much overlooked. From responsible ministers who recommend newly-fledged shopkeepers by the dozen for the honorary justiceship of the peace, to the almost complete neglect of the long-tried and struggling farmer (and it is astonishing how such a man is helped or unhelped by a little notice or an apparent slight), down to the last new-comer from Europe, who sees in the farmer only a man whose tailor is not recently from Regent-street; we are all sinners by commission or omission in this respect.

We have all heard of the good old times when there were in every village a few hospitable and kind-hearted men, beginning, perhaps with the magistrate, who thought it no offence against "society," and who found it a real pleasure

to have a few farmers occasionally at their dinner table. The times have changed, new kings have arisen "who knew not Joseph;" but the stream of tendency need not be dwelt upon, lest the object of these few pages should be mistaken. Still, however, we think it would be better for all concerned, if those who affect the leadership of "society" in our towns and villages, were in more sympathising relationship with their neighbours the farmers. Madam may at first object that the talk during visits is too much "of bullocks;" but after all "bullock" may be made as interesting as the insipidities of the drawing-room, and the spirit of true courtesy that is woman's privilege, if latent for a time, will soon assert itself. In other countries, the farming and the town populations may move in distinct lines without much harm being the result, inasmuch as there are other agencies at work which counterbalance the evils attendant upon such a system. But in this country the compensating agencies do not exist; our farmers are very much isolated, and the effects of this isolation are unmistakable. Further, and we say it with regret, the opinion prevails very widely, and is not unproductive of harm, that a man loses cast by becoming a farmer. We were visiting lately at the farm of a young unmarried colonist, who had begun ostrich farming; his dwelling-house was an unpretending thatched cottage, on entering which we found ourselves in a kind of room, round the wall of which were several glass cases filled with stuffed birds, properly arranged and classified. Some mineralogical and geological specimens, a few books and maps, testified to their owner being a man of some culture.

This part of Cassandra, in social or political matters, is one that is generally tabooed; its occasional utility, however, must be admitted, and in all probability its utility would not be so very occasional were there not a very great difficulty, when the part is taken, in using people and things as though you loved them. In the following remarks, therefore, Cassandra shall be all but dumb, although to us at this moment there seems to be, in matters agricultural, a depression sufficient to excite the very gravest alarm, and a sickness "that doth infect the very life-blood of our enterprise."

For in a country such as this, in which manufacturing industries are conspicuous by their absence, and which affords to the generality of its people few possibilities of enrichment by commerce, whatever touches agriculture carries with it damaging influences that penetrate to the very depths of society.

It seems unnecessary to bring forward any evidence in support of the statement that our agriculture has been so touched. From the extreme West, where efforts are being made to improve wine-farming by the formation of companies with capital, to the extreme East, where a Cattle Disease Commission has been for some months pursuing its labours, the statement seems tacitly admitted. Indeed, it is so generally admitted that, though there are a few who, like ostriches in the fabulous tales of travellers, cover up their heads as if afraid to look things in the face, the talk in connection with these matters most frequently turns upon the means best adapted to stay further depression, and to promote recovery. Some believing that the case of agriculture is beyond recovery, have abandoned it, and have gone to dig for diamonds or for gold, or have turned their ploughshares and their pruning hooks into canteen glasses or yard measures. Some, more hopeful, seek for salvation in the direction of excise privileges here and elsewhere, or in Fencing and Scab Acts, in ministers of agriculture, and in professors of the veterinary art and what not. Others, again, look Eastwards for help from the nerveless Coolie, or demand it from our own Legislature in the form of a compulsory Labour Act, or of some other kind of class legislation. While, lately, a member of the Legislature itself has made a suggestion that a *deus ex machina*, in the shape of an already over-worked executive, should usher into being a leviathan agricultural society, whose heart should pulsate in Cape Town, whose covering fins should spread out over the length and breadth of the land, and whose tail should lash into activity the dreamy occupiers of the "morgen" and payers of quit-rent.

There are exceptions to every rule, of course. Here and there we find farmers who have held their own amidst difficulties neither few nor insignificant, just as we find a still

more limited number that have prospered. But, as a rule, our agriculturists do not prosper, and what is worse, large numbers of them have lost heart. Many are known to the writer who, say a dozen years ago, were cheerful, industrious, fairly prosperous men, living on unmortgaged farms, having comfortable homesteads, trim gardens, a mill perhaps, and well-kept, and well-filled folds; but who are now dispirited, falling behind with their payments, having mortgages pressing upon them like nightmares, their dwelling-houses, mills, and folds in a tumble-down condition, their gardens and lands choked with weeds, and their stock small in number, and miserable in appearance. Others, again, are merely farmers in name—owners, nominally, of a large tract of land; they use it for growing a few cart loads of vegetables for the market of the neighbouring village, or they use it as grazing for a few spans of oxen, with which they ride transport; or, doing neither of these, they have the last resource of cutting down the trees to sell as firewood. While, with reference to the few transfers of land that have been given lately by Europeans to natives, nothing further need be said than that these Europeans found that they could make more by placing the proceeds out at interest in a bank than by cultivating the ground, and that the land so parted with had a higher price offered for it by natives than by Europeans, for the evident reasons that the former had more money to offer, and attached more value to the investment.

On the other hand, people following trades or professions, mainly supported by farmers, have continued to do fairly well, although not so well as formerly. Plough importers, ploughwrights, and cartwrights still find no difficulty to speak of in earning something more than a living. Places of worship—from such ambitious and almost cloud-capped piles, as those of Cradock, to the unpretending but serviceable meeting-houses that dot our hill sides—have been built and paid for out of farmers' money; the pulpits are filled by men who live in comparative comfort from a similar source; doctors have placed their hundreds with their bankers; agents have placed their thousands, and wool-buyers their tens of thousands. The farmers alone have been growing poorer, have

been losing their capital, and are at least in as bad a condition as ever they were.

Meanwhile, the hopes of many well-meaning men, and of would-be benefactors of their species, have been rudely shattered. Responsible Government was soon to educate the peasant in the way he should go politically; still, however, talk about a change of ministers is as unintelligible as Greek, or sounds like treason in their hearing. Multiplied churches were to be the means of bringing the consoling and stimulating influences of religion and of culture within easier reach, but worthy members have found that thereby duties have devolved upon them in connection with the spiritual flock in too many cases incompatible with the well-being and the well-doing of the other flock. Doctors being placed as thick as blackberries, the sick were to be speedily healed, or those in pain as speedily relieved, the aggregate comfort of the community being thereby largely increased; but farmers have found that, for every pain cured by the doctors, a dozen have come in its place, and, worst pain of all, more money has had to be made to pay the fees. By the founding of new villages, and the subdivision of large into smaller districts, dispensers of justice were to be made more accessible to long-suffering masters; but, instead of these magistrates having become a terror to evil-doers, evil-doers have become a terror to them, while, if justice has been brought to every door, this has not been unattended by the escape of bread through the window. Schools were everywhere hailed as the means of bringing the one thing needful to the farmers' children, who were thus sure of becoming comforts and blessings to their parents; but, somehow or other, along with much reading and grammar, the boys did not acquire the knack of rearing lambs successfully, or adroitness in the management of *brandzichte*; while the girls, for the flimsy accomplishments of pianoforte-playing or flower-painting, have bartered a knowledge of the vulgar arts of butter or soap-making—boys and girls thus leaving their father and his old-fashioned mate to cope unaided and unsympathized with in their troubles. And, last of all, a plenteous crop of country shops, by supplying his neces-

sities in an economical and convenient way, was to spare the farmer much wear and tear of carts and harness in trips to the still distant town, and was to keep his domestics out of the way of such irresistible temptations as unmeasured bags of sugar and coffee ; but little wants kept growing upon the household, and when the wool was taken down to pay for them, the balance to credit was easily carried home ; while, by the same means, the opportunities of having a little refreshment, a gossip, and a pipe with neighbours, were so facilitated, that, in too many cases, shopping at the country store soon became the serious business of life.

Meanwhile, also, farmers' congresses and other cognate bodies, impressed with the conviction that the subjection of agriculture is caused by political evils, are exercised with the needed political reforms. Now, if farmers have any special disabilities traceable to errors in our political system, it is in the highest degree expedient that they should be discussed with a view to their being rectified, and we are free to confess that our political system is not so perfect but what some of the troubles of farmers may be justly attributable to such a cause. But, in these discussions, there has been a tendency to attribute to such imperfect adjustments a significance which, to thoughtful men in other classes, has appeared exaggerated and illegitimate, and which has too often diverted men's minds from truer sources of calamity. We remember, for instance, some weeks ago, listening to a farmer, at a farmers' meeting, speaking to a motion that a Minister of Agriculture ought to exist in this country. In the opinion of the speaker, almost every ill, past, present, or prospective, that agriculturists had suffered, or were likely to suffer from in this colony—from bad grass up to locusts and the dreaded Colorado beetle—could have been, and was indeed still to be removed or prevented by the appointment of such a minister. "But what is the use," said the speaker, "of my making known our grievances or our wants? We suffer from one overwhelming misfortune in this colony, and that misfortune is that we are "whites." If we farmers were only black—not painted black, for we are that, but born black—Government would soon take an interest in us;

but as we are naughtily "whites," we are nobody's children, and therefore uncared for." And, in addition to this, when they have met together as members, or representatives of a class, presumably therefore to deal with questions affecting them as such, farmers have shown some tendency to discuss questions which do not affect them so exclusively, but which concern them only in common with all the other members of the body politic. In this way they have incurred blame as meddlers and busybodies; they have forgotten that the agricultural interest, large and important though it be, is not co-extensive with the State.

In all probability much of the present depression is to be explained by the fact that agriculture in this country is in a transition epoch. This epoch is marked, on the one hand, by the passing of that period in which produce could be raised, or stock profitably kept, by the observation of a rude, simple and primitive method, in which rule-of-thumb practice was sufficient to ensure success; and, on the other hand, by the near prospect of another period, the characteristics of which are increasing difficulties in the way of maintaining production at its proper level, and the necessity of larger supplies of labour, capital, and intelligence, to make such production profitable. The problem for solution, therefore, seems to be of this nature, to maintain and even to increase production, with a gradually diminishing area suitable for our one industry of depasturing sheep, with a diminished capital in the coffers of those who follow that industry, their average intelligence being at the same time not higher than it was when the simpler and easier method was all-sufficient. And if this is the problem, it must at once appear that our situation is a very grave one. No adequate solution of the problem is here professed to be offered; for, rightly to handle it, there is need of a much greater ability than belongs to the writer. He will be content to throw out a few remarks, in the hope that others may be induced to reflect upon the question, and thus draw to the subject the interest and attention which it deserves. Into the merits of such suggestive restoratives as Fencing Acts, stringent Scab Acts, and Masters' and Servants' Act, &c., it is not proposed to enter. Readers of our Parla-

mentary debates are already familiar with all that can be said about them. We believe that such measures, if not likely to be altogether barren of result in the present juncture, at all events have had their value over-rated; but we leave our reasons for saying so to be inferred rather than directly put. Nevertheless, it will not do to stand still with our arms folded and to allow things to take their course. The time may have come also when it is necessary that some views which have long been accepted should be reconsidered.

Is it sound policy, for instance, that so many of our farmers, and especially those who have but a small capital, should be the real or nominal owners, of large tracts of country? Doubtless, those who have command of a fair amount of capital, may be justified in working as large a concern as they can possibly acquire; but whatever opinion we may entertain on the expediency of large, as opposed to small holdings, it can scarcely be sound, that men with small capital should invest it in that land which has to be most mortgaged, at rates which are certainly high when we consider the value of the produce, in order to obtain money for the purchase of implements and stock. Such a system cannot be remunerative, unless prices should be much more favourable to producers than they have been. And there can be but little doubt that this system has been very disastrous of late, more especially in some parts of the frontier. Many, for instance, have in these parts lost all their sheep by disease, and with them have lost what may be called their working capital. Then, before any endeavour was made to find out the cause of the mortality, these have been replaced by others, or perhaps with ostriches or goats, and by means of money raised on mortgage. The new stock has again been carried off by a similar disease, and the farmers have been ruined; they have been victimised because they did not know what to do.

Granting that no one could have foreseen these disasters, which is questionable, with the experience we have now had, would it not be better for those who hereafter meet with such losses, at once to have their land divided into small holdings and sold, one such holding with a suitable grazing patch being

retained, which, with the capital thus raised, could be worked to the best advantage, until a season of prosperity set in again? There are hundreds, and perhaps thousands of natives who would gladly buy, and who can pay for such holdings; while, if there was an invincible dislike to selling, the holdings could be let for a time to tenants of the same class, and if we could but rid ourselves of some of our prejudices and suspicions, we should in all probability find that such an arrangement would be to the common advantage, for the Kaffir in his own country is not a bad agriculturist, and by mixing more with his "betters," he would improve more quickly, and would also all the sooner acquire tastes which would make him a more profitable member of the State.

Further, the cry is for increased population and for "white" immigrants; but what sort of "white" immigrants will be tempted to our shores if we have no land to offer them? One difficulty in the way of increasing the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police, is that when their time is up, there are no lands on which they can be located, and there is therefore the danger of the time-expired men swelling the ranks of the loafers. It is utterly impracticable and visionary—for that is the favourite word with the immovable routinists—for the Orphan Chamber, for instance, or for some large and well-organised land company, or even for the State, to select such holdings and to offer them to immigrants on easy terms.

Must we go on for ever living in a feverish dread of what old women of both sexes call organic change, and which they label "The way to madness"? The reply generally made is that there is no market for the produce. But has this country ever suffered from over-production? Would there be *more* or *less* comfort in the land if the prices of food were just a trifle lower all round? Besides, railways are costing us millions, and, surely, we ought to be able to do something more with them than to run a few bales of wool down to port, and to bring back a few more "notions." But how are we to produce in any abundance, when land-owners retain four or five times more land than they can manage,

when "white" agricultural labourers refuse to leave their own country unless they can, by so doing, cease to be labourers, and when our natives are indifferent about hiring themselves for service? Along the routes of projected railways no signs are visible of preparations for taking advantage of them. Further still, we hear it constantly said that the number of sheep runs, no longer fit to maintain sheep, is on the increase; yet their owners continue to work on in the old groove.

If we cannot change with the times, we shall certainly suffer the fate of all organisms that are too rigid and unyielding. Nature, like fire, is a good servant, but a bad master; and if she show signs of becoming dominant under one system, then that system must be changed, and more intelligence must be imported to cope with her blind and apparently purposeless agencies. Fortunately, for the future advantage of the colonists, the land question is yet in its infancy in this colony.

Thanks to the efforts of past Governments of England, the Cape Colony holds large tracts of land for future use and cultivation, which is all future gain, and upon its proper use will depend the future prosperity of the colony. Now supposing that, during the next twenty years, twenty millions of acres are let at an average rental of one shilling per acre, this would be equal to an income of £1,000,000 as a land revenue, which would free other commodities from a burden. If the lands were surveyed in all important districts, which would form barriers to any attempt on the part of the Kaffirs to subvert our power, they could be let out to agricultural men of England, and other parts of the North of Europe. Such men would realize that their future prosperity depended upon their individual industry, and instead of looking forward to the workhouse in which they might end their days, or for the help of friends in their old age; they would live and die in their own homesteads, regretted by their neighbours, and mourned by the Colony and the State.

If we take into consideration the evidence to be produced in those countries blessed with a large agricultural population, we find for the most part that they are contented, virtuous, and comfortable. France, Tuscany, Holland,

Belgium, and Lombardy are all cultivated on a system of small farms, and the produce from a given quantity of soil is greater in these countries than in England. Wherever the small farm system has been adopted, the fact is established that land is rendered more valuable in the hands of a man who cultivates for himself, than in those of a farmer, who has to pay wages for everything that is done. A man works on his own farm to far greater profit than when working for another. He works early and late. The industry of his family is no longer lost to the community. The youngest picks up weeds, fetches and carries, and all are made active and busy. Under such circumstances, it may be said that

*"Children are blessings, and he that hath most,
Hath aid for his fortune and riches to boast."*

One thousand farms, of one hundred acres each, means one thousand litters of pigs, thousands of milch cows, with milk, butter and cheese in addition. It includes thousands of broods of chickens, with no end of eggs. It means one thousand gardens, with potatoes and other vegetables; one thousand orchards, each yielding a surplus of food for the market. No risk of capital is involved, because no wages are paid. There are smaller chances for a bad crop in any season, in addition to the land being better ploughed and manured. There are hands on the spot to substitute a new crop for that which has not succeeded. No establishment of horses and expensive farming implements has to be kept up; and, although for a time there may be a little surplus to sell, the owner can make shift to live by his cows, his eggs, his gardens, and wait for better seasons. For proof, the Dutch in Holland are very heavily rented; the climate is far worse than in or at the Cape, because hard frosts compel them to winter food. Look at the Swiss; how comfortable with their little farms, how intelligent, how moral. It is, therefore, certain that all these advantages would be the lot of those who would occupy and work with will on our lands.

Mr. Nathaniel Kent, speaking of small farms generally on the Continent of Europe, and especially of North Germany, says that the state of that country is a proof that agriculture, when it is thrown into a number of hands, becomes the life of

industry, the source of plenty, and the fountain of riches to a country; but that if large farms are in the hands of the few, it must dishearten the rest, lessen produce, and tend to general poverty. "Give a man," said Arthur Young, many a long year ago, "the secure possession of a rock, and he will turn it into a garden;" and so it would be with lands out here. The country should be the nursery of our towns. From thence should come the energetic spirits, the genius, and the ambition. Sap the tree that puts forth this human fruit, and what is to become of us as a colony of shopkeepers? Storemen are all very well in their right place, but are not equal to the needs of a new colony. Let us have our large towns and villages and our manufactories, but let us have our small farms likewise. The small farmer will form the backbone of our colony. They will then form our life's blood, our moral regulators, the guardian of our reason, the depositories of our principles, creating sound minds in sounder bodies. A colony, made up of all traders and storemen, cannot exist for many generations, without collapsing through the want of the base of all society. The fate of all ancient nations shows that, where they have neglected their lands, decay has followed. Then let us all do our best to increase our small farmers. They will form the true material of humanity, often a very raw material, but still the right stuff, pure in the grain, the right stuff to take on the polish of civilisation, with the tough fibre of their native forests and the vitality of the living oak.

In Europe, there are thousands who are asking and wishing for work. Let us so manage in the future that our idle lands, and the unemployed in Europe, may be brought together, to relieve the one, and enrich both. In my next, and the last, I will, with all due humility and modesty, propose a plan which I think would be advantageous to all.

It has been stated by many eminent men in this colony and in England, that if the Cape Colony were irrigated and cultivated, it would be capable of maintaining a population of over one hundred millions. If such could be the fact, the plan which I propose will not be considered Utopian or impracticable, but, if carried out, will be the means of providing work for thousands and millions of Saxons, and produce prosperity

among all classes in the colony. The following will show at a glance how so desirable an end could be obtained : First—An Act of Parliament should be passed, specifying that, on and after the 1st of January, 1884, all forests and untilled land, in each division, should be held and used for the advantage of such division. A Board of Land Commissioners should be appointed, who should have full power to survey and irrigate, let and hold for use, in behalf of such division, such land as they may from time to time select to be portioned out as hereafter stated. Where it might be necessary to pass through lands already occupied, for irrigation purposes, the owners to receive a bond for their value, to be called Land Debenture Stock ; the said bonds to be redeemed out of the future income from such lands. The said commissioners to be elected, two or four in each division, by every *white* man over twenty-one years of age, of sound mind, and unconvicted of any crime. Each commissioner to receive a salary of £500 per annum for his services ; and the said commissioners to render a quarterly account in the official paper of the division, so that the public might know all particulars respecting the land under their control. The land secured and surveyed, to be allotted out in farms of one hundred acres each, with proportionate commonage attached for grazing purposes clearly defined ; the tenants of such farms to be selected from the skilled labourers, lately introduced for public works, or from the time-expired members of armed and mounted police, or from selected agriculturists from the North of Europe, but especially from the agriculturist classes from England. The tenants of such farms to have means to enable them to build temporary homes, made of sods, or wattle and daub, for the purchase of necessary agricultural implements, live stock, and all the useful seeds suited to the colony ; also to provide clothes and subsistence for the first year ; to receive an advance of divisional notes, to be used for all legal and trade purposes, in each division. The notes so advanced, to be at the rate of one-twentieth every year, the tenants also agreeing to pay one-twentieth of their yearly profits to assist in paying all expenses of such division. Now,

supposing that the estimated cost for locating each man on a farm was as follows :—

Erecting Farm House and Sheds	£75
For the Purchase of Live Stock, Tools and Seeds	£75
Clothes and Food, first year, and Sundries . . .	£150

Total£300

This sum to be paid back by twenty instalments, the first instalment to be paid at the end of the second year. Now, if each division allot two millions of acres for this purpose, we shall secure, in each division, twenty thousand farms of one hundred acres each, brought into working condition at a cost of £6,000,000 of legal currency in the form of divisional notes, to be redeemed yearly out of the produce of the farmers, who would sell to pay their twentieth part annually. Now, if the same process be adopted in ten of the divisions in the colony or state, we shall have twenty million acres of waste land brought under cultivation, creating two hundred thousand farms, worked by a capital of £60,000,000 of divisional notes, such notes being legal tender for all trade and other purposes. Then, again, suppose that on each of these farms twenty-five acres were used for the growing of corn, and that only four bags were raised to each acre, that would give one hundred bags, which would certainly fetch £1 per bag, giving an income of £100 for corn alone, and this for all farms in the ten divisions, creating corn to the yearly value of £2,000,000, and then leaving each farmer seventy-five acres for the raising of cattle, poultry, fruit, vegetables, and other farm produce, such as butter, eggs, chicory, &c., which certainly might be estimated at £3,000,000, far exceeding the yearly value of our diamond and gold fields, creating a settled population living upon the fruits of the earth—a desideratum much to be wished for. Thus will be seen the advantage of the plan proposed, if carried out by such a system :—

Land brought under cultivation (acres)	...	20,000,000
Farms and homsteads created	...	20,000
Farmers and assistants increasing our		
population	40,000
Divisional Notes for buying and selling	...	£60,000,000

I am aware that many will say : Is it your intention to make money for this purpose ? To this question I would decidedly answer, Yes. Money created in each division to enrich each division, governed and regulated by men of well known probity, such sums to be redeemed by the men holding such farms. And it must be remembered, that this representative divisional money so created, would not only be the means of giving the opportunity to the forty thousand men to work our untilled lands, producing all we needed for the sustenance of life, but also give employment to builders, wagon-makers, agricultural implement makers, furniture makers, and to all makers of useful things ; in fact, giving work to all to engage in all ways, making the necessities and conveniences of life. And let it not be forgotten, that this money would eventually find its way into the hands of the surveyors and contractors, who would be enabled to engage a large number of navvies, carpenters, brickmakers and layers, ironworkers, and other mechanics, for making supplementary railways or tramways, as the feeders to our large towns, and thus open up all districts throughout the country, bringing about a closer union between the citizens and peasants, also in making waterworks that would supply our towns with pure water, cutting dams, and irrigating canals throughout the length of the land, creating artificial rivers and reservoirs, so that when we had hot and dry summers, the crops and cattle should not suffer, and our water supply in towns fall short ; making railways and sewers in all our towns, and erecting establishments to receive the excrements of our cities to be converted into deodorised guano ; making water furrows along the banks of rivers, and where needed, building walls to protect the banks, so that the land alongside of our rivers could be utilised instead of, as now, creating fever and pestilence ; pulling down the worst parts of our towns, and rebuilding them on a good sanitary system ; building large schools with playground and gymnasium attached ; making cheap railways to carry lime, clay, sand, manure and the rich alluvial soils of our river banks to the poor lands wherever situated. Men, being employed on these useful works, would be the means of increasing trade throughout

the country, which would bring prosperity to all. Such would be the general gain that, where we have one merchant, we should have ten, for the production of large supplies of corn, wool, &c., would necessitate a constant exchange of Home and Foreign produce, for which they alone could form the medium. Kaffir trading cannot last for ever. Beads and brass wire denote a savage age, and to rely upon a trade that only supports barbarism is folly, sowing ruin broadcast among our community, bringing in its train, sorrow, misery, criminality, and many other evils that affect society. Therefore I believe, that such a system as the one here advanced, is the best to be adopted, and the use of divisional paper money, is the only sound way to secure labour for the cultivation of our lands. This money, based as it would be upon the wealth of the division and the future labour of cultivators, would bring about those arrangements that are so ardently longed for by all lovers of our Colony or State, so that in the future they may be the home of the free and the happy.

In our requirements bid legal tenders chase
 All fear of want from Labour's hardy race ;
 Bid aqueducts be formed to bring the rills
 Of the purest water from the neighbouring hills ;
 Bid dams expand, where youth may safely float ;
 Bid deepen'd streams the health of towns promote,
 Bid fountains open, public works and ways extend ;
 Bid temples worthier of Art and Science ascend,
 The dam, perfected, break the roaring stream,
 And roll obedient rivers through the land.

Lastly, let Government such wages give
 On public works that all may toil and live ;
 Then all who toil will find life pass along,
 Happier sustained by labour than by wrong ;
 Then will our virtuous mechanics be better fed,
 Nor constant anxiety, nor destitution dread.
 And all around them rising in the scale
 Of comfort, prove that humanity's laws prevail.
 These are the riches that the State would secure ;
 These are imperial works and worthy of kings !



CHAPTER XIV.

ON our way down we passed the celebrated Waterford experimental farm. All honour to the man who desired to help the commercial failure of a brother, and who did so much to show what is possible with a long ten mile water-race, and although *one*, and the public, cannot forgive him for his selfishness in closing up old roadways, and forcibly taking possession of a river supply, which fortunately a court of justice would not allow, on the representation of his opposite neighbours who had riparian rights also. This one act almost shows that a rich man has no conscience, when he thinks he has only the poor to deal with, as he had arranged to take the whole water supply for his own private use, but thanks to the public spirit of the neighbouring farmers, this wanton selfish act was not allowed to be perpetuated. This case gives another reason why all such works should be undertaken by public bodies, either municipal or divisional. The water race, and other agricultural machinery gave another lesson to the farmers of the district, in shewing what capital can do when utilised for nature's supply. Would that other merchants who make means would spend it in agricultural efforts. When once they do, then there will be hope for the colony. Until this rule is adopted, that all who make means should stop in the land that has enriched them, there will be little hope or effort made for the land to enrich all. The ordinary farmer trusts too much to nature, and as nature, at times, to show man's dependence upon her, forgets him, and at various times, ignore it as we may—cruelly so, there will always be poverty in our midst, side by side with the progress of riches. Theoretical men can often supply the means to ensure success, but these experimentalists and others must remember that it is to the sinews and brains of the practical man that large farming owes its success. Had

this been remembered by this gun-selling merchant, success would have crowned his efforts, and his Waterford experimental farm would have been the practical farm educational establishment of the Eastern Province; whereas now it is one more proof of how *not* to do it, as shown by a Member of Parliament, who at last, not knowing the cause of the failure, threw all up in disgust, to the discouragement of other and better efforts. This may be denied, but it is so true that nothing can alter the facts as portrayed. To show that in other parts of the colony success attends gigantic and well-arranged undertakings, I here, as this is an agricultural chapter, subjoin the experience of the Messrs. Van der Merwe.

AGRICULTURE.—WATER.—WEALTH.

“HET VOLKSBLAD.”

When some months ago in one of our articles on Irrigation, we mentioned the fabulous profits made by Messrs. Van der Merwe on their Visch river farms in the north-eastern part of the Calvinia district, we wrote those figures with fear and trembling. However suitable our authority was, we knew that the statement would naturally be received with smiles of incredulity, and we were quite prepared to hear it compared to a story from the “Arabian Nights.” For our own satisfaction, we have since opened correspondence with Mr. Van der Merwe himself, who has communicated to us the following particulars, which will prove highly interesting to our readers.

Mr. J. N. Van der Merwe and Mr. S. W. Van der Merwe are the proprietors of the farms Brasenplaat's, Middle Hoek, Van Spruit and Bakoven, situated ten hours north-east of the village of Calvinia and about ten hours north of Amandel Boom. Their farms are watered by the Visch river, which lower down is called Rhenoster river, and still lower, Reet river. These rivers seem to spread over large plains and to form “vleien.” Mr. Van der Merwe estimates that an acre of about 14,000 or 15,000 morgen is thus flooded periodically. When the waters subside, this rich alluvial soil is sown, and last year Mr. Van der Merwe assures us, one single morgen yielded him £30, exclusive of the harvest, which he is now

threshing (naturally only a small portion of the 15,000 morgen is sown at present). We will quote Mr. Van der Merwe's own words "to make it clear;" he writes, "in December, 1882, when we had finished harvesting, another flood came down and inundated the lands. The grain which had dropped out on the lands sprouted, and now without having ploughed or sown we have again a crop standing quite as fine as the former one which had been ploughed. The calculation of £30, includes, therefore, only the first harvest in 1882. The soil is very rich and fertile, and can never be exhausted, for it receives five or six times a year manure and mud from other districts, some of the rivers having the length of about seventy hours. Last year we had several " stools " of wheat sprung from one single grain of seed, bearing more than 700 ears, being a foot in length. When the river has once flowed and moistened the soil, no more rain is required for the harvest, which is certain, nor would more water damage it, for the soil is damp and loose. We can plough from January to August. Pumps would be extremely useful here, for there are many wells, and a water hole two miles long and from six to ten feet deep, which seldom dries up, besides many smaller holes. On Middle Spruit there is a dam which is supplied from the river, from which the water is taken by pipes from the arable lands. We have also obtained permission from Government to take a furrow out of the Zak river, and this furrow takes the water to Backoven. We may also inform you that notwithstanding the severe drought, we sold chaff here to the value of two thousand pounds sterling, at 5s. the 100lbs." The further particulars given about the buildings, camps, kraals, and cattle and horses on these farms it is not necessary to repeat.

It will be remembered that we stated in the article to which we referred above, that these gentlemen had that year made £18,000. Mr. Van der Merwe has given no direct reply to our question whether this was a fact. But he does state that he makes two harvests a year, and that the produce of one morgen is £30; and the value of the two crops therefore £60 per morgen. It is evident, therefore, that these gentlemen would only have to cultivate 300 morgen if they are anxious

to pocket £18,000. Mr. Van der Merwe gives us yet another clue by which we can arrive at the amount of his profits. He says that he made £2,000 per year out of his chaff, which he sold at 5s. the 100lb. He must, therefore, have had 800,000lbs of chaff; and our farmer readers who know how much grain is represented by 800,000lbs of chaff, can easily make the calculation, if we inform them that wheat sells in those parts at £2 12s. 6d. per muid.

If these figures given by the Messrs. Van der Merwe themselves are suspected, they being interested parties, we may add that their statements, and those of our informant are fully corroborated by another most reliable authority, Mr. Garwood Alston, Government Land Surveyor, member of the Irrigation Commission, himself a farmer, well acquainted with that part of the colony and with the farms in question. Mr. Alston informs us, that judging from his own personal knowledge, he had concluded that £18,000 must be about the value of the annual produce of those farms, and it had surprised him to see that the very figures at which he had independently arrived were mentioned in our paper. Only Mr. Alston takes this to be the amount yielded by *all* the farms along the Visch River, while we stated that those belonging to the Messrs. Van der Merwe yielded that amount. We hope to see the steps of the Irrigation Commission guided by Mr. Alston to these neglected and unknown Northern parts, and if he succeeds in this, we feel confident that that portion of the following Irrigation Report which relates to Visch River, will not be its least interesting chapter.

The popular doctrine is that agriculture is a slow way of realising a fortune. The moral of the rule given above, is, on the contrary, that in South Africa, with an abundant water supply, agriculture is a mine of wealth, and of sudden wealth. Irrigation measures, therefore, and not protective measures, will prove the salvation of the South African farmer.

Canada, the granary of the world, exports seventeen millions sterling agricultural produce. It has 8,000 miles of railway, and six months during the year the farmers have to suspend their labours. The new colony of New Zealand exports of the same produce over six millions, and has 1,300

miles of railway. We, with a climate not to be equalled in the world, with plenty of good soil, export in agricultural produce "nothing."

After this I will take the experience of the Agricultural Society, which exposes the facts and position of the colony.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

A special meeting of the Agricultural Society was held on Thursday morning for the purpose of deciding upon forwarding a petition to Parliament in order to obtain an Agricultural Department, either in connection with the Public Works Department or a separate and responsible office by itself. There were present on this occasion Messrs. Lourens, Van der Byl (in the chair), Sebastian Van Renen, R. W. Murray, A. Albrecht, L. H. Goldschmidt, W. F. Hertzog, H. G. Cloete, R. Stockdale, J. A. Faure and Dr. Smuts.

The secretary, Mr. F. J. B. Langeman, submitted the draft of a petition which it was proposed to submit to Parliament, requesting that an agricultural department should be formed, either in connection with the office of the Commissioner of Crown Lands and Public Works, or as a separate and responsible department of itself, and possessing its own Minister of Agriculture.

Mr. Sebastian Van Renen, in moving that the petition be forwarded to Parliament, submitted the following interesting statistics respecting the agricultural condition and productions of the colony:—

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTIONS.

The population was as under:—1856, 261,096; 1865, 496,381; 1875, 720,984.

The Agriculturists numbered as follows:—1856, 35,684; 1865, 74,674; 1875, 209,136; so that in 1875 the number of agriculturists was six times as large as that of 1856, and the results ought to show a proportionate increase. He subjoined statistics which show whether such was actually the case or not.

The area under cultivation was:—1856, 198,136 morgen; 1865, 217,692 morgen; 1875, 274,413 morgen. In this case



Life and Character in Ireland by W. S. Trench, Esq.--The Fight.

[See page 76.]

then the area cultivated had only increased to 274,413 morgen, instead of to six times 198,136 morgen.

WHEAT.—The area cultivated was:—1856, 73,908 morgen; 1865, 95,558 morgen; 1875, 88,985 morgen. This did not show to the advantage of agriculture in the colony. The number of bushels of wheat produced was:—1856, 994,273 bus.; in 1865, 1,389,875 bus.; in 1875, 1,687,635 bus. Thus, then, whilst the agricultural population had increased sixfold, the quantity of wheat produced was not twice as large in 1875 as in 1856.

BARLEY AND RYE.—The area under cultivation was:—1856, 19,093 morgen; 1865, 27,828 morgen; 1875, 34,079. The number of bushels produced was:—1856, 400,207 bus.; 1865, 482,332 bus.; 1875, 663,251 bus. In this item also, there was no increase corresponding to the increase in the agricultural population of the colony.

OATS.—The area under cultivation was:—1856, 54,164 morgen; 1865, 47,063 morgen; 1875, 54,169 morgen. In this matter, therefore, there was practically no increase in the area under cultivation.

The quantities produced were in 1856, 2,308,777 bushels; 1865, 433,278, bushels; 1875, 918,494 bushels. The amount for 1856 was evidently a mistake, for it was recorded that Albany and Bathurst produced 1,562,000 bushels alone, more than the whole of the colony put together. Taking the average, however, the amount would be for—1865, 740,365 bushels.

MAIZE.—The area under cultivation was in—1856, 16,008 morgen; 1865, 23,683 morgen; 1875, 62,037 morgen. This showed a better increase, but one not corresponding to the increase of numbers in the agricultural population.

The quantities produced were in—1856, 192,643 bushels; 1865, 324,707 bushels; 1875, 1,113,007 bushels. This increase was a satisfactory one.

PEAS AND BEANS.—Area under cultivation was in—1856, 2,700 morgen; 1865, 4,150 morgen; 1875, 3,837 morgen.

The quantities produced were in—1856, 29,489 bushels; 1865, 40,235 bushels; 1875, 60,636 bushels.

TOBACCO.—Area under cultivation in—1856, 1,832 morgen;

1865, 934 morgen ; 1875, 1,243 morgen. This item, therefore, showed a very considerable decrease.

POTATOES.—Amounts produced were in—1856, 236,507 bushels ; 1865, 189,053 bushels ; 1875, 371,523 bushels. The increase in this instance was not a satisfactory one, as compared with the increase in the agricultural population.

DRIED FRUIT.—Amounts produced were in—1856, 1,431,343 lbs. ; 1865, 3,914,127 lbs. ; 1876, 2,672,761 lbs. With dried fruits, therefore, a considerable decrease was exhibited.

VINES.—The area under cultivation was—1856, 11,856 morgen ; 1865, 7,643 morgen ; 1876, 8,588 morgen. The area in 1856 could not be taken to represent the exact amount, because the people being in fear of taxation, would not give the true number of morgen being cultivated by them.

The amounts of wine produced were in—1856, 3,145,000 gallons imperial ; 1865, 3,234,428 gallons ; 1875, 4,485,546 gallons. Now, it would be said, that a mark of improvement was that the amount of wine produced from 8,588 morgen was much larger than that produced from 11,856 morgen under cultivation. Of late years more attention has been paid to the cleaning, pruning, &c., and more wine has been produced. Consequently the strain on the vines was increased, and unless manure and other requisites were called into force and utilised, that increase in the production would be made at the expense of the vitality of the brandy.

BRANDY.—The production of Brandy was—1856, 501,000 gals. imperial ; 1865, 430,955 gals. ; 1875, 1,067,832 gals.

HORSSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, &c.—Stock of Horses—The stock of horses was—1856, 138,947 ; 1865, 226,610 ; 1875, 205,985. Thus the increase as in 1856 was only 205,985, instead of being six times 138,947, the corresponding increase in the agricultural population.

STOCK OF MULES AND ASSES.—The numbers were—1856, 9,817 ; 1865, 24,279 ; 1875, 29,318.

CATTLE.—The number were—1856, 157,152 ; 1865, 209,307 ; 1875, 443,207. The draught oxen and others had numbered as follows :—1856, 291,234 ; 1865, 443,207 ; 1875, 689,951.

SHEEP.—The respective numbers had been as follows—1856, 4,828,039 ; 1865, 8,370,179 ; 1875, 9,986,240 woolled ;

1856, 1,631,513; 1865, 1,465,886; 1875, 990,234 cape. The total number of sheep had been therefore—1855, 6,459,552; 1865, 9,836,065; 1875, 10,976,663.

GOATS.—The respective numbers were—1856, 1,266,593; 1865, 2,347,444; 1875, 3,065,202.

Pigs.—The statistics were as follows—1856, 35,069; 1865, 78,666; 1875, 116,738.

“The greatest improvements, therefore, had been in the number of mules and asses, and pigs. (Laughter). This was not the state of things which they, as farmers, ought to countenance and allow to go on without making strenuous efforts to avoid it. During the last twenty-one years they had gone back in agriculture to a very great extent; and if the results, as shown above, were put before any intelligent man in other countries, he would simply be staggered at the deterioration which had taken place. They had been impoverishing their soil to such an extent, that if things were allowed to proceed undisturbed for another twenty-one years, they would be in a far worse position than they were at present. Anybody who was at all conversant with the condition and requirements of the soil, could only come to the conclusion that in this colony agriculture was in a lamentable way. To remedy this state of things an Agricultural Department was as necessary as the air we breathe; for from the statistics it would be seen that, with an increased agricultural population the products of the colony had actually decreased. When the farmers of the colony appreciated the results obtained in other countries, and were willing to recognise and adopt the means whereby success was attained in those countries, then they would be roused to a sense of their position, and see how necessary it was to be more acquainted with the modes and improvements in agriculture in other parts of the world. He thought that the petition, which it was proposed to present to Parliament was a very good one, and he trusted that it would be well supported in the House by the many representatives of the farmer's interests in this Colony. He accordingly moved that the petition be adopted, and placed before Parliament by some member who was willing to represent their interests.”

The Chairman said that Mr. Van Renens' statistics were most interesting, but he would request those present not to run away with them altogether. It could not be expected that if the agricultural population of a country were doubled, the products should also be double. Thus, for instance, if a farm were divided into four parts, and apportioned out to four men, it could not be expected that the four parts should produce four times what the original farm as a whole produced.

Mr. Sebastian Van Renen : If one of our Cape farms be divided into four, and cultivated as it would be in other agricultural countries, it would not only produce four, but eight times as much as formerly.

Mr. Goldsmith said that it was not so much the lack of enterprise among farmers, but the prevalence of the drought, which caused the decrease in the products of the colony. He feared that for this very reason there would not only be no increase, but a decrease for this year. Farmers had tried to cultivate as much of their land as possible, but the droughts had frustrated all their efforts in this direction. What was wanted was a proper system of irrigation, and that was what the farmers were desirous of obtaining. The greatest enemy which they had to fight against was the drought, and had that not been in the way, the statistics would have been considerably more favourable than those that day submitted to the meeting. In many districts now the number of sheep and cattle was far less than in 1875 ; but this was due to the drought, and not to any lack of enterprise on the part of the farmers.

Mr. Seb. Van Renen, said that in other countries those who possessed no water, took means to obtain it by sinking artesian wells, and other modes, and where the rainfall was light, the farmers ploughed more deeply in the ground. In this country a great deal of the moisture was lost, simply in consequence of the crude manner in which the land was cultivated, and without the sun the produce would be far less than it is at present. Farming in this colony was conducted upon no proper systematic principle as in other countries, and therein lay the secret of the resources of the

colonial farmers. In this colony there were thousands and hundreds of thousands of "dips" of valleys of fertile soil bearing a vast quantity of moisture, which were left uncultivated, whilst the cry out was for immigration. It appeared to be the custom in the colony to speak as though Providence had reserved for them every possible draw-back. He would guarantee to say, that if the "dips" which existed in the country were only properly cultivated, there would be no further need to speak of irrigating the Karoo, or any other piece of country of that description. Other countries besides South Africa possessed their disadvantages, but with energy they could all be overcome.

Mr. Goldschmidt said that Mr. Van Renen spoke of the drought as one who had but recently come into the colony. Farmers in certain districts, who but two years ago, possessed five thousand sheep, could now only muster as many hundreds, and that in consequence of the drought. They must have rain in order to be in a position to plough their fields, and the want of that rain had ruined many a person, in spite of his own energy and perseverance.

Mr. Stockdale, in seconding the adoption and forwarding of the petition, fully endorsed the remarks which had fallen from Mr. Van Renen. He was deeply anxious to see the formation of an agricultural department, and the establishment of proof stations over the country. The wool from the colony had of late deteriorated in quality, and whereas it once could hold its own with any other in the wool-markets, now many large buyers refused to purchase it. This deterioration was due to the want of selection, and the delay in the importation of fresh blood. He should, therefore, be interested in the establishment of proof-stations and in stirring up the energies of the farmers to further efforts. One thing he considered was to be regretted, that no proper statistics as to the amount of rainfall over the country could be obtained. He considered that Government should instruct each field-cornet to forward the necessary information as regarded their respective districts.

Mr. Van Renen suggested the advisability of inserting a paragraph in the petition that the society would prefer to

have a responsible and separate agricultural department established, rather than a department in connection with the Office of Public Works and Crown Lands.

Mr. Murray said that it would be desirable to draw the attention of the Government to the necessity of the establishment of an Agricultural Department, leaving it to them to decide upon the mode of working, and the formation of the department.

The motion to adopt and forward the petition to Government was then submitted, and carried unanimously.

Mr. Murray thereupon moved that a copy of the petition be sent to all the Agricultural Societies in the Colony, with a circular asking for their hearty co-operation, by placing similar petitions before Parliament.

Mr. Van Renen seconded the motion, which having been agreed to, the meeting separated.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

We are quite prepared to hear that we are indifferent to interests of agriculture, because we are unable to join in the cry for an agricultural department, as the panacea for the acknowledged backwardness of this colony in agricultural industry. It is, we fear, too characteristic of this country to dash hither and thither, seeking in heroic remedies the improvement which we all have in our own hands, if we would but exert ourselves in our own interests. Now, it is confederation that is to set everything right, now a vigorous policy, now a South African nationality, and, latest of all, protection—anything but hard application—every man to his own business. Meanwhile, the whole colony has before it the example of enterprising men here and there, who, without any special dispensation of Heaven or Parliament in their favour, have planted and watered, or put up their machinery, and who reap the reward in fortunes which are the wonder and, sometimes we fear, the envy of their neighbours. If all colonists were equally enterprising, agriculturists would be too busy to think of an agricultural department. As it is, they are discussing the raising of the Franchise, when we would have them raise corn; and cultivating South African nation-

ality, while the poor land is waiting its turn for cultivation. We fully appreciate the difficulties under which farmers labour. They have to contend with droughts, just as European farmers have to struggle with floods, and want of sunshine; but in all plainness be it spoken, droughts are not answerable entirely for the state of things disclosed in some statistics which were laid before the meeting of the Agricultural Society yesterday. It is remarkable that in many cases those statistics showed a far greater falling off in agricultural products in 1875, as compared with 1856, than as compared with 1865. This real falling off applies to some cases in which there is a moderate increase in the figures; but in which that increase taken, in conjunction with the greater increase in the population, really means retrogression. The agricultural population was, in 1875, six times as great as it was in 1856; but the number of morgen under cultivation only rose from 198,136½ to 274,413. The quantity of wheat produced in 1875 was not twice that produced in 1856; and the product of barley only rose about one-half. In oats there was practically no increase; but in maize, which is chiefly cultivated on the frontier, there was a four-fold increase, even that not being commensurate with the increase in population. In tobacco we have positively gone backwards, 1,832 morgen being cultivated in 1856, against 1,243 morgen in 1875.

We need not follow the statistics before us into further detail, but one thing is plain from all of them—that, comparatively speaking, 1856 was the golden age of colonial agriculture. Now, they had no agricultural department in 1856; as would be the case on the supposition of the memorialists. These gentlemen are putting the cart before the horse—to use an agricultural metaphor. First, let us have some agriculture, and then it may be worth while to have a department to manage it. The ministries of agriculture in other countries have to deal with people whose every nerve is strung in the race of improvement, and who restlessly endeavour to make every inch of ground yield a return. Many of the purposes of a department have been fulfilled by the Press, which, at a cost of not one farthing to the public chest, has been for years telling the farmers what is done in other countries, and what

growths of untried plants would probably pay in this country, but with very little effect. The writer in the *Journal*, who has probably done more valuable service in this direction than any of his colleagues, has been rewarded lately by being informed that it is something like an impertinence for mere newspaper people to attempt to teach farmers their business. Let the proposed department be saddled on the country, and we should soon hear the same thing of that. What, it would be asked, do a pack of quill-drivers know about farming? By all means let the statistics in the Crown Lands Department be made as perfect as possible, and let the Government circulate any information likely to be of service to agriculture. Let the Press, too, go on in its despairing task of supplying information as to plants, stock, soil and culture; but do not let us have one more nostrum set up to worship, only to bring fresh disappointment. The chief aim of the department would be to serve, as an object of attack, when anything was wrong with agriculture, so that it would have an unenviable existence from its birth.

Then we have the experience of a Mr. Bertram, an old agriculturist, whose speech is golden, and who should stand at the head of any poll—the man and the measure in “one.” For the men of the future measures I feel it an honour to print the speech of Mr. Bertram, who has rapidly become a public favourite. He looks out upon the facts of colonial history, sees what races there are, and how these races must live side by side; and he recognises, with Adam Smith, that “little else is requisite to carry a State to the highest degree of opulence, from the lowest barbarism, but peace, easy taxes, and a tolerable administration of justice; all the rest being brought about by the natural course of things.” The last word we have to say on the eve of the election, is, give at least one vote to Mr. J. P. Bertram.

MR. BERTRAM'S SPEECH.

“Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I have great pleasure in addressing you this evening. As you are aware, I am brought forward by a requisition of influential men—electors of this division. Had I consulted my own private feelings I should

rather have remained in retirement ; but coming from such an influential body, as this requisition did, and feeling at the same time, as I did, a sense of duty to my country, I thought that an opportunity like the present should not be passed by. (Hear, hear.) It may be the last opportunity I shall have of doing anything for the country, and our present political position being so embarrassed, it requires every man who has experience to come forward to its rescue. (Hear, hear.) I am highly honoured to have the opportunity of coming before you. I do not intend to give you any platitudes of political creed, or weary you by entering largely into dry details of political economy ; but, at the same time, it is only fair that you should know the qualifications of a man who ventures upon public life. (Hear.) An experience of past years in this country has certainly given me an amount of knowledge of the various nationalities and people inhabiting this part of the world ; and a candidate for the council, I conceive, should also be able to give you something of the evolution of events which has brought the country to this crisis. The body politic of this country you may divide into three elements. The first, or elder one, is the Dutch element. The country has been more or less influenced by that element from the beginning. The early settlers of that race were men, no doubt, who had come from that country where you find those men of strong purpose and iron will, who gave rise to the Dutch Republic of the Netherlands. That spirit has never once left the race that settled in this country. You find that even in their own government that spirit was evinced in opposition to despotism, or irresponsible rule ; and in the very outset of their settlement it was soon seen that it was impossible to repress that spirit, even by severe punishment and penal laws. This spirit was evinced from the time of their landing at Cape Point, and it grew in expansion as they wandered from that place further up country, in after time. However, we find that, as a body politic, though resisting anything in the shape of opposition or objectionable regulations, they were essentially law-abiding ; and the progress and civilisation which they brought with them survived through all the difficult circumstances and trials they were

surrounded by. However, as years rolled by, events happened that led to grievances. These grievances increased instead of decreased, and they were added to by the emancipation of the slaves, and the first Kaffir wars of 1835 and 1836. It was then that, *en masse*, they determined to leave this country and cross over the Orange river. I visited the Orange river myself shortly after that move, and for one thousand miles traversed over the country. I visited and went amongst these people in that condition of unsettledness, and thus became acquainted with them and their peculiarities of nationality. As they left the colony other communities were formed, and among the new comers, for a thousand miles from the Orange river to the Vaal, a regularity and civilisation existed, which was admired by the fragments of tribes then inhabiting that country. These early pioneers, as we see by the run of events, established, by the indomitable spirit they had in them, their republican system of government wherever they went—forming the Free State first, and finally the Transvaal State. These two are the outcome of the spirit which existed in these people—refusing to be governed by proclamations or irresponsible rule; and when this object could not be attained, they left their farms and homes and trekked further up the country in search of that liberty which they loved. This we may call the first phase of the political body in this country. The second phase you will find in the British settler. In 1820 they were brought out here. In them was found the germ of that freedom and representative government which they had left behind them in their native land. In course of time we find that they, too, resisted unpopular laws, which they found existing in a constitutional way. The country was then ruled by proclamations and by Acts of Parliament from home. But the men who came out from home—men like Robert Godlonton and others, still living—imbued as they were, with a spirit of freedom, would not have this. They went to work in an orderly, constitutional way, and agitated until they obtained, in the first place, recognition as citizens of the country. For in the beginning they were obliged to have passes just as the Kaffirs are now

obliged to have them. But they agitated until they obtained, step by step, their freedom, and, although under Dutch rule, they still kept on agitating until they succeeded in having their own cases tried, and justice administered in the English language—their mother tongue. But they did not rest there. They gradually obtained trial by jury; and next had judges appointed, so that they at last by degrees obtained what they enjoyed in their own native homes. The British settler became a factor in the political body of this country, and they have gradually increased in power as a political body up to the present time. About this period it was attempted by the home Government to make this country a convict settlement, and this aroused a fierce opposition, the agitation which followed bringing the two white bodies then in South Africa into unity of action. Upon this followed the granting of the Constitution with the Colonial Parliament, which has since advanced to the present stage of responsible Government. The third factor in this political body you will find in the coloured races. We may commence by calling them the barbarians found at Cape Point when the Dutch first came into the country. No doubt when the two races met differences occurred and collisions took place, in the course of which the inferior race became servile to the superior. It was so in the struggle between the native races themselves before the Dutch entered the country. The Hottentot became servile to the Kaffir, and so on. However, following upon the arrival of the Dutch the circumstances of the native races have become slightly changed. They were largely increased by a slave population, which was imported. After that, a Mahomedan population migrated to this country. Then again, the coloured race was further increased by the revolutions happening in the interior, when the Matabele tribe pushed on South, and devastated the Bechuana country, so that the remnants of the latter pressed in here, and became a servile race for the time. After that the wars of 1834 and 1835 took place, when we find the Fingo race figuring. They became a subject race for a time, until released from Kaffir thralldom by the British. Again we see further augmentations, when through wars and through

famine the Kaffirs were introduced as a servile race in the country. These remnants and ama'gamations became thus part and parcel of the body politic of this colony, and although many of them have left again, and gone back to their own people, yet you will still find, by looking at statistics, that at the present moment the coloured races far outnumber the white inhabitants of both nationalities in all parts of the colony. Thus we have before us three distinct sources of population as it were ; three distinct interests, all to be governed and ruled by the Government of this colony, I am speaking of the colony strictly, not of the adjacent territories. The colony, as it is, we look upon as a part, an integral part, of the British Empire. South Africa, as a whole, we look upon, as under the protection of Great Britain ; and if the authority and power of her protecting influence were ever disputed by any foreign power, it would soon be found that the British Lion would appear upon the scene, to resist and overcome that interference. Thus, whatever notions may float before some people in this country of a great South African Republic, or Union of States, or Commonwealth, or other combination of power—all these matters are in the future. We have got to deal with this colony as an integral part of the British Empire, under its immediate protection, and all we have to do, is to consider the ways and means of advancing the welfare of the people inhabiting it. True greatness for this colony is the object we have to consider, and whatever the extent of the colony is, or whatever the peculiarities of those bodies politic may be, there can be no true greatness for this country without education. Education, I repeat, should be placed foremost before us as the prime factor in the future greatness of this country. The education of the masses—I would say the *moral* education of the masses, must be aimed at ; and in aiming at true greatness, we find at the very threshold an enemy opposing us which must be curbed and repressed. This enemy is here in our midst, and is one so formidable for opposition that it requires careful legislation to meet and curb him. I refer to the monster, drink ! that we find in this country. If by legislation, we can curb that monster, and raise the moral

tone of the masses, save ourselves from a pauper population, encourage the industries of the country, and, as far as possible, lead men to better themselves, we shall obtain a very great object indeed. By having this end in view, we can prepare for progress, and the progress of this country depends very much upon ourselves. As I say, it is by ourselves that legislation, just legislation, to meet the wants and requirements of the country must be secured, and the road to progress prepared. The native difficulty, in the minds of some, stands foremost in the way of true progress, and the experience of people tells us that that difficulty is a formidable one. I have often, however, differed from that opinion, for in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope I see no difficulty in the "Native" question. It is not for us to foster in this colony tribal conditions. It is not for us to foster in this colony the broken fragments, which, by past events, have been brought into our present crisis. No conquests are now necessary within our borders—none are necessary any where. The native inhabitants of this country are a broken race at the present moment; and by adjusting matters to suit the circumstances, by taking proper steps to prevent crime—to repress crime—we shall, I believe, succeed, ere long, in making the natives amongst us an honest and law-abiding people. We cannot do without them. They are the servile race now found in the country, and we want them for that purpose—to utilize what points of usefulness and industry we find in them, as it is our duty to do; and, therefore, I see no difficulty in managing the natives found in the colony, although they far outnumber the whites. I would, by just and human laws, govern them strictly; and thus meet the requirements of this country in every respect. I have had some experience now, not only of this district, but of the colony at large. Being a resident of a place thirty-six miles from this town, I think I may say that my position here has enabled me to see what the wants of the surrounding population are. Cases innumerable happen between master and servant; cases of theft happen daily; cases of assault happen daily; but there has been no way yet found of dealing effectually with cases of this sort; and it is surprising to me,

that in the years past, when so many members of Parliament were farmers, they never endeavoured to meet this great difficulty in which our farmers are placed. The farmer cannot, and will not, travel thirty or forty miles to seek a magistrate, if he has a wrong to redress. It is impossible for him to wait for the periodic court to do so, and therefore, he drops the matter, and continues to suffer under the grievance. In fact, I have looked upon this in so serious a light, and have so much considered the great injustice the farmer had to suffer in this particular, that I offered the Government to do the work of a magistrate gratis—seeing the wants of the population surrounding me. Then again I see in the “pass” system, a great swindle; for not only is it unfair to the farmer, but it is injurious to the native mind. I would have the present system done away with; still there requires some other system to be introduced in its place, but at any rate the existing state of things cannot be tolerated. Hundreds of cases of theft and other offences attributable to the “pass” Act, have come under my notice that ought never to exist in a civilised country. These are some of the experiences I can bring before you as to the rural population of the country. Now for the adjacent territories, and dependencies with which we have got to do. I would maintain the closest friendship with those men who have formed these States, or given them birth. Live in the closest friendship with them by all means, and whether this may be looked on as at all part of the policy of the future I cannot say; but there are facts patent before us that we must not ignore, and one of these are that the Free State may be looked upon as a model State. With regard to the native territories and dependencies adjacent to us, Basutoland may now be regarded as being by Act of Parliament practically independent of us. What the outcome of that will be, it is impossible for us to say at present; but recent events have forced upon our rulers the special importance of this matter. We were unable to do as we wished to do, and, therefore, the present state of things exists. Although some may think that there will be difficulties in the future with Basutoland, I cannot see why any such difficulties should arise. I have lived in Basutoland for a long time,

and I know the Basutos, their system of government, their social habits and customs; and from my experience of them, I think that Basutoland may yet become a peaceable part of South Africa, and as it is without doubt a rich producing country. Before commerce became known there, the Basutos never required to cultivate their land, except once in every three years. But now that commerce has been introduced, and that it is their interest to do so, they produce as much as they can; and I believe the future of that country will be a bright and great one, if we can maintain peace with them, and, as much as possible, leave them to themselves, for, as that obstreperous Chief Masupha has said, "It is impossible for the cattle and goats to live in the same kraal. The cattle," he said, "will poke at the kraal, and the goats will leap over." This is the native way of speaking and expressing their meaning of things; and their language is sometimes both beautiful and expressive. Now we come to the Transkeian territories. There is a controversy now going on about this country, and we at present do not know what the outcome of it will be, but it is pretty evident that the existing rule introduced there cannot be continued. None of the elements of a continued native rule exist, and if you wish to rule the natives in a tribal or national condition, you must base your rule on their own native institutions. You must build upon those, and you must remember, that in governing a people like these, you come in contact with systems that have existed from pre-historic times—an acknowledged system of law and custom, which existed long before the British had their Constitution, Charter, or laws; and, therefore, on coming into contact with these factors in the political body, you must go cautiously to work, to see how to build upon that basis, how to gradually introduce the germs of succession and assimilate the people to your own customs, and thus bring them finally under your system of rule. I am not going to find fault with past administrations, or the methods adopted by them of governing the natives. I believe they all aimed at what was right, and the best of us will fail in the effort to do right; but I say deliberately, that we have never had a man at the head of affairs, who knew how to

grasp the "native" question, who understood much of this frontier, and therefore, to me it is not a hopeless case—that of the Transkeian territories—for I believe whether they remain dependencies of the colony, or whether as a Crown Colony they get transferred to the Imperial Government, there is a strong hope in the future. There is a people there, and when they once begin to admire our institutions, and imitate our customs, we shall find a population ready to consume and produce at the same time, thus adding very materially to the wealth of South Africa. In passing on to the question before us, that of the coming Parliament, I may remark that to my mind, the great work before it will be the arrangement of the financial affairs of the country. Besides that, all other questions sink into insignificance. We are on the borders of ruin. Our national debt, in round numbers, amounts to twenty-five millions. Other liabilities are creeping in upon us; and our position, financially, is such that every legislator is bound to use his utmost endeavours to prevent us getting further involved. We owe money enough at present—in fact, if I had a friend, a merchant, in a similar position, I would advise him to send in his papers without delay. Then, again, the next aspect of the financial position is that the revenue and expenditure must be equalised. It would be a very ruinous course of conduct for a man who had an income of £50 a year to spend £100. As with the individual, so with the State—the revenue and expenditure must be equalised. It is only by increasing our revenue that we can legitimately increase our expenditure; and if we are compelled to enter upon undertakings that involve the latter, the first thing to be done is to set about finding ways and means for that purpose. This brings us to the principle of taxation, upon which it is expected, I presume, that I should say a word. I think the necessities of life should be brought as cheap as possible to the working man; and I hold that the luxuries of life should have to be paid for. Those who will enjoy them should pay for them. On this principle you can't go wrong, in whatever taxes may be imposed, and by following it I believe this country will be rescued from its present condition, and our financial position established on

a safe and sound basis. We shall establish our credit in foreign countries, and South African bonds will stand high in the English market. In conclusion, I may say that I am here to-night as a candidate to represent this circle in the Legislative Council. I have told you that I am willing to bring to the discharge of my duties an experience of more than forty years to give effect to my views ; and, if elected to this honourable position, I shall devote my whole time to a conscientious discharge of my duty, and tending, as I hope, to the advancement of the welfare of the country. If not, I bow to the voice of the majority. I have had opportunities before now of entering upon public life, but, as you know, have refrained from doing so. The present seems to be the last given me, and I have found it a duty to respond to the requisition so influentially signed and presented to me ; and thus I stand before you this evening as a candidate for the Legislature, and, as I said before, I now repeat, if elected, you will find in me a thorough working man, doing what I can as far as my ability and power will allow. (Loud applause, during which Mr. Bertram resumed his seat.)

Mr. Key, in fair play, thought that Mr. Bertram should answer the question—How it was proposed to equalize the revenue and expenditure ?

Mr. Bertram : In the first place, I should revise the customs dues. They are at present very unequally distributed, and difficult of collection. It is much easier, for instance, to collect £10 per annum levied upon drink from Kaffirs than it would be to collect 10s. per hut. The £10 per year they will pay with pleasure, but the 10s. hut tax they look upon as a grievance. Thus we would simply be taxing a luxury, and would at the same time profit by it. I would lessen the tax on all the necessities of life, so as to enable the poor man to live, and I would also retrench, so far as possible in the expenditure of the colony. An observant man will see waste and extravagance in almost every department of the public service. And as our prosperity led to extravagance socially, so our Governors followed in that wake, and I, personally, hold the view that this is one of the chief causes which has led to our present em-

barrassments. I may say that I am not in favour of an income tax. (Applause).

Mr. Leach asked if there was any special commodity that Mr. Bertram would put a tax upon.

Mr. Bertram : In the present crisis I am not for placing any more burdens on the people. What the future may bring forth I do not know, but the position of the country is such that we have not seen the worst of these hard times yet. We must bring the expenditure down somehow, for I believe we have not seen the worst of the bad times we are experiencing.

In reply to Mr. T. W. Edkins, who inquired what Mr. Bertram proposed to substitute for the "pass" laws, and who asked at the same time for a more perfect statement as to how Mr. Bertram proposed to govern the natives.

Mr. Bertram : I do not think I said I would totally abolish the "pass" system. What I did say was, that the pass system, as it now works, is a swindle on the country, and a grievance to the native mind. An instance has come under my own notice where a man came from Kaffirland, and is given three or four days to go to Tarkastad. He does not go to the place he got the pass for, but goes somewhere else. After securing as many as twenty endorsements on that pass, he at last turns up at Sterkstroom ; all that time he has had ample opportunity of doing what he liked. The pass given him by Government officials was his protection in roaming about for crime, and under similar circumstances I have seen the work of crime go on myself. A proper pass system is a most difficult thing to establish, and if such a safeguard is ever to be established in this country, we must go to the very germ of the evil that is aimed at. At present the officers of this country have no check at all over the man to whom a pass is granted. He is licensed to roam through the country under circumstances which, if not supplied with a pass, he would be arrested as a vagrant by the police. As this law is at present administered, I maintain that it is a swindle on the farmers and the country, as well as being a direct encouragement to the native to commit crime. Now with regard to the government of the natives, all I say is,

that they can be managed. I have acted myself in the capacity of manager over natives in another part of the country, and I have ruled thousands of them in accordance with their own laws. But I have done more. I have, in addition to this, exercised a moral influence over them, and I will just give you an instance of the effect of that moral influence on a very critical occasion. It was during one of our wars I happened to be in a part of the country where the colonial troops were engaged in hostile operations against the Kaffirs. A small band of about one hundred of our men were on the march, and an army of about two thousand of the enemy were about to attack them. I went to the Kaffirs and dissuaded them from carrying their intention into effect, and they turned off without molesting them. (Applause.) Had I not interfered, nothing could have saved our handful of men from being annihilated, and there are some in this room to-night who can bear out the accuracy of what I say. (A voice: quite right, I remember the incident very well.) You must manage the natives on the great principle of justice and humanity. A native is, speaking of the average, a law-abiding man. He will bear and suffer, and if you only rule them in communities, and let them have some voice in the management of their own affairs, they are content and will do what is right. The bold spirits in the Dutch population won't submit to their own Government, nor would they at times listen to our English Government, although the utmost penalty of the law was imposed for disobedience. They love the management of their own affairs, and that privilege, as we have seen over and over again, they must get. There is a something in human nature that makes men like to have a voice in their own government. That principle is implanted deep in the human mind; and it cannot be rooted out. If you wish to put the Kaffir down by oppressive laws you will fail; but if you make them part and parcel of this Constitution, and give them a voice in the making of the laws, by which they are governed, then you will succeed in ruling them, and in keeping them a quiet and law-abiding people. (Applause).

After such speeches and the subjection of agriculture, I

print and draw attention earnestly thereto, with the greatest delight, feeling sure that this chapter in the book, if nothing else, will prove most instructive and interesting, and will well repay the time for reading, and be of immense advantage to all farmers and those who take a deep interest in Africa's future.

A TREK THREATENED.

Under this heading the *Cape Argus* reprints an article from the *Graaff Reinet Advertiser*, written because of a letter which appeared in the *Volksblad*, which sets forth that some of the farmers in the Uitenhage district see no alternative between ruin, as the result of bad government, and trekking to the Free State or the Transvaal, where taxation is light. In commenting on this letter the *Advertiser* writes:—"The whole coast-line, for a hundred miles inland, from Humansdorp to the Kei, is full of men having the very same complaints to make as the Matthews of Uitenhage, so that if the trek sets in at all (it is to be hoped that it will not, for it would be a great calamity to the colony), it will spread till that large tract of country is half depopulated." The whole coast-line, for a hundred miles inland, from Humansdorp to the Kei, "is a wide stretch of country," and we only wish it were "full of men," or even "full" of human beings, for then the country would be able to carry a heavy burden of taxation. The Western Province and the Eastern Province, though settled by different races, had as their first European inhabitants people who believed in (the then creed of Europe) being as far removed from each other as possible. The ideal man with them all was the European "lord," who lived in his solitary hall, or castle, and claimed as his own all the land his eye could rest upon. Hence every man wanted a large farm, and many farms; and the result is a sparse population—including all colours and ages—about half an individual to the square mile. Another policy (accepted in England long after the British settlers left it) has been adopted in America and Australia. There the idea of living close together has prevailed, and the average size of farms in those countries (not including the sheep runs), is only about one hundred acres; while in many districts the wealthiest farmers have

only about five hundred acres. The colony must, somehow or other, adopt the modern policy, and before the golden age dawns here, the desire to see one's neighbour only through a powerful telescope, must be got rid of. If the farmers, Messrs. Matthews and Sons, of the Uitenhage district, right-about, will only trek, cut up their farms into small holdings, and sell them to new comers, neither the farmers nor the country will have occasion for regret.

But what we wish specially to observe is that the country from Humansdorp to the Kei, for a hundred miles inland, is not full of people having the very same complaints to make. In the Peddie district the farmers are well reported of. They have had rains, their early wheat is growing well, and their late wheat is nearly all sown under favourable conditions. In this district we also hear good reports of farming; stock has done well, and if there are any rich farmers in the world, they are the agriculturists of Kaffraria. We are often hearing that the poverty of South Africa arises from the want of water; but in the Briedbach Valley many farmers have neither water nor soil, and yet no prettier picture of tilled land is to be found in the world than in that valley to-day. These people make up for nature's niggardness by working the harder, and the gospel of hardwork must be accepted as they have accepted it. There is no advantage in putting all the blame on the Government, or on the soil, or on the want of water. Farmers in this part of the colony know very little about taxation. In King Williamstown just now rents are high, food is dear, and taxation is a about sixpence in the pound. The people here who are in difficulty, and who bear the weight of Government wastefulness, are the clerks and the working-men—all who have fixed salaries, and cannot by any labour or device increase their incomes. These are the classes who deserve sympathy, and for whom decreased expenditure should be demanded. The lords of the soil—the men who want to hold thousands of acres, and a railway station for their own private convenience—are too lightly taxed; indeed they do not know what taxation is. If the present wastefulness goes on much longer, they may learn something about a burden their friends in Parliament have loaded others with.

MY NATIVE LAND,

I grudge not ; I to other men,
 Their pride of birth or station,
 Their glorious records of the past,
 Grand deeds of house or nation.
 In loving memory they keep
 Their soldiers, saints and sages—
 All rescued from Time's ruthless sweep,
 Enshrined in history's pages.

They dream of home far, far away
 Across the spreading ocean ;
 I watched my country day by day
 With tenderest emotion :
 Her joys I share, her griefs deplore,
 Her faults I fain would banish.
 May peace and plenty be her store,
 And every trouble vanish.

Though bitter trials of drought and war
 Cast shadows drear and dark,
 Stern perseverance shall prevail
 And work shall leave its mark ;
 Till in the future ranked among
 The nations of the earth,
 Her praises by her poets sung,
 The dear land of my birth.

And when the mighty nations, who
 Now flourish in their prime,
 Shall pass the zenith of their pride
 And downward shall decline,
 Then Africa's land, the sunny South,
 Shall upward climb to fame,
 A household word in every mouth ;
 Her once despised name.

AFRICANDER.

Though the land of our birth has the first claim on our love, the land which sustains us, and where our lot has been cast, has the first place in our regard. If there ever was a time in the history of our land, which more than any other calls forth the earnest consideration of every citizen, that time is the present. The crisis resulting from false speculation, overdone merchandise, and the improvidence and neglect of past prosperity, has drained it of the everlasting

medium, and the consequent want of buying power has paralysed trade, while the severe drought and loss of stock has shocked the confidence and weakened the position of the back-bone of the country—its farming population; and, as if to crown all, the little hope which still animated us is in danger of being overcome by the dark cloud of pestilence which has come so near our border and threatens our very heart. All will, therefore, agree that the situation is earnest, and in accordance with its very extremity must be the trust, the care, the patience, the energy, the courage and the wisdom which all must display in the conduct of affairs, in order once more to regain and rejoice in a return of prosperity. May it please the Almighty soon to send a return of the tide, and to restore our wanted blessings; but it is when the tide is angry, and the ship is tossed about in the tempest, that the necessity is felt for having a tried and steady hand at the helm, and a cool and experienced head to direct its course.

There can be no question about the hardness of the times. Money is tight, produce is scarce, and the farming population have suffered immense losses in stock through the drought. It is at times like the present, that any plan for the amelioration of the difficulties under which the South African farmer labours is readily listened to, and eagerly seized. Unfortunately, however, advice will not surmount the troubles, and when things are as bad as they now are, nothing else can be offered. In times of prosperity, and when the Heavens yield a superabundance of rain, provision should be made for those years of drought and famine, which seem to come with a regularity, which ought to convince the most sceptical of the necessity for providing against the day when rain does not fall. Dams and the storage of water, fencing, improvement of stocks and boring, are matters which can only be attended to when the farmers are in good credit. When the merchant has to satisfy his hungry European or Colonial supporters, the farmers must “dub up” and when pushed, and the season has been an unprofitable one, he is very apt to remember this in times of plenty, and instead of investing his overplus coin in improvements, he puts the

money aside for the time of drought and famine. The farmer's stock is his trade capital, and anything which will improve his stock-in-trade and render it more merchantable must be a gain. The following is an inexpensive method, and although it could not be adopted this season on account of the absence of grass, it is to be hoped the farmers of South Africa generally will give it a trial. Highly successful ensilage experiments have been carried on at Dalzell (Scotland) lately. The silo is entirely above ground, the inside dimensions being 13 feet deep, 13 feet long, and 10 feet wide. The walls are of 13 inch brick-work, coated on the inside with cement plaster about half-an-inch in thickness. The floor is concrete, composed of cement and river gravel. To facilitate the emptying of the silo, a strong $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch bearded door, inserted in one corner of the front wall, is made to open inwards, and the space on the front side is hermetically sealed by means of five-inch brick-work coated with cement plaster. The silo was filled on 16th July and four following days with grass grown in orchards and pleasure grounds, passed through the straw cutter, filled into sacks, and emptied into the silo, where the spreading, treading and ramming-down process was carefully carried on. About two pounds of common salt was distributed among each hundred-weight of chaff. When the silo was filled it was covered with heavy doors, over which was spread a covering of bran about four inches deep, and the whole weighted with concrete blocks, weighing altogether about two tons, equal to thirty-five pounds to every square foot of surface. A fortnight after being filled, the ensilage had shrunk by about one-third of the original depth. The doors, bran covering and weight were then removed, the silo again filled, and the doors covering and weight replaced. The silo cost £22. It has now been re-opened, and the cows are very fond of the ensilage.

Then we have tree-planting, which would help so materially to alter the conditions for the best, for everybody.

The great hindrance to profitable agriculture in the interior is the want of navigable streams, canals, roads and capital.

I venture to say that the want of "navigable streams" is the great, the crying want of South Africa; and that could

such (by some miraculous intervention) be introduced into the country to-morrow, its fortune, so to speak, would be made.

Unthinking persons, who cannot, or will not see beyond their noses, will tell you that "you cannot make a river." I am not quite sure that combined effort could not even do this; but suffice it to say that by promoting the culture of trees you can so improve your existing streams that they will become of the greatest possible value to the country, instead of being, as now in many cases, practically useless.

Tree planting, as a science, is now being carried on in various parts of the world. It is receiving great attention in Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of man, besides Mexico and the United States. To no people is it of more importance than to the inhabitants of South Africa. They have abundance of good soil and a fine climate. Did they but systematically plant trees, and thus introduce moisture, South Africa would soon become an earthly Paradise.

It was between talking, waking and dreaming, that these thoughts and news, which make up this pastoral and agricultural chapter were woven and spun out, until we reached the station at which I had to alight to reach the home of my family, where, thanks to the usual forethought of my friends, who had not had sufficient time to make a new moon to light up my path, I found my way home illuminated by the light of paraffin, and then with a bound, I was welcomed by the partner of my life, and the mother of our three boys, after a long and tedious midnight journey of ten hours on the Queenstown railway, and with feelings of earthly joy at the prospect before one, and an exhaustion easily to be accounted for, I once more fell into a deep sleep of nature.

HOME AND HAPPINESS.

HOME.

Home's not merely four square walls
 Though with pictures hung and gilded;
 Home is where affection calls,
 Filled with ahrines the heart hath builded;

enabled to slander and injure, ruin and subsidise others, to injure any man that dares to attempt to remove such foul places in the midst of towns in South Africa and England. Almost all the towns of Africa are built in hollows, and are necessarily unhealthy, and for years are gathering up a quantity of filth that ever afterwards gives work to *doctors* and *undertakers*. I noticed one large house built for its ostentatiousness, although in the front to be occupied by one of the third degree legal plunderers of the people, and the rear as a laundry to be kept by one pick-up-the-grass for the convenience of its height for a drying place. All this did not hinder the chance of this hill being seen with all its upper charms, surrounded as it was by other houses of, so-called, better-off men, and I did just wonder if, as in most towns of this part of the world, it was as true of other parts, that "Fools build houses and Wise Men occupy them." The out-doing is encouraged, and can only be explained on the principle that men and women wishing to be thought richer than they are, and judging by what one sees, commercial and other men have gone queer in the head by following some silly leader who led the fashion of having large houses and indifferent sanitary arrangements, so that when occupied, the ladies of the house run the risk of contagion and disease, because, while for its big shell and its internal fittings they run themselves into debt in so purchasing, and ignore cleanliness, that as a town like King, should be next to godliness, and with its new completed waterworks enables all to wash out and drain, and now but a well devised system of low level drainage, the running of such stercus and other waste material into the neighbouring farmers—not, as now arranged, to be into the Buffalo; strewing out its refuse in a mass near the river, and then, when immolated, and a accumulation of is necessary to in the making

victims to the effects of inhaling foul gases. "Prevention is better than cure," and the time will come when sanitary inspectors will compel the fact to be known, endorsed and carried out.

Kei Road, or Gleeson's Town, is one of the expected future towns of South Africa, but at this time in its swadling buildings. But as the town must be built on the hill, it offers advantages for health not to be found in any other part of Eastern Kaffraria. It has been my misfortune to pass through many towns like Bloemfontein, which, with the accumulated filth of years in its midst, can only be beds for propagating scarlatina, diptheria, typhoid, and many other diseases that go to make up a big bill to the advantage of the doctor and the undertaker. The filthy habit of plastering floors with kraal dung is one of the surest modes of creating disease, and explains in many cases the cause of fever in the up-country districts, and which finally help the clergyman to to give some help and to have a hand in all that concerns the the human population from birth to death. The want of perfect sanitary arrangements in all towns of South Africa is, as in all other tropical countries, and in England, the cause of the large mortality to be found throughout the land. The one great want at Kei Road is water; but even this could be got over, if they either sunk artesian wells in the adjoining kloof, or utilised the water from the little Kabousie, or even nearer—from the springs on a Mr. Featherstone's farm. The railway contractors were informed of this at the time of constructing the station, but with the usual pride of engineers, repudiated the information given by the surrounding farmers. Had they but acted on these suggestions, the position of a town at Kei Road Station would have been the means of bringing a large population to this well known open spot, with its exhilarating breezes from the sea. One person described it as at times so rich in ozone that it seemed to lift them up as they passed along; and again, from its peculiar hill position, giving a natural fall for sanitary arrangements, it offers special opportunities for persons of small means to live in peace and retirement; and would be, but for the red blanket Kaffir, and his dirty brother in rags, and the dressed-

Home! go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the Heaven above us—
Home is where there's one to love ;
Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it ;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
When there's some kind lip to cheer it.
What is home with none to meet ;
None to welcome, none to greet us ?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
Where there's one we love to meet us.

To see what trees will do in this country, one has only to visit the " Symons " plantation at Star Fort. No plants could have had more to contend against, but the locust tree shows that it is drought resisting—one of the best qualities in a South African tree.

Mr. W. J. Symons deserves the lasting gratitude of the community for this permanent industrial exhibition.

For another lesson on arboriculture, go to the Botanic Gardens and note the fine gum trees now being felled. The market price of firewood must be several pounds per tree, and no trouble has been taken to grow the trees. A few years ago—fifteen or twenty—the seed was put in probably by Dr. Peters.





CHAPTER XV.

FROM a long refreshing night's rest I was awoke to the joyous sounds of my three coming men, who were delighted at the presence of their father. With a joy and gladness, unexpected from its fulness, I was met by my friends next day, and after a long rest I once more commenced a discussion, to my own delight, and I trust, to the advantage of my old friends. With all earnestness we discussed the important questions of the day, and the love that we bore the grand old country—England, who with all her faults and though distance parted us, we loved the more—England the home of true heroes, and the mother of philosophers; and we fully felt that *our* philosophy would compare favourably with that vile book "The Fruits of Philosophy"—that alas! for decency's sake, was made known to the untutored youth of both sexes in England, to the personal enrichment of its publishers, who under the pretence of maintaining the right of free printing, publicly sold it for their joint profit. We maintained that the statements, arrangements and suggestions it contained were now obsolete, and unfit for publication, and only advertised another book of the same kind, by a female pen, that could not in any way assist the great human family to lead a nobler, or a more moral life. Anything that is unnatural is to be condemned. All human reverence should be paid to nature's laws, and I feel assured, by positive practical experience, that any deviation brings its own future punishment. Perhaps this may be objected to by the High Priest and Priestess of the *modern precautionary school*, but as at the present time we have no Pope to fear among the Socialists and advocates of such an unnatural system, I need not be in any fear of their weapons of destruction; and claiming with them the liberty of free speech, and free printing, I hesitate not to express my views on this sub-

ject. Thanks to the land and money laws of monopoly in England, I ostracised and expatriated myself—and with a *delicate wife*—the outcome of natural laws. I felt it necessary to guard against and abstain from adding to the number of the living; and in so doing, led a [most unnatural existence, which after sixteen years of wedded life, I felt was the greatest purgatory of our natural lives. In my early simplicity, and want of experience, I had urged my relatives to be careful in their general outcome, and one of my lady relatives writing, says “I feel that I have wasted the best years of my life in a most unnatural, unsatisfactory way, both mentally and physically. Had I a married life to go over again, I would lead it differently, and more naturally. I believe fully now, that once a deviation from nature properly used is indulged in, selfishness of mind and body steps in, the finest sympathies are obliterated, and the marriage bond, in most cases, is little more than tolerated. I can picture my life with my husband, having another and a better side than that it has or has had. Our lives have never been been *marriage* for eleven years past, and thus secretly dissatisfaction stepped in, although not perhaps owned, and in many cases where weaker minds than ours might be concerned, estrangement altogether might ensue leading perhaps to divorce, and ever after, loose and lustful lives, to the eternal disgrace of man, wife and children.”

The great struggle of life is, and must ever be, irksome, nay even tragical, while such monopolies exist of the natural wealth of the world that produces the wretched outcasts of our London, and of the mismanaged cities of the world, but far better would it be if those who under a scheme of restriction advocate bestiality, instead of total abstinence, if they were with no uncertain sound to demand the removal of those causes of poverty in the alteration of our land and money laws, and not with a sneer attempted joke repudiate, because they do not understand the currency question. Those who do, or tell you that they cannot advocate nationalization of the land of England because that means revolution—of course to nationalize the land does mean a revolution in our land tenures, but that does not necessarily mean “heads-off” to the present

legal holders. Under a proper currency debenture land bond, redeemable in so many years, as arranged for in Germany by Stein and Hiedelburg, it is as easy as any other form of national legislation. Poverty is no disgrace, it is very inconvenient; but better poverty with a little and contentment, than that men and women should live in a mental and physical Hell, such as modern, so-called malthusianism lands us in. While admiring all earnest workers for the common good, I cannot allow the advocates of bestiality, who in being ashamed of their own progeny, urge others of a better mould to reduce their numbers, but who in strengthening the hands of the enemies of the people, the land and money lords, who in securing the wealth of the workers, can impudently, seriously and legitimately add to the number of the people's foes. Does it ever strike these advocates of indecency, not Maltusians, that they are (who would be content and continue the confiscators) but playing into the hands of the confiscators, for ever and for ever if the population was kept by the workers at working number point? I not only feel indignant at the advocacy of a filthy bastard of a thing called Malthusianism, the original author advocated total abstinence, which, although a Rev. and a clergymen of the Church of England, he did not carry out, but the modern practice is an attempt to make sexual appetites enjoyable without its responsibilities, to the weakening of all the purity of life. I at times felt glad that I had no daughters; for what guarantee have we that with such a foul, filthy unseen practice, girls in all the purity and innocence of their virginity, should not be contaminated and ruined, by the mere breath of some vagabond of an advocate of such abominable practices that make one sicken at the prospect? How any man with daughters can stand up with such views passes my understanding and comprehension. No wonder that the land and money reformers are not welcomed by many that advocate national reforms for fear that they belong to such a wing of reformers; and the sooner that all free themselves from such doctrines the better for all. I am no advocate of *lust*. Nature has provided for all abstinence, "to the pure all things are pure," and in so doing, encourages us in our ordinary life, so that there is no excuse

for men, and less for women, to utter such indecent, disgusting conditions. If such practices prevail, and such preventive cures are adopted, we shall look upon every man as a Lot, and every woman as a Potiphar's wife, seeking physical gratification at the expense of all that makes life honourable, pure, and holy. Abstinence is not forcing our love upon another as a sacrifice, but only a sacrifice while done in love. Self-gratification at the cost of another may be conjugal tyranny of the worst and vilest form. I speak fully and strongly on this point, seeing such "fruits of philosophy" is the outcome of physical lust, which reduces the youth of our land from the path of innocence and virtue, and tends to discredit the advocates of reform who freely subscribe to such horrid theories. I do not value the company of reformers if it means that I must agree with them on this question, or surrender my individuality. Rather would I ostracise myself from such . . . In speaking my convictions I have done my best, but to secure full liberty to all I ask from the sects of all religions and the reformers of all classes on all subjects.

TRUST IN NATURE, AND DO THE RIGHT.

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night;
 There's a star to guide the humble;—
 "Trust in Nature, and do the right."

Let the road be rough and dreary,
 And its end far out of sight,
 Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
 "Trust in Truth, and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning!
 Perish all that fears the light!
 Whether losing, whether winning,
 "Trust in Truth, and do the right."

Trust no party, sect, or faction;
 Trust no leaders in the fight;
 But in every word and action,
 "Trust in Truth, and do the right."

Trust no lovely forms of passion,—
 Fiends may look like angels bright;
 Trust no custom, school, or fashion;—
 "Trust in Truth, and do the right."

Simple rule, and safest guiding,
 Inward peace, and inward might,
 Star upon our path abiding,—
 "Trust in Nature, and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight;
 Cease from man, and look above thee,—
 "Trust in Nature, and do the right."

REV. N. MacLEOD.

Much was said on the Irish land question, and its land laws, and the robbery, year after year, of £400,000,000 of the agricultural wealth of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and the general political economy of the present day; but, as I intend later on to print the chapters I have prepared, which will be "Boon's Political Economy," and will supersede in the course of the next five centuries all the false treatises of the past and present so-called political economisers, I will not enlarge upon the subject more fully now, feeling sure, in a prophetic sense, that the facts contained therein will yet be the thought and action of the future ages. Of course my opponents in thought, thinking that they had a good joke at my expense, intimated that my up-country speculations and successes had made me elated; to which I replied that I was proud of the views that I held, but not elated. For if the "midnight lamp," and the thoughts of the great dead of the past had given me light that others had not, I was not too proud to make it known to all, nor too selfish not to give them the source from whence I had culled my knowledge; but as I understood the word "speculation," I was not in any way delighted, not having made a fortune, as I objected to speculation; but I had worked like a slave, and toiled like a giant, in the hope of making known the truths that I had found at the well's bottom. Speculation, as now understood and practised in modern days, is but a form of forestalling, as the present cotton and hog-fat cornering was, and is only another form of robbery. Some men working with a certainty, at the expense of those who knew not, and who had no opportunity of knowing, and then being duped by the sharper, who congratulated himself upon his speculation in doing his neighbour so cleverly in the eye, and then boasted

of the shot he had made. But even this speculation upon the ignorance of the many, and forestalling of the gifts of nature to the enrichment of the manipulators must have an end. The serfs of old Russia, Poland, Germany, Egypt and England no longer submit to the skinning process, or being disembowelled, to enable the Seigneur to warm his feet on the body of his estate slave, as in France during the last century; and when the knife reaches below the concentrated *epidermis*, an explosion and an upheaval takes place; and when Jews and premises are burning, this all acts as a warning to others to desist from speculating and trusting to luck and "sharping" those who toil. All this is becoming intolerable, and whether Jew or Gentile, must be altered. The French, Prussians and English are long-enduring and suffering people, but they have had before now their revolutions and guillotines; and so sure as a Creator made little apples, or the rain to spoil and enlarge small potatoes, so sure will there be a removal somehow for the speculators of modern times if they do not cease plundering by Acts of Parliament, in land, houses and money, or any other cover that helps them in their power of exploiting the workers everlastingly. The process may be delayed, but it will not be put off indefinitely or for ever; and woe to those who have ears and will not hear, and those who have eyes and will not see, for in fear and trembling they will find that a Judgment Day has come, and a Deluge in their day, and that there is no room for them in the way of the righteous thoughts of a people speculated upon, until the burden was too great to be borne.

Thinking that one ought to see all, I took my wife to see the well-known play of "Ours." Now I make no pretence to any superior morality; I feel that I have very little of the angel in me, but a large quantity of old Adam; and if all is true, his tempter, the Devil. But for the sake of our youth of both sexes, I protest against much in the play. One could not fail to enjoy the jokes and repartee, as it is as impossible, at such a time, to restrain one's risible movements, as it is to refrain from eating if food is before one when hungry. And while it is good to show to advantage the scorn of man and

his contempt for the vulgarity and brutality of a wife that will not be satisfied, and who delights in dinning into his ears any silly fault he may have committed in haste, or in error, till at last he may state that, though he could command a thousand men, in no one case could he control a wife who would not be reasonable. I well remember the saying of a of a well-known lady writer, that it often surprised her that men were so forbearing, and that under such constant, intense provocation, they did not strike their women. The peculiar age in which we live produces many a "Virago" in upper and middle life, as well as in the lower. How often are men misunderstood by their wives and wives' friends, leaving out the everlasting mother-in-law, in the general quarrel when men with all nobleness act up to an ideal of duty, devotion and right? It is a sign of love if a man does not trouble a wife at all times with his troubles and misfortunes. The fact exposed in the play that men in the business of men-slayers are expected to keep themselves, a wife, and six children, including even twins, on one shilling and ten-pence a day, is a disgrace to any nation that keeps an army of mercenaries, and at slaughterer's prices. The theory that war ennobles, as well as brutalizes, is an old as well as a nineteenth century lie, which the governing classes know to be a lie, but which so few like to call by its right name. Fathers slain, wives made widows, children fatherless, for gratifying the vanity of ideas, after flags have been blessed by bishops of the peaceful Jesus, and the plundering propensities of the slaughterers. But while these and other facts are made known in the common manner, which is the rule on the stage, to draw attention to the infidelity and immorality of men and women, it is not calculated to strengthen the morals of our young people. No one can desire that these abominations should remain unknown or hidden; but, for decency's sake, let the audience be composed of *paters* and *maters*; and if stage lessons must be taught, let our youth hear nothing that they can degrade themselves by. Evil is always attractive, and needs no inducements or exciting to make its appearance, and when women and men in full force, mouth

these matters on our public stages and platforms, it increases rather than diminishes the evil.

With such thoughts I retired to rest. Up betime next morning for a stroll round the town, which during my last absence of twelve months had got the appearance of being awfully holy, if Church Road, with its tall spires pointing up heavenwards is a guide. May we dare to doubt that piety, holiness, and the worship of humanity and women are not on the increase in proportion? The modern desire for building churches with steeples is a craze of the age. Oftentimes it is evidence of the white surpliced sepulchres and the want of genuine Christianity within,—but what can we expect when the same question might be put to all now as put to Paul. What is Truth? and echo would reply, “not in those places made with hands.” Each place is built by the constant rattling of the begging box, and an appeal to the fears of men; in one case the unfortunate Hindoos and other native races of India, and the daily-robbed by England's aristocracy, helped to build the Church of a Don, supported largely by the devotees of King, and to annoy with its steeple the opposition shop on the opposite side called the house of God, whose steeple was supposed to be all awry. This last was the outcome of a running up and down the colony with saleable Catholic indulgencies, and even to the Free State, by the modern *presto* of a confessional box. The anchorite and unnatural man, to collect the funds, to give it a holy flavour and fragrance, to buy some of its marble from Italy; the priest-ridden to induce some of its donors to expose their liberality, and to ask for the prayers of the faithful; to remember them, the givers thus asking for a public blessing for their public gift of a window, a kind of speculating upon the prayers of the faithful for their commercial success, positively asked for in memorials erected in their church, and thus the steepled opposition house that owes its parent-home to Rome begs publicly for blessings. What a mercenary example to be set by the so-called Universal One Church, whose priests of all degrees set the example of audacity. I have discussed this church and its past cruelties, follies and audacity, in my History of the Free State, from the oppor-

tunity the Roman Catholic Church mountebank money beggar Honey-Berry gave me, to expose the vilest machinery in existence for crushing out the man and womanhood of all ages. The other churches and schools built in the same year are constructed in such peculiar forms and ways that through fear I, a Positivist and a believer in the religion of humanity, dare not express, unless I desire to be stoned; and when such a vile deed of martyrdom was accomplished to be mourned afterwards; and as I cling to life with all its living and loving grandeur and enjoyable responsibilities, I would rather not expose myself to the spasmodic rage of the unthinking of all the sects that one meets with as we pass along in our cities.

It was quite picturesque to notice the buildings on all sides of the town; the seven-hilled city is wonderfully improved, and may it still continue to do so, notwithstanding its bad sanitary condition, and the burial of hospital and other filth in the grounds of the hospital; and although they may not now expose the used poultices and dirty linen of the patients, due to the carelessness of the servants, in opposition to the counsels of its venerable doctor, it may be fully expected, as time goes on, that all people under the run of such grounds will more or less suffer from typhoid and other fevers, due to the accumulated filth which has been laid in shallow pits for so many years past, in opposition to all sanitary demands to the contrary. When in the council of the town I had opposed all kraals, piggeries and other animal accumulations that existed, and also the want of proper earth closets, or other sanitary arrangements at the location, which in its then state, poured all its foulness into the Buffalo above the town to poison the water and inhabitants below; and although I wrote and explained my knowledge of the risk we all ran from such, including the foul skin-salting house of the largest merchant of the town in the front street of King William's Town, I was unable to do all I desired, owing to the vested interests of men who had property (which in these days of selfishness is thought of before human life) kept in a foul condition. The time has gone by when intelligent men are unaware that decomposing matter in kraals and elsewhere is death and worm-life giving, but the owners of such wealth are

enabled to slander and injure, ruin and subsidise others, to injure any man that dares to attempt to remove such foul places in the midst of towns in South Africa and England. Almost all the towns of Africa are built in hollows, and are necessarily unhealthy, and for years are gathering up a quantity of filth that ever afterwards gives work to *doctors* and *undertakers*. I noticed one large house built for its ostentatiousness, although in the front to be occupied by one of the third degree legal plunderers of the people, and the rear as a laundry to be kept by one pick-up-the-grass for the convenience of its height for a drying place. All this did not hinder the chance of this hill being seen with all its upper charms, surrounded as it was by other houses of, so-called, better-off men, and I did just wonder if, as in most towns of this part of the world, it was as true of other parts, that "Fools build houses and Wise Men occupy them." The out-doing is encouraged, and can only be explained on the principle that men and women wishing to be thought richer than they are, and judging by what one sees, commercial and other men have gone queer in the head by following some silly leader who led the fashion of having large houses and indifferent sanitary arrangements, so that when occupied, the ladies of the house run the risk of contagion and disease, because, while for its big shell and its internal fittings they run themselves into debt in so purchasing, and ignore cleanliness, that in a town like King, should be next to godliness, and with its now completed waterworks enables all to wash out and drain, and needs now but a well devised system of low level drainage, and the utilizing of such stercus and other waste material among the neighbouring farmers—not, as now arranged, to be washed down by rains and poured into the Buffalo; strewing out its muck all along its banks, and finally settling in a mass near Panmure, to be a future hotbed of epidemic, and then, when a whole household of victims have been immolated, and a worthy mother and wife is lost through an accumulation of waste and filth in a garden, to consider if it is necessary to prevent it. Why not at once utilize all waste material in the town, and, better still, the outside gardens, thus making it unnecessary for men to remove the cause of so many falling

victims to the effects of inhaling foul gases. "Prevention is better than cure," and the time will come when sanitary inspectors will compel the fact to be known, endorsed and carried out.

Kei Road, or Gleeson's Town, is one of the expected future towns of South Africa, but at this time in its swadling buildings. But as the town must be built on the hill, it offers advantages for health not to be found in any other part of Eastern Kaffraria. It has been my misfortune to pass through many towns like Bloemfontein, which, with the accumulated filth of years in its midst, can only be beds for propagating scarlatina, diptheria, typhoid, and many other diseases that go to make up a big bill to the advantage of the doctor and the undertaker. The filthy habit of plastering floors with kraal dung is one of the surest modes of creating disease, and explains in many cases the cause of fever in the up-country districts, and which finally help the clergyman to to give some help and to have a hand in all that concerns the the human population from birth to death. The want of perfect sanitary arrangements in all towns of South Africa is, as in all other tropical countries, and in England, the cause of the large mortality to be found throughout the land. The one great want at Kei Road is water; but even this could be got over, if they either sunk artesian wells in the adjoining kloof, or utilised the water from the little Kabousie, or even nearer—from the springs on a Mr. Featherstone's farm. The railway contractors were informed of this at the time of constructing the station, but with the usual pride of engineers, repudiated the information given by the surrounding farmers. Had they but acted on these suggestions, the position of a town at Kei Road Station would have been the means of bringing a large population to this well known open spot, with its exhilarating breezes from the sea. One person described it as at times so rich in ozone that it seemed to lift them up as they passed along; and again, from its peculiar hill position, giving a natural fall for sanitary arrangements, it offers special opportunities for persons of small means to live in peace and retirement; and would be, but for the red blanket Kaffir, and his dirty brother in rags, and the dressed-

up would-be Kaffir gentleman of Peel Town, the Kaffir location for all the cattle lifters of both sides of the Kei. This Kaffir town, with its miserable pastor, is the gathering ground for all the black rascals of the eastern districts. Its church is built from monies realized by the sale of stolen cattle brought into the place time after time, which is sold by the pastor—like unto the pastor of Wheatlands, near Panmure, who, upon being found out buying and selling the unholy thing called black cabbage-seed, a compound of charcoal and saltpetre, and who, upon being found out in his giving cover and selling the same to the murderers of the brothers Tainton, finally elected to commit suicide rather than stand before a jury to answer for his conniving at these Kaffirs and their diabolical tricks. Not that this man was worse than others. I don't know what the missionaries of other countries are, but, more or less, the South African incapables, who are of no use in England, are so imbued with the commercial spirit, that they, to secure the support of Kaffirs, will recommend the vilest as fit and proper persons to have guns and powder, which they can afterwards exchange for cattle from the raw Kaffir, so that they can keep the missionary, and if this is not sufficient, will even sell to them under another form any how to get support and means to call it their own. This explains how so many of these out-door South African relief parties are enabled to save and secure wealth, while disciples of the gentle Jesus, had nowhere to lay his head. O ye poor deluded ones, that subscribe for the heathen, who in their simplicity and nakedness are as happy as sucking doves, and are free from all the care or want that kills thousands in our European cities. It is not in Africa that the unnatural heathen are only to be found. Let the writer of the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London" testify. I am bold to say, that in no part of heathenland is want felt so keenly as by the wronged and working classes of all the cities in the United Kingdom.

Kei Road, with its neat little station, its small gardens, which with water could be made large ones, and its small thatched homesteads, with its ploughed up lands, with the lowing cattle wandering to its shady rivulet, for water and

to graze in its shady woods in the heat of the day. Sheep browsing on the hills, would remind one of the many little villages of England, but for the overgrown location of Peeltown with its accumulated filth and attempt at sanctity; but in reality the refuge of all the refuse of Kaffirdom, the plague spot, the home of call, and deposit of all the thieves of the neighbourhood, as every farmer could testify; and who at last in self-defence, shoot the rascals when caught in the act of stealing from their sheep-folds, and who feel that these two-legged rascals ought to be shot down as vermin, and who have learnt to their cost that the christianized thieves are the worst to deal with. The missionaries, here, as elsewhere, to receive their gifts, will pander to their vices, and even to their desire to secure the weapons of the white man, more especially if the missionary is connected by marriage, or interest with the official on the Bench, who grants permits; and to facilitate the removal of black seed that kills, but grows not, and sold as "Kaffir Bibles," to be stored up, until once more the time is ripe to turn upon the white man. But the missionary was so kind to them as to *pass them* by in the hour of danger and rebellion. One could admire some of these men who *now* make no sacrifice if they would or could teach the natives the advantages of labour, instead of helping them to ignore it, and in their stations to get married without means to multiply to the injury of all. Unfortunately the "Native" question is one of great difficulty, as now arranged for, but if managed from the vantage ground, I have shown in my "How to Colonize South Africa, and by whom," and with Kaffir Reserves, and a little management could be solved. The farmer does not want a large population in his districts, but requires a certainty of hired servants, if he is to be a successful man. Many an undertaking is nipped in the bud for want of reliable labour; and the want of this labour is mainly due to the attempt to place him on an equality, and to be with all his native improvidence rich, without labour; and to keep up his strength he continually steals from the white farmer, which breeds suspicion, violence, and at times shedding of blood, so much so, that in the time of Sir George Grey's Governorship, it was lawful to take the life of any Kaffir

found in the kraal at night, or fleeing in possession of his plunder, which was successful at that time in putting down stock-stealing. Such is the bitter feeling against the present stealing, that, as in several instances of late, when the Kaffir thief has been warned and required to surrender, and upon refusing, shot dead, the accused have been released, juries refusing to convict. Now much of all this would be prevented if natives had their own reserves apart from white habitation or influence. This is the only safety-valve in a large native occupation like South Africa; for, singular to relate, the same experience is not found in Africa as in New Zealand, Australia, America, and other native territories. The natives in those countries die out: but in Africa, notwithstanding drinking and all other conditions of destruction surrounding them, they positively increase, and in so doing, in the centres of the white occupants, steal without reserve. On the other hand, the merchant who lives upon trading desires a large dense population, and thus is diametrically opposed to the farmer, who desires large tracts of land for successful farming. Now even this could be got over if the plan adopted in Canada was carried out here, with locations and reserves totally in the hands of the natives; and then if the natives were to be found outside such limits, without passes, to wander on pleasure or business, to be punished either by fine or imprisonment; but at certain times to have liberty to meet the trader on their borders, for the purpose of exchanging their raw produce, and buying a fresh stock of goods. Thus each and all would feel that a limit and a line was drawn between the white and black farmer; but even this is quite impossible while the individual land-hunger is encouraged as it is *now*. The principal business of both farmer and merchant is to get possession of native lands; and more or less sedition is stirred up in the heart of the natives at gradually losing their lands, and then to be cut up in farms and building plots, on speculating conditions. This may be said to be the general origin of all native wars; for, singular to relate, the Kaffirs are, as a rule, a quiet pastoral people, but like all other native tribes, when the pressure of want and their greed is worked upon, they are hasty, and once having committed themselves

against the white man, the land-hungerers cry out, "root them out," to make way for those who, having urged and arranged for the contest, hope to get their share. But, alas! all this is only accomplished at the loss of many valuable lives, and the breaking up of families, and even at the expense of the English taxpayer, until John Bull asks himself upon what principle he must send out his son and his money to assist to crush out the natives. It is all very well for merchants, contractors, and would-be German generals to shout out "God save the Queen," and call upon her for help, when they know millions of John Bull's money will be imported to buy South African produce, and to pay native and other help to assist in the crushing out. I feel that, from a humanitarian point of view this is a crime against all, white and black. For a time all seems well; but the time comes when the crushing out having been done, the soldier or volunteer returns a broken man, demoralized in every way, no longer fit to be a perfect citizen, and always longing, after the wild scenes of camp life, instead of working at home for the benefit of his family and country, and in hundreds of cases simply becoming a miserable loafer, and a disgrace to his kind and countrymen, until the very Kaffirs look upon such with contempt, as the negro used to view the poor white trash of Southern America, and feel disgraced as a man, that such men should represent the conquering arm of great England; and, on the other hand, the shifty policy of public men again disgusts the Kaffir; for with the constant see-saw policy of would-be statesmen, they know not how to respect the Colonial rule; and they who can remember the regulations under a Governor representing England, curse the day when responsible government gave them into the care of colonial cabinets of incapables.

It gave me inexpressible pleasure to find a good school at Kei Road, and I felt that if it had the advantages of water, &c., that I have previously mentioned, it could be the home of a hundred boys for a school term, its exhilarating and buoyant atmosphere giving the scholars health and strength for their future. The township being but young, it could not boast of its cathedral nor its tabernacle, but of an earnestness worthy

of a better response, it could boast of its conventicles suited for churchmen, and non-conformists. I was assured that charity and good-will, with a full relish of a large dish of gossip, which with all honesty, no one feels too proud about. Well, well, human nature is the same, a little fact, and an immense amount of imagination, if not a perfect cure; it is a great remedy, for the destruction of gossip is full occupation. Evil finds some mischief still for idle hands to do. One misfortune of all small communities is the meeting of all in common at public schools. As an old earnest advocate of all on a common equality before the law, and full liberty to all who recognise the full rights of others; still there are those who feel more at home in their individual seminary than in a common school for all to sit in; and it is always an advantage if the school is large enough to sub-divide the scholars. A large room is always one means of creating better discipline; for the more a boy feels that it is better to obey, so that he may know how to command, is a great advantage to scholars and teachers. It keeps boys apart, who perhaps from loss of a father, or guardian, had fallen into bad company, and learned vile language, and who without knowing it become objectionable for others to come into contact with, and in their ignorance defy and insult their best friend—the teacher, and who fail to recognise the full value of education so beautifully described in the following stanzas:—

THE INCOMPARABLE PLEASURES OF A CULTIVATED MIND.

Oh! blest of Heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the syren! not the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of Nature fair imagination calls
To charm the enlivened soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state
Endows at large whatever happy man

Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column, and the arch ;
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds ; for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings ;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow ; not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's refulgence ; not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unproved. Not thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only ; for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious : wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this eloquence of love,
This fair inspired delight ; her tempered powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to simpler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weighed
The world's foundations—if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye—then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile customs cramp her generous powers ?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear ?
Lo ! she appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons : all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordained
The powers of man : we feel within ourselves
His energy divine. He tells the heart,
He means, He made us to behold and love
What He beholds and loves, the general orb

Of life and being ; to be great like Him,
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men
 Whom Nature's work can charm, with God Himself
 Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day,
 With His conceptions, act upon His plan ;
 And form to His, the relish of their souls.

ARENSIDE, 1775.

And here I cannot but remark, that ten times too much is expected from the teachers of the young, and that it is impossible, without almost immolating himself upon the altar of duty, for any man to teach all day both sexes, and fulfil Church duties on week days and Sundays. If we would that our children understand the rudiments of all knowledge, a careful attention to this fact is needed. Ample time must be given, and also a liberal salary, if anxiety for bread is not to impair the teacher's ability. With delight I pay my respect and homage to the public teacher of Kei Road. May he long live to fulfil his mission to teach the young. I know of no nobler work than to teach and instruct those who need knowledge ; and although I may differ from the spurious teachers of the day, still this is one of the many hard worked members of what might be the Church of the day and of the people, and I feel, as the teacher of my boys, grateful ; and that he was indeed as in Goldsmith described (the village preacher, schoolmaster, and friend combined).

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
 There where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose,
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place,
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,

Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won !
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave, ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each heart, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way,
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway ;
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray,
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile ;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven :
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

It is a delight to me to know that education is now considered to be, not only the duty of the State, but also of all parents, to assist and see that their children are educated. That will enable them to know how to live, and what to live for. Mechanical

education is good in its way, and can be given by the young teacher, although I am firmly persuaded that a middle-aged instructor is better, and secures more deference on the part of the scholars. A religious teacher certainly should not be a young mechanical preacher. We want men of experience, as well as of knowledge and learning. How is it possible for a young man who has passed through no trouble, or loss of near and dear kindred, to understand or feel the agony and bloody sweat of Christ, and to give comfort to the weary and heavy laden, when he knows nothing of the realities of the life of modern days? The age of "parroting" must give place to an enlightened appreciation of all known facts, and form a very different standpoint than is prescribed at our school boards and other institutions. In the future we must have *genuine* histories, not, as it seems, fit for Whig and Tory to hash up; but a perfect account of all who have done and died for truth and country's sake. A good and just reason why certain families should assist in governing this England of ours if ever the opportunity occurs. I trust yet to give a History of England that will be written truthfully, not as written by men who could not call their body, mind or pen their own, and who write to uphold all wrongs and dynasties, irrespective of the facts and truths. For a more general belief in the rights of all to education, I subjoin an extract from Macaulay on

EDUCATION AND THE STATE.

"I believe, Sir, that it is the right and the duty of the State to provide means of education for the common people. This proposition seems to me to be implied in every definition that has ever yet been given of the functions of a government. About the extent of those functions there has been much difference of opinion among ingenious men. There are some who hold that it is the business of a government to meddle with every part of the system of human life; to regulate trade by bounties and prohibitions, to regulate expenditure by sumptuary laws, to regulate literature by a censorship, to regulate religion by an inquisition. Others go to the opposite extreme, and assign to government a very narrow sphere of action. But the very

narrowest sphere that ever was assigned to government by any school of political philosophy is quite wide enough for my purpose. On one point all the disputants are agreed. They unanimously acknowledge that it is the duty of every government to take order for giving security to the persons and property of the members of the community.

This being admitted, can it be denied that the education of the common people is a most effectual means of securing our persons and our property? Let Adam Smith answer that question for me. He has expressly told us that a distinction is to be made, particularly in a commercial and highly civilized society between the education of the rich and the education of the poor. The education of the poor, he says, is a matter which deeply concerns the commonwealth. Just as the magistrate ought to interfere for the purpose of preventing the leprosy from spreading among the people, he ought to interfere for the purpose of stopping the progress of the moral distempers which are inseparable from ignorance. Nor can this duty be neglected without danger to the public peace. If you leave the multitude uninstructed, there is serious risk that their animosities may produce the most dreadful disorders.

The most dreadful disorders! These are Adam Smith's own words; and prophetic words they were. Scarcely had he given this warning to our rulers, when his prediction was fulfilled in a manner never to be forgotten. I speak of the riots of 1780. I do not know that I could find in all history a stronger proof of the proposition, that the ignorance of the common people makes the property, the limbs, and the lives of all classes insecure. Without the shadow of a grievance, at the summons of a madman, a hundred thousand people rise in insurrection. During a whole week there is anarchy in the greatest and wealthiest of European cities. The Parliament is besieged. Your predecessor sits trembling in his chair, and expects every moment to see the door beaten in by the ruffians whose roar he hears all round the house. The peers are pulled out of their coaches; the bishops in their lawn are forced to fly over the tiles; the chapels of foreign ambassadors, buildings made sacred by the law of

nations, are destroyed. The house of the Chief Justice is demolished. The little children of the Prime Minister are taken out of their beds, and laid in their night clothes on the table of the Horse Guards—the only safe asylum from the fury of the rabble. The prisons are opened; highwaymen, house-breakers and murderers come forth to swell the mob by which they have been set free. Thirty-six fires are blazing at once in London. The Government is paralysed; the very foundations of the Empire are shaken.

Then came the retribution. Count up all the wretches who were shot, who were hanged, who were crushed, who drank themselves to death at the rivers of gin that ran down Holborn Hill, and you will find that battles have been lost and won with a smaller sacrifice of life. And what was the cause of this calamity—a calamity which, in the history of London, ranks with the Great Plague and the Great Fire? The cause was the ignorance of a population which had been suffered in the neighbourhood of palaces, theatres, temples, to grow up as rude and stupid as any tribe of tattooed cannibals in New Zealand—I might say, as any drove of beasts in Smithfield market.

The instance is striking; but it is not solitary. To the same cause are to be ascribed the riots of Nottingham, the sack of Bristol, all the outrages of Jud, Swing and Rebecca; beautiful and costly machinery broken to pieces in Yorkshire, barns and hay-stacks blazing in Kent, fences and buildings pulled down in Wales. Could such things have been done in a country in which the mind of the labourer had been opened by education; in which he had been taught to find pleasure in the exercise of his intellect, taught to revere his Maker, taught to respect legitimate authority, and taught at the same time to seek the redress of real wrongs by peaceful and constitutional means?

This, then, is my argument:—It is the duty of Government to protect our persons and property from danger; the gross ignorance of the common people is a principal cause of danger to our persons and property; therefore it is the duty of the Government to take care the common people shall not be grossly ignorant."

And what is the alternative? It is universally allowed that, by some means, Government must protect our persons and property. If you take away education, what means do you leave? You leave means such as only necessity can justify—means which inflict a fearful amount of pain, not only on the guilty, but on the innocent who are connected with the guilty. You leave guns and bayonets, stocks and whipping posts, tread-mills, solitary cells, penal colonies and gibbets. See, then, how the case stands. Here is an end which, as we all agree, governments are bound to attain. There are only two ways of attaining it. One of those ways is by making men better and wiser, and happier. The other way is by making them infamous and miserable. Can it be doubted which we ought to prefer?"

Once let the people be educated aright, there will be no fear of the people making revolutions, for it will not be possible for such instructions and practices to be in existence, as will create such wretchedness and produce all these errors. therefore the views of Lord Brougham will not be out of place.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE CONQUEROR.

There is nothing with which the adversaries of improvement are more wont to make themselves merry than with what is termed "The march of intellect;" and I confess that I think, as far as the phrase goes, they are in the right. It is a very absurd, because a very incorrect expression. It is little calculated to describe the operations in question. It does not suggest an image at all resembling the proceedings of the true friends of mankind. It much more resembles the progress of the enemy of all improvement. The conqueror moves in a march; he stalks onward with the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war—banners flying, shouts rending the air, guns thundering, and martial music pealing to drown the shrieks of the wounded, and the lamentations for the slain.

Not thus the schoolmaster in his peaceful vocation. He meditates and prepares in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly gathers around him those who are to

further their execution ; he quietly, though firmly, advances in his humble path labouring steadily, but calmly, till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots the weeds of vice. His is a progress not to be compared with anything like a march, but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph, and to laurels more imperishable than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world ever won.

Such men—men deserving the glorious title of teachers of mankind—I have found labouring conscientiously, though perhaps obscurely, in their blessed vocation ; wherever I have gone I have found them, and shared their fellowship, among the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French ; I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss ; I have found them among the laborious, the warm-hearted, the enthusiastic Germans ; I have found them among the high-minded Italians ; and in our own country, thank Heaven, they everywhere abound, and their number is every day increasing.

Their calling is high and holy ; their fame is the prosperity of nations ; their renown will fill the earth in after ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times. Each one of those great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in patience, performs his appointed work ; awaits in faith the fulfilment of the promises ; and, resting from his labours, bequeaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble but not inglorious epitaph, commemorating “one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy.”

The great bulk of mankind are at the mercy of the monopolists for want of knowledge, and owing to this one fact oftentimes, they who would teach and give the best information that would enable all men to keep themselves, are the least understood. The time must come when the people will be able to judge, and in judging, act on and up to their belief, with a full knowledge of Nature's laws, political facts, social laws, with full information of all land and financial arrangements, and how the present rulers, with so little knowledge, regulate and plunder, to their present advantage and the

people's loss, but which will all end when true knowledge covers the earth as the waters cover the seas. The pleasures of knowledge as here given, will indeed give bliss.

PLEASURES OF KNOWLEDGE.

"Not to know at large of things remote
From use obscure and subtle, but to know,
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom."—MILTON.

It is noble to seek truth, and it is beautiful to find it. It is the ancient feeling of the human heart, that knowledge is better than riches; and it is deeply and "sacredly" true. To mark the course of human passions as they have flowed on in the ages that are past; to see why nations have risen, and why they have fallen; to speak of heat and light, and the winds; to know what man has discovered in the heavens above and the earth beneath; to hear the chemist unfold the marvellous properties that the Creator has locked up in a speck of earth; to be told that there are worlds so distant from our own, that the quickness of light, travelling since the worlds' creation, has never yet reached us; it is worth while in the days of our youth to strive hard for this great discipline.

To wander in the creations of poetry, and grow warm again with that eloquence which swayed the democracies of the Old World; to go up with great reasoners to the first cause of all, and to perceive, in the midst of all this dissolution and decay and cruel separation, that there is one thing unchangeable, indestructible and everlasting; it is surely worth while to pass sleepless nights for this; to give up for it laborious days; to spurn for it present pleasures; to endure for it afflicting poverty; to wade for it through darkness, and sorrow, and contempt, as the great spirits of the world have done in all ages and in all times.

I appeal to the experience of every man who is in the habit of exercising his mind vigorously and well, whether there is not a satisfaction in it, which tells him he has been acting up to one of the great objects of his existence? The end of nature has been answered; his faculties have done that which they were created to do—not languidly occupied

upon trifles, not enervated by sensual gratification, but exercised in that toil which is so congenial to their nature, and so worthy of their strength.

A life of knowledge is not often a life of injury and crime. Whom does such a man oppress? With whose happiness does he interfere? Whom does his ambition destroy? And whom does his fraud deceive? In the pursuit of science he injures no man, and in the acquisition he does good to all.

A man who dedicates his life to knowledge, becomes habituated to pleasure which carries with it no reproach; and there is one security that he will never love that pleasure which is paid for by anguish of heart—his pleasures are all cheap, all dignified and all innocent; and as far as any human being can expect permanence in this changing scene, he has secured a happiness which no malignity of fortune can ever take away, but which must cleave to him while he lives, ameliorating every good, and diminishing every evil of his existence.

I solemnly declare, that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man in existence, for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn on the mountains—it flames night and day, and is immortal and not to be quenched! Upon something it must act and feed—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions.

Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coeval with life; what do I say but love innocence; love virtue; love purity of conduct; love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the providence which has made you so, and make men call it justice; love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you; which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world; that which will make

your motives habitually great and honourable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud.

Therefore, if any young man has embarked his life in the pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event; let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him, and as the genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in requirements fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life.

SYDNEY SMITH.

REAL NOBILITY.

Search we the springs

And backward trace the principle of things—

There shall we find that when the world began,

One common mass composed the mould of man ;

One paste of flesh on all degrees bestowed ;

And kneaded up alike with moistened blood.

The same almighty power inspired the frame

With kindled life, and formed the souls the same ;

The faculties of intellect and will

Dispensed with equal hand, disposed with equal skill,

Like liberty indulged, with choice of good or ill.

Thus born born alike, from virtue first began

The difference that first distinguished man from man.

He claimed no title from descent of blood,

But that which made him noble, made him good.

Warmed with more particles of heavenly flame,

He winged his upward flight, and soared to fame :

The rest remained below, a tribe without a name.

This law—(though custom now directs the course)—

As Nature's institute, is yet in force,

Uncancelled, though diffused : and he whose mind

Is virtuous, is alone of virtuous kind ;

Though poor of fortune of celestial race ;

And he commits the crime, who calls him base.

JOHN DRYDEN, 1631.



CHAPTER XVI.

GLEESON'S TOWN, at Kei Road, was a speculative failure, and one felt, that as a private attempt to secure other people's money for dry erfs or flats for houses, success was not deserved. It is abominable, as at Cathcart, with water running from the mountain to every house and erf, creating damp and sudden attacks of rheumatism, that it should be speculative without due regard to the future public interests. In America they know how to lay out their towns in fine broad avenues and regular blocks; but in a hot climate, as South Africa, too much is left to the individual taste of those who have control in the districts where towns are mapped out. All these attempts to enrich Governments, or private enterprises, must be condemned and stopped. All lands for a township should be held for the benefit of the inhabitants of each town, and then, as population is increased and houses are required, they should be built with Municipal Legal Tender Money. Of course some allotments might be kept open for the erection of halls, and even chapels and churches, suited to the requirements of all who needed such. I have explained this fully in my "How to Construct Public Works without Bonds, Mortgages, Loans, or the Burden of Interest," and this question is of vital importance to "Outcast London," and the outcasts of all cities in the United Kingdom and our Colonies. At the present time all towns are in the debt grip of the waiters for interest, and it will be only by means of Legal Paper Money—usable for all purposes of trade—issued by the Board of Public Works, that towns and other borrowers for public works can free themselves from the gold money and bank lords who are eating up the towns by means of their lent money and absorption in the form of interest. Landlords,

so-called, are bad, and, as monopolists of the earth's surface, must be removed ; but house and money lords are worse—eating up night and day the produce of the workers, under pretences of good will and, in some cases, philanthropy, and when once this is understood and acted upon, there is hope for the future citizens and cities of the world all over, without exception.

Having spent a most enjoyable time at Kei Road, I once more, with my family, took the train for my old city, King William's Town, and the garden which I had made out of a waste by the side of the river, and had, in practice, endeavoured to make two blades of grass and trees to grow, where before all was barren and waste, and an eyesore to all. This was the patient outcome of many years of labour and means ; but certainly, owing to want of experience, rain, and other causes, without that reward fairly expected ; but still I urge all to make an effort to rest on the bosom of Nature, and from out of her interior womb live in peace and contentment. Cain, as a tiller of soil, was a man compared to our modern cattle breeders and slayers, and well will it be when the fruits of the earth are thought more of than the beasts of the field. Man's teeth and nails show that he is master over all, and that he can eat of everything ; but for purity of body and mind the herbivorous is preferable to the carnivorous, and when we return to a regular course of vegetable nourishment there will be full work on the soil and a good-will toward men not known of yet. Fortunately, science is now helping man to cease to be the mere physical drudge on the earth, for with well-fed horses—the outcome of a good supply of Indian corn—a man can sit in a most dignified manner on his plough, and while ploughing, sow and cover up, and thus economise time, and afterwards with patent harrows, clean and purify the soil, while Nature with her copious rains, and the sun with its heat, gives the increase to gladden the heart of man ; and when Nature, with all her powers, has ripened her fruits, and given the only true cost of values in the production of her corn and produce, again man, with his self-acting mowers, reapers, binders, lifters, crushers, grinders, and baggers, can accomplish all in the field of growing produce ; and from the

variety and need of intelligence to accomplish all this, the very labour ceases to be a task, and becomes a pleasure. With time and labour, I felt that I could have made my small plot of land an earthly paradise; nothing was wanted but patience, skill, intelligence, and labour combined to make all things possible, and with a daily supply of earth's gifts fresh from growing, I could have wished for no heaven such as materialists picture, with all its animalism, and a full satisfaction of its coarser nature, and ever rejoicing that the enjoyment of the same was not alloyed by the said-to-be-fact, that millions were in torture, with no such future happy prospect before them. Why a Dante Purgatory, which, with its prospect of once emerging, and when the very mountains heave and the very hills shout with joy when another soul was saved, was preferable to the Christian idea of Eternal torture. No, no, you miserable Hell Tortures! Truth is against you and your ideas.

My little spot by the side of the Buffalo, with its orange groves, and their delicious perfumes, the sight of the hundreds of apples, apricot, peach, vine, and other fruit trees in full foliage, and its varied blossom, and its after fruit, was so heavenly an experience, that I felt, indeed I oft had been there, and still would go, for it was indeed with all my little ones, wife and friends, a heaven below that gave no desire for an unknown heaven above. I am no advocate for a materialistic, physical, animal, or sensual existence alone. I know too well the rich, full, incomparable enjoyment of all intellectual life, and knowing it, can urge with all my heart and strength, for a fuller enjoyment of all human life as far as possible from our modern cities of fast living. It is true now, as in the past, Nature made the country and man the town, and if all reformers mean well, and desire that human life should be free, and enjoy the same, it must be by a return to country scenes and enjoyments that all this is to be secured. I have mentioned the full enjoyment from Labour's efforts, and must leave to a better pen than mine to tell of all Nature's fragrance, from her unaided efforts, that charm the lover of Nature; the early singing birds, the wild flowers and their rich scents, far exceeding all manufactured essences; the

buds and blossoms of wild nature ; compelling the looker-on, who sees in Nature a charm in everything, to revel and realise that Earth can indeed be an Eden without the fear of a Serpent, or the danger of eating forbidden apples, that would compel the attendance of Etherial Beings with wings and swords to keep man from enjoying the Eden and Paradise that the knowledge he has formed has helped him to make, and which can be multiplied until the whole Earth is one vast cultivated field for the full enjoyment of all Human Nature. I cannot sing of the realms of the blessed, and what must it be to be there in the Heaven above ; but I can chorus, with my family, of our little realm on the banks of the Buffalo, and say, I know the Heaven of rest it could be ; and how often, when writing all this, I longed to be there, and that I longed that all had the same deep feeling of contentment that I experienced. Then, and now, in the full enjoyment of Nature, supplemented by art, the outcome of the intelligence of the centuries, gone, gone, for ever.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

There is a voice within me,
 And 'tis so sweet a voice,
 That its soft whispers win me,
 And make my heart rejoice.
 Deep from my soul it springeth,
 Like hidden melody ;
 And ever more it singeth
 This song of songs to me :
 " This world is full of beauty,
 As other worlds above ;
 And if we do our duty,
 It might be full of love."
 If faith and loving kindness
 Passed coin from heart to heart,
 And bigotry's dark blindness
 And malice would depart ;
 If men were more forgiving—
 Were kind words often spoken—
 Instead of scorn and grieving,
 There would be few hearts broken.
 With plenty round us smiling,
 Why wakes this cry for bread ?
 Why are crushed millions toiling—
 Gaunt—clothed in rags—unfed ?

The sunny hills and valleys
 Blush ripe with fruit and grain,
 But the lordling of the palace
 Still robs his fellow men.
 O God, what hosts are trampled
 Amidst this press for gold !
 What noble hearts are sapped of life !
 What spirits lose their hold !
 And yet, upon this God-blest earth,
 Their's room for every one ;
 Ungarnered food still ripens
 To waste—rot—in the sun :
 For the world is full of beauty
 As other worlds above ;
 And if we did our duty,
 It might be full of love.

Let the law of bloodshed perish—
 War's triumphs—gory splendour—
 And men will learn to cherish
 Feelings more kind and tender,
 Were we faithful to each other,
 We'd banish hate and crime,
 And clasp the hand of brother
 In every land and clime !
 If gold were not an idol—
 Were virtue only worth—
 O there would be a bridal
 Between high heaven and earth.

Were truth a spoken language,
 Angels might talk with men
 And God—illumined earth would see
 The golden age again.
 The leaf-tongues of the forest—
 The flower-lips of the sod—
 The birds that hymn their rapture
 Into the ear of God.
 And the sweet wind that bringeth
 The music of the sea—
 Have each a voice that singeth
 This song of songs to me :
 This world is full of beauty
 As other worlds above ;
 And if we did our duty,
 It might be full of love,

Once in King, I was among old competitors and friends, and to my surprise and regret, found all things in a most wretched condition. Money, I was told, had levanted, and I was anxiously asked if I knew what had become of the one thing in need, then and there, money. Of course I knew, and could tell them how the thing Gold Money, limited—as it ever must be from its scarcity—had gone back to the place it had come from—England, and that it was the tendency of gold in quantity enough at one time and scarce at another; but that all this would be altered when the one grand truth was understood that independent of all Governments and Cabinets, it was as easy to sell for money as it is now to buy for money, which I have so fully explained in my “Money and its Use,” and which yet will have to be adopted, if the world is to get out of the slough of despond that it is now in. The producing pilgrims have a load now on their back, that no amount of praying will remove. It is put there by our false and silly laws, regulating production and exchange, and as production could be carried out *ad libitum* so could exchange, if the conditions were so arranged by the real, true, leaders of industry; and one can only see that unless the freedom of production and exchange is arranged for, that the Bunyans all over the world, will, instead of taking the trouble to march on and for ever, carrying the produce-exploiter on his back, he will, in his excessive hatred of all wrong-doers, and in his madness at its continuance, in haste remove the exploiters and the means of production. The grinding-out process cannot last for ever, and shall not last now that we know with what ease and justice all could be altered for the benefit of all. A market for our goods is the constant cry. Large stocks of goods and no buyers, and thus no sales; and if by chance a market and people want and would buy—no money; and yet I found in this town some of the best and most intelligent merchants of South Africa, and if they were asked, could not tell, in any intelligent way, why money was, or should be, so scarce, and who, as a class, are so interwoven and at the mercy of the bankers, would be afraid to tell why, or mention the fact, if they knew the reason. Finance is never studied as one of the necessary

adjuncts of a merchants business. Like the fly or bee, he is supposed to be busy in gathering up honey and raw material all the day, while the banker, acting as the spider, sets his web, which eventually absorbs him and all he owns. A splendid sermon might be given, taking as the subject "The Spider and the Fly," as applicable in our modern commercialism of the day, and which would make many a merchant groan inwardly ; but, like the Spartan boy with the fox gnawing out his vitals, would be borne in silence for fear the banker was nigh, and the agony of the man only understood, when found with the poison cup at his side, or his throat cut, or in some form or other, a corpse, either by his own hand, or what is now so often called heart disease. O ye mortals that know, how many more struggles bankruptcies and suicides are we to witness before the day of commercial salvation arrives? Are we for ever to go on creating so much human sacrifice on the altar of the Moloch of money and ignorance? Shame, shame upon the men who know better, but will not alter the conditions that blast the hopes of men, that wreck homes, impoverishes their wives, and gives poverty as an heritage to the innocent outcome of their union. For merchants and men merely to say and repeat that times are bad, and in a doleful voice cry out bad times ! bad times solves nothing. There is a cause for every thing, and such being the fact, the effect is the outcome, and it is easily accounted for, that if money does not keep pace with the requirements of the product to exchange what the workers of all classes created, a monopoly is produced in the hands of the money holder, who, taking advantage of the scarcity of metallic money, and as all debts must be paid in gold, the holders of the same lay on, in the form of interest or rent, all the advance possible, and in so doing get into their hands other peoples property, in a depreciated form, and thus enrich themselves, not by labour, but by fraud, as arranged for by our legalised thieves. Hard names, some may say, true ; but the time has come for spades to be known as spades ; stand and deliver, is dying out on our highways ; come and deliver is the official written demand from the plunderer's official habitation of our modern days. It is well

known that, when the hard money of John Bull is plentiful, then high prices rule, and trade is prosperous, and all goes as merry as marriage bells ; but when this hard money of John Bull is scarce, then prices fall, values alter, ruin steps in, and destruction to all well-laid plans follow. Now in nature there is a standard of value, and there should be a positive one in all mercantile conditions. Once let the money question be made right, the producers will be free, and there will be a chance of certain prosperity to our producers of our wealth, and a surer certainty for all our exchanges. This matter I have somewhat explained in my previous pamphlets, and in the "History of the Free State," written in Bloemfontein, and which will follow this second "Jottings by the Way;" and I shall, in my third jottings, in every particular point out in my future work on "Political Economy," of which I now have the skeleton form, which will supersede all other politically misleading works, now called Political Economy ; but which in reality are books written to throw dust in the eyes of the producing classes of all nations. I was amused at the expressions of earnest feeling on the part of a friend, who could see far enough to endorse my views, on the madness of the Government ; the whole Cabinet seemed to have gone mad, floundering on the wave of the unknown. The mad War-Sprigg party were bad ; but the Scanlen dodgers and tax raisers were simply unscrupulous tricksters ; they, to gain the Dutch vote, pandered to the Free State on the rebate on Customs with a kind of half-promise that they would make no objection to rob the Colony to satisfy the highway railway-men of the Republic, so called, of the Free State ; but which, owing to the want of wise men, had simply degenerated into a big family concern of the old office seekers, who held office and secured pay because no one desired a change. The Dutch were afraid of change, and thus, as I shall show in the "History of the Free State," which will expose the meanness and mendacity of its officials, the so much vaunted President Brand to the trickery of its general and lowest officials, and when discussing the rebate of customs to show the meanness of the whole plot. It was quite a refreshing

pleasure to me who had resided in Bloemfontein, the capital of the Free State, and, therefore, as one that could and can speak with knowledge and authority, to find that the Editor of the *Cape Mercury* was not afraid to speak his mind of the Free State, and the impudence and folly of the accidental office-holders of the colony. The alteration of the taxes, driving trade to Natal, was a political blunder, and a crime at such a time, and to crown the whole, and to spread wider desolation, they stopped all public works in progress throughout the colony, and the mushroom premier—Scanlen—felt at least, in his littleness, he must run to England to beg a loan to get out of the difficulties, and in so borrowing, pay to the money-lords of England, another £250,000 per year on the £5,000,000 secured. Surely all these disgraceful arrangements will compel the electors to send men of independence to Parliament, to arrange in the future for better conditions. O! that its colonists did but understand my plan of "How to Construct Public Works without the burden of Interest," and adopt the plan of Abraham DeVilliers, of Wellington, for a National Bank.

In our requirments bid legal tenders chase
 All fear of want from Labour's sturdy race;
 Bid aqueducts be formed to bring the rills
 Of purest water from the neighbouring hills;
 Bid dams expand where youth may safely float;
 Bid deepen'd streams the health of towns promote;
 Bid fountains open, public works and ways extend;
 Bid temples worthier of Art and Science ascend;
 Bid the broad arch the dangerous sluit contain:
 The dam perfected break the roaring stream
 And roll obedient rivers through the land.
 Lastly, let Government such wages give
 On public works that all may toil and live;
 Then all who toil will find life pass along
 Happier sustained by labour than by wrong;
 Then will our virtuous mechanics be better fed,
 Nor constant anxiety, nor destitution dread.
 And all around them, rising in the scale,
 Of comfort, prove that humanity's laws prevail:
 These are the riches that the Free State would secure;
 These are Imperial works, and worthy of Kings.

To issue its own colonial money, based upon immoveable securities. Then indeed all might have been well for South Africa, instead of, as now, the colonists gradually being crucified between the twin-giant, thieves, money and landlords, until, in desperation, the Dutch—and rightly so—feel that they *must* burn the parchments that have been created, binding themselves and their children to these giant robbers. One can, with a prophetic eye, see that the Saxon in his rage will not be as merciful as the French *Commune* were in 1871, when they could have burned the whole of the parchment representative of debts, created by the French Napoleon Guttenberg exploiters. The constant burden created by these public debts must at last create revolutions, even in the stolid Dutchman, and, if backed up by the energetic Saxon colonists, away goes the representative parchment deeds that have been, and are so constantly being made to the injury of the wealth creators. The same argument and results will fall on England if there is not a change for the right, in making public debts, based upon the creating of public money for public works, and the opening up of new countries, by means of colonial and other money—as explained in my “Money and its Use.” As one crying out in the wilderness, I urge all Reformers to read, mark, and inwardly digest, all these suggestions. Freedom of land without freedom of money will but aggravate matters in the future ; and one feels that unless men of Bertham and Dyer's stamp are returned, instead of a laughing sham—Buck—Him or the Parliamentary Verse Fool of a Ghoul of Kaffraria, who live by their folly-tricks, which certainly are not the politics of any other reasonable being in the colony ; and who, if they had their deserts, in mercy, would be sent to Robbin Island for their own benefit, and the benefit of all other tortured wretches, who are annoyed by their impertinent insolence, audacity, mendacity and brutality. The cruel need on the part of all commercial and agricultural men to be constantly on the spot of their business, prevents many a good, sterling man from sparing or wasting his time in the midst of the Office seekers, who mouth, rave and rant of loyalty—as if it was possible for a German to talk of loyalty to England, or its colony, in any sense, that an

Englisman understands its *meaning*—but who act their madness in the hope of getting the ins out, and themselves in the Legislative Chamber is bad ; but with such canting foreigners to hold the purse-strings, and to be in office, would be the forerunner of a Colonial Revolution, to the extermination of such imported warlike impostors. The Election of 1884 in Cape Town, gave a fair sample of what these men are capable of, if allowed a latitude ; but, which Englishmen, being forewarned, are armed against. The modern German Bismarcks, the true descendants of their jumping ancestors, who, but for the watchful eye and the fear of the strong right hand of England and France, would like to put their thieving hands upon the sterling Dutch in Hollow-land, in the German Ocean, as they had done in the past upon Schleswig-Holstein, Alsace and Lorraine, and other parts of Europe, and whothink if they can command Cape Town they can admit the Lilliputian Fleet of the Fatherland, and, in the name of a new set of North Sea Rovers, take possession of the Cape Colony, as another evidence of their thievish propensities, as in the case of Angra Pequena.

THE CAPE GERMAN COLONY.

The Germans who have established themselves at Angra Pequena, on the west coast, appear to be disposed to carry things with a high hand. That they have a right to be there is challenged by parties in Cape Town, who hold prior cessions from the chiefs ; but that they should attempt to collect custom's dues at the cannon's mouth is rather too rich. The schooner, *Louis Alfred*, returned to the bay and reported that Mr. Ludertz, the leader of the German party, threatened to open fire on him if he did not pay common dues. The plucky skipper—a Norwegian, named Jensen—promptly ran up the British ensign, and invited Ludertz to commence firing, but that worthy gentleman thought twice of his rash threat, and caved in.

The Angra Pequena affair will always mark the annals of the Gladstone Ministry with disgrace. Lord Granville has been before now—most disrespectfully—style the “old woman of diplomacy.” Prince Bismarck is known, on the

other hand, as "the man of blood and iron." Between such antagonists victory could not long be doubtful. In Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, Prince Bismarck has before now recognised rivals worthy of respectful treatment. For Lord Granville or Lord Derby, on the other hand, he appears to think any kind of treatment good enough. Germany wants *Angra Pequena*; England wants it too. England has a prior claim, and hesitates before Lord Granville can make up his mind, to have the courage of common sense. Prince Bismarck has no such timidity. What Germany wants, Prince Bismarck takes at the first opportunity, and now, after a series of feeble diplomatic despatches and manœuvres, consisting mainly of strategic movements to the rear, Lord Granville yields altogether. We do not accuse Liberalism or the Liberal party of the failure. To Lord Granville, and in a lesser measure to Lord Derby, belongs the honour of lowering England's flag; and it is to the credit of the Radical and Liberal press throughout the country that, in this matter at least, they have not forgotten that a Liberal is, after all, an Englishman. In unmeasured terms they have, almost one and all denounced Lord Granville's "pusillanimity"—to use a shorter word might sound offensive. It is indeed almost always nowadays the misfortune of the Liberal party to be betrayed by the Ministers in charge of the foreign and colonial policy of the country. As before, it will be found that when the day of reckoning comes, such blunders abroad as this of *Angra Pequena* will occupy a front place in the indictment which ministers will have to answer.

According to the *Frankfort Gazette*, Bismarck purposes to carry out an extensive series of annexations in South Africa, the Eastern Archipelago, and the South Pacific, each being evidently aimed at British interests. The German Chancellor had better have a care what he is about. England will not remain for ever under the rule of the "lie-down-and-be-kicked" party, and when a change of Government takes place, Germany will be likely to find that her "colonial policy" has only created for her a number of wasps' nests.

Mr. Pilgram deliberately chooses to pervert the plain meaning of what has been said. Our objection is not to Mr. Wiener,

as a German, but to an organisation of Germans, as such, for the purpose of influencing *an Election in Cape Town*. Mr. Pilgram would have that there are 900 German residents in Cape Town, of whom only 400 are registered electors. We are not prepared to state anything of the kind. What we do state is, that the founders of this league have themselves boasted that they have at command 900 votes, and that they are determined that at this election "German influence" shall be felt. It argues no sort of hostility whatsoever to the German element in our population, when we deprecate with all the force at our command as being likely, in its ultimate results, to convert Cape Town into a sort of second New York—this splitting up of the population into so many Dutch, Irish, Scotch, English and German camps. We heartily detest, as we have all along said, the sectional organisation; but we are quite ready to admit its value for electioneering purposes, and deliberately say that counter organisation is its only effectual deterrent. The truth must be told at times. If it is not to be told on the eve of a general election, when should it be told? And the truth is that very many of the electors need at this juncture a very plain reminder of their duty. There are two facts which it is not necessary, in season and out of season, to lay any particular stress upon, but it is well that they should be remembered now. The first is—that this is a British territory; and the second is—that there are many persons in it enjoying the full privileges of citizenship who have never taken the one formal step by which their claim to such privileges would be placed entirely beyond the pale of dispute. We say it of German, French, Dutch, Swedish and Danish immigrants all the same; their position in this country is either that of foreign residents or colonists, who have formally and deliberately adopted this land as their own. If they are foreign residents, not prepared to renounce their allegiance to the Sovereign of the country from which they came, nor prepared to swear allegiance to the Sovereign of this country—for it is clear that they cannot be citizens of two States—what claim have they to participate in the government of the country? If they take the formal step of naturalisation, their claim

to that participation is placed entirely beyond dispute, and they will be hailed as fellow-subjects with open arms, and by none more heartily than ourselves. But what is the fact? From the beginning of the British occupation down to the present year there were but seventy of the whole number of foreigners who came to reside in this colony, and who have participated largely in the control of its affairs, who ever became naturalised. It may be said that the process was a troublesome, tedious, and costly one, but that cannot be said now; Mr. Scanlen's Act of last Session having made the process as simple as anything of the kind could be, and reduced the official charges to the merely nominal sum of twenty shillings. Less than thirty persons, we believe, have availed themselves of the Act, and we revert to the position, that any resident of foreign nationality who wishes to participate in the government of the country should at least give such earnest of his determination to become one with us as would be given by the taking of this one formal step. There is to be a meeting of the German electors to-night, for the purpose of listening to an address by Mr. Wiener, and we trust that candidate will take advantage of the opportunity to impress upon his audience the undoubted fact that they have really no valid claim to participate in the government of the country until they have, like himself, formally acquired the *status* of a citizen.

To show that the same spirit exists in the eastern part of the colony as in the west, I take over from the *Cape Mercury*, which fully exposes the position there, and the unanswerable reply of Mr. Malcolmes to the sham broker.

MR. SCHERMBRUCKER'S LATEST.

A SUPPLEMENT is issued with this paper to-day, containing a translation of an address to the German electors of this division, by Mr. F. Schermbrucker, and a translated reply thereto by Mr. H. Malcomes. The history of the first document is briefly this. It was noticed that Mr. Schermbrucker and Mr. Gould were very much interested in the German farmers who were gathered at the Market office on Saturday to receive their money, and very soon after it was discovered that a

large broadside, carefully done up in a paper band, had been issued to these people. Being in the German language it took some time to translate; but when it was translated, men who know Mr. Schermbrucker well, were astonished at its language and at its doctrines. Being a translation, it is not necessary to quibble about a word or two; there is quite sufficient for comment without verbal niceties.

One of the most extraordinary things about the present election is, that while Mr. Goold is the candidate he has nothing to say about politics; this has to be said for him by Mr. Schermbrucker. Another, and almost equally extraordinary fact is, that Mr. Schermbrucker can say nothing in favour of his candidate; and nothing against Messrs Dyer and Warren. In the letter under remark, Mr. Dyer is lauded to the skies, and no criticism is made on any part of Mr. Warren's ticket. The letter tries to make capital out of the union of the two committees, Mr. Schermbrucker ignoring the well-known fact that he would gladly have run Mr. Blaine, had not some personal difficulty arisen between them, and had not Mr. Blaine been considered too late.

Party politics are allowed considerable range, but we are surprised at Mr. Schermbrucker sowing broadcast national jealousy, which must bear fruit long after the election is over. What does he mean by specially calling the *German* farmers "dear countrymen?" Is he not an Englishman, and are not those whom he addresses colonists? Why then seek to create a feeling in their minds against other colonists? Nor is this all, for positive untruths are written to mislead these people. The letter says the Scanlen Ministry "have become powerless against the Kaffirs and Fingoes; so much so that this abominable and disgraceful Government is not even able to secure to you, German immigrants, your promised rights of commonage on the pastures of your own villages, for fear that the blacks be outtailed in their cattle pastures. The abominable and cowardly Government dare not protect you by law against the disgraceful seizures of your cattle by these insolent blacks."

The truth is all the other way. The Izeli Fingoes were moved beyond the Kei, because they could not live in peace

with the German farmers ; and when some mention was made of selling that land, Mr. Irvine intervened on behalf of the German settlers. This Government, too, created the police force, and the statement that they are afraid to catch native thieves is disproved by the records of every police station. Apparently utterly reckless of his words, Mr. Schermbrucker has endeavoured to raise feeling against the natives (whose votes he would gladly have this week if possible) by saying that vast tracts of land can be found for natives, while none can be given to farmers' sons. Mr. Schermbrucker knows better ; perhaps he also believes that "a lie, which is only half a lie, is ever the blackest of lies."

Mr. Malcomess has ably replied to this document ; and a translation of that letter we give in the supplement also. We need not say anything about the dragging in of Mr. Irvine's name by Mr. Schermbrucker. We could not condescend to discuss questions of taste with him. This may pass, but it will not be forgotten.

One remark more must be made. It will be seen that while Mr. Schermbrucker gives most dangerous advice about discarding the solemn pledges of requisitions, he is utterly inconsistent with himself. On Thursday evening he urged the electors to give only one vote to Mr. Goold, and throw the other one away. On Saturday morning he announced that one vote should be given to Mr. Goold and that the other may be recorded for Mr. Dyer. The truth is Mr. Schermbrucker wants to win any way, and whether Mr. Dyer is returned, or Mr. Goold, he wishes to say he did it. He had better give up this child's play, and find out what he really wants. The constituency is not to be taken in by noisy declamation, or by secretly issued manifestos of worse than doubtful morality. Mr. Goold can say nothing for himself. Is not that enough? Messrs. Dyer and Warren—running together because every elector has two votes—but perfectly independent candidates, have shown their political wisdom and ability, and therefore do not fail to vote for them on Friday next.—Vote for Warren and Dyer.

COUNTRYMEN.

This morning I saw a pamphlet spread about, signed by

F. Schermbrucker, and headed "A Little more Light for the Clearing up of Certain Dark Tricks, &c., &c."

I have perused this pamphlet very carefully to discover dark tricks. These I have now found, and they are the contents of this pamphlet with which Mr. Schermbrucker intends to blind our eyes.

People like Mr. Schermbrucker, who make, in a manner of speaking, a living out of their speeches, imagine that they can make others believe that black is white, and white is black.

Although I am not a politician by profession, my interests in the country are so extensive, that I follow public affairs with great attention; and I have this advantage over Mr. Schermbrucker, that I am impartial, while he is at present blinded with hatred to a party.

The facts are simply these, that not a single word of Mr. Schermbrucker's statements is true; the truth, however, is that while he is filled with blind hatred against the present Ministry, he would sacrifice the entire prosperity of the country to overturn the present Government.

The debts which Mr. Schermbrucker reproaches the Government with, have been contracted through the mad Basuto war, to which Mr. Schermbrucker lent Mr. Sprigg a helping hand.

Mr. Sprigg's Government was simply an eruption of a gigantic swindle. Lands belonging to the Kaffirs were annexed by him, and he made war right and left, as if he was German Emperor instead of a Minister of a poor dried-up colony. The consequence is the present scarcity of money, and the colony would simply have gone to wreck and ruin, had not Parliament kicked Mr. Sprigg and his associates out, and given the reins to Mr. Scanlen.

The money which every one of us has now to pay for direct or indirect taxes, has been squandered away by colonels, captains, and so on, under Mr. Sprigg's Government.

Mr. Schermbrucker is wrong in saying that the law of 1882, under which every young German can obtain empty land, was made by Mr. Sprigg; it was passed by the Scanlen Ministry.

The laws from which you frame your own statutes for your villages, and govern your own affairs, were made by Mr. Scanlen, not by Mr. Sprigg.

Mr. Sprigg had no time to make useful laws. He only made war and expended money on generals and commandants, who continually conquered *backwards* in Basutoland.

Mr. Shermbrucker is still more in the wrong regarding the personalities of the candidates put up for election.

Who is his favourite, Mr. Goold? What has he done? Can anyone say that he ever did as much good as will go on the point of a pin? No, and a thousand times no!

In my opinion he is totally unfit to represent anybody in Parliament. He is so utterly incapable that here, in King William's Town, where this man resided such a long time, he is not even any longer elected for the Town Council.

While he was a candidate in the Parliamentary Elections about nine years ago in opposition to Peacock, I was persuaded by Mr. Shermbrucker to vote for the former and against the latter. At that time I did not know Mr. Goold, and believed in Mr. Shermbrucker telling me that Goold was a qualified man. Fortunately Goold was rejected. Soon after I met him in the Town Council, and I felt very much disappointed with Mr. Goold's abilities.

As far as my experience goes, and to advise you, do not elect Mr. Goold; he is incapable of representing you.

Now, you will ask, why is Mr. Shermbrucker so eager to get Mr. Goold into Parliament?

I will tell you; because Mr. Goold must dance when and how Mr. Shermbrucker whistles; and if you look at Mr. Goold you must say that it must be a pretty dance.

As regards Mr. Dyer, I need say but a few words to you. He is so universally liked and known, that even Mr. Shermbrucker cannot help saying "Elect him," and which I can only repeat.

Concerning the question who to elect for the second man—Goold or Warren—there is little doubt in my mind, and in all those who saw the two candidates at the nomination, that Mr. William J. Warren is ten thousand times better than Mr. Goold.

Mr. William J. Warren is not an orator like Mr. Schermbrucker; but he is a good farmer—his and your interest are the same. If it is raining on his land, it rains on yours also if the Kaffirs steal from you, they steal likewise from him.

If anybody has any interest to see the Kaffirs kept in order; it is Mr. William J. Warren, and not Goold.

Mr. Schermbrucker saying that Mr. William J. Warren, will favour the Kaffirs at the expense of the European farmers is trickery of Mr. Schermbrucker, in order to blind yours eyes with sand. In fact, the only recommendation which Mr. Goold possesses in the eyes of Mr. Schermbrucker, is that he does what Mr. Schermbrucker tells him.

Although Mr. Schermbrucker is a good friend of mine, and I like to see him in Parliament, especially in opposition, I cannot very well see why we should send a useless man, and not a single-headed, but a double-headed Schermbrucker to Cape Town; besides I cannot see what Mr. Schermbrucker intends to do in Cape Town with such an ugly second head as that of Mr. Goold!

Mr. Irvine I need not defend. He has done that often enough energetically himself in front of Mr. Schermbrucker. But this I may say, that I hope Mr. Schermbrucker will be as useful to the country as Mr. Irvine has been.

If I can advise you as an independent friend, elect Mr. William J. Warren, the farmer, for agriculture must be represented in Parliament; and elect Mr. F. Dyer, the merchant, for no country flourishes without commerce. Do not elect Mr. Goold, for he is—well I don't know what he is.

Sincerely yours, H. MALCOMES.

Europe may put up with a land occupation, but the sea, nay, not even the German Ocean, so called, shall, while England can man a war-ship or a privateer, be the private property of the Germans. The day has gone by when England desired any land occupation of Europe other than she has. The Emperor and *ig-nobles* of Germany are a terror, and the evil-doers to the producers of the German Empire from the time of the invasion of the German Hanoverian Guelph, the whelp of a Northern destroyer. The

connection has been a curse to Englishmen ; the continuation of the same is a daily insult that calls for removal. To be ruled by a good German might be a treat, but at present it is a treat unknown in England. To be dragooned and robbed in the name of law by a band of ever increasing German plunderers is getting intolerable. They are not only a curse to us, but in their Russian official capacity as Emperors and Governors, a constant menace, and the time has come when the Jews, in their financiering schemes and plunderings, must go home to Judea, and settle, if they will, in their New Jerusalem ; and in like proportion the Germans must retire from Russia and England. The land of all nations must be the property of the inhabitants of the soil, and the hand of no foreigner must levy a tax upon its inhabitants. This is as applicable to England as to other countries. Robbery without consent, as in the past, is shameful, and a better and a holier system of fair hiring and bartering must be the future arrangement of all people, and will be so, when no hereditary thieves utilise the mercenary soldiers of all countries to the contrary. While on this subject, think of the impudence on the part of a Portugese Governor maintaining that they, the foreigners, have the right to control the River Congo or the Livingstone, and all the land in the sources of its supply, independent of any arrangement on the part of the aboriginal inhabitants ; and when such bare-faced robbery is maintained, not a cry of opposition from the Aborigines Society, or the Church as by Law maintained. "Thou shalt not steal" has been erased from the Decalogue of the well-paid, filthy lucre-loving parsons of what is misnamed the "English Church." Truly, as Shakespeare said, "this is a mad world my masters," that such facts are to be spoken of in the Nineteenth Century. Who can doubt that the social, political school-master is needed in the world to shout the glad tidings of honesty, peace and good-will, if not from on High, at least in this world of ours ?

It was with keen pain I learnt that men in this foremost city were unable to get work, although they were willing to labour on a footing with the natives ; and yet, with this fact so prominent, in the face of all, the Government is still

spending money for immigrants to flood the overstocked labour-market. In the past, to my own knowledge, I came across many a so-called immigrant, who took advantage of being carried to this colony, but not at the expense of their own country. It is something outrageous that German hobby-de-hoys from their cities should be brought out at the cost of the colonists, or John Bull, as agricultural assistants, who positively admitted they knew not, when growing, the difference between a turnip-top or the bine of a potatoe; and thus, when in the colony, continued to live out as a living fraud, to the injury of the white man already in the towns. Well may the colonists complain; no land at 10s. an acre, to be paid for in ten years, was come-atable for the colonists, but for these wastelings of German cities, with all their brazen insolence, since they trampled, by sheer weight of machinery and artillery at Sedan, and elsewhere, due to the foregone treachery of a Bazaine making it possible for them to march into Paris. The Germans fancy they are all-conquering. It may please them to think so; but they may take the word of an Englishman, that a United France, under a Republic, will prove a very different opponent to a gang of mercenaries—officers who had not the heart to lead on the soldiers of France when they demanded. France never missed her millions of francs, but she cannot forget that her sons and daughters of Alsace and Lorraine cry to her for conjugal restitution, and as time rolls on, will not cry in vain. The future fighting in Europe will be most appalling; but fight they will, and the next European war will be so horrible that the people will, in a bloody sweat, ask for what reason do they, at the bidding of hereditary monarchs and peers shed the blood of their brethren the proletariat; and then in an unmistakeable way tell the crowned heads to move on, so that peace and good-will may once more dwell on the earth. At present, monarchs and the gang of exploiters, know not the dignity of the Gospel of Labour, and while they do not desire to work themselves, look upon those who do with contempt, unless they, the lookers-on, reap the reward of such labours. What an age to live in, when two-legged, two-armed, ten-fingered beings in the shape of men, desire to

secure the labour of other men, and who are too proud to work, but not too proud to beg, borrow, or steal, in various ways, who know no shame while they so steal, and who, as we may often see, call themselves independent, while living upon the earnings of those who are in their grip. We could forget and forgive, if they would but admit their right to live upon the bequest of their friends, and then end their obligation to the past, or what their friends may have left them ; but to place the same out in such forms that they can call upon the soldier and the policeman to force out of labour's hands the results of its toil is becoming intolerable, and must cease somehow, either in an extended co-operative form in an individual groove. All labourers must be entitled to the product of their hands, for let it never be forgotten, that he or she who does not give an equivalent for what is received, is a legal and a conventional thief, and the sooner this fact is known, and comprehended, the better it will be for all parties and people.

THE UNREGARDED TOILS OF THE POOR.

Alas ! what secret tears are shed ;
 What wounded spirits bleed ;
 What loving hearts are severed,
 And yet man takes no heed !
 He goeth in his daily course,
 Made fat with oil and wine ;
 And pitieth not the weary souls
 That in his bondage pine ;
 That man for him the many wheel—
 That delve for him the mine !
 Nor pitieth he the children small,
 In noisy factories dim,
 That all day long, lean, pale and faint
 Do heavy work for him !
 To him they are but as the stones
 Beneath his feet that lie ;
 It entereth not his thoughts that they
 From him claim sympathy ;
 It entereth not his thoughts that God
 Heareth the sufferer's groan—
 That in His righteous eye their lives
 Are precious as his own.

W. HOWITT.

At such times as this, it would, indeed, be a blessing if the public understood how to construct their public works by means of public money. Many and various are the public needs—the draining of rivers, the enclosure of lands, the marrying of labour to soil, the opening up of all mineral wealth, the constructing of all public works, such as the poem previously given so beautifully describes.

On my rambles I was disgusted to meet an old German, a one foot in the grave old man, who lost a good wife through over-work and physical exhaustion through the constant demands made upon her by her husband, this never-satisfied young asthmatical old man, and she at last in disgust, and the constant burden of child bearing, gave up and died in anguish, thereby freeing herself from future toil and disappointment. This young-old withered man, in his early dotage, took to himself a bed-warmer, like David of old, in the form a young woman. This was bad, but the outcome was worse, for a young family of consumptive, asthmatical, small, puny, wizened weaklings, was added to the living mass of human life in King, and if it were possible, it would have been a blessing if a sudden death had overtaken them all. This old man, in no real or imaginary hope, could possibly live to see them grown up, and yet, to satisfy his lust and animalism, he must create responsibilities at a time of life when least able to provide for the family of the first wife, much less a large family by the second, and at a period when all such liabilities should have decreased rather than increased. When will it be considered as foolish, nay more, unwise, for an old-young man to marry when less capable of toiling, as it must be considered for a young man, without a due regard for responsibilities, to enter into the Holy State of Matrimony? When will the knowledge and morality of the age protest against the union of Spring and Winter to the utter forgetfulness of all future responsibilities? In such instances, the gratification of self is a living crime, and a never to be forgotten crime against the innocent outcome, if old young men made old, perhaps, entirely through a total disregard of all the natural laws that should be known and observed, and then through such flagrant

violation find themselves sick, as the Africander would say, or ill, as we the English comprehend ; let them, if in need of attention, secure a nurse to wait upon them ; but in the name of all that is consistent and commonly decent, forbear from being fathers to weak and diseased children.

These remarks as fully apply to the union of young diseased persons. How often have I witnessed the one foot in the grave young men and women in the colony, and especially in Bloemfontein, where they have resided in the full hope that they could remove all traces of consumption, by inhaling the dry atmosphere of the uplands of South Africa, and who, after a few years of selfish gratification have died, leaving a sickly offspring to be a source of pain and trouble to others, until early death, giving pain again, in its turn, has removed them from all earthly scenes. Surely the time must come, when it will be considered as necessary for all to kindly prohibit marriage between sickly persons, as it will be to secure, on behalf of the public house-doctors, who shall certify that all habitations are fit for occupation, not as now, all left to mere chance and fancy. One is sometimes disposed to think that with all the general knowledge of the day, these things are fully known and understood ; but that it is to the interest of doctors to have sick people on their books, and a continuation of work in patching up the children so long as the funds last, as it is the same on the part of all ministers to solemnise weddings with diseased couples, and the uniting of black with white—as I have witnessed in Bloemfontein by its Bishop and the Hon. Rev. B. Lyttelton—simply to secure the funds to keep open their church shop. What have we come to when our Bishops and the sons of our Peers will unite for better or worse, thier so-called black brethren, that positively, without desiring to be rude, they would not touch with a pitch-fork, or be near for yards in England, and yet in South Africa, to increase their singing flocks, and to obtain the filthy lucre which, in some honourable calling they are too lazy to toil and secure ; they will pander to, and marry for the sake of the fees, independent of the ruinous outcomes of such bastard connexions. The bastard race is more unen-

durable than the pure Kaffir. Their manners, their lying, their filthy dirty habits, their meanness, is such a continual outrage upon the taste of a pure white, that he cannot possibly live in the same company with such mongrel races. So far as the marrying of such, and that of diseased persons, it becomes a question, with our knowledge of science, whether men or women, who find themselves weak and unwise to create, had not better put themselves under a scientific treatment that will destroy their procreative powers, and in so doing preserve their strength for a fuller and a longer life of enjoyment. These suggestions may seem strange and startling—some may even say, awful—but no one thinks it awful now, since chloroform and ether will permit painless operation; and if men find that life would be prolonged and fortune, health and happiness secured, they will not hesitate to have an eye out, or an arm off, or any member of their body that gives offence or annoyance, removed. If this is once recognised, there would be fewer sexual crimes and sexual imbeciles filling our asylums, through no legitimate opportunity of acting the man or woman, or the waste due to diseased condition of the body, the outcome of conditions preceding them, and of which, alas, perhaps they are the victims; but a knowledge of this fact will enable them to undergo a surgical operation rather than their condition should be handed down to future living organisms. This then would be an evidence that self was crucified, and a general love for humanity understood, and carried out, not merely talked of, but put in practice.

Having regaled myself with the serious, I determined to pass an hour in witnessing the play of the "Colonel," a new piece to me, but as it was a sketch of the modern æsthetical, I thought I might learn something, and I cannot but admit I learnt much, and felt that much in such plays was beneficial, but, on the other hand, reprehensible. The great danger in these times appears to me to be the desire of women to ignore their womanly duties, and on the stage, and at times in private and public thoroughfares, to expose their physical charms, to gratify themselves and their admirers, and I fear that these kind of women are increasing. Men naturally, as

men, are prone—like all the male creation—to be ever ready to forget themselves, without so many constant appeals to their physical longings. So far as their fancied abilities are concerned, men need not notice such women in their grumbling at men and their friends, who are complained of by women, until they—the *grumblers*—are *perfect* in their home and family duties, and who have enough of kindness, firmness and kind persuasion, and general good management in household arrangements, and the control of their children under their constant care. Many women often know that they are deficient in all things appertaining to a woman's duty, and sometimes even admit that they even hate, with all the narrow littleness of ignorant women, that they detest a real woman's life, and yet have the courage to sit upon and judge good men who are nearly perfect in all a husband's father's, and the duties of a citizen. Women have a strange notion of equality and equity in these latter days. When women so often become the recipients of wealth out of the labourers, they fancy, in some way, they are of a superior order while living upon the toil of others, and in such cases consider they, the recipient of a father or a relatives bequest, have the right to all its advantages, while living in first-rate style at their husband's expense. Now the recipient of the income of birth, death or marriage column of the *Times* may be lawfully entitled to all its advantages, from the fact that it is quite optional for any one to make it known that they have a birth, death, or that they have married. The same principle applies to all open, uncontrolled bargains or purchases. One cannot in any way complain of a Holloway making a fortune by selling pills, or any other saleable compound, as it is purely voluntary if people buy; and for a woman to receive the result of this purchasing, she is welcome, while the sum bequeathed lasts; that is her's by right of bequest and gift, and as such, is her's to live upon; but if with such a sum she, for the sake of fleecing the Egyptians or others, and to increase this pile sells, then she wrongs the Egyptians to the exact amount of the increase. Now, the woman who secures a sum of money, or a continual income from the land, mines, or any other monopoly, is no

less in a false position than the woman who might lend, as it is called, but in reality to extort from the Egyptians; but the women who may receive the bequest of anyone who secures means as the gift of others, or the outcome of voluntary pay for services or works of art, skill, or of science, is fully entitled to all the advantages accruing from its purchasing power; but when put out to usury—so vehemently condemned by the Catholic Church, while they, the Church, had the power of enforcing wealth out of the toilers of the soil, but which is no less responsible, now as then; but since the Church lives by such underhand means of subsistence is not preached against, we, the future teachers of the people, protest against all such. With freedom in the use of all land unused; with freedom in the creation of money tokens, based on created wealth as fast as the producers require, there is no possibility of monopoly and a continuation of robbery by rent, or robbery by usury or interest, and then labour will be fully rewarded, and no hatred kindled against those who exist by such infamous means. When all are fairly paid and honestly treated, there will be no fear of destruction to the implements of production, but with a strong desire to conserve all labour-saving machines for each and all, will feel that property is saved, from the fact, that no advantage is taken of the other. All may not be able to work individually; but under proper co-operative arrangements, and assisted by the captains of industry, all will work out well. In this case produce will increase, and all will feel it an honour to be an increaser of the wealth supply; but this will then bring in new processes of distribution, that will reduce cost and free so many thousands, and enable them to turn themselves into producers. The want of the age are producers on a scientific basis. We have had an age of exchanges long enough, and others living upon producers. Reduce cost, and then all things will be provided for everybody. The intensity of the emotions and the irrepressible everlasting complaining needs a check. If the women could act more up to a good wife's management, all would be well; but when we have public lewdness on our stage, women dancing in male attire, and virtually unsexing themselves, it becomes outrageous. It is all very well to pride themselves

upon their intellect ; but there is nothing more disgusting than such kind of intellectual egotists, who are deprived of all womanly traits and are unwilling to assist in their household. Heads of a kind they may have ; but the head of a good living, loving, pure woman they have not. We have had more than enough of the long blue stocking, with its boast and pride of intellect ; we want intellectual women, who are not afraid of toil if needs must—I would give the same opportunity to women as men ; no monopoly on the part of man—and I claim that the women set up no monopoly either ; let them run in the race of life freely, and all will be well. Nature will soon place them, like the men, on their right level.

Such constant exhibition on our public stage of women in false positions, merely to gratify the lust of the eye, and, perhaps, more and worse afterwards, compels all men to protest against our wives and daughters being contaminated by such exposures, and the sooner these exposed sights are removed from our stage, the better for all the female and male population. The stage in these days may be a most honourable way of getting a livelihood, but to a pure, modest, beautiful woman, the prospect of unsexing herself to feed the lust of her audience, must be most revolting. Intellectual pursuits may be most ennobling, and believers in the equality of the sexes know that no woman should be without the knowledge that would enable her to take an honourable part in life's struggle if circumstances demand ; still, I must believe, after much experience and observation, that the intellectual breadwinner after all becomes proud, insolent and tyrannical. To be united to such must be a living tragedy ; a bad woman and a fool we can make short work of ; a perverse intellectual woman is a perpetual crucifixion ; and the more we may appreciate and admire her good qualities, the more her diabolical intellectual eccentricities, stab, poison, and madden ; a glance of pity to any man who is so enveloped, is all we can give, and pass on. It is sad to know that under our present condition, of the false position of women, in most, knowledge tends to make them too self-sufficient and rudely arrogant—as in America of to-day—and thus destroys the possibility of their ever becoming gentle and superior com-

panions, and indispensable housewives, or even genial partners in the home, or in company ; proving, in their case, as it often does in the male, who may be surrounded by narrow-minded conditions, that a little, or too much learning may be a most dangerous thing. As an old supporter, from my early manhood, and one who in the past has made most willing sacrifices for the full enjoyment of all women's rights, I even now support every and all that would give her full equal rights, privileges, all equal to men, but no more ; and at the same time I protest against her ignoring her home and family duties and ties, and in her pride of intellect, failing to suckle her husband's children, and in handing such over to hirelings and foster mothers, forget those sacred interwoven ties and duties that make a well-nourished wife and mother, in a well-conducted home, priceless.

DUTY LEADS TO HAPPINESS.

Higher, higher let us climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story ;
Happy when our duty calls—
He who conquers—he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge ;
Nature's wealth and nature's spoil
Win from school and college.
Delve we then for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward let us press
Through the path of duty ;
Virtue is true happiness—
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit
In the wildest weather.
Oh ! they wander wide who roam
For the sweets of life from home !

SMYTH,

On my second arrival at King, the town of my adoption, I rejoiced to feel that Nature, in her heat arrangements, had freed me from my high altitude, rheumatism, and was congratulating myself upon the freedom from pain, when I received a nervous shock, in a most unexpected manner. I, with my wife, had taken a walk over to my garden, and realised, with Arthur Young's statement, founded on fact, that, give a man a rock, with the certainty of possession, without the fear of eviction, he would make a garden out of it—such would be the natural inborn love for the soil and the outcome of his labour. Give a man a garden on a short lease, and it will, in all probability, become a desert. This explains the wretched condition of so many farms and holdings in Ireland—landlords ever securing the outcome, without a due regard to the comfort of the occupier—landlords always taking possession of the results of improvements, and never thinking of the injustice of taking possession of another man's toil—until, at last, when eviction has so constantly thrown men on to Nature's bosom, naked and foodless, that, in self-communion, the Irishman asks, why one man, in like image to himself, but a foreigner, should possess the gift of a Creator, and the fruit in due season, and the results of his labour; that at last he recognises the natural right within him to have his birthright in the use and outcome of nature, where unused, and the free unattached results of his toil; and then, by a gradual process of reasoning, he arrives at a natural truth—that he also possesses the heritage of nature as his born gift, and then, with all his warm Celtic nature in denouncing landlords, determines in the future to be one of Nature's landlords, without paying black mail to another man. And, without now going into full details, but which I expect to do from this time forth in connexion with my lecture of "How to Nationalize the Land of England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland," this much I will say, that when once the land is nationalized by the process that I have advocated in my "Debenture Money Bonds," and in my "Home Colonization," the Irishman, as well as the Englishman, will never hesitate to pay its redemption money, or its after rent, as payment for the protection that the laws will give him, when

he passes the law that he considers sufficient for such a purpose. The same remarks are as true of his Saxon brother in England. The land question must be settled on a proper basis. Landlords, on behalf of the State, must be bought out, and by means of National money. The money question, and solution, is as important as the land to a commercial country like England. The money is its life-circulating medium, and cannot be left out of the settlement.

Of course Dame Nature came in for all blame, as is the general rule in South Africa. But the grumbler, for want of intelligence, never remembered how it was possible, with running water above, and a splendid supply of water, to utilize Nature in all her moods. It is a sad fact that in almost all tropical climates the dependence on the natural water or rainfall destroys all the energy of the white; and from this fact one can predict the downfall of southern populations directly the influence of new *blood* is stopped from the old centres, as I have fully explained in my "How to Colonise South Africa, and by whom," which I am conceited enough to believe places the position and facts in the clearest light.

Having had the mill next to my own garden offered to me to purchase, I went to the house of the owner; to my surprise he was not at home, as agreed, and to this negligence, I owe my after misfortune. Had he informed me of his absence, I should not have gone to his house. Finding him out, I had bid his wife "good evening," and was just passing over the threshold of his door, when his dog Tiger gripped me in his powerful jaws in my right leg, and such was his determination to allow, as he conceived, no intruders, that it was not until the lady of the house rushed to my rescue, that I was released from the hold of the brute, and then, although I had not struggled with the brute while on the doorstep, such was the fearful grip he held me by, that his fangs penetrated my unmentionables, and passed through my flesh, causing the blood to flow out freely; and with a feeling of horror, I hastened to apply ammonia and brandy to counteract any foulness, that he had made me the recipient of. Words will not allow me to express my vexation and indignation, when, as I expected from the sensation, I found my leg horribly

lacerated. Fortunately to relate, on this side of the Equator, hydrophobia is but rarely known, some unknown law counteracting the subtle poison emitted when dogs are rabid, so I had to congratulate myself with a hope of a speedy recovery; seeing that the bite having been given, I was unable to alter the fact, my horror being lessened from the fact that a prior experience was mine in the case of my own wife, which at that time made me fear for the *result*. At an orchard of a friend of ours, and while sitting in the twilight and talking calmly of Nature's beauties, to mar the whole, a powerful watch dog, which had been loosened to guard the fruit from marauding Kaffirs, with the instinct, alone for preserving his master's property, he, with all the watch-dog nature creeping up, and seeing a stranger, at once gripped the arm of my wife, and inserted his fangs and refused to let go until his master's hand released the hold. I need hardly relate the sudden fear and horror that took possession of Mrs. B. Fortunately, I remembered the noble action of Eleanor to her King, and without a moments delay, I sucked and sucked, and if poison was there drew the same away, for afterwards no result followed giving pain or inconvenience.

In both these cases, no blame can be urged against the dogs, they had both been trained to attack strangers, but it is most reprehensible on the part of the owners, and I expressed surprise to the owner, that so early in the evening, they should allow such vicious animals loose without a muzzle, and which they knew was contrary to law and order. Some little time after this, I was reading of a vicious dog mangling a poor child of three years in such a frightful manner that all hope was given up of its recovery. Now such a catastrophe was enough to make a father in a passion and not only shoot the dog, but even the owner. I know not, and may I never have to know the loss of a dear one; but of all deaths, I cannot conceive for a child so horrible an ordeal to go through. I might forget, but certainly never forgive the man who caused such a misfortune in my household, and I fear nothing would satisfy me until vengeance was mine—without the assistance of any lord. It is most astonishing how indifferently-educated men will ignore and forget the rights of

others, and thus run the risk of a fine or imprisonment for keeping such an animal about, creating inconvenience to passers by and a terror to the neighbourhood, and at times even worse. I was urged to run my dog-owner before the Council, but as he expressed his deep sorrow, which I could not but believe was genuine, and as I had no desire to make capital out of my misfortune, I dismissed the matter; but it is the possible consequence that to me seemed so serious. Death in itself has no terrors for me, but as a young man, I felt that that which can be prevented ought not to be allowed to occur, and as oftentimes such serious events are the outcome of carelessness on the part of one man to another, I demand that a due consideration should at all times regulate the conduct of man to man; and as I have responsibilities to fulfil that I ought not to fail but to fulfil, so that no other should have to fulfil my duty, and a father's part to my children, I protest against the indifference of men forgetting their duties to their fellow-man. One sees so much of neglect on the part of men who ought to know better, ignoring the individuality of others, that it becomes an imperative duty to make it known that any man or woman has the natural right to act at all times how they like, when they like, where they like, so long as in so acting, they at no time trespass upon the individuality of others, a line of demarcation, that if understood, would save the world from an immense amount of torture, trouble and annoyance, and prevent many a tragedy in all countries.

During my absence the town had completed its system of Water Works, and in so doing had contracted a very heavy debt, and a yearly interest that will help to consume them up in the future, as I have drawn attention to in my "How to Construct Water Works, and other Public Works," and in my "Remedy for Outcast London." I feel this keenly, as I had to pay my proportion to pay this interest, and from the distance could not avail myself of the water supply without a very considerable expense. Now all this interest would have been saved if the income from the water rents redeemed the original outlay of the works—if the plan I have so often recommended had been carried out by means of municipal

money. O, so easy to get into debt ; but not a statesman to show how to do the right and get clear of debt in the most economical manner. The great difficulty in the colony—Free State and elsewhere—for that matter is to find an *alter ego*. Had I been able to have done so, my garden would have been the pride of King William's Town and the eastern provinces, and a source of considerable pleasure to my neighbours, and a profit to myself, after the many years of hard toil and unremunerated labour I had passed through. I met many of my old acquaintances—one Daniel—and we, in our past debates, often came to judgment on the various views I held on general matters. On this occasion he assured me that there would be no judgment for the just. For fear of being disappointed, I did not enquire whether he alluded to his own career or mine. I prefer leaving the knowledge in abeyance, for fear of a revelation that would not be comforting to either. While discussing with many, the news arrived of the discovery of the largest diamond yet found, and said to be at Jagersfontein. To this I objected, and maintained that it was more likely that the Jews and others would move it out from Kimberley, with their other cheap and easy gotten stones, to sell, as the public believe, in a legitimate manner, at Jagersfontein, a place of fraud, entirely made by the illicit of Kimberley. The fact stares us in the face, that not a single company in Jagersfontein has paid a dividend, but ruined the shareholders, and to-day is a sham and a fraud. Some said it was due to the many stones stolen from Jagersfontein. Nothing of the kind. It may be diamondiferous soil ; but there are not the quantity of diamonds there to make it pay. It will keep up a show while the Jews and traders can sell in the town these stones stolen from Kimberley ; when this is impossible, the owners of the stores will put up their shutters, and then it will take the place of the Deserted Village. At the present time the public offices are once more taken to Faurismith. A little while and the place will be no more, but as the spot of the rankest swindling in the Free States. At the present time it is the only outlet for stolen stones. Time after time a rush is made with bags of stones, pounds in weight, and there is

no doubt that at this spot they are distributed. It is well known that many of the Jews are still in possession of a very considerable number that they cannot get away with, seeing that it is illegal to have in their possession, in house or on person, and thus it happens that they adopt all sorts of dodges to get them out for sale. Not that they consider it a crime to have them, but a crime to be found with them. It will be seen what kind of pandemonium this Jagersfontein is, and also Kimberley, when my readers peruse my Third "Jottings on the Way," after the "Free State History," which will be the only true modern history to be relied upon for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

CONSCIENCE.

My conscience is my crown ;
 Contented thoughts my rest ;
 My heart is happy in itself
 My bliss is in my breast.

My wishes are but few,
 All easy to fulfil :
 I make the limits of my power
 The boundary of my will.

I feel no care of coin ;
 Well-doing is my health—
 My mind to me an empire is,
 While nature affordeth health.

I wrestle not with rage :
 While fiery flame doth burn,
 It is in vain to stop the stream
 Until the time doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
 And ebbing wrath doth end,
 I turn a late enraged foe
 Into a quiet friend.

No change of Fortune's wheel
 Can cast my comfort down ;
 When Fortune smiles, I smile to think,
 How quickly she will frown.

And when in froward mood
 She moved—an angry foe—
 Small gain I found to let her come,
 Less loss to let her go.—ROBERT SOUTHWELL, 1590.

THE
IMMORTAL HISTORY
OF
SOUTH AFRICA.

(COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES.)

THE ONLY TRUTHFUL, POLITICAL, COLONIAL, LOCAL, DOMESTIC,
AGRICULTURAL, THEOLOGICAL, NATIONAL, LEGAL, FINANCIAL,
AND INTELLIGENT HISTORY OF MEN, WOMEN, MANNERS,
AND FACTS OF THE CAPE COLONY, NATAL, THE
ORANGE FREE STATE, TRANSVAAL, AND
SOUTH AFRICA.

By MARTIN JAMES BOON,

AUTHOR OF

*How to Colonise South Africa, and by whom; Jottings by the
Way in South Africa; Home Colonisation; How to Construct and
Nationalise Railways; National Paper Money, to enable all Nations
to Construct Public Works without Bonds, Mortgages, or Interest,
&c., &c., &c.*

VOL. II.

LONDON:

WILLIAM REEVES, 185, FLEET STREET;
MARTIN JAMES BOON, 170, FARRINGTON ROAD.

SOUTH AFRICA:

HAY BROS., WHOLESALE AGENTS, KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.

—
1885.

1885.

VAIL & CO., STEAM PRINTERS,
170, FARRINGTON ROAD,
LONDON, W.C.



◀ CONTENTS ▶

CHAPTER XVII.—King William's Town Circuit Court —Justice <i>versus</i> Law and Precedent—The Legal Trade Union—Human Vultures—Drunken, venal incapable, and corrupt Judges and Barristers— Made-up Political Offences—Cruel and Unjust Sentences—Legal Crimes—The "Spriggites" on the War Path—Prison Horrors in the Colony— Earthly Hells—Man-made Laws and Man-made Crimes—Foul Language in Public Conveyances —The Elaborate Man—Grahamstown Ministers and Doctors of Divinity—Filthy Scandals—Moral Lepers—A Political Giant—Irish Politics—Boon and O'Connell—English Ignorance of Ireland's History—Ireland Conquered by Peter's Hairs, the Pope's Blessing, Henry II. the Strongbow Party and Peter's Pence—The "City Under- takers"—Cruelties of the Hanoverian and other Mercenaries—Fenians and Invincibles—The Assassination of Cavendish, Burke, and Carey— Length of Service and the Age of an Official no Justification for Tyranny—The Nihilists—The Tyranny of Feudalism—Senor Castelar on Ireland—Carey's Death an Exceptional Punish- ment of an Exceptional Crime—Political Crimes —The Land for the People—Parnell, Davitt and Bronterre O'Brien—Better Things	345—372
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------

CHAPTER XVIII.—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity	
—The Gospel of Socialism—Socialists of the Day and the Luddites of the Past—Tory, Whig and Radical Humbugs—Mr. Hyndman and the Wages Question—The Dignity and Equality of Labour—Idleness and Luxury—Overworked Peasants and Indolent Peers—Peter Taylor and “Grand-Motherly Legislation”—The Agricultural Holdings Bill and Lords Wemyss and Bramwell—Beaconsfield and the Suez Canal—Mr. Chamberlain and Bankrupts’ Estates—The English Radical Programme—Free Land and Free Money—The Advantages of National Paper Money—Bronterre O’Brien and Robert Owen—The Coming Social Revolution and the Great Citizen at its Head—The Established Church and the Sects—Thieves and Cadgers Fighting for the “Loaves and Fishes”—The Bishops and Clergy Impostors and Dressed-up Charlatans—Our Commercial Immorality one Great Cause of Trade Decline—Banks and Companies Organised Systems of Imposture—Our National Expenditure an Enormous Abuse—The House of Lords an Assembly of Fools in their Dotage—How the House of Commons is Made Up—Britons, Lawless, Money-less and Vote-less Slaves—Social and Political Corruption—Socialism in Germany, France, Russia and Italy—How to Construct Public Works by Means of Public Legal Tender Notes—Chamberlain the next Liberal Premier and Boon his Minister of Public Works	373—391

CHAPTER XIX.—Domestic Happiness Described—	
The Importance of Bringing up Girls to Household Work—O! What was Love Made For?—The Minister and Schoolmaster of Kei Road and His Happy-Looking Wife—Good-bye to Mount Pleasant—A Female Reformer—The Political	

CONTENTS.

V.
PAGE

"Army of Martyrs"—Boon's Letter to the Mayor, Council and Citizens of East London—Free Trade in Land, Money, and Exchanges—A National Corn Standard of Value and Cost the Limit of Price—The Doctrine Expounded and "Protection and Monopoly" shown to have been the Curse of All Time—The Marvellous Growth and Resources of the United States—The Grain Producing Capacity of Russia and her Precious Metals—Humanity	392—400
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------

CHAPTER XX.—East London Bigots and religious Conventicles—Giggling and Ogleing in Church—A Lecherous Ape—Boon meets with the Wild-man of Kokstadt, and rebukes his rudeness to the ladies—Juvenile Magistrates: their arbitrariness and injustice exposed—The Tembus and Griquas, and their treatment by these magistrates—A Monster and a Fool—A Chief Magistrate wearing his hat, smoking and swearing in his own Court-house—Shaw, the notorious "Martyr" Missionary: his treatment fully deserved— <i>Truth</i> on Shaw and other Missionaries—Shaw's conduct contrasted with that of St. Paul—Philosophers and Scientists, the true Priesthood of men—Durban, the envy of all Africa—Boon's Letters to the Council of Durban and the Governor and Members of Parliament in Natal—The Sugar Industry of Natal—The Necessity and Advantages of Irrigation demonstrated—Basutoland and the Transvaal, the future granaries of South Africa—Irrigation Works in Italy, and the System of Water Supply and Storage adopted in Australia and their effects upon Agriculture—Collapse of Trade in Natal since the Zulu and Transvaal Wars—Bully Warriors and their hypocritical respectables—Inquisitions and Thumbscrews—A Kaffir House of God, or Bigot's Home of men—

Cremation for the health of all— Religious Systems a Heathen compound of fraud— Christ, the greatest humanitarian of by-gone ages : His true mission—Poem : "The Farmer"—What is a piece of money or a bank note?—A Boon to the Durbanites—Thieves of the Mansion and Race- course Blacklegs—Actresses and their Paramours —Modern Zantippes and Viragos—Living Corpses —The Rights and Privileges, Duties and Responsi- bilities of Marriage—No home complete without children—Monogamy and Polygamy ; their rela- tive advantages and disadvantages—The Struggle of Existence	401—423
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------

CHAPTER XXI.—Natal, the Garden of South Africa —The Climate of Durban and Natal in general ; in winter simply perfect, but in summer the intense heat a great drawback to white men—Kaffirs used for domestic work—Importation of Indian Coolies —Bitter feeling in Durban against Missionaries— The Uncertainty of Life and the Means to Pro- long it—Fraudulent Benefit and Assurance Societies—Government Assurance offers Full Security for all—The Transvaal Goldfields—The Benjamins of Questionable Fame—The Emma Mine Jew Frauds—Grant and other Virtuous Descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—The Raw Zulu preferred to the Christian Rascal and the wretched lying "plenty sick, excuse me," Coolie.—A Scanlen Premier Victimising the English Money-lender, and Gulling John Bull— Sir T. Shepstone on Cetewayo—Description of the scenery around Durban : a perfect Eden—A Visit to the various Places of Worship—The Rite of Circumcision preached about in the Wesleyan Church, and believed in and practised by the Kaffirs—The Æsthetic, Sanctimonious Amelia, and Would-be Finished Reader—The God-

CONTENTS.

vii.
PAGE

created, Man-teasing Devil—Vestry-rooms mistaken for Agapemones and turned into Temples of Venus—Professional Man-slayers and Bullet-Throwers—Modern St. Patricks—The Clergy to be transformed into a snake, reptile, and insect destroying company—The Spark of Sparks—A Terrible Encounter with Kaffirs and Griquas—A Delightful Family of Young Ladies—Poem: "How Mothers Used to do"—Men and Women, Useless Each Without the Other—Harriet Martineau.	- 424—439
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----------

CHAPTER XXII.—The Sugar Growing Industry of Natal—Its Plantations and Mills described—The Producing Capacity of the Colony and its present Yield compared with other Sugar-growing Dependencies of Great Britain—The Planting of Trees—The Natal Coolie question—Wealth	- 440—452
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----------

CHAPTER XXIII.—The craze of Anglo-Israelism—The Twelve Tribes—The English not of the Arabian or Bastard Arabian Race—The whole Human Race not descended from Adam and Eve—The English Inheritance of the Pyramids—European Interference in the Land of the Pharaohs—Solemn Twaddle—The Idiocy of "Bible Maniacs"—The Persecution of the Jews in Russia and the Causes thereof—The unconquerable Aversion of the Jews to Manual Labour—Their Bargaining Tricks, Usury, and Deceit, Treachery and General Pernicious Influence—The Jews as Horse-Stealers and Cattle-Lifters in Russia—The Jews in England—Their Social Habits—The Parliamentary Oath—Baron de Worms in the House of Commons—Disraeli the Christianised Jew only nominally a Christian—Intermarriages between Jews and Christians—Lord Roseberry and Miss	
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	--

Hannah Rothschild—The Peers of England and Jewesses' Dowries—The Restoration of the Jews to Palestine—The fallacy of the hypothesis that the Queen of England is descended from David, that the Prophet Jeremiah once in a storm took refuge in Ireland, being landed in a Whale-boat, and the groundlessness of the Tradition that a "Jacob's Stone" was found in Westminster Abbey—The attempt to prove the Irish the descendants of the Canaanites—How the Jews fleeced the Egyptians—The Jews and their Harps—The Impudence of the Jew Charlatan Disraeli—The Jews have no fellow-citizens, only religious followers, and the Faith of their forefathers is their only Patriotism; they will never be friends with Christians or Mahomedans—We never know the ramifications of a Jew—Sir Moses Montefiore—The Pope and Connie Gilchrist—The marriage of the Prince of Wagram with Mademoiselle B. Rothschild—The Conversion of the Rothschilds coeval with the Millennium—Heinrich Heine the German Jew Poet—His writings and family History—Heine supposed to be a Love-Child—Dr. Lasker, a political giant, and if a genuine Jew, superior to his Race—Theodore Hook and the "Society for the Conversion of the Jews"—A Tribal Messiah—The Governments of Europe in the power of the Jews through a false system of Finance—The True Solution of the Money Problem—The "Press Jews"; their perversion of public opinion by purchasing the Pen of the Mercenary—The French Rothschilds, the English Government and Egyptian Loans—The rascality of the Jews in Russia, Austria, Poland, and Prussia—Jews and the Fire Insurance Offices—Burnt-out Jews—Africa stinks with them—The same in America—The Jews the embodiment of all that is bad in our Monetary Arrangements, and the greatest living, moving curse that can be found

within the boundaries of any people—Boon warns and anathematises the Jews - . . .	453—470
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------

CHAPTER XXIV.—The Customs-Railway Question—

Mr. Scanlen's Proposal, and the Debate in the Cape Parliament thereon—The proposed Rebate of Customs—The prospects of White Emigrants in Natal—The Land and Immigration Board—The Occupation of Land by Colonists—The New Harbour Works at Durban—The exposure of the City to Bombardment, and a scheme for its Defence—The Durban Theatre—*Olivette*—The Unsexing of Actresses becoming disgusting: their acting and singing creating a body-hunger that ruins the women and demoralises the men—The English Stage—Mrs. L—, her beauty and her skin-covered ugliness—Beauty to be admired; but when hawked about for gain, it becomes a curse—The half-nudity of our present stage-actresses excites lust and urges men to commit themselves—Young Girls on the Stage must be protected—Prevention better than Cure—The Railways and Swindling Contractors—Shoddy Undertakings—The Haste-to-get-rich System—Long and dangerous Journeys—The Devil's Gate Kloof—Boon in mortal fear—A gigantic Railway Trap—"God for us all, and the Devil take the hindermost"—Safe arrival at Maritzburg—Worn out with anxiety and fear, Boon retires to rest 471—485

CHAPTER XXV.—On the 27th of October Boon awoke and ran round Maritzburg—Found that the want of Money had Made the Hearts of all quite Sad, and to make Matters Worse, the Governor had an attack of Insanity—Starvation, Bankruptcy and Ruin—Land Wreckers—Maritzburg Eaten Up with Debt, and Eating Herself Up in the Mode of Constructing her Public Works—Boon (like

another John Without a Saintship) Crying in the Wilderness, Urging Modern Men to Grasp the Tuition of Our Past Giants—Important Social Gospel Truths—Ourselves and Our Offspring Mortgaged to the Bondholders—Foreign and Colonial Banks—The "Standard" v. Africans—Public Meeting—Important Resolutions Carried—The Premier—The Seat of Power the Seat of the Scornful and the office of the Political Mountebank—Colonial Downing Street Boobies—Boon Falls into a Fit of Abstraction and Inward Weeping—Is Aroused by the Bugle of John Ogilvie—Mounts the Post Cart for Estcourt—Judge Phillip's Strawberries—Sleepy Hollow—Hot Winds and Dust for Three Months in the Year—A Tropical Thunderstorm—Howich—The Umgeni falls—Boon on His Metaphorical Mount Pisgah—A Roasted Elephant's Foot and the Cooked Tail of an Ox—Bill Sykes Burglaries and Norman Cut-throats and Plunderers—England's Ignobility—Land Grabbers—Auberon Herbert a Lilliputian—Henry VIII. a Glorious Polygamist and the Only One True Defender of the Faith—South Africa like New Zealand and Ireland a "Tom Tiddler's Ground" for the Interested Classes—The Erection of Silos—Ensilage as Applied to Vegetables—A Novel Feature in Fencing Farms—"Stone Poles"	486—501
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------

CHAPTER XXVI.—The existence of the World's Boon and *Material* Saviour nearly ended by a drunken driver upsetting the cart—Boon longs for an Angelic Team and Chariot by Vulcan to carry him on his Public Mission—Boon safely delivered in Bethlehem in time for Breakfast—The Majuba Hill disaster described and accounted for by an Eye-witness—The Incapacity of Colley and his Drunken Officers—A "Seven Course" Dinner

and Champagne <i>ad lib</i> on the Hill—The Zulu Campaign—Lord Chelmsford and Major Lonsdale—The West Indian Lanyon's Administration—Dutch sympathy with the Boers—The Patrimonium, an Association of Dutch Christian Socialist Working-Men—Defective Postal arrangements at Bethlehem—Bad and dangerous Roads again—From Bethlehem to Winburg by Night—Eighty-two miles in an Open Cart—The Horrors of a Royal Hotel: no sleep to be had for humbugs by day and insects by night—Boon threatened with an Action for £1,000 Damages for false imprisonment by a man who had stolen his horse—Bids adieu to Bethlehem—The Jamaica Rising—Governor Eyre and Lieutenant Brand—A Bloemfontein Lady in Distress—Boon assists her out of her difficulty, and the "Wall Duck" rejoices—The Africander mania for large farms—The Moses of the <i>Express</i> —German Drones and Dunces—The Duke of Connaught and his "Baptism of Fire," miraculously given at a distance of ten miles—Laker's Kraal Diamond Fields—The last speculative effort of the Jews—The "Salting" Process—Houndsditch, a ditch of human hounds—No chance for another diamond-mine swindle—The old land of the Queen of Sheba—Solomon a knave, a liar, a libertine, and a sensualist of the worst description—A Sunday in Wimburg—The Service at the Dutch Church—Booth's <i>War Cry</i> in Winburg—"Knee-Drill"—"Creeping for Jesus" with no lights in the room for two hours, with a company of both sexes—A Heavenly Marshal's Bâton—The Salvation Army a money-making arrangement—The Religious Views of Lord Byron	502—530
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------

CHAPTER XXVII.—The Free State, a God-forsaken land that must have been made and finished late

on a Saturday Night—The Winburg Officials and their high black chimney-pot hats—Irrigation and Windmill-Pumps—Artesian Wells—The Banks of Africa like a Social Spider Web—*Procurer* another name for Lawyer-Sharks—Houses of Plunder—The Free State eaten up by Jews—The Mortgage—Free State Dick Turpins, Gentlemen Jacks, and Claude Duvals—The name of "Free State" a Misnomer—Boon's New Salvation the Glory of Man—Lawyer's and Law Charges—Lawyer Plundrum's Portrait: an artistic production well worth looking at—The Free State branch of the Africander Bond on the Free State Lawyers—The President of the Free State a Brand, but not a Burning One, and not likely to become a "Light of the World"—The Golden Millennium of the Transvaal—Land-Grabbers and Mineral Thieves—Calcraft's short and Marwood's Long Drop—The Socialist of the *true* Land and Money Reform—Gatlings, Greek Fire and Dynamite—The true position of a Tribune defined—Boon's Political Platform—The true Poet of Humanity of the Nineteenth Century 531—561

CHAPTER XXVIII.—The Performance of an Itinerant Troupe—"Baby Flora," as a Prince in the hands of "the Cruel Hubert"—From Winburg the Hopeless to Bloemfontein the Hopeful—President, Legislator and Farmer completely Kaffirised—The want of regular Rains & Cheap Transport—Smuggling and Illicit Trade—The Flock-Masters and the Growth of Wool—The extravagant prices of pure-blooded Rams—The Selfishness and want of Hospitality of the Boers—Inter-marriages of the Boers with Native Women—Dutchmen and Englishmen—Their relative Fighting Qualities—The Native Destruction at Mapocks—Dark-blooded Dutch Wasps must not be

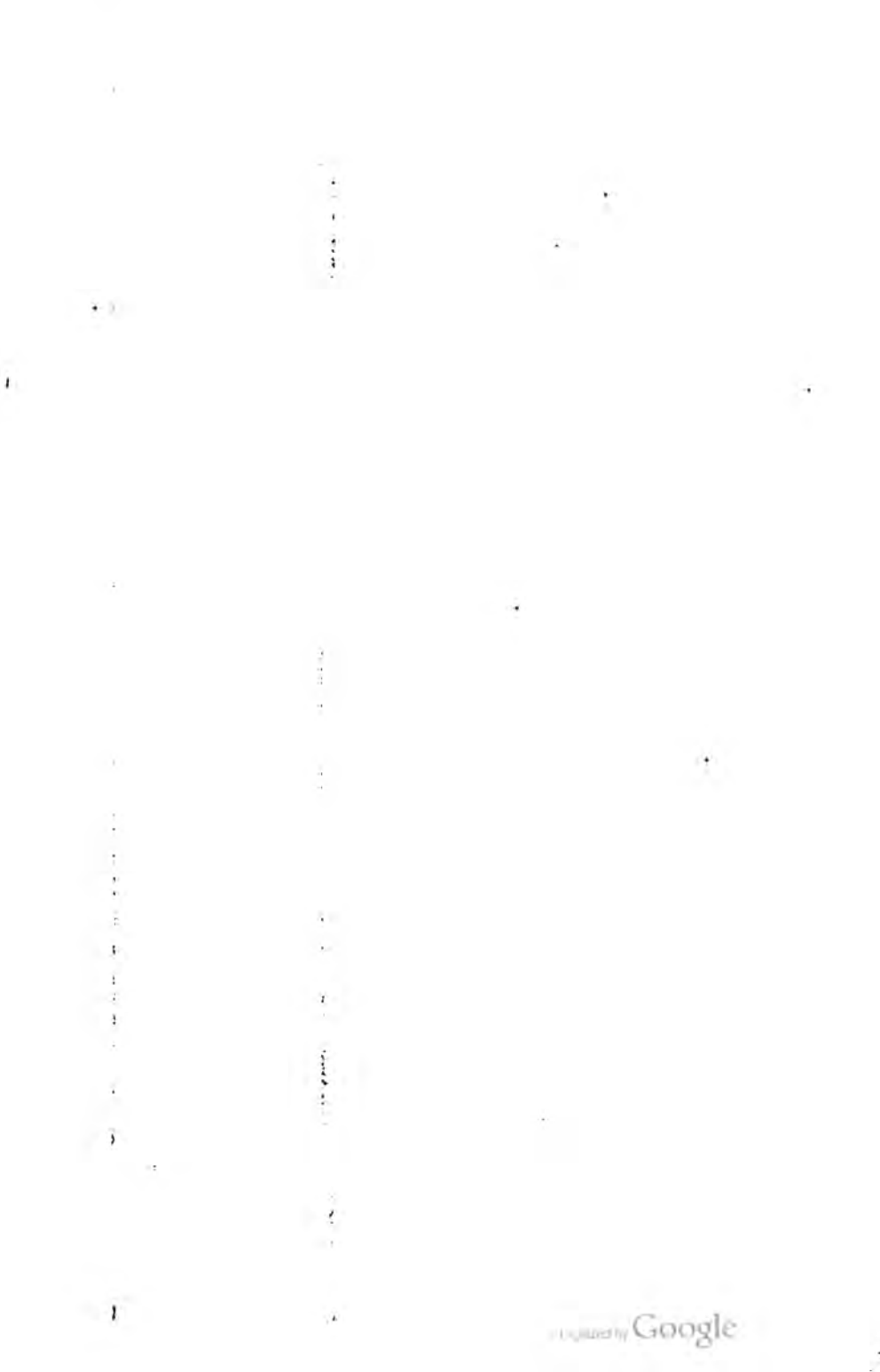
CONTENTS.

xiii.
PAGE

compared with Pure Dutchmen—The English will once more be implored to come and deliver the country from its monetary, Jewish, German, and Hollander chains—Water Storage and Irrigation in the Free State—War, Drought, and want of Labour—How to remedy Scarcity of Water 562—588

CHAPTER XXIX.—Dutch Migration Compared with that of the Wandering Hordes of Asia Minor and the Pastoral Scythians—The Outrages, Robberies and Atrocities of the Whites upon the Natives—The Trek-Boers Inherently Vicious—The Relative Numbers of Black and White Population in the Various South African States and Colonies—Climatic Influence and the Thetze Fly—Stellaland—Mankoroane and the Korannas - 589—606

CHAPTER XXX.—An Animal Golgotha, Bones—Bones—Bones—Bloemfontein Bigots—Fools and Charlatans—The Bloemfontein Agapemone—Human Giants—Man Crucified Between Spiritual and Material Thieves—Church Millinery—The Curse of Theology—Science and Theology—Boon's Bible—Tree Planting—The Wealth of the Cape Colony Decreasing—The Long Droughts Killing the Sheep, Oxen and Horses, and Destroying the Harvests—An Important Question for Parsons and Politicians—None to Preach to and None to Tax—The Destructive Acts of One Generation Bring Punishment to Children and Grand-Children—"Arbour Day" in Canada—The Agricultural Show—The Gold Fields—Make Room for New Brooms—Valedictory - - - 607—625





BOON'S IMMORTAL SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHILE in King William's Town, the usual Circuit Court was being held, and it was truly painful to note the outcome of hard times, and the want of a proper work supply. It never seemed to strike the Parliamentary "wise fools" that the want of work, and the impossibility of selling the natural products and the imported articles, was one main cause why so many found refuge in wrong-doing; and not until public works are established, and the raising of crops and other material, and the selling of the same facilitated, will it be possible to show to all, that it is an advantage to be straightforward, and that, in very truth, "Honesty is the best Policy." As at present arranged, *dishonesty* is the best policy to many, so long as they are not found out, and even then, owing to the sympathy of those who live by the same trickeries, the offender will oftentimes escape, if he has secured means that he is willing to divide among such other rascals. It is not possible to conceive, other than in a world of demons, that any man desires to be outside the pale of his fellow man if the equal chances were always before him. The whole of our jurisprudence, so called, must undergo an

alteration. Justice, not *Law* and precedent, must guide all Courts of Justice, as at present nick-named. Justice should not be blind, even if the eyes must be bandaged. "My Lud," so called, the aping of the English mode of so calling anyone who sits upon the "Sentence Seat," who, either by prejudice, or the *want*, or the having *had* a surfeit of wine at dinner, and being more or less unpossessed of their five senses after, at such times pass sentences that are most outrageous, must be discontinued. As might be expected, a whole host of human vultures, who, being branded by the legal trade union, are warranted fit to rob and plunder in the name of the law, follow in the wake of the judges, in the full hope that some poor human wretch in want of their professional services, and in despair, will raise all the funds possible ; but, alas ! only to hope in vain ; for these men in South Africa are like their brethren in England and elsewhere, quite willing to take the money of the distressed, and then, with all insolence, impudence and neglect, forget in any way, to defend or to help them out of a Slough of Despond. There are times when a man in some political or civil difficulty, the outcome of spite, passion or prejudice, although perhaps unseen, is so overwhelmed by a charge made against him, that his very innocence unmans him to that extent that he is powerless to act for himself, and feels like a sheep led to the slaughter. I often thought that had the Roman law admitted a remand, or had time been given, no populace, other than a Jewish one, would have cried out, "away with him, away with him," as they did of Jesus, when before the Roman Governor, and who, in very innocence, was dumb, and crucified when overwhelmed. Fancy the awful situation of an innocent man, tried before nine, or perhaps twelve men, who are not able fairly to discriminate ; or before a well-known incapable judge, who may be given to drinking, and who is not reminded of his duty by the counsel paid to defend, probably owing to the counsel himself imbibing too much at luncheon. That man would undergo a torture perfectly hellish. The Cape Colony Records give several instances of these drunken Judge Jeffries. Such a case was witnessed by myself sometime before, when an innocent man, on the word

of one raw *Kaffir*, was sentenced, for a made-up political offence, to twelve months' confinement and £100 fine, entirely owing to the fact that his counsel—now a judge—who was well paid, and who afterwards admitted to the solicitor who engaged him to defend the unfortunate man, that he did not defend the case as he ought to have done, from the fact that he was the worse for his champagne. For want of a proper defence, the mouth of the prisoner being shut according to the etiquette of the court, sentence was passed in a moment of passion, to satisfy the temporary demands of a Sprigg Government, to find a victim, and it came upon the man with such horror and power that he was simply dumb-founded. Of course the pride and jealousy of the legal powers would not allow them to rectify matters, and such was the injustice of the times, that although time after time his fellow citizens asked for his release in a petition signed by most of the jury, as well as the most prominent merchants of the town, and wherein the jurymen stated that had they but known the cruel sentence that would be passed, even though the man was guilty, they would not have convicted him, as they considered justice would have been satisfied by the imposition of a small fine. No prisoner was safe while "the Spriggites" were on the war-path. They would not admit the wrong, and do the right, and the sufferer of this outrage would not beg his release, although urged to admit his guilt, and then, perhaps, in mercy they might hear his cry. Although they could outrage, they could not degrade the man; and rather than pay the fine he stopped in seclusion two months over the time, in the hope that the fine might be remitted; but no! He appealed to men who were bent on destroying the black, and wanted the money; and what to them was the sufferings or death of one innocent white man, if it gave them vantage ground to prosecute their war of extermination. Here we have to notice the advantage of the French code, in which the scale of punishment is known, and juries can at times decide as well as judges, what would satisfy the particular case. In mercy, at last, the fine was paid to end the torture, and fortunately the victim was saved the worst of calamities, for his simple imprisonment never

brought him into contact with the worst of convicts, who had committed murder and other crimes against society. The one consolation all through that horrid time, was the opportunity given in the open air, owing to illness, of seeing his family and friends at all times, and the ever-dwelling fact with him of his innocence, and that he suffered isolation on the bare word of a blanket Kaffir, in opposition to that of an Englishman. It is a strange fact, but nevertheless true, that in the Cape Colony a Kaffir is often believed in preference to the white man, owing in many cases, to the magistrate being connected with the missionary party. Nothing can be conceived worse than the convict stations of South Africa. Time after time, some of the judges, and notably Judge Smith have drawn attention to the large room, where on a plank-board, a white man sleeps between Kaffirs, all ages indiscriminately mixed; the prison reeking with all kinds of foulness, only counteracted by the ozone of the sea. No member thinks it his place to call in and report about nasty things, for fear of local and Government loss of funds; so that it still remains for a South African Howard to have a self-supporting prison system, that will give all the prisoners a chance to gather together, as in America, a fund with which to once more make a start in life. It is something so cruel, that only under a Christian country could it be possible to treat prisoners of any class in the cruel way practised in the Cape Colony, and in England. The machinery in England may be perfect for health; but in the Colony there is no desire to save life, and the wretched system in Africa is only made tolerable by the tongue liberty and constant intercourse one with another, in opposition to the cruel inhuman silent system in England. To some extent, in the case just referred to, the Judge was passive; and it was generally admitted that had the man had the opportunity of defending himself, he would have told the truth in that simple manner that would have convinced all of his innocence; but relying upon a sham counsellor, who took his client's good money, and who in not doing his duty, robbed him for the time being of his good name, which was, and is priceless, but not of the belief he had in the full truth and right yet to cover the earth as a garment, and which with

all the false teachings, acts and cruelties of the age, he has not even yet lost faith in. It was at this very Circuit, and through this very counsellor and judge, that a coloured man was sentenced to fifteen years hard labour, for some accidental irregularity in his Volunteer Corps, which resulted in death to a native. This sentence was so unexpected, and considered to be so outrageous a punishment for a mere mistake, which a small fine would have amply met, that the Town rose as one man and immediately telegraphed to the Government at Cape Town; and so overwhelming was the justice of this movement that the man was immediately released, and the judge took the rebuke and ate the leek, and passed away as a man for whom no one had the slightest respect. Time after time complaints were made of the general conduct of such judges, but influence and interest won the day, in opposition to the right. We are told we must not judge these judges, and one man on the jury who admitted he was afraid of the judge, afterwards said, "let such infamous sentences pass,"—I may say this came from a mixed blooded man, who not having a particle of the blood of a Hampden, or a Cromwell in his composition was only fit to be a slave all his life, and that he was a low character whom no one felt any delight in knowing. The rural German element in the jury was incapable of judging, and they but followed in the wake of those who thought a fine sufficient, showing that even a trial by jury may be an injustice and a farce; but to let such infamous sentences pass without a protest in the name of justice, would be acting as a silent partner in such legal crimes; and to subject men in the future to unknown tortures, who perhaps, for some simple unexpected accident, are entitled to severe monetary punishment, but whose fault is not of sufficient gravity to compel them to herd with the vilest and ever-after to be taunted with the same. In the name of common sense I protest against such incapables, in a solemn manner on a solemn seat, and in a solemn place, bringing contempt upon the sacred names of justice and equity.

If judges were capable of feeling, they would, indeed, hesitate before passing sentences, consigning men to living hells. What a year in prison, even to the guilty man, must

be, is horrible to contemplate ; but in the case of an innocent man, nothing can repay for the constant physical and mental torture and insult heaped upon him.

Could juries and judges think what a year in prison means ; the isolation from a man's family that cuts out a year from a man's life ; a year from a man's work ; a year from a man's tongue ; is a penalty so terrible that if madness or suicide ensues no one need wonder. When will it be understood that half, if not more, of our man-made laws are man-made crimes, that only indicate the savage nature of one portion of society to the other. May the time arrive when, nature's laws being recognised and carried out, there will be no need of judges or prisons, and then no future " Howard " will find the work of visiting prisons needful.

Once more having realised the want of an *alter ego*, or second self, I left my garden in disgust, that I could not procure a young active man, willing and able to take advantage of the opportunity offered to secure a supply of water, and thus in irrigating to show to the world in Africa what water, combined with skill, industry and science was capable of effecting. Having arranged as I hoped for a high pressure water supply, I bid adieu to my agent, and passed on to the town to bid good-bye to my old and valued friends there, who had so nobly helped me to get out of a cruel position brought about by my enemies, who could not bear the truth that was in me, and who would even now stone me if they dared for speaking and writing the truth. I do not wish to forget any ; let it suffice that my heartfelt hate for the one, and my deep gratitude to the other, for their efforts on my behalf, in the dark never to be forgotten past is not obliterated from my recollection ; so with a hearty good-bye, on their now improved market square which to some extent I had the credit for, while a member of their Town Council, I passed on to my hotel, preparatory to leaving King William's Town, the pious city of five hills of the Eastern province, if the number of its churches, chapels and schools are indicative of the condition of its inhabitants. Having settled up with the proprietor of the Barkly Hotel—the well-beloved, and his good wife and sons, in whom I was well pleased—I passed on to the railway,

once more to reach Kei Road, the residence of my family, and then afterwards to proceed to East London, on my way to Natal. It is not my desire to be always moralising, or finding fault; but I felt that numbers of the Anti-Christ's dare not, or cannot draw attention to the evils and remedies for things patent to all. I, being out of the recognised Holy Orders, do not shout out, even to suit my friend Duncan, who calls me "the elaborate man;" but with all my fulness of detail and cures for all, cannot shout out thus saith the preacher; but I feel, though I run the risk of being called "conceited, the egotist, and the elaborate," I must not hesitate even with all dogmatism, for without it I cannot urge my views to help fallen humanity, through the silly laws burdening all classes. While travelling I met an *apparently quiet man* who informed me it was his business to dispense medicines at the hospital, and at times, I presume, for the benefit of his patients, poison; but I ventured to tell him that the poisons, in the shape of his filthy language and songs, was an outrage upon his fellow-travellers; and being continued, in opposition to other, as well as my remonstrance, I was compelled to remind him that he was born of woman, and to ask what kind of a wife he could have had to have allowed him to utter such filth, and seemingly to rejoice while so doing. Good gracious! Is it not possible for our youth to be taught the dignity of manhood, and the cruelty of imposing upon others in public vehicles, who are too nervous of themselves to oppose such foul-mouthed levity and lecherous language? If not, it is time for the Press to state the truth and facts, and demand some alteration, and even punishment, if continued in our railway cars. Unfortunately, since the punishment of a prominent Grahamstown minister for polygamy and the foul, filthy scandal of a D.D., who attempted to take advantage of a school girl while under his care, although accompanied with his wife and family, it is almost dangerous to protest in such company, for, with all the lewdness possible, you are asked if you are any relation to such. If so, and if not, you are told "to shut up," for you are no better than you look. Now, I will admit of necessity, I am a good being when asleep, still I cannot allow such

abominations to be carried on without intimating in the clearest manner that the evil must be stopped. The best plan I know of is to alter our ways of teaching, and, instead of preaching so much of the hereafter, and a belief in the unknown; preachers should teach the advantage of cleanliness and purity for this life, and a nearer living to Nature in all her demands for both sexes. With pleasure I arrived at the station, which freed me from this moral leper, and with joy once more reached my abode of love, where I spent the next few days in contemplating the many happy hours of the past, and indulging in the hope of many in the future wherever I may roam. Man may propose, but some power outside disposes, when we least expect an interference with our leisure. A well-known political giant of Kei Road was determined to give me no rest, and knowing the interest I took in Irish matters, was persuaded to commence a tug of war on this and other questions; and I, for the life of me could not resist responding. I had in years gone bye written and taught about the Irish question and—thanks to the determination of the Irish to solve in a natural way the Irish Land Question, afterwards to be carried out in England, Irish politics were the talk of the day. O'Connell oftentimes said it had pleased the English to forget Ireland's history and her wrongs. Strictly speaking, this was not true, for sad to relate, very few ever read the true history of Ireland, and therefore could not forget. Such is the exact position of all since O'Connell's time. I am bold to say, and shall prove it, when I write my "History of England and the United Kingdom," that not one boy or man out of every hundred knows the important passages in England's History, and it may be safely said that very few Englishmen care to know much about Ireland's history. Now this state of things is most lamentable, but fortunately it will have its cure; for since every city is getting its little Ireland, where Englishmen, when no Irish Sea divides, are compelled to think that it is possible for the Irish to have had a history for the last seven hundred years, since the Pope gave Peter's hairs and his blessing to Henry the Second, and the Strong-bow party liberty to conquer by force the Irish, so long as full and regular payment of Peter's Pence was kept up. From that

time, right on through the constant forward and backward movement in the reigns of the Kings and Queens, and afterwards with the city undertakers of later time, whose business it was to bury the Irish, and take possession of Irishmen's effects, and which is still kept up as a practice to-day, and with all the later cruelties and impositions forced upon the people by Hanoverian soldiers and other mercenaries down to the present time. The pressure was, in a small way got rid of by the removal of an alien church, but which is in another way secured in the shape of interest and the tithes, which still remain as a burden upon the Irish, though not collected in the name of the Irish Church, until pressure and want, brought about by eviction and a cruel rack-renting, which cannot be denied, since an English Act of Parliament had to be passed to stand between what may be called in reality the landlord highwaymen and their tenantry, and such commission to regulate, from a land-owning point of view, what they thought a fair rent, but which the Irish have yet to settle upon a National basis, when with land debenture bonds they have bought out all landlords, both English and Irish, and put up their lands for public competition. Now while one cannot advocate all the measures of the Fenian "no rent" party and others, that to us Englishmen may appear wild schemes, still the Irish must work out their own salvation as they think best. It is for them to secure free land; and although the victims now of England's aristocracy, the time will come when the workers for a higher governmental system will be considered patriots; and when Englishmen understand the true position between life and death that the Irish stand in, they too will not allow the aristocracy to fleece and bleed poor Ireland ever after; and let the land question once be settled right in Ireland, it will also be settled in England, to the exclusion of all hereditary peers, that now plunder in England likewise. In this work, space is wanting to go into a full History of Ireland; but all this was brought out by the awful, and yet just retribution first made known by the telegraph. I am not a filibuster of an American Saint George the Fifth, who would take possession without restitution of past payments, but even that drastic process

would be tolerated if such crimes to Irishmen could be prevented. My system of buying up land described in my *Home Colonization*, will meet the spirit of equity in every Englishman. The doctrine of taking who can, has been exemplified too often in America, without finding a lodgment in England, even when advocated by one unable to make his own American countrymen who are landless to see "eye to eye" with him. The "outs" must get the "ins" out, on some positive base of indisputable justice, and then no fear of a renewal of taking possession of Nature to the detriment of future generations. The force principle is old, and must now become obsolete. Free trade in land is the need of all who desire to till mother earth. Free trade in money is the need of all who must exchange the growth of one nation with another; and then goodwill and peace will stand a chance of a home among all peoples, to the glory of this and all after Ages, world without end.

The assassination of James Carey on the *Melrose* was a tragic conclusion to one of the most awful misfortunes recorded in the history of Ireland. I say misfortune; for how, and to what extent, the "invincibles" might have looked upon Burke as the head and front of all offending, there can be no doubt that for Lord Cavendish, it was an accident that he was there, and for such a man there must have been a perfect indifference. So far as his last act is concerned, that of running away, instead of standing by to assist his friend for the time being, one can only have a bitter feeling of contempt. Had he received the blows in the front, and in defence of his friend, one could have admired as well as pitied him, but the cowardly running away to call assistance instead of helping in such a moment of need is so contemptible that all sympathy for the man is deadened. Much has been said of his ability; how, in all probability, he would have become a statesman, and from the fact of his being the son of a peer, it was generally assumed that it was possible; but no greater mistake could be made than that of supposing that hereditary genius is a constant quantity, and we protest against the system of putting my Lord Tom Noddy in a responsible position because he is the son his father. For Burke, although it

is said he was a gentlemen, it cannot be forgotten, that as permanent secretary, he *could* and *did* use his influence to the detriment of the Irish people. Who ever heard, during his long official career, of his ever protesting against the wrongs done by the English aristocracy? He was a silent, but an active enemy to all Irish interests, and thus a most objectionable official. Length of service and the age of an official are no justification for a tyrant, whatever capacity he may fill; and for many years past Dublin Castle has not been noted for its sense of justice, and unfortunately, it is not likely to repent of its ways. It is all very well to talk of all that England has done for Ireland, the last few years. It is simply absurd. Dare all Englishmen forget what has been done to her in the name of England in the past, and that no amelioration was ever given, if the Irish did not become violent and what is termed revolutionary? The history of Ireland is so bad a one, that the wonder is not that they revolt, but they have not risen as one man to rush out the intruder, long, long ago.

Being an agricultural country, the Irishmen depend upon the soil, while a commercial people like the English don't feel pressure to the same extent, and, therefore, cannot comprehend the bitter hate of the Irish for the Saxon so-called, and, as he thinks, but in reality the Norman ruler and his descendants. To think that there existed the need of a Carey is so horrible, that one can only desire to forget such a creature was born, and that a government with a Saxon-Celt like Gladstone at its head, should have to use such a wretched cowardly thing, is disgusting, and when used, at last the alternative was offered to him to emigrate, or go out without protection. Carey *did* emigrate, and he was murdered. The lesson should be one for cowardly assassins in the future to take to heart, and they will probably prefer to be hanged, to being shot down as traitors. We can quite understand that in England, where there is such a bitter contempt for the informer, that a large section of the English population would receive the news of Carey's fate with joy, and that the murderer of such a man would not meet with that condemnation which at first notice the cir-

cumstances seemed to warrant. An informer is looked upon by those he benefits as below the brute beasts, while those who suffer from the acts of such are instantly converted into martyrs, and their misfortunes have a halo of romance thrown over them. The whole civilized world has under certain circumstances been benefited from riot run rampant. This was notably the case with the French revolution of 1789—1795. The people of France were groaning under the tyranny of Feudalism to that extent that blood, and blood only, could give them liberty. History teaches us how, when the tyrants resumed power, religion, virtue, and all that makes a nation great, were swept away. History, however, taught more than this; it imparted the valuable lesson that those in power must rule with equity, and that a people are not to be down-trodden by autocratic rule, no matter what form that rule assumes. These are facts easily understood, although they were then enforced in a very aggravated form. Men and women, when their passions were once aroused, would not be stopped in their work, and from the King on his throne, to the suckling babe of the bloated aristocrat, all were doomed to destruction. Those who inaugurated and those who carried out this wholesale slaughter, acted the part of men. They did not slink behind the hedges; gunpowder mines, infernal machines, and surgeons' knives were not the implements used! They boldly faced the soldiery, fought them like men, were slaughtered in hundreds, and in their turn they massacred by thousands. As the outcome of this war was to give the people liberty, we can forget the means used. With the Invincibles, Nihilists, and others of their kind, sympathy is out of the question. We have only to instance the case on account of which Carey has lost his life. The Invincibles doomed Mr. Burke to death, and in the carrying out of this vile plot Lord Frederick Cavendish was murdered through his having been accidentally walking with Burke. The Clerkenwell outrage is another instance. Here the innocent residents of a whole street were nearly immolated to secure the escape from prison of one man. In Russia the same thing prevails; hundreds of lives are placed in jeopardy to secure the assassination of one man. And these

crimes are perpetrated in the name of liberty! What kind of liberty can be the outcome of assassination and murder? Is it possible to found a nation upon the death shrieks of innocent men, women, and children? Is liberty such a tauble that those who wish to clutch it can only do so by midnight murders and assassinations? No liberty so gained is worth having, and, if acquired by these means, can never be retained. Those who to-day in cold blood, order the murder of their oppressors, will to-morrow, in their turn, be murdered; and Carey's case is an instance of this fact. We regret that the *Cape Argus* was so ill-advised as to put the blood-hounds on the track of Carey. As regards O'Donnell, he has had to pay the penalty of his crime with his life, and thus another sacrifice was made to that fetish, which, with surgeons' knives and dynamite, is sought to be converted into the most precious of all our gifts—liberty. Legislation through the conviction of the mind must alter all tyrannies.

In a review of European politics, by Senor Castelar, the following passages, referring to Ireland and Carey's death, occur:—

"No one is ignorant that the assassins of Cavendish would never have been discovered but for the infamous denunciation made by one Carey, who, from accomplice and accused, became Crown witness, or accuser—and paid accuser. Such treason brought to the scaffold various patriots, who are to-day adored as saints and martyrs by the simple faith of a people determined to recover their country's ancient independence. And if the people adore as saints these martyrs, imagine how they must abhor the denouncers."

After stating that all the might of England failed to protect Carey from the execution of the verdict of the Irish nation, Senor Castelar continues:—

"On the morning when the criminal was least prepared the executioner shot him dead—an exceptional punishment of an exceptional crime. A race of such determination, we must admit, is invincible."

For Senor Castelar the Irish are a nation of Maccabees, and, by inference, England is an Antiochus Epiphanes.

POLITICAL CRIMES.

But what is a political crime? The obvious definition of a political crime is, one that is free from motives of private interest or personal aims. Thus, if the murderer of President Garfield had escaped to this country, he would no doubt have been given up; for, though he professed to have been moved by the public interest, there were facts showing that he had personal, though foolish expectations from the new President elected by his bullet. On the other hand, if the assassin of President Lincoln had reached English territory, it is difficult to see how he could have been legally surrendered, even while the civilized world was shuddering at his deed. He might have been surrendered, but far-seeing men might have said it were better even he should escape than that the English asylum, which had protected in Canada, the fugitive slave Anderson (who had slain his pursuer), should be impaired by any precedent.—MONCURE D. CONWAY, in *Newcastle Chronicle*.

Thus we see that some of the most clear-headed men can see far ahead, so that while renewing our demand for liberty and free speech, we can but mourn over the fact, and draw attention to the grievances of Ireland, that move men to commit such deeds; and while my deep sympathy is with the Irish nation, it behoves all Reformers the world over to step to the extreme verge of natural right to proclaim Truth and Justice to all, and surrender their own liberty and lives, if need be, rather than hurt a hair of the enemy, other than in self defence. The bloody weapon is out of date: the mind must be the harbinger of all reform, and the outcome of a nation's unanimous desire.

I feel here at this stage, that I cannot do better than let two prominent men—Parnell and Davitt—speak for their country. It affords me untold delight to find that they are true followers of their old countryman Bronterre O'Brien, who for so many years nobly advocated "The Land for the People," but at the same time, I experience a deep feeling of regret that they comprehend nothing of the great financial aspect of the question which he so truthfully and persistently

drew attention to. As one unworthy to wear the mantle, he dropped, I do trust that some noble son of Erin will yet be as a father to the Irish nation to come, on this question, for I am persuaded that without a thorough knowledge that appertains to finance, no man is qualified to call himself a legislator.

"Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather yesterday, a meeting, which was very largely attended, was held at Carppamore, County Limerick. Messrs. Davitt, O'Brien, M.P., and Harrington, M.P., were the chief speakers, and resolutions were passed in reference to the labourers, the Land Act, self government, and Parliamentary representation. They characterised the condition of the labourers as deplorable and disgraceful, and demanded that pending a more complete and comprehensive measure, those engaged in the administration of the Land Act should give effect to its beneficial provisions, if any, in favour of the labourers, and that no settlement of the land question would be regarded as final which did not make provision for that suffering class. With respect to Home Rule, they declared that no measure of reform coming from a foreign Legislature short of self-government would satisfy the Irish race at home and abroad, and they pledged themselves to agitation till they had the making of their own laws on their own soil. They declared the Land Act to be very imperfect in design and administered unfairly towards the tenants, that leaseholders were unjustly excluded, and that the Act failed to protect the property of the tenant in his improvements. The true solution of the question was the conversion within reasonable time and on reasonable terms of the occupiers into owners, subject to the requirements of the public and of the nation. They condemned the present representation of the county, demanding that its members should support Mr. Parnell; they advocated the payment of members in order to obtain representatives from the ranks of the people, and condemned the policy of emigration. Mr. Davitt, in the course of his speech, praised the labourers for the active part they had taken in every national movement and expressed a hope that the farmers and all other classes who had been benefitted by their help would do

their duty towards the agricultural labourers, and give effect to the measure obtained last session from an alien Legislature by Mr. Parnell and his party. He observed that now while excitement was dying down in the country, the popular movement was assuming a practical shape. The old enemy of Ireland was at his congenial task of unroofing the homesteads of the people. (Groans). During the year ending in the month of June no fewer than 434 families, or 2,000 men, women, and children, were evicted in the Province of Leinster (groans), and three times the number would about comprise all the men, women, and children who had been deprived of shelter and their homes during the same period of Irish landlordism. Now, was it not reasonable to suppose that these outrages upon the hearthstones of the people of Ireland would drive men to think of desperate action; that these outrages upon the part of landlordism might beget outrages of another kind which they and all Ireland deplored? He thought, therefore, they ought to raise no uncertain voice in condemnation of these acts of impolitic injustice, to speak mildly, which had been recently carried out at the behests of Irish landlordism. (Cheers). How many of these people—the poor people turned out on the roadside—had been rack-rented in the past to such an extent that all the money they had paid would purchase the fee-simple of their holdings; how many of those cabins out of which the people had been thrown had been erected by the landlords of Ireland? ("None.") If then, God made the land for the people and the people built the cabin for themselves, he denounced their eviction as an act of inhumanity which would be punished as criminal if the law in Ireland were administered in accordance with the dictates of religion, reason, or humanity. (Cheers.) However, all those cases but showed the imperative necessity of concentrating all their energies, all their talents, all their purposes, and all their powers in accomplishing the final and complete abolition of that system, and as the day was coming when the system must go, he thought the farmers of Ireland and the whole community should at once face the question of compensation, which must be discussed before that system was disestab-

lished. (Cheers.) Now, the landlords themselves and that hereditary obstructive Chamber, the House of Lords, had laid down a doctrine of compensation, which he trusted would be applied to themselves when the time came for finally dispossessing Ireland of them. (Hear, hear.) They introduced a clause into the Land Act which practically nullified the operation of the clause known as the Healy clause. (Cheers for Healy.) They declared that the length of enjoyment which the farmer had had, constituted an equitable compensation for such improvements. Very well; if the enjoyment by the farmer of the improvements he himself had made in his holding was adequate compensation, what must be the compensation due to the landlords who had enjoyed the improvements made by the tenant-farmers for the last generation? Surely, if the man who had not created those improvements enjoyed them, he was less entitled to compensation for them than the farmer, whose skill, anxiety, toil and labour had called them into existence. Since the passage of the Act of Union the landlords of Ireland had taken £1,200,000,000 out of that country. This wealth had been created, not by them, not by superintendence or anxiety or outlay on their part, but by the labour of the farmers and industrial classes. He thought that length of enjoyment of that wealth constituted a more equitable compensation for them, than the length of enjoyment by the farmer of the improvement which he had made in his own holding. (Cheers.) The men of Limerick and Tipperary had got to keep these truths before them, and the demand should be that inscribed on the banner then before them. They demanded full justice. If justice were done to the landlords of Ireland to-morrow they would not receive their fares from Kingstown to Holyhead. They must then keep this question of the complete abolition of Irish landlordism before them. The Land Act, which Mr. Gladstone fondly imagined would bolster up Irish landlords, if not a complete failure, was rapidly becoming so. Not one out of six tenant-farmers in Ireland had yet had his rent fixed by the Land Court. The enormous expense wasted upon the working of the machinery, and the litigation between tenant-farmers and the lawyers, showed that these artificial

efforts to sustain a doomed system were of no avail, and that landlordism must go where every other exploded monstrosity had gone before it. (Loud cheers.) Let them not, then, be tempted by temporary expedients. Economy, force, and the spirit of progress were all battling against landlordism, and destiny had written its doom. Finally, he would ask them to be still and resolute; to be calm and self-composed; to be united and avoid the mistakes of the past; to be true to be political faith handed down to them from the past; and victory would soon crown their efforts with a garland of success. (Loud cheers.)

"Mr. Parnell said—I come now to my last example of this most pernicious and extraordinary Government—the suppression of the northern meetings. Mr. Trevelyan may be able across the water to hoodwink the simple people of Galashiels, but he is not going to throw dust into the eyes of any section of the Irish people. Neither Irish Orangemen nor Irish Nationalists will believe that Mr. Trevelyan does himself the honour of believing what he has told the people of Galashiels. All through his speech there, it is easy to detect the self-satisfied chuckle of the man who exaggerates, for his own purpose, the danger likely to arise from the action of a few wretched Orangemen (hear, hear), and who deliberately applies for the same purposes, the resources for mischief at the disposal of the landlords who hire them. He admits the illegality of their proceeding from top to bottom. He describes them in most forcible language, while he enormously magnifies the results likely to arise from it. And what is his excuse for the action of the Government?—an action, you must remember, exactly in accord with the wishes and demands of the transgressors and law-breakers. His excuse was that it would take 1,000 infantry and cavalry to protect the right of public meeting, and to enable those seeking an alteration in the laws to do what they had a legal right to do. (Cheers.) Nationalists meet together for the purpose of obtaining an Amendment of the Land Act, or an alteration in any Act of Parliament. If the Lord Mayor goes up to Derry to deliver a lecture on the extension of the franchise to Ireland, the excuse for proclaiming the meeting

in the one case, and for winking at proceedings of the assassins who fired at him (cheers), is that it would take 1,000 infantry and cavalry to do anything else. Did the Government hesitate to protect the Lough Mask expedition in 1880 because it took 1,000 infantry and cavalry to protect them? (Cheers). Did they ever refuse protection to any landlord engaged in the extermination of his tenants—to any engaged in forestalling the Land Act by selling out the interest of the tenants? (Cheers). Was the English Government ever known to refuse all the men, all the arms, and all the money that might be necessary for such protection? ("Never.") Did the Government shrink from holding 1,000 untried men in prison for 12 long months in 1881 and 1882, lest any impediment should be offered to the legal rights of the landlord class? (Cheers). No; all our experience of English force in Ireland results in this conclusion—that they are always willing to employ that force to the fullest extent, and at every risk, to the masses of the people, where it is a question of protecting the so-called rights of the minority against the majority (cheers); but when it comes to extending the protection of the law—the forces at the disposal of the law—to the majority against the minority in the assertion of their legal rights, then we find abundant excuses, and abundant reasons, in the minds of our English rulers, for evading their legal and their just obligations. (Loud cheers.) The proceedings in the north teach once more the oft-taught lesson, that the law in Ireland is only powerful where the minority appeals to its protection. It is then quick to strike vengefully and unmercifully. (Loud cheers.) But where it may happen that a statute survives, a statute of beneficial import to the people of Ireland—survives even in a mutilated condition—the two Houses of Parliament find that the operation of the law in putting in force that statute is slow and ineffectual. (Hear, hear.) And until English statesmen learn, English Liberals and English Radicals learn, the first lesson of their political creed—that every nation, that every country, has a right to be governed according to the law of the majority of that country (cheers)—they will fail, as they have always failed, in their task of governing the Irish people.

Gentlemen, we are told about the franchise ; that the Liberal party is going to be great and generous, and going to extend the franchise to Ireland. I am very much inclined to think, that, were it not for the fact that there exists in the House of Commons a solid band of forty men, who would vote steadily against any extension of the suffrage in England, if Ireland were left out, we should see very little of the inclusion of Ireland in the Bill. (Cheers.) We can survey these questions and contests of English parties with perfect equanimity. Our position is a strong and a winning one in any case. Whether they extend the franchise or whether they do not, we shall return between 70 and 80 members in the next election. (Loud cheers.) Our cause is undoubtedly a winning cause ("Hear, hear"), and though the progress we may be making at present, and in the face of coercion, must be slow, yet still we are making progress. We are making up the force, and adding to the impetus which was given to the Irish national cause in the days of the great Land League movement (cheers) ; and although it is hard—although our blood often boils in witnessing the indignities, the sufferings, and the persecutions which many of the people of this country are obliged to submit to by day and by night ("Hear, hear")—we must be patient. We have every reason to be patient. We shall win if we are patient. The miserable character of the shifts and evasions which the Irish Executive has daily resorted to, shows that we are winning ; coercion cannot last for ever. (Cries of "No.") This Coercion Act is running out, and we are living it down. There is one thing that it is very well for us to remember and to remind the English people of—that if there be one fact more certain than another ; it is, that if we are to be coerced again, if the present Coercion Act or any part of it is to be renewed, if the Constitution is to be restored to us, these things shall be done by a Tory Government, and not by a Liberal Government (cheers), and shall carry with them, in the shape of increased taxes and foreign wars, penalties in excess of those inflicted upon us. Beyond a shadow of doubt it will be for the Irish people in England—separated, isolated as they are—and for your independent Irish members to determine at the next general

election, whether a Tory or a Liberal Ministry shall rule England. (Cheers.) This is a great force and a great power. If we cannot rule ourselves, we can at least cause them to be ruled as we choose. (Great laughter and cheering). This force has already gained for Ireland inclusion in the coming Franchise Bill. We have reason to be proud, hopeful and energetic—determined that this generation shall not pass away, until it has bequeathed to those who come after us, the great birthright of national independence and prosperity. (Great cheering, amid which the hon. gentleman sat down).

The trial of O'Donnell came about in due time, and as every one expected, his conviction and execution followed. The one great fault I have to find with the man is, that after all, he should set up a lie as a defence. Far better would it have been, if he had boldly asserted that he looked upon such a man and informer as unworthy to live, and he felt justified in acting as his executioner, even if, in the end, his own life was forfeited for it, for they who are bold enough to act, must not expect to get out of the consequences. The judge who tried and passed sentence upon O'Donnell could but admit that Carey was a hypocritical and abominably wicked man; but no law could allow one individual to take the life of another, because he was a wicked, abominable man. Of course, it was not the place of the judge to tell the world how such as Carey had been created and fostered by the late Tory and land-robbing class; and it is to be feared, while the injustice continues in Ireland, that independent of any writing, men will feel that it is no wrong to take the life of such men, while they abominate their wicked deeds; but to take life without due trial is contrary to all State or natural law, and in violation of every right principle; and it is certain that it cannot be permitted in any civilised country. We can all forgive the awfully tragic ending, when, at the close of the death sentence, O'Donnell drew himself up, and with a tempest of hate in heart and brain could shout "To Hell with the British Crown, and three cheers for Ireland, his native land, and "three cheers for America," a startling and painful ending to an awful death sentence, seeming to point to the fact that, say what people may, America is the hope of all free

liberty-loving people, and destined to work out the salvation of the struggling classes in England. But what a fearful thing to contemplate ; that all the sufferings of the Irish, is due to the base government and mismanagement of the past centuries, and that there is but one hope, as herein expressed by the home paper, which I now print, that the time is not far distant when all Governments will rule in equity, and thus remove all cause of violence and wrong-doing.

RIGHT OR DYNAMITE.—We may denounce dynamite with righteous indignation, but we must acknowledge the revolution it is effecting in the arts of offence and defence. As gunpowder, rifled cannon and railroads changed the former methods of war, so this new agent has shifted again the balance of power, reducing still further the supremacy of brute force and mere numbers. Great armies, vast cities, are indeed a source of weakness in dynamite warfare furnishing as they must, the most vulnerable points of attack for its wholesale destructive power. A barren rock in the secret mountains of Switzerland, with its dynamite laboratory, and convoys by air or land, may set at naught all the standing armies of the proud German Empire, and drop annihilation upon its walled cities at any hour by night or day. A single wayfarer, with dynamite in his pocket, throws the cities of England into greater terror, than would an army of a hundred thousand men landing at Dover, with only the ordinary weapons of guns and sabres. A handful of hunted, homeless Nihilists are able to terrorise all Russia, forcing its Emperor to live the life of a fugitive, and making his very coronation a problem of chance. Jupiter, with his lightnings, was scarcely more a master of the ancient world, than is the mob with its bomb of dynamite, the avenging Fate of modern monarchies. At the first glance, dynamite seems an implement of fiends, but a closer view discovers in it a potent minister of good. All triumphs of science and invention work inevitably, in the end, for the people. It is these scientific victories which have made the populace of to-day, other than the slaves and chattels of the ancient civilisations. But for these, " the divine right of kings " would still dominate the world, and the great mass would be but cheap material to build the

tombs of the Pharaohs. Every advance in science has given the people an additional hold of the sceptre of power. Sometimes by an increase of the general wealth, as in the case of the steam engine, the loom, the sewing-machine; sometimes by a general multiplication of the means of destruction, as in the invention of gun-powder, cannon and firearms, making a single man often more formidable than a phalanx of ancient swordsmen. Every increase in the destructiveness of the weapons of war, has brought increased respect and importance for the individual war-maker. Thus, to-day, the poorest Nihilist, with his dynamite, is an object of more consideration from the Czar and his nobles, than would be forty thousand serfs of the olden-time, armed simply with staves and forks. As a direct consequence, the case of these poor malcontents will be more heeded than it has been heretofore. Not even proud England can escape the alternative. She may resist for a time, and try laws of excessive rigour; but at last she will come to respect this hidden force, and find it wiser and cheaper to cultivate the Irishman's good-will than his ill-will. Thus it will be found, when the first mad outburst of murder and destruction has cleared away, that there will follow throughout the world, a more ready disposition on the part of governments, to listen to the petition of the humblest classes of the community, and to see that no burdens of unjust laws madden them to revolt. The consequence will be an era of comparative peace and good-will, greater stability, less frequent revolutions in governments, and the eventual abolition of standing armies. This consummation can evidently be achieved, most directly, by some agency like the perfected dynamite bomb and electrical battery, which will make great armies useless, and mere targets for destruction *en masse*, instead of reserves of strength. In the future, little corps of engineers with telescope, batteries, and balloons, will take the place of the lumbering armies of the past, and finish in a few days, perhaps hours, what in olden times would have been a thirty-years' war. These effects will be observed wherever the dynamite wave reaches; horror, and attempts at repression, at first; then the better counsels of discretion and humanity; and at last a genuine recognition of the brother-

hood of the despised classes; a sincere purpose to relieve their estate, and remove from them all unjust discriminations. We say unjust discriminations; for it is incredible that all this discontent, this unanimity of outcry, should appear through all Europe without some serious justification in bad laws. It is not human nature to wince without pain. In all ages, the common people have been more ready to accept and endure impositions, than to rebel without cause against fair institutions. It is weakness in all governments, to favor the rich at the expense of the poor. Monarchies are avowedly governments of privileges for the few; but Republics do not counteract the tendency of power to gravitate to the powerful. Here in New York, which has been a hundred years perfecting its system of free institutions, how many of its laws discriminate against the poor in plain defiance of principle; the discriminations are irritating to the classes discriminated against, and tend to alienate them from the State, which they should look up to as a sure protector, and love as a second father. Without such regard from the humblest, from the great mass of the people, no Government can stand in entire security. It will be well for our legislators to heed the warning that comes to us from Europe, to give due diligence to hunting out from our statute-books all traces of vicious, partial, superfluous laws, especially such as tend to keep up the old antagonisms between poor and rich.—*Home Journal, America.*

LATEST TELEGRAM.

LONDON IN A STATE OF SIEGE.

Two thousand men of the British Infantry have been ordered to protect public buildings in London. The Coldstream Guards are guarding the Houses of Parliament and Buckingham Palace.

The above is an evidence that besieged and garrisoned Ireland has come home to roost with a vengeance. All evil brings its punishment, and, unfortunately, the innocent suffer for the guilty; and thus it happens that the time has arrived when Big England is in a state of siege by Little Ireland,

and each avenue of this Little Ireland may contain the elements of a force more formidable than all the Life Guards, if rushed to any given spot ; in fact, they may even outrun the rush of Old Senacherib's Army, go to sleep as Life Guards, and be found in the morning nowhere. If a few drops of the new European fire, that has superseded the old Greek fire is utilised, truly in these days Jove and his darts of lighting, are small matters compared to the modern appliance, and all to be traced to making agitation in Ireland an outrage. The Tories, if they had the power would stop every utterance that criticised their Government forms. Mr. Chamberlain, we are told, maintained that " The Land League was, in his opinion, a legitimate and useful organisation, because it exercised pressure on Parliament to pass the Land Bill," so we see the hope of the future. Once let it be understood how to nationalize Ireland for Irishmen, by the plan of buying out with land debenture bonds all the old landholders and in each county letting it out by public competition to all Irish comers, then each and every Irishman will feel it his imperative duty to uphold the land law conditions at all times. Lord Salisbury speaks of " lawless plunder by conspiracies." Does the man ever consider his words ? What in the past history of Ireland, have we but conspiracies by *his* order to rob, with and without the law, the whole of the Irish nation of their hard-gotten wealth ? Why the whole history, as practised by the Salisbury class, is one huge conspiracy against the Irish people ; and it is from a sense of this huge theft of the past, that the Irish will no longer tolerate, even if they have in a semi lawful way to proclaim, without being summoned by the Queen, a " Law of Exile " to all present landlords. The no rent cry is not likely to be hushed by any land law passed by Whig exorcised by Tory influence for their future advantage, irrespective of the fact that the land tiller is entitled to all the income of soil wrought by his hands. Then he will be most willing to give and pay his part towards good government ; but to still supply the means to keep men in idleness, never, never, not even if you yet double dragoon poor Ireland,—the fact is now known, that each man is entitled to the result of his toil, without an idle participator, and this fact cannot now be hid.

In the future there will be no room in Ireland or England for the landlord ; he must be relegated to the past, and if he still desires to live on the soil, must take his equal chance as a tiller in the usual competitive way, if not, pass on to happier toiling or hunting grounds, at his own expense. The French have been the forerunners of European liberties. The present force pressure by bayonet and ball will not always last, and it may be said that Ireland is the main factor to settle the land question of the United English Commonwealth. It is no use rushing prominent men into prisons, calling them by the name of suspects, and treating them like felons, to the eternal disgrace of England ; nor is it tolerable that the trial by jury of a man's countryman should be suspended, or that juries should be packed. You may suppress for a time, but you cannot crush out ; there will be a rebound of some kind that will simply move off by some sharp process, not to be divulged until the supreme moment arrives. The hanging process by order of the foreign judges, carried out by the horde of foreign occupiers, is a clumsy and a cruel form of death, aggravated by the mental torture before the final spasm is given. The French are more humane in the mode ; for after condemnation they give no notice of the death-hour, and from the time of condemnation to the one of execution, allow the victim free liberty of enjoyment with friends. The future will give not even this, if Ireland is not freed from the nationality obliterators, for in the twinkling of an eye a nation will arise, and with flashes of lightning remove their oppressors. Science in these days is no monopoly, and when the time arrives, it will be found that the oppressed in their National Assembly will, in their legal form, demand the final exile and expatriation of all the foreigners. Before, and during the twentieth century, will be a time of purification for Europe, that will indeed bring the end of the world to many, a little too soon, and quite unexpectedly. Nationalities cannot always be crushed out, and tyrants exist and flourish for ever.

Since it is not the product of human effort, but a gift of nature, all titles to own land, beyond the cost of improvements, are morally void. One has no more right to sell land

than to sell his mother; for what is earth but the nursing parent of us all? The two main factors in productive enterprise are land and labour; if control of the first is usurped, the vassalage and spoilation of the second is inevitable. To possess and use land, is as clearly a natural right, as to use air and light. In abolishing the fraud of ownership in land, we shall affirm the natural right to hold it in and for use; emancipate farmers, and enable working women and men generally, not only to "read their title clear to mansions in the skies," but ground to stand on and a roof to live under here below.

YOURS OR MINE.

BETTER THINGS.

Better things shall come to pass—

When the reign of pride shall cease throughout the world,
 When the rule of selfishness is downward hurled,
 When the light of knowledge shines in every heart,
 And the clouds of prejudice, thrown back, depart—
 That men may look up again
 And behold as in a glass,
 This inspiring truth revealed,
 Better things have come to pass.

Better things shall come to pass—

When to man his fellow-man shall kindly turn,
 When the flame of mutual love shall brightly burn,
 When might's fetter, by its light, shall be riven,
 And the mind debased becomes more like heaven.
 Then may men look up again, &c.

Better things shall come to pass—

When the weak become the strong—aye, strong in truth,
 When wisdom guides old age, and glory youth,
 When the wilful blind shall see, each face to face,
 And the bitterest foes are clasped in fond embrace—
 Then men may look up again, &c.

Better things shall come to pass—

When the happiness of all, and not the few,
 Shall lead the rich ones of the earth to think and do,
 When our prisons vainly wait to strengthen crime,
 And the rest in workhouse walls has spent his time—
 Then may men look up again, &c.

Better things shall come to pass—
When the law of love prevails o'er all the earth,
When justice and forbearance spring to birth,
When men shall strive together, and contend
O'er power, scorn, fear, to gain life's noblest end—
Then may men look up again, &c.





CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM my impassioned defence of the Irish, and my strong expressions in the cause of reform, I was chaffed as an upholder of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," and a division of all property among the people. It is astonishing how glibly men will talk of the desire of the reformer to share and share alike of property in existence, who know nothing of the three cardinal principles and rights, as represented in "Equality, Liberty and Fraternity." A respector of individual ownership of property produced by his or her labour, never yet advocated an equal division of property; but they demand that there be no monopoly of nature in her raw state; and that labour desiring to have the use of the same, should have the liberty of using her on an equality with all others, thus producing a fraternity, from the right of liberty and equality, at all times, to be equally recognised among all producers. As the time is now coming for great changes for the better, it will not be out of place to take a glance backwards at the view the ancients had, and which will strengthen our views and actions in the future. I do not claim, as some may, to have an insight into all matters, neither do I think I can express my thoughts so ably as many, and I therefore give here the views of Mr. Burke, who has so fully described "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," and to whom I feel indebted as a brother worker for the right in South Africa.

Labour.—"Labour, of all things perhaps, esteemed the most tiresome and commonplace, is replete with meaning and crowned with joy. It is the great channel of human progress and the means of civilization; it disciplines the faculties, promotes health, and developes energy, industry, perseverance,

and a host of qualities necessary to human happiness. Without it the family, society, government—everything which now forms our safety and comfort—would be impossible. How then can it ever appear commonplace? Only by losing sight of these grand results, and dwelling wholly on the burdens or injuries caused by an excessive amount of labour pressing unduly on certain individuals, or by pursuing it from compulsion alone, in a mechanical and unintelligent manner."

To many, Socialism is like a red flag to a bull, and the socialist is looked upon as an outcast and a fire-brand by a large section of society, and it is at present necessary to combat this silly idea, before people look into the real aims of the true socialist. The gospel of socialism is becoming a factor in all our future legislation. Now there is a silent growth; bye and bye a more rapid one. It is felt to be in the air. Nobody in the upper circles talks loudly about it, but it is very much thought of. Evidence of how deeply the popular mind is stirred, among the thoughtful working classes, is continually cropping up; and the socialists of London—of whom there are more than is generally supposed—have just issued an address, stating that Governments, no matter of what party, are but the instruments of the aristocratic and capitalist classes, who under different disguises, as judges and police officials, priests and hangmen, &c., use their strength and energies to support the monopolies and privileges of the exploiters. Believe me, that there is indeed a something, not only in the air, but in the hearts of the men who understand the full meaning of these words, as defined in their manifesto. Their objects are understood to be to overthrow the present competitive state of society, and to establish a new *régime*, based upon the principles of equality, liberty, and justice. That there will be a good deal of commotion before this is effected, all must admit; but that a change for the better must come, is being silently felt in all countries. There is hope now that the thinking, working reformer can defeat the humbugs that belong to the Tory, Whig or Radical wing. If the men in Parliament, who ask to be there as independent men, must be there only to assist in carrying out the wishes of mere outsiders, I say we have had

too much of such independence for the interests of the people, which are sacrificed to the selfish interest of the Parliament sitters. Their impudence in stating that they do not go there as delegates, must be punished by refusing to send such impostors at all. They who cannot go into Parliament as the honoured servants of the people, are welcome to sit in their own homes; but they are not fit to occupy a seat in the assembly of the people. Socialists know full well that the existing Parliament is made up of men of the military interest numbering 168, the aristocratic interest 272, the landed interest 267, the law interests 122, the official interest 113, the railway interest 113, the trading, manufacturing and commercial interest 155, the liquor, money, literary, professional and scientific interests, constituting the remainder, with the exception of the labour interest, which is represented by *two members only*. Most of these are known to be members of the highway—exploiter class, who think it no sin to rob and plunder in the name of the law, and at times without the name of the law. It is time this house of thieves had notice to quit, or the time may come when writs, without and within the United Kingdom, may run without the assistance of the Queen's name. The socialist of the day, who believes in the dignity of labour, and the preservation of the products of that labour, is not a Luddite of the past. It has long ceased to be the case, that the intelligent workman is the only person who is grievously discontented with the anarchy of our modern competitive system; and in the struggle which is impending, there are not a few who are ready to renounce their class for the sake of justice. In these days, the workmen know it is not the machine that is their enemy, but the manner in which it is employed. It is by no means the invention and employment of labour-saving machinery that Socialists denounce; but it is the system, through which all the inventions, and all the machinery, have failed to lighten the day's toil of a single labouring man; and now, instead of breaking the machines, it is the aim of every Socialist to teach his fellow-workmen of all countries to take control of the machine, and ensure its use in the interests of the whole of society, and not in the special interests of one class alone. The statement

of a Mr. Hyndman is well worth a notice here. He says :—" The workman repays the wages of his day's labour in the first quarter of his day's work. Therefore every employer finding work for a thousand hands at an average wage of thirty shillings, would make a profit of about a quarter of a million a year." Does Mr. Hyndman believe this to be a correct representation of the fact? " Of course not ; it being the most complete possible misrepresentation of his argument, which is, not that each labourer gives three-quarters of his time for nothing to the particular person who employs him, but that the labourers, as a class, give away that amount of unpaid " surplus value " to the classes above them, who divide the spoil among each other as best they may. And this remains true, even though particular employers of labour fail to secure any of the spoil for themselves, and, consequently, are reduced to bankruptcy. The name of the non-producing classes is legion, and every-one of them takes his tithe of the wealth which the workers produce. The share of the actual employer may be little or nothing, but none the less does the lender of capital secure interest on his loan ; the broker exact his brokerage ; the lawyer make off with his fee ; the middleman of every description pocket his profit, and the landlord make sure of his rent. Nor does even this exhaust the list of people who fatten upon the wealth which others produce ; for besides the profit which is cleared by the middleman on every transaction, and besides the rent that goes to the landlord of the concern, we have also to reckon up the rents that go to the various landlords of the different middlemen themselves, and finally the rates that are paid away to support the paupers who have been thrown out of work by the introduction of the last machine. All these numerous persons, whether willing or unwilling to work productively, are ultimately supplied with food or clothing, luxuries and necessities, by those who actually do work. When this multitude of sharers of the surplus value of the labourer has to be reckoned with, it is small wonder that the prey is not always enough to satisfy the plunderers, and that some employers are ruined while others grow rich. Employers and labourers are plunged into destitution alike,

when any great and sudden improvement in machinery unexpectedly reduces to a large extent the social labour-value of the articles which they produce. Imagine, what is perfectly possible at any moment, the invention of a cheap method of storing electricity, which would render our coal supplies superfluous to-morrow. Under any reasonable organization of society, such a discovery would be a blessing to the whole human race, and would reduce their necessary toil by half. But what would be the result under the capitalist system? Thousands of wage-slaves would be driven to the workhouse, whither hundreds of employers would speedily follow them, and the capital of a few millionaires would roll up fifty times as rapidly as before. The relative amount of surplus value has risen with the cheapening of the necessities of life, and it is made to pay tithe to half-a-dozen different capitalists to-day, for each one that it formerly was obliged to support. And the number increases, as time goes on, from the very fact that some of the producers recruit the roll of the non-producers by rising into their ranks—a fact which is quoted by some as a proof of the excellence of the system.

The future will believe in the dignity and equality of labour, and that feeling of contempt will then be felt for the man who lives upon his fellow-man, which is now felt for the vast quantity of human labour that loafs upon the tender-hearted who give when solicited. Every man is dishonest that lives upon the unpaid-in-full labour of another, whether he be the occupant of a throne, a dweller in a mansion, or the owner of a cottage. All men should be labourers in the great hive of industry, and share the toil of keeping in order the vast and diversified machinery of existence. The old idea that the fall of man brought in the curse of labour is false. The truth is, that the curse is not in the labour, but in its unequal distribution, one portion of mankind having to toil to keep another set in idleness and luxury. The result of this injustice is to be seen in the emaciated form of the overworked artizan and peasant, and in the useless and unproductive life of the indolent peer. This anomaly in our present barbarous social condition will be remedied when

each man shall do his part in his own special work in contributing to the wants of society, and building up the grandeur and stability of the general commonwealth. In these days of nationalised or socialistic arrangement, with our Postal systems, Telegraphs, &c., no one need be alarmed; and when the political history of the century comes to be written, it is very probable indeed that the Session of 1885 will be regarded as the starting point of a new development in the national career.

Assuredly it will be regarded as marking the beginning of a new era in the biography of the Liberal party; for it has seen the promulgation, by the most Radical Government that ever existed in England, of a doctrine of State duty, which the Radicals of a few years ago declared to be obsolete, and the acceptance of that doctrine by both Houses of Parliament. For many years Liberalism seemed to be drifting into individualism. Nothing was the business of the State except to keep order. The best laws were no laws at all. The highest symbol of sovereignty was the policeman's truncheon. The State had nothing to do with the health of the people, except the people cared to be healthy; nor with the habits of the people, so long as they wished them to be nasty. There was to be free trade in everything, even in disease. A political philosophy has been founded upon this convenient theory; and the political philosophers avoided all difficulties by proclaiming that no doubtful questions were within the duty of the Government; just as certain theological philosophers get rid of all difficulties about existence by labelling the subjects in dispute "insoluble problems." A very systematic theory is obtained by this process of excluding all disturbing elements; but it has the effect of not satisfying for long anybody save its inventor. The Session of 1883-4 has seen an end put to this mutilated political notion. Advanced English politicians have been drinking of the waters of Socialism, and that potion having cured them of many illusions, we have now begun a new career.

So far did it seem at first that politics were going over to Mr. Peter Taylor, that the dread of "grandmotherly legislation" seemed to be the controlling motive in politics. But

it is the author of that phrase who is now most cordial in promising liquor legislation, in providing against drunkenness on polling days, in supporting bills for putting down cruelty, and in upholding measures of health. He believes even in those Acts which his colleagues helped to set aside, and in the right of the people, as a whole, to act for the general good. All our legislation for the Session is full of this interference. It was hardly the function of Government to exist, according to the old theory; now it is Mr. Chamberlain who takes the control of bankrupt's estates, under a Government department. The Agricultural Holdings Bill puts an end to freedom of contract; and Lord Wemyss and Lord Bramwell alone are left to comfort one another with sympathetic tears. Why should not people shoot pigeons if they like? Yet a bill is, we hope, practically passed to prevent them so doing. The idea that Government might undertake the making of railways was regarded as too monstrous; but here is the Government giving £2,000,000 to Ireland for tramways. The Government has become the common carrier. When Lord Beaconsfield bought the Suez Canal shares he was going against all philosophy; but our Government was ready to lend eight millions for another canal across the Isthmus of Suez. There is hardly a bill introduced by Her Majesty's Government which does not show signs that the larger idea of the functions of the State has laid hold of statesmen. The State is already the banker of the people, insures their lives, arranges their telegrams, carries their parcels, takes care of their estates, advances money to increase their prosperity, lends money for useful public works, and is about to regulate all matters of common weal. The doctrine with which the United Kingdom Alliance was met by the believers in the philosophy of mutilation has disappeared. We are almost ripe for sanitary measures, which would at one time have seemed like the denial of liberty.

It is upon this advance of the State into all realms of the national life that our safety will depend. If we take enough of the doctrines of socialism to satisfy the growing demands of the people, we should avoid those disastrous experiments

which are born of excitement, and destroy more—much more—than they save. Freedom of contract, where one side holds a monopoly, and the other needs soil upon which to live, is a phrase; and property itself will be saved by State regulation. Just as that most socialistic of all creations—the English Poor Law—has warded off many a revolution, so will many other concessions to the same doctrine ward off Socialism itself. Prince Bismarck is trying it in Germany, other nations must follow suit; but we shall still be ahead of them all. Nor do we really think that State regulation is likely to destroy self-reliance among a people so free as ourselves. The State, after all, is ourselves; and whatever the State does must depend upon the enterprise of individuals as much as though it were done by private management. It takes as much personal energy and determination, organisation and persistence, to get a reasonable concession out of the Post Office as it does to form a public company; only when the Post Office does move the work is more cheaply and generally better done. The only thing we have to take care of is that we do not strangle infant enterprises in their cradle by red tape. If we avoid that danger we shall gain only good from the acceptance of the larger doctrine of State duty.

As a preliminary to many, and all reforms, we might accept the following of Mr. Labouchere:—

THE ENGLISH RADICAL PROGRAMME.

Mr. Labouchere, M.P., has set forth with startling plainness, and with the vigorous language of which he is a master, the programme of the Radicals, which he terms "a message of peace and good-will to many millions of suffering and toiling human beings."

ELECTORAL REFORMS.—In the ensuing session the Radicals will accept all that they can get, as an instalment. We shall not rest satisfied until we have manhood suffrage, electoral districts, and payment of members.

THE THRONE.—We think that the Crown and the Crown's family cost too much. We are not prepared to expend more than £50,000 per annum, as a maximum, upon Royalty.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—We propose to abolish the House of Lords.

IRELAND.—We are not prepared to assent to a separation. But we admit the right of Ireland to be her own mistress in everything which locally regards her.

COUNTY GOVERNMENT.—In every county there must be an assembly elected by all persons residing within its limits, and who have a vote for the election of members to the Imperial Parliament. The unpaid Magistracy will be relieved of their functions. Our object will be to transfer all local government from the landowners to the people.

LAND.—We shall legislate to reduce the landlords to the position of ground landlords. The occupiers of agricultural land will have fixity of tenure at a fair ground rent. Either they or the State will benefit by the unearned increment. The occupier, on the other hand, will be required to provide cottages, with an acre or two attached to them, for those whom he employs. No entail nor settlement of estates will be allowed. A landowner who does not cultivate, or cause to be cultivated, any portion of his estate, will lose his right to that portion. Our aim will be to break up and destroy all great territorial domains. In cities we shall allow every person who pleases to buy the freehold of his house of the landlord at its actual, and not at its prospective value, and we shall throw the burden of local taxation mainly on those persons who own property which they do not occupy.

THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.—This will be disestablished and disendowed. All living incumbents will be permitted to retain their incumbencies during their lifetime. When they die they will have no successors. The nation will re-enter into its property, and will probably devote the income derived from it to educational purposes.

EDUCATION.—We shall not only have free primary, but free secondary and technical schools.

EXPENDITURE.—Our national expenditure might be reduced by at least twenty millions. At the same time we should freely make use of the ability of the State to procure money at low interest. We should borrow this money and expend it in remunerative works, and in those calculated to benefit

trade and commerce, and to improve the position of the poorer classes.

TAXATION.—The indirect taxes would be abolished. We should levy a small poll-tax on all able-bodied adults, say 1d. per week. With the exception of this tax, taxation would only commence where the requirements to live in decent comfort end. The cost of government would, in the main, be met by a progressive income tax, and a progressive legacy duty. An important distinction would, however, be made between incomes derived from the profits of trade, or the exercise of a profession, and those accruing from the public funds and other securities. The latter would pay a higher income tax than the former. Personally, I think it would be desirable to prevent hereditary accumulations, by forbidding anyone to leave more than a specified sum to any one individual. I am not, however, certain whether all Radicals are ripe for this restriction.

I prefer the programme of the old Land and Labour League, of which I had the honour of being a co-founder, Secretary, and Treasurer, and to which I still adhere; but the good of all, and the co-operation of all, is so necessary, that we must assist in all movements, and help men to bring about the right as soon as possible. In my early years, I was much impressed with many of the views of the Positivists, the followers of Comte, the founder of the religion of humanity; and although I do not agree with all he and they maintain, still I cordially endorse their social views and aims; and I here print, for the guidance of others, the opinion of Mr. Fred. R. Harrison, as a further proof that an active movement has now set in for the amelioration of humanity. With me it is not a question *who* assists, so long as the object is achieved. All I feel is, the sooner, the better for all.

Mr. F. Harrison then said:—"They saw how completely Positivism was in line with the central movements of the time in the minor questions which stir them in thought, politics, or religion. International morality was the very basis of all Positivist teaching in politics—a principle for which they had contended in England for twenty years. So,

too, in respect of all forms of national union, for Home Rule in its widest and not in any special sense, for local self-government, for regard for local and national sentiment—principles which lay at the bottom of half the agitations of our time—these again were principles for which Positivism had contended from the moment that it raised its voice in England. The republican spirit of government, the admission of the masses to the fullest advantages of citizenship, the duty of the State to concentrate its care on the great labouring community—all this was the foundation of Positivist politics. It was in this spirit that they had fought the battles of the trades unions, of the workmen's societies, of their political enfranchisement, that they had offered them and claimed for them the privileges and honours of equal citizenship. They were Republicans—as they used to say in Paris—on the eve, Republicans before it was the fashion, and social reformers before princes and marquises took Socialism under their patronage. Socialism, they were now told, was the coming force of our age. If Socialism meant the substitution of the State or the community for personal responsibility in the management of wealth, the removal of social suffering by the direct interference of the State—then they were assuredly not Socialists. But as far as Socialism meant the entire regeneration of our social and industrial life, the diversion of all wealth and all social forces from personal ends to public and social ends, in the interest and enjoyment of all and not of privileged owners—then they were Socialists, and more than Socialists."

But much as I admire the noble efforts of the Positivists in the past, I am convinced that all their industrial and collective efforts will prove a failure, unless they fully and thoroughly comprehend the monetary exchange laws, and the need for either co-operative or individual producers, to be able to sell upon a standard value as easily for an exchange legal tender money as it now is to buy with the gold money in use. *Land and Money*, as well as all raw material, must be free, if all the industrial conditions are to work satisfactorily at all times, and for all men.

The grand principles of a Bronterre O'Brien and a Robert

Owen might, with the skill of a William Grey, be worked out on a small or a gigantic scale, and under good heads of industry, a total change could be effected for the advantage of struggling humanity. The time has come for the industrial captains and generals to take charge of our productive concerns, and instead of in the future 4,000,000 of men eating off the heads of other men, they will show how to increase the supply, so that want will not be known upon the earth ever after. It is man's fault if the poor remain with us still. Nature is libelled if she is charged with such a cruelty. The lie to such a statement will be given in the future, when man marries nature in all her arrangements. Thoughtful people who watch the times in England, and the other nations of Europe, are all agreed in the conclusion that serious and important changes are likely to take part in the present forms of government, and in the existing systems of society before the present (and next century into which we hope to live) has reached its end. In plain words, the next revolution is not so unlikely, and not so far off, as it pleases the higher and the wealthier classes among the European populations to suppose. I am, like many others, who believe that the coming convulsion will take the form this time of a social revolution, and that the man at the head of it will not be a military or a political man—but a great citizen—sprung, as all great reformers ever have from the people, and devoted heart and soul to the people's cause—all that I attempt to do, is to point out some of the causes which are paving the way for a coming change in the social and political conditions of the country, and to satisfy, if possible, all who read this book of the trustworthy nature of the remedies for existing abuses and evils in our midst, so concisely drawn attention to by some of our most prominent Radical leaders. There is more hope now that theology is dead. It is only a fight now among Churchmen and Dissenters for the tithes, the loaves and fishes to be gathered up from the weak or the credulous. Take a rapid glance at our religious systems first. What is the public aspect of the thing called Christianity in this England of ours and her colonies! A hundred different sects, all at variance with

each other. An "Established Church" living like thieves and cadgers on the best, at the producer's expense—rent in every direction by incessant wrangling—disputes about black gowns or white, about having candlesticks on tables or off tables, about bowing to the east or bowing to the west, about which doctrine collects the most respectable support, and the largest sum of money; the doctrine in my church or the doctrine in your church, or the doctrine in the church over the way. Look up from the incessant squabbling among the rank and file to the high regions in which the Lord Bishops in *their* God sit apart from the Lords who are of the God of this world. Are they Christians according to the Book? Show us the Bishop who dare assert in the House of Lords, when the ministry of the day happens to see its advantage in engaging in a war—the sinfulness of such a course. Where is that Bishop and his supporters to oppose that, or any other wrong, or uphold any right for the people? The conduct of the dignitaries and the officials of the no longer Church of England is so outrageous that it is mercy even to suggest that their benefices should be their's during their lives, and revert to the State at their deaths. Pure and simple justice would at once remove them. So long as men and women are held in bondage by the superstitions in the Church, and offered up as victims on the altars of their fears, so long will be the need of destruction. If theologians will keep up a senseless imposition, we shall render society a service in exposing such frauds and deception. Well did Froude exclaim, referring to those who, in the name of God the Highest, strive to mislead and degrade man, "What do such impostors and dressed-up charlatans deserve but to be denied, exposed, insulted, trampled under foot, danced upon, if nothing else will serve, till the very geese take courage, and venture to their shame and derision."

If the Christianity of the New Testament is to make men true, humane, honest, gentle, modest, strictly scrupulous, and strictly considerate in their dealings with their neighbours—does the Christianity of all the churches and chapels, and the sects produce these results? Look at the occupation which employs the largest number of Englishmen of all

degrees and classes. Look at our commerce. What is its social aspect, judged by morality? Let the organised systems of imposture and fraud, trading under the disguise of banks and companies, answer. It is known at times that supposed respectable names are associated as decoy birds, year after year, with the shameless falsification of accounts, and the merciless ruin of thousands upon thousands of victims. It is now known how the poor Indian customer finds his cotton print dress—a sham that falls to pieces. How the half-starved needle-woman, who buys her reel of cotton, finds printed on the label a false statement of the number of yards that she buys; and it is known that in the markets of Europe foreign goods are fast taking the place of English goods; because the foreigner is the more honest of the two, or is not so heavily burdened by rent or interest on money; and it is also known, which is worse than all, that these cruel and wicked deceptions, and many more like them are regarded, in the highest commercial circles as “forms of competition,” or as it is called the “soul of business” and justifiable proceedings in trade. Who can believe in the honour of such men, who hold such views, and accumulate wealth by such impostures as these. Is there any brighter and purer prospect when we look down upon the man, who deceives in the great scale, than upon the man who deceives us upon the small? Everything we eat, drink or wear, is more or less an adulterated commodity, and that very adulteration is sold to us by the exchangers at such outrageous prices, that we are obliged to protect ourselves on the socialistic principle, by setting up co-operative shops and stores, and which, through their eagerness for big dividends and profits, become another class of public impostors; and therefore the present aspect of morals, religion and politics, presents one wide field of corruption and abuse, and reveals a callous and shocking insensibility on the part of the nation at large—to the spectacle of its own demoralisation and disgrace—and we have to admit that in our own eyes, we see that the present system of Government does not supply any reform of the abuses mentioned, not forgetting that other

enormous abuse, represented by our intolerable national expenditure, increased as it has been, year after year, until it has reached very nearly to 100,000,000 annually! It is not worth while wasting too much time in discussing the House of Lords for three good reasons. That assembly of fools, in their dotage, not being elected by the people, has no right of existence in a really free country. Out of its large number, one half more or less directly profit by the expenditure of the public money, and are always struggling to secure, either for themselves or their friends, the salaried conditions in connection with the Government. If the assembly of the people—the House of Commons—has in it the will, as well as the capacity, to lead the way in the needful reforms, the assembly of the Lords has no alternative but to follow, to avoid the revolution which it escaped only some forty odd years ago. Well, can the House of Commons help us to get better and cheaper government by a lawful and sufficient process of reform? That assembly, it must not be forgotten, has the power, if it has the will. But is it so constituted at present as to have the will? Without the slightest doubt one can say it is not. The number of members is a little over six hundred and fifty, and not even the Peer-poet Tennyson would think of them as a "Noble Six Hundred, ready to do or die." Out of this number how many represent the trading interest of the country? As for the numbers charged with the interests of the working classes they are easily counted, not by the fingers of a man, but by each hand. It might be asked in earth's name and the people thereof, whose interest does the majority in the People's House represent? There is but one answer—the military and aristocratic, land and money interest. In these days of the decay of representative institutions, the House of Commons has become a complete misnomer. The Commons are not represented. Modern members belong to a class of the community which has no interest in providing for popular needs, and lightening popular burdens. In one word, there is no sort of hope for us in the present House of Commons. But it may be asked whose fault is this? and we can all answer with shame and sorrow, it is the people's

fault, emphatically the fault of the people, and it is now seen plainly that it is to the disgrace and the peril of England, that the people themselves have not had the power of electing the representative assembly to legislate for the people's wants. The voters in town and country must have every conceivable freedom secured to them to exercise the sacred trust of giving their vote to elect their representatives in the future Houses of Commons, and thus prove that they know thoroughly what they are entitled to, and knowing, see that they come into possession of all the rights and conditions of an Englishman. Monopoly in land and monopoly in money have produced monopoly in voting, and thus it happens to-day, that the proud Englishman that sings with all his heart and soul—"Britannia rules the waves," and that they—the Britons—never, no never, by G—d, "never shall be slaves," are landless, money-less, vote-less slaves at the present time in the land of their birth, and that without a speedy alteration, this will be the condition of their children. So confident am I of these truths, that I care not what may be said of my extreme views. With our narrow representative system, who are worthy to uphold the privileges struggled and fought for from the time of England's giant among giants, the Saxon Cromwell? Who are they that uphold the great trust of the liberties of the people? There is the highly educated class that despairs, because, although highly educated, it knows not what liberty and justice mean, and therefore holds aloof. There is the class beneath—the middle class of England, the bourgeois of France, without self-respect, therefore without public spirit, which can be bribed indirectly by the gift of a place, by the concession of a lease, even by an invitation to a party of a great house, which includes the wives and the daughters; and there is, thanks to the action of the aristocracy and the other plunderers, a lower class still,—mercenary, corrupt and shameless to the marrow of their bones, which sells itself, and its individual and collective liberties for money and drink. I wish to be an alarmist, for if there is not the capacity in this England of ours for a peaceful revolution, there will be, as the alternative, a bloody one. History warns us that in all countries there

are social and political corruptions, which strike their roots in a nation so deep, that no force but the force of a revolution can tear them out; and it is generally admitted, by older and wiser men than myself, that the corruptions and monopolies that I have hinted at, are fast extending themselves in England and Europe, beyond that lawful and and bloodless reform which has guided us in the past. I trust that a *mind* revolution will yet bring us all the changes necessary, and that the future will prove I am right, when I say the remedies on which a permanent, complete and final reform can be built, whether it prevents a convulsion or follows a revolution, are to be found within the covers of this book—one of the social, political, financial bibles of the English, and the inhabitants of our mother earth. Are these the wild words of an enthusiast! Is it the dream of an earthly paradise, that, as Bright states, is to give us not a new heaven, but a new earth. Is it folly so to believe? I think not, and I am constrained to say, that with a full reverence for nature and its proper use, in, and under all conditions, and with perfect love for your neighbour, which will bring as its outcome perfect love for one's self, will bring happiness to all in the present and future.

A day or two ago, news came from Spain that there had been some military turmoil at Badajos. In this morning's papers the intelligence published already wears a much more serious aspect, and I have just seen some private telegrams which imply that a general revolution is apprehended, if not actually in progress. Nobody ever knows anything about political movements in Spain, but we have had various hints for some months past, that the Republican and Socialist parties have been making head. If there is to be a great social upheaval in Spain, it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the news. Germany, France, Russia and Italy, contain unknown forces, in the way of Socialism, and in short, there is no knowing how far the infection may spread. I am well aware that no subject is more engrossing the attention of intelligent mechanics in the North of England, than what may be described as the social revolution.

MADRID, JAN. 14.—In Congress to-day: Senor Castelar began his speech, which has been nearly one month in preparation. The anxiety to hear him was such that at five o'clock this morning some eighty persons had congregated in front of the entrance to the public tribunes, one enthusiast having brought his mattress with him in order to pass the night comfortably.

Senor Castelar's address—at least the part delivered to-day—was academic and historical, and contained some brilliant periods.

He began by stating that he intended to deal with the question of the honour of the nation, and to defend the substance of the principles which he advocated, namely, the conciliation of Liberal parties. He said that Spain was a democracy, and therefore her constitution should be democratic. He warned the Chamber that it must proceed prudently. If not, the democracy, which for the moment might organise itself under a Monarchy, would organise itself under a Republic. He desired the Constitution of 1860, in its entirety, and asserted that the present Constitutional party only represented the Conservatives.

JAN. 15, 1884.—The diplomatic tribune to-day was crowded with representatives of nearly all the Powers—there being an exception in the case of France—to hear Senor Castelar's attack on the King's visit to Germany, upon the German Emperor and the Germans; and his defence of France and the French Republic. The speech in its innumerable, brilliant periods, evidently carefully committed to memory, was a great oratorical effort. Excepting, however, when his impassioned eulogiums of the Latin race, and especially of Spain and the Spaniards, and a most marvellous philippic against the originators of the Paris scandal, excited applause in the Tribunes. It appeared to be instinctively felt that the speech was that of a statesman who aspired to occupy an important post in his country's service.

France, for Senor Castelar, is the representative of reason and justice in the world. Germany, practically, of the Uhlan uniform, and he asserted that the German Emperor, in giving King Alfonso a colonelship of Uhlans, only sought a pretext

for war against his neighbours. He continued his eulogy of the Latin races, which were first in the world at nearly all points, which should join with England and America to impose their will upon the Empires and Monarchies of Central Europe. The plutocratic classes in England have been solemnly warned of the fearful perils seething around their luxury, and unless they strive to abate the pervading misery and desolation of the masses, they may suddenly be confronted with the demon of a desperate democracy—akin to that of the days of Danton and Desmoulines.

The next Liberal premier in the House of Commons will mark a new departure in politics. It must be one of two men—Mr. Chamberlain or Sir Charles Dilke; and both are politicians of a class which has never yet arrived at the highest honours of the Treasury bench: in other words, they are both Radicals.

Here I conclude, in the full hope that *some* Radical premier will have the hearty support of all the Reformers and Radicals to help on the work of the future. I feel that with the aristocratic connexions of a Gladstone, who is not a Gladstone in our need, reforms are impossible, and there is no room for me in *his* Cabinet; but with a Chamberlain of the people in its truest sense—one to guard the people's chamber, and the people likewise, I would have no objection to hold the portfolio of Public Works, upon the understanding that my system of "How to Construct the same by means of Public Legal Tender Notes," is to be adopted, and thus, in so doing, without Bonds, Mortgages, Loans, or the Burden of Interest, and then, indeed, one might expect the long prayed and hoped for

MILLENIUM.





CHAPTER XIX.

FINDING that time and tide would not wait, even for me, a Boon, any more for than any other man, and the steamer being advertised to start punctually from East London, I, with heaviness at my heart, at last bade my family farewell, perhaps for ever, for ought I knew. But there, it is no use repining, all friends must part, and take their last farewell. The thought and fact may be hard from the circumstances, but how soon we part none can tell. At the station I bade farewell to the hard-worked Minister of Kei-road and his happy-looking wife, who, although poor, seemed to me to be one who could understand the real idea of Moore, the Irish poet, who exclaims :—

O! what was love made for, if 'tis not same,
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame,
I know not, I ask not, if there is guilt in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Though it may be a matter of dispute, as to whether or not men can be happy without material wealth, no one will for a moment assert that they can be happy without those energies or faculties which are used in procuring wealth. The man who can become rich through patience, including self-control, temperance, economy, foresight, and judgment, may retain a good degree of serenity, if misfortune rob him of his riches; but if he should be devoid of these desirable characteristics, no one can sufficiently picture his desolation and future misery. No unhappiness in life is equal to unhappiness at home. All other personal miseries can be better borne than the terrible misfortune of domestic disunion, and none so completely demoralises the nature. The anguish of disease itself is modified, ameliorated, even rendered blessed, by the tender

touch, the dear presence of the sympathetic beloved ; and loss of fortune is not loss of happiness where family love is left. But the want of that love is not to be supplied by anything else on earth. Health, fortune, success, nothing has its full savour, when the home is unhappy ; and the greatest triumphs out of doors are of no avail to cheer the sinking heart when the misery within has to be encountered. Life is warfare, and those who climb steep paths, and go through dangerous enterprises, are the brave men and leaders ; but to rest basely at the cost of others labours is to be a coward ; safe, although despised.

Girls, whose parents can afford to keep servants, get the impression sometimes that it is " quite out of the question " to engage in any kind of household work, some even leaving the care of their own room to that of hired help. Such girls are the embodiment of laziness. There is no reason why every girl should not understand the running of the household machinery, so that, if at any time her mother were sick, and unable to oversee the usual arrangements, she might be able to take her place and manage satisfactorily.

It may be laid down as an uncontrovertible principle, that no family can be happy without employment—regular, diversified, continually recurring employment. There may be the possession of wealth, there may be an ample and beautiful domain, there may be everything externally to enjoy ; but unless there be appropriate and varied employment to occupy the body, engross the mind, and awaken the energies, there cannot be happiness. It is the active, industrious, persevering family that is the truly happy family, not the idle, the slothful, the useless—not the family that has no definite plan, no fixed and important object, no personal and collective energy.

Although he was poor, I could not but advise this hard-worked minister and schoolmaster, not to allow his patrons to insist that his wife should neglect her family ties and duties away from her home, while they imposed upon them so much. Better would it be for him to grow potatoes as an independent man. A wife with a family has no business to supplement income by out-door labour ; but if it was still his aim and delight to " teach the young idea how to shoot," to do his

utmost to teach the boys and girls the love of truth and honesty, as any education that forgot these two items, was most demoralising.

And so with a farewell to my heavy-hearted friends and family, I jumped on to the car of civilisation, bid good-bye to Mount Pleasant, and steamed away to East London, and, at the usual time, once more found myself at the Phoenix Hotel, which truly had risen out of the ashes of its dead self, since I knew it twelve months before. Singular to relate, I met there an old friend—one who had done her best to help on reforms in old England. Although she was not satisfied with all the movements of the leaders of the "Army of Martyrs" for the benefit of the people, still she had full faith that their efforts for the right would prove successful, and that she would, old as she was, still help them on in the old land when once she made up her mind for a journey over the "herring pond" to take her part in humanity's struggles, in opposition to the many human sharks that are eating up the vitals of the people. East London had completed its public works, and laid out its botanical garden to the delight of all the nursery maids and their would-be wooers, who freely took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded of love-making. The only thing wanted to make this gem city perfect, was the laying on of water, which with sound municipal heads, as "fathers of the city," and a perfect knowledge of finance, could be accomplished. All that was needed was a knowledge of finance, and I put my views on the subject in the form of a letter to the heads of the Twin town, on the banks of the Buffalo. Panmure is the out and inlet right up to the vast interior, and, therefore, must advance, and all her improvements and public works must be in proportion to her future wants and requirements.

"How to Construct Railways, Tramways, Breakwaters, Harbours of Refuge, and other Public Works throughout Cape Colony *without the burden of interest or taxation.*

To the Mayor, Council and Citizens of East London.

Gentlemen,—Having the pleasure of passing through Panmure, I am informed by your fellow-townsmen that you sadly need a much better and larger supply of pure water,

and that if arrangements could be made for making an aqueduct to supply the town with water, as well as the construction of a breakwater and docks, much advantage would accrue to your town and to the colony generally. Many persons have drawn attention to the inadequate supply of water in your town, also to the want of a properly constructed breakwater and docks for the port, and have at various times urged upon the public to demand that such works be carried out. True it is, that a large sum of money has been spent both in water-works and for a breakwater; but after all the outlay the quality and quantity of the water is not equal to the demand.

Many schemes have been propounded, and plans submitted to the public, in the hope that something would have been done ere this. Plans have been submitted to bring water from the Buffalo river and other places, where it was known that large quantities of water could be procured; and, undoubtedly, one of these plans would have been carried out but for the want of means.

Allow me to suggest that the following plan be adopted:—Supposing the estimated cost of the breakwater, docks, and water-works to be five or six millions of pounds; let an application be made to Parliament during the next Session for the loan of the same in Colonial notes of £1, free of all interest, such notes to be issued and marked for the express purpose of building and making your public works. The notes so issued to be *legal tender* for all taxes and payments in the colony, just as the present Colonial notes are used. The notes so advanced to be paid away to the men who now own the present water-works, breakwater, and land that would be required to enlarge and complete the same; also to the men who would make the bricks, the ironwork, the woodwork, and in fact to all, for material and labour used in such works. It is not for want of material or men that the works are not done. We know that there are millions of tons of clay, sand and chalk ready to be made into bricks; millions of tons of iron and wood ready to be used for such purposes; and as regards men, your every-day knowledge can testify that there are hundreds of surveyors, brickmakers, bricklayers, car-

penters, ironworkers, excavators and others wanting and asking for work, who would be only too glad to assist in the building of public works that would add to the comfort of your town. When the whole of the notes so advanced were paid away, and you in possession of the water-works, docks and break-water, you would be enabled to charge for water supplied, and the use of the docks at the rate of five per cent. over and above the cost of wear; and then with this five per cent. call in one twentieth of the notes so advanced, so that in the course of twenty years, the whole of the notes would be redeemed out of the income of the works. After the redemption you could reduce the charges, or continue the same, and thus provide an income for local purposes, instead of the present charges levied on the town. These works must be made, and, as representative men of East London, I beg you to take the matter in hand, for the advantage of the people and the reduction of local taxation. Let there be no delay. Prove, by your actions, that you are the wise men of the Eastern Province, elected for your business-like qualities, and your desire to serve your fellow-citizens. You now have an opportunity to carry out a great work, and thus add to the comfort and happiness of your town, and to immortalise your names as benefactors of the human race. Let the future prove you are the men equal to the task, and—

In our requirements with legal tenders chase—
 All fear of want from Labour's hardy race;
 Bid aqueducts be formed to bring the rills
 Of purest water from the neighbouring hills;
 Bid lakes expand where youth may safely float;
 Bid deepened streams the health of towns promote;
 Bid harbours open, public works and ways extend;
 Bid temples worthy of art and science ascend;
 Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain;
 The mole projected break the roaring main—
 Back to her bounds the subject sea command,
 And roll obedient rivers through the land.
 Lastly, let Government such wages give
 On public works that all may toil and live;
 Then all who toil will find life pass along,
 Happier, sustained by labour than by wrong;

Then will our honest workers be better fed—
No workhouse test nor destitution dread—
And all around them rising in the scale
Of comfort, show that humanity's laws prevail.

At this time the question of Free Trade was occupying the attention of the frontier men, and of the colony, and as an out and out Free Trader, I feel it incumbent on me to give not only my own views, but the statements of others, which definitely settles the whole question, as I believe, in favour of Free Trade principles. "Protection" for an individual or individuals has been the curse of all time. Free Trade in land; Free Trade in money; Free Trade in exchanges; a National Corn Standard of Value; Cost the limit of Price, is all we want to make our land and mechanical producers men, not as now, slaves and wage-receivers from the monopolists and protectors of old vested interests, in opposition to modern *rights of men*. To enable all to fully understand the question, I here append the views of the colonists, and to strengthen the hands of Englishmen, the views *and facts* of England's Saxon giant, John Bright. While substantially agreeing with all that he maintains up to a certain time, we now require not only the support of Free Traders for corn, but a new race of reformers; Free Traders that can start from the point where Bright and his Manchester school left off; who, instead of merely working to help the spinners of Lancashire, will help the whole nation, and then Free Trade will be a wide-world principle for all, giving a full opportunity to all men to start from the lowest rung in the ladder of life. The cry must now be, freedom to all—away with all monopoly.

See the marvellous outcome of freedom in land, as in America; think what can be effected with freedom in money.

RESOURCES AND GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Rev. F. Barham Zindee, who has lately returned from a visit to the United States, has delivered a lecture intended to express his views of the resources of that country, and the prospective growth of the population. And although we must take his estimate with a large degree of modification, yet the

facts he presents are sufficiently surprising to justify great anticipations of the future of that great country. The lecturer stated that the population of the Union, now amounted to over 50,000,000, and that it doubled every twenty-five years. If it continued at that rate, in one hundred years time the population would number 800,000,000. But what would become of this vast number of people? He ventured to say that they would cross the plateau of Mexico, and soon swamp the whole of South America. It was computed that at the present time 36,000,000 persons were engaged in cultivating the soil on the 4,500,000 farms in the States, and 85 per cent. of the whole of the produce was grown by the hand of the farmer and his family. It is, of course, not at all likely that the prediction that in 1983, the population of the United States will reach eight hundred millions, as there is no doubt that checks, and adverse circumstances will arise, that will prevent such a congestion of inhabitants as the lecturer anticipated; but it is nevertheless true, that the rapid progress of the American nation is one of the most wonderful phenomena not only of the present, but of all times. We acquiesce in the opinion of the lecturer, that when the population of the Northern Continent greatly increases, it will overflow its boundaries, colonise Mexico, and swamp the whole of South America.

At the same time, the military aspect of the case should not attract exclusive attention, and it should not be forgotten that every mile of road laid down in the vast region now under discussion will promote trade, and will help to take the cereals of Russia to the markets of the consumer. Transportation in Russia is notoriously imperfect, and very many grain regions under the jurisdiction of the Czar cannot reach the market for want of railroads. It is possible that the Russian roads now building or projected will carry soldiers to the field of battle and destruction; but it is certain that they will carry wheat and rye to the consumer, and that, in a remote way, they will compete with the American grain-carrying roads. It is proper not to forget the fact that Russia alone is amply able to produce all the wheat needed by Europe, and that it will surely produce more than it does now

when it has more railroads and better systems of agriculture. Russia has many thousands of square miles of virgin land fit for wheat culture, and if Russia were inhabited by Americans, these lands would be opened to trade by nothing else than railroads. But the roads would not be called "strategic lines."

The countries most in need of foreign cereals are the United Kingdom, France and Germany. Time will show whether they will be supplied by Russia or America—two countries wonderfully alike as grain producers. America used to rely on its prairies; Russia matches them by her "black earth," which extends throughout her central and southern Governments. America boasts of its extreme West; Russia possesses a great East, which can supply all Europe with food. And even American mines of precious metals seem to have a competitor in Russia. Nominally, Russia opens this wealth for military purposes; in reality, the strategic lines of the Czar's empire will carry to the best markets of the world, wheat, rye, meats, gold and silver, and a few years will suffice to make this competition quite formidable.

HUMANITY.

Far from the cares or glories that await
The pomp of courts, the pageantry of state;
Far from the bar, the senate, and the throne,
Where shines the scholar, and where sleeps the drow;
Where wealthy dulness and unlettered pride,
Ambition's wiles pursue with hasty stride—
Dwelt, in a calm recess, sacred to truth,
And peace-clad virtue, in the bloom of youth,
Humanity—Heaven's fairest, favourite child,
Of manners gentle and affections mild.

Thou gracious maid! Heaven's own peculiar care,
Its bright original—as good, as fair,
Congenial Nature formed, then sent thee forth
In all the majesty of native worth.
'Tis thine, meek goddess of the tearful eye!
To teach the labouring breast to heave the sigh;
'Tis thine to teach kind pity to express
The tenderest language when she views distress,
To touch with sympathy the rugged soul,
Melt with affection, and with love control.

The shivering beggar with affrighted look,
Whose weakened senses the loud tempest shook,
With eyes aghast and trembling hand implores
The scantiest meed of kind compassion's stores.
Behold a wretch whom the blind fates attend,
The child of anguish and misfortune's friend !
In all the woe-spun garb of sorrow dressed—
Earth, his hard couch, and poverty, his guest.
View him, while hunger, with bemoaning cries,
And humble language pleading, courts supplies ;
While want, expiring, rears her drooping head,
And, in despair, solicits every aid—
View him, while in the gasp of death, alone,
Calling on Heaven, he cries—"Thy will be done."

Come, then sweet harbinger of grateful ease,
Queen of the expansive heart ! Come—and appease
The deep-felt cries of agonising grief,
And save a brother with thy prompt relief,
Grant to a wretch like this thy kindred aid—
A wretch, in sorrow's sable snit arrayed.
Impress this sentiment on every mind—
"I am a man, and feel for all mankind."





CHAPTER XX.

AT East London, as well as elsewhere, great distress was being felt by the bigots, at the want of support to the religious conventicles. I could have sympathised with them, if they had expressed their surprise at the want of a deep, true, religious feeling of the positive kind for the guidance of humanity; but simply to deplore that their churches were empty, was most contemptible on their part. The promenading to church of a Sunday to inspect each other, and gossip away the time, and in some cases worse, was a specimen of folly one found oft repeated. At this time, complaints were made of the "giggling" in church. If the laughing was indulged in to express contempt for the mummeries, forms and ceremonies, carried on, it might be excusable, although in bad taste; but if, as in one case, it was only to cover the lecherous apes that stare at and ogle the girls in what should be a sacred house; then I protest against such profane levity. I was informed of one, whose father had been sent over the seas for bestiality, who with such a fact staring him in the face, misconducted himself like a Mephistopheles in "Faust" by cozening and leading astray, pure and innocent girls. If these goats will not take warning, then society must, for its own protection, and especially of the young and weak, adopt the American method of depriving these wretches of their power to do harm. Inside or outside, churches must not be desecrated by such wretched misconduct.

The above jottings completed, I hastened to bed and rest, in anticipation of my next day's journey on the sea. Early in the morning, on the tug, I came in contact with the wild

man of Kok-stad, on the railway and on the ship. He was awfully big, impudently staring at the ladies, and otherwise showing rudeness. But there; in this he was no worse than any of his brother magistrates. It is monstrous, that these young men should be placed in such responsible positions, holding as they do, the liberty of both "white" and "black" in their hands. For want of years and wisdom, they used their power arbitrarily in so many cases, that at last the natives, headed by Gangelizewi, his sons and headmen, with their people, requested that all magistrates, with the exception of the chief magistrate at Umtatu, be removed. The Tembus stated that they had suffered more wrongs and injustice from the magistrates, policemen, and others near the magistrate—*missionaries, traders and magistrates clerks*—than was bearable. They admitted that at one time they had their tribal wars, and that it was better for one supreme head to guide and govern them, and look after the interests of the different tribes; and if a good magistrate was placed at the head, he would be able to stop many evils, at the beginning, or before they became widespread. With the white man came the knowledge of a mouthful of potatoes, of wheaten bread, of the way to feed horses to make them strong, and to improve their stock. Therefore they wish to be under the heads of the English people, instead of remaining the victims of the changing policy of a Colonial Government, that filled up all responsible positions with their friends, to such an extent that it was said that the Transkei had become the out-door relief land for the imbecile and incapable relations of the ministry; just as the responsible positions of the Crown Colonies are the out-door receptacle of the incapables of the governing classes of England. Get a troublesome poor relation, pack him off to the colonies to the disgust of the inhabitants is almost played out in England; and the time has now arrived, when it must be stopped in our Native Reserves. The natives must be allowed their own liberty; they, like the people of the Old World, have had too much governing, or rather, let me say, badgering, to their mental, physical and material injury. The peculiar particular wild man of Kok-stad was no worse than

his predecessor, who by his hasty temper and want of dignity so disgusted the natives and Griqua, that, in haste for a supposed injury, they rushed to arms, determined to rid themselves of what they considered a monster and a fool. Passing on through Griqualand East at that very time, on my way through Kok-stad to the colony, I had full opportunity of seeing his stupidity.

I have in my "History of the Free State," when drawing attention to the migration of these Griquas, under their Chief Kok, given an account of that awful time to me, when we were besieged and attacked within fifteen miles of Kok-stad, and that time of horror to me and others would never have been experienced but for the folly of this chief magistrate. I well remember, while in the town, witnessing a specimen of his hasty military temper. A native messenger, who like myself, was a stranger to the town, and all persons therein, desiring to know the house of the magistrate, by a singular circumstance solicited information from the chief magistrate himself. The surprise of the man can be imagined, when in taking the letter, he found himself turned round and kicked on his back parts. In disgust he asked the reason for this, and was then told, for not taking his hat off when addressing him—the mighty one—the chief magistrate. Now this oversight was perfectly excusable, from the fact that the magistrate had on at the time no symbol of office to denote who he was. I was informed that there was nothing strange in this proceeding; that he hobnobbed, and then swore at the Griquas in his own Court-house, until, instead of being honoured, he was held in contempt by all. But what can be expected of men who, while presiding in a "Native" court of justice, sit with their hats on, and smoke in the Court-house, instead of showing manliness, dignity, and even-handed justice, dealt out without temper or prejudice. It is for the want of these qualifications that the "white" Governors stink among the natives, and until wise, aged, men are appointed, who can carefully and fairly judge between man and man, there will be a continued feeling of contempt for "white" magistrates. While passing over the sea, the now notorious missionary, Shaw, passed us on his way to

parade as a martyr before the English public at Exeter Hall. These missionaries put on an indignant tone when they are interfered with in their gathering up of all they can lay their hands on among the natives. Men who come in contact with the natives and the missionaries, know full well their mode of getting rich, siding with native faults in opposition to Government, and those in authority. There is nothing wonderful in the attack of the French in Madagascar. If England was justified in destroying Alexandria, in defence of her rights, as the Government conceived them, *i.e.*, the necessity of keeping open their future water-way, the French were right in removing those who stood in their way; and if a Shaw will make a show of resistance, he must expect opposition, and even removal for the time being, to prevent more mischief. As a fact, the religious missionary is getting an out-door nuisance, constantly stirring up ill-feeling, and he is now openly called a curse to the natives. By teaching all natives that they are of one blood, and that they have never-dying souls to save, without giving any good reason (the fact is that they cannot give any idea of the entity they call soul quality) is causing all the trouble. They know no more than the spiritualistic churches and others pretend to know, of spirit. They will tell you it has no substance, and waste valuable time in discussing metaphysical questions totally unappreciable by the native, instead of teaching how to take advantage of all machinery that will improve their lands, and benefit them materially.

In China, India, and in fact in all our colonies, and other parts of the world, among all nations everywhere, the pampered missionary of the day, is a cheat and a hindrance to good conditions, and is known as a fraud, both upon those who support him in his "Fatherland," and those among whom he settles. Shaw's treatment, which he fully deserved, if all is true, gave him an opportunity for a long holiday, and to pose as a martyr, and to state how he was starved. The stupid tale may bring tears to the old ladies in their second childhood, and young unthinking maids; but to men, it is simply disgusting. That they should get supported, and have at times the opportunity of creating ill-feeling between

two nations who, for the sake of common humanity, and the interests at stake, for future generations on the Continent, would otherwise live in amity, peace and good-will for all time to come is disgraceful; and men, either of the Church of Rome or the Church of England and other religious bodies, should discontinue giving support to such men, who live under such false conditions. The view that *Truth* takes of the incident is so true that I cannot but give it, to show that others see the facts of the matter in the right light.

"There is great irritation in the Paris press upon the Shaw affair, and the late Admiral was sadly in error to glorify a comfortable missionary by a little privation and detention. Many of these self-expatriated gentlemen lead lives of ideal pleasure, if they have the tastes of the naturalist and botanist, so their talk of loss of society and distance from civilisation is offensive nonsense. They get monthly mails, and we have seen photos of their lovely chalets perched on charming sites. The difference between their lot and that of old-time emissaries to the heathen is most striking, while some visit Europe every five years to fan the zeal of supporters, and to recruit from tropical lassitude. We know of one in Cape Colony, who, from dealing in petty stores, has become the owner of a great saw-mill, cutting up thousands of noble yellow-wood trees, costing him nothing but felling and hauling. We fear he never planted to repair the loss. This person was a Sunday-school teacher, sent out free of cost, and ignorant of the Kaffir tongue."

Truth is very sarcastic on this subject. The paragraph writer says:—"Although Admiral Pierre seems to have been a man of small discretion, I wait to hear the French account of Mr. Shaw's arrest before feeling indignant at it; for there are generally two sides to every question, and experience has usually shown that this is essentially the case where missionaries are concerned. One of Mr. Shaw's complaints is, that when on board the ship, he was only given the fare of a common sailor. In the old days, when missionaries really incurred dangers and privations, they thought themselves lucky if they did not become the fare of a savage, and it is a signal instance of the change which has taken place in their

mode of viewing their position, that one of them should be whimpering because he was forced to be satisfied for a week or two with food that was good enough for mere common sailors. Amongst missionaries there are doubtless many excellent and self-sacrificing men; but missionary labour has now become a profession, like any other. A good many of these professionals make money by trading, in addition to their salaries, and render themselves dangerous nuisances by mixing themselves up in the temporal affairs of their flocks."

In a second paragraph the same writer continues:—"It is stated that Mr. Shaw has come home to demand compensation, and that he thinks about £5,000 would be a proper amount. What he might fairly claim, if he can show that he incurred losses through the improper conduct of the French authorities, is precisely the value of what he has lost. For a missionary to ask to be indemnified for having been arrested, imprisoned for a short time in a French man-of-war, and given the food of a sailor, and thus endeavour to make a good thing of the incident, is a most wondrous view of missionary labour. Who can suppose that St. Paul would—had he been able to appeal to a court of law—have asked for a good round sum for having been given forty stripes save one, and have retired from business on the proceeds of his flogging."

At last, I was delighted to get off a vessel of steam, for her power of steam had to raise the same by coal, and to choke out the passengers, and to shake out the health of the body by the constant vibration of the screw. Thanks to the true priesthood of men—the philosophers and scientists, the day is dawning when coiled up electricity will propel us on in a quiet way over the land and through the deep. Truly then all Nature's paths will be paths of peace, and all her ways enjoyable; and when all our cooking is done by solar heat, then will out-door life on Nature's carpet be an Eden indeed; but not to bring, as some people believe, perfect rest for life, but made enjoyable by fulfilling the work of life, and reaping the results of the labour of those who have gone before, and in reality lived for others; thus making the religion of humanity with all its positive knowledge and facts, subservient to man in the future. Then may the Millenium

be expected, and the prolonged life made happy, and no fear of the future, as now, for all things will be possible to them that love Nature and Nature's laws.

After two days of starvation on the sea, and once again on *terra firma*, in the old Belgrave Hotel, I enjoyed my meals immensely; and really it is almost pleasant to go without for a season, to feel the keen enjoyment of eating when downright hungry. Marvellous had been the change in one year in Durban. Verily the inhabitants are determined that it should vie with some of the cities of Australia; for what with their paths paved with stones, brought a distance of forty miles, their sandy roadways macadamised and made hard with steam rollers, their new lights all over the city, and their private buildings. The new Town Hall may be said to be largest in South Africa, and when finished and replete with all the adjuncts, a hall indeed for the Natalians to be proud of. As far as I could ascertain, no expense was to be spared to make Durban the envy of all Africa. I here took the opportunity of sending to the council the following letter, to guide them in the future:—

"How to build Public Waterworks, Railways, Tramways, Breakwaters, Harbours of Refuge, and other Public Works throughout Natal, without the burden of interest or taxation.

"To the Mayor, Council, and Citizens of Durban.—Gentlemen.—Having the pleasure of a visit to Durban, I am informed by your fellow townsmen, that you sadly need a much better and larger supply of pure water, and that if arrangements could be made for making an aqueduct to supply the town with water, also the construction of a breakwater and docks, and a complete system of railways, much advantage would accrue to your town and to the colony generally. Many persons have drawn attention to the inadequate supply of water in your town, also to the want of a properly constructed breakwater and docks for this port, and have at various times urged upon the public to demand that such works be carried out. True it is, that a large sum of money has been spent both in waterworks and for a breakwater; but after all the outlay the quality and quantity of the water is not equal to the demand."

Many schemes have been propounded, and plans submitted to the public, in the hope that something would have been done ere this. Plans have been submitted to bring water from your rivers and other places, where it was known that large quantities of water could be procured; and undoubtedly, one of these plans would have been carried out but for the want of means.

Allow me to suggest that the following plan be adopted :— Supposing the estimated cost of the breakwater, docks, and waterworks to be five or six millions of pounds; let an application be made to Parliament during the next Session for the loan of the same in notes of £1., free of all interest, such notes to be issued and marked for the express purpose of building and making your public works. The notes so issued to be *legal tender* for all taxes and payments in the colony, just as the present Colonial notes are used. The notes so advanced to be paid away to the men who now own the present waterworks, breakwater, and land that would be required to enlarge and complete the same; also to the men who would make the bricks, the iron work, the wood work, and, in fact, to all, for material and labour used in such works. It is not for want of material or men that the works are not done. We know that there are millions of tons of clay, sand, and chalk ready to be made into bricks; millions of tons of iron and wood ready to be used for such purposes; and, as regards men, your every-day knowledge can testify that there are hundreds of surveyors, brickmakers, bricklayers, carpenters, ironworkers, excavators and others, wanting and asking for work, who would be only too glad to assist in the building up of public works that would add to the comfort of your town. When the whole of the notes so advanced were paid away, and you in possession of the waterworks, docks, and breakwater, you would be enabled to charge for water supplied, and the use of the docks at the rate of 5 per cent. over and above the cost of wear; and then, with this 5 per cent. call in one-twentieth of the notes so advanced, so that in the course of twenty years, the whole of the notes would be redeemed out of the income of the works. After the redemption you could reduce the charges, or continue the

same, and thus provide an income for local purposes, instead of the present charges levied on the town. These works must be made, and as representative men of Durban, I beg of you to take the matter in hand for the advantage of the people, and the reduction of local taxation. Let there be no delay. Prove by your actions that you are the wise men of Natal, elected for your business-like qualities, and your desire to serve your fellow-citizens. You now have an opportunity to carry out a great work, adding to the comfort and happiness of your colony, and to immortalise your names as benefactors of the human race. Let the future prove you are the men equal to the task, and—

In our distress with legal tenders chase
 All fear of want from Labour's hardy race;
 Bid aqueducts be formed to bring the rills
 Of purest water from the neighbouring hills;
 Bid dams expand where youth may safely float;
 Bid deepened streams the health of towns promote;
 Bid harbours open, public works and ways extend;
 Bid temples worthier of Art and Science ascend;
 Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain;
 The mole projected break the roaring main.
 Back to her bounds; the subject sea command;
 And roll obedient rivers through the land.
 Lastly, let Government such wages give
 On public works that all may toil and live;
 Then all who toil will find life pass along
 Happier, sustained by labour than by wrong.
 Then will our honest workers be better fed—
 No workhouse test nor destitution dread—
 And all around them rising in the scale
 Of Comfort, show that Humanity's laws prevail."

RAILWAYS AND HOW TO CONSTRUCT THEM.

DEDICATED TO THE GOVERNOR AND MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT
 IN NATAL.

GENTLEMEN.—For reasons best known to your constituents, you have been elected to fill one of the most honourable and responsible positions in the colony. Much has been done to improve the cities and ports, in the making of roads, and last, but not least, the construction of some few miles of railway.

So far as the work done is concerned, I have no desire to complain; but as regards the work to be done in the future, and how the work shall be done, I take this opportunity of suggesting. It must be a painful fact for you, while passing from your constituencies to the metropolis, to commence your duties in the future Parliament, to have so many bad roads and annoyances to encounter, owing to the want of a proper system of railways throughout the country. I can quite comprehend that you would alter all this if you could only meet with some well-devised plan, providing for a thorough net-work of railways up to the Free State and the towns, by means of loop lines, also showing how the means could be found to carry out the same. Believing this to be your position towards the public, I make bold to show you by what process the railways can be most economically and effectually attained.

In the future construction of railways I would urge the following plan:—That, in the event of Parliament being satisfied that additional railroads were required, the estimated cost, in the form of £1 notes, be issued by a bank created for the express purpose; such notes to be legal tender for all taxes, debts, rents, &c., throughout the colony; the notes to pay for all material in the colony and for workmanship. Thus, if the railway to the Diamond Fields, with all the connecting loops to the large towns and villages, was estimated to cost, in materials and workmanship, £10,000,000, that sum should be created in £1 notes to construct the same. That when the line was in working order, a charge upon the same to be made that would enable the Government, after allowing for the cost of wear and tear, to call in 5 per cent. of the £10,000,000 so issued. By this process the whole of the £10,000,000 would be cleared off in 20 years, and the line absolutely free from all constructing charges, and then leaving in the care of the Colonists a property worth £10,000,000, upon which, if they felt so disposed, a charge could be made that would provide an income to meet the expenses of Government, without resorting to the wretched system of imposing custom and other petty dues, **that only burden the people, and add to the cost of com-**

modities, and prevent all those engaged in such collection adding to the productions of the colony.

Cost in the future must be the limit of price in all our Colonial concerns; and when we take into consideration the report of the Railway Commissioners of 1865, who proved it was possible that in England coals could be carried at 1d. per ton per mile, including the taking back of the empty trucks, and still leave a handsome profit; and further, that a train capable of travelling a distance of a mile, containing 500 passengers, would only cost on an average 2s. per mile, thus enabling passengers to travel at the rate of 12 or 16 miles for a penny.

I believe it would be possible, under a proper system of construction of railways in this colony, for goods to be carried at 6d. per ton per mile, and passengers at 6d. per journey of 12 or 16 miles, and then leave sufficient to allow of the 5 per cent. for the redemption of the original capital advanced.

Fortunately for Natal, its sugar industry is in its infancy, but as years roll on it must be the sugar manufactory for the whole of the Cape Colony, the Transvaal, and the upper interior country; and then, what with its facilities for the carrying trade far up country, it will virtually hold the key to all the East interior trade in its hands, as Cape Town is destined to become the mouth, and like a new York for all the Western trade, directly its line of railway is open to Kimberley, and, finally, on to the far interior to meet some well-known trade route to the Upper Nile. In my own view of things, the Midland and Kaffrarian part of the old colony is likely to undergo a falling off in all its business, unless it at once secures its inland trade by a systematic agricultural extension, which can be so easily arranged by means of irrigation, as just shown by its Bedford and Wijk dams and reservoirs completed by the Scanlen Government; making it possible for thousands of acres to be utilised for wheat and other produce.

Much of Natal and the colony is lying waste for want of its "upper water" being held back until required. There are any number of mountains at hand to be scattered by

dynamite and removed to the rivers, to form walls to keep back the waters; but at present no statesman to undertake such recuperative works of utility. All these up-country districts could produce all the corn in quantity, as now imported, and thus save, to the extent of at least three-quarters of a million of money, and in exchange for its sugar, sent up land and bringing down its corn from Basutoland and the Transvaal, which undoubtedly, under English agriculturists, would prove the granary of South Africa. The absence of birds and no fear of rust in the districts, would make all this possible to achieve when Natal and the colony boast of statesmen who know how to inaugurate a vast system of irrigation as they have in India, China, and in Italy; and if such enclosures and water arrangements were made in Africa as here shown in Italy and Australia, all would be well if based upon the legal tender notes, that I have so often drawn attention to for public works construction.

IRRIGATION WORKS IN ITALY.

The irrigation system of Italy is probably the most complete in the world, although it is constantly being increased; and it forms a part of the elaborate system of defence against floods, necessitated by the conformation of the Northern Provinces. According to the latest official statistics, the irrigation canals of Piedmont alone give 125,550 gallons per second, distributed over 1,340,000 acres; and those of Lombardy 95,355 gallons per second, distributed over 1,680,400 acres. These great works have not been, comparatively speaking, expensive. The Cavour Canal, constructed within the last few years, draws its supply from the river Po and Dora Baltea. It gives a flow of 29,200 gallons per second, waters nearly 40,000 acres, and cost £1,600,000, about £32,000 per mile. It was constructed in four years, and measures are now under consideration for increasing its outflow by 5,300 gallons per second. A smaller canal, subsidiary to it, gives 18,540 gallons per second, and cost £24,154 per mile. The largest canals are the Cavour, and its subsidiary canal, just mentioned; the Muzza, Aghans, and Naviglio Grande.

The smaller of these gives 13,000 gallons per second. Below this point the canals become very numerous, and interspersed all over the country. These canals are not only used for purposes of irrigation, but also to supply motive power, by which again the water is raised to districts lying upon a higher level. On the steep slope of the Dora Baltea, not far from Turin, three canals (the Torsa, Agliano and Rotho) flow parallel to each other, at different levels, while the water is used at the top of the hill, sixty-two feet above the highest of them. The arrangement adopted is as follows:—A stream of one hundred and fifty-four gallons per second is diverted from the Torea Canal and carried down the hill in a leaden pipe, until it meets the Agliano Canal. Here it is pumped up to the summit level by eight pumps, worked by four turbines, driven by a fall of water taken from the Agliano Canal and allowed to flow down into the Rotho. By joining this latter it is used for irrigation, and thus not a drop is wasted. The great principle of Italian engineers is to work on a large scale, thus attaining at the same time efficiency and economy, and avoiding constant alterations and additions; and it is by such means that the extraordinary fertility of Northern Italy is produced and maintained.

The Sydney Morning Herald, in calling attention to the last report of the chief inspector of stock, says, it contains some remarkable statements, which would be suggestive of comment under any circumstances; but are peculiarly worthy of consideration at a time when the land law is under review, and a radical change has been projected. The statements in question relate to the improvements made in the pastoral districts. In the matter of fencing it appears that there are now only 1,288 runs, that are open or unenclosed, whilst the enclosed runs number 8,802; and the number properly subdivided is 5,689 against 4,403, partially subdivided. The number of miles of fencing is estimated at 920,000, which, at an average cost of £51 per mile, represents an expenditure of £46,920,000. There are, according to estimates 9,475 dams, representing, at an average cost of £101, £956,975; there are 15,858 tanks, which, at an average of £180 5s., have cost £2,858,404 10s.; and there are 2,195 wells, which, at an

average of £307 10s., have cost £674,962 10s. Thus we have a total outlay of £4,400,342 for water supply and storage. These figures, the *Herald* points out, show plainly enough that the expansion of our pastoral enterprise, and the increase in our pastoral wealth, are not due solely to the beneficial influences of unassisted nature. Nature has been bountiful enough to provide the foundations for this enterprise; but the estimates given above point to an immense expenditure of energy and capital in overcoming adverse conditions, and turning the natural resources of the country, and such advantages as soil and climate offer, to good account. It is estimated by the *Sydney Morning Herald* that of the £88,000,000 advances of the whole of the Bank of Australia, £55,000,000 have been lent to graziers, from £10,000,000 to £15,000,000 to agriculturists, and about £20,000,000 to the mercantile community.

Natal, like all other parts of South Africa, is in a frightful collapse in trade, and a scarcity of money since the close of the Zulu and Transvaal wars. The most outrageous infringement by Disraeli, Freer & Co., the Tory charlatans, on other people's rights was inaugurated under a Tory government; but there, it is the old, old plan of the Tories to create some foreign divergence so as to ignore all home improvements and advantages.

To bring about another war, is the ardent desire of many of the contracting, loafing inhabitants of Natal; and it may be truly said that they prayed earnestly, and gave, on the quiet, big subscriptions to keep up the war spirit. Not that they hoped to be in the battle, for they belonged to the class of bully warriors that believe in running away, but not even to fight another day, for fear of losing the continual pay that they fancy John Bull can give out. Such prayer is their *body's* sincere desire, expressed far, far more earnestly than anything they utter in their conventicles. In such "houses of call" they know there is not much that is tangible, while lending to the Lord is now a very doubtful investment, and to be continually paying men to remind them of their temporal Lord, in Heavenly speculation, is not conducive to profit. Although they go to their Sunday public

"Go" meeting, to advertise their respectability, and to meet their fellow hypocritical respectables, and to enable them to assist in carrying out a little discipline and order, men are prepared, as in France, to sacrifice a little time every Sunday to accompany their wives and their families to their different churches. But as to feeling in their hearts any love for the unreal thing, as taught in our churches and chapels of the day, is to suppose that we are going back to the dark ages created by the church, instead of to the day of religious and scientific light of the future. Inquisitions and thumb-screws, and walling up alive, and dropping water upon the head until madness and torture ends all, is past; although the inclination is still good among the clergy of all denominations, and I fear even among the sisters of these pretended self-made eunuchs. Fortunately the records of these men and women are to be found on every library shelf to guide and warn the inquirer.

While cogitating upon these things, I heard some vile discords at the back of the hotel, and to my annoyance found it proceeding from a so-called Kaffir House of God. Let it be known by its real name—the bigot's home of men. Now in the next century, when we poor ones of this are gone-buried, or burnt by the new process of cremation, for the sake of the health of all, this last mode of being again dissolved into the natural state must be adopted, even if it is, as one religious fool in Bloemfontein maintained that it was, a heathen idea. Poor man, he could not think of loving anything heathen. Why his whole religious system is one vast heathen compound of fraud, yet to be exposed and removed. Then churches and other places of worship could be turned into houses of science and entertainment, to fill the hearts of all with one continual feast of reason and enjoyment. What a smile of pity the future generation will give, when they read of the silly doings amongst us moderns, when they know we taught the Zulu and Kaffir to sing hymns to the greatest humanitarian of by-gone ages, but with the colouring of parsons and priests, so that his real human nature was entirely lost sight of, to enable them to *pose* him as the son of the Great I Am—the maker of this unknown, and ever to

he unknown universe. Man in the future will be able to conquer Nature in many of her forms, by working and storing up all her powers on this earth; for with man's modern power of machinery, there will be nothing impossible to him, and if the priest would at once set himself the task of showing all this to the native, and thus help him to master all nature's arrangements; to live a happy, full, and contented life, we could credit him with something good. To sing to the power of man, the conquests he has made by his observation, and to compose more hymns as he still invented and progressed, would indeed prove good and beneficial; for let who may say to the contrary, I know, for uttering these thoughts, there will be many who would stone, hang or crucify me, if they dared or could, without being responsible for my removal. Believe me, the same spirit is abroad, "Away with———as of old, when they hung up in the orthodox manner on a cross, the gentle Jesus, who would have reformed his age. There will be nothing impossible to man, for *all* rivers will be used to make *all* plains blossom like the rose, and the hills to be the constant grazing grounds for his cattle, if he remains carnivorous—for with improved powers of electricity and lifting water, the very hills will give forth sweetness at all times.

It makes one sad, and almost mad, at men wasting their time and health in the unattainable, when nature demands to be utilised in all countries and climates. When the material wealth, combined with all sanitary arrangements are carried out, men will not in countries where the native dwells desire John Bull's soldiers, and what at present is more important, John Bull's gold to help them on. Seeing the everlasting prospect of production *ad libitum*, and by a proper means of exchange, tokens or money, an everlasting consumption *ad infinitum*, they will only require a local or universal police to guard the individual and collective property of the country or the world. While I recognise the community principle of all wealth for future national purposes and municipal governments for all town and local works as described in "How to Construct Works of Public Utility," I do not desire, nor will it be possible, to destroy all the individual

ownership of movable property and heir-looms, the production of one's own hands, or purchased by one's own honest means. Such will always be a delight, and a passion; but this will grow in union with the desire of all to add to the interests of the community, based upon the gifts and the good of all, by the use of all, for the delight and benefit of all. Then, indeed, as a matter of economy the sword will be turned into a reaper and pruning-hook, and the other weapons of murderers into the mowers of nature's gifts, and then, and only then, pray, as many will to the contrary, will peace and goodwill be possible among mankind, and Christ's true mission be recognised. Nature must be used, and it must be seen that the farmer, as below described, is the true son of nature for the benefit of all.

THE FARMER.

The king may rule o'er land and sea,
The lord may live right royally,
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,
The sailor roam o'er ocean wide,
But this, or that, whate'er befall,
The Farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsmen fashion wondrous things,
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows the precious leads,
But this, or that, whate'er befall,
The Farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy and sell,
The teacher do his duty well,
But men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways,
From king to beggar, whate'er befall,
The Farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth,
He's partner with the sky and earth,
He's partner with the sun and rain,
And no man loses for his gain,
And men may rise, or men may fall,
But the Farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer dares his mind to speak,
 He has no gift, or place to seek,
 To no man living need he bow,
 The man that walks behind the plough,
 He's his own master whate'er befall,
 And king or beggar he feeds us all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,
 Who finds us milk, and fruit and meat,
 May his purse be heavy, his heart be light,
 His cattle and corn, and all, go right,
 God bless the seeds his hands let fall,
 For the Farmer he must feed us all.

LILLIE E. BARR.

All this will be admitted by the advanced guard of humanity, but as I write not to the whole, or those who know, I fast, and cry out as one in the wilderness the facts of those whose boots I am not worthy to make clean.

The citizens of Durban, with a boldness commendable, requested the loan of £300,000 for improved public works, but such is the fear of a lifetime of interest to the modern taxpayer, that they in haste recoiled from the suggestion; but had they known how to construct the same, as indicated in the previous letters that I addressed to the "Fathers of the City" of Port Elizabeth, when I first landed in South Africa, and which I again sent to the "Fathers of the City" of Durban, they would, if carried out, have given satisfaction to everybody.

Now the letters but express in one or two instances what my more comprehensive work on Public Works shows. Now let all ask themselves one important question—What constitutes money?

Let our readers ask themselves, seriously, what a piece of money is—or what is a bank note? Let them recognise that either is but a symbol or token, to be used between man and man in exchange for each other's services or goods. Bear in mind that silver and gold are the result of labour, and if struck with a certain die it bears a certain recognised value. If, therefore, gold and silver are the result of labour, and are used as a medium of exchange for any given quantity of commodities, why should not the man who labours to make bricks,

or doors, or saucepans, be competent to have a symbol-note of his toil, which he could use to purchase for himself and family the necessaries of life, without the intervention of the gold discoverer? The holder of the labour-note could freely purchase an equivalent amount of services or produce of some one else; and this process would be continued until the labour-note had returned to the original issuer, when it would be cancelled, having fulfilled its functions as a representative money medium.

Then the whole trouble will be got over—with railways, breakwaters, and water supplies; and then, instead of relying, as now, upon an accidental discovery of brackish and a limited supply of water from a brickfield, your rivers, by a systematic arrangement, by gravitation or lifting, could supply all towns near or far, and the fear of being involved for ever in debt banished from the midst of all the people.

It was with sadness that one looked upon some of the new structures, more especially the new theatre and the cheap run-up houses in the front, close to the old and new disease-creating cemetery. The town has grown so amazingly during the last ten years that the living are now in the skirts of the dead, certainly without any harm to the inhabitants of the graves, but a constant source of contamination to the living, so that instead of the dead being useful as assistants to the growth of all fruit and other trees, they are a constant danger in their death. I am not so commercial as to sell my grandparents, but when it is remembered that one professor has estimated that if the bodies of the 80,000 persons dying annually in London alone, were calcined, the ashes would be worth £500,000 a year, if sold for growing purposes; it does become a question in this age, if it would not be well to adopt the principle of cremation, and use the remains for beautifying all our gardens, and assisting our agriculture in its development, rather than our graveyards, as now arranged, should be the birthplace in death of all kinds of diseases to the constant danger of the living. For ground at a low price being near this death out of death-creating spot, the builder had erected a house of laughter and amusement, starting with some considerable means, but not counting the cost after spending

£9,000, he was at last compelled to fall in the hands of those Jew thieves on the way-side, the money-lenders, who stripped him of all, and took the full benefit of all he had invested. He is now wandering the wide world over, hoping for the good Samaritan to bind up his commercial wounds, and set him once more on his way, in hope, if not in rejoicing.

The construction of this "home of resort" was a public Boon to the Durbanites, and, as a matter of fact, as much needed as Boon's necessities of life. To show up the past tragedies of life, and how to avoid the tragedies of the future. The building of this theatre was indeed a tragedy to its constructor, ruined by a money market and interest over which he had no control. Now this individual tragedy would have been impossible if it had been built by *municipal legal tenders*, for, however we may disguise the fact, the outcome remains, that the constructor was ruined, and such failures are not uncommon, bringing on many a heart-disease. Now the buying up of land and erven, for speculative purposes, must ever be a snare and a curse to individuals. The fact of being able by such trickery to take out of your neighbours pockets a something for which you have given nothing, creates a savage idea. To take advantage of your neighbour, say what we may, men who make this their business, are no less pick-pockets than the common foot-pad. In encouraging this feeling they but impress their low grasping natures in opposition to all that is ennobling, until their children are as much the respectable looking thieves of the mansion, as the swellsman of the past highwaymen clique, the blacklegs of our racecourses, and public robbers of to-day to be found in the centres of our so-called civilisation. But while I regret this builder's mania and outcome, I must also deplore the use that our stages are applied to, and must again protest against our actresses making themselves so common on the public stage. It lays them open to become the paramours of well known natural sons of Earls, simply on the principle, that they having money, the outcome of other men's labour, are prepared to shield and "protect" in a colony, while they have conjugal relations waiting in vain for them in England. If men are unwisely matched, let them be martyrs, until they can bring

about a wise system of divorce. I can quite understand men being yoked to some modern Zantippe, or Virago, as if to a living corpse, who to know is a misfortune, and to encourage, a crime. No true woman is such when poverty or misfortune overtakes a man. If men in moments of weakness form alliances, let the matter be quietly conducted; but that men should ally themselves when married to a public dancer or caterer is to expose nastiness, and encourage public immorality in open forms. All who know how truly the stage can be utilised as a public teacher of all that is ennobling and pure, must regret that the gentle sex should be open to such temptations. If it is necessary for our women and the daughters of England to take parts on our stages to illustrate more forcibly the characters to be portrayed, do not let them do so until they can enter into the bonds of affinity, and be for ever after respected and dignified mothers, to the honour of all men and the glory of all women. I am not desirous of being narrow in my views of marriage. There are times and conditions when it would be wiser for a man to have more than one wife, when naturally it would be more decent to have two, and certainly a delicacy; but at no time without proper considerations on the part of society to the arrangements. Men and women, if they desire the privileges, must also show that they are willing to perform the duties, and the responsibilities must not be forgotten. The impossibility of having a family may be a misfortune to a most loving pair, without the desire of parting company, but to both it might be a source of comfort, if the man could marry a second wife, who would become as much honoured, and who might be the mother of a family that would bring joy to many a homestead, and thus destroy the desire to be led astray, as some men are, when not with their families, away from children and other physical conditions. Say what we will, no home is complete without children, and that within a few years after married life. With such fathers love is a spontaneous thing. A true typical Englishman of the old fashioned kind, his courtesy is of the old world, so too, his strict, stern integrity, bold and fearless as a lion, he never knows when he is beaten—right down in earnest about all he does—hearty

and merry—tender-hearted in real distress—a loving husband and a good father—but a terrible foe to hypocrisy and vice. To *such* children are as blessings. Then again, what but our tyrannical conditions towards women prevents her from ceasing to add to her family number, or choosing the father of her children? It was considered no shame to our Greek grandfathers and grandmothers, who recognised that only the best should have children. Many a true natural woman wishes long for the position of maternity, and but for the fact that our laws only look upon women as the chattels of men, so to speak, and the living property of some man, they would not hesitate to become mothers of the noblest thing in creation if they could do so under dignified conditions to themselves or their offspring who would maintain them at their own cost, and in no case trespass upon the rights of others; but with the fullness of women, would consider themselves blessed among women. Why, *Turkey* sets us a pattern, which is superior to our so called Christian example. There the son of a bond-woman is equal to the son of a free-woman. Not that I believe in women being in bonds, but the principle is recognised that no natural, dignified act is disgraceful, but rather ennobling, enabling all to fulfil their natural functions, as best suited to themselves, for it must not be forgotten that marriage is but a conventional arrangement. Nature knows of no such conditions, for the convenience and for the preservation of all children; but under the natural condition there would be no less a desire to preserve human life. I am not an advocate for promiscuous passion, lust and outcome, and prefer monogamy; but there are times when polygamy is a natural accompaniment, and therefore deserves the earnest consideration of our future legislators; and let it not be forgotten that I urge these changes in all earnestness for the true liberty of the subject, and the truest morality, if found to be conducive thereto—anything otherwise to be altered; but let no false shame or lust outcry at these suggestions; ignore the fact that marital conditions must be looked into, and worked out for the future satisfaction of all concerned, and if not at the present, the future must solve such important considerations.

THE STRUGGLE OF EXISTENCE.—Struggle, often baffled, sorely baffled, down as into entire wreck; yet a struggle never ended; ever will bear repentance, true, unconquerable purpose, begun anew. Poor human nature! Is not a man's walking, in truth, always that—"a succession of falls?" Man can do no other. In this wild element of a life he has to struggle onwards; now fallen, now deep-abased; and ever with tears and repentance, with bleeding heart, he has to rise again and struggle again still onward. That his struggle be a faithful, unconquerable one; that is the question of questions. We will put up with many sad details if the soul of it be true.—*Carlyle, in "Hero-Worship."*

CONSTRUCTION IN DESTRUCTION. — The great objection urged against me by my opponents is that I am constantly tearing down and never build up. Now, I cannot for my life see why any one should be charged with tearing down and not rebuilding, simply because he exposes a sham or detects a lie. I do not feel under any obligation to build up something in the place of a detected falsehood. All I think I am under obligation to put in the place of a detected lie is the detection.





CHAPTER XXI.

DURBAN I have described in my first "jottings," therefore that subject can be dismissed, with a few remarks on the inlet and outlet of Natal. It will always hold its place, and as years roll on, must increase, and therefore the more reason for its improvement in every shape and feature to preserve health to all who will of necessity visit it.

With full municipal powers, all will be well in Durban and Natal, and with the permanent tie still more strengthened from Downing Street, nothing more can be desired. The Cape Colony knows now to its cost that it may have, what is called responsible government, at too great a cost to the colonists.

After viewing the market, indulging in its varied fruits of bananas, pine apples, lognots and oranges, all of which were plentiful and cheap, with its Coolies, quiet, frugal, but treacherous for its salesmen, and natives, big and good-humoured for porters. Hotels and public-houses numerous, and I regret to add, well frequented, and much money spent and time wasted in consuming Hollands gin. It is related as a fact that one ship was there discharging cargo, consisting entirely of gin, the Natalians maintaining that for preservation of health, they are compelled to counteract its bad water with the European liver-killer. The harbour, the only natural one on the coast at present used, men good, bad and indifferent as at all ports, and one can admire the indomitable business-pluck that has reared on a sand flat so large a house of commerce, and struggled against the natural obstacles presented by its bar, with so much courage and success.

Natal is known as the garden of South Africa, and it is to

some extent a truth, but it has great drawbacks to white men from its intense heat. Natalians are very proud of the fact that their railway was the first opened in South Africa. There are very few Dutch families in Durban, or its suburbs; they are to be found in the up-country. Kaffirs are here used for domestic work. Big strapping fellows, dressed in white, or the colours of a jockey, tenderly nursing babies in long clothes, or pushing the perambulator and helping in household work. Natal being in want of gentle reliable labour at all times, finding the Kaffir unwilling or unsuitable for field work, sent to India for Coolies, and there are now thousands in the colony.

My landlord, desiring to delight me, took me for a long ride past the splendid botanical garden, and all round the high ground, called the Berea; and the fact that this hill has been laid out in dwelling-plots, commanding a splendid view of the sea, city, and the shipping, makes it the resort and dwelling-hill of all the well-to-do merchants of the town. It may be considered the Durban health-lung of the coast. In the winter months it is said that the climate of Durban and Natal in general, is simply perfect, but woe-betide the delicate individual in the summer months. In Durban and elsewhere in the colony, the same bitter feeling towards the outcome of missions exists, and it is generally felt that all the money and labour that are spent in violent efforts for conversion, is a waste of means, and would be better applied among the white pagans and heathen of the Old Country. The Christian Kaffir is held to be no improvement upon the pure and simple Zulu, neither has Christianity improved the dignity or honesty of the Indian Coolie.

In nine opinions out of ten you will find colonists denouncing what they call missionary Kaffirs in no measured terms, and there must be some grounds for so sweeping an opinion. But I feel persuaded that if missionary enterprise devoted itself more to the inculcation of the necessity of work and labour, as the end of a useful life, in lieu of the Scriptural theories of man's equality, the result might be more satisfactory.

Having rested from my labours, I spent a few hours with a

most intelligent man engaged with a merchant, that I had to buy from, and who I trust to know intimately in the future. He was like many others that I had met, who hunger and thirst after life's knowledge ; but alas, there seems no one capable of uttering those truths, and working out those modes of action that would give life a chance, and not only drive dull care away, but make the future more hopeful. The uncertainty of life, and the means to prolong it is the gradual killing of thousands. Here was a young man better off than myriads, yet at an early period of his existence, though blessed with a nice home, a young wife, and apparently all to make life full of happiness and contentment, weighed down with grief and woe, because with our unfortunate conditions of civilisation the future had a dark colouring ; for although he had in his thoughtfulness assured his life, for the benefit of his wife and family, the fact remained that many offices had failed in the past to fulfil their engagements, and thus perhaps all his generous sacrifices might be of no avail. It was so in my own case. For eight long years I paid my premiums to the Albert Assurance office, which (so said its directors), after many years of unrivalled success, failed to keep its engagements, and brought ruin to hundreds, while the manager, amassed through his trickery, a fortune out of the deceived assurers. By such means I was robbed of £80. Since then one knows how unwise it is to risk anything in such societies. The same applies to most of the benefit societies throughout the United Kingdom. They will take the premiums, knowing all the time they are receiving money under false pretences, and in face of the warning of the late Mr. Tidd Pratt. After such an experience, who can recommend a private assurance or insurance company ? Let pressure step in, ruin and misery follows. Government assurance offers full security for all, and it is but right that men should make provision for their families in and under all circumstances. With Government Assurance we shall rid ourselves of the host of directors, and all other officials engaged in securing to themselves the wealth of the producers. Many pleasant hours we spent in discussing various subjects of general interest, and what was beginning to be felt of vital

importance to Natal, the question of the Transvaal Gold Fields turning out a success. I only wish they may get it; one thing is certain, that at present, it is in most cases necessary to spend £8 to £10 to get one ounce of gold. Let the public fully realise that many a Gold Company has failed in the same part, and that the present companies are mostly being run by unprincipled frauds, of the past, and notably by the Benjamins of questionable fame, and last, but not least, the Emma Mine Jew Fraud Grant, commonly called the *Baron* and other virtuous descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the old champion liars and tricksters of their race, and they will comprehend the kind of speculation they are asked to embark in. In my later "History of the Free State and Transvaal," I intend giving such facts and statements as will open the eyes of the blind, and give the world another proof of how the Jew can borrow without ever thinking of repaying. This man most earnestly assured me that, for truth, honesty, and general good behaviour, the merchants and townsmen always preferred the raw Zulu to the Christian rascal and the wretched, lying, "plenty-sick excuse me" Coolie; the difference being so marked, compared with the living animal of a Kaffir, that it was delightful to contemplate that the labour question might yet be solved if the same plan was adopted of reserves and locations as in the old Colony. In Natal the clean aspect of the native, the absence of the red-blanket foul-smoking Kaffir women in the streets, made the meeting of the one tolerable, compared to the dirty half-dressed in old clothes and hats that won't fit, and the filthy habits of smoking and expectorating of the Gaika Galeka, who seem more like demons of a pandemonium out for a walk, in comparison to the Zulu, and the plan was preferred in Natal rather than allowed by the responsible Government of the colony. Taxation without representation must ever be tyranny in a conquered country, but the connection between the old Mother Country and her colonies ought not to be sundered too hastily. The constant need for the struggle of existence does not allow men to devote sufficient time for the settlement of all questions. A paternal care of all with a firm unflinching hand, is the one thing needed for fair play between "white

and black." Self-government for boys is a sign of weakness in a parent, and that self-government is a snare and a mistake for young communities, has been felt by the most thoughtful in the old colony; and it never would have been carried out but to enrich a few colonists and government officials who bribed the supporters of the past. Alas, the bribery of some destroys the possibility of the many; and as a result, war, debt, famine, pestilence, disease, dishonour and death, as in the old Colony, the outcome of a prigg, until at last in despair a Scanlen premier must go home over the sea, not as a victim to the wrath of the people, but to victimise the English money-lender once more, and to gull John Bull into believing that all he says is as true as the gospel. Cetewayo and his nowhere flight, and the possibility of a favourable answer to the prayers of the war party being received—of course at the expense of the English taxpayer—were the main topics of the Durbanites. Another glut of gold to enrich them was the hope of these thousands. Cetewayo had no one to blame for all his misfortunes after his restoration, but for the folly of his head men, or his own want of wisdom, he deserves all the after consequences; and to prove this I here reprint a memorandum from the late Blue Book, that has escaped notice, but which bears most forcibly and ably on the situation.

Sir T. Shepstone's views, as expressed in London four months ago, will be heartily endorsed by all colonists.

"Cetewayo's object is evidently to render the arrangements under which he has been restored incapable of being carried out, by so agitating the minds of the people as to prevent their placing any confidence in the intentions of the Government. He knows that unless such agitation is immediately commenced and vigorously prosecuted, the contentment of the people will, later on, deprive his efforts in that direction of much of their chance of success. He is also fully aware that by keeping the country in an unsettled state, he gives force to the argument that will be used in his interests, that such a condition is the consequence of the whole of Zululand not having been placed under his rule.

"I regard the state of things in that country, disclosed by

Sir Henry Bulwer's despatch, as the result of a deliberately adopted plan, which in Cetewayo's view is capable of attaining its object without recourse being necessary to acts of positive aggression; it is calculated so to unsettle and weary the minds of the people, as to induce them eventually to prefer his rule, with all their objections to it, to the continual apprehension which his declarations and threats must cause, in the absence of any visible sign of the protecting arm of the Government among or near to them.

"The success of the scheme under which Cetewayo has been restored, which I believe to be self-adjusting and self-sustaining, depends very much upon the firmness shown by Her Majesty's Government, even to the exhibition of force, in insisting for the first year or two upon the terms of it being fully carried out; any sign of weak intention at first will cause the loss, not only of the confidence of the people, but of control over them, and of the revenue to support their Government, which should be derived from them.

"I see no reason, except the feeble assertion of authority at first, why Zululand should ultimately cost the Imperial Government any treasure, or why all necessary expenditure in firmly establishing the arrangement that has been sanctioned there should not be repaid; but a rule that neither inspires confidence, nor commands respect, cannot ensure revenue.

"It was unfortunate that it became necessary to withdraw all Her Majesty's troops before the reserved territory was more permanently settled; that that territory must, however, be settled, and firmly ruled on the principles proclaimed to the people, and that Cetewayo's aggressive conduct must be checked, if only to prevent disaster to Natal, is beyond doubt.

"I am inclined to think that a message to Cetewayo, firmly declaring the determination of the Government to maintain the conditions on which he was restored, would produce a good effect; if this proved insufficient, a second message accompanied by the movement of some troops in Natal towards the border, or even into the Reserved Territory, would, I think, be necessary to show the determination of the

Government, and give confidence to the people ; but it seems to me to be clear that any further delay in the practical assertion of its authority by Her Majesty's Government will in the end entail consequences much more serious than need be apprehended now.

" It will be desirable, should such messages be sent or action taken, that they should be formally communicated beforehand to the native headmen in the Reserved Territory, in order that they may fully comprehend their meaning."

After one of the most vapour-bath like days it was ever my lot to spend in Durban, although I was assured it was the normal condition for months, and that without such the sugar interests of Natal would be a failure, I sallied out for a walk in the middle of a dry thunder and lightning storm to get cool, if possible, in the open air. Such storms are so common that no one takes any care to avoid them, but how the population exist under such heat is a marvel to me. The constant tropical heat with the Indian Ocean vapours must be most detrimental and destructive to European life, and calls forth all sorts of means and appliances to counteract. Certainly by the skill with which Durban is lighted up, the clean walks and wide promenades, give the town all the appearance of a well-to-do city of the west, and one could only hope that nothing will be left undone to add to its beauty, comfort and general arrangement in the future. Had I been one of the distinguished men of note, I should have called upon the Mayor for a cooling draught from the public stores of city paid-for wines to have made the walk more enjoyable ; but belonging to the unknown, I had to content myself with my cogitations instead. I finally turned into rest, feeling content with myself and all mankind. Up with the sun, and for a long walk, which finally brought me to the fruit market, once more to invest in a box of pines, to send on in hopes of its safe arrival in the Colony, where, thanks to a friend, it arrived in due course, to the delight of my family and friends. Another quiet walk over the Berea, and I can quite understand, with all the disadvantages, the love the Durbanites feel for their city, and its surroundings which give such a delightful, constant panorama of its docks and shipping. All round are to

be seen the most elegant villas to be imagined, sheltered in the rich tropical woods. As Nature made the scene, and when the trees are in flower, it must, with all its rich colouring, appear a perfect Eden to all. To a dweller in a dried-up country atmosphere, the whole aspect, with its rich foliage, its ever lovely tint of green, was most refreshing to the eyes, and one felt that one could enjoy the scene for ever, and drink deep draughts of Nature. The atmosphere was laden with so much humidity that I always seemed as if I was walking in a Turkish bath; not a thing on me seemed dry, and they felt perfectly unbearable, and I felt how delicious it would have been to be fanned by an Indian to cool one and keep off the mosquitoes. The dinner-bell called me once more to action, to enjoy a refreshing repast, although I was annoyed by sitting opposite to one of those unfortunate tall corn-stalks, in the form of a man, who assumed the airs and the attitude of an epicure, though with the appetite of a gourmand, whose sole business seemed to be to feed his animalism. This was bad enough, but the loud swaggering talk of the man, and his impertinence in intruding himself into other people's conversation at a public table, and his views of the dignity and position of women, totally out of place, was infinitely worse. It is a sad thing that the youth of to-day are so deficient in that knowledge that would make them men, and command the respect of their fellow-workers.

After dinner I spent a most enjoyable evening with a friend, and with utter forgetfulness of the time of night, discoursed on many of the social, political and theological problems of the day. The following day being Sunday, and with time at my disposal, I wandered forth to note if the Churches were better than in the Colony. The architectural structures, while showing what man could do, was not the interesting part to me, but what was uttered. Inside the congregation of the Catholic Cathedral was a compound of poor whites, coolies, and blacks. All this to give the idea that all flesh, of whatever race or colour, should see the Lord. Most men fully know that the Christian religion is barren comparatively, when judged by the ancient religion of India or China. The priest in this house of man was but a mechanical chatterer, possessing no

power to charm his audience, which was small and unsympathetic, so I passed out, and called at the Wesleyan Church. Their building was a relic of pride and ostentatiousness. At one time it was never conceived that a Wesleyan could be excited over a building, organ, or style, as a true disciple of Wesley, in his worship; but all these outward arrangements are more important than the mouthpiece that stands before the people, and thus it happened that this organ and the player were of more consequence than the preacher and the company of the choir, an important factor in filling the chapel of—shall I say—worshippers of righteousness. I dropped in when the neatly dressed, well oiled, sleek looking preacher, so called, was reading about circumcision. I felt I could almost have cried out to the reader to explain what was circumcision, and I viewed with horror the possibility of a young maiden fresh from the country, starting up and demanding an explanation in detail of such an operation. It is something outrageous that a physical dissertation—and that a sexual one—should be openly read, and talked about in a public place of worship in the presence of mothers, men, youths and maidens, and, to give it more pungency, to give the opinion of a Paul on their holy day. Why, circumcision in its reality, would hardly be discussed in an assembly of Kaffirs, who believe in and practice the same. With disgust I bade adieu to the place, and passed on to the church, in time to hear the æsthetic sanctimonious Amelia, and would-be finished reader, going through the Litany, and calling upon a God to preserve them from the assaults of another God—the D.—evil, and the congregation drawing out that their good Lord would preserve and deliver them. I wondered if they were worth saving. O my! this God-created man-teasing Devil; well may they wish for preservation if all is true they say of him, and I pity from my heart those who are laid up by this Devil. I am thankful to say that he knows me not, and therefore personally I know not of his tricks. The reading of this man maddened me, when he informed the youth of both sexes that a child was born of a virgin. Why will they discuss such unseemly and indecent things? It might be all very well in private to pass an hour for the fun of the statement, but that it

should be publicly talked about in the presence of all, is a sign that clergymen and their audience can have no sense of decency or shame. One can quite understand why they, as of old, often turn their vestry-room into a temple of Venus, to allure the virgins in, and, to use the words of Goethe "in a maid, but ne'er a maid out went she." This is the explanation of so many scenes in vestries; they are mistaken for Agapemones, and hence the after results. It would indeed be a blessing if what is asked for in the Litany could in some cases be acceded to, such as the uncharitableness, &c., against each other, but the idea in these days of asking the Lord to give grace to our nobility, so that they may act justly as in the fear of the Lord; and is it to the advantage of all that the Lord God of Sabbaoth should preserve the Royal Family at an annual cost of one million pounds? Fortunately, in these days, we are not in every place bound to pay for this blessing which only becomes a curse to all concerned, which educated twaddlers from Oxford and Cambridge, in holy orders and white bed gowns, can testify to at all times. Thanks to the power of the past, the possibility of the Church monopolising the forum of the people, or even the so-called National Church, is drawing nigh its close, and the place that once knew them will soon know them no more, and then there will be a possibility for the worship of the true, and for the love of the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man; but until the imbeciles and unfortunates, that now, by fear, hold on to the fleshpots of of their church are found out, and sent away to some useful respectable business, we shall have always such living monstrosities. After such a dose of the drivellers, I returned to my hotel, with a head weary and the heart faint, and prepared to consume the fruits of the season, so touchingly prayed for in the Litany. We had not finished partaking of the same, when the awful news arrived of the death of a gallant colonel, so called, as if it was possible to be gallant as a professional man-slayer, or bullet thrower of these days; but the fact that he was human, and, while shooting game had met, with a horrible death, was enough for the moment to stifle all feelings of resentment against his trade of a human butcher, a trade upheld by the wealth-stealers. To be shot down as

a hireling—man, the noblest work of nature—to be bitten by a puff-adder, and to die in a few hours after in mortal agony, was shocking; and here the cruel fact remains, that all over the world there are species of destructive animals, that as far as we can see, are perfectly useless, and in no way add to the comfort of man or beast. It may be considered an impertinence to ask why such were created. We are told we are not to ask too much about what is written, but with a weakness to which I plead guilty, I ask what are they made for, and if the clergy can give us no answer, then they had better form themselves into a snake, reptile, and insect-destroying company, with full working commissions and powers to go all over the world; and if they once clear the world of all these abominable crawling things, and like a St. Patrick of Ireland, make a clean sweep of the whole, such a trick would give constant work for the clergy of all denominations, and society would not object to pay for it. I will do my utmost to secure them absolution, from some source not to be mentioned, for not continuing their usual work of wasting time, for this work of getting rid of the crawling serpents, and field devils, and perhaps the father of them all. Now this would be a noble company of martyrs called out for the work, but I fear that I shall pipe and call to them in vain. They have been engaged in useless work so long, that honest labour is by them forgotten; but I can assure them, that so long as these annoyances of life exist, there is no fear of their wanting work, and for which they shall be well paid, with this difference, that it will be for work done, and the results in the form of dead serpents and snakes, as a proof of their skill; and when the skins of the number slain are delivered, we shall feel, that we are on our way to good, when we can worship in our sweet fields of Eden without fear of reptiles, and the serpent who talked so wisely to our mother Eve in promising her that most desirable thing the knowledge of good from evil. Would that a little more such knowledge was imparted, whether by a serpent crawling upon his belly or his tail, or standing on his head. The attitude will be of no consideration, but the wisdom is all important to us who should be as wise as serpents, as harmless as doves,

and know good from evil at all times. O happy day, when with knowledge all our ignorance will fade away. Truly we then shall sing :—" O happy day to be on this earth of ours." To my joy and astonishment I here met the Spark of sparks of Natal, one of the first introducers of the sugar industry there, who had worked it out in a most satisfactory way, and in doing so was one of the lucky ones not overwhelmed by the banking interest. I shall ever remember his genial hospitality at Sydenham, a lovely spot, owned by this gentleman, to whom so much was indebted for the building up of their chapels and schools—the future Halls of Science for that district—and who was ever on his feet or horse, seeking to do good in his immediate neighbourhood—a perfect patriarch in his way upon all matters—a man with a large family of whom he could be justly proud, on Natal's account, and, although they were engaged in many of Natal's pursuits, had never given him trouble, or an hour's unrest. It was a treat, for with true English generosity, he drove me out in his handsome family carriage, and with a kindness entirely unexpected by me as a stranger, he pressed me to lunch with him and his family, and it was, indeed, a treat to spend a few hours in the midst of his musical family of daughters; and I did, indeed, feel that I had lost a treat in missing their anniversary, and not hearing their fine collection of songs, duetts, etc. Here they consider Natal as a Land of Canaan flowing with milk and honey—a delightful spot to live in, and I felt it so too, during those few hours of congenial companionship, and I, with reluctance, bid them adieu, to pass on and find out my old friend, Garbut, who also had fixed his home and family in that beautiful spot—Sydenham. At last, thanks to Mr. Sparks, I once more clasped the hand of my fellow-sufferer in the sudden attack made upon us five years before at Beest Kraal, fifteen miles on the Natal side of Kokstad; and, although I tried to disguise my voice, outline, face and business, he knew me at once, and with a joyful greeting once more called me his Boon; for with a sense of having done one's duty, I had forgotten and never realised at the time, that when surrounded by a horde of savage Griquas and Kaffirs, thirsting for our blood, we stood face to face with

their assegais, expecting them to be hurled at us, and with their stabbing weapons to see the women and children ripped up before we received our death-blow, to add to our agony prior to the usual torture inflicted upon men who fall into the hands of such savages. The contemplation of that awful period to this day brings with it a shudder of intense horror, when I, a stranger, simply passing on my way over the mountains for health, accidentally fell in with this party of three women, twenty-seven children and four men; and then surrounded with the fiendish demons in the midst of one of the heaviest thunderstorms, with the rain in torrents, to flee away in haste into—at that time to us a city of refuge—Harding, the police town of Natal, and in mortal fear that the waggons would fall over in the wet, down the watery hills. We carried the little ones on our backs, and at last, wet to the skin, after walking over a distance of fifteen miles, with fear at our hearts for companions, expecting treachery all the way, we reached a place of rest for that first night of horrors. Up again early in the morning to reach our own haven of rest. It is not possible to describe such a time of terror. Every wood we passed we expected ambush, and—being deprived of our weapons of defence, and robbed of all our valuables—what we feared more than all, to fall victims at last to the savagery of the brutal natives. These fears were ours for many days after, while living in the open, and this flight was vividly brought to me by my friend Garbut, who congratulating me, said Boon should live to be called blessed for the sake of others, for had I not been there at that time, death he felt sure would have been the lot of all. For many an hour we enjoyed ourselves to the full. Here again it was my delight to spend the day in the company of his daughters, who were not only adepts in the art of housekeeping, but were splendid performers on one of Hamlin's best American organs. It was with regret that we at last had to allow the ladies to retire, to get that rest to enable them to fulfil their next day's labours and duties. Here I must pay my tribute of praise to the mother of these ladies for their management of their homes, and the musical talent of their children, making home a

house of continuous sweet sounds and conjugal harmony, as here described.

HOW MOTHERS USED TO DO,

We may live without poetry, music and art ;
 We may live without conscience, and live without heart ;
 We may live without friends, we may live without books ;
 But civilised man cannot live without cooks.
 He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving ?
 He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving ?
 He may live without love—what is passion but pining ?
 But where is the man that can live without dining ?

And the noble army of martyrs once more echoes the question, where, oh, where? The answer cometh not, yet the inevitable is there with the three necessary evils, breakfast, dinner and tea to stare you in the face, and the provisions forthcoming and cooked.

USELESS EACH, WITHOUT THE OTHER.

As unto the bow the cord is,
 So unto man is woman ;
 Though she bends him, she obeys him,
 Though she draws him, yet she follows ;
 Useless each without the other.

These lines in "Hiawatha" express the natural relation of woman to man, and vice versa ; though some men are unwilling to admit that women are necessities in this world, and some women are loth to admit that men are necessities, yet the laws of nature affirm them, "Useless each, without the other ;" and the laws of nature have allotted each one a place in this life, and woman cannot fill man's place, neither can man fill woman's place ; both are needed in this world of ours. Woman's true and most noble sphere is home. There is where she can, if she will, do the most good ; for the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world. What woman can aspire to anything higher than to be a good, true wife and mother ; that alone will absorb a lifetime and reap a rich reward. But then it does not fall to the lot of all to be wives and mothers ; still there are noble callings

for all such as have a will. Lady teachers are indispensable. Their's, too, is a noble sphere ; they are much more successful among young children than the sterner sex. There are numerous other callings where woman is really needed, and why not let her be satisfied with these, and let man attend to politics and so forth ?

If they could only understand how entirely they lose that sweet feminine grace, which is their greatest charm, and has ever had a mystic power to sway the hearts of men, how they step from their pedestal of delicate purity and tender love, which every true and upright man must admire ; how they despise and trample on the highest and deepest feelings of their nature ; exchanging it for a spurious imitation of what they can never become, namely, one of the sterner sex ; how they lay themselves open to ridicule and contempt ; surely they would not so cast away that priceless birthright which God has given them.

But in spite of all this, a woman, at the bottom of her heart, is still a woman. She cannot, do what she will, absolutely destroy her nature. There is a soft spot in her heart, and like the fabled heel of Achilles, if that vulnerable spot can be touched, then she is completely subdued. The great weapon to attack a woman with is love. I defy any woman to resist it. If she is perseveringly and persistently besieged by it, her resolutions melt like snow under a fierce sun, and she becomes again the loving wife. Let the husband be always the lover. That is a splendid method to adopt with a wife. You won her by love in the first instance. That love has constantly to be watched lest it lapses into indifference ; be again the ardent lover, and your wife, if she is a woman, cannot in the end resist it. Again, encourage her to form friendship with ladies of feminine and domestic tendencies. Woman is a creature of imitation.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE world's great countrywoman, whose life of inestimable service has been impartially given to the Eastern and Western hemispheres, now receives from America a grateful memorial of what she has there done for humanity in its hour of extreme

need. Foremost among the literary names of her age stands that of Harriet Martineau; but every one of her hundred volumes is more than a literary effort—it is a deed done by her for freedom, for human rights, or for the rights of woman, or for the brotherhood of every race, for education, for temperance, for the health of nations, for the hygiene of armies, for the true understanding alike of national government and domestic service, for the promulgation of truth; as an author, a journalist, a publicist, a statesman, a philosopher, and a philanthropist in every department, in short, of human life. There is not now time even to read the list of her works, which cover every field of humanity the world over.

It is sufficient to say that every word is a seed cast far into the future. And all this long life time of devoted service has been given, in their earlier stages of progress, to enterprises which were met, as such undertakings always are, with a strenuous opposition on the part of those they were to benefit, to be hailed afterwards with thanks and blessings through all coming time.—MRS. LIVERMORE.





CHAPTER XXII.

THINKING I should like to see the sugar manufactory in full operation, and one of the largest mills of the neighbourhood, we rose with the sun, partook of a first-class breakfast, and having with emotion, bid adieu to the wife of my entertainer, and his never to be forgotten family, Mr. Garbut led the way through one of the most lovely tropical valleys it had been my lot to go through and pass over. No wonder that the Natalians love the land of their adoption with an ever increasing love. I had but one constant regret, that my family were not with me to enjoy to the full so much lovely scenery, and that we could feel that it was indeed our own native land. And here let me say, the more I knew of Natal, and its inhabitants, the more I loved it; and it was with a sharp pain I felt I should so soon leave its manly-men, its lovely kind-hearted women, with their great open hearted hospitality to me at all times; and I felt that wherever my lot may be, or however varied the experience that I may yet have to pass through, the friendships I made and the happy times passed in Natal will never be erased from my memory. It was with the deepest interest that I watched and witnessed the process of sugar making, from the crushing of the cane until the crystallizing, and the final manipulation, completed the whole. But, apart from its manufacture, more delighted was I to know that the small farm system I had advocated in my "How to Colonize South Africa and by Whom," was the very plan for the development of the sugar and other industries of this part of the world. Five years before, I had been informed by a planter in Verulam, who had had fifteen

years experience, that all large estates were unprofitable to the so-called owner, and that the head planter only worked for the interest of the banker, commission agent, and all the other produce tax levellers, who in the modern form of the black-coated interest black-mailers, thrive at the continued expense of the ever working, struggling sugar-growers ; and I felt when I looked at the heavenward reared structures called banks, and the large offices of the commercial agencies, that there was no mystery as to the cause of the impoverishment of the planters, to the enrichment of these modern highway-men. Plant, work, make sugar, and deliver it up, was the order and demand. Think of it, oh, ye workers ! you shall just have enough to feed your pride as the sugar-planter, to keep your body going ; your soul can be kept out of the hands of the robbers, for it is an unknown quantity, not to be appraised in the account ; but the fact is now being realised that for the sugar industry to succeed, it was but necessary to have one large central mill for sugar-boiling and making purposes, and if the land was held and cultivated in 25, 50, or 100 acre lots, that it was a sure and certain income for all who worked, and then in the future the only hope was that a new set of sugar-farmers would spring up as in the case of France, when she was persecuted of old. Her great adopted son, Napoleon I., encouraged beet-sugar-making. He not only showed them how to grow the beet, but erected large central sugar-mills for the beet-receiving and sugar-making, which to this day is a standing memorial to this giant's genius. Would that the world had a few more such despots, if only to clear the ground of so many imbeciles, that are striving to get into the seat of the powerful. Then there would be hope for all, and satisfaction all round. It is now not only my opinion, but borne out by others, that if the sugar interest is not to be a failure, it must introduce the small farmer as the grower for the central mills, and an alteration in the coolie system, to make up a sure and certain hope of life to come for those who embark in its production. The banker may argue and denounce the truth of all this, but past experience is a sure and certain hope and guide, and for the sugar-growers to allow them-

selves to be ruled by such infamous and open man-labour plunderers, would be to allow Britons to be indeed slaves to the ruling classes, supported by the money-lenders and man-holders, not only of Natal, but of England. I but anticipate the thought of others, and it is because I am tired of seeing the ever-hoping—the ever-struggling—the hope against hope, that now envelopes the present planter that I write so strongly.

Wealth has been divided by a living writer into two classes—material and non-material. The first of these includes what usually goes under that name; but the second consists of those human energies, faculties and habits—physical, mental and moral—which directly contribute to make men industrially efficient, and which therefore increase their power of producing material wealth. This manual skill, intelligence and honesty may be included in the personal wealth of a country.

It is not necessary for me to go into the details of sugar-making; that can be got from many a source.

In a sketch of the progress and prospects of the colony, the circumstances of the sugar-growing industry is reviewed at length. We find that the plantations are entirely confined to a belt of land that lies at a low level, and within from a dozen to twenty miles from the sea. The main coast road, both northward and southward, therefore, runs through the heart of these plantations. The most suitable land, however, does not extend continuously throughout the entire length of the coast district, but is scattered in patches, which are capriciously intermingled with unsuitable tracts, and which, therefore, requires to be picked out with some technical knowledge and judgment. The cane, nevertheless, thrives quite as well upon the slopes of low hills as upon the actual plain. The chief localities that are engaged in the manufacture of sugar on the tract of coast north-east of the port are the Umgeni Valley and the Compensation Flats, the Umhlanga and Umbloti, Victoria and the Tongaat, the Umhlah, and Umvoti, and New Guelderland, beyond the latter river; and in the opposite direction the Isipingo, the lower Umkomanzi and the Umzinto and Ifafa districts.

Many of the mills that are now in operation in the colony are of large power, and of the most perfect construction and finish. There have been exceptional instances in which four tons of sugar have been made from an acre of cane, and there was a time when Natal sugar sold for £40 the ton. The average yield of the plantations at the present time is stated to be about a ton and a half per acre, with a price varying from £17 to £19 per ton.

The natives in some instances take to the work of the plantations, and make useful hands when they can be induced to apply themselves continuously and steadily; but they are so obstinately averse to engagements for prolonged terms of service, and are so capricious and fitful in their habits where labour is concerned, that it has been found absolutely necessary to introduce Indian Coolies, for the cultivation of the plantations. These Coolies are brought from Madras and Bombay under engagements for five years' service, and at the expiration of their term, are either sent back to India, or allowed to settle in the colony. There were nearly 4,200 Indian Coolies in Natal at the time of the last official return, and the sanction of the Secretary of State has recently been given for a material increase of their numbers.

The average yield of sugar upon thirteen well-managed plantations in Natal is found at the present time to be from one and a quarter to two tons per acre; the percentage of juice procured from the cane varying from 50 to 70; the density of the expressed juice by Beamue's saccharometer varying from seven degs. to eleven degs., and the quantity of dry sugar yielded from each gallon of juice amounting to from one ounce, to one ounce and four-fifths. The price realised for the sugar varies from £20 10s. to £21 15s. the ton, and the vacuum-pan sugar of one estate has realised £26 per ton. It has been remarked that plantations near the sea have considerably less dense juice than those which are situated further inland, the difference, being in extreme instances, so much that in one case 2,800 gallons of juice are required to make each ton of sugar, while in the other instance 1,700 gallons are enough."

"The great advantage that the sugar planter has hitherto

enjoyed in Natal, has been the comparative cheapness of land, and the presence of a certain amount of very low-priced native labour. The cost of land, as a matter of course, has always borne an inverse ratio to its distance from the port. An addition of thirty-five miles has hitherto increased the cost of transport of the sugar as much as £2 per ton. In the remote districts, towards the Tugela, or the Umzimkula, land on this account can be had for 30s. an acre, which would cost £5 an acre within a few miles of Durban. Sugar-land, has however, recently been sold within a few miles of Durban at prices varying from £13 to £22 per acre."

There is one notable matter brought prominently before us in connection with the general prospects and social character of the colony. We refer to the fact that since its settlement in 1840, the black population has increased eleven-fold—that is from 25,000 to 280,000, whilst the white population has increased rather less than three-fold—that is, from 6,000 to 17,000. Mr. Brook says:—

"It does not need any large measure of penetrative sagacity, or any very deep acquaintance with the past history of the world, to lead thoughtful observers to the conclusion that some great change is imminent in the social arrangements and conditions of the colony. It may fairly be held by philanthropic men that an opportunity of unparalleled interest and moment occurs in Natal, for the social experiment of the constitution of a prosperous society of mingled "white" and "black" constituents; but it is beyond all question that that experiment cannot, and will not, be tried under the existing circumstances of a large and ever-increasing horde of almost unprogressive barbarians, living indolent, unclad, and uneducated by the side of an energetic labour-loving, and super-eminent progressive Saxon race. By the mere natural progress of events, under such circumstances, one or the other of the antagonistic constituents must go to the wall. Either the small European contingents of the colonisation must be swallowed up in the mere physical black barbarism; or the black barbarism must move out of the way of the restless expansiveness of the white men; or again, this larger constituent must accomplish the still more desirable, but

infinitely more difficult task of abandoning its barbarism, and of becoming part and parcel of the industrial and civilised organisation of the community."

In the solution of this problem lies the whole future of Natal. Let us hope that a country so perfectly strewn with nature's gifts, will be wisely governed, and that, laying aside all philanthropy, measures will be devised to improve and raise the native population in the scale of society, by an intelligent and prudent direction of their industrial energies.

SUGAR IN NATAL: ITS PAST AND FUTURE.

By HENRY BINNS, M.L.C.

If I attempt to express an opinion as to who really introduced the first canes into the colony, I shall only take up an old and well thrashed-out controversy. Several small mills were at work before 1860; but it was in this year that planting and manufacturing assumed considerable proportions. In those old days planters worked cheaply. Their labour cost them little, and they were materially assisted by the prices obtained for their sugar. So long as the out-turn was less than the colony required for its own and the interior trade, prices were naturally high, and many of our early planters were very successful. An acre of cane was brought to maturity for far less money than it can be to-day; but the appliances for manufacture were faulty, and the waste enormous. A very marked change was visible as soon as the quantity made in the colony brought us into competition with the outside world, and the value of the ton of sugar was brought down to the export rate. Between 1860 and 1878 sugar-planting was carried on with varying degrees of success, dependent upon the seasons and the range of prices.

It was only, however, when the central-mill system came to be understood and appreciated, that the enterprise really gave promise of being the great success that it should be, and that, in the opinion of the writer, it will be. The system can no longer be considered to be in the experimental stage, when we have, as is the case during the present season, three or

four mills, each turning out 1,000 tons and over, and one turning out 3,500 tons.

Under the central-mill system the grower and the manufacturer each has his separate department to attend to. The various branches of a complete sugar estate constitute a huge concern, involving much oversight and hard work. The necessary capital to carry it on is very large, far beyond the means of the average colonist. The price of sugar is, and is likely to be, so low that the day for small mills is gone by. The cost of making a ton of sugar at a mill, where twenty tons or more are made in a day, is much less than it is in the small mill, where two or three tons only are made. In these days of severe competition with beet-root, which seems unaffected by any style of season, wet or dry, and the cultivation of which is increasing "by leaps and bounds," nothing but the most perfect plant of machinery will do for sugar manufacture. And good in its way, as much of our machinery is, there is not a plant here to compare with what is now being made for Queensland and other sugar-producing countries. The two objects to be attained are, to obtain from the cane the largest possible quantity, and to make the most marketable quality of sugar. This can only be done by a very expensive fabric, much beyond the means of private individuals. The grower for a central-mill is enabled to devote his whole time and attention to his cultivation; and although it is better to keep out of sight all names and figures, it can do no harm to say that almost without a single exception, the growers are where land is good, and their canes are crushed in proper seasons, prosperous and contented.

Now if, as asserted, the central-mills are paying the companies which are working them, and the growers for them are doing well, the next consideration is, what are the capabilities of the colony for extending the enterprise? We have, on the coast lands of Natal, as much good land as is capable of making a great sugar-producing country. In Durban county there are thousands of acres of splendid soil, between the Isipingo and the Umkomas, lying idle in the most senseless way. At the Umzimkula, there are again thousands of acres

of fine land on the banks of a river navigable for some eight miles from its mouth. What would be made of this district anywhere else but in Natal? In the Inanda Division of Victoria county, the cultivation is going far ahead of the crushing power, and unless a large mill is erected near the railway station very soon, between the Umgeni and Mount Edgecombe, there must be loss and disappointment to many of the growers. At the Tongaat river there is a great extent of fine chocolate soil, land as good as land can be. The owners have the means, and are keenly anxious to plant it; but they dare not cultivate because there is no certainty of a mill being erected. Between the Tongaat and the Tugels, there are at least three more places where central mills could be erected, with the certainty that there is an abundance of good land around them to grow enough to keep the mills fully employed.

Sugar cultivation and manufacture give occupation directly and indirectly to an immense number of people, European and coloured. To the north and south of Durban they will afford ample work for railways in the time to come. They require a great transport power, which the upper districts of the colony can supply. The cultivation can be carried on upon a small or large scale; it is as suitable for the small farmer, who can grow his patches of cane with shorter crops, as it is for the capitalist. How then is the increase of the sugar enterprise to be brought about? It is not within the province of this article to discuss this part of the question, but there is ample room for thought in it for the powers that be. And let them bear in mind this undoubted fact—that our large sugar-producing colonies are in the most comfortable financial position of any of the dependencies of Great Britain.

One great danger ahead of the planter he has the means of dealing with to a great extent. Year after year, the bush on the coast-veldt is being cleared off, and the thorn-trees from the lands further inland, and nothing or very little is being done to replace them. That tree-planting increases the rainfall, is no longer a matter of theory, and it behoves planters to attend to it before it is too late.

PLANTING OF TREES.

The following, taken from a paper entitled *Forestry*, has been sent to me. The lines might have been written in South Africa by one who deplored the indiscriminate cutting of trees. As Natal is one of the States "whose forestry is in decadence," no apology is needed for calling attention to the truth of the subjoined lines:—

[How vital indeed is the importance of this great subject is clearly shown in the following lines, by Mr. Robert Bright Marston, the able editor of the *Fishing Gazette*. The lines represent what this world would be without the forest and stream.]

I had a dream, which was not all a dream !
 A great State was a desert, and the land
 Lay bare and lifeless under sun and storm,
 Treeless and shelterless, Spring came and went,
 And came, but brought no joy ; but in its stead
 The desolation of the ravening floods
 That leaped like wolves and wild cats from the hills
 And spread destruction over fruitful farms,
 Devouring, as they went, the works of man,
 And sweeping Southward nature's kindly soil
 To choke the watercourses, worse than waste.
 The forest trees that in the olden time—
 The people's glory and the poet's pride—
 Tempered the air and guarded well the earth,
 And under spreading boughs for ages kept
 Great reservoirs to hold the snow and rain,
 From which the moisture through the teeming year
 Flowed equally, but freely—all were gone,
 Their priceless boles exchanged for petty cash.
 The cash had melted and had left no sign ;
 The logger and the lumberman were dead ;
 The axe had rusted out for lack of use ;
 But all the endless evil they had done
 Was manifest upon the desert waste.
 Dead springs no longer sparkled in the sun ;
 Lost and forgotten, brooks no longer laughed ;
 Deserted mills mourned, all their moveless wheels ;
 The snow no longer covered as with wool
 Mountain and plain, but buried starving flocks
 In Artic drifts ; in rivers and canals
 The vessels rotted idly on the mud,
 Until the Spring floods buried all their bones.

Great cities that had thriven wondrously,
Before the source of thrift was swept away,
Faded and perished, as a plant will die
With water banished from its roots and leaves ;
And men sat starving in the treeless waste
Beside their fruitless farms and empty marts,
And wandered in the ways of Providence.

Yet, how easy is the process of reproduction. Marvellous, indeed, are the recuperative powers of the vegetable world ; and kind Nature, who first gives us the countless germs of life we call seed, is ever ready and waiting to favour the efforts of the planter. It is all a question of energy and application, and method on the part of man. There is a good deal of individual action of this kind, although there might be much more ; but the question has long been too urgent in its importance for merely individual action. The States of the world whose forestry is in decadence must take up the question, for it will not brook much further delay.

THE NATAL COOLIE QUESTION.

A Durban correspondent writes of the Coolie question as follows :—" Experience is every day proving, in the most glaring manner, that the whole Indian immigration scheme is a total and deplorable failure. Physically, the Indian is unfitted for the work required of him ; and morally, he is a danger to the well-being of the native. In the first place, it is beginning to be known here that the recruiting agents in India are so anxious to earn their bounty-bread, that they are only too ready, nay glad, to relieve the hospitals of patients, who are scarcely cured of their complaints ; and, secondly, they are constantly on the look-out for released criminals from the prisons. In many cases these people no sooner arrive on the sugar estates than they run away, as an intelligent man might expect from their previous career. The sick in hospital soon cause the planter so much expense and trouble, that he is not long before he gets tired and careless of them, so that their shamming patient is soon rewarded by finding an opportunity of escape ; and hiding in towns and villages where these people are now so numerous, it is difficult to apprehend

them, even if the planter is so minded. Many, indeed, make their escape almost immediately after landing, and at once engage in trade, and will no more work—unless it suits them to do so to get a few shillings together for dealing in vegetables, &c.—than the Kaffir. In any street these people are to be seen in swarms, invariably trading, or idling time away. Hundreds of little coolie stores—a standing disgrace to the town—are to be seen, built of old iron, pieces of tin, and any rubbish they can lay their hands upon. Apparently they trade in fruit, vegetables, sweets, and Kaffir truck in a small way; but everybody in Durban, with apparently the exception of the police, know this is—in many cases—a blind, and that the Indian is also the medium for the illicit sale of spirits to the natives. You would, I do assure you, be astonished at the great wealth accumulated in this illicit manner. Indian women are to be met daily with large numbers of sovereigns worn round their necks. I have counted as many as fifty gold coins forming one necklace, with bracelets to match. Only yesterday the chief of police stated in Court that a receiver of stolen property had offered him £100 in cash to let him off. It is well known by people who see much of the Indian, that many of them can reckon their wealth at thousands of pounds, accumulated in a few years. These are the people that were to supply us with labour! For the sake of fostering the production of sugar, we are swamping the land with a worthless lot of creatures who are aliens to us in all things, and whose labour—when it is to be had—is of a most inferior description. Notwithstanding that some 80,000 coolies have been imported at a vast expense, the scarcity of labourers is still as great as ever it was."

SUGAR IN NATAL.

3,000 TONS.

SOMETHING LIKE AN OUTPUT.

Mercantile Advertiser.

The Natal Central Sugar Company's factory on Wednesday last completed 3,000 tons of sugar manufactured by their mill this season. Not only has a 3,000 ton output never been reached by any mill in Natal, but no mill in Mauritius

has yet touched the 3,000 line. The most powerful company in the Mauritius is, we believe, the company which owns the "Highlands" estates. That company has nearly double the mechanical power possessed by the Mount Edgecombe factory, and they have been running a race for the 3,000 tons goal. Last mail showed the "Highlands" mill lagging in the rear, and now the Mount Edgecombe mill has passed on to the odd hundreds of tons over the 3,000, which it will manufacture before the season closes. We heartily congratulate Mr. Dumat, the able managing director of the Mount Edgecombe factory, on his big success. He has reaped a double victory a—victory for himself and a victory for the colony. Mauritius has been for nigh a century the home of sugar, the place where long experience, big capitalists, and powerful factories have long been at work. Natal is still in its struggling sugar infancy; and yet here we have a yield never touched in the Mauritius. The value of this out-put, including sugar, rum, &c., is between £65,000 and £70,000, a big sum for one mill to crush from a product of the surrounding soil. The "Highlands" estate in the Mauritius differs from the Mount Edgecombe one in crushing its own canes. At Mount Edgecombe part of the canes belong to the Mill estate; the other part belongs to planters, who crush at the mill on a share basis.

What is wanted is to see several more of these large powerful mills in suitable cane centres. The need for them we are assured, exists. We hear rumours of a projected mill not far from the Mount Edgecombe one, but it will be on the same lines, crushing both for itself and for others. What we want are central mills, devoted to manufacturing, leaving cane cultivation to farmers. It is high time the planters of the Umhlanga basin and contiguous districts set about getting such a mill; as, judging by the look of the Mount Edgecombe estate, with its weekly widening area under cane, we should anticipate that the mill will have nearly enough to do in crushing its own cane. The mill is quite right to look after its own interests, and it is high time the planters looked after theirs, unless they are content to resort to the worry and fruitlessness of the old two and three ton mills.

WEALTH.—A fertile soil, a kindly climate, mineral resources, and navigable waters, are among the material parts of a country's wealth. But the people who should be satisfied with this, and make no effort to cultivate their own skill, energy, and power, to act upon Nature's gifts, would be the derision of the world. It is only by her non-material wealth that a country's natural resources can be made of any avail. The two together, acting in harmony, ensure national prosperity. As to which of them is the larger factor, all history shows us that is is not the material, but the non-material.





CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER seeing all the sights, my friend launched into the only madness I know him to suffer from. That is the craze of all Anglo-Israelism, and when he would persist in maintaining that I too was of the "Ten tribes," then I felt not only disgusted, but outraged. I forgive him for plunging into the belief that he was of those tribes. I went over the books he drew my attention to on the subject, and I have decided to my satisfaction, and I trust to others who read this, that they of the English race, are not of the Arabian or the bastard Arabian in all its deformity. I felt, with my views fully explained, that under no consideration would I own the slightest relationship to the Jews, and that all I here express within, or shall in the future, will never alter one iota of the hatred I feel, for what was known of the Jews--as Jews--in the past and present, and I will do my utmost to expose them, until they repent of their ways and act justly to other men. Until that time arrives, I will, in season and even out of season, denounce them for ever and ever as old rogues and vagabonds, the knowledge of which is hardly calculated to make people keep their patience, temper, or righteous indignation; and at times one is disposed to treat in a summary way the genuine descendants of the Arabian Jews, who practice so successfully the tricks of their fathers; and who, if not constantly checked, would practice them still more, until passions would be aroused that would end in a general slaughter of the whole race.

It is astonishing what the Bible is made to uphold; according support to the latest theory that the Lord Jehovah having

promised to give the gates, or the most prominent portions of the world to the Jews, and not finding it convenient so to do, a band of bastard Jews have hit upon the plan of making out that, as the English are in positive possession of the afore-said prominent portions, they are of the seed of the Ten Tribes, but not of the *Jews*; as if in reality there could be any difference in the connexion; for although, of different tribes, they are still the real descendants of Abraham. They who have studied race, know full well that the sons of the earth are many coloured, and that it is not a truth that all that is human sprung from Adam and Eve, as stated in the Jewish record. That these were the progenitors of the Jews, may be a truth, but not of the other parts of the world. It is marvellous how they talk of *our*, that is, the English inheritance of the Pyramids, and with what glee they chuckle, now that the strong arm of England is over Egypt as its mistress, and because a political necessity compels a European interference in the land of the Pharaohs, we forsooth, must be Jews. It is more than solemn twaddle, it is the idiocy of Bible maniacs, that fortunately will end when men look upon the Bible as a book simply to be placed on the shelf for reference, instead of belief. It is a mania run for profit by the Hine-ites for the benefit of the Hine-outs. It is astonishing the little fortune that must accrue from the sale of the Israel journal, and while that continues the game will be pursued. It is said that the savage animosity of the Russians shown against the Jews will drive thousands into Syria, where the coming of the beneficent British is awaited with eagerness. There is no doubt that they are waiting for the British protection, and if they are prepared to pay for it out of their own labour it may be their's; but they are a long way off making up their minds to turn themselves into agricultural men, to reap the results of their own labours. Much has been said of the severe measures of the Russians against the Jews; but when we examine carefully into the particulars, as they give them, we are not at all astonished at their action, and the wonder is that they have remained passive so long. The fact is, the Jew must understand that there is no chance for him in a foreign land, unless he con-

verts himself into a worker. If he will not, then he must be run out of the land of his adoption, or out of existence. The following facts explain most convincingly the present position of the Jews in Russia:—

“The Jewish question continues to agitate the Russian mind in various ways; and the committee now, or very recently sitting upon the subject, does not yet seem to have arrived at any satisfactory conclusion. Not long ago attention, both here and abroad, was called to a rather remarkable pamphlet, by M. Demidoff, Prince of San Donate—not Prince Domidoff, as he is so often called—in which the Jewish side of the question was fairly taken up, and equal rights and laws were very ably advocated for all Hebrew-Russian subjects. Another pamphlet has now just appeared on the other, and more favourite, Anti-Semitic side of the question, issued at Kieff, by General Kositch and his Staff Officers, who last summer made a thorough military and statistical inspection of the several districts bordering on the Austro-German frontiers.

General Kositch was Chief of the Staff of the 12th Army Corps, commanded by the Grand Duke Vladimir in the Turkish campaign, and is now at the head of a corps at Kieff. In all probability it was the movements and reconnoissances of General Kositch and his officers on the south-western frontier which so constantly startled the German and Austrian press, and led them to write of Russian war preparations a few months ago. General Kositch, ten officers, and a number of cavalry devoted themselves to the critical examination of seven districts, during four months; and the following is their account of the Jewish population, reproduced by the *Novoe Vremya*, in opposition to the recommendations of M. Demidoff.

In these seven districts the Jews number 43,400 souls, or 15 per cent. of the whole population. The fishing industry is entirely in their hands. The manufactories are principally held by Jews and foreigners; and those belonging to Russians do not constitute one-fifteenth of the whole number. Nearly all the mills are rented by Jews, and are kept in a most unsatisfactory state. The timber trade is also monopolised by

them ; and they are charged with horse-stealing and cattle-lifting to an enormous extent. Their influence in every direction, is described as most pernicious. There are altogether eight so-called agricultural colonies of Jews who are exempted from military service, in order to induce them to devote their labours exclusively to the cultivation of the land. The experiment, however, of forming Hebrew farmers, even with this privilege, has utterly failed. They rent out their properties on most profitable terms ; and turn their attention, as usual, chiefly to bargaining and usury, preying upon the Russian peasant, and keeping him in complete economical subjection. Finally, in case of war, these Jews, say the officers, will not scruple in the least, to serve the interests of the enemy if he pays them well to do so.

Now in England the Jews are but few, and from the peculiarly open position of all our arrangements, there is no fear of their taking such advantages, and holding such monopolies as they have in Russia, Poland and Germany. In England since 1829, we have not had any laws imposing express disability, on account of religious belief.

The difficulty had arisen in the requirements for the subscriptions of tests and formularies. Prior to 1859 the Parliamentary oath of allegiance contains the words : " On the true faith of a Christian." A Jew could not sign this because it involved an express declaration of belief in Christianity. Now there are no such words ; and Jews, such as Baron de Worms and others, sit freely in the House of Commons, and are eligible for all municipal offices, and even the judicial bench. There are still, however, social prejudices and social difficulties, which chiefly arise because of the fashion in which the Jews have, in England as in other countries, kept themselves a separate people. For example, in ordinary society an orthodox Jew would not find appropriate food ; and there are other special habits of life which isolate the Jew. There is also the prejudice arising from the habit of lending at usury. This prejudice is most active amongst those who, having borrowed, do not desire to repay, and who, while glad to borrow of the Jew, find their Christianity interfere with the payment. Generally the old

prejudices against the Jews are gradually dying away. Take, as an illustration, Disraeli, a christianised Jew—at least, nominally a Christian. I say nominally, for although his family had ceased to be Jews, he died without special religious communion with any church. The isolation of the Jews must lessen, as the intermarriage of Jews and other citizens increases. This, in England will be encouraged by the marriage between Lord Roseberry and Miss Hannah Rothschild. The objection to payment is not strictly true. The objection is to the outrageous interest and advantages taken of the unfortunate borrower. No one supposes that any marriage takes place between a Peer of England, with a daughter of a Rothschild, unless it is a question of the dowry of the lady. We shall believe in the love process when we find them marrying Jewesses without money. These well-to-do marriages are not marriages of love, but to bolster up the noble family, that like the Jew, studies every trick that pays, and for money would sell themselves as readily as the Jews would for rank. To make myself fully understood, I here reprint from my first "Jottings."

We shall never need the cash of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and their children, when our money laws are altered and put upon a proper basis, and then will come the glorious time for them and others devoutly wished for; the restoration of the Jews to Palestine.

" Two centuries ago the Mersey's flood
 Rolled to the sea a stream of natural mud;
 Beside its banks the noisy sea-fowl screamed,
 On what is now a town the shepherd dreamed,
 Or, like the poet's shepherd, waked the muse,—
 But now the place is all alive with Jews.
 The active Israelite, from Jacob's days,
 Has always studied every trick that pays.
 A ready reckoner, and an office stool,
 A ledger, a commission, and a fool,
 Are all the stock-in-trade a Hebrew needs
 To win the wealth with which the Gentile bleeds.
 Hail, conquering race! 'tis we who pay the cost
 Of all those grinders which your grandsires lost,
 For statesmen murder thousands at their will
 While you purvey the funds to pay the bill.

Parvey, forsooth ! you lend what's not your own,
 And pouch a pretty premium on the loan,
 Include each form of traffic in their range,
 And make a Babel upon each Exchange.
 They owe no duty to the land they drain,
 They see no home where they collect their gain.
 They're keen, because they've nothing else to do,
 They're shrewd, since nothing else distracts their view.
 We speak of Jews ; we would not harm a Jew,
 Or rob him of a tittle that's his due,
 Ticket his faith and fashions, and still less
 Grudge him one right which you and I possess ;
 Still I might welcome others in his place,
 Prefer the Saxon to the Arabian race,
 And gladly see him back in Palestine
 With milk and honey, so it be not mine.
 We quit our country, yielding place to them,
 And they take all, aye, even take our name ;
 Manasseh, Cohen, Levi, Israel, soon,
 Are Massey, Lewis, Raleigh, and Colquhoun ;
 But when his tongue the adopted Saxon plies
 The voice of Jacob breaks the thin disguise.
 And by its nasal snuffle, to our view
 Betrays the patriarch and unmasks the Jew.
 Think you that such as these would sacrifice
 One single penny of the market price ?
 Would, if the land which makes them rich and great,
 Run any risk, a single farthing bate ?
 Would, if it staked upon some desperate strife,
 All well-earned wealth and every worthy life,
 Fail to exact the profit that they might,
 Or fancy wholesale knavery not their right ?
 Learn from the story of unhappy France,
 The nation's agony, the tradesman's chance.
 Although the storm is high, the sky is dark,
 Gambetta strives to save the shattered bark ;
 Hope seems to smile upon his desperate feats,
 He fails, because he's forced to deal with cheats.
 The people give its blood, its cash, its toil,
 While Jew contractors carry off the spoil."

And yet, spite of all this knowledge, unfortunates are going
 about to make out that the Queen of England is descended
 from David ; that the Prophet Jeremiah once in a storm took
 refuge in Ireland, as if that was very important ; that his
 countrymen, if all is true, had been rigged before, or cast

overboard and kindly landed by a whale-boat ; that a Jacob's stone has been found in Westminster Abbey ; that the Anglo-Saxon is a Jew : and so on. Well, there always will be a number of Simon Pures to amuse the public, but to use a friend's words,—of all the craziest movements, that of Anglo-Israelism is the most idiotic: It is monstrous that thousands of human beings, in spite of ethnology and history, can be brought to believe that the English are the descendants of the Ten Tribes, and that the Irish are the Canaanites. Alas, alas ! how many more lunatic asylums we shall presently need.

As has been seen, some of our fellow-travellers were sons of those who came out of the land of Chaldæa, and afterwards took up their position in the land of the Hittites, and so on. After having fleeced to the full, under a borrowing process, all they could get from the Egyptians, they, to hide themselves under another name, and to know the Arabians no more, called themselves God's chosen people, and christened the land they stole as Canaan ; a land they had the insolence and blasphemy to say was promised to them by the great I AM, the maker of all things ; a practice passed on to these days, for nations condoning the crimes of the Jews, and all political crimes, sing *Te Deum* to the Highest ; and all in a religious fervour, after they have committed some great wrong, and the priests of the Highest bless them at the same time.

To my disgust I found that these travellers had the audacity to call themselves Englishmen, forsooth, because they had by an accident been born in England. Why, an Englishman born in Kaffirland or India, might as well call himself a Kaffir or Indian. The conceit of the Jews is growing into insolence, as it did of old, until they were almost wiped off the face of the earth. The English sense of justice to them as men is ill repaid, since they boast that a bastard Jew sat in the seat of the powerful. But it will all end when this world knows how to make representative money as fast as it is wanted ; then the children of Abraham, Jacob and Isaac will have notice to quit, and they will have no opportunity of borrowing under false pretences from the Americans and English ; they will not be allowed to borrow any more valuables, but must pack up their little sacks of wealth and once more get to the Land

of Promise. They will take the hint, and move on with their Jews' harps once more. I ardently wish it might come in my time; but alas! my experience will be the same as that of all others. I can see the bright future but shall never enjoy it. But why complain? This is the experience of all men of all ages: the prophets have tried, and tried, and got stoned for their trouble. The redemption of the world still makes martyrdom needful. Martyrdom is not yet ended. Alas for the martyrs!

The impudence of the Jew charlatan, Disraeli, who to account for his position by the Tories' help, attempts to prove in his *Coningsby*, that the Jews are the secret rulers of the Universe, and the Hinites believe this in their Gospel. O ye poor deluded children of this mad age.

A few days ago M. Aksakoff's Moscow journal, the *Russ*, of November 21, published an extraordinary document, purporting to be a manifesto or appeal to the Jews on the part of the *Alliance Israelite Universelle*. M. Aksakoff states that he received it from Berlin, and declares that its contents are the words of the late M. Cremieux, twice French Minister of Justice, and once President of the *Alliance Israelite*, spoken before that association on or soon after its foundation. Another journal states that it has already been printed in the French *L'Anti-Sémite*. But, whatever the source of this strange and startling composition, its appearance here has created such a sensation among Russian Jews and anti-Semites alike, that, if not in some way authoritatively contradicted, there is no saying what dangerous influences it may exercise in a country already so distracted by anti-Semitic troubles. M. Cremieux is alleged to have declaimed from the presidential chair of the *Alliance Israelite* very much as follows:—

"We have no fellow-citizens, but only religious followers. Our nationality is the religion of our ancestors, and we recognise no other. The faith of our forefathers is our only patriotism. We sojourn in other lands; but in spite of our external nationality we have remained, and ever shall remain, a chosen and indivisible people. Judaism alone represents in itself religious and political truth. The Jews will never

be friends with Christians and Mahomedans until the light of Israel's faith shines everywhere. On that day the religion of the Hebrews shall fill the universe. Jews throughout the world co-operate with us in this great and holy work, and success is assured.

"The Christian Church, our everlasting foe, is already wounded, and lies low. The net spread out over the globe by Israel's children stretches farther and wider every day, and sacred prophecy is fulfilled. The time will come when Jerusalem shall be a house of prayer for all peoples; when the standard of Jehovah shall float in the ends of the earth. Use all circumstances. Our might is great; and let us learn to use it to a purpose. Why should we fear? The day is not far off when all the riches of the earth shall belong to the Jews, and to the Jews alone."

It is hardly necessary to add that this document has again set all the Anti-Semitic pens in Russia at work, in favour of Anti-Semitic intolerance. The *Russ* and *Novoe Vremya* devote several columns to sharp attacks upon this "Jewish conspiracy against all European civilization and peoples."

It is this spirit that causes all Jews to be hated, and their room preferred to their company. In Austria there is the struggle going on between the Jews and the Christians, and between Hungarians and Croats. The Austro-Hungarian empire is probably the most astonishing political entity on the face of the earth. It is composed of Germans, Magyars, Croats, Czechs, and other varieties of the Slavonic race, all unfriendly to one another, yet compelled by pressing dangers to maintain some kind of unity. The Hungarian arms have been defaced or torn down by the populace at Agram, and the town council has declared that it will rather resign than take any part in their restoration. The Bishop, presumably apprehensive of bloodshed, has urged the Government not to insist upon restoring the objectionable emblems. But M. Tirza could hardly be expected to acquiesce in the gross insult offered to the State, and has intimated his fixed determination to uphold its authority. In the Zala district disorder appears to have attained yet more serious dimensions, though the Jews are there the objects of popular hate,

and the movement is socialistic. It is a revolt against the power of the purse, wielded by a detested race. Indeed, wherever we find disturbance, actual or threatened, in Europe, it is referable, not to great political considerations, but to ethnical prejudices and antipathies. We have all heard glowing predictions of the disappearance of these things, under the influence of closer relations and improved mutual knowledge. The abiding hatred with which the Jews are regarded over a great part of Europe might alone bid our theorists pause. Every nation has been brought into the closest relations with them, and that for centuries, yet what nation loves them? The fact we suspect to be is that intercourse removes national prejudices only when the differences are so small that it causes them to disappear. If the differences persist, then the closer contact will probably produce more intense dislike. Railways, commercial treaties, and the rest of the machinery of progress have now been long enough in operation in Europe to produce some of the blissful effects anticipated from them; but the prejudices of race, far from disappearing, actually show increased bitterness. If a man is objectionable in our eyes, we do not learn to love him because his society is thrust upon us at our club; and in the same way there is reason to fear that when the manners of one nation are offensive to another, brotherly love is not promoted by making each overrun the other's territory in the holiday season, or making them rivals in the same markets. The old English notion of foreigners was, no doubt, very absurd. But it is not by any means certain that the abstract foreigner of fifty years ago was not the object of less active dislike than the actual specimens everybody is now familiar with. Far from seeing any of that amalgamation of races which some have anticipated, the world presents to us the spectacle of increasing minuteness of ethnical division and growing accentuation of minor peculiarities.

Now, at the present, it is not so much a question of race or religious customs. No one thinks or cares what the Jew eats, or does not eat, but does he live like any ordinary citizen? We say, with regret, he does not. We never

know the ramifications of a Jew, and all our public records inform us that he will take advantage at all times, without the slightest hesitation.

The *Christian Herald* of November 21st, takes the occasion of commenting on Sir Moses Montefiore, to say:—"We believe that at no very distant period the Jews will be restored to the land of their fathers: when the Lord shall comfort Zion, when He will comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." We believe that the Pope will marry Connie Gilchrist before the Jews emigrate to the land of their fathers. They know a thing or two more than that. *The National*, the organ of the Jews in France, out-herods Herod in abuse of England, and is the faithful exponent of all that is low and contemptible. At the same time we learn that Mademoiselle B. Rothschild, the lovely and wealthy daughter of Baron Alphonso, fell in love with the Prince of Wagram. To win his heart was easy, as it should be, if so lovely, and so wealthy. A Rebecca sought two things that not even a Christian Prince could be expected to resist, but to secure his hand she must become a Christian, and, of course, to be a Princess, she has done so. It is so easy in these days to forego the stupid meaningless forms and arrangements of a Jew's table and practises for the full sumptuous table of a Christian, if it is dressed by the means secured by past extortion of the Christian; but think of the laughable part of the whole farce, for instead of joining the Salvation Army, and shouting out, "I do believe, I will believe, that my great grandfather died for me," as I want to marry a Christian, she passed through ten days of manipulation under the auspices of the Archbishop of Paris, one of the greatest enemies of her people. But what of that—she wanted to marry a Prince; but the ostentation of the process was disgusting: if she had been destined for a Russian, or any throne, it could not be more outrageous. They say that the Israelites were much affected at what they call the scandal: nothing of the kind, it was the loss of the "Monish" that made them sore, knowing full well that a Prince would not

mate with a Jewess, if ever so lovely, without the certainty of the cash. But here, what a support to the Hine-ites. Many people dated the coming of the Millenium as coeval with the conversion of the Rothchilds. O happy pair! picture the love created by the money-chest of the ancestor of this lovely wealthy Jewess, and prepare a Garden of Eden in this the Hineites Millenium. It cannot be denied that under Jewish names many a genius has illuminated the world, and none more notably than Heinrich Heine, the German poet, and thinker for himself; and when we read that after his death, his existence of disease as he calls it—his supposed brother burnt twenty-one pages relating to the origin of the Heine family. I am dubious of his origin. I say, supposed brother; I, for one, am inclined to suppose his origin, in reality, was the outcome of some affinity between his mother and some well-developed philosopher of Germany. It would not be the first case of a reformer in thought, deed, and action who could give no real account of his pedigree, and to say the least of it, it is awfully suspicious, the burning of this family history, and yet those who can read between the lines of the known family history, cease to wonder. The peculiar dislike and want of support from his rich uncle, the banker, the miserable pittance given him in such a detestable way are indicative that in some shape the great genius was not of the Jews, and I venture to assert, that no one can read his life, published by Messrs. Longman, without admitting that like the early Christ, he was not of the family of Palestine. Even his father was astounded, and never could comprehend the offshoot of his home, but when we know of the history of many of the past, his whole career, with his noble efforts for all humanity, and especially the constant efforts to create love, peace and harmony between the German and French, we cannot but conceive that he was other than the son of a not made-known father, who had a full love for the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man; and in this we do him no injustice. Christ could not tell who his parents were, and no one who remembers the constant commingling at that time of the East and Palestine with the Scandinavian race of Europe under the Romans,

with their ideas of inborn freedom, can come to any other conclusion than that Heine was in the true sense a "love-child," and that, expressing the views he did, he uttered the feelings and thoughts of his race. I cannot here forbear paying my deep homage to his mighty genius, and his noble efforts for the good of all, and deplore the fact that his life was but, as he expressed it, a life of disease, made so from the awful fact that being born in a Jewish house, he was always trammelled by Jewish modes, and even when baptised to get out of the connexion was no less disliked for the unfortunate circumstance that he was born in Germany, explains the secret. It is not possible for such to be the outcome of Poland, Russia or Syria, but with the well-known intellect of the German mind, it was possible for such to be born. It is impossible for me to say enough of the man; he was a child of no one in particular, but the child of common humanity, and well it will be if the Germans and the French remember this, and his life-work, as he expressed it on his dying bed, "that he had made it the great work of his life to labour at a hearty understanding between Germany and France," and well it will be if the French remember his warning to be always on their guard until the Germans have the courage to rise up and sweep away the haughty caste of princes and nobles, who have so long bullied and kept down the generations of hereditary bondmen under a policy of "blood and iron," when the Germans, in their turn, like the French, break the yoke of mean and ignoble servitude so long laid upon their dispirited necks. If the writings of the philosophers of nature are worth a thought, the warning of Heine may still bear fruit in proper season; and this is devoutly to be hoped for, in the interests of the occidental families of Europe, for their own happiness, and that of others. The emancipation of the Jews will be secured when the economic financial question is once solved. That alone can secure a love of justice, prudence and real necessity. Antipathy against the Jews has no longer a religious ground with the upper classes, and with the working classes it is transformed more into social spite and hatred against the overpowering might of capital and the gold medium of exchange, which gives them

the power of exploiting at all times. This is no mere statement. Their every-day history proves its truth. Hatred of Jews is fostered and maintained by the Christian governments being under their control in monetary concerns, such governments not knowing how to free themselves, but which I make bold to say is to be remedied when "Money and Its Use, and How to Construct Public Works," as I have explained in my pamphlet, is fully understood, endorsed and acted upon. Another giant—Dr. Lasker—the outcome of the spirit of liberty to be found in Germany, who at one time was the great opponent of the brute princes of Germany, but who at last, as the Germans boast, helped to the consolidation of the new German Empire, was superior to his race, if he was a genuine Jew; but it is so difficult to tell who are Jews in these days of race-mingling. I know of a well-known Jew of Bloemfontein who for three generations could claim that his father and grandfather, like himself, had married English or European women. Thus, to a great extent, his Jew position was obliterated, and in his every day intercourse, he could deny that he was a descendant of Moses. That Dr. Lasker was a political giant no one can deny, but we rejoice to know with all his help to consolidate the German Empire, he nobly demanded freedom of mind and body, and we also rejoice the more to know that there were conditions that could produce in Germany too, out of the many, such noble martyrs for humanity. Much is hoped for by the "Society for the conversion of the Jews;" but even this modern satire on the intellect of the Jews will cease to amuse, if all would adopt the plan of Theodore Hook. On one occasion he was asked for a donation for the conversion of the Jews. He replied that he had no money to give away, but if they sent him a Jew, he would try and convert him. This was not quite what the Society required, and Hook never heard from them again. Thanks be to the common sense of the age; we shall not need in the future such silly conversions and baptisms as the unfortunate Heine went through, which made him hated alike by Jew and Christian. Heine's eulogy of that book of books, *Biblion*, is pardonable. He says—which is almost a proof that he could not have

read it much—the Jewish History is beautiful, but the latter-day Jews injure the old. I think if there were no more Jews, and it was known that a single one example of this race existed anywhere, people would travel a hundred leagues to see it, even to shake hands, but now people turn out of their way. What a consummation to be devoutly hoped for, a time when one specimen only, and, as a curiosity, to be only seen in some future Barnum's—showing the present order of things reversed, a Christian making profit out of a Jew, but what an awful connexion for the Heine of the past. Depend upon this, no agitation can set in against a people in or out of England if there be not cause for the same. Men may write with all consuming indignation and strong passion. At the present time homage is being paid by the highest of English society, not to Jews as Jews, but to their wealth; and while even the new religious sect for political purposes, seeks to identify the English race with the Ten Tribes, they ignore the Jews. As to the cause of the quarrel between the Eastern Christians and the Jews, there was room for doubt. We had some reason to believe there was as much extortion on the one side as fanaticism on the other. No patriotism in the truest sense can ever be felt by a wandering race, with a tribal bond, tribal aspirations, and tribal feelings of its own. Of course there is something higher than nationality. We, while making an idol of our nation, can also make an idol of universal humanity. All civilised nations hold some allegiance to humanity; they all look forward to a day of universal brotherhood, but the genuine Jew regards his race as superior to humanity, and with all we know of their past, looks forward to its final ascendancy, under the leadership of a tribal Messiah, and protests most vehemently against all intermarriage with the Gentile. The restoration to Palestine is a bygone. Some Jews are there, and all would soon flock there from all parts of the world, if they had a wealthy people to fleece, but the extortion of the Turk as well as that of the Jews, keeps that country like all under the Jews' control, *poor*. The Governments of Europe bid against each other for the favour and support of an anti-national money, because they will not, or cannot

understand the money question. Let each Government make its own money, based upon its own wealth, and the power in finance of the Jew is at once and for ever removed. This is the true solution of the problem. To keep up their power they now pride themselves upon the influence they wield in the Press. If there is one danger to be feared more than another in this England of ours, it is the new social disease of the day in the perversion of public opinion in the interest of private gain, by the underhanded manipulation of the *Press Jews*, who, by their wealth, can buy the pen of the mercenary. They are more to be watched, and even hated, when they use these means to divert from their legitimate course national advantages for their own private gain. The advancing of one million by a Rothschild to an Egyptian exchequer, with the security of the English Government, was a fraud upon the Egyptians, and to the interest of an already rich house, because it was advanced by a French Rothschild, to the advantage of the French Jews, in opposition to an advance by the English Government, at a very low rate. But such is the desire to pander to the money power that even this fraud is permitted. The bitter antipathy to the Jew is not for their peculiar creed, character, habits and exclusiveness, but in their avoiding ordinary labour, and the spreading out like a network all over the world, to live on the labour of others by usury and smartness in other trading transactions. In Russia, Austria, Poland and Prussia the Jews get among a simple peasantry, devour their substance by usury, possess themselves of their properties, and, as is well known, become forestallers of all kinds of provisions, and even support drinking to demoralise the natives. The bulk of the victims to the late outrage upon the Jews in Russia were principally provision houses. It is not a religious question in any case, and he, or they, who maintain to the contrary have not studied race, religion or finance. Insurance offices do not refuse to insure the houses of Jews, on account of their religion. It is entirely due to the fact that they so often burn them to raise the cash, not upon the things destroyed but for what was not burnt. Their commercial morality is of the worst.

Let them form a fire insurance office for Jews exclusively, and then see how many Jews would be burnt out. Africa stinks with such burnings, and the same in America. In England the Jew is kept within bounds, only by constant watching; but he succeeds in making his way into the political arena, which, under party-governments enables him to enrich himself on the Stock Exchange. A money power is always conservative, and with political power in his hands, he will be more supple and cunning than before, and intrigue will become his special business. A poor Jew may be socialistic from necessity, but not from conviction. The greatest charlatan that ever sat in the seat of the powerful, was the bastard Jew Disraeli, who got up jingoism, as a commercial speculation, and who mouthed about English nationalism, and in no sense could be nationalistic. They can assist to rouse action, and to keep going while it pays, and as they owe no special allegiance to any country, clear out immediately it does not. They will at all times take advantage of the gain, but never share in the national loss. The impudence of a tribal wandering race, calling themselves the aristocracy of God, and looking upon all other races as their future subjects, is disgusting. It is not true that the more Jews in a country, the greater prosperity, for England has but few and Scotland less, in proportion to Poland, Hungary and Germany. Nothing can increase the wealth of a nation but productive industry, and in this particular the Jew stands the lowest. A stock-jobber is of no more advantage to a nation than a gambler—and judging by past history, the Jew, with his straight tips and his sneaking to secure information for future gain, is almost in the infamous position of the gambler with loaded dice. Renan tells us that he wishes all the privileges and advantages of nationality without being a member of the nation, or bearing his share of national burdens. It is not a religious question in Germany; but seeing the growth of the Jewish power there, the immense wealth exploited from out of the people, and by stock-jobbing and their contempt for manual labour, the pushing forward by virtue of their wealth, of the higher and influential places in the community, which to most Englishmen cannot be understood,

unless like myself, he feels degraded by the fact of a bastard Disraeli speaking and acting the fool, in the name of England, necessitating that the Jew should eastward go, and leave us to our devices, while he betakes himself once more to the land of Canaan, and take up, if he can, the position of a people once more. I would not rob a Jew of any equality before the law, but so persuaded am I of the Jew being the embodiment of all that is bad in our monetary arrangements, that until he will help to bring about the one true system of finance, that each and all countries should make their own medium of exchange, based upon the wealth of each country independent of the monopoly of Jew or Christian, I will never cease to draw attention to their presence, numbers, wealth and position as the greatest internal living, moving curse that can be within the boundaries of any people, and I warn them, that if they do not help to alter our monetary laws, based, as I have proved, on a national equitable base, that greater mishaps and misfortunes are in store for them than ever their fathers suffered from, and if once such a movement sets in in Europe, that neither money, wealth, man, women or child will find their way to their old land Chaldea, or the land they took by force, which after killing the old inhabitants, they called Canaan.





CHAPTER XXIV.

FOR the sake of Natal I was grieved that they contemplated raising their Customs' tariff, thus increasing the staff of unproductive men, and adding to the cost of the necessaries of life. When will free-trade, and thus a free table be possible? Alas! alas! only when Governments cease to blunder and plunder in the name of right. Since the formation of the African Bond, supported by the *Patriot* and the *Zuid Africaan*, there has been a constant murmuring about the rate of the customs and the share division, but one thing more notable than all, is the constant cry of the Free-Staters for a share of custom dues. One Jew editor has constantly demanded on the part of the Free State a portion of the Customs levied by the Colonies for the continuation of their public works, and with all the impudence of a highwayman has demanded a partition of the same. Since the poverty of the Free State has become chronic, they fancy they can bully John Bull or his sons, out of their money, and with all the insolence of bullies, strong in physical strength, they talk of strong defensive measures to compel the same from the Colonies, and have the audacity to state that for the last thirty years they have been plundered, which is simply a Jew lie. No compulsion in the slightest form to buy from the Colonies, no embargo is laid upon their exports of raw produce in any way, nor are they unfairly treated, and yet, now that they are poor through being skinned by the foreign banks, and the ever exploiting Jews in their midst, a Moses demands on behalf of Germans and Hollanders, that they plunder from the Colonies in the shape of rebate on Customs, and then, with

all their cur nature, bark and snap and talk of their right. Their might is like their right, nowhere, and although they may, like wasps, sting, they will find to their bitter cost that they can be smoked out. If they once rouse the British Lion they will find a difficulty in allaying his rage, if ever it is necessary to show who is master on this Continent. They seem to ignore that they are now encircled by the railways, and that in reality they are as powerless as the Kaffirs. By an act of kindness, to enable them to hold their own against the natives, they have had an unlimited supply of firearms and ammunition to protect themselves, until that had to be stopped, owing to their supplying the Basutos to continue in opposition. It may be truly said that all this feeling of brute-might is not the spontaneous outcome of the Dutch, but the miserable effort on the part of the German and Jew traders and editors, who yet hope to so excite the English as to run up to Kimberley a few regiments to keep the peace and bring with them, as they always do, a few big bags of John Bull's money to have a share of the cash. As a matter of fact, the Dutchman is now only a tenant-at-will to the Jews. The Jew, true to his instinct, has so arranged that the bulk of the farmers are mortgaged up to their chins. They are often now chaffed by the very men that hold them in bonds, that they now can wear black cloth, but in reply the Dutchman could answer, they wear the same, but it is not paid for, while when they wore leather breeches—"vel brockery," they had neither bills, bonds, nor liabilities. Here, too, if the monetary conditions are not remedied, there will be a sudden invitation to the Jews to move off if they wish to save their skins, and, as it is understood, that a man will give his all to save his life, they will clear out and leave the Dutchman his own. There would be no quarrel between the Dutch and English, if the German and Jew "witlander" was not in the way to disturb the peace. As brothers of the Scandinavian race, their interests are one, but with the everlasting Jew-irritant between there will be no peace. Under a system of confederation, with the seat of Government in Bloemfontein, a share of the customs would belong to the Free State and Transvaal, but certainly not to enrich the German and the Jew. Thank heaven, the

light is coming, and the time must not be far off, when the money question being solved, there will be no opportunity for the Jew manipulating any more for ever.

If all the conditions of the Cape Colony were fairly looked at, and the advantages that the Free State had from the Colony, the Dutchman would perceive that they are indebted to the colonists.

The full report of the debate in the Cape Assembly upon Mr. Scanlen's proposal to negotiate with the Free State on the Customs-Railway question is now before us. We gather from it that the temper of the Cape Parliament is quite lukewarm on the subject. There seemed no earnest desire anywhere to make any move just now. Timidity, in view of a general election, and a desire to husband revenue in face of a deficit, weighed on all sides. Mr Scanlen lacked heartiness in his way of putting the question. Referring to the historical documents published by the Free State Government, the Premier said :—

" Sir Philip Wodehouse took up the attitude that this colony had undertaken certain burdens in the way of harbour works, roads, mountain passes, and works of that character, which were not alone for the benefit of this colony, but for the inhabitants of the interior generally. Amongst the papers laid on the table would be found a despatch from President Brand, in which he called attention to the treatment of the claims of the Free State, and it was after receiving that despatch that the matter was taken into consideration by the Government. One suggestion made was that there should be an equalisation of the customs dues, and a fixed uniform rate in an equitable manner between the different Governments. That despatch further contained the suggestion that if reasonable arrangements could be made with the Government of the Cape Colony, there was a strong desire on the part of the Free State to connect with the colonial system of railways. With reference to the customs duties it was pointed out, in reply, that the Government was of opinion that neither the Legislature of this colony nor of Natal would be prepared to so far fetter their action in a matter of such importance. In addition to the objections

then made he thought he might fairly urge that it would be a very difficult thing to make out a scheme for the division of Customs duties amongst the various colonies of South Africa. When the question came to be considered, he thought it would be found that this colony held towards the inhabitants of the interior of South Africa very much the position of a trustee. It was true we had received the customs duties, but while doing so we had with no niggard hand made liberal provision for services which had benefitted South Africa generally."

These remarks are well worth quoting; not merely because of the speaker's responsible position, but because of the fact that Natal might make use of the same arguments. Whatever the Cape may have done, Natal has done little less in the way of developing communications. The Premier's next remarks were no less to the point, and especially those that immediately followed:—

"Besides the works mentioned by Sir Philip Wodehouse, the colony had since greatly extended the system of railways and telegraphs, and it must be admitted that these were not only for the benefit of the inhabitants of this colony, but for the benefit of the whole of the interior. Every mile of railway that went into the interior reduced the rate of carriage of goods conveyed there; and it was not too much to say that during the last few years the carriage had been reduced at least by one half. Not only did it benefit the consumer, but the merchant, who had a greater certainty as to the arrival of the goods. Then the colony had borne a very heavy burden for some years in subsidising the mail companies, which was for the benefit of South Africa generally. In addition to the certainty as to the arrival of mails, there was the direct advantage of the reduction of postage to the lowest possible limit. The advantages to the trade of South Africa in this way had been considerable. Apart from this there was the subsidy to the cable, which was also for the benefit of South Africa generally. In dealing with a matter of this kind, we had to separate the question of what might be the claims of the Government of the Free State, as an abstract question of right, from the other question of what

was wise and politic to do. When the Government of a neighbouring State approached us and asked for the consideration of this question, without committing ourselves to any definite resolution, we should meet them and fairly consider what might be urged on their behalf, and consider what might also be urged on our behalf. If the Government of the Free State were prepared to connect Bloemfontein with one of our systems of railway, he thought it would form a fair basis for any arrangements that might be made. It was a question of some difficulty and delicacy as to the shape in which the allowance should be made, but on the whole he was disposed to think the fairer way would be to consider whether it might not be advisable to allow a rebate on the Customs duties upon the goods that passed through the colony in bond for consumption in the Free State. If the principle of rebate were to be agreed to, then the question would have to be considered to what extent that rebate should take place. It must be clear that the principle must be maintained that the Customs duties were to be applied towards paying the interest of a sinking fund on those large public works constructed for the benefit of South Africa generally. If in the course of any negotiations that took place it were found that the Government of the Free State were willing to connect their capital with the colonial system of railways, this colony might fairly take that into consideration with the view of obtaining advantages which would be very great, both directly and indirectly. The extension of the railways into the Free State would secure for this colony, at any rate, a large share of the trade from the Orange Free State. So far as he had made enquiries, he found that the trade from the northern portion of the Free State had for some years past gone in the direction of Natal, and even with the extension of our railways to the Free State, a considerable portion of the trade was likely to follow that route. There was one other question worthy of consideration which had not come into prominence in the past, but would be likely to come into prominence in the future. At no distant date the colony would have to undertake a considerable extent of coast defence."

This last question is not one of pressing importance just now to ourselves, though the time is not far distant when the proposals of erecting maritime defences at the Bluff and Point, for the protection of our harbour, will have to be considered. Mr. Upington, on behalf of the Opposition, took up the same line of argument yet more plainly :—

"In reference to Customs dues the same thing had always struck him. He remembered that some little time before Griqualand West was annexed to the colony this same question of a rebate of Customs dues was a burning question, and the people there when he visited that province made strong representations to him with a view of getting a rebate of Customs dues, on the ground that so many of the goods imported through the Customs here were consumed in Griqualand West. Well, he then said he could not quite agree with the claim advanced, and when they knew that this colony had been for years past spending immense sums of money on our harbours, on an ocean service for the introduction of goods, for the maintenance of a considerable staff for the protection of the revenue, and the recovery of Customs dues, for providing railways, or roads which were maintained at the expense of the colony, and if a debtor and creditor account were kept, it would be found by the time the goods reached Griqualand West, that that place was the debtor of the colony instead of the colony being the debtor of Griqualand West. Up to the present time he had never had that opinion shaken, and he held now exactly the same views as he did then."

The prospects in Natal for "white" emigrants are by no means of an enticing character. The following statements prove most openly the danger any and all would run, if they hastened to Natal under the impression of doing well under present conditions :—

THE LAND AND IMMIGRATION BOARD.

The European Land and Immigration Board, at its ordinary meeting, arrived at some conclusions of considerable importance. In the first place, the Board had to consider the application made by Mr. Warren-Wright for an extension

of time in respect of the proposed settlement at "North Shepstone." The question arose whether or not there was any stability in the scheme which Mr. Warren-Wright, under the auspices of the South African Settlement Society, has been anxious to put in force in the locality indicated. The original sketch of the scheme was briefly this—that the South African Settlement Society should send out six families at once, and not less than six families per annum, to be placed on a block of 3,400 acres to be reserved by the Government for their use. It will be obvious to every one that the success of such a settlement depends altogether on the ability of those undertaking the scheme to help it through its early struggles. Nothing would be more blamable than to allow any persons in England calling themselves a Society to ship off families to a distant Colony without any guarantee that there is a living to be made when they reach their destination. Mr. Peace, who has been in communication with Mr. Warren-Wright in England, has charged the South African Settlement Society with not being in a position to carry out their proposal. To this charge there seems to have been no adequate defence, and though Mr. Warren-Wright, in communicating with Mr. Greenacre, has endeavoured to make his case good, it is evident that, even with such a willing listener as Mr. Greenacre, he has not succeeded. Hence the decision of the Board that the "Warren-Wright scheme" must be regarded as being at an end—a decision with which, we believe, no one in the Colony will be disposed to quarrel. To keep a valuable block of land locked up for the purposes of a scheme which could hardly help being a failure would not be a course recommending itself to the common sense of any colonist. We are anxious, it is true, to encourage European immigration by all means, but we do not need to incur the risk of having a pauper population thrust upon us. Another important aspect of this very question is alluded to by a correspondent in Alfred Country, who points out that to place European families at a distance from a market for the produce they may raise is little short of an act of cruelty. The native aspect of this correspondent's letter is hardly less important, though it can hardly be dealt with in the present connection.

Another question of very great importance which came before the Immigration Board was that of "free immigration." This question was raised on a letter from Mr. W. B. Carnegie, for which the writer received the thanks of the Board. The point to be decided in connection with the letter was this—is the labour market of the colony at the present moment overstocked? In the opinion of the Chairman of the Board this is actually the case, and in this opinion Mr. Greenacre, a most trustworthy authority on such matters, concurred. Mr. Greenacre had found that there are a large number of mechanics in the colony who are out of employ; and though among those who have left the colony for Australia only one had been introduced here as a free immigrant, still it is very obvious that, at a time when mechanics are leaving the colony, it is a mistake to go on bringing them in at the public expense. One important fact was mentioned by the Chairman, viz., that the introduction of additional artisans into the Colony has no effect in reducing wages. It seems to be the experience of employers of labour that the labour of a man who will accept anything below the current rate of wages is not worth having. Hence it is placed out of the power of any class of mechanics to assert that their individual interests are injured by the free introduction of more labour of the same class. Employers will stick to their old hands in preference to engaging new ones; and thus, while the newly-imported mechanic may have to complain of an inability to find work, the old hands will not have to complain of being ousted. The decision of the Board to continue the granting of assisted passages is quite consistent with the reasons assigned for the discontinuance of free passages. The object of the Board is to introduce permanent settlers, and though this object may be defeated by the free introduction of artisans whose presence will overstock the market, the fact of an employer being prepared to introduce, by assisted passages, persons for whom there is employment, is itself a guarantee that the objects for which the Immigration Board exists are being consulted. As regards the introduction of agricultural labourers, this is an entirely distinct question from that of the introduction of

artizans. It may, however, be questioned whether agricultural labour, pure and simple, would have much attraction for immigrants.

The question of the occupation of land by colonists, which also came before the Board, is one which will probably be found of increasing importance. The members of the Board are no doubt justified to a large extent in maintaining that their business is with immigrants only, and that colonists must look out for themselves. Nevertheless there can be no question that there is much to be said in support of the claim of colonists to be placed on an equal footing with strangers in respect of applications for land. Mr. Greenacre was perfectly justified in pointing out that the sons of Natal farmers are the very men to be kept in the Colony by all means. The statement of the Chairman of the Board that colonists can always get land cheap is one which must not be taken altogether without criticism. There is land and land in the Colony, and though inferior land may be had at the upset price, it does not follow that the better class of land is to be obtained easily. Mr. Greenacre has been invited by the Immigration Board to formulate some proposals on the subject, and no doubt these will have careful attention

OCCUPATION OF LAND BY COLONISTS.

The subject of sons of colonists obtaining grants of land came up at the meeting of the European Immigration Board. Two applications being made for land, Mr. Greenacre said the question has suggested itself to him as to how far sons of colonists could have plots of land on the same conditions as immigrants, instead of being shut out as they were now. He knew many eligible sons of farmers and old colonists who were desirous of getting land on these conditions. These were the very men they should be careful not to drive out of colony. On the same principle that they were not going to invite more artisans to emigrate to Natal to drive others out of the colony, he thought it would be unwise to induce a class of ignorant agriculturists to come here to the exclusion of colonists who were well acquainted with the place.

With a determination not to miss anything of interest, I wandered down to the New Harbour Works, and although I could not feel any special confidence in the undertaking, I could but admire the energy and pluck that would again try to deepen the port inlet, and the ever increasing impediments to the entry of large vessels, and still feel that with the plan suggested by my letter to the Government Council, all improvements were possible. I was surprised at the close proximity of the houses, stores, and Hotels to the sea, and wondered that in these days of sea-shore bombardments, with all the well-known wisdom of Natalians, they allowed the possibility of the lower part of their town to be shelled, and even if it did not destroy their valuable properties, the fact of setting it on fire, and the possibility of landing troops and artillery under the cover of guns from the ships, would place the rich upper portions of the city under contribution to England's enemies. It is worthy of immediate consideration, whether in the face of the recent bombardment of Alexandria, which so astonished Arabi and his party, who never conceived that the English would destroy their own property, and also demonstrate the possibility of destroying stone forts, and all other property within the range of the most powerful ships of war, and thus, whether it would not be better to have only landing and receiving sheds on the immediate coast in communication with the city, which should be built inland, out of the possibility of being bombarded. In these days of tramways and railways, the communication from shore to city and city to shore, is so easy, and if the whole space was open from the landing pier to the city, with its fortress and its underground tramways, and thus protecting the city with heavy ordinance, no fear such as is now felt would be possible. If stone forts were impossible, then let us have raised earth works, with bomb-proof tops and elevating guns, that could be raised or lowered as circumstances needed. The Cape and other Colonial ports must see to this. We are the possessors of so many gates and lands of the earth, and should not be at the mercy of our enemies, or any Paul Jones. If they were to attack us under the present defenceless condition of all our ports, and there is no

doubt that, rather than our present sea cities should be shelled, the citizens would prefer paying a large sum of money, or any amount of goods, to be free from an attack. Now picture the probability with its tribute paid by Englishmen, and ask how long is such a defenceless condition of things to last, when all could be allowed for by a distance between port and city. Many would be the advantages of the plan. No low-lying houses near the sea-shore, and the inhabitants inhaling the mists and miasma rising from the low-lying lands, and the necessity of all shore-workers getting away by train or rail, would be conducive, from a sanitary point of view, to the advantage of all ; and it is devoutly to be hoped that if any more cities are to be built like this, on our sea coasts, from Woolwich Bay to St. Lucia, all will be built inland, out of the reach of the longest range guns in existence, or that can be possibly conceived in the future, that can be used from on board ship.

Returning to my hotel, and having partaken of dinner, I wandered to the Theatre of speculation, and total loss to its builder, who, unfortunately for himself and others, never counted the cost, and thus, in forgetting the same, ruined himself and his supporters. The opera *Olivette* was played, and on it I have no remarks, good, bad or indifferent, upon what the Durbanites have to be satisfied with ; but I again have to protest against the demoralising of our women, young men, and boys. The constant unsexing of our actresses is becoming disgusting. Women who can act the sailor, and young middy, and sing songs, which create a body-hunger to the audience, which when sold, and the monetary satisfaction given, only creates disgust, or perhaps living responsibilities, which are disregarded or ignored, but which ruin the woman and demoralise the man, who perhaps would never have thought of, or committed the deed, without his animalism being excited on witnessing such want of decency, by those who place and sell their art and skill on the stage, and themselves afterwards. No doubt some people will complain of this strong language, but it is the duty of all to expose such tricks and mannerisms of our public amusers. The same may be said of the English stage, as in the person

of Mrs. L——y, who posed on the foot-boards to make money of the beauty she could exhibit. True, she was one of the lucky ones when beauty was shared out, for she stood in the front row, while others were in the rear, who were too modest to turn mercenaries. This beauty does not hesitate to go round the world, and to America, to gather up her quarter of a million pounds out of her skin-covered ugliness. Beauty can be admired, and it is indeed a glorious thing, but if it is to be hawked about for gain, then it is a curse. There is enough vanity of vanities, without men encouraging women to make shows of themselves in their living fulness, only to excite the lusts and lecherous feelings of our male population. If such resistless beauty must be exposed, let it be in a Mrs. Javes's waxworks show. The food and condiments without French adulterated compounds are too much already, without the positive living form of half nudity of our present stage actresses aiding and urging our men to commit themselves. Such men at last almost think that every woman has her price, and would commit herself in a way I will not mention, if she only had the opportunity, and in the face of so many that rue after having done it with their *Olivette*.

The time has arrived when the women, but more especially the young girls, who have to masquerade on our stages, and in our pantomimes, must be protected; and if they are ever guarded from such scenes and temptations there will be less work for the Society of Protection to Women; and the society, like many such kindred ones, instead of wasting time and money in pretending to help to remove the outcome of the cause, they will prevent, on the principle that the prevention is better than the cure, at all times, in all countries.

Once more, having settled all things in Durban, not forgetting the worthy Mr. Fry, who so kindly assisted me in town details, and whose table was of the best, with a true manly English style, I once more shook the hands of my numerous friends and took the train for the last ride of civilisation prior to my three hundred miles of post-cart riding. At this particular period there was a continued hot

and bitter discussion about this railroad, which was considered to be the road of swindling contractors, who, having to share the plunder with engineers and others, got the work passed as of the best, when it was of the most indifferent description, and thus taking out of the pockets of the Natalians to the benefit of the staff of imbeciles. This statement may cause an outcry; but in these days of shoddy undertakings, manipulated by Colley, Fowler & Co., the thing is easy, the only thing aimed at by all this engineering gang is to get into the running, but to expect more of such is impossible. Some of these men are so "kaffirised" and "coolieised" that it is not the doing that they object to, but the finding them out in their peculations, and even then with all the effrontery possible, defending each other and shirking responsibilities and casting the blame upon no one until the remedies and repairing being effected, these rail highway wretches are allowed to escape, to repeat the process elsewhere upon some other unfortunate credulous colony.

Unless great care is observed in the future, and a different system is carried out in the construction of our public works, we run the risk of a new order of swindlers getting the upper-hand. The haste-to-get-rich system is so fully developed in our official life that they pander to the constructors of our public conveniences. An architect or engineer's certificate covers a multitude of faults, the same as the certificate of a doctor covers the cause of disease and death, which may be the outcome of the physician's so-called carelessness. I never, in all my long and dangerous journeys, in all parts of the Cape Colony, rode over so many miles of positive danger as I did from Maritzburg to the Devil's Gate Kloof or Porte. Truly it would have been a case of "God for us all, and the Devil take the hindermost," if the bridge had toppled over, but I never felt so near in the clutches of the devils of bridge and road makers, as I did, when with barely steam enough to pull us over, we passed over the seven bridges at a snail's pace, and like rats in a carriage-trap, pictured in horror, while passing over, the bare possibility of being hurled into an abyss of utter chaos, when in so falling, we should not only not have

felt the falling over, but not even detected the stopping at the bottom—and all this agony of mind to thousands who are compelled to pass over, and all to satisfy and enrich some of the colony black-mailers. Personally, I am like thousands of others, a unit or speck on this globe of ours, but why are we to be the victims of such gross incapacity. It might be bearable if we could get at such wretches and the funds they purloin were come-at-able, as compensation to our friends if we were smashed; but that they should have all the cash and advantages, and we the paying of the amount, while they secured the swindling-up prices, is not quite the thing. If we can help to disallow it any longer, let us, who may say to the contrary notwithstanding; but this would never take place if my system of railway constructing was carried out without bonds, mortgages, loans or the burden of interest. It is the scarcity of gold-money, the small amount of labour to be got for the great amount of cash borrowed, and continuing to buy the cheapest labour, and using the worst materials for the building of the bridges that bring about all these disasters. Men who start from England to build the railroads and other public works of utility, only with one idea, that of stopping in Natal or the Colonies for a few years, and during that time to get all they can out of the shoddy work done—it matters not to them how soon the deluge comes on after they are out of the way of the waters of public indignation, which will be their fate, and certainly happen in the future, when the world understands how to make all its public works of utility without the aid of bankers, money lenders, and wealth exploiters, and when the organisation of labour is controlled by the trusted and honourable men of responsibility of our future commonwealth. At last, in mortal fear we passed over all the dangerous spots, and one could breathe freer so far as bridges were concerned. As we passed upward and along the Ichanga valley and hills, the line seemed all out of gear, gangs of men building up and laying down rails, to give the road a more substantial construction. It was quite evident that it was a reconstructing at the public expense, and it made some of the Natalians savage, after reading the railway report, that in some way or other they

could not get at the original constructors. The view from the line is one grand panorama, certainly for beauty one of grandest sights in Natal, but without its natural surroundings. It was with feelings of joy I arrived at Maritzburg, and contemplated a journey to the Free State, by way of a post-cart, with sorrow that I had perhaps passed over, for the last time, the beautiful country and the Ichanga hill, for instead of the valley being one of unutterable delight, one was afraid all the way that it might have been, if not the shadow of death, death itself in its worst form, and like that of so many human rats for the time being in a gigantic railway trap. I was worn out with anxiety and fear, and with a nervous headache brought on in contemplating that I should be smashed up on this line of swindlers; and to recover, after supper, retired to rest, preparatory, and in anticipation of my morrow's ride up country, once more up the hills I had come down the year before, with such joy and elasticity to meet my family in British Kaffraria.





CHAPTER XXV.

ON the 27th of October I awoke, and with haste I ran round Maritzburg to see if I could detect any sign that here, the capital of Natal, if nowhere else, money was plentiful, setting all things in full working order, and causing the hearts of all to rejoice. Notwithstanding the fact that all Nature was in bloom, and decked out in her best green robes, making the valleys and hills resound with the hallelujah chorus of the cattle, for all things good for them and men, the want of money had made the hearts of all quite sad; and then to make the matter worse, the Governor here had an attack of insanity, and instead of their being operated upon by the Levites, they imposed and increased the cost upon all the inhabitants, and not being satisfied that all things were bad, and that their exchequer was on the right side, they too, must demand extra customs duties, to keep up the army of paupers at the ports to the disadvantage of the producers. Never since the time before had the oldest inhabitant known things so bad. Quantities of goods and quantities of produce, but no market could be found in which they could sell for money. Starvation, bankruptcy and ruin were staring them in the face. Here let me remark that it is not all failures that are due to want of ability or chicanery. The man who sets himself the deliberate task of robbing his fellow man deserves the most severe punishment; but the man who cannot sell and receive the cash in hand, needs the commiseration of the public. He is but one of the victims of bad government, and as carrion to be eaten up by the land-shark, for it must not be forgotten that if we have got rid of our sea-wreckers, we are now inun-

dated on the land by the ever-increasing number of land-wreckers. Maritzsburg, like all other towns, is eaten up with debt; and again, like all other towns, is eating herself up in the mode of constructing her public works. When will this system cease, that to secure better water and other municipal arrangements, cities will so persistently mortgage themselves and their children for all time to come? And yet now the remedy is here, and I, like another John, without a saintship, am crying in the wilderness, urging modern men to grasp the tuition of our past giants, that in me in their great questions, found the experience of truth.

At present, no body of men will recognise these important social gospel truths. How many more good men—men of whom the world is not worthy, and who are not comprehended, and how long, before those that run may read, and having eyes may see, and who hear may understand? Not only do the Governors rob us in the form of taxation, in our Customs and other internal arrangements, but in that which regulates the future of our children, born and unborn. Our offspring is mortgaged to the bondholders, and yet we are free, and ever will be free, in imagination, while we are the bondsmen and bondswomen to the ever-increasing horde of filibusters in and out of our banks. Fortunately, all are not blind to all this, and in the Cape Colony the Dutch move resolutions demanding the customers of the Standard bank to cease business with them, and that all government funds be deposited in some Colonial bank, and not in the hands of a foreign bank that only lives upon a large interest, that they remit to their uncles, that live in palaces in England, who fare sumptuously every day, and dress in good black cloth and fine linen at the expense of the colonists.

STANDARD BANK *v.* AFRICANS.

At a public meeting held at Wellington, the following resolutions were carried:—

1. Whereas, of late it has become more and more evident that the Standard Bank aims at and brings about the ruin of our South African people, this meeting expresses its opinion on the bank as follows:—

- (a) That no one should make use of the bank either for purposes of trade or otherwise, except in cases of inevitable necessity.
- (b) That all who persist in dealing with this bank, are no longer worthy of the support of the Afrianders.
- (c) It considers it necessary that all local and Colonial banks use all their endeavours to assist our people, and to remove all existing obstacles as much as possible.

2. This meeting looks forward to the future with anxiety in the matter of the Standard Bank, and hereby also expresses with profound regret its deep-felt indignation at many Afrianders, especially traders, still preferring the said bank, notwithstanding the many warnings, and in future we will watch such persons carefully and support them only in cases of the utmost necessity.

3. This meeting deems it desirable that the funds of our boarding schools shall be deposited in our Colonial banks instead of in the Standard Bank, and deems it also desirable that a committee be appointed to treat with the managers.

N.B.—To endorse still further the above position, I hereby print an Article from the *Express* of October 18th, 1883.

A discussion on the advantages of local banks in preference to foreign banks is agitating Colonial circles, and the *Patriot* comes in for a large share of abuse for its round condemnation of the Standard Bank, and its advocacy of a "National Bank" for the Cape Colony. We think unduly, though the *Patriot* may suffer as much under the disadvantage of not having sufficiently explained itself, as from having been wilfully misunderstood. We do not write either against the Standard Bank or the Bank of Africa, the two institutions represented by the term "foreign banks;" nor do we condemn their special mode of working or doing business. We only write on the principle involved, and on this score there can be no question that in this matter, as in a hundred others, "home" institutions are preferable to "foreign" ones. This is what the *Patriot* meant, and in this our contemporary is perfectly right. But this abstract principle does not include that we should oust two large financial institutions now, even were

we able, which we most certainly are not. On the other hand, this should not prevent us from discussing, and gradually attempting, the establishment of such local or provincial institutions, which, if they do not replace the two banks, would certainly check and control their action. The *Volksblad*, in discussing this question, adduces the fate of the Cape Commercial Bank and the condition of the many small local banks previous to the arrival of the large English banks. The *Volksblad* forgets, however, that South African trade has greatly changed, and that the malpractices of some small local banks twenty years ago would, under the altered circumstances of affairs, and especially with the experience gained, most likely not take place. Directors may abuse their position, but that does not only happen here, but also in England and elsewhere, and may happen in the very Standard Bank or Bank of Africa ; with this difference, that the abuse in a local bank is practised by small local merchants, and the abuse in one of the two institutions by large London merchants, sitting on the Board.

The arguments against South African local banks hold good, in short, against almost any bank, whilst there are a host of reasons to be adduced in favour of local banks, which do not exist with foreign banks. To bring capital into South Africa is, of course, a gain, and they would be fools who objected to it, whether brought by means of a bank, or any other industry or mode of investment. But a bank which brings a hundred thousand pounds here, issues its own notes and takes away the interest and profit on some three to four hundred thousand pounds, besides using at least as much South African capital in the shape of fixed and floating deposits as it brings here to make these profits, is scarcely to be looked up to, as is the custom in some Colonial circles, as a public benefactor. This is, moreover, not the case with any other investment, and therefore the employment of foreign capital is more objectionable in the form of banking institutions than in any other form of investment. Another great drawback is the administration of such banks by means of a manager, who is almost entirely dependent upon another manager perhaps many hundred miles

away for his treatment of men and matters. From what we know of trade experience, this has proved a great inconvenience and a serious loss to many people who, but for the courtesy and confidence exhibited by a local bank, would have been in a queer position. Hereto comes the danger that, whilst local banks are bound to the country, and bound up with the country, a foreign bank may withdraw *ad libitum*, and by so doing ruin the country. Recapitulating all we have said, we think the question neither absurd nor ill-timed. There is only one argument in which we support the *Volksblad*, and that is its objections to local banks, if, by that term, is meant a purely local institute, with a capital of from £20,000 to £30,000. If we speak of local banks, we understand thereby a bank on the basis of the National Bank of the Orange Free State, or a bank such as we hope the Transvaal Government will find means to establish, when the Government will raise, say a quarter of a million, and add thereto as much capital as can be found in the Transvaal, for the purpose of founding a strong local bank. The *Patriot* may be wrong in one or the other argument; its instinct is a right one, and every Colony and State of South Africa will do well to take up the question seriously and, if possible, solve it successfully.

The Premier, as a public officer, for the means to construct the public works, ran to England to beg a loan under false pretences, in the hope that he might continue in office, and yet, perhaps, hardly knowing what he had to go home for, and feeling that the expense of so doing and the cost of the very clothes on his back, with a change of Government in his pocket—all, so said, for the benefit of the Colony; but such is the general feeling for modern Governors, that if they were accidentally to become food for fishes, no very heavy mourning would be worn, or tears shed, at their loss. A fine state of things, that such an indifference is now felt as regards the lives of our public men. At one time it was considered the greatest calamity to lose the foremost man, but now they all seem so insignificant, that it is often felt the sooner they depart, the better. Such men push and strive for office. The large-hearted man stands no chance, for he will not, cannot, resort to the miserable strife and trickery to get

into the seat of power, as it is at the present but the seat of the scornful, and the office of the political mountebank.

With sorrow, I reviewed the city and its stupid Government Downing-street boobies, and while I fell into a fit of abstraction and inward weeping at the horrid outcome of all this, with what delight I would have gathered all under my cosmopolitan wing, to teach and utilise all for the benefit of all men. The bugle of John Ogilvie sounded, and to its clear, ringing notes, I mounted the cart, glad, as I felt and hope to leave other men to solve the the difficulties of Maritzburg.

Having on my way to the Post Office finished my business in Maritzburg, I once more ascended the post cart, for my first day's ride to Estcourt, and it was with a heart full of joy I found we were to be driven up by John Ogilvie, the same post-cart driver I came down the Drakensberg with the year before. He at once recognised me, and assured me that he knew the Boon that he had on board the year before, and that nothing would be wanting on his part to make me comfortable and to bring me safe to my journey's end; and he kept his promise to the letter. With a splendid team we started from the Town Hall, past the prominent Post Office, took a last view of the city and its surroundings, and the splendid high estate of Judge Phillips, on which the finest strawberries are grown to supply Durban and elsewhere. Although called "Sleepy Hollow," truly in much the inhabitants of Maritzburg have to be congratulated upon its splendid site and all its surroundings and advantages, and as far as I could observe, no sleepiness, but all appeared to be very much wide-awake. True it is, that with all their sharpness they cannot control the parching, scorching, irritating and prostrating influence of the terribly hot wind that seems to issue from out of some open Hell. The hot air penetrates everywhere. You draw your breath wearily, your skin crackles, and whatever you drink tastes warm. Dust for three months in the year is another plague; it is so fine that it finds its way through key-holes, cracks, and everywhere, which makes a man curse, and at times even swear. Truly the tropics have some charms, but as if to keep man from always sleeping—many and various annoyances. Maritzburg is 2000 feet above

the sea, and the hills around are as high again. While passing up the town hill a tremendous thunderstorm rolled up from between Swart's Kop and burst later on. For two hours it blew, lightened, thundered and rained with awful fury. I knew then what a tropical storm in Natal is like, and when I was informed that from thirty to forty was the average number, I stood aghast ! There was hail too—lumps of ice large enough to break windows and to give anyone out of doors an unpleasant hammering ; the roads were turned into raging torrents, and the air was cooled instantly. One began to feel the breath of life again, and that life was still worth having. Here, as in Durban, the prayers of the hopeful and *poundless* were offered up continuously for another Zulu war, and for the general destruction of the Zulu Kaffir and the coolies. It was quite astonishing to me to hear the hatred expressed against the coolies in particular. I was bold to express my surprise at this, and to intimate, that, perhaps, when in the future the coolies found growing vegetables did not pay, they would become the growers of coffee, tea and sugar, especially the latter, since it was the general belief that 25, 50 or 100 acres in company, and as in the future the central mill for sugar-making was becoming an advantage, it would be possible for the coolies to grow and get it crushed, and thus increase and multiply the output of sugar for the up-country; for it is generally admitted that the coastlands are only fit for one extensive sugar plantation, and if such is the fact, seeing that it is impossible for Englishmen to work in the fields, it is the future business of the coolies to be the growers of all sugar, and all consideration and advantages should be given to encourage such an industry, so that the whole of the South African consumption of sugar should be of South African growing. This is no Utopian idea as regards the coolie, for in the tropical regions where sugar can be grown, the coolie, with comfort to himself, can grow it. I feel persuaded that this ought to be the one idea of the Legislature to make it possible, as it ought to be, the one idea of the Cape Government, to make Basutoland the granary of the colonies, which could easily be accomplished, if the Resident in Basutoland would at once make a road

through the Malutus, right across Nomansland, to facilitate the transport, and thus save a considerable detour through the Free State as at present. With such roads all the Cape could get its corn from the Basutos, and thus save the annual outlay of £500,000 in flour, and wheat from Australia. All could be grown in the upper districts of the colony, thus doing away with the necessity of going out of our own borders for the staff and sweets of life, and the material to make the cup that exhilarates without inebriating. If the placemen, occupying the places of Statesmen, could work out such a plan, there would be full hope for South Africa, and instead of relying, as now upon wool only, with these and other industries in full play, there would be no fear for the future of Natal or South Africa. Apart from the storm, we had a lovely ride through many a hill, and over many a green spot, until we arrived at Howich for a change of horses, and for an inner refreshment. The scenery here, as well as in most parts of Natal, wants diversity and colour. Its breadths of landscapes are almost too great for the vestiges of life they contain, and the eye seeks vainly for points of repose. There are a few houses and two hotels at Howich, and if my suggestions are carried out as I stated in my first *Jottings*, I suppose some day Howich will be a great place. The falls are only a hundred yards from the hotel. The Umgeni bounds over a fall of 300 feet. The valley, with the river winding through it, opens out beyond; it is a beautiful scene altogether. The surroundings are rather mountainous. The downward rush of water seems to draw you with it. I can quite imagine a person plunging after it. The scene is saddened by many a life swept down by the ruthless and swollen waters. How they came to make a ford within a few yards of such a cataract, is a mystery to many. Just before my visit, to tinge the whole with sadness, three Kaffirs were killed by lightning a day or two before, and to make it more awful, a young Englishman had been carried over the Umgeni Falls. It was with a heart full of thankfulness that the breath of life was not rushed out of me in our up-hill struggle, that we inspanned once more, passed on, and eventually came to the outworks of the railway to be continued to Ladysmith. My

fellow-travellers, and Mr. Newton fully endorsed my views, a I have explained in my past, and my future chapters, and deplored with me the folly of getting out from England iron bridges, when it was possible to make stone ones with the material in Natal, and in so doing give to the masons full work and keep the money in Natal; but when I explained my system in full, of how to construct public works of utility as illustrated in my *Money and Its Use*, they expressed delight that there was a hope and a Boon before them, and that Natal, and other colonies would in the near future cease to burden themselves, and mortgage their children. All wished me long life and health, to make known in England and the wide world over the facts and truths as I conceived them. Such is my hope that in the time to come, I too may be able to show, and if not successful in getting them practised upon, that my disciples will see the day when they will be acceptable and fully carried out. Although I, from my mount Pisgah, can only contemplate, it is with an intense feeling of certainty that these views alone, when put in practice, can bring about a time of peace, and free men from all kinds of impositions, that compels me, time after time, to reiterate and reiterate, until the works are completed, and the results proved by experience, carried on, and still on, until we possess all our public works, as the outcome of constructing them, without loans, bonds, mortgages or interest. At last, with a shout, we reach Harding's, at Mooi river, the only river in Natal fit for salmon, being the clearest stream, and on the highest elevation. If it was burning hot in Maritzburg when we started, we felt intensely cold as we rode in the dark into the town of Estcourt at nine o'clock in the evening. As famished men we rushed into the hotel. Once more I paid my respects to the motherly hostess of our accommodation, who made us most welcome, sat us down to a delicious repast, and, if we did not get a roasted elephant's foot from the hot coals, we certainly got a cooked tail of an ox, that to us hungry men was simply a perfect treat. And Oh! how can I describe the round of beef? O ye unfortunate Free Staters, your tough grass could not produce the same.

After many a long chat we retired to rest, to be ready for an early ride in the gray morning. With broken rest, caused

by breaking my rule of never eating a heavy supper, I was easily awoke at the dark hour of two in the morning, and, as needs must, mounted the well-inspanned cart of Welch. We rode on through the mist with a longing for that early cup of coffee so dear to the old inhabitants of Africa. At last we reached Colenso, and then with joy and a warmth by the coffee secured, we again inspanned and rode upward with the cry still of "excelsior," and with lamps retrimmed to light up our path, we went up the hills with the best of style; in fact, such was our manner all through Natal, and its little English villages, resting on the banks of streams, or nestling amid the trees planted and arranged by the proprietors of the hotels. With delight we watched the orb of day once more arrive to cheer the heart of man, to warm the earth and to dispel the mists after the previous storm, until with pleasure we stopped at the Blaauw Bank Hotel at half-past ten, where we were regaled to our morning breakfast, which, after ten hours riding, came most acceptable. We had met many a white man on the road, and were pained to hear from one decent mechanic, whom I knew in Bloemfontein, that like many others, they were seeking work, but unable to find any. Think of this, what is to some a veritable land of Goshen, to many walking through it is a land of starvation. Many and many a mile we rode on with nothing to cheer the heart of man. Time after time, we, as is the usual case, had many an escape from upsetting, but thanks to the good skill of our John Ogilvie, we passed over all Natal's dangers by road. At the Burg Hotel I fell in with a man who was red-hot to destroy all the Kaffir carriers, who, in such hard times, owing to competition, were under-carrying the white man to some extent. I pitied and sympathised with him, when the facts were so visible to every one acquainted with the system adopted. Such competition had a tendency to drive away all the carrying on the part of the white farmers, and if it could have made the so-called farmers more agricultural than at present, it would have been better. The dependence upon pastoral pursuits for the white man was partly the ruin of the colonists. In Natal, as in New Zealand, Canada, and America, there has been a band of English speculators, who in the early days of the colonies

bought up out of the robberies they committed in England, large tracts of the very best land—and don't let there be here any mistake—I don't mean the results of the Bill Sykes burglaries, and the outcome of the land and labour workers, but the descendants of Norman cut-throats and plunderers, who constitute a majority of our aristocracy, as we find that several dukes and earls figure as the owners of many thousands of acres. Sir Edward Reed is put down for a couple of millions of acres. English buyers on this scale, we may be assured have not laid out their money without evidence that they will be allowed to call in, as in Ireland, the power of the policeman or soldier to enforce their interest or rent, to enjoy the fruits of such purchasing. The question how far a country like the United States will tolerate a transplanting of the British system of vast territorial inheritance, is most serious. If the men, who, in the form of rent and interest, rob the English labourer and wealth-producer, invest such stolen money with the idea of planning the creation of landed estates, after the model in Ireland and England, it may be doubted whether they will not find the local prejudice too strong for them. Such is to be hoped for. For proprietors who mean to occupy their land themselves, there is abundance of room and of welcome across the Atlantic—a splendid opportunity for the younger sons of England's *ignobility*. But we fear that the majority of these large investments have been made with a view to future redistribution, at a profit, among smaller occupations, as so recently advocated by that sham Liberal, Auberon Herbert, when he asked for Companies to purchase England's cheap soil to place little men upon, to secure to the holders of such land a very nice income. Auberon, Auberon, you always were a Lilliputian when I knew you in Clerkenwell, London, with your supposed radicalism, and you have never ceased to be a Lilliputian, though you did secure the money-bags of others. These land-grabbers are ever the same; the younger sons for their advantage would make land easy of transfer, and in some cases ask for the removal of primogeniture, introduced in the reign of that glorious polygamist Henry the Eighth, the only one true Defender of the Faith; but ask them for assistance, for the

one true remedy for the land—its nationalisation, for the full benefit of all the people. They will stand back, and tell you that it means revolution and confiscation, forgetting that they are the upholders of the present confiscators, who hold and compel rent for the stolen land they pretend to be the lawful owners of. They may be, as it is said, the legal holders, but they are, nevertheless, the public thieves of nature's domain. The same applies in Natal, where the promoters, syndicates, and companies hold {millions of acres of the land to secure rent and speculate upon; not for their own or their sons' occupation and use. These lands are let out at high rents in money, grain, or kind, to the natives, in opposition to the *white* farmer. The squatting Kaffirs, with their ever increasing stock bred upon these best lands in Natal, sell the same, embark in wagon purchasing, and then inspan their oxen to compete with the English and Dutch farmer, and not being burdened with the same taxes as the *white* farmer, are able to beat the Natalians on their own roads and employment. These Natal land companies have secured the best lands at about one shilling an acre, and, as in Ireland, are the absentee abstractors of Natal's wealth, and form, side by side with the foreign banks, another gigantic draining sponge of Natal's produce and wealth, filling the coffers of the already swollen money-bags of speculation bankers, and even poor peers, so that it is but a truth to say, that at the present time South Africa, like New Zealand and Ireland, is a "Tom Tiddler's ground" for the interested classes. If disturbance takes place, the funds of Natal or England must be used, not out of these companies' income, but out of the pockets of the taxpayers. How long shall such robbery continue? The Kaffir carrier competes unfairly; he often steals, and finds it possible to live upon meat, which a *white* carrier has to buy out of his earnings. The Kaffir needs but half the requirements in all things and ways of civilised life, and thus he can carry at £5 per ton that which a white man could only cover expenses by charging £7 10s., seeing that the *white* farmer is heavily taxed for roads, and in other forms of direct and indirect taxation. Now all this must be altered, and, oppose it who may, taxes must be levied on the black man in

proportion to his advantages, as well as the white man, no more, no less, in proportion to his civilized wants, that is if it understood that Natal and other colonies are to be the home of white men. All this would have been prevented if all lands and minerals had been retained and let for Government purposes. The continued robbery of the Colonists is getting unbearable. Had these properties remained in the hands of the people, there would have been an increase from such sources that would have made them independent of all money help from England, and the constant need of posing before Europe as paupers in want, and securing the labour of themselves and children for ever, as rent, tax, and interest-payers. The resident Colonist thinks that the time has come when all these conditions must be altered. Natal for the Natalians, Colonies for the Colonists, and they would be quite content for Zululand for the Zulus, and which must yet be arrived at.

The ride up the Drakensberg was most trying, the wind blowing great guns right in our faces, that took all the enjoyment away of finding ourselves ten thousand feet above the sea; and with fear that we should be hardly able to battle or ride through the wind, to arrive at our destination before the last of day. At last, with the greatest pleasure that our horses were all right under the care of our driver, and holding on to our hair, we found ourselves once more in the cold city of Harrismith, in the Free State. Natal, with its three *plateaux*, is occupied by three different races and industries—the sea-coast line for sugar, the middle for farming and agriculture, and the upper for pastoral purposes; and it was quite painful to note, during those three day's ride, the want of trees and small forests, that would have so well pleased the eye. The constant burning of the grass, instead of cutting it down when young and green for hay, destroyed many a young tree, the want of trees causing the water to rush down the hills like torrents, to no purpose whatever, simply saddened one all the journey up, only to be aggravated by the after-sights in the barren Free State.

The relation of forests to water-supply is exciting considerable attention in America; and Mr. Little, of Montreal,

has written some capital articles for *Forestry* on this subject. Mr. Little remembers when the forests in many parts of America were hardly broken, and then the springs of water were frequent and perennial. The rivulets, creeks and rivers had a perpetual flow; these are now all changed. The rivulets and creeks are dried up in summer, and the fish so often caught in abundance in former years are gone, while not one spring in a thousand remains. The destruction of the forests has lost that bed of leaves, which was a perpetual reservoir for springs. The rainfall, even if at the same rate as of old, rushes off at once, sweeping the soil away to the Mississippi delta. The dry winds absorb, not only the ancient humidity of the air, but drink up the subsoil evaporation, so that the winters are longer, more changeable, and unendurable. Even in this country we have noticed that the rivers which have their sources in the forest, are more constant and hold out much better than those which have not forests as their sources. The Fish river often stops, while the smaller stream, the Kabousi, runs on merrily.

The late glorious rains will produce a good veldt, and farmers, wherever the bounteous rains have fallen, will expect a good supply of winter grass. It seems a pity that expectancy cannot be converted into certainty. This could be done if the farmers could be induced to erect silos. There is nothing new in ensilage, therefore failure need not be anticipated. In support of the fact that ensilage as applied to vegetables, has been long known; the following is taken from the *London Standard*:—"It may be interesting to know that every farmer's wife in the Netherlands has her silo. This is an earthenware jar about two feet high. Into one such in summer time she shreds kidney beans; into another she puts shelled green peas; into another broad beans, say; and having thus formed a six-inch layer, she sprinkles a little salt on the top, and presses the whole firmly down. Then comes another layer, with another sprinkling, and so on, till she comes to the end of her vegetables. Leaving a light weight on the top, which serves to keep all firmly pressed, and exclude the air; when more vegetables are ripe, she repeats the process until the jar is filled. A good substantial weight is then placed on the

top, and the opening covered with brown paper; and her object is attained, viz., ensilage for family, vegetables preserved green for winter use, more or less good, according to taste, when brought to table." As the expense of erecting silos is the only question really to be considered, this need not be a bar to the adoption of a plan which is certain to produce good results. Every farmer is accustomed to make bricks on his farm, and at a comparatively small cost. Were a small hole dug in the ground of sufficient capacity to hold as much grass as could be conveniently cut with the hands at the disposal of the farmer, and such excavation lined with bricks, a permanent silo would be at the disposal of the enterprising farmer. The advantages of storing winter food for cows and horses are too many to need dilating upon; it only requires a trial, and silos will become the rule. There are a few enterprising farmers, and in the interest of the farming population of the whole State, it is to be hoped they will take advantage of the present season, and show their neighbours what industry and perseverance can effect. One of the great difficulties experienced by farmers in enclosing their farms has been the want of wood. The expense of importing wooden or iron standards upon which to stretch barbed wire has rendered the use of the wire impossible where there is almost a total absence of trees fit for poles. It is true standards could be imported, but then the cost would be so great as to render the enclosing of farms prohibitive. It is gratifying to note that, according to the *Tarka Herald*, a Mr. Henning has surmounted the difficulty in this way:—

"A novel feature in fencing can be seen on the farm of Mr. Stephanus Henning, an enterprising Dutch farmer, who resides close to Jamestown. Poles are very scarce in that neighbourhood, and Mr. Henning entered into a contract with an English navy to quarry out stone 'flags,' six feet long, and about a foot thick. With these 'flags' he has enclosed the whole of his farm—some 3,000 morgen—using seven strands of wire (the top one barbed), and, as can well be imagined, the fence presents a most substantial appearance. Great difficulty was at first experienced in obtaining a suitable 'bore;' but Mr. Henning was not to be outdone,

and he imported, at heavy cost, a diamond drill, which cuts through the stone in splendid style. It may be interesting to know that the contract price of each flag, with holes complete, was three shillings each, Mr. Henning conveying them from the quarry. Our informant adds that many of Mr. Henning's neighbours are now about to use these 'stone poles.' " There is no lack of "stone poles" in the Free State, and barbed wire now being at a reasonable price, it is to be hoped that the farmers of the Free State will take a leaf out of Mr. Henning's book, and improve their flocks and their pasturage by the use of "stone poles."





CHAPTER XXVI.

HAVING once more found myself at an English hotel, I made the best of my opportunities to replenish my starving inner-man, and, to my utter surprise and annoyance, discovered that I was once more doomed to a whole night's ride with the unfortunate man that I described in my first *Jottings*, who drove me from Bethlehem, and who, in being taken hold of by the *spirits* of Old England, upset the cart, and very nearly ended the existence of the World's Boon. However, as nothing would alter the annoyance, and as complaining was out of the way, and of no avail, after giving this Brad-On, while sober, to understand the importance of his human freight, which had to be delivered in safety at Bloemfontein, if the world was to know of its *material* Saviour, I once more, at eleven o'clock at night, with a bitter cold wind blowing as from a huge funnel, strong enough to destroy one while passing it out, during a whole night, mounted the cart in fear and trembling, not only on my own account, but of all who were interested in my future public mission. The well supplied team of one Welch, of Natal defied competition. It was a perfect treat to run over the ground in one of his carts; but the skeleton team of a Brad-On, that could not, or would not be allowed to run with a good cart, with a team of good horses at every stage, was most wretched. I know people may smile at my desire for the absence of Railways in the Free State, and for the hope of an angelic team to draw a chariot, with all the latest improvements, made by a Vulcan, to carry a Boon on his way; but, seeing that it is necessary to travel at various times, it

should be compulsory that something decent and comfortable should be provided and arranged for. I was fortunate in avoiding the rain, although the wind blew so hard that we had to cover up with blankets, risking whether under that cover we should be turned out in our blankets. Thanks to his adhesion to a "blue ribbon," Brad-On passed the fearful spot where he delivered me as a total wreck the year before, and as no spirits, in an ancient attitude took possession of him, he finally, as requested, delivered me in safety at Bethlehem, the Judea of all Dutchmen. While journeying on the stage, I was fortunate in coming into contact with an eye-witness of the unfortunate Majuba Hill fight, which, resulting in the defeat of the English, has made the name of Englishmen stink in the land, until it is wiped out by some unfortunate necessity for the English to be called in to settle the internal native difficulty. At the present time all may appear quiet and well, but it will be impossible for the Dutchmen of the Transvaal to hold their own against the 800,000 raw Kaffirs in the future; then, and only then, will they miss and cry over their meanness in getting rid of the English by such dirty shuffling-off of their liabilities and responsibilities. In the meantime, we, the English, must put up with the outrages heaped upon us through the folly, idiocy and mis-management of the leaders in Natal—as was fully anticipated from all I had heard from others. It was a defeat entirely due to want of ability on the part of Colley, and the want of obedience and skill on the part of the schoolboy officers of the army at that particular spot. The *file* without the *rank* were all that could be desired,—but the fact that Colley had treated his enemy with contempt, and then, worse still, not examining his weak points, and the neglect of taking up the Gatling Gun, because the English could not secure two mules to carry it up, was outrageous enough, but not the worst. Thus, the whole position was virtually unguarded, enabling the Boers in single file to march up a rain-gutter, until a sufficient number of them was at the top, to hurl the badly-officered British soldier with his full supply of ammunition, from the top to the bottom, and their silly leader—Colley—being among the

slain. To show the incapacity of this leader and his officers, I have only to state that, after having in the dark secured the hill, they became, virtually, masters of the position, from which, if ordinary care had been observed, the whole of the Transvaal Boers could not have removed them. While standing on the top, and with derision defying the Boers to come up, ignoring the perseverance and possibility of the enemy being able to do so, they ordered no less than seven "courses" to be served up, and when remonstrated with by the cook on account of the difficulty from want of fuel, the young officer simply replied in a *nonchalant* tone, that "seven courses" was the order, and which, with the help of the men was accomplished, and then champagne *ad libitum* simply deprived them of all brains. No wonder that defeat followed up so often to our soldiers in Africa, during the time before, and at that period. It is no use anyone trying hard to white-wash Colley or his officers of that day. They were drunken leaders who could see no danger or disaster from enemies who were both good shots and desperate men, and who, knowing the Hill, saw the possibility of taking the position; and afterwards were simply astonished at their unexpected, yet hoped-for success.

The whole particulars prove most distinctly that the occupying force was simply flushed with false pride, that having without opposition, mounted the top, they became simply demoralised afterwards; and when once the officers were incapable, the whole force became unmanageable; and England's honour and prestige lost in Africa for ever, thanks to the champagne bottle, and the want of brains. The army like many of the other services of the State is puffed up with conceit, and fancies that, like the old Romans, they have but to arrive, see, and conquer. When we have as officers of our army, men who feel that the nation's honour, as well as their own, is at stake; then in a true, national sense, defeat would be so rare, that the name of an Englishman would be loved as well as feared the wide world over. England was most unfortunate in her leaders in the Zulu campaign; none but a fool like Lord Chelmsford would have ignored the warning given him by Major Londsdales; none but an arrant ass of a Colley

would have led to defeat so often, success being always at command. We, the English dwellers of South Africa, are now neither loved nor feared, but are by such folly, held in contempt by Boer, bastard, bushman and Kaffir. The whole madness that led to the success of the Boers, was an accidental one. The sudden death of a young Dutchman—the beloved one of their party—fired a number of young Dutchmen to avenge his death, and by chance they found the water-donga leading round the mountain, and one after another they climbed up, and, hidden by the stones, they advanced, all unknown to the revellers on the top, until a number were ready to spring over the edge, which was quickly done. No sooner did the soldiers see them, than, for want of shelter and pluck, they bolted from the little army of deer-stalkers, and the sun went down on a day of shame to England's name.

Joubert, the commander, never gave the order to attack the mountain, the sight of the soldiers on the top had almost broken his heart; but with the sudden instinct of help being needed for the men climbing upwards, he ordered up men to their support, fearing defeat all the while, but, to his astonishment, they found themselves on the top. Although possessing plenty of ammunition, our soldiers were but as standing targets to the Boers, and they, with all haste rushed towards the bottom, which those who were in the way of Boer guns never reached to tell the tale; but the survivors, with bitterness at their hearts, as in the Zulu campaign, cursed the want of foresight on the part of those in command. This disaster led to a demand on the part of the Boers for a Royal Commission to inquire into the grievances against the West Indian Lanyon's administration, and other officials, who, in the form of living at large like maniacs, treated the Boers so superciliously. The Boers, who felt so indignant at their not being treated as white men, hastily gathered themselves together, risking their all to show that they were not disposed to pay taxes twice over. When the error had been made apparent they were still charged with the expenses of collection, as in the case of Besuidenhout; but these men would not surrender what they considered their right to a

voice in the Government, if they had to be taxed for its support ; and if there had been but justice dealt out to all, and promises kept when the annexation was made, all would have maintained that the English should be like the old Romans, once having planted their flag, nothing should be done to imperil its standing. The prospect of white man to white man, waging a war of extermination in the presence of the black man—the present common enemy of Boer and English, made blood-guiltiness so apparent, that in deference to the appeal of President Brand, the slaughter was stopped, and a kind of peace made, which will have to be altered, if Boer and English are to remain in the midst of so many aborigines. The whole conditions affecting *black* and *white* must undergo a total alteration. Somewhere in my previous chapters, I have drawn attention to this, but for the sake of the Boers and Englishmen of South Africa, the sooner it is done the better it will be for all. The Boer and Dutchman will yet regret the separation of England from their internal councils, and future generations will curse most bitterly the folly of the time when Dutchmen presented rifles to each other, and through the folly of their leaders agreed to part company for the civilisation and development of the Transvaal. A few years, and sword, bullet, and assegai, famine and pestilence will cover the land as a shroud, and then with an empty exchequer, England will be deaf to the cry of the Dutch farmers of the Transvaal and the Colonies.

DUTCH SYMPATHY WITH THE BOERS.

At a reception given to the Transvaal delegates recently by the Patrimonium, an association of Dutch Christian Socialist "working men," Dr. Kuyper, the president, said : " You are now in the midst of a people which never cried ' Victory ' so joyfully as it did when you triumphed over the English. Our first successes left us indifferent ; we really exulted only when you chased the redcoats from the Spitzkop. We, the Dutch of Holland, are a very enervated and insignificant race. We live only on historical souvenirs. We are like an aristocrat delighting in the perusal of his family parchments, and seated

before empty dishes, with his nerves unstrung and his head heavy. Our history, our only wealth, lies with you, in you alone, in whom we see our past revive. You recall to us the sea-wanderers of former times, and your exploits alone are able to make our hearts beat. You are Calvinists, as we are, but we have dissensions, even among Calvinists, and your arrival makes us forget them. We may be annexed by Germany, or the Liberals may render life unendurable to us. In either case we shall emigrate in a body to the Transvaal. Let the Holland of other times then flourish again in Southern Africa. Let the Englishman be chased from those countries, and a kingdom of Christ be established there, called above all things, to bring to the descendants of Ham the blessings of the Lord, in the name of the King, Jesus Christ. Amen." Dr. Kuyper then presented a flag, embroidered with the arms of the Transvaal, to General Smit, who had to swear that this flag should never fall into the hands of the English. President Krüger observed that it was the Lord who had fought against the English at the Spitzkop and elsewhere.

After a two hours' ride, to enable our horses to recover, to proceed to Bethlehem, we once more inspanned, and after partaking of coffee, we passed over the flats, and strange to say, reached Bethlehem in time for breakfast. Having had breakfast, I went into the town to finish my business, and then I took my ticket for the remainder of the journey to Bloemfontein. Judge of my surprise, when I found that though the whole of the Saturday and Sunday was available, the postal arrangements compelled the post-cart to travel at night with its passengers. Really the stupidity of the President and his officials is more apparent day after day. It must be only due to the villainy of the Hollander men, who reach here at their country's expense, and who live sumptuously every day at the public Free State expense, and who ignore the needs of the public. A country subject to sudden hailstorms, flooding of rivers, and other unexpected annoyances, and yet in the midst of all these—men and often delicate men—and the more delicate females and children to be tossed about on roads that have toll-gates, and for which tolls are paid, but on which no expense is contracted; as

Chief Justice Reitz experienced, when he paid his never-to-be-forgotten two shillings at an iron house, for which he got a receipt, but for what purpose, he, as a Judge, and perhaps the future President of the Free State, could form no idea what it would be spent for; and in addition to this two shillings outlay, to be driven by half-coloured natives in the dark, to run the risk of being capsised, while the whole of the day unused, to the annoyance of the traveller, who must bite his thumbs in the day-time, and keep awake in the night for fear of sudden death overtaking him while asleep, and unable to help himself in case of an accident. If not villainy on the part of these public men, what name shall we call it by? I don't speak of myself only for myself, but on behalf of the many miserable travellers who, in many ways are compelled to travel for business and health purposes. One friend whom I knew, believed the ride from Natal killed him; certainly he did not long survive it. Every facility should be given by a Republican Government, but to compel men to spend four nights in a cart, and sometimes in an open cart, out of five days journey when they have daylight available, is cruelty, not only to the dumb animals, but to the highest of all animals likewise. Finally, I had to submit to these conditions if I wanted to get to the Blooming Fountain City of the Free State. So after breakfast I retired in the hope of sleep, ready for a wakeful night, for eighty-two miles to Winburg, to be got over in fifteen hours. With an utterly nervous exhaustion with my already three days and three nights travelling, I lay down to sleep, requested the landlord not to allow me to be disturbed on any account, until the post-cart started; but then I might as well have dropped down in pandemonium, as to expect even from a royal hotel-keeper peace and quiet, when all his bedrooms were built in a large yard, and its combination and accommodation comprised a kraal-stable and cook-house, with full liberty for any ass, pigs or dogs of the neighbourhood to assemble in, so that all can comprehend, that what with the neighing of post-horses, the bellowing of cattle, the grunting of pigs, the screaming, the talking and laughing of the gathering of the Kaffir servants of the neighbourhood, and a carpenter's shop

in full working order, and the want of india-rubber stops to the doors and the loud slamming of all doors in the hotel; waiters running to and fro, all the time giving orders in the loudest voice possible, here, there, and everywhere, simply made it impossible for sleep taking possession of me. Many and many a moment I longed for a dose of opium to send me to rest, and finally to make the position unbearable, the dirty half-dressed Kaffir maid at my door to clean up the room. With a growl and a curse that all such arrangements might cease in the next generation, I jumped up, and requested the driver to get ready, and let us be off and commence the road torture, so that perhaps a Sunday at Winburg might give me the rest denied me at the royal hotel. I thoroughly realised that neither by day or night is it possible to secure rest in a Free State hotel. In the day all kinds of humbugs and circumstances to annoy you; at night, unless a deep winter sets in, innumerable insects to tease, bite, and suck your life's-blood from you, keeping you awake all night, and all can understand why I speak so bitterly of the miserable conditions arranged for by our imbecile legislators and contractors.

Here I met a merchant, a dyer of a Morgan, by the down-cart, who had passed a whole night in the wet, and to add to my annoyance, informed me that the man who had stolen my horse, as I have described in my *legal* chapters in the never-to-be-forgotten *Free State History*, was, to use a Colonial phrase, going for me for a thousand pounds damages. This was not calculated to make me feel more happy or contented. As to the matter of the amount, he need not have been particular to a "nought" or two. He might just as well have made it 10,000 or 100,000, which was as likely to be got as the other; but he was striving, like all, to stab me, and, if possible, ruin me, for the sake of crushing out a Reformer, one who would not budge an inch from any of his material statements. Another law-suit, with costs and damages, was a pleasant look-out; and in my then mood I could understand the indignation of men of the past, who, in the fulness of their wrath, were supposed to be mad. I had striven for years to do no harm to anyone, and struggled

to do myself some good, and the prospect was before me, as I had experienced prior to this date, of losing, if not all, the best part of my savings, proving, but too well, the best-laid schemes of men, as well as mice, will go away. Still, the hope of some day meeting my old English sympathisers kept my heart up, and I at last roused myself with a determination to do or die, and be true to the last, whether all went for or against me. They could not rob me of my good name, or my individuality; so, with a bound, I at once dressed myself, and bade my Job's comforter good day, and mounted the open cart, praying for fine weather, and a kind of oblivion for the next fourteen hours' ride before me; and to the sound of the bugle I bade adieu to Bethlehem—the little Jerusalem of the Dutch—as I hope for the last time.

At this stage I was accompanied by a traveller who, from his connection, put on certain airs, and who finally admitted he was a near relation to that unfortunate lieutenant Brand, who in the Jamaica rising, for some bitter reason, took possession of many of the natives, and one off-coloured man Gordon, and taking them out of a district where martial law was not proclaimed, into a district where it had been proclaimed, found them guilty of sedition, and, without delay, shot them—a most unwarrantable and tyrannical act, for which he and Governor Eyre ought to have been shot for their official irregularity. It was a most brutal act on the part of all concerned, and can never redound to the honour of the English name; and yet, in the face of all this, we find men glorying in the knowledge of such acquaintances, and finding themselves of a near relationship to such professional blood-spillers, and to make the matter more outrageous, this Brand, as commander of the Bittern, was assisting at Alexandria. For a nation to be respected for its high sense of right under all conditions and excitements, no illegality should ever be allowed, and any officer should be dismissed from England's service who shows a disregard for the honour of old England. With a bitter wind right in our teeth, we left Bethlehem for Winburg, and all night through we were regaled with too much Free State, for the quantity of grit and dust we had to swallow, and rub

out of our eyes and nostrils, was truly horrible. Fortunately we escaped the heavy rain, a most lucky miss for me in my present danger of catching rheumatics, and to show the difference in climate, I would have been glad in Durban to have freed myself from everything, but ten thousand feet above the sea, I did not find my four shirts, two pairs of investments, two coats, mackintosh, and a very heavy rug warm enough. Of course this sort of arrangement is nothing when you are used to it. Personally, I would take a long while to get used to such a climate, and in getting used to it, I should die under the infliction, if often repeated. To give my English readers an idea of our travelling, our sixty miles took us twelve hours to travel, all through a very dark night, and the losing of our way in the reckoning, a distance that in England would have been done in one hour and a half. It is no uncommon thing for the white man, unacquainted with the road to lose himself, and to get benighted, but as a rule the Cape Town drivers rarely do ; the fact being that the dark races are clear in their vision, and their dark eyes stronger to stand the great heat of South Africa. During the night we passed the Sand-Krantz, and found a Bloemfontein lady in distress, caused through the wandering away from home of her oxen she had to take to the town. I was fortunate enough to meet them at Sand River, and to send her word from Senekal their whereabouts, and thus a Boon was able to help a Wall-Duck on her way again with rejoicing that a Boon had met her on the path. This losing of cattle is a common occurrence to travellers by ox-wagon ; many a horse and ox has wandered away for days, giving no end of trouble, and causing detention on the way, sometimes for weeks, and even loss of cattle for months, and sometimes for ever.

Crossing the Sand River a flood of historic facts came to my memory here, connecting the serious blunders made on behalf of the Dutch people by the English officials, which, in giving up the white man, apart from English control, to be at the mercy of the black man, has led to so many blunders since that time, culminating in the greatest of all mistakes—the late Transvaal war, a standing reproach to the English name.

While advocating the fullest local government in all our arrangements in the future Confederate States, I feel, more or less, that Bloemfontein, like Winburg, will gradually lose its Capital-like appearance, unless the future should make Bloemfontein the centre of the Confederate States; but to make this possible a plan must be made for making the city attractive to ordinary travellers and dwellers. Some argue that America would never have been what she is but for the separation from Great Britain. It possibly might not; but in much she would have been better as a part of Great Britain. The true history of the causes that led up to that separation has yet to be written and understood. My lecture on the causes of the fall, rise, and future amalgamation with the Transvaal and Free State will explain my confederation views.

Some little distance from the Sand River we came across the strayed cattle, and thinking to help the benighted Wall-Duck, I did my best to interest some natives in the matter, and thus my attention was specially drawn to a state of things I had often experienced, and which was well-known to all men who dwell in these parts. I requested a Kaffir to drive the oxen to the lady to allay her anxiety, and help her upon the road. Like most young Dutchmen, who cannot cross the road without their horses, this man would not move unless he could go and fetch his horse to travel upon for a few miles, although I offered four shillings for two hours work. Now, while he would be fetching the horse the oxen would be wandering further away, perhaps into the growing crops of the farmers, and finally into the pound, for it is compulsory on all farmers to send all cattle found straying to the pound of the district, so that stock-losers find their cattle readily; therefore it was important that he should start at once, and drive them back to the owner, but no, such was the laziness of the man, that not even for the sum named would he give notice to this lady, so that in another way I had to acquaint the owner of the whereabouts of her cattle. Now this is no isolated case, for so long as the native races can get milk and mealies or steal from the white man, they will not work. Now all these facts must lead to some alteration, which may need

the powers of a strong Government to bring about. The farmer, if he would not lose all his stock and crops, cannot afford to leave the homestead. The conditions of existence on a farm for pasturing cattle, which this up-land country is only fit for, will not admit of his absence, or he would soon have to mourn with Job, that the robbers had come down and taken all his cattle, his wives and families all away, and he alone left to tell the tale. The farmers in this district are well off—widely scattered. A Dutchman feels miserable if he can see another farmer's land; it is a mania with all Africans to have large farms, the buying of which often ruins them.

As day broke, it was painful to view the ground, and the absence of grass, and I wondered how the cattle lived. That a great many did not, was evident from the numbers I met on the path and in the grass that could hold out no longer, but this could be soon got over if the farmer could depend upon the black man giving honest toil for fair pay, and when I say fair pay I mean all must give fair pay for honest labour, in return for fair pay for a fair equivalent, under all conditions.

In my "How to Colonise South Africa, and by Whom," I have fully shown the impossibility of a conquering race to hold its own against the natives unless a constant stream of emigration from the mother-country regularly occupies the new ground, and, if necessary, the strong arm with troops to protect the inhabitants from invasion or disturbance at all times. The climate of the tropics at all periods tends to reduce the stamina and weaken the blood, and, therefore, fresh supplies from the parent stock is a necessity. Experience proves this to all that will notice the facts, in all our colonies, not even America excepted, with all its immense natural and mineral advantages. America will never have a genuine American white people to keep her constantly ahead; she will always need large drafts of Europeans to keep up and to allow for the constant climatic wear and tear, destroying her—as she calls it—national life. The same applies to South Africa in an intensified form; also to all England's colonies, and that alone means a proper settlement of the confederation of the colonies to the old country. The con-

stant dwelling in all our tropical climates, makes the blood weaker, the tissues thinner, and destroys the adipose matter of the human system, and in so doing, destroys the possibility of the outcome of the original inhabitants of the second and third generations being able to work on the soil. Take for instance the Yankee proper, and the corn-stalks of Australia. They are, and will be in the future, only fit to be overseers of the native labour. It is the future that will show this more forcibly when the supply of foreign blood falls off—and this explains what to many is a mystery, why our youth of both sexes have all lost the "go" in them in South Africa, compared to their fathers, which makes it difficult for fathers to get their sons to take that interest in the soil so necessary to keep the political fabric of our colonies together in the future. As a rule the children are as wild as hawks if in the country; in the towns indolent, lazy, and indifferent. No wonder that the country does not progress as it should. "Take no thought for the morrow" is the colonial motto, in practice if not advocated; but this I have fully explained in my "How to Colonise South Africa, and by Whom," and which alone solves the question for the future. The severance of the Free State from the British connection was, and is admitted by all intelligent Dutchmen uninfluenced by the imported Hollander, German and Jew, to have been the greatest mistake in the past, and they often in their hearts wish that a reunion could be brought about, and but for fear of being misunderstood, would advocate the resumption over all lands by the British, independent of the Hollanders, Germans, and Jews as the wire-pullers of the Colony and State; for, it is admitted, that some have prospered under the British flag, and although it may appear an exaggeration, it is nothing of the kind; for do we not see English-speaking nations on the American Continent seeking English forms of government and support? A proper settlement of outside and inside protection will be the greatest and grandest sight yet to come. A protecting arm without a controlling one will meet the requirements and wishes of all, of whatever nationality; for it cannot but be admitted that, with all its faults, the English system of national and local

government offers the greatest security for life and property, and, honestly carried out, will attract the Colonies in one grand amalgamation and cohesion to Great Britain, which is destined to control the best interests of the world. This was even admitted in a lecture by the Moses of the *Express*, who, with all the impudence of his fathers, claimed England as his nationality because he was accidentally born under the British flag. No, don't, don't do it again, Moses; we have had enough, and more than enough of your kind out of Arabia. If you are wise you will go back to Palestine with all *express* speed before you get your quittance from your past victims of Black-lock and other blackleg antecedents. The loss of America, as part of the whole, was the outcome of the greatest folly of the time of the madman, George the Third, and his imbeciles, who as foreigners controlled the destinies of the people of England. O, my countrymen, when shall we rid ourselves of these feudal lords, German and other impostors, who are eating up the heart of our mighty England, and, not content with all they have, are plundering from the English, and must now spread themselves over the land in *all our Colonies*?

But what can we think or hope of those that adore the Hanoverian princes, and deem it an honour to feed and fatten German drones and dunces? O, why does old England submit to such open-faced trickery in making the sons and relatives of her Majesty walking exhibitions for contempt as public paupers, who have the meanness to take the pay, to covet the honours, and, like the Duke of Connaught, to keep far away from the scene of battle, as lately witnessed in Egypt? And yet motley crews of fools shout "hurrah" when this valiant Hanoverian returns from his "baptism of fire" miraculously given at a distance of ten miles.

What are the means for growing rich and great?
 Who are the men whom honest people hate?
 Who are the folks that slyly win the place
 By constant pushing in this eager race?
 Who will the rulers be in future years,
 Your country gentlemen, your House of Peers?
 Shall I, long severed from my native shore
 Not name the hideous facts which I deplore,

Or tell the reason why a growing band
 Of English hearts abjure their Fatherland?
 The sharp Italian and the scheming Greek
 Seek England's shores and with good reason seek;
 Include each form of traffic in their range,
 And make a Babel upon each Exchange:
 Turn where you may the foreigner you meet,
 A German band howls out in every street,
 Hither from Hamburg, Frankfort, Riga, Kiel,
 From Smyrna, Scio, Athens, thousands steal,
 Friends to themselves, foes to the Commonwealth.
 Each country under Heaven transports its hordes,
 Our servants now and presently our lords,
 Each with his native brass wins British gold.
 Who are these strangers, treacherous and bold?
 The miser's creed is all the creed they hold;
 If Heaven were worth their pains or did it pay,
 Through Heaven itself these men would force their way;
 But what is germane to their noble aims
 The greedy Guelphs, protect them, puff their claims.
 Shall these impostors take our workmen's place,
 These men with hideous names, of loathsome race,
 Who ten years since, before they made a noise,
 Came here with Hamburg sherry, hemp and toys?
 Is it no matter that such stock as ours
 Has been the source of all this country's powers,
 Has laid the broad foundation of the State,
 Built up the nation and made England great;
 That now, like vultures scenting out a prey,
 These supple tradesmen hustle us away?
 Give them their way in every English place,
 The rarest sight will be an English face;
 Give German rogues their way, and ocean o'er,
 Self-banished, we must seek another shore,
 Where for some time these brutes rapacious, grim,
 These sharp-beaked cormorants will not follow him.

If the spirits of our early kings, princes, and warriors ever
 wander near Windsor Castle, how they must groan in bitter
 anguish on beholding the Hanoverian vultures, and curse the
 hour that gave to the world such monstrosities as represen-
 tatives of the vast prowess and genius of that heroism which
 helped to make England a name among the nations for all
 time.

Had there but been an honest system carried out in
 America, for the benefit of the whole of the people of America

and of England, at the time when they were proud to call themselves Englishmen, the mineral wealth of America would have been a source worked on behalf of the English nation, that would have enabled the English to have made all nations proud of living under our Standard, and, at the same time, repaid the English people for the original outlay. All lands taken possession of by the Commonwealth should be open to all comers, so far as the top surface is available, but all minerals should be to the advantage of the Commonwealth, then Englishmen would feel willing to spend the millions needed for a navy, and to pay even millions for the two services to uphold all the rightful conditions of the colonists. When one remembers all that has been spent to protect the colonies, and will yet have to be spent, it is something outrageous that the minerals should be given to speculators to procure out of the labour of the workers a fund that enables them to live without labour. No finer condition could be made than that of giving all lands up to be used by all who need, and the Government to utilise the underground wealth for its general purposes of defence and improvement. However, I will more fully explain all this when I complete my "National Debt History," with the times of America during its War of Independance against, not the English people, but against the Hanoverian plunderers and blunderers of that never-to-be-forgotten time of *crime* against the people of England, as well as of America and other portions of the globe.

So far as the mineral wealth of the Free State is concerned, that and many other matters, I will explain in my last chapters of the History of the Free State Government and its Bastard Republicanism, with its Official and other follies, which I am certain will astonish the readers of that country, also the dwellers of England and elsewhere.

During the night I passed on my right the celebrated Laker's Kraal Diamond Fields, the last speculative effort of the Jews. Owned by a Jew, who by concession had Jewed a Boer out of it, in trading on the usual cent. per cent. style, it was conceived as a master-stroke by another Lev—us—see—her of the capital, who was the head of the Abramic

Order of the Hebrews in Bloemfontein, due to the fact that he had been the most successful manipulator of the Boers. So said his aged father-in-law ; and, as witness the number of farms in his name, and who having made a few thousands by trading and in various diamond speculations, in which I am pleased to know at last he overreached himself, and lost it all. This one, with the assistance of a right-hand Bow—man, and the All—Her—Lick—It, of the celebrated Fire—King Abraham and the ever-to-be-had help of a Pinch—Us and Levy—Sure, of brandy-smuggling and gun-running notoriety into Basutoland, at the expense of the English Government, and the land surveyor Bow—Wow—Man all combined in a financial ring to bamboozle and plunder the Softlings of Bloemfontein. The prospectus and circular was most glowing, and succeeded in making the Boers and others believe that they had another future for the Free State. The usual salting was adopted by the illicit of Kimberley, and stones time after time dropped before the eyes of the little Jews, who swore by their God Jehovah they had picked the same up. This swindling gang for two months drew ten shillings a month license-money, and the fees for making up in a chess-like shape the so-called Diamond Land Lots, the proceeds of which enabled the chess-land maker to visit the English Jews or exploiters in Houndsditch, to secure lessons in a future "spec," or to sell land and farms as here described.

The *Natal Mercury* has been shown a parchment deed of conveyance of what purports to be the subdivision of a farm containing about 1,400 acres, in the district of Waterberg, Transvaal, British South Africa, dated 1880, the unfortunate buyer of which has been unable to find his land, although the seller pocketed two hundred and twenty golden sovereigns, that being the purchase price. The documents are most elaborate—got up in the usual style of English law instruments—prepared by a firm of solicitors in a city not a hundred miles from Dublin. The declarations of sale and purchase are endorsed "V. R.," with the royal coat of arms ; that of the purchaser is signed and declared before the Lord Mayor of London, at the Mansion House. The deed con-

tains a diagram showing a house, roads, and streams, but no surveyor's name, showing it to be what it was—one of those unsurveyed lots that only exist on paper.

We give prominence to this transaction as a warning to investors not to be misled by florid and imposing title-deeds which, as in this case, may be perfectly worthless. As if to add insult to injury, the deed in question recites "together with all buildings, barns, stables and offices, yards, gardens, commons, trees, fences, hedges, ditches, ways, waters, water-courses, with all mines, royalties," &c. A more deliberately concocted piece of apparently fraudulent deception has never been brought under our notice.

During the two months, the illicit Jews finding that there were no up-prices to tempt them to continue the fraud, and the distance being so great from Kimberley to Laker's Kraal, ceased to drop down the little and big stones they bought of the Kaffirs and overseers, and thus it was that young Israel was caught with the black bag, just outside Kimberley, with his eight thousand pounds' worth of uncut stones, while on his way to Houndsditch—truly a ditch of human hounds. Fortunately he was caught with a large number of the tribe of Benjamin, and they are all now hard at play at Cape Town convict station.

Having pocketed the claim-money for two months, they, fearing that with no funds they would soon be exposed, intimated that the licence-money need not be paid any more, until they tried with machinery how they might still take the public in. Mr. Fry and his detectives being one too many for them, they not being able to dig and drop a few more stones in, so as to sell with a big up-price, have never since made a sign that they had even ordered the machinery, much less tested the mine as an honest outcome of labour; and as it served as a cover to their brother Jews not being able to find the means for what they knew to be a take-in, no further action was taken, and the money never returned. Of this bare-faced swindle no notice was taken by the President, under whose very nose the fraud was committed.

As a matter of fact there is no chance for another diamond mine: the price now is not remunerative, and for more to be

found would ruin Kimberley, so that if there were no difficulty in securing the stones, the selling price is not great enough to pay for the unearthing of them. It is due to the energy of the detectives of Kimberley that such swindles as those at Oliphants Fontein, Swarts Dam (some damn Swarts), Koffyfontein, and other so-called mines have collapsed entirely, and since the big off-coloured stone found a resting-place after its risky journey from Kimberley to Jagersfontein, no special find, so called, has appeared to astonish the world. The men who, like the Strong Arm and the Curs of Jagersfontein, are no longer solvent, to free themselves from the Hebrews and the banks, apply to the Court of Bankruptcy to white-wash them and free their bodies from the fear of the sheriff. The time is coming to show the enormity of these Free State swindlers. It may be truly said that not a company of any kind has been a success in the land of the Boers. Land-claims that cost ten shillings a lot were afterwards run up to £2,000, and so long as the claims were salted by the Weals, who made but woe, they were able to keep the thing going, although not a penny was ever paid in interest or dividend, or a single company showed a future prospect. Since that time the same shares have been sold for £5; and, as a matter of fact, the failure of all these mines is now historical, and the time is not far distant when the place will be known no more. The small profits since the large output at Kimberley do not allow a continuation of the Jew loungers and buyers of stolen property to flourish; and now that the illicit trade is almost a failure, all new speculations have ceased for a time in the Free State, for Joseph, Benjamin, and Lying Daniels and Co., who have transferred their operations to the old land of the Queen of Sheba, in the Transvaal, who was so nicely taken in, so they say, by their old grandfather Solomon. They say he was the wisest of his race—the wisest man they ever had—and if they have any other information besides what he and their old Book state to confirm it, the quicker they let the world know and have it the better, for since people have begun to read their Bibles they have grave doubts about his wisdom. That he was a

knave, a liar, a libertine, and a sensualist of the worst order and description, his song, dedicated to himself, fully testifies and bears out—a song that if sung upon the platform of the music halls would soon have the chamberlain of morality down upon them. I am certain that in these days of intelligent women, he would stand no chance of getting so many wives or concubines, and into the bargain a Queen of Sheba, who is supposed, so say the Jews, to have dug out of the very mines in the Transvaal, now offered by Solomon's sons and granted on to a German Grant—ee, owing to the fact that, being so much in love with Solomon, she had no time to secure all the gold which is now known as the Transvaal Gold Fields. Talk of Cetewayo, he was a moderate man, and yet, poor fellow, he knew not the Lord of Israel, although he would, as a man of war, so they say of the Lord of the local Jews, be one of his own after his own heart. The time has arrived to expose all these monstrous tales palmed on the people by the Jews, of the enormous quantity of gold in their temple. How all was collected in a generation is not stated, and, if so, another proof of the thousand per cent that must have been going on even in those days. The probability is that they bought some gold, and covered the pillars with Dutch metal, and as no one of the common people was allowed into what they called their "holy of holies," no one outside the fraud, if detected, complained, for it must not be forgotten in those days to speak against these priests, and what they called their Lord of Hosts was enough to take them outside the camp, to be stoned as a warning to others. There was no chance for reformers in those days. Abiram and his party to witness—without dynamite the ground opened, and swallowed them all up with their families. With all these big swindles, we can only say, the time has arrived when the Christian and the outside slaves will be no longer imposed upon under false pretences of untold wealth, nor all over the world believe the lie. If they will not speak the truth and act honestly, I must take upon myself the task of reading them a lesson from their own book, and their past acts, which shall compel the outside plunderers to alter these conditions. The Jew and his tricks are getting

too common, and a nuisance as well as a loss, and for the sake of the present and unborn generations, all these plunderings must cease. I write as I find, and am determined not to keep silence any longer; the constant repetition of these robberies, plunderings and swindles must no longer be permitted under the British flag, if under any other.

The cold, biting, morning air made me long for coffee; but, alas! nothing hot was possible for me; all through that long night of intense suffering, in that open cart, with no shelter from right or left, back or front, truly I felt was it for this I had paid my £3 10s. from Bethlehem, to ride through, without shelter, to Winburg? Alas, alas! the sun was a long way off, and until he got up and warmed the Earth no life around would be visible. I felt this most keenly from my exposed position. Time after time I fell asleep in a sitting posture, only to awaken by the feeling that my head had jumped from my neck-socket. The mules rushing along, allowing me no time to know if my head was off my shoulders or lying on my neck; my eyelids positively refused to hold up, and my condition made my body feel that limp and exhausted, that, but for the constant view I had mentally of Old England, and the many friends there, and my friends and family in the Colony, and my loss to all generally, that I felt that I must not, dare not give way, and it seemed so difficult to give up the ghost and spirit without consent in leaving one: and when I felt that this was all due to the stupidity of our postal arrangements in not knowing that it was as much their duty to provide accommodation for travellers as well as the carrying of the mail-bags, and their work—if they could not or would not boil the stones soft in the way—was at least to remove them out of the path, as they take toll for the same. I only found vent for my feelings in bitter wrath at the folly of the President and the Hollander officials, who permitted such wretched conditions. That it was so cannot be denied, for on the word of the head of the public works, who stated at a public meeting in Bloemfontein that, out of the £13,000 a year raised to keep the roads in repair, not £3,000 of real value was given or spent upon the roads. The land originally stolen, and now, later, the money

to keep the roads in repair, and no account rendered when the farmers demanded the same—what a rotten condition of things!

With all this, it was with feelings of gladness unspeakable that we rushed over the last few stones into the former capital of the Free State. With a rush I made my way to the hotel for coffee to warm my half-frozen body, and to secure a long rest; but, O, horror of horrors! contemplate with me, that, after travelling in an open cart for fifteen hours with no possibility all through the night of sleeping, for, not even with post-bags, was it possible to sit in the best of positions. Such was the influence of the night-cold atmosphere that I would willingly have laid me down to rest on the floor of the cart if it had been possible, but no such chance for me; the exhaustion, and then, after all this torture, only to find that, if I would get on, I must start in about four hours after my arrival in Winburg, or wait over the Sunday and Monday, and start on the Tuesday for Bloemfontein—two days lost through bad arrangements! But even this latter to me, in my then condition, was preferable. So I elected to stay at the hotel, make up these "Jottings," and gather up all I could of this historical village for my future readers. With this decision I at once retired to rest, in the hope of falling asleep; but, alas! such was my nervous condition, intensified by the noise in front of my window, that it was an impossibility for some hours; proving to me that not a single hotel was ever built in the Free State with an idea of comfort for the traveller, but simply as a money-making home for the proprietor. Money, either Dutch or English, could not procure peace, quietness, or the conveniences of civilised life from one end to the other. However, I made up my mind to write to my people at Bloemfontein, determined to find out all about Winburg and its people, put up with all torture, and leave the rest to Dame Fortune—that cruel jade to all philosophers and martyrs.

It being Sunday at Winburg I went to the Dutch Church to secure all good information. It is one of the earliest structures built by the Dutch people, when Winburg was the capital of the Free State. As a place of worship it is but little

attended. A few of the farmers of the neighbourhood, now and then, give a call, but, as a rule, these visits are few and far between. Most visitors there are under the impression that they are fulfilling, if not the whole, the best part of the duty of man. As far as my experience goes, I fail to see that creeds make men any more moral, than other men who are without them, and it is time that the constant going to church should show something more than mere habit. By their works and faith and fruits, ye shall know them, is as true now as when uttered. The Dutch service at its best is a very poor one, and certainly the pastor does not attempt to tire his audience too much, or give them Welsh for Hebrew. Thanks are returned, and prayers offered that their God in his good mercy will send them an abundance of rain and give them power to coerce the Kaffirs, preserve them, and to add to their increase in giving two lambs a year to each ewe; and if he will but hearken to their requests, they will not even promise, as Jacob did of old, that if the Lord would but give the increase, he would bargain to give Him to maintain His priests ten per cent of the supply. How liberal of wife-selling old Jacob—ninety per cent for himself, and ten per cent for His priests—so that, in reality, the giver of it all got nothing of it back for all His kindness, if the account is all true. The Dutchmen of to-day make no such bargain, but as their hearts move them, and as the produce is in hand at the time, so they take unto the Predikant, when they go to the "Kirk" or at "Nachtmaal," and as none know what the other has given, no one knows what the Predikant has received; not that they give on the principle that what they give with the right hand should not be made known by the left. In all this they do not expose their gifts, as they hope that all have given in proportion to their superfluity, and thus they place their parson in the position of a secret and sacred pauper, and as he hopes for such unknown gifts, he cajoles and flatters in proportion to their several donations of butter, flesh or other farm produce, and works on the fears and prejudices of their lives from its early past until its close. Surely the time has arrived when all this wretched mockery should cease, and that men understanding the brotherhood of man and the

fatherhood of God should live in harmony with all truth. The Wesleyans of this dull, wretched place, not to appear behind their Dutch neighbours, borrow the Court House, where in co-operative singing, they think they are paying their respects to what they know of as the highest God. What a marvel is the littleness of men here, as in other such places. After long prayers and sundry ejaculations, some local or district preacher, as on this Sunday, tells his audience in the softest or strongest tones, vowing that faith is the one evidence of a true christian, although works help to show much, but by faith shall they be satisfied, saved, and see the Lord. I do believe in works—public works of utility, by means of Imperial, Colonial or Republican money, and such faith has been to me the most constant of all struggles for a higher form of work, and the lower one for the maintenance of my family, and seeing the false position of men who only believe that all they have to do is to have faith that they are saved, and their salvation is sure; when they live in such discredit to themselves, and, although they assemble in Court-Houses, where the truth, and nothing but the truth is expected to be uttered, we find the whole of these heroes putting faith in fees, and supporting the mouth-pieces of untruth, because they will not simply read the Bible by the ordinary rules for the reading of all other books. Some one at the end of the service gave me a Booth's *War Cry*, and as it was the first one I had got hold of in this land, I was truly delighted, but was astonished that men could be so easily gulled. To read of the ascending into Heaven of their band-master, and to know that he had joined the Holy Trinity band up there, and that his "knee-drill" would be there perfect, is so ludicrous, yet, at the same time, so sad that one is horrified and disgusted; and in the face of all this, one is almost paralysed in effort with any idea that such can be saved here on earth, much less in Heaven. I almost felt that such company would be abominable, and that their room would be preferable, and when I read the paltry defence of Booth on the charge of immorality, I smiled at his old age silliness or credulity in supposing, that, when, as they called it, "creeping for Jesus," with no lights in a room for two hours, with a company of both sexes, it would not lead to more than

"creeping," it was to ask ourselves if we were more than human. Of course he would deny this in the hope of getting his thousands to provide for his large family, and his other private purposes, and to flatter his army of interested officers, and the ignorant recruits who believed that there had to come somehow after a Heavenly Marshal's Baton. Such men will utter any lie to lead daughters to disobey their parents, if they have means and can be secured for their sons in marriage, and thus cover their shame. Possibly the Army was started in good faith, but it has now lapsed into a money-making arrangement for himself, family, followers and dupes.

Publican Booth exacts from them an obedience more implicit than that claimed by the Pope; and pretends to interpret the extent of the power of God, saying that God "cannot work effectively by any soldiers who are not fully obedient to their leaders." A true Salvation Army officer renders (he says) unquestioning obedience to his superiors. It is instinctive with him to obey—he would rather obey than argue; he would rather somebody else decided for him than decide for himself. In opposition to all this folly and mercenary motives, read what the humanitarian, George Chainey says:—

Only through a knowledge of what science teaches, can we feel at home in this world. He who fails to do this must continue, like the religious men of old, to feel as a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth.

But we should never forget that science is only the means, not the end. One may know much of science, and yet be as cruel as the tiger and relentless as the grave. The finest and most important side of our manhood or womanhood may remain untouched and undeveloped after the most complete education in technical science. All scientific knowledge and invention should be received as means to the great end of making this world a fit and beautiful place to live in. Theological knowledge was for the purpose of showing men and women the way to God and heaven; science should teach us the way to man and earth. What we want in the place of the Church is the school-house, but improved and sustained by all the devotion and wealth so long given to the Church. If

ever this is done, what we call civilization will be known of as barbarism. Then men and women will think of the age that turned millions of people, for the production of wealth, into mere supplementary wheels and cogs in a great machine, in the same light as we do of the age that sustained the inquisitor and lit the fires of religious persecution. Science, made humane, will yet be the saviour of the world ; but, left to itself, it will simply deliver us from the tyrant priest and king, to make us the slaves of the tyrant merchant and capitalist. Supplemented by the principle that will make the first question of all production the development, health, and happiness of those who labour in its factories, every factory will be a temple of this world's best faith, hope, and worship of humanity ; but, left to itself, every factory is a dungeon too damnable in its horrible cruelty and destruction of health and joy to be described.

It is quite true that earnest scientists, like Herbert Spencer, are studying it in its relation to a philosophical and rational adjustment of all the relations of society, while others are seeking to discover the laws and methods of the human race, as we do of our cattle and horses. Both are essential, but only as steps to the grand consummation that will follow in their wake when the Spirit of Humanity is applied to all industry and social organisation, general education, and personal culture.

The world is often likened to a school or a stage. But it can also be likened to a garden, in which the perfection of each plant depends upon the conditions of its development. In a garden some plants are poor because the seed was poor, others because the soil was too weak, and others because it was too strong. Some are too much in the shade, and too little in the sun ; some, because isolated from necessary support that would have been afforded by other plants, and others by being pressed for room ; some by having been planted out of season, and others by insects and parasites and want of proper care from the gardener. And yet, in spite of all this, the gardeners may have done the best they could according to their strength and wisdom. In time they may learn by experience to overcome all these defects. Now the world is a

garden, in which the thinkers are the only gardeners. Under their directions all work of planting and weeding is done. But, though they do the best they can, we can find all kinds of imperfections. In some cases, pre-natal influences have never given an even chance in life. Some are too solitary, and some too crowded; some cursed by poverty, and others by riches; some by too much shadow of sorrow, and others by too much light of mirth.

Now, the hope of the world is that the thinkers may become so wise in their superintendence as to remedy all these defects. A plant instinctively presses forward to perfect development when the conditions are right. So do men and women. The thinkers or gardeners of the world ought to toil in the spirit of a wise gardener. Where the soil is cursed by poverty it should be enriched. Where too rich, such heavy demands should be made upon it, in the shape of a heavy tax, as to restore its healthiest condition. When men and women are too thick they should be weeded out, and planted where they are too few. Poor seed should never be allowed a chance to grow. The cares and pleasures of life should be so fairly divided as to keep any one from being destroyed by too much shade of sorrow or light of mirth. But all this will never be done until we labour in the noblest and most humane spirit. We must free our minds from the idea that men and women are blind and halt, unclean and vicious, stupid and bigoted, repulsive and cruel, because they want to be so. All these ideas of life spring from the idea of a creative will that has given to man the power, no matter how he may be born or educated, to control his own destiny. Every fact of science renders this conception absurd. When this becomes clear to our thinkers, they will aim to produce human perfection by obedience to the laws of its growth, instead of preaching and demanding it from the freedom of the will. Instead of saying, Do this or be damned, we shall surround all with such conditions as will make it impossible for them to do anything else. Then life will become the finest of the fine arts rather than a science or duty. We shall aim at the highest personal development, not because we are commanded from without or have learned how by science, but because we are self-impelled

by the force of our own gravity. The joy of every true artist is in his work. He labours to satisfy his own demand for beauty rather than for any reward.

It is in this sense principally that art holds the secret of life. Whoever labours in the artistic spirit mingles his thought and love with the work of his hands. To produce men and women perfect in all physical, mental, and affectional powers should be the supreme object of universal devotion. According to the old Catechism, our chief duty was to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever. According to the new Catechism, our first duty is to glorify man and enjoy him for ever. And whoever shall do ought to glorify Humanity shall swell for ever the music of this world's joy. As far as possible, all education should tend to guide each one to the work he or she can take pleasure in. Children instead of being chained to a desk and crammed with knowledge, ought to imbibe it, as they do health and joy, romping in the fields or by the seashore. A system of games can be easily devised by which every physical power, form, and expression would be developed just as thoroughly as the true artist aims to put them into a picture or statue. In the same way, they should be made to assimilate all the grand thoughts and deeds of the world's greatest thinkers and heroes.

Secularists, having been delivered from the fearful fascination that holds so many captive to the skies, must learn to look around, and behold our gods and goddesses in men and women; our prayers our daily duties; our hopes in our children; our creed, the demonstrations of science; our Bible, all books in which men have written the record of their thought and experience on the earth; our Church, the whole human race; our joys in the onward march of progress and sweet loves of our earthly lives; and all our inspiration to lofty courage and high endeavour from the vision of the future, when man shall come to his own; when each child born into this world shall find all the avenues of truth open to his exploring mind; when the only heaven men shall strive to win shall be on the earth, and the highest honour known shall be—to be a *man*.

GEORGE CHAINEY.

THE RELIGIOUS VIEWS OF LORD BYRON.

"I will have nothing to do with your immortality. We are miserable enough in this life without the absurdity of speculating upon another. If men are to live, why die at all? and if they die, why disturb the sweet sound sleep that 'knows no waking'? . . . If a good Pagan will go to heaven and a bad Nazarene to hell, Argal, I argue like the grave-digger, why are not all men Christians, or why are any? . . . I am no Platonist; I am nothing at all. But I would sooner be a Paulician, Manichean, Spinozist, Gentile, Pyrrhonian, Zoroastrian, than one of the seventy-two villainous sects who are tearing each other to pieces for the love of the Lord and hatred of each other. . . . Let us live well, if possible, and die without pain. The rest is with God, who assuredly, had he come or sent, would have made himself manifest to the nations and intelligible to all.

"One remark, and I have done. The basis of your religion is injustice. The Son of God, the pure, the immaculate, the innocent, is sacrificed for the guilty. This proves his heroism, but no more does away with man's guilt than a schoolboy's volunteering to be flogged for another would exculpate the dunce from negligence. . . . I do not believe in any revealed religion, because no religion is revealed; and if it pleases the church to damn me for not allowing a nonentity, I throw myself on the mercy of the 'great first cause' (least understood), who must do what is most proper, though I conceive he never made anything to be tortured in another life, whatever it may be in this. . . . Let us make the most of life, and leave dreams to Emanuel Swedenborg."—"Memoir of Francis Hodgson, Provost of Eton," by his son, Rev. Jas. T. Hodgson, M.A. (2 vols., Macmillan; 1878).





CHAPTER XXVII.

ON the principle that we never know the value of our blessings, the advantage of a good wife, husband, or friend, until we lose them, so I fully enjoyed the bed at the Winburg Hotel, after feeling the loss of good, comfortable accommodation and the want of a bed for three nights previous. Exhausted nature could not hold out any longer, so I played the sluggard; and certainly a little more sleep, a little more slumber was then needed to get over my shattered, nervous condition, and rest was indeed a Boon to me at that time. Although I have often worked-out some new idea on the broad of my back on my bed during my South African red-hot condition of having my isolated bed all to myself, recognising that, as a matter of health, it is better to sleep alone; and although it may be true, as that old fool Solomon said, that two in a bed gives warmth, it is far better in a tropical climate for single beds to be the rule, and only under the best and purest conditions to be the exception. At last I could play the sluggard no longer, so I jumped up, refreshed in body and mind after so much exhaustion, and determined that I would, no never, have such another time of travel in South Africa. It can be believed that no business man ever travels in South Africa for pleasure, even under the best of circumstances, arrangements and conveniences. The roads and the accommodation, as a rule, are so bad that it creates disgust, from the beginning to the end; and how a people, led by what they think the wisest of all

men, in the person of their solemn Solomon-like President, and who desire the good opinion of other Europeans, can allow such conditions to exist, can only be explained by the fact that, for want of more civilised and advanced men of life and action, the State has become Kaffirised, and deadened the old and young inhabitants of the land.

At the dinner-table we had the never-to-be-forgotten course of shaap-flesh and pompoen, or, to Englishise it, pumpkin and mutton, or goat-flesh, the only fodder for man, woman, or child, you can secure at the wayside houses, and that so indifferently cooked that I defy anyone to enjoy it at any time, in any true sense, even if by chance they escape an attack of dyspepsia, or indigestion, which usually follows a meal of the tough meat that can alone be got at all times. This is the outcome of the grass-sticks that the cattle consume, and the deficiency of vegetables adds to your disgust, as not only are you subjected to bad-road conditions, but the loss of good food, added to all the other inconveniences and discomforts whilst passing over what is called a Free State, but really the most unfortunate State in the world.

All these annoyances are not the exception, but the rule, in South Africa. Bad vehicles, bad carts, with no rest in any way, half or quite drunken drivers losing the way or smashing up the coach or cart, the abominable food, and the way it is served up, altogether creates a feeling of indescribable indignation. One must speak strongly against all the indignities and extortions practised upon the traveller in going over such a country, and can only arrive at one conclusion concerning this God-forsaken land: that it must have been late on Saturday night when that top layer of stones, called the Free State, was made and finished, and still later when the dwellers of the land were born on its bosom. There can, even then, be no excuse. When all the circumstances are taken into consideration there is no palliation for the European immigrant. Hollanders, in allowing these things to exist in the nineteenth century, when they fleece the Dutchman so continually, and have the impudence to assert that the Dutchman or Africander cannot do without them. It was perhaps pardonable in the fourteenth century; but it

amounts to all concerned to a crime to allow its continuance in the nineteenth. With a desire to see as much as possible of what the Dutchman shouted out, Win-the-Burg, I hastily took breakfast, which for a wonder was tolerable, and wandered over the town in search of all that was interesting or worth noticing. The market square, as in all Dutch towns, was large, and ample for all business; the houses all round the square, of the usual small Dutch style, were shut up all the week, and only used on the Sunday, on which day the owners occupied them when they were there for the purpose of going to church, giving to this, as to most other towns, a wretched, woe-begone, death-stricken appearance, rather calculated to depress than to exhilarate. But only for these small, Dutch, square houses in all the towns so-called in the Free State, there would but be a hamlet for every town. The officials seemed to be the most ostentatious in this the oldest town in the Free State. High, black, chimney-pot hats, that certainly could be bought in London for 4s. 9d., and the usual white tie and black coat, all betokening much satisfaction with themselves, as is the case in most governmental circles, more especially in the Bloemfontein capital. The storekeepers looked almost hopeless, as if a few months would land them in despair, or in the Bloemfontein lunatic asylum—the monstrosity built by Public Works Inspector Halle—after the designs of the German lunatic asylums that his grandfather built, as ordered by the Emperor, who being dissatisfied with his wretched catering when ordered to provide the Imperial dinner, kindly turned him into the builder-in-general of lunatic asylums, preparatory to his occupying a room therein after he had built the same—at least, I gathered so from his remarks when he lectured on his (h)art at the Literary Association. The only exception to this hopeless despair was seen in the countenances of the sons of Abraham-Ham, Jacob-Cob, Isaac-Sac: the future was not so black to them as others—a lurid light could be made to lighten up their darkness and despair at the expense of the fire-offices, which never entered the heart of the other (Gentile) traders of Winburg. So hope was always before them, in light-furnishing (or bankruptcy)

hotels and canteens in any number ; not because they should lead to drinking, but because they gave to men a spirit which for the time being produced oblivion. Poverty is not all due to drink ; but drink may be, and is often due to positive poverty. Men rush where there is a little life and jollity, and in the glass deaden their senses, and so forget for a season their miserable misfortunes, which may be due, as I think is the case in this town, to nature's cruelty and man's folly ; but which with wisdom. but *not* from on high, but on this earth, can be defied at all times.

While here I was struck by the extreme want of vegetation, and the barrenness of the whole town and surrounding country, and I could hardly wonder at the depressed countenances of its inhabitants, and their drunken despair. The wind blew a hurricane—the usual daily annoyance I was told—and the very streets seemed destitute of anything to cheer the eye or please the senses, and all for want of water : no green trees to shelter the town from the periodical wintry blasts that were positively cruel in all ways. One felt that only necessity could induce any human being to live in such a miserable hole, and I did not wonder that men of no means were put into hotels as part proprietors by the Dutch agents, in the hope that desperation would give them energy and *go* enough to enable them to live, if not to pay their rent or their creditors. And yet beneath their feet were all the fountains of nature's pure liquid, and only waiting to be dug-for to give an ample supply, for all domestic and gardening purposes, that would have made this place another Eden, and in a true sense prove that man, by labour with the pick, spade, and drill, could Win-the-burg for the advantage of all its inhabitants. To raise the water—that very general nuisance, the wind, would have raised it for the people. In a windy country like the Free State, which is, from its height, one vast breezy plain, it speaks but little for the enterprise of the inhabitants in not having erected their windmills in greater number for the purposes of irrigation and general water supply. They are simple in construction, cheap in maintenance, and not very liable to get out of order. The following proves what can be done, and what should be done at once in Winburg.

IRRIGATION AND WINDMILL-PUMPS.

Umtata Herald.

It gives us much pleasure to notice more particularly the new Windmill-Pump, erected on Mr. M. White's property, across the river, which we have previously referred to.

The mill is strikingly simple in appearance, and the work performed by it surprises those who note its outline. It is placed on the bank of the river, about 70 feet above the level, and consists of a strong framework of yellow-wood, rising to a height of 30 feet, supporting the wind-sails 25 feet in diameter. The sails are circular, constructed in segments, each of which has a series of moveable fans, like the shutters of a Venetian blind. These are connected by simple levers to a balance weight, and by means of this counterpoise the sails are opened or shut as the wind lessens or increases, or at the will of the operator: thus a regular speed for pumping or grinding is maintained with variable winds. Whilst in a gale the wind passes right through the open sails, making the mill storm-proof. The circular sail is backed by an air-rudder, which keeps it constantly to the wind. The sail acts on a long connecting-rod communicating with two bevelled cog-wheels, which in turn work the piston of the pump below. Some idea may be conceived of the utility of this mill when we consider that each turn of the sail lifts a weight of 600lbs., and can thereby throw up 2,000 gallons of water per hour. The water from the river passes through 3-inch piping to Mr. White's garden above, where he is constructing a reservoir for storing his supply, and from thence he is enabled to water, not only the garden, but the whole of his grounds. This is a decided improvement on the manual labour system. The mill had at first a startling effect on the natives employed by Mr. White. They could not understand how water could be thus raised, and only convinced themselves by first tasting the water in the river, and then tasting the water rushing from the pipes above. We understand the cost of the mill did not exceed £500, and the expenses of keeping it in order will be trifling.

Messrs. Alexander and Crofts, of King William's Town, are, we believe, the sole agents for these mills in the Colony,

and we hope the enterprise of Mr. White will be imitated by many of our colonists.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

Denver, which has long been so inadequately and expensively supplied with water, is now rejoicing in four artesian wells, which yield 400,000 gallons of an excellent quality per day; and we are told that she will soon have several others in operation sufficient to supply the growing wants of that young and flourishing city.

The vast plains lying east and west of the Rocky Mountains will doubtless, ere long, have a great demand for similar wells, by means of which millions of acres, now waterless and barren, can be rendered arable. Wherever there is the scent of water these far western lands are of unrivalled fertility, resembling Peru, which has been likened to a "conservatory without glass."

This method of irrigating from subterranean reservoirs is of immense moment to the dwellers amid these sterile regions; and the labour of boring to a depth of only 375 feet—as at Denver—seems light when compared with the 2,200 feet of the saline well at Neusalzwerk, Prussia.

The reservoirs of petroleum springs are of a similar nature to those of artesian wells, and the process by which the oil is obtained is precisely the same.

Among the various methods of irrigation which England is adopting for her eastern possessions will probably be the introduction of these wells into the desert-like portions of India, where grim, gaunt famine has so often marched with merciless, all-conquering tread.

For the last twenty years French engineers have been actively engaged in sinking a great number of these wells across the western border of the Great Sahara, the province of Constantine alone containing not less than 150, while the work is progressing slowly but surely, toward the interior. Among the phenomena brought to light by this boring is the finding of fishes and crabs of delicious flavour at a very great depth. Scientists, as usual, are ready with many sage observations, all, however, being mere theory.

The spirit of progress is abroad, reclaiming the waste places of the earth, and literally verifying the Scripture prophecy, that "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

We believe the time is coming when man's inventive genius and wonderful power of achievement will reduce all the deserts of the earth to smiling beauty and happy utility; when he will indeed be "monarch of all he surveys."

Side by side with all this misery, want and despair, I found the everlasting *bank*, eating up where they had not sown, and harvesting where they had not gathered. The National Bank of the Free State (by the way, a funny name to call it in a republic), its original capital, the gift of Englishmen, who would give them as much again if they would be thankful, and comprehend the generosity of the givers. The Bank of Africa—so-called, better call it by the right name—the Bank of Europeans to rob the Africans, although with a capital too small to supply the wants of Bloemfontein, yet possessed the knowledge that the greater the want of accommodation, the greater the possibility for extortion at 10, 15 and 20 per cent. They have, like so many social spider-webs settled themselves in every little town and village of the Free State, for the purpose of sucking the life's-blood of its inhabitants, and thus swallowing up even what little life was left in the people wherewith to struggle onwards. When will men understand that a proper knowledge of "money and its use" must precede all good conditions, and secure the prosperity of all States, monarchical or republican, and that, instead of towns retrograding after a youthful run as it were of prosperity, until the blood-suckers in the shape of bankers and usurers rush the places, and suck up their prosperity, causing them to fall into an early decrepitude; and then as a *last straw to destroy all hope*, eaten up in conjunction with the natural legal sharks, who fatten and flourish in prosperity, and no less so in the dying convulsions of the struggling and working classes, mechanical, agricultural or pastoral.

While passing over the square I was astonished to see one well-painted house, and on enquiry I found it to be the house-of-plunder of one who shared the stolen property of the work-

ers—the *procureur*, so called,—another name for lawyer-shark. This one was a descendant of a foreigner from sunny France, acting as the documentary comptroller of the people, living in the front of all the buildings in the town, built of stone, as an emblem of the much-enduring, while securing to himself the productions of the surrounding farmers. Good heavens! when will men, with eyes to see, read aright, mark, and inwardly digest, and then alter and remove those to whom the gradual impoverishment of the Free State is due? The Bank and other institutions, as well as private individuals, will suck and suck until there is no more to be secured from the human combs, and then, with all complacency, sell the country to the highest bidder. The fact stares us in the face that these men, while they are able to secure the wealth of the people, now oppose the confederation of the South African States; but when they have sucked and sucked the people dry—and that time is here, and coming on fast,—they will in the future be the first to solicit the arrival of the English for very fear; if they do not, the people in their madness will not wait for a Gordon to burn the debt-books and bonds and mortgage-parchments, but will burn them themselves, and the holders likewise. If the Soudanese have been eaten up by Arabs, Jews, and Turks, no less will it be seen that the wealth-producers in the Free State have been eaten up by the Jews and others, and in the name of the good of all mankind, I, like Gordon, call for restitution. The people will soon be so sucked by banker and mortgagee and lawyers, that nothing but confederation with England will save them their skins, if left to save.

THE MORTGAGE.

We worked through spring and winter, through summer and through fall,
But the mortgage worked the hardest and the steadiest of them all.
It worked on nights and Sundays, it worked each holiday,
It settled down amongst us, and it never went away.
Whatever we kept from it seemed almost as bad as theft;
One thing, then another went till there was nothing left.
The rust and blight were with us, and though sometimes they were not;
The darkbrowed, scowling mortgage was for ever on the spot.
The weevil and the cutworm, they went as well as came,
The mortgage stayed for ever, eating hearty all the same.

It nailed up every window, stood guard at every door,
 And happiness and sunshine made their home with us no more.
 Till with failing crops and sickness we got stalled upon the grade,
 And there came a dark day on us when the interest was'n't paid;
 And there came a sharp foreclosure, and I kind o' lost my hold,
 And grew weary and discouraged, and the farm was cheaply sold.
 My children left and scattered, when they hardly yet were grown;
 The wife she pined and perished, an' I found myself alone.
 What she died of was "a mystery," an' the doctors never knew;
 But I know she died of mortgage, just as well as I wanted to.
 If to trace a hidden sorrow were within the doctors' art,
 They'd have found a mortgage lying on that woman's broken heart.
 Worm or beetle, drought or tempest, on a farmer's land may fall,
 But for first-class ruination, trust a mortgage 'gainst them all.

W. A. CARLTON.

The foreigners, who owe no allegiance to the Free State, will invite any power in that will secure to them the plunder they have stolen; but they know it is only England that can send with her sons an influx of gold. These Uitlanders have no gold in their own barren lands, nor love for the Free State as patriots, only looking upon the country to be drained for their profit and pleasure. Will the two-legged walking animals ever read the signs of the times, and make the banks the servants of the people, not, as now, their masters, and to their destruction, but to the banker's enrichment, and compel the public *procureurs* to be the defenders and upholders of the rights and privileges of the people? It is quite shocking to know that one cannot go from town to town without noticing these abominations. In the old time of public plunder, the roads between town and town were the highwayman's opportunity. In isolated places and in the dark, men were called upon to deliver, and, in fear, did deliver, to the advantage of the robber; but in these so-called enlightened Christian days, men who are no less of the type of our Dick Turpin, Gentleman Jack, and the handsome Claude Duval, call upon us to deliver in person at their houses, that in some way they have secured, at the expense of the widow and orphan, or the working imbeciles that allow it to be continued; and in these latter days these robbers neither fear man, God nor Devil, and at times have the blessing of the modern priests, who, without hesitation,

go shares in the plunder. In all the towns both these classes of men are on the increase ; and how they work their plan so as to disguise how they call upon us to deliver is a mystery to many, but no longer to those who understand the present monetary schemes of the exploiters. At present the sufferers are unable to make them disgorge, and with the results of their knavery they build fine houses and cathedrals as public monuments of what they have deprived the wealth-producers of, time after time. What "a mad, silly world, my masters," is this, that, for want of true information, these things are possible, and that all this is supported by the politician, the so-called Christian, the philanthropist, and the mechanically well-taught of society. Being blind however, they lead the blind, and both having fallen into the ditch, they are so maimed and injured that they have not strength to draw attention to these things, much less to stand to the front to deliver the victims from error's chains. My wanderings through the Cape Colony, Natal, and the Free State for the last ten years have proved to me that the Free State is a misnomer, for of all States that I have passed through, it has, more conclusively than any other, demonstrated, beyond the possibility of doubt, the necessity of my remedies for the people and times, as I have so frequently explained them, and has made me feel more confident than ever—the proofs are so numerous—that the truth is, as in nature, self-evident. I do not know whether I am as one born out of due season, but this much I do know, that I have met hundreds of men who feel that something is wrong in, or out of Denmark, and, for want of knowledge, they are unable to articulate their grievances. As a true patriot, and a son of the people, I dare not any longer refrain from speaking the truth, as it is in me. Were I to do so I should be eaten up by the living coals within me, and I trust to prove in my future writings and lectures that this is no idle boast, and that all the people, especially those who suffer, will listen to me gladly. I seek no honour or fortune. I have no fortune to lose ; and simply from my individual point of view, desire to make known the glad tidings of the new salvation to the glory of man, and

the happiness of the human family all over the known world. To enable all to feel with me the truth about the legal exploiters, I print the views of a giant on lawyer-sharks.

LAWYERS AND LAW-CHARGES.

An innocent Briton, who signed himself "Civis," writing lately in the *Times*, on a special subject connected with lawyers, observed, "the profession exists for us, not we for them. "Never was an axiom more clearly expressed, or with more commendable terseness; but its very brevity, clearness and point-blank delivery, suggest an uneasy misgiving, and cause to doubt whether, like other oracular utterances, it is not open to question. Certain it is, that clients would not be far to seek to whom the proposition would seem to state the very reverse of the fact; they would tell us that to engage the services of the profession is to lay yourself open to endless expenses, to pay down hard cash in return for labours of an undefinable, unintelligible sort—to barter your independence and peace of mind in exchange for sundry verbose documents, a few shreds of red tape, and the privilege of being puzzled by the repulsive phraseology of legal writings. And they would point to fearful accounts extending over many sheets of paper, which accounts had to be discharged at the expense of a year's income or so, and which were the sole return they ever got for all that outlay. On the other hand, it is at least debatable whether the lawyers, as a class, regard themselves as existing for the public; or if they do, in what sense they understand the maxim of 'Civis' which is susceptible of very various interpretation.

"There are lawyers, and lawyers. There are men in the profession, and they are the glory of it, who have chosen and followed it from the instinct of justice and fair play, and who love it because it enables them to shield the innocent, to right the wronged, to protect the oppressed, and to expose and punish the wrong-doer. But there are also men who systematically make of their profession the means of plundering whoever is unfortunate enough to fall into their hands. This latter class are most decidedly of opinion that the public exists for them—that it is their business to 'fleece'

by all the possible methods which the legislature has considerably provided for their ingenious manipulation. To them a new client is what a wounded stag is to the wolf—a prey cast to them by a favouring Providence to have his bones picked bare.

Whatever credit may be due to the axiom of 'Civis,' then, it is clear that it must be received, if received at all, with limitations. From the practical stand-point, at any rate, there is very little evidence that the legal profession exists for us, while, on the contrary, there is all too much testimony to the fact that the public exists for the lawyer—is in truth the lawyer's milch-cow, with udders considerably drawn dry.

"The *rationale* of lawyers' charges has from time immemorial been a mystery to the public who have to pay them. The trader, accustomed to give value received for cash, cannot, for the life of him, understand why it is that, when he has given a retainer of, say £100 to Counsellor Botherum, to secure his eloquent advocacy on a certain trial, and the great man never appears at the trial at all, he yet retains the retainer, and pockets the money as coolly as if he had earned it. The philosophy of this proceeding, honoured though it be by the sanction of the profession, is all too recondite for the matter-of-fact man of business, who is apt to express himself in regard to it in no complimentary terms. Solicitors' charges, coming to the client in detail, are as perplexingly disgusting, especially when the client finds, as he is very likely to find, that conversations which were incidental talk, or gossip over a glass of wine, are set down as consultations to be paid for. Some charges made by lawyers are fixed at a scale which cannot be justified by any show of argument—the very sight of them so outraged the moral sense of the celebrated Thirlwall that he threw up the profession in disgust, rather than submit to become the agent of such extortion—an example which, so far as we are aware, no one has since followed.

"In dealing with a practitioner of the wide-awake order, the man who employs him has need to be continually on his guard, and should be especially cautious in the matter of

putting questions. We should say there could be no danger in asking Mr. Lattitat what it is o'clock, for instance, or whether he thinks the clouds portend rain ; but much further than this it may not be safe to go. Ask him whether the parson has done right in closing the path through the church-yard, or whether such a plot of ground would not be a good site for cottages, and the chances are, if you are a client with a running account, that you will find these queries will cost you six-and-eightpence each when your bill comes in. The rate at which lawyers' bills grow and swell is something astounding ; the old tavern legend, 'Sixpence to look at the waiter,' is more than realised in the case of the lawyer. So long as you litigate you never see your legal friend without being charged a fee ; nay, more, if he calls to see you, and you are not at home, the fee is the same—and, worse still, should you call to see him and find him absent, you even run the risk of being charged for your own loss of labour, through the fact of your having called being entered by the clerk in in the day-book. We have seen lawyers' bills extending over quires of foolscap (the sort of paper, we submit, best fitted for the purpose), and thick enough to bind up into an average folio volume ; and we have known them paid, too, in the tune of near a thousand pounds, for suits undertaken at the lawyers' instigation, and which suits, as the instigators well knew, could only succeed in bringing profit to the lawyer. Apropos of practices of this kind, a good story is told : Lawyer Plundrum, having succeeded in making a litigant of every farmer in his county, having grown rich at their expense, and thus established a valid claim to their consideration, consented to sit for his portrait, which was wanted to adorn the court-room of the county town. The picture was duly painted by a London artist, and, previously to being hung, was submitted to a private view. 'Most uncommon like, to be sure.' was the general verdict : ' 'tis the mon hissel, beyant it now ? ' But one old chap, critically regarding the canvas, dissented from the general opinion as follows : 'That be zummut like Plundrum's vizog, but it bean't the mon—theas mon ha' got his han' in his own pocket you zee ; now, I've a know'd Plundrum for vive-and-thirty year, an' all

that time he've a had his han' in zomebody's else's pocket. Yon chap bean't Plundrum !'

"There is one consolation, though it is rather a doubtful one for litigants, in the fact that lawyers' bills may be taxed. How far this is a privilege, and to what extent the public avail themselves of it, we cannot say ; but the fact is profoundly significant, and should not be lost sight of. In all other dealings between man and man, buyer and seller are left to conclude their own transactions ; but it is not so between lawyer and client. The lawyer, it seems, cannot be trusted to deal fairly with his customer : ' See to it,' says the legislature, ' a dishonest lawyer has you in his power ; bring his account to the taxing-office, and the taxing-officer will prevent your being plundered.' If this is not the plain English of the matter, we should like to know how else to phrase it. That we are not far wrong, we gather from the fact that bills sent in to clients are sometimes cut down by the taxing process to one-fourth, or even less, of their original substance. It is right, however, as it is pleasant, to state, that there are not wanting honourable men whose accounts no client would dream of taxing.

"It is no small misfortune to Englishmen that this country is so abnormally lawyer-ridden. In all our activities the law and lawyers are ever paramount and predominant. Could our railways have been made, as railways have been made in other countries, without the intervention of lawyers, nearly two hundred millions of money would have been saved which has been swallowed-up in needless expenses and law-fights ; and many hundreds of families, who have succumbed to poverty, would have been living in competence. But for the legal expenses attending the transfer of property from seller to buyer, the number of small independent properties in England owned by the class of proprietors who are the muscle and sinew of a State, would have been ten times as numerous as they are, and would have added immensely to the national stability. And were there no class of men whose interest it is to distort facts, to strangle the truth, to make justice dear, and right appear the wrong, it may be fairly inferred there would be less cause of complaint on the score

of corruption and the general lapse of principle in commercial matters, which are the bane and disgrace of our time. Nearly two hundred years ago, the defects of a system which in England makes property of all kinds pay such heavy blackmail to lawyers, was pointed out by Andrew Yarranton, who proposed a remedy which was both simple and practical; but then, as now, vested interests were too mighty to be meddled with, and the wrong has been suffered to endure. The profession and its profits are wanted as a quarry and a pasture for younger sons and their descendants.

"Is it not strange that, notwithstanding the public are so perfectly familiar with the plagues, anxieties, and discomforts that invariably attend litigation, it is yet so pertinaciously litigious? We profess to applaud and admire the man who should act on the Master's advice—who, being sued at law, for his coat, should surrender to his adversary his cloak also; but we never set that example ourselves; we rather bristle up at the slightest provocation of the kind, and incur loss upon loss, rather than allow another to triumph over us. To some men a lawsuit is a nuisance and an affliction—to others it is a source of perpetual satisfaction and enjoyment. The Corsicans, we are told, inherit lawsuits, and transmit them to their heirs as if they were family treasures—but in Corsica it may well be that the inherited lawsuit is but another form of the "vendetta" which is continued—a fierce strife from generation to generation. But many a man in England has been born to a lawsuit, and grown up in the lap of litigation. We can recall such a man, who, inheriting a claim, well, or ill-founded, to a vast estate in the West of England, spent the best years of his life, and the best part of his income in futile attempts to establish it, and who never succeeded even so far as to bring his cause before a Judge. A merrier, more light-hearted fellow never lived. He seemed to enjoy nothing so much as catching a new lawyer and volubly indoctrinating him on the subject of his claim, and setting him to work to draw up a fresh case for counsel's opinion. The profession had old Greening's substance, and gave him in return a whole cart-load of documents, of which at seventy-five he died possessed—and which his heir-at-law summarily consigned to the flames."

I shall further illustrate these facts in my *History of the Free State*, now ready for the press, and to show that I am not singular, I print the views of the *Africander Bond and Express*.

"The Free State branch of the *Africander Bond* is reported to have passed a resolution:—'Whereas lawyers are not among the necessities of life, this meeting of Bondsmen hereby pledges itself to use every constitutional means to extirpate them, and calls upon all affiliated members of the Bond to do likewise. Our reason for this course is that in the Orange Free State lawyers of every grade in the profession unite marked professional incapacity, with a great power of blood-sucking, and this is being borne in upon the community in a manner no longer to be tolerated.'

"There is little doubt that there has been for some considerable time a feeling growing in the country so adverse, and we may almost say hostile, to the legal profession, that if to-day, a plebiscite were taken, the great majority would undoubtedly vote in favour of the abolition of a profession which, under ordinary circumstances, men are too apt to look upon as a necessary evil, but which under our present circumstances, is most certainly regarded as something much worse. Whoever doubts our statement has not read the papers, and has not taken cognizance of what goes on in the country. If he should not attach much weight to these utterances he may go to the sittings of the Volksraad, and listen attentively to what is said there, and, looking upon that honourable body, as representative a one, as exists, he will, without hesitation, endorse the view expressed above. In itself, and without approaching the question as we do for the purpose not merely of discussing the same, but with a view to advising measures calculated to effect an improvement, the prevailing sentiment is of sufficient interest to a writer of contemporary history, to note the same and to investigate its origin and the causes of its development. If in doing so, we should appear harsh, we may be permitted to state at once that we write less with a view to criticise than to improve. Dictated by such a sentiment, laudable as it must be, even in the eyes of the legal profession itself, the statement will be accepted as correct, though

very disagreeably correct, that the legal profession as a whole occupies so low a standard in this country, that upon the raising thereof, the very first move towards amelioration depends. It would be unjust and ungrateful if we omitted here to mention that our Bench of Judges is of as high a standing as that of any country; that we possess members of the Bar and Side-Bar who would be an ornament to the profession anywhere, and that the Judges by their endeavours to raise the standard of efficiency, have already attained a marked improvement. That, finally the additions to the profession in late years leave no doubt of a complete ultimate change. "Thus all that remains, and indeed it is the burning point of the question, is that the period of transition may not be too prolonged a one, and that it should be marked by the utmost severity towards those members, who, through want of proper qualification, are already enjoying so much forbearance, that they should not be permitted to encroach further thereon through want of professional usages, irregularity, and, finally, dishonesty. We are aware that we are treading on delicate ground, and that we are dealing with a militant profession. However, the truth must be told, and that openly. As things have gone, it has not been an unusual occurrence that men who have held powers-of-attorney have abused their power to the detriment of their mandators. It has occurred that men entrusted with the settlement of estates have used money collected in those estates, for their own private ends, and could only be made to disgorge after an appeal to the court. It has frequently occurred that men collected accounts, retained the moneys, and their clients are either still awaiting settlement or obtained cash only after employing a second agent to collect the money from the collector. That this was wrong, who doubts?—that it was a grave wrong at the hands of men who owned a position of trust, who will gainsay?—that it was a wrong that threw discredit upon the whole of an honourable profession, the feeling of the entire country testifies to. Yet the last is a fortunate accident, in spite of its misfortune. For it suggests the only remedy extant. To think that oppressive laws and a ruinous tariff will effect an improvement, people may believe and hope. We share

neither their hope nor their belief. In the very fact of oppression there is the danger of illicit dealing, and by the very act of oppression the man who never scrupled to act dishonestly, is challenged to extend his crooked and dishonest manipulations, whilst the honest and upright lawyer, who is indispensable to the community, is condemned to sufferance, exposed to poverty, and forced to seek a living elsewhere. The remedy lies with the profession, and from them the only improvement can be expected. If honest lawyers wish to protect themselves, they must do so by protecting the public. They must combine and remove the cancer from their body, and that without feeling or false compassion, and they must do so without loss of time. To show neglect would be tantamount to despising public opinion, and would only invite retribution and defeat. For whatever mode of expression is indulged in with regard to this question, the feeling that the public must be protected is a general one. Who is to do it? We or the profession itself? That is, we repeat the question, and we should trust, that, by a sincere effort—for but the slightest effort has hitherto been wanting—the legal profession will enlist on its side the sympathy at least of all moderate men, which they cannot be said even to possess now. How to do this we need hardly say; the *modus operandi* is better known to themselves than to us, and the example of other countries shows clearly the road they have to follow. That they may do so is in their own interest first, though it is in ours as well, and we therefore sincerely hope that they will do it soon, and moreover, do it well."

The town of Winburg is, like all other towns of South Africa, no better or worse for natural conditions. All could be made Gardens of Eden by a people working and storing up nature's gifts of rain to men. But so long as all is in the hands of speculators and forestallers, this will be impossible. For twenty long years the Free State has been governed, so it is said, by a first class Brand, certainly not a burning one; and although he has produced many a brand, they are perfectly useless. I have no desire to do this man an injustice. As an advocate he was a failure in Cape Town, and could at no time earn his bread. As a President he is

worse than a failure ; and the time will come when it will be looked upon as a crime, that he was so often placed in power. For twenty long years he has had a splendid income, and yet at the end of that period, with all his advantages, he had to admit that he was a pauper, and requested the sum of £2,500 to relieve him from the pressure of his creditors. It is said that this was mainly due to the extravagances of of children, and his son while in England making himself perfect as a legal shark, lived in London like a prince, involving his father in pecuniary difficulties ; and when he had almost ruined the poor old man, like a penniless "prodigal," returned, and, for want of general ability, was at once pitchforked into the Transvaal to become a judge. O Lord ! what a judge ! Perhaps even there he will get into debt. It is as common an inborn disease getting into debt and forgetting to pay, as much chronic in Africa, as the lung sickness in its cattle. To expect a "Brand" of this kind to be a "Light of the World" is to expect an impossibility. He can perhaps make a smoke ; but he is not made of the stuff to lighten the the Dutch, or any other Gentiles. But it is something worse than bad, that a father should be so positioned by his offspring that he should be compelled to be a drag upon a community ; and I venture to predict that, unless he can alter all this, and show how the Free State may increase in wealth, as well as multiply, he will be cursed in his old age as the unconscious destroyer of what might have been a State of heroes, and who placed his people at the mercy of the Hollanders he surrounded himself by, and instead of going down to his grave an honoured leader of the people, he will, as a failure, after his long official career, be forgotten, and, as he should be, righteously damned.

It was while stopping at the hotel, that a neighbour of mine in Bloemfontein arrived in hot haste, a sweet William, who hoped to be looked upon as the golden William of the Transvaal, for with luck unexpected, he had found another reef of gold—so he said—but not near Berlin, in the Lydenburg district, the property of the swindling Grant. With the earnestness of a Czar's messenger, he was travelling up post-haste night and day, in the hope of a reward, in the

shape of a concession secured from the Transvaal Government by the influence of the officials, he being a relation to one of the Executive of this *Bound*, but called *Free State*. As all know, one government official helps the other, to take possession of the plunder, either now or in the future in nature's bowels, and afterwards dragged out by the digger. All now can comprehend the advantages of being able to secure the back-stairs influence of Government to get enriched out of nature's gifts by the monopoly of a gold reef. Personally, I have no objection to any man, securing by his own labour all that he can work out and carry off from any reef, mine, gully, or other alluvial portion of mother earth ; but I vehemently protest against any man by mere power of monopoly, possessing through the labour of others the mineral wealth of any country. It is on a par with the early monopolists of England, who in the reign of Henry the Eighth secured to themselves, and for their sons and bastards the land of Old England, with all its then unknown mineral wealth, and with the assistance of sheepskin documents conveyed to their successors the labour of after generations. One result it may be truly said, is that existing generations are governed by the dead to the advantage of the ignobility who are enriched by this constant supply, obtained not by chance, but by fraud and pressure, and confiscation of the people's wealth and labour. This was felt to be such an advantage, that the land-tax was made a fixed sum in the reign of William the Third, a Dutchman of decent parts, but still no less an intruder upon the English people, and a vagabond against the Irish interests and people. By such an act, throwing all taxes upon the trading classes, and giving the opportunity to the land-stealers to secure in the nineteenth century over £400,000,000 a year, from land and minerals, to enable their friends the army, navy, and police-supporters to grow fat, and to bribe the Church to bless the robbery, and to urge the people to be content in the position that they say, the Lord intended them to dwell in. God of heaven ! how long will you permit such blasphemy and robbery to continue, and the creatures of Your hand ever to be at the mercy of these public plunderers, which means starvation and death to the toilers of all nations.

Such will be the future of South Africa if the common heritage is allowed to be given over to all the relations of our Government who apply for the same, and then command the labour of the white and black to crush out the gold that alone should be in the hands of those who toil, either individually, collectively, or co-operatively. I care not which, but I protest against there being land-grabbers and mineral-thieves as in England. I no less protest against there being a Mackey "Silver King," so called, and against the Vanderbilts, Goulds, Stewarts, or any other land, gold, silver, iron, copper, or diamond exploiters in South Africa or elsewhere. The future of this country demands this, and if it is true, as stated by geologist Stowe, that the Free State has beneath its soil £200,000,000 worth of iron, and £300,000,000 worth of coal, it is something outrageous that a President, who has never shown how to make two blades of grass to grow in the place of one, has not moved for the unearthing of this wealth on behalf of the people he is supposed to watch over. The State is poor, because the opportunity occurs for men to amass riches—the outcome of the surface of the earth, and in some few cases the outcome of nature's wealth below,—and because there lacks a head to utilise what is beneath their very feet, all goes to ruin and destruction.

In the future all monopolies must be looked upon as public robbery, and must cease to exist. I am delighted to make these truths known, and thus to help to remove the present evils; but I am not an advocate of the "share and share alike" principle, nor for making all things common property on the basis of the equality of all, at present in existence. I am an advocate of individual ownership, and a man's prosperity his own wealth, begotten of his own labour. There is no fear of a revolution of blood by my advocacy, but certainly a revolution in the holding of wealth, and at the same time to settle all points of dispute in the future, without discussing how much a man should pay out of his rent-roll, or out of the accumulated labour out of their fathers' hands at the time of their death. Once make a law that all titles to land and mines should be left as they now are, with the condition that the owner shall only be entitled

at death to what his personal labour can secure, and that after six months all lands not in working shall be at the disposal of any who may desire the same, to be worked individually or co-operatively, who, working equally, shall share alike. Then there will be no need in England, or elsewhere, as in the years 1789 to 92, to remove land-grabbers and holders, by means of a Calcraft's short, or Marwood's long drop, bullet or knife. A few pens, ink and paper can alter all in these days, without recourse to harder substances. As an old reformer I never have urged robbery and plunder; but have demanded that no property, the work of men's hands, should be confiscated, as it now is, by the interested classes all over the globe. Cheer up, ye workers and producers of England's wealth, and elsewhere, the time must come when you will get your own; and then securing the labour of your own hands you will all support the rights of others, seeing that it will be to your interest in those days to do so, making it impossible for thieves, vagabonds, and all the well-dressed criminals to exist, for the opportunity to work and to receive, as the result of their labour, all that their personal labour can secure, without robbing another. The right to all a man can secure by his labour will be an incentive to all to toil; and with such an opportunity to all, society, for its own protection, will be justified in compelling the lazy, natural enemies of mankind, to toil or die, and then, if need be, if they will not work, they should be destroyed and burnt, to manure the ground, so that in their death they might be useful, to make up for their uselessness in life. Much of the Free State and the Transvaal I will go into in my later chapters, in which I will follow the History of the Free State by that of the Transvaal, and when all these things are read, marked, and inwardly digested, all will see there is a possibility of the Eutopia, dreamt about by Plato, Sir Thomas Moore, and others, without loss to anyone, but to the general gain of all, with "Peace and Goodwill among men and all nations.

The one hope of Winburg for the present has gone like the many hopes of other cities and places. At one time it was thought to be the centre of a large coal district, and the

opening up for a considerable time made even Winburg tolerable by the number of waggons, carts and other vehicles that passed on their way from the coal beds to the diamond fields, but unfortunately, it being only surface coal, and the quantity of sulphur it contained being injurious to the machinery at Kimberley, this hope vanished like a dream, and the mischance left the Winburgians more hopeless than ever. It is said that if they will pass down to some considerable depth there is a chance of finding a superior coal for any purpose, not only near here, but all over the Free State—but if it is true that this is part of the coal estimated by the geologist Stowe as part of the £300,000,000, it is high time that the same be worked out for the State profit, and all that it needs is a State arrangement and determination to carry it out successfully. This is a statesman's opportunity, but unfortunately for the Free State, so over-ridden are they by the hungry and adventurous officials, that this human commodity of a statesman is unknown. But as sure as the Free Staters make so free in cutting all their bush and trees down from the banks of their rivers, so sure will this desirable coal be needed for winter warmth, and the demand will compel its existence to be found out and utilised; then the whole difficulty is got over. At present the organised conspiracy called a Government, taxes the people without striving to secure the underground wealth, and to produce from the top surface all that nature would give if properly arranged for; and thus it happens that the whole of the South African States are going back, and men are leaving daily as though it were a plague-stricken land, and rushing to England's more favourable colonies. I too have seriously contemplated moving on to other lands, where it is possible to live, where the land is governed by *men*, and where our children are not sent into the fields to destroy by bullet, rocket, and shell, the natives in such numbers as to make it impossible for at least another twenty years to exist side by side with them. This feeling does not arise from positive inability to live in the land of adoption if properly arranged for. There would be no desire to hurry away if we had men in the State and Colony able to show how to work up nature's bounties

and to live happily in South Africa, but nothing is done because no one can show a plan for working-up all the wealth for the benefit of both *black* and *white*. The time however will come, when some remedy must be applied, or the land will once more fall into the hands of the black man, and into the worst form of savagery. How to prevent this I have shown in my first "Jottings," again in this my second, and I hope to show, in my future ones, the easy possibility of making all South African earth an Eden, out of which no one would feel happy. It must be generally admitted, when thoroughly understood, that all my past actions—and no action has yet proved a failure—and the suggestions I make, must be thoroughly tried, and although I may be as one born out of due season, these facts will prove true, and bear fruit, though it be after many days, or years, when once they have been put in practice. It is evident that somehow the world is all-awry; and as the politician, and Christian socialist cannot alter it, the socialist of the true land and money reform must do so. Don't be alarmed, my readers, my socialism does not consist of 100-ton guns, Gatlings, Greek-fire, or dynamite, bullets, and bayonets, and all the paraphernalia of the official cormorants of the governing classes of the present day. My socialism will not erect monuments to *Mars* and *Victory*, and innumerable obelisks to commemorate how they slaughtered in the days gone by, and the present time, and how they robbed the inhabitants in the name of landlords and money-lords, made law, in all parts of the Earth, to feed the hunger of all the plundering classes. No, no; the outcome of my socialism will show itself in the works of man, that will secure to all peace and prosperity, I am, and shall be proud to be known without any of the modern false-Christian help, as the apostle of the true socialism of the future—of that socialism that will produce prosperity to all around, from the day of its adoption.

As, like unto many others, my Republicanism will not be the only burning cry; but the social remedies worked for the benefit of the community will be understood to be humanitarian of the widest and noblest character. I know most people, as in many other reforms, hear the name of Socialism

with horror, thinking they are part of the men described by Thiers and others, who belonged to the Versailles blunderers and plunderers, and who, in the name of a Republic, upheld all the enormities of the Empire, in defiance of the men of Paris—the only true patriots of that time—who with the utmost self-devotion fought for Municipal Government, in opposition to all that was base, and who, while standing out nobly for the rights of men, were shot down and murdered, and afterwards cruelly slandered by these men and their hirelings of the Press in France. They can show nothing for their statements: the scenes as depicted by these liars, like most of the so-called historical facts of that time, are as false as false can be. The true history of the active men and minds of that time, and their motives, has yet to be written.

The leaders, so-called, of the advanced party in England don't like to be called Socialists, but don't mind being known as Republicans. For the sake of having M.P. attached to their names they will roar like lions, and, like all consumers of other men's means, and pocketers of subscriptions will, for the sake of *place*, affirm or swear to uphold Her Majesty, her heirs and successors, for ever.

Those "grand old men," the reformers of France, would not belie their consciences, and swear allegiance to Napoleon the Third. Rather than do so, they expatriated themselves for twenty-odd years, and to-day they are honoured for their consistency, and I trust that no man of the people, so called, will ever sit in the seat of the powerful under false conditions, and in opposition to the utterances of a lifetime. Let them die in oblivion, or go down in history clad in everlasting shame.

My own sense of Socialism and Republicanism does not allow me to ignore facts and conditions at the expense of all dignity and manliness. A tribune of the people may be more powerful for good outside Parliament than inside. No amount of chaff or fun about the grapes being sour affects the position, or can alter the conditions; and there is no truth in us unless we sacrifice all selfish considerations to a stern sense of duty, and the fulfilment of our promises. No one should place any faith in the utterances of any man

unless his life proves that he is prepared, as a sacred duty, to be true to his professions. As private individuals our actions ought ever to be in harmony with our words; but as public leaders or teachers, even if it deprives us of large support, we ought to be doubly careful how we belie our life-utterances.

The want of public truth is the cause of many failures among our public men. To-day we feel that we can trust no man's language, used as it is so frequently to hide his real meaning, and to afford cover to double-dealing, and so long as we know this, we must protest and maintain that all may be d——d if they prove unfaithful to their utterances. As one of the people who has worked for the people's benefit and a higher standard of morality in our daily life as well as in our public men, I cannot allow their best interests to be sacrificed, or any leader to sit in the House of Commons under false pretences, even though he can speak loudly and fluently upon the Pension List. If ever the people should, as they think, for their advantage, elect me to speak in their House of Assembly, it must be upon the distinct understanding that I take no oath of any kind. That is the only position, as I understand it, of the true representative of the people, and no amount of telling me that it is not possible to elect me after my views being known, will alter that opinion. I never expect to get into such a position. It may be a perfect Heaven below to the rich, as a club-house, but under present conditions it would be a perfect hell to any man with a spirit of self-dignity and nobleness in him. To be a great Tribune outside such a house is a grand position compared to being a mere cipher inside. Never to catch the Speaker's eye, but always in some undignified position; no opportunity to make a speech; to be the outcome of of a "count-out," and to be at the mercy of the Bad-Laughes of the stupid party of both sides the House, may suit little men; but great men, never. I have no desire to preach a homily to my brother reformers, but as great events are being foreshadowed, it behoves us all to resist to the uttermost this getting into Parliament under false pretences, only to be ridiculed, distrusted, and despised by all honest men, because it tends

to discredit and impede all honest reformers in the prosecution of their ennobling aims. In my journeyings in England and the Colonies, I have seen so many Tory, Whig and other shams, that I will not compromise or condone any that I know in the ranks of the reformers, even though they may possess the Press and send the big hat round for subscriptions all the year round, and do their utmost to black-ball me in every turn of life. I have lived by my hard labour in the past, and until strength fails, I will, like another Paul, continue to do so, and when not wanted in the ranks of the reformers in England, I will once more work in my garden in sunny Africa. I may envy at times the position of many; but not at the cost they pay for the same. It is not always the loudest and biggest talker that is the wisest, or the most reliable. Let this never be forgotten in all ranks of life, and especially in all reform circles, that so long as I know the right, I will go out of my way to thwart any and all such, and will not act the Jesuit's part and policy of allowing and doing evil, that good may come; a temporary gain is no fortune. We want men to support immovable truths and rights. Once let this be understood, and no place will tempt men to sear their consciences as with a hot iron for any private gain, popularity or self-aggrandisement and gratification, in or out of our Parliament, in or out of the Halls of Science in opposition to Nature's laws, and public and private morality; and the sooner this is understood, the better for our friends and the worse for our enemies. Some people may think I am too bold against everything, and that my hand, pen and brain must be against every man. If they think so, they think right, if by that they mean everything that is wrong, and I hope for life to continue to do so, until "right is right, and wrong is no man's right." Till then, while life lasts, I cannot but struggle for this ideal of right, as I conceive it. I can offer no apology for these thoughts, they are spontaneous; if they give offence, I complain not. I do not write to please, I write to improve, and if in so doing I offend, I will take my punishment, but in mercy to themselves, I ask all to speak the truth and nothing but the truth; for myself I ask nought.

As a man, I have always done what I conceived the best and have suffered in so doing, but that is part of the expected. To suppose that any reformer in any age can lay on a bed of roses, provided by other men, is to expect the roses without the thorns; that they could equally suppose such is a mistake. No, no, and I here beg to conclude this chapter, in the poetry of Edwin Heron, who I yet hope to meet as the true poet of Humanity of the nineteenth century—and the exposé of all shams.

“ Since honest labour finds no recompense
In this old world of jobbing and pretence :
Since I can neither puff nor advertise,
Nor know the trick of telling specious lies ;
Since I have no connection with reviews,
And lack the skill to toady or abuse ;
Since, as the critic of my dearest friend,
Rather than flatter him, I would offend !
Since I have always called a knave his name,
And roused the hate of those who feel no shame ;
Cared for no braggart of the daily press,
Heir to his father's ill-deserved success,
Whose pedigree and fortunes are disclosed
If a few syllables are just transposed
(A lucky printer's-devil was the one—
The devil's printer is the luckier son) ;
And since the scanty pittance which is mine,
Feels day by day a slow but sure decline,
Is less this morning than 'twas yesterday,
And wastes a little by each hour's delay ;
Since, with the folly of an honest mind,
I fancied gratitude not wholly blind ;
Since I believed the promises I heard,
And gave some credence to a statesman's word,
Nor learnt the wisdom of these later days,
That foes are fed on pudding, friends on praise ;
Schooled, but not soured, by all that I have learned ;
Rich in the wide experience I have earned.

While time has only flooded my head with snow,
But leaves me hands to work and feet to go ;
While I may reckon still that fate may give
A few more years to labour in and live ;
Ere age has forced my weakened frame to bow
And lean upon the staff I brandish now

I leave my fatherland ; the mean and base
 May buy my homestead, and usurp my place ;
 That I relinquish freely, too ; but why
 Gibbet the knaves you know as well as I ?
 Let them remain and flourish, who delight
 To prove that white is black and black is white ;
 Who, trained to trade on meanness from their youth,
 Fawn to the power which crushes down the truth ;
 Hire themselves out to snarl, and growl, and bark,
 And mangle reputations in the dark.
 Let those remain and thrive whom greed will bring
 For a percentage to do anything ;
 Who, like the candid Greek (I think his name
 Was Xenos), feel no qualms and show no shame ;
 Who, if a good commission come their way,
 Will do the dirtiest work and earn its pay ;
 Would take a bribe to hide a banker's fraud,
 And, if they found a buyer, sell their God,
 Win traders' profit on a nation's toil,
 Contract for churches, or contract for soil,
 Sell dead men's bones to mix with turnip seed,
 Or hire a children's gang to farmer Read,
 Will start a floating coffin on the seas
 And drown your sailors as a fox drowns fleas,
 Insure a sham, and should it serve their turn
 To get their sordid gain, will sink or burn ;
 And thus will win, whatever else they can,
 The heartiest scorn which man can feel for man.

Such trades as these pick up the cent. per cent.,
 And push their followers into Parliament.
 This honest traffic breeds the modern man,
 This grants him all the gifts which fortune can,
 Tickets his person with the cash he's worth,
 And gives him charms of manners, wit and birth ;
 This made your Hudson's soirées a success,
 Bade Wellington approve and Samuel bless ;
 Through half the year he spoke nation's will,
 Through all the year he made it serve his till ;
 By gifts of scrip, by gifts of endless beer,
 He won the voter, and he won the peer.

Why quarrel with the way they win their bread ?
 Why grieve that chance exalts the worthless head ?
 Let Fortune jest, and make her favourites great,
 Advance her blacklegs to a duke's estate ;
 When Pope was living England knew not how
 To bear one Chartres ; there's a legion now.

What place is left for me ? I cannot lie,
 Fawn on the knave, or honesty decry.
 If noble authors publish vapid stuff,
 I cannot offer a judicious puff—
 Praise Derby's Homer, bless the good Argyle,
 Extol one's scholarship, and t'other's style ;
 I can't invade the realm with paper slips,
 I can't interpret the Apocalypse ;
 I cannot wield the scientific pen,
 And prove men monkys, or prove monkeys men,
 Flatter the pride of birth's ancestral years,
 Which Darwin tracks to apes, and Burke to peers ;
 I cannot rap for spirits, conjure, preach,
 Purvey new fashions, and new morals teach ;
 I can't write novels of the modern sort,
 Or cull my stories from Pensance's court
 (Small matter ; lady novelists alone
 Debauch the male sex and depict their own) ;
 I can't invent a bond, or cook accounts,
 Or fail in business, and for huge amounts ;
 I can't be useful, for I can't be smart,
 I've too much honour and too little art.

Your market price, to those who buy and sell,
 Is what you know of them, not what you tell.
 Still hold your tongue, but always use your eyes,
 The rich man's forced to reckon with his spies ;
 See, and be silent, watch, and don't be nice,
 No honest secret ever had a price.
 I do not tender hints like these to you,
 For if your heart is sound your tongue is true ;
 Not all the gold Australis can afford,
 Not all the wealth which makes a brand-new lord,
 Not all the cash which Bismarck may expect.
 Not all that Sumner claimed as indirect
 Would make you keep, against your natural rest,
 A dirty secret in an anxious breast.

The people gives its blood, its cash, its toil,
 While sharp contractors carry off the spoil.

Patriots, I know, are very dubious men,
 Not one is honest out of every ten.
 The cry is easy, and one cannot tell
 Whether its crier means to buy or sell ;
 To make some profit from the stuff, he says,
 And help some folly, if he sees it pays.
 So smashers, for their proper ends, may join

To aid the mint in issuing current coin ;
And, if no practised eye the fraud detects,
May furnish Tomline more than he expects.
But they who never let one generous thought
Enter the workshop where their wealth is wrought,
Who never occupy their heart and brain
With any higher end than sordid gain—
Enough of this, since time would not suffice
To illustrate the mongrel and his vice."

It will be well if all true and real reformers will learn by heart Juvenal's Satires, which so perfectly illustrate the present condition of all classes and institutions of our modern barbarism.





CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFTER spending a most uncomfortable day, owing to the wind blowing, and the want of occupation, although the rest from travelling was most refreshing to me, I determined to go to an evening entertainment to be given by an itinerant troupe. To my disgust I found they were, as one of the troupe in a joke described them, nothing but strolling vagabonds, without skill or genius, who certainly lacked all power of interesting or amusing in any, much less the fullest sense ; but who, like others I have met before in the Colony, were mean enough to trade upon the forced exertions of what they were pleased to call their Baby Flora—a little girl of twelve years—who, to assist in providing the largest share of means, sang and played to the best of her ability, but, being only a child, failed for want of capacity. She afterwards had to unsex herself, to take the part of a prince in the hands of the cruel Hubert. This, too, in the presence of men and boys, for the advantage of a man and his wife, who traded upon the child's precociousness, and who, I found afterwards, was detained in their possession in opposition to the wish of her parents, who being poor, could not fight the brute-hirer, after he had, by a species of false promises, secured the child in his wanderings. I am sick at heart when I see what, judging from their size and build, should be men and women, trading upon the skill of a young child, and that a girl ; and I call upon all to denounce this kind of outrage in South Africa, and in England, which is constantly being perpetrated upon infants, that cannot help themselves, and who are forced to go through certain parts, to enrich a new set of torturers.

These strolling vagabonds in reality, are on the increase. They are too lazy to work honourably, but to fill their own pockets, and to gratify the low taste of their audience, will force a girl to go through all kinds of attitudes, and sing all kinds of catch-songs, to make their scheme a success. It surely is time that such torturers should be punishable by law. If infants and young children are forbidden by law to be be worked in our factories, until of sufficient strength and age, so should it be no less criminal for children to be driven or taught to take part in any amusement that unsexes them, or trespasses upon the growing strength, so much needed to build up their constitutions for the future. Surely the time has arrived when human frauds, with any amount of impudence, should no longer be allowed to trade upon the labour of children, oftentimes leading to the ruin or death of our young offspring. Life is too sacred to be at the mercy of brutal parents, or the abductors of the young, who are made to sing all kinds of questionable songs full of innuendoes, that are simply revolting. With a silent curse on the wretched mercenary that allowed such a prostitution of his wife and child, for his gain, I retired to rest, preparatory to my early journey from Winburg the hopeless, to Bloemfontein the hopeful. After an unsettled rest of six hours, punctually at 4 in the morning, the bugle sounded, and although it was a *Royal* Hotel I was leaving, I could not get a cup of coffee to warm the body. I mounted the cart, and bade adieu to Bloemfontein, the centre of my business endeavours for the last three years, with a light heart that I had done on my journey all that I conceived my part to make my remaining months passable. I rode on in silence, contemplating the greeting that awaited me at my business house, and still more with my friends in England, who were longing to see me in the land of my birth, and who, perhaps, for many causes, might not, and yet I am still in hope that I shall see all in the flesh, or if not then, in the spirit.

As day-break appeared, I never felt so keenly the starvation process that was going on, owing to the want of grass for the cattle. It has been remarked that the last place made on Saturday night was the Free State; certainly it seems

the last place thought about. Year after year, but little rain, and so scarce were the incoming Spring crops, that to save the lives of the ewes, the farmer had to cut the throats of the lambs; and yet, were the Boer less lazy, thoughtless and improvident, all this might be prevented. Miles and miles of what might be grass-lands I passed, that if mowed in the summer and stacked, or placed in silos, would give tons of hay, or fresh sweet food for all his stock in the winter, but unfortunately the Boer has not the slightest idea that to lay out £500 would help and keep his Stock, and give him £1,000 in return. Time after time, I passed what would have made mill-dams, to allow the water to constantly run away in seasons of plenteous showers, and yet they never appeared to contemplate the storing-up. The climate has so Kaffirised farmer, legislator, President, and all other officials, that they are incapable to think out, how to provide for the morrow or the future, and so great is their apathy and incapacity for taking advantage of circumstances that it only remains, if the land is to be saved and kept in the hands of the white man, for the English as saviours to take their place, and they again in their turn would be absorbed in these climatic conditions, if not kept up by fresh blood from Europe.

We need more of the Hampden kind :—

" Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking.
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duties, and in private thinking.
For while the wranglers with their worn-out creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo, Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps."

I am not one who believes that Africa can be made by even a full supply of water from underground, or by dams and reservoirs, to grow and then export Indian corn, mealies or meal. It will be enough to look after the pastoral conditions to make a success. The land can never be an agricultural country in the same sense and degree as in England, America or Europe. The want of regular rains and cheap transport debars it from competing with the

United States, Canada or Europe. In those centres of civilisation, the rain being regular and certain, men can live and pay £4 per acre on hired land, and yet grow with profit ; and their railway constructions are available to convey to all parts all kinds of agricultural articles, fresh and sweet, and thus control the trade of the world with all their agricultural supplies, so that at present America offers chances to all not to be had in South Africa, and in such she is destined to alter all the conditions of agriculture on the continent and the world generally, but more especially in Europe. American cheap food of all descriptions has now been so well proved, that a man can live better now than before Tory and Whig protectionists would allow food to be introduced into England, and when free trade in land and money is as certain in the future as it is now in agricultural produce—then all will be well for the producers and consumers. It is bound to come, and then there will be no monopoly. Some argue that the Free State, traversed by railroads, would alter the whole country. Nothing of the kind ; for a time business among traders would be brisk, prices would rise, and owing to an influx of English money, all would go as happy as a wedding feast, but once finished, then the reaction would set in ; and again insolvencies would follow up fast, and the inevitable shrinking and obstinancy take place, and as in the colony, the agricultural produce and wool not being in quantity enough, there would be no sufficient traffic to pay working expenses, much less the foreign bond-holders. The first effort of all in the up-country is to increase the wool supply and improve their water arrangements to enable them to grow food enough to feed their population without buying out of South Africa. These should be the two first conditions, and would be but for the lack of Presidents with brains, and traders eaten up with selfishness. The land is dying, say what the Becks may, with their black blood in their veins, and dirty trade tricks, backed up with the never-to-be-forgotten missionaries Verneuk—Hardt's and Co.—the Hard-Verneukers, who to hold the power they now possess over the poor unfortunate Boer, would never Beck any into the right path or course. These men, like the Jew Pincus or Lev-us-see-her, live by

private smuggling of brandy and guns, and would sell their God or their brother-man, if they could do so with a full profit.

For confirmation of my views the attention of the reader is invited to the following extracts from the Bloemfontein *Daily News* of April 3rd and 5th.

SMUGGLING.

"We have frequently been requested to publish statements made to us with regard to what appears to be a wholesale system of smuggling carried on by certain parties in Bloemfontein. We should not be performing our duty to the public if we altogether disregarded our informants, whilst we certainly should be exceeding our duty if we, without more proof than the mere assertion of the fact, stigmatised 'leading' merchants as openly evading the law.

"The matter under discussion is a very sore one, and causes so much heart-burning, so many threats of revenge, such constant bickerings, that we think it should be handled, not alone by the Press, but by a Court of Equity. The law seems powerless, as it always must be in small places where men trade upon their social position, and do that which, if men of the lower rungs of the social ladder were even to dream of doing, they—the 'leaders' in commercial morality—would hold up their hands, and with exclamations of disgust, ask to have them stoned at once. Society, as constituted in Bloemfontein, is too closely knit around central figures to allow of its being rudely awakened to the fact that among its 'figures' are some of the commonest clay. The law, which theoretically is no respecter of persons, practically arrests the drunken Hottentot, and gives him twenty-five lashes, while it converts those who openly evade the provisions of its statutes into J.P.'s and 'ennobles' them by placing them in positions of honour and trust.

"Public Prosecutors take advantage of these idiosyncracies, and think that to doubt any man who wears broadcloth is rank treason. Thus the ball goes gaily rolling. The hard-working man, who pays his license and determines to keep the law, finds his business ruined by the man of social posi-

tion, who, thinking he will never be suspected, and if suspected will be let off, underselling him. The hard-working man, so treated, knows how hardly he is dealt with, but under the belief that 'to inform' is mean, he sooner suffers loss. He further argues that it is no good informing; the authorities know all about it; they know liquor is openly sold in certain canteens; they know certain people have sold, and still continue to sell, without license, and for reasons best known to themselves, they—the authorities—(heaven save the mark!) shut their eyes and will not see.

"It is only a few days ago a certain dealer in liquor openly stated that he offered a party Boer brandy at a certain price, and he was met with a refusal upon the ground that brandy as good could be purchased at — for something less. Mr. Blank, of course, having no license. This reproach must be wiped out, and, failing the law, there is still one means left—we refer to the Chamber of Commerce. This body was formed, as its rules specify, 'for the promotion and protection of the trade and commerce of the State.'

"No trade or commerce can thrive whilst smuggling is openly carried on. Representations made by the Press seem powerless to move those who should always be on the alert. The Chamber, if it wishes to retain its good name as a centre of commercial morality, must move in this matter, and we may hope that 'smuggling,' if hereafter indulged in, will be confined to the 'pariahs' of the capital, and not as now be the 'open' business of our so-called 'leading' merchants.

"Some excitement prevailed in the 'dorp' when it was intimated that Mr. Wepner, J.P., of Wepener, had passed through the town *en route* to Bloemfontein to lay information against some person or persons for wholesale gun-running. It was asserted that the trade has been openly carried on, and names were freely bandied about. A Bloemfontein merchant was, of course, 'well in it,' and if one half of the stories one heard was true, the open disregard for the law is shameful. However, as His Honour the President is in possession of the facts, and as he has no doubt instituted an enquiry, it will be as well to await the outcome of such action before believing or discrediting the statements made. It is, however, impossi-

ble to over-estimate the injury which may hereafter be inflicted upon the Free State if a wholesale trade in firearms and munitions of war is allowed to be carried on unchecked. There is no place in the Free State more adapted for this 'illicit' trade than Dewetsdorp. Close to the Baralong Territory, guns, cartridges, &c., can be slipped across easily, and once in Moroko's Territory the dishonest dealers, away from the fear of the law, can run them into Basutoland, and thus arm our enemies from our very doors. It cannot be argued that these things are not known. Everybody in Dewetsdorp speaks openly of the gun-running, and if it is not immediately stopped, those who now supply the Basutos with guns will look upon the trade as a perfectly legitimate one. It is to be hoped Mr. Wepner's report will not be shelved, but that action will be taken thereon. There are some things which the Press can only draw attention to, leaving the authorities to deal with the matter, and failing the authorities appealing to the Volksraad. No time could have been better for the discovery than the present, as—failing determined action on the part of the Government, the Honourable the Volksraad will, without doubt, take the matter seriously in hand.

ILLICIT TRADE.

"A few issues back we called attention to the fact that 'smuggling' was carried on in an open manner. Since then it has ceased to be 'smuggling' in the true sense of the word, and has assumed the proportions of an illicit trade, indulged in openly and fearlessly, under the very eyes of the officials, and in presence and under the guardianship of the police. We are right in thus denominating the business, as will be proved from the following facts:—A few days ago a certain 'leading' merchant had four casks of Boer brandy or wine, or both, trundled across the market square in charge of his clerk, and under the nose of the police, and deposited upon the premises of a duly licensed wholesale spirit dealer. A little later a wagon loaded up these four casks and departed, whilst the 'leading' merchant, no doubt, congratulated himself upon having again cleverly defrauded

the government. Our informant feels very indignant at this open evasion of the law, and, as he speaks publicly of the transaction, the whole matter is an 'open secret.' One of the parties concerned is particularly addicted to talking at hotel tables and upon the market square of the failings of his fellows. Would it not be better for this gentleman (?) before he again assumes the position of dictator of commercial morality, to endeavour to wash his own hands? If he cares so little for public morality as to openly defy the law, and the officers elected to carry out the law are afraid to touch those who sit in 'high places,' he, at all events, should have some consideration for the good name and reputation of his clerk, and not allow him to be used as a handle for setting the law at defiance. He should, in other words, do his own dirty work, and, being as well known as he is, nobody will feel astonished. Great surprise will, however, be felt when the whole matter becomes public, through the law-courts, that men of position have allowed themselves to be led into 'illicit' acts, through their opposition to Ordinance No. 10—1883."

The demand for railways is not a sound one at the present time. The splendid opportunity for the growth of wool away from all native intrusion in Australia—the never sleeping determination of the flock-masters there to raise large crops, both in weight and quality; the giving of £2,000, £1,000, £500 for some of the purest and best-blooded rams to be got in creation, and that constantly, will simply in the end ruin South Africa, if in the hands of a lazy and untaught race of bastard-Boers, who have so often intermarried with the native women, that there are more Swart-Boers and Dutchmen to be met with, than it is pleasant to be constantly coming into contact with in the Free State. Most of the Boer farmers will often meet, and even entertain at their tables one of their own lazy, or thieving compatriots with a Dutch name rather than be commonly decent to a white trader or tradesmen. Well do I remember my angel visit unawares, at a Boer house, and having requested food and shelter, being benighted, I was refused, although willing to pay for the same accommodation. When at last I intimated that it

was simply impossible for me, not knowing the the way to proceed in the dark, I was told by the unfortunate slave who was teaching the boys English, that I could stop in the out-house, and did at last pass a night in the same without window or door in one corner, while my horse fed in the other on the chaff scraps left there, but not a bite or sup was supplied me, although I repeatedly desired to buy and pay for the same. I would have passed over this, but I was roused to a pitch of indignation, which almost made me horse-whip the farmer for the open bare-faced lie he told me the evening before, that he could give me no shelter, seeing that he had sickness in the house. I know for all this is the truth, that if still in Bloemfontein, they would go for me, while I had the means, for libel in what they call their Supreme Court of Justice, and failing means, run me behind the kloof, and stone me to death, if they could be held as harmless as most of them are now, when having killed a kaffir in cold blood, or running after one to illegally detain and force him into their fumigating house, and if not willing break in his skull. They are tried for murder by a Dutch jury, who would willingly, if they dared, offer a premium for every skull with the flesh boiled off, as we once did in England for every fox-tail or skull brought into a court of payment. A Dutchman is only brave when he has no brave enemy to face in fight, as the old wars proved, when led on by their unfortunate President, Brand, against the Basutos. They always thought more of securing plunder in the shape of grain and cattle, than facing the enemy, and, as a rule, always left the fighting to the Africander-Englishmen, who are not prepared to sell their birthright for a ten shilling band-ticket. This was at the time and in such circumstances that the Dutch funk'd, and often shouted "Huis toe my vrouw en kinders," and wept for fear, and when their President rose to that sublime height so much praised, and said, "Wacht een beetje," or in English, "wait a bit, all shall right come." There were English here—their artillery was headed by an Englishman, and a good man, but then that was nothing new, the same had occurred in all the past open wars. The Dutchman is only equal to a midnight raid, he will sneak up to and behind

stones; but to face boldly an open enemy—never. The same was noticeable in the late native destruction at Mapocks, when he could no longer hold against the natives, he commanded Englishmen from all parts of the Transvaal to assist him, and for want of an honest, manly Resident, who could prevent this, he had to take his chance on such commands.

I know these truths will astonish many, but the time has arrived when the truth shall be no longer hid. I am fully prepared with witnesses and documents to prove all this, although I know it will bring down upon me the hate of those unfortunate dark-blooded Dutch Wasps, that must not be confounded with the pure Dutchman, who delights to call himself an English relative, and who will have his boys taught English. These human blood-hungerers are always creating bad feeling, and as I will show in my *History of the Free State* in the chapter on the Race question, are the greatest curse to South African progress, whether to be found in the Colony, Free State, Transvaal, or any other land they have squatted upon. And now forsooth, because the Free State Dutchman from Harrismith helped the Transvaal, and by an accident and through the folly of a commander, they mounted Majuba Hill, the Germans and Jews trading upon the ignorance of the Dutch, teach them to feel unkindly against Englishmen, who in reality, as will be seen in the future, will prove their best friends, when they know the Germans, Jews and Hollanders as their enemies.

So far as wool-growing is concerned, how can the Dutchman expect good stock, when in his ignorance he expects one ram to be the father of good sheep for a thousand ewes, when only fed on Free State rank grass at the best? The food supply being so inferior, does not give good wool, it lacks oil and length. True it is, but for the constant dead-weight of his mortgage and the usurers, he would be able to purchase better breeding stock, but there is one thing he may rely upon; unless he will, as I have explained in my previous chapters, go in for better conditions of fencing, and water-supply, no European will buy his wool as here explained by the Merchants.

"A correspondent from the Jacobsdal district referring to

our remarks upon the wool industry of this country, complains that the introduction of fresh blood and maintenance of a superior flock of sheep is not an advantageous investment, since there is a general price of wool in this country, and no encouragement given by our traders to such farmers as take pains and spend their money to produce a better article. We are afraid that our correspondent is right, and that for the present unsatisfactory condition of our only staple article, the business man has to take his share of the responsibility. There is little doubt that, with the exception of a few clips, (as in the Bloemfontein district, for example those of Messrs. Salzmann and Chatfield), there is no difference made by our merchants between wool and wool; and everybody is pretty well tarred with the same brush. Their reason for this we hope moreover to learn, the matter under discussion being of sufficient interest to all concerned to be discussed fully and fairly with the object of an improvement, though we would at once warn against a recriminative style of discussion, where the merchant blames the farmer for the condition of his wool, and the farmer the business man, for not making a difference between a good, indifferent and bad article, as long as it represents the property of a customer worth keeping. What we are anxious for is improvement, and all that is said and written should have this object in view. The *Volksblad* which takes over our argument regarding the constant introduction of fresh blood, views the question differently, and that on the strength of a letter from Mr. Duckitt, of Malmesbury, which we republish in our Dutch columns. He ascribes the complaints to the bad making up of the wool and to the habit of shearing twice a year, and recommends as a remedy public auction marts for the sale of the wool. The *Volksblad* goes farther, and asserts that stones, sand and dung are frequently mixed up with the wool, that unwashed wool is packed into a layer of washed wool, and the like evil practices. We have no personal experience of the trade, but we feel sure that only one in a thousand of our farmers would do what the *Volksblad* complains of. There may have been one or the other instance of such dishonesty; there may be many instances of carelessness; but of intended fraud there can be

no question. Whilst, therefore, putting the charges of the *Volksblad* aside, as incredible, we wish to add to the remarks of Mr. Duckitt a few observations. The requirements of this country are : firstly, good blood, for that is the foundation of all improvement. Some Dutchmen are foolish enough to believe that one ram, grass fed, is equal to the requirements of a thousand ewes; a more foolish idea cannot be conceived for the rearing of good stock and the production of fine wool; secondly, greater care to stamp out "scab," and enable the farmers to change gradually from two shearings to one; thirdly, assorting the wool, so as not to injure the price of the fleece by mixing indiscriminately the more valuable parts with those which suffer through natural causes; lastly, to place all wool on a public market, and thereby insure the farmer generally the full value of his produce, besides rewarding the enterprising man in a due measure. We may as well mention here that since fencing is becoming more and more a necessity for our farmers, the advantages of allowing sheep to run day and night, instead of kraaling them at night is in this State the greatest argument in favour of fencing. Disease, especially "scab," is mainly due to infected kraals, which defy all exertion and watchfulness. What is more, the general condition of the animal will be better and healthier, and that a hardy and healthy animal will be more fit to withstand the attacks of any disease, speaks for itself. But, anticipating a lively discussion on this all-important question, we shall for the present, rest satisfied with the points adduced."

At present, no one in the Free State can point out how a supply of mealies or wheat is ready to be taken down to the colonial ports, and when there, shipped as cheaply and as readily as in America, for at present there are no harbours that will allow of ships to anchor along, nor corn stores to run out from elevators in one continual stream into the hold of a ship, so that it could be loaded in a few hours. It is folly to deceive, says *The Friend of the Free State*, any longer on this matter for many years until the supplies are ready, the ox-waggon can do all that is required in the Free State, especially as now, right up to the borders of the Free State except

the slow lethargic Boer State of the Transvaal, so that all can get up or down with certainty at all times, and in all weathers. No one enjoys the road of civilisation better than myself. As a boy, I often stood in awe and watched the mighty rush of a Dover express, and felt then the engine-driver must be a man to be envied, who could sit or stand and enjoy the mighty rock of his engine, and hoped that at some future time I too might move at an express rate, and I still feel that I can with the same heartiness, enjoy all the conveniences of railway speed. But I must protest against money being spent so recklessly, and to deceive the Free State people. To do otherwise than protest would be to lead them into a snare. If they can find material in their own fields, and construct with their own Free State money, then I wish them a speedy success, but to borrow from the homelender and usurer, so as to fatten the speculator, and then in some way which they are unable to explain, get more and more into the hands of the thievish interest-receivers is not good enough to recommend; therefore for some years to come, railways must be ignored and forgotten, notwithstanding all that may be said by the *Friend* of the Free State. I, on the other hand, know full well that if England were—and as I believe will yet be—asked to take over this land, and as I have before stated, urged by the interested classes so to do, to save all they value and possess, the Government, if the land-capital so-called could be introduced, that would alter much, and set the whole of the Free State in full going order to secure its coal and iron, but this be for the future, when difficulties having become so great, that in mercy they, the Free State Boers and others, will implore the English to come and deliver them from monetary Jewish, German and Hollander chains, and then the English, like good-natured fools that they are, will run to deliver them once more; however, it may hurt their feelings or pride in swallowing up the Dutch in one confederated English family. To show that irrigation is exercising the English minds near Bloemfontein I herewith publish the views of an Englishman, and a large farmer. It is so practicable if wanted to be carried out that I cannot pass it by.

IRRIGATION.

It seems an inherent weakness in human nature to grasp at all things illusory and deceptive, if only they promise quick and manifold returns. When one comes to think over the huge companies that have been launched all over the world, with no better promises than fallacious figures and heated imaginations, one is struck with abject amazement at the credulity of the public. Reverting to England alone and tracing the temporary insanity that raged at different times, we find shares taken up in the "South Sea Bubble," the "Patent Eel Catcher," "Insect Destroyer," "Cloud Catcher," "Silver Mines," "Gold Mines," and so on *ad infinitum*. These paroxysms lasted for a time, and shareholders would then regain a certain amount of reason. If you take the trouble to study the tardy birth of all schemes which required time, labour, industry, patience, and a probability of only a fair return, we are led to the conclusion mankind care not to work and wait. Of late we have had much matter hurled into the Press, anent water storage, irrigation, agriculture, and other matters affecting the farmer in South Africa. It has always appeared to me that fully one-half the stuff ventilated in the papers has been the abortions of theorists, unpractical men, having no conception of the conditions and circumstances surrounding the question. In the *Express* dated 13th March, 1884, we have a scheme sketched out by Mr. Gradwell of some magnitude, comprehensive, and by no means delusive. The salient difficulties to be overcome are money, labour, patience, and a limited spirit of money accumulation. The writer, to my mind, is somewhat in error when stating companies are out of fashion. It would be well for some people if they were. However, to proceed, a few years ago the Bayonians, disgusted with the ox-wagon, cast about, and found what no one knew before; and that was that mules contained an immense amount of virtue. Actuaries and clerks were set to work, and they discovered that in three years, at the rate of 12s. per 100lbs., the Company could afford to lose the plant. The scheme was ostensibly to "sit down" on the bullock-carrier. The Company received 10s. per 100lbs., and a golden horizon

appeared. But alas for figures; instead of fat dividends, they found the mules went one way and the directors another; so the animal with the "listeners" has been tabooed ever since. Then, again, the Bay people started ostrich farming, and figures again deceived them. In my opinion figures are a solemn reality when presented by your bootmaker or tailor. The last scheme started by Port Elizabeth was colossal, to say the least of it. I allude to the Sunday's River scheme, in which agriculture, ostrich farming, and cattle raising are all embraced. If we look within the State our diamonds are worked by companies—Kimberley also; and the water-works there belong to a company. It does not, under the circumstances, appear to me that companies are out of fashion; on the contrary they appear to me in their infancy in South Africa. But reviewing the scheme propounded by Mr. Gradwell. There is nothing impossible or impracticable about the programme. He has shown that by throwing a dam about 2,000 yards long, across about half-way between Floradale and Holmesdale, sufficient water could be stored to irrigate 10,000 acres. It becomes difficult to catch one's breath when you think of so much land under water, seeing our ambition never soared much beyond twenty acres. But anyone capable of grasping the fact must admit it would be an incalculable boon to the country and its people. It would cheapen food; and the more food there is in a country, the less likely pauperism will overtake us. Mr. Gradwell has shown that 50,000 or 60,000 bags of produce could be grown within a few miles of Bloemfontein. I must admit that the promoter has dealt very mercifully with the figures. A greater result could have been extorted; but no doubt the originator allowed for a certain fallacy attending figures. The result arrived at by Gradwell is erring on the safe side—a virtue seldom found in launching any prospectus. In calculating the surroundings of a scheme, such as I am endeavouring to state, a certain amount of difficulties must present themselves. The most prominent evil to be met with is on the threshold, and that is the want of money. Individually the enterprise is too vast. The second difficulty is to persuade the public that the pro-

posal is no sham, no jugglery just to satisfy selfish ends. The minor difficulties of labour, plant, and accessories simply exist to be overcome. To carry out the plan as sketched by Mr. Gradwell, resource must be had either to the Government or to the public; in the latter case shares would have to be taken to a large extent. In the case of appealing to the Government, I see sundry misgivings; the members of the Volksraad are noted for parsimony, and will all pull together to close the purse when public works are called for. The case assumes a different aspect when legislators have to be paid. Secondly, the Government is slightly in debt, and have had to raise a loan; this incident alone will act as a brake on the members of the House. Thirdly, the Government might argue that if we take this scheme in hand for the Bloemfontein district, other parts will clamour for similar favours. I have no doubt you will find the Government fertile in reasons when money is required. But whatever may be the hitch that restrains the Government, that would not detract from the feasibility, the grandeur, the far-seeing, the safe-investment aspect of the picture. It can be lucidly demonstrated that the holders of such a property could sublet small holdings advantageously; and on the other hand it would be a boon beyond price to the many small farmers in this country, who lack capital, and only require a chance to put their energy in the right groove. Hundreds of Boers could be found as tenants, who are limited to a plough and span of oxen. With a certainty of raising crops these men would improve their own circumstances, and benefit the country at large. We should in a measure be independent of our neighbours, the Basutos, who, when the gates of the temple of *Janus* are open, forthwith close their grain temples. Assuming the Government would not accept the offer, the only hope then lies in the public; and then it would be shown what a cleansing it is of the Augean stables, to induce the masses to take even the slightest interest in such a scheme. If a few affluent men could be found to take a few shares they would no doubt form the head; the body and tail are sure to follow; and in that case the *comet* would travel gaily. But nothing should daunt Mr. Gradwell. If General

Gordon can go single-handed to the Soudan to quell a rebellion, it seems the acme of insignificance not to float a food-scheme in the most blessed and the most cursed State under the sun. It is to be hoped the question will be freely ventilated by abler pens than mine. Any scheme that tends to raise men and States should share the approval of all good men.

WATER-STORAGE AND IRRIGATION IN THE FREE STATE.

A friend has done much to show the people of this country a practical way of saving some of the water which runs yearly to waste in quantities—increasing in proportion as our rainfall diminishes and becomes more fitful. There is no difficulty in executing works for catching-up and storing flood-water. Many engineers in South Africa are well acquainted with this country, and with the works best adapted, having had experience in other countries where streams are similar, their channels deep, and their floods as high—such men can and will execute such works when called upon. One difficulty—and I will not call it the chief one—is the want of money; and since our Government has failed to raise even £100,000, I reckon that difficulty is not lessened. The other difficulty I feel bound to point out. Everybody seems to shirk speaking out on this difficulty, and our friend, if I understand him aright, does not wish to point it out at present, although he does allude to it. Supposing the money could be found—("where there's a will there's a way")—at once, and offered to the farmers on easy terms, are they prepared to make use of it? The answer must be, No! Can they, and will they, as a body, or as companies, or as individuals, execute water-storage works of such extent as to be really and permanently serviceable to the country? I am afraid not just yet awhile. You may point out to them—(they can see some such works in this State)—the advisability and practicability of such works times out of mind. I have done it: but with what success? So long as a drought hurts them, they listen, perhaps; but so long have they been accustomed to let

Nature provide for them, that no sooner does a good rain fall, whether seasonably or not, than they straightway forget your well-meant intentions. Now, it is exactly this apathy, this ingrained waiting upon Nature, that must be overcome, and must be soon overcome, if anything is to be done by them towards the redemption of the country which, in every possible way, shows that Nature refuses to redeem unaided ; nay, in which she is revenging herself for the wholesale destruction of all she had to provide. It is not the first thing to do to make all the people see, if they cannot also be made to feel the necessity that is now upon them for doing something towards restoring a semblance of the once plentiful seasonable rainfall and luxuriant vegetation. Now, let me repeat in words that which I believe all thoughtful observers know to their sorrow. It is the process of devastation which has been going on since the country was first occupied, and let the oldest inhabitant prove the contrary, which is, that Nature alone has produced the climatic changes we know, and all the evils which attend us here in farming. At the first occupation, a complete carpet of vegetation, plenty of seasonable rains, cultivation in many places with success and without irrigation, some show of timber, no sluits ; pans vleis and pools in spruits often filled, and increase of stock. During the next decade there was, perhaps, no perceptible change in the rainfall, or in the vegetation, but wood was cut down and not replaced, and sluits began to form and stock increased. As years rolled on the country gradually became what we see it—every thing squeezed out of it. As it became filled up, stock increased rapidly, decrease of vegetation kept pace, and all wood of any value, disappeared. Great naked acres of ground accompanied the deepening and widening of spruits and sluits. The drainage of the country was most disastrously incomplete, and below the sources of many fountains. No cultivation without irrigation, and cultivation even with irrigation giving uncertain results ; a recurrence of drought diminished rainfall ; droughts prolonged fitful rainfall totally out of season, and at last totally insufficient ; one good market out of three, death of a large number of sheep, oxen, horses, &c. *from starvation*. It should be plain enough to the meanest

understanding that the diminished sustaining power of the country is still diminishing with terrible certainty and increasing rapidity. What is to be the end? Shall it be hopeless poverty, or shall we pay for water while we can raise the means? So saving our country and ourselves, and restoring some of the treasure which abused Nature demands. Perhaps apathy may call me an alarmist. Let it be so then. There is still room in other countries where people understand taking Nature by the hand, at first acquaintance, rather than wait until she has ceased to smile upon them. There is enough and to spare in what I have written when thought over carefully to startle apathetic people into extraordinary activity. Men take up the subject—it lies with all. Could they not teach how an abuse of Nature is a wrong, and how the wrong done to this country may be righted, and blessings ensue."

So here is still the cry for improvement, and I hasten to draw attention how by means of Free State republican money all can be made possible, that is, supposing we have men in our midst with brains in their heads. God—Hards or Hard—Gods as Mayors will not, because they cannot. Bloemfontein might bloom like a garden and smell like a rose, if water was raised and distributed all over the town, from some upper or subterranean supply. The very Government labour would have produced all this, if, instead of flattering the President in his weakness and follies, the Press had told him plainly that so-and-so must be done, and the quicker the better, and if the Government had a well-boring body of men whose business it ought to be to open up all fountains, &c. At present the people are open to all kinds of fraud, as herein shown forth.

"It is worthy of remark in this country, when an event occurs fraught with calamity to the community at large, avalanches of advice are tendered, showing how the disaster could have been avoided, or how to avoid such an occurrence again. Take for instance the wreck of a steamer on this coast, whereby a number of souls find they have shipped to a place different to Africa. Immediately the 'press' is in arms, from the 'Big Buster' to the 'Little Howe,' pointing

out the ignorance of sea captains, the want of pilots, light-houses, &c., &c.; and this will continue the theme till the arrival of the next boat with all passengers and cargo safe, then the question is shelved, awaiting the next wreck. The same rule applies to droughts. I have not read so much twaddle about water-storage, tanks, reservoirs, tree-planting, as in this year 1883; and why? simply because a drought prevails which will make a history of its own. Let the skies weep, and the floods sweep our desert, and how soon would be the cry for bridges, pons, boats, life-preservers, and a salvage corps. I can see no good in a doctor, who waits till his patient has the small-pox, and then essays to enlighten him how he could have avoided it. It is all very well to upbraid farmers for being indolent, ignorant and easy, because they have not made provisions against certain laws of nature. It would be just as reasonable to blame the farmers on the Rhine for not having life-boats or steam-tugs, during the late floods in Germany. As soon as any evil passes away, the disposition of man is to try and repair his losses, and not make provision for events in the 'womb of futurity.' We should put a man down as demented, who was continually taking precautions against cholera, plague, and earthquakes. It takes us all our time to meet the exigences of the present without forestalling the future. To that class of writers who are continually hurling sneers at the farmers in this country, and who can dash off pages about our want of energy, forethought and prudence—to that class I would say, recollect that in South Africa farmers have had to contend with three obstacles:—

WAR, DROUGHT, AND WANT OF LABOUR.

"The latter difficulty is tided over in a certain fashion, but the former two are like the "smallpox," and leave indelible marks. I don't think any country exists under the sun where a man can get rid of his money and energy as soon as it can be done in South Africa. One great want exists in the Free State particularly, and that is *water*. It would be superfluous to rant about navigable rivers, but let me confine you to our rivers as I find them. Well then, nine months out of the year you can find everything in them but water; the remaining

three months nothing can face the troubled waters, and a paternal Government seem determined no bridges shall run that risk. These rivers run in a deep groove, and necessitate great expense to utilise them. With regard to other waters, fountains exist, many of them strong and on the surface; others exist, but their exact locality requires a special knowledge—such knowledge as I have seen vouchsafed to few; and this brings me to a particular species of the genus *Homo*—a vampire, a fraud, a perambulating Ananias, a parasite, a thing without a redeeming point in his character. I allude to the "Water-finder," as he is called in this country. A *water-liar* would be a better epithet. This individual's salient feature is brass. With very little education, a good amount of self-esteem, a credulous population to labour among, it is marvellous how these Dick Turpins flourish. Certainly, the days are not so flourishing with them now. Boers are poorer, but wiser, and Ananias in these days has to feel his ground before stating his errand. It would be difficult to compute the money and labour expended among the farmers through the misrepresentations of these *pirates*. Let me picture the rôle as played a few years ago by these worthies. On arrival at a farm-house the water-finder would not be long in airing his profession. The Boer was generally glad to see him, as he believed he could put him on the scent of good water. The first step would be to give the engineer a horse, then he would be shown round the farm, and a day or two would be allowed for forming a correct judgment. After conjuring with spirit-levels, telescopes, spectacles, and a variety of other paraphernalia; the finder would select a spot on which the Boer was to work. The locality was generally a good healthy spine of ironstone boulders, with a suggestion of crystallised quartz, generally a spot that held out a prospect of two years good hard thumping and blasting. The Boer would pay for the information, and it always appeared to me he was paying to be allowed to work and sweat on his own farm, for the sake of finding out how little could be got for hard toil. They tell us in things spiritual *Faith* is an essential. The average Boer held a large stock; when opening up a new water, he would work for weary months at that spot, blasting huge boulders,

and may be, blowing a Hottentot or two clear of this planet. He would fight hard against the feeling that there was no water. He would 'hope against hope,' but the end would come; his money was oozing away, labourers did not care about powder and fuse; with an aching heart the tools would be put down, and the Boer would lean against the hole and anathematise the 'water finder' and his ancestors, down to the fifth generation, in the best classical Dutch he could muster. So by degrees the doings of water-finders got noised abroad, and farmers are shy of them; but the more modern pirates call themselves engineers, and give you a diagram, showing how this ridge dips east and that one west, with a few other trifles, as if the farmer had no intelligence to see such things himself. My advice to farmers is: Avoid water-finders as you would poison. If these men must practise, then the Government should license them, and they would have to prove by certificates, or before some board, that they were qualified to achieve what they asserted, before marauding on the public as hitherto. The great water-craze in the city of Bloemfontein ought to convince men what a delusive industry water-searching is. Amidst the thousands of suggestions and vagaries thrown out to farmers, the most feasible one appears to me, where the expense can be afforded by the farmer, to enclose certain pieces of the farm with fencing. This would leave a reserve for such years as this; through having no reserves all feeding vanishes simultaneously. But then it all resolves into expense; and it is not known, as a rule, that to make a farm in South Africa you require five times more capital than the ground is worth. One would require to be a Rothschild to carry out all the suggestions and improvements daily thrust before the farmers; more especially by the correspondent from Port Elizabeth. This gentleman culls all improvements and patents from all papers, puts them before us, and abuses the farmers roundly for not launching into them. One of his patents provided for a wire fencing in which sheep were to feed in a line, and not one behind the other. I have seen phenomena, but I should consider it a dash above phenomena to see a Boer's sheep travelling in

line, with their heads through a fence. We should have to remove all trees and 'kopjes' before investing in that charm. Some of these gents ought to take a farm in the Middleveld, and show us what they can do. 'Example before precept.' "

"The opening of the De Aar junction, connecting, as it does, the Eastern and Western parts of the Cape Colony, is important, not only to the Cape Colonists, but will directly affect the Free State. There are two considerations deserving of notice. In the first place an express train will leave Capetown every Friday. This train will run through to Port Elizabeth in 45 hours, and on Sunday morning Bay Merchants will be in receipt of their European letters, which can be answered on Monday, and such replies will leave Capetown on the following Wednesday. Thus a letter can be sent from Europe, and in six weeks from date of posting the reply can be in the hands of the European merchant. For indents and business communications of importance this rapidity of transit will be found of immense service to the business men of the Cape Colony. There is no reason why the merchants of the Free State should not be equally considered by our Postmaster-General, and it is to be presumed that if he sees his way clear he will give the State the benefit of the works erected by our neighbours. The express train will reach De Aar as nearly as we can guess on Saturday morning early, and letters, papers, &c., arriving in Capetown on Friday can be in Colesberg, at the latest, early on Sunday morning. Now, if the passenger cart running between Colesberg, Fauresmith and Kimberley could alter its time of running, such letters, &c. might be delivered in Bloemfontein on Monday evening, and thus, in addition to placing our capital within 21 days of Europe, give our merchants and others ample time to reply to their correspondence. The second point worthy of consideration is the fact that the goods rate has been made uniform, and large orders have been sent, so says the *Eastern Province Herald*, for cereals and out-hay, to be delivered at Colesberg. This is approaching very close to our 'front door,' and 'cereals and out-hay to be delivered at Colesberg' is a significant fact, which those who trade in grain must not lose

sight of. Kimberley is the great mart for grain and forage, and with such a powerful rival as the railway, and with such a superabundance of grain to fall back upon, as is produced in the Western Province of the Cape Colony, our trade with the Fields will receive a very heavy blow. Long before we shall ever dream of talking about railways, Colesberg will have become the central *depot* for supplying the Fields, and the ox-wagon will never be able to compete with the "iron horse," unless the farmers living close to the Fields, or those in the districts not far removed from Kimberley, determine to depend upon growing their own breadstuffs in such quantities as will enable them to supply their own wants and send surplus stock to Kimberley. Basutoland, the great emporium is too far removed, and the opening of the railway to Colesberg, whilst it will largely benefit our neighbours, will it is to be feared, injure our grain trade. If, however, it is determined that this injury shall be only of a temporary nature, and that what we lose by the sale of Basutoland produce, farmers will endeavour to make good by increased production, the loss may turn out a real gain, and the railway may thus indirectly benefit this State as well as the Cape Colony.

The late unparalleled depression in trade has caused the farmers of the State, upon whom the residents generally depend to devote their energies, not only to the improvement of their flocks and herds, but also to the development of their lands and the making provision against the heavy losses in stock from the scarcity of winter food. In the Bloemfontein district Mr. Gradwell has propounded a water scheme, which meets not only with the approval of practical farmers in the State, but is favourably criticised by the Colonial papers. Mr. G. E. Chatfield has erected a large silo, in which he purposes to store tons of mealie-stalks, and the success of his experiment will be anxiously watched and carefully noted. The Colonial papers are devoting a great deal of space to the question of ensilage, and extracts from European and American papers speak in the highest terms of the success attendant upon properly erected silos. Results are given of the quantity

and quality of the milk produced by cattle fed with the ordinary food, and those which have been fed on the preserved food, and all are in favour of ensilage.

HOW TO REMEDY SCARCITY OF WATER.

PORT ELIZABETH,

20th November, 1883.

To the Editor of the *Friend*,

SIR,—It was with pain, indeed, that I read your two paragraphs on the result of the drought, one relating to Jagersfontein and the other to the country generally. You will recollect that in your columns, about two years ago, I said that no farm need be without water, and this I maintain now.

Let me, first of all, take Jagersfontein. As usual with me (I might say natural), when visiting a new place, my first errand is always towards the actual or possible water supply, not necessarily as a devotee of the Good Templars Society, but a professional intuition. Now, at Jagersfontein, if the different companies, which are now so short of the liquid, would only combine together and open up the water-dyke which crosses the district north west of the town, and about twelve hundred yards from it, they could most certainly obtain water in sufficient quantity for their operations, and at a level which would allow it to run above ground at Messrs. Tarry and Co's store, or say by the Landdrost's office. The cost would not be very great, (a few hundred pounds), and the benefit I leave to the companies to estimate. Mr. Hartley, of the London and Jagersfontein Diamond Mining Company, whom I had the pleasure to meet when I was on the spot, could, I am sure, easily direct the work.

Now, as to the drought generally, I cannot too often repeat that it is no use for farmers to trust to rain as a water supply; they must seek their supply from subterranean sources, and these will *never* fail them, if they only go the right way to

work. Under my eyes here every day there is an example of the soundness of my theory on the water dykes. Here in Port Elizabeth, Russell and White's Roads are cut right through a water dyke, and both have constantly a running stream of water which would delight any Free State farmer ; moreover, the same dyke goes westwards, alongside the beach, and there, no less than three natural fountains are to be met with—the whole distance from Russel road being less than a mile, and one source not interfering with the other ; and I have no hesitation in saying that all of them could be made to supply three and four times as much as they do now without any difficulty.

There is another town besides your own which must be, I dare say, suffering for want of water just now, and that is Fauresmith, yet at the very entrance to the town, from the Jagersfontein and Philippolis sides, there is a splendid supply of water to be got.

It is all very fine to appoint and keep a day of humiliation, and pray for rain. I know what that is, as I recollect when a boy many a procession through the fields of Normandy. I took part in praying for rain which never came. The best prayer that can be expressed is contained in :

" Help yourself and Heaven will help you "

I had news the other day from the coal-field, recently discovered in the Bethulic district, informing me that the farmer under whose ground the coal was lying, did not like to dig himself. My worthy correspondent was even wishing that I could marry his daughter, so as to try and infuse a little energy into the father's veins. I do not know whether by doing so I could infuse any energy into either father or daughter. I cannot try, but at the same time farmers should recollect that it is energy that is wanted, not complaints,

Yours &c.,

A. VASSARD.

Listlessness has become a grave and fatal feature in life. Cold indifference quenches enthusiasm, and the lazy often regard the energetic with jealousy or spleen. While such a spirit prevails, the country cannot advance hopefully. But we have faith for

" There is light about to beam,
There is a fount about to stream,
There is a sewer about to blow,
There is a fire about to glow,
Pray that our dreary darkness change to grey ;
Men of thought and men of action clear the way.

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen,
Aid it hopes of honest men,
Aid it paper, *puissant* type,
Aid it for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken into play ;
Men of Afrique and of action clear the way ! "





CHAPTER XXIX.

It is as well here to dispose of the erroneous ideas respecting the Dutch migrating from place to place. In large pastoral countries there is nothing else to do at times but to wander from district to district. The wandering hordes of Asia Minor—the pastoral Scythians that at times inflicted so much harm, and who so often requested by the ancient Monarchs to stand and fight, only replied that they who requested might still come on, they, the pursued, would stand when they thought it worth their while, all the time leading their opponents further and further away from their base of operations and supply, while they, relying upon their old natural mode of existence were in the long run victors. So it is with the wandering Dutchman of this continent; in no other place does he show the same migratory propensities, time after time; finding grass failing, water uncertain, they have formed themselves into bands from 500 to 1,000, gathering together their valuables, and to throw off the civilisation-modes of taxing, without Representation, as it is to-day all over the world, England not excepted, they then have marched on to the lands of the natives. In the first place, agreeing to pay in kind or in bartering of some kind of thing for the use of fresh lands and water, or as in the past, the right to graze for the mere asking permission, or paying in kind as a set-off for the use of the land, or as is most frequently the case as a half-kind of kindly feeling. The native tribes rarely say “no,” until in some way or the other they have been imposed upon. Their idea of living in common upon the land prevents them refusing grass and water while there

is plenty. Under such conditions the Dutch set themselves down on the banks of the rivers in peace with the natives, fish at their leisure and pleasure, which is no loss to the natives, for, strange to say, though large meat eaters, they refuse to consume the fruits of their rivers, or of the sea. The white man, tired of fishing, simply passes a short distance from his wagons, where he can, to the advantage of his own camp and of the natives, shoot down the wild game of the district, and, as a rule, this is a constant task and pleasure; he feels no hardship, for, with a hunter's desire to kill, and a hunter's appetite, he always feels fresh. After killing he prepares the skins for market, and the flesh he makes into the dry meat of Africa, called *biltong*, for his household in the winter; so that the game feeds him, covers him, and in various ways he can utilise the horns and other portions for his family use; thus he can pass away many months or years without growing weary. All this affords occupation to himself and all around, and what they cannot consume they keep for future trading purposes, to procure the other necessities and luxuries of life. To this exchange of all that he cannot consume the native does not object. Looking upon all animated life as the rightful heritage of all men, he is at no time jealous of these conditions, until the white man forgets the common understood arrangements. The native, knows nothing of Enclosure Acts, and as long as one "buck" can be secured by any one individual, he does not hesitate to capture it. There is no such thing as that man-made crime poaching, as in England, where 3,000 men are annually convicted at the instigation of the upper classes, who are simply opposed to the carrying out of Nature's dictates and commands, by securing her gifts in taking possession of wild game. No English poacher, so-called, ever advocates robbing hen-roosts or duck-ponds; that he leaves for Nature's thief—the fox; but he maintains that that which is produced by Nature's wild impulses is common property—for the poor fustian wearer as much as for the broadcloth man—and it is as well for the dignity of many to know that you cannot make the English countryman conceive otherwise; and the time must come when the

common national game supply shall be open to all, irrespective of persons, notwithstanding the support of the aristocracy, the Church, etc., to the contrary. Princes and the aristocracy think they have a natural right to game in India and other countries, independent of the rights of the owners of such countries. Now the Boer, under these conditions, is a happy, contented man, their wives are happy, children increase, and Nature, with her usual kindness, makes this out-door life in a warm climate one continual Eden; and when winter arrives, with the skin of the wild bucks, the feathers of wild and tame poultry, they enter their covered wagons, and, like the gipsies, feel that the house-dwellers are fools, and that to be under the stars and Nature's candle—the moon—to lighten them up, they are the fortunate ones of the earth—plenty of food, plenty of rest, no wants, nothing to worry them, no landlords to fear, no taxes, and no petty interference at every step, they all work in harmony with nature and with man. Sunday after Sunday their praises and thanksgivings, as they understand them, are heard on all sides, and no one dreams of change. Then, as if to mock them in their prosperity, as some of their preachers will tell them, that, having grown fat and waxed in strength—for it must be borne in mind that, while the natural supply lasts, the oxen, horses, sheep, and all other domestic animals are increasing, and all available artificial resources are not taken advantage of. Years of drought, and years of no grass, and want will set in, and then the making of biltong from wild game will cease, and the rivers be emptied of their supplies; then, as in the artificial conditions of our civilisation, when want is known, man ceases to be kind to man, heart-burnings and jealousies set in, that make all uncomfortable. The natives feeling the pressure likewise, and feeling that the white man with his flocks and herds are consuming up what grass and water remains, which belongs to them, as the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil, request—kindly in the first instance—that they will at once move out and leave them—the native and original owners to weather it through. Starvation and want, cattle dying in front of their eyes, the cattle of the intruder eating up the grass left, the

Dutchman at no time disposed to share and share alike, with his stock remaining, gets at last, having taken no notice of previous requests, a significant hint that they, the Dutch, having ignored the intimation given by native policeman number-one, they are requested peremptorily to clear out, it not being fair that they, the natives, should remove; the last comers and intruders should pass away, seeing, that so far, as they, the natives, are concerned, they not having made the conditions, ought to be allowed to continue in possession of what was originally their own. The going out being refused, then comes the tug-of-war between the two races. The Bible gives us a fair insight into this kind of arrangement. The Jews are in want, and they have the Land of Goshen given them. Now, finding that it was a goodly place, they stopped until their number having increased, they menaced the peace of the Egyptians, and as all can know, who read, conflict after conflict ensued, until they, for the safety of the original inhabitants were forced into submission. That it was not a total slavery can be well understood, seeing that they must have been upon most intimate terms with the Egyptians to have acted as they did afterwards when, finding they could not live in peace, they desired to go, unless we have to charge these sons of Abraham with the worst of all crimes, namely, that of theft. No master would lend his jewellery to his slaves; so it is fair to suppose that the Jews either had lent money as pawnbrokers, at the usual cent.-per-cent. interest, the jewellery being left as security for the same which is most likely, or else it had been stolen. These people were no exception to all intruders—they were not disposed to go, even when their company was not wanted.

Now, the Dutchman is fully impressed with the idea that they are the Lord's people, and that as the mission of the Jews was to destroy all the inhabitants of old Palestine, who were so moral and good-natured that they did not need magistrates, so the black man—the sons of Ham—when in the way, are to be removed likewise. No fellow-feeling, as from man to man, ever dwells within their breasts, and, when once the dogs of war and greed are let loose by the Dutch, there is no satisfying their greed. Now much of the

want might have been got over by the white man, if he but grew as an agriculturist and gathered-up and saved for years of scarcity. To show the native how to do so never enters his head; to reduce him to a state of want is his constant effort and prayer. When for some years, during the weakness of the Dutch, they lived side by side with the native, roaming over his fields, without charge, when there is a general dearth all round—where before were smiling green fields, and peace and contentment among all,—a new scene attracts the eye.

The constant moving of stock after water and grass at a distance, at last, as in the old days of Abraham and Lot, brings on collisions, and then the superiority of the white man is shown by virtue of the perfected mechanical powers at his command. The Dutchman, having no belief that he will, under Nature and elsewhere, find anything better if he turns out, at last stubbornly refuses to go, and warns the native, if he dares to go on to the land he points out, he will remove him by force; for he then claims all lands from yonder hill to far-off mountain as his, and the people with him. Now this claiming the land as private property brings in a new bitterness; here the native finds a new arrangement: he cannot comprehend private property in land, or private property in the animated life on the land either—he with his people will flourish, or starve and die according as Nature is to him understood. This is the last hair that breaks his patience and respect for the white man, and it can be conceived with what keenness of feeling they greet and meet each other.

The white man, entrenched at last from threats, attempts to remove, and does remove, in a most unexpected manner, with fire and sword, which at once rouses all the indignation and ferocity of the dweller of the parks of Nature in South Africa. He who hitherto, for the sustenance of life, looked upon Nature and all her gifts as common to all cannot, and will not, while he has the power recognise individual land-owning—the curse of England and Europe to-day, and the removal of which must by the native inhabitants be brought about, in spite of all that may be said by the aristocracy,

backed up by the army, navy, and placemen. It is needless to discuss how, time after time, the natives try to remove the intruder only to weep over the dead, laid low by the superior rifle and other weapons of the white man, until, at last, they are compelled to leave the haunts of their childhood and the graves of their dead people, to make way for the intruder—the white man who, in the first place, begged of him for the means of life, and when at last it was a constant repetition of this process, as the Dutchman advanced beyond the limits of law, order, and civilisation, ruthless extermination set in against all, and, as at present constituted, the Dutchman only holds his own by the keeping up of the same process. In no case has the Dutchman altered his course, and it may be fairly stated, that in no case will he. Law, he knows nothing of to respect, even when passed by his own people; order, he only recognises on his own farm, as he thinks proper to administer it. This position has been prominently illustrated by the last trek made from the Transvaal. The Hollander, who now controls the Press of the Dutch, to embitter all against the Englishman attempts to deny all past history; but the fate of Bushman, Hottentot and Kaffir who, from the first settlement near Cape Town to the far off thousand odd miles in the Transvaal, including the late jumping of Mankoroane's territory, all testify to these facts, that these people have been pursued like wild beasts, and ruthlessly exterminated, where possible, and their cattle stolen from them to increase the wealth of the Dutch. As a rule, of course, there would be some exceptions. The trek emigrants had no other object than to evade law and order, and payment of their just debts, as I will show in my *History of Stellaland*. The Trek-Boer is a type of character inherently vicious, whatever Moses may say to the contrary, but what can one expect from a descendant of a horde that carried fire and sword over a land, and adopted the same methods of extermination.

The Dutch, who start to take possession, like the old Jews, send their spies on first, and like the Jews, have no noble aims, no lofty aspirations. They are selfish to the first and last degree, and they know it. They are now mad to think

they are found out, and it is pure humbug, but very silly to talk about us, who know their dirty tricks, and say, we are eaten up with race-hatred, and that we pervert history. We do nothing of the kind, for we simply take the histories as the Dutch have them, and they alone testify to the truth of all this, as the *Jewish Record* testifies to their cruelty. The man simply lies when he states that one of their number was sent out to arrange for an eventual purchase of a piece of land. In Great Namaqualand they know full well that tribal conditions do not allow of the natives parting, or selling the land. That this one went out as a spy for the future *occupation* of the land is quite true, and to report, if suitable for cattle farming, and with a climate healthy and fit for white men. Once having got there, they were too lazy to work, and finding, though they had ignored the fact, that South Africa is not the natural land of the white man, their numbers being by the climate decimated, they with all the meanness of the Kaffirised Dutch, appealed to the well-off to give them some of the means that they had stolen from the natives in the Transvaal. To remain in Humpata was considered certain death, and thinking so, and that they could return to a land that had for the time being freed itself from those who would have compelled them to have lived honestly one towards another, and to the natives in particular, they *hungered to return* to the Transvaal.

"The Pretoria and Bloemfontein Committees, in discussing their appeal for help, expressed an almost unanimous wish, that the emigrants should be provided with funds for their return, but under the condition that they should re-settle in a civilised part of South Africa, mainly because their number being decreased to about 180 all told, it was considered necessary to bring them back to countries where their destruction did not seem so inevitable as would that of a small flock living amongst vast hordes of savages. The Trek-Boers, on receiving the news of this, will doubtless, joyfully accept a gift that surpasses ever so much their fondest expectation. To remain in Humpata was certain death; they consequently had to shift, but, having already once appealed to the generosity of their friends, they were unwilling to ask for more

than just sufficient support to remove in the shortest possible distance to where their lives would be in safety, and some guarantee for their prospect as farmers. This is the story of the present movement."

"We think the Bloemfontein Committee have taken a right and proper view of the case of the Humpata Boers, if they are willing to return to a civilised government, where they may live in peace and comfort, and where their children may be trained to become useful members of society; it is only right that their fellow-countrymen in the Free State and the Transvaal should assist them to do so; but if from established use and want, they have become so enamoured of barbarism, in which, by this time, they must be pretty deeply immersed, they scarcely deserve any sympathy or assistance."

We think we have done enough to show our critics' status and motives. Men who are so eaten up with race hatred as to be able to pervert history, like the writers of the above, are beneath an answer, other than to accuse them of having falsified history for their own small ends. To try and separate these 180 people, is, however, false and vain tactics. They are essentially South African farmers, of the same stamp as the rest. They are connections of the first families in the Colony, Free State and Transvaal; and in extracting from Sir Hercules Robinson's speech in London, a portion bearing upon the matter at issue, we shall be able to narrow down the question to its proper limits. The Governor said:—

"I have often been asked by my friends since I have been at home this time, what is the nature of the South African difficulties in that country? The subject appears to be but little understood, and to be far from popular. At all events, I have generally found that whenever I proceed to enlighten my friends in reply to their inquiry, if they cannot escape from me, their features assume an expression which leads me to believe that South African politics are as little appreciated in this country as South African sherry—a vintage which I am glad to find is not unrepresented at your hospitable board. (Laughter). The position is simply this. You have, in the settled districts of South Africa—first, the large and important Cape Colony, which possesses a constitutional

form of government. You have next the Crown Colony of Natal; and you have, lastly, the two independent Dutch Republics of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. These districts are inhabited by about 170,000 English, 280,000 persons of Dutch or French extraction, and about 2,200,000 natives. The proportion which these races bear to each other varies in the different states. For example, in the Cape and its dependencies the English bear to the Dutch the proportion of about nine to eleven, whilst both together bear to the natives the proportion of only one to three. In Natal the English and Dutch are about equal, whilst both together bear to the native the proportion of only one to fifteen. In the Free State the English bear to the Dutch the proportion of only one to nine, whilst both together bear to the natives the proportion of five to six, the white and black races being there nearly equal. In the Transvaal the English bear to the Dutch the proportion of one to seven; white population bears to the black the proportion of about one to twenty."

This sort of trickery will no doubt be repeated. The land-hunger is the main cause of wars with native races, who, with all impudence are called savages, but who, as far as experience in the past shows, are simple, pastoral people, and only made savage when they can no longer stand imposition and robbery. The Irishman stood it until he died under the process, and he too now, so the interested classes say, is growing savage, and is determined to prevent, if possible, the extermination process; and as in Africa, one or the other has to give way, we earnestly hope that feudal robbers like the Duke of Devonshire and Earl of Aberdeen in Ireland will soon take their departure, as idlers living upon other men's goods—like common thieves. We have had enough of such, and hope that without consent, neither in Ireland, England or Africa, the foreigner will in future be allowed to hold possessions. Now, it may happen by accident or design, through bravado or want, that a native takes a beast or a sheep from the white intruder; it also happens that the natives believe in the law of compensation, and if found stealing from one another, or from a man with permission to live on the land, on proof

being given, the property will be made good tenfold, and even that is not always enough to satisfy the tribal indignation, for as a warning to other men, the chief eats him up, as it is called, that is, reduces him to nothing, and if a single individual is not able to pay, then they fine the whole kraal, or tribe, or clan to which the individual belongs, to pay the compensation as a warning, and sometimes even the death penalty is inflicted as an example to other offenders. Now this plan has often been carried out to my knowledge, and many and many a white man has been a gainer. When he has found the spoor of his cattle in the kraal of a native, it is not necessary for the white man to go further than the kraal, the owner then must follow up the thief, but he must pay at once to the white man. The theft having been committed, the complaint is lodged with the chief, but in times of scarcity or want, the chief may not be disposed to accede to the usual conditions, seeing that the white man has been told to move on, but refuses, and as the grass and water are not equal to the requirements of both, he must expect to lose, or move on, until better times set in, and then they can live as before. The law of compensation not being acted upon, seeing that the time is not calculated for its being acted upon, the Boer demands the usual fulfilment, and threatens that if not complied with in a certain time, he will take by force of arms that which he considers himself entitled to. Then steps in the active antagonism of race. The Boer forgets or ignores the fact that he is the intruder, and has been requested to move. Having held the position for some years, he, with his European ideas, claims the land likewise and refuses to move, and with insolence in proportion to his strength and weapons, at last compels the native to admit a territory from river to river as private property for himself and children for ever, not even allowing the native to own an acre in the land of his fathers, the birth-place of his children, and the grave of his people, in the Free State and Transvaal, without a special act of the Executive, which, as a rule, is never acted upon. Now this compulsion adds insult to injury, and an injury to one and all the instincts of his being. Not being allowed to look upon an acre as the

property of his people, and compelled to pay taxes, in money, kind, or cattle, rouses the natural inborn hatred, and he feels that he is wronged in his weakness, and then in proportion to his means and the weakness of the white man, sets himself the task of ridding the land of the white inhabitants, and avails himself of every opportunity that offers to drive them into the sea and destroy them all, as their enemies and stealers of their land. This war of extermination has set in all over South Africa, and strange to say, the Kaffir, unlike the Maori and red American, will not die off. This will be repeated time after time, until one or the other can fight no more; although it is generally admitted that with his superior weapons the European conquers, though, perhaps, not without serious loss—as in the Cape Colony, Natal, and the Transvaal—and then taking possession of some of their chiefs, after a kind of trial for treason-felony, shoots them for struggling to get back their native territories. Peace having been concluded by making the country a desert, the conquerors divide the land, and the few natives remaining are glad to take service for the sake of living, and thus is brought about the gradual enslavement of the native races, and as in the case of Mapoch and Niabel in the Transvaal, who maintained they never gave allegiance to the Boer Government, did no wrong in not paying taxes, or tribute, and when conquered, a farce of a trial is gone through, and finally they are shot or hanged, as a warning to others not to do likewise; but the love of country cannot be driven out by the bullet or the rope. This killing and stealing being done, prayers are offered to the Lord of Hosts, ministers of the Prince of Peace hold services to the Glory of the Lord, and they, now being strong, maintain that they are the servants of Jehovah, employed by Him to punish and smite, hip and thigh, the heathen, and to hold in subjection, as their rightful heritage, the Sons of Ham, who was cursed—so it is said in the Bible—to be a servant of servants to his brethren. To speak correctly, *they* are the black man's brethren, in many cases, for it would be difficult to find many with pure European blood in their veins. Many and many a Dutchman, so-called, have I seen with all the distinct marks of the Son of Ham, so-called. Now, to be

isolated in the interior of Africa, gives the Dutchman no anxiety; his self-confidence as a child of the Lord to control the heathen just suits him. Though far away from the sea, he knows the trader will follow him up, and that his coffee, sugar, shot, bullet and guns will be sure. The love of adventure and change will always take the trader into the interior, and he there will find the wild man, who will have some of the wild game, skins, feathers, etc., to exchange for their civilised products, and thus he can settle down, have his Sunday meetings with hymns and exhortations from a stone in the field or from a wagon, satisfied that he is the Lord's appointed to crush out the heathen, and the one to fill the earth, as he conceives it, with the knowledge of righteousness for the white man. No knowledge is to be given to the black man; he is to be subdued, and, as the heathen, only fit to be appointed as a drawer of water and hewer of wood to him, the white man. Thus, having taken possession of the land, the black man, and all that is to be found upon it, the land-fathers arrange for the distribution of the same. The older members, who are not equal to any more risk, take their ride for so many hours, and claim the land they have ridden over as their future farm, name the same, and locate themselves ever after, and at their death it is sold and divided, as agreed. The young boy and girl-slaves told off to live upon such farms are expected to help in all matters to make things comfortable, and even to assist in defending their masters from what they term their wilder savage brethren, who now and then attack isolated farms. For the first few months they are content with small hartebeest houses, in the shape of our English roof—A, with a small door of egress or outlet, and until their flocks increase, and as they find their stock improve, and their garden and corn lands are in order, they live on for years in contentment and quietness. This house answers all their wants, until, having stock to dispose of, they contemplate a brick house; and when some itinerant mason accidentally calls and is prepared to build them a house for his food and cattle, in barter for his labour and material, they build. As time passes on some favourable

spot is chosen for a township, on which a church can be erected, and upon the erf the farmer can build his little house to live in when he goes to the church, and thus the township grows into existence, and enlarges itself in proportion to the lay of the country, and the richness of the surrounding farms. For years it may be that each township has only the proportions of a country village with its little house of accommodation, the centre of the market square for their church, the traders' stores all round, and then they feel they belong to the world of civilisation, and they make some day of rejoicing at their church as a red-letter day to the Lord, for having brought them so far on their earthly pilgrimage, with the certainty of living in some heavenly Zion, as promised to the old people of the Lord in Canaan, and then with all these surroundings, they feel that the Lord has indeed given the heathen into their hands, as their bondsmen and bondswomen, and the earth as an habitation, and then shout :—" O praise ye the Lord, bless His Holy Name, for His mercy will endure for ever to them that love and fear Him. The sea is in the hollow of His hands, and the cattle on a thousand hills are His also," but for the time lent to the Dutchman.

This is a short but true history of the past and present condition of things in the Free State and Transvaal, and is repeated time after time to the old dwellers of the Cape of Good Hope. Now, under all these conditions varied from time to time, no one can wonder that the natives and white people are at hatred one with another, and that a constant feud is kept up. The uncouth or wild Dutchman finds that he can—and he has been known to—shoot natives down in cold blood, simply because they were natives.

In one prominent case, some years ago in Natal, a Dutchman, who was hanged for this crime, would not have been found out if the English had not objected to bury them without an inquiry. We have other young parties of the Dutch people moving on to repeat the same process in Stellaland, and found a new Republic not based on the equality of man, but on the assumption that the earth is the Lord's for the Lord's people, and they being the undoubted tribe of whom Jehovah has sworn that their seed shall cover the

earth as the sand of the seashore, and believing that He is their God, that cannot lie to them, they take possession of the interior and the people, and, in full confidence that they are the children of Jehovah, are ever on the "go"; but even this system must have its limits in South Africa. Climatic influence and the Thetze Fly will not allow them, with cattle, to go beyond certain well-defined positions, so that they will at last have to confine themselves within a circumscribed area, as I will fully explain when I give, as I intend, a small history of the Transvaal, past, present, and to come, as, after many opportunities of enquiry and watching, I conceived it to be—with a full hope that I shall only give the truth, so that it may lead on to a higher civilisation, both for *black* and *white*, and for the well-being of the inhabitants of South Africa, under one, and that the English flag, to the satisfaction of all, for all time.

STELLALAND.

"Mamusa, Massouw's Chief Town,

"24th March, 1884.

"To the Hon. Captain Graham Bower, R.M., Special Commissioner for Bechuanaland, Mamusa, Massouw's Territory.

"HONORABLE SIR,—As the representative of the British Government, now travelling in our territory for enquiry, and in compliance no doubt with the petition of the 30th of Nov., 1883, to the Secretary of State for the Colonies (the Earl of Derby), we take the liberty of addressing you, as we cannot entertain any doubt that you this time have been authorised also to accept from us our own explanations, which have been hitherto refused to us—unfortunate, overlooked, and unprotected tribe—who were allowed to be attacked and murdered, robbed, and their kraals burnt down by Mankoroane (the Batlapin Chief of Taungs) immediately we were left outside the boundary of the Transvaal Republic, who was then cautioned and bound down to give us no protection, and we

were only saved from utter annihilation and death by following the example given us by Mankoroane—our aggressor—in calling in also on our side white volunteers when all other help had been withheld from us.

“Our hereditary rights to this territory (now called Bechuanaland) we were not allowed to establish at the Bloemhof Court of Arbitration, where we were positively refused to be admitted to become parties to the Deed of Submission. But now *our rights* have been legalised and confirmed by the right of *conquest*, fairly in defending our children, lives and property. In proof of which our Treaty of Peace, made and signed at Taungs on the 26th of July, 1882, and held back there by us from doing us further harm until the date of the peace agreement; and then we were officially assured through the Colonial Office that our independence as native Chiefs outside the Transvaal boundary was fully recognised by Her Majesty's Government, and that not even the High Commissioner had a right to interfere with our lands or settlements. In ratification of the treaty here referred to, the decision-line was beacons off in December, 1882, and proclaimed by us on the 16th of January, 1883, which we shall uphold; and thereby more than sufficient ground was allotted for the use of the Batlapin people on their side of the line, out of which portion Mankoroane is now selling and in other ways making away with farms to white people, for which neither he nor his people could have any positive use.

“Mankoroane's white volunteers were allowed to get their pay in farms, together with our own volunteers, out of that portion of the territory falling on our side of the line, and, furthermore, I ordered proper locations for the absolute use of the Mahura branch of the Batlapin people to be beacons off within and near the centre of the country now known as Stellaland, where they have been sowing and ploughing, and undisturbed, enjoyed themselves under the protecting care of the Stellaland Government for the last two seasons. We would further state that in upholding that peace, and in the fulfilment of other honourable agreements between us and Mankoroane, we have, with the help of our volunteers assisted Mankoroane and his people to find and get back

from amongst my subjects any cattle and other stock stolen by them from the Batlapins after the conclusion of the war, and that was done openly in March, 1883.

"Now, most honourable Sir, notwithstanding all these advantages given by us to Mankoroane, and the fulfilment of the Treaty of Peace and other agreements here referred to, Mankoroane has not as yet paid back to us our expenses incurred during the thirty-four days' armistice granted to him which he promised, was held responsible for, and did bind himself in writing; nor has he assisted us, or sent back to us, as we have done, our cattle and horses stolen from us by his subjects after the peace, although repeatedly asked for; but cattle and horse stealing was continued from the side of Mankoroane, and traced to his stations or Taungs. Little or no redress was obtained from him. On the contrary, he allowed his son Molali, with his people, to cross, armed, into our line, where he forcibly, and without our leave, took possession of Monalaring and Morokane, in October, 1883, from where he would not go back to Taungs or over the line, although cautioned by us and requested to do so, especially on the 7th of November, 1883, as per copy here annexed, and where he became the centre of cattle and horse thefts, and endeavoured to set up his authority there and in the neighbourhood against us, so that he, a short time ago, by force, took away all live stock belonging to my subjects, who were residing there with our permission, under Mokhalagasi, and at last became so unbearable to my subjects that these could no longer be restrained from committing similar acts on their aggressors, so that I was compelled, in order to maintain peace and order within our territory, to send, on the 19th ultimo, an armed force against him, with strict orders not to fire at them without special cause or reason, but to disarm and disperse them and all other intruders found on our side of the line proclaimed on the 16th of January, 1883. The good government of the territory proclaimed as Stellaland has been handed over and sanctioned by me to the Committee of management of our white volunteers, under a Commission bearing date the 18th of January, 1883, to which Government we now most respect-

fully beg leave to refer you for further information, and the confirmation of these our statements, and we hope and depend on you, most honourable Sir, that you will inform Her Majesty's Government of this our true case as here explained, so that we now—within these our territories—should not be disturbed, or our rights interfered with, as has been hinted in the newspapers, but that we and the white inhabitants of Stellaland may enjoy their possessions, sanctioned and guaranteed to them, in the fulfilment of our contracts.

We have the honour to be,

Most Honourable Sir,

Your humble servants,

(Sd.) DAVID MASSOUW RIET TAAIBOSCH,
Paramount Chief of the Koranna, Nat.

„ JACOBUS TAAIBOSCH, *Chief of Kor.*

„ SAIBRAND X OU CROSS, *Councillor.*

„ PIET X HARTEBEEST, *Commandant.*

„ KLAAS X BAARTMAN, *Councillor.*

„ NICHOLAAS X VIJJOEN, *Councillor.*

„ PIET X LASTELIJK, *Councillor.*

„ TIJS X BAARTMAN, *Field Cornet.*

„ SIMONA X, *Head Field Cornet.*

„ NICOLAAS X BASSON, *Field Cornet.*

„ JAN X TAAIBOSCH, *Field Cornet.*

„ JAN X SPRINGHOK, *Field Cornet.*

„ ANDRIES X AUGUST, *Interpreter and
Field Cornet,*

(Signed) THOS. DOMS, *Secretary to Chief.*

APPENDIX.

“Mamusa, 7th November, 1883.

To Capt. Mankoroane Molchabanne, Taungs.

MY FRIEND,—I received your letter of the 23rd October, 1883, and say:—‘Yes, I am glad of your information.’ I say Motlapin, what is it what I hear? What has Mokhalahari stolen from you, of which you do not inform me? Know

that we have been fighting without that, I was acquainted with what Mokhalahari had been doing to you ; because you did not tell me of it, Motlapin, and now even I do not know what you are talking about. When I was still under the impression that I was taking care of you both, I find to my surprise you are fighting with me, though I was not aware that I had a dispute with you. I am a Koranna, and I take nothing belonging to a Motlapin ! But I say Molale is at Morokane ; who has brought him there ? As *we* have been fighting for the country I say, Au Molale, if you do not want to make war, then Molale must leave there. Let him go away from Morokane and go to Taungs ; and I say if you still ask me about Morokane, if you don't take Molale from Morokane, I am strong enough to remove him from there—that is what I say, the Chief David.

“You must not plough there ; I will go and plough there with my people, and if you plough, then the gardens are mine. I say your country is Kuruman and Littiakong ; this country belongs to the Korannas—to me. My subjects shall never go to plough at Kuruman or at Littiakong. I am only waiting for rain, and shall send Simona to plough, but he must not find anyone belonging to Mankoroane at Morokane or Manolaring. I am going, and I hear it is said Simona has never lived at Morokane. He is going to live there because it is within the country of the Korannas.

I am your friend

(Sd.) DAVID MASSOUW RIET TAAIBOSCH,

Paramount Chief.

(Sd.) THOS. DOMS, *Secretary.*”





CHAPTER XXX.

At last, with many a high bump and over many a bare plain, I passed into Brand-ford, the new city in honour of President Brand. This, like so many of the new, and as for that even the old cities, is on an open, wild, desolate, forgotten and deserted looking place, with the whole surrounding district dry and barren, starving out all cattle. So weak and hopeless had the cattle got that they refused to walk out of the town. They seemed to have arrived at that stage of existence when it was useless to wander out, for there was positively nothing to eat in the fields. It was the saddest sight I ever viewed—the whole country seemed one uncovered cattle-grave, with the prospect of its continuation for months, which was verified to the almost extinction of many a farmer. Hope on, hope ever, is a good maxim; but hope had made their hearts sick, and disappointment had made them despair, and at last they laid themselves down to die. It was disgusting to see the dead carcasses lying all about, as a reproach to the want of mercy on the part of man to the beasts of the field. At no time, in all my rides, had I seen such want of grass and water—the very Dutchmen and their usually stout wives seemed shrivelled-up through want, and were in despair, and I was truly glad to reach the Modder river, in full hope that I should have found better things there; but when I made my way to farmer Edwards' I was horrified and appalled. It was bad when I left; but my return to the district of Bloemfontein was as if I had arrived at an animal Golgotha. Bones, bones—bones on the right, on the left, before and behind, in

fact everywhere. Wagon after wagon, all equipped, waiting for oxen that would not come for want of Nature's grass and water. These farmers, for months past, were prepared for transport, and needed it, to make good the losses they had incurred in being security for those who had lost their all by drought; and for farmers there seemed but one look-out for the whole, one general rush and appeal to the Bankruptcy Court. These farmers had never experienced such a long drought, and they feared a repetition of the awful time of '66 was coming on to eat up the remaining stock, and they mourned and groaned with me that, what with the law-made conditions of the Boers, and the marauding officials in the capital, and the other gang of farm-exploiters, that soon it would not be possible for an Englishman to live in such a country, and if he could free himself he would seek his fortune in some other of the colonies that Old England held sway over.

After a hearty meal in friendship, which was so different to the meanness so often evident when an Englishman calls at many of the Dutch farms, even when they have plenty, their hospitality is never prominent in any degree. You must beg, and then be imposed upon when settling. Conscience has no place in the breast of trading Dutchman. While our horses were resting—for feeding was not possible, until once more in a stable—I strolled over the farm, and enjoyed a most genial chat with a well-known man, who, with some of the most advanced thoughts, regaled one with his views of men, manners and things in general. Our views of life somewhat coincided, and for the benefit of the Bloemfontein bigots, fools and charlatans, I give in substance a little insight into life. We generally agreed that we as Free Staters, were looked upon as food to satisfy the never-ending demands of the old women of all creeds that desired to control from birth to death, with all their vagaries, the people of this part of the world. Since the Webb of a Bishop, no longer struggled to secure all in his *little Web*, the half ascetic, idiotic, long-drawn faced youths—and young women with the Grimes in bad health, the result of fasting and other abstinencies, at their head, and the never to be forgotten 5th of November Guy

the Deacon of the Arch, the town had had a fit of melancholy, which not even the used up shuffling weak-kneed—the wrong Honourable—the Little-town—the unfortunate of No-Town, all had assumed the miserable, and a new misery was added to the already weighed-down people. To show more prominently the mercenary and idiotic combined, the Roman Catholics headed by the out-of-the-lunatic-asylum priest, backed up by the doorkeeper—the Kor-Bit, assisted by his family, who ate up the remains of their Shew Bread, and supplemented the performance by the worst specimen of a commercial lay brother, who, instead of teaching the boys the usual writing, reading, and arithmetic, gave them all the stupid mummerly of his church at a very high figure. There was no buying at his school or church without prices or money, and one felt that if the whole of the so-called religious houses with their full occupants had been removed by a sudden earthquake, no one would have felt the loss—not even if the cathedral—the outcome of mean, dastardly false begging, had, with the school, been removed, that had clothes sent to it for the heathen, but sold them for the benefit of its sisters and the brothers in their Bloemfontein Agapemone—their abode of love.

When we thought of the time wasted in the past, and the prospect of the time that would be wasted in the future, we wished, like a second Christ, we could take a whip and scourge the whole, for continuing, in His name, such a mockery to all that was sacred and holy of His teachings. The time has come when these loud-mouthed shams and idiots must be removed. Not one of them at any time was capable of giving a lecture that would have satisfied a class of boys ; yet in their churches, schools, convents and colleges they regulated with these abortions of nonsense the future lives of men and women, that produced all the follies and madness of the past age. It is time these shams from England and impostors in Bloemfontein were buried. They stink in the nostrils of all sensible men. The Hollanders, Germans and Jews were bad ; but the importation into Bloemfontein of these religious shams and humbugs was the last insult that could be offered to the intelligent Dutch and

English residents of the Free State. Milk and water is no good for these human ghouls that fatten on the ignorance and means of the people. Shame, they have none; and in using the language I do, it is to expose them in all their deformity. Many others in and out of the Free State also feel as I do, but are so eaten up by them, or are so circumstanced, that they are afraid, or hesitate to speak out; but so long as I know that these men make long, silly prayers, eat up the substance of the widow and orphan, talk of things that they don't understand, and lead most immoral lives under a garb of sanctity, I will never cease from exposing them. Good-natured jokes and gentle remonstrances are of no avail; they are so old and shameless in their masked impiety, that if Christ was to come again, they in their love for the good things of this life would crucify him afresh. When they will work and cease from public imposture and theft, then I will drop my pen of gall; till then in the name of our common human Christ, who taught the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, I will never cease to expose them. I am the enemy of all such, and will shout and call upon all to shout "Away with them, Away with them," till they cease. Good Heavens! is humanity to be at the mercy of the spiritual and material quacks and exploiters, for all time? Have the reformers of the past all died in vain, that man is still to be crucified between the spiritual thief that pretends to sell us Heaven, and the material thief that robs us on earth? Let the answer and the echo sound round the globe. No, no, it shall stop now and for ever!

CHURCH MILLINERY.

"Theologies, rubrics, surplices, church articles, and this enormous, ever-repeated threshing of straw—a world of rotten straw, threshed all into powder, filling the universe and blotting out the stars and worlds. Heaven pity you with such a threshing-floor for world and its draggled, dirty farthing candle for sun. There is surely other worship possible for the heart of man. There should be other work,

or none at all, for the intellect and executive faculty of man."—*Carlyle*.

THE CURSE OF THEOLOGY.

"In Charles Dicken's novel of *Bleak House*, there is a melancholy story of a young man whose life was ruined by great expectations. A large fortune lay in the Court of Chancery, which he hoped would, on some happy day, descend in a golden shower upon his head. Year after year passed on, and the happy day did not smile upon the anxious youth. The lawyers fattened while their client grew lean. In his feverish suspense, he lost all heart for employment. His hands were idle; his thoughts never busy, except in dreaming of the time when he should roll in riches. Nothing could rouse him. Arguments and remonstrances were thrown away. At length Death put in his stern claim, and the broken-hearted dreamer expired in the arms of the wife he had neglected, and surrounded by the friends whose warnings he had never heeded. 'He that hath ears to hear let him hear,' for these things are a parable. The human race has been for centuries looking forward to a golden age which has never dawned. Happiness is the fortune it yearns for, and its happiness has been locked up in the great and mysterious Chancery-Court of Theology. Men have prayed to the God of theology; they have believed in the wonders of theology; they have put their trust in the promises of theology. They have thrust aside the concerns of this world and this life, and counted all things as dirt in comparison with the prize which theology has placed, like a glittering sign, in the heavens. Men have welcomed the fire at the martyr's stake; they have kissed the edge of the sword of persecution; nay, more, they have themselves burnt their brothers, and turned the sword against their fellow-men, because they believed that their beloved theology, with its doctrines, its miracles, and its heaven, were the only cure for 'all the ills that flesh' or soul is heir to. Science has been neglected. The laws of health, the laws of freedom, the laws of political progress, have been despised, while dreaming mankind have been

kneeling to the unknown God, and waiting in vain for the coming of peace, happiness, and justice. They have been gazing upwards; to see if the skies drop down righteousness; and downwards, if perchance the earth will open and bring forth salvation. And what has been their reward? Instead of peace, every quarter of the globe has been shaken by the tramp of contending armies; every hillside stained with the blood of the slain; every civilised State torn with party quarrels; every Church disturbed with doubts and fears and disputes. Instead of happiness, we behold disease and pain on every hand; hospitals frown down upon our crowded streets; the homeless beggar shivers in the snowdrift by our doorstep; millions of innocent wretches die of Indian famines. Instead of justice, we hear the shriek of the slave and the crack of the driver's whip; the moan of the woman whose drunken husband is beating her to death; the murmurs of peoples oppressed by the tyrant. 'Hope deferred has made our heart sick.' Our strength has been sapped, our energy frittered away, and the great fortune has not descended from heaven or risen from the bowels of the earth. The Chancery-Court of theology has deceived us: we have leaned upon a broken reed.

"There are times indeed when even the orthodox Christian forgets to sing his song of triumph. In the midst of a psalm of joy his eye is caught by the gaunt skeleton of misery that stalks through the fields and the cities of the world; a shadow falls upon his rejoicing spirit; and the Christian hymn, which should have rung out glad and spirited, sounds thus:—

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorius song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
Peace to the earth good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King:
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

"Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:

Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend on heavenly wing,
 And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
 The blessed angels sing.

"Yet with the woes of sin and strife
 The world has suffer'd long;
 Beneath the angel-strain have roll'd
 Two thousand years of wrong;
 And men, at war with men, are deaf
 To messages they bring:
 Oh hush the noise, ye men of strife,
 And hear the angels sing!"

"This is a humiliating confession. Here is the physician acknowledging that his drugs, his ointments, and his instruments have failed. Here is the prophet admitting that his prophecy was false. Here is our guide bewailing that he has lost his way, and that "the light of the world," towards which he was leading us so cheerily, is but a will-o'-the-wisp.

"It is in vain that they tell us of magnificent Cathedrals and costly chapels as witnesses of the power of theology. We have no eyes for tapering spires and painted windows and carven pulpits, while the workhouse rises near at hand in grim mockery. It is in vain that they bid us listen to sweet choirs and pealing organs; we have no ears for such music while we hear the complaints of the poor, the over-worked, or the unemployed. It is in vain that they read us reports of successful missions among Fijians, Zulus, or Cherokee Indians. We read, with the naked eye, around us, where the gin-shop devours its victims, the thieves' kitchen reeks with filth and vice, and prostitution puts to shame all the genteel gospels of the bishops and clergy. It is in vain that they teach us 'God is love,' and that 'the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.' We turn for a reply to our illustrated papers, and take up, for example, a picture of the charge of the British cavalry at Kassassin during the Egyptian War. We look at the upraised sabres, the rushing horses, the falling of the trembling Egyptians, the smoke of battle, and hear, in fancy, the yell of the war-devil, who smells the scent of blood and delights in the ruin of human

lives. It is in vain that they remind us 'in their Father's House are many mansions,' 'pearly gates,' 'walls of precious stones,' and 'pavements of transparent gold:' we think of other mansions—of the mud-cabins of the Irish people and the Irish pigs; we think of London bakehouses—of the garrets of seven Dials, St. Luke's, or Ratcliff Highway. On the one side we behold the Trinity—the Father, the Son, the Spirit—the apostles, prophets, and angels, standing as champions of right and truth, of health and cleanliness; and on the other our armies, our brigands, our burglars, our drunkards, our swindlers, our hypocrites, and our harlots laughing them to scorn. Theology has 'been weighed in the balance, and found wanting.' We have asked for bread; it has given us a stone."

SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY.

"In this nineteenth century, as at the dawn of modern physical science, the cosmogony of the semi-barbarous Hebrew is the incubus of the philosopher and the opprobrium of the orthodox. Who shall number the patient, earnest seekers after truth, from the days of Galileo until now, whose lives have been embittered, and their good name blasted, by the mistaken zeal of Bibliolaters? Who shall count the host of weaker men whose sense of truth has been destroyed in the effort to harmonise impossibilities—whose life has been wasted in the attempt to force the generous new wine of science into the old bottles of Judaism, compelled by the outcry of the same party? It is true that, if philosophers have suffered, their cause has been amply revenged. Extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science, as the strangled snakes about that of Hercules; and history records that, whenever science and orthodoxy have been fairly opposed, the latter has been forced to retire from the lists, crushed and bleeding, if not annihilated; scotched, if not slain. But orthodoxy is the Bourbon of the world of thought. It learns not, neither can it forget; and though, at present, bewildered and afraid to move, it is as willing as ever to assert that the first chapter of Genesis contains the beginning and the end of

sound science, and to visit those who refuse to degrade Nature to the level of primitive Judaism with such petty thunderings as its half-paralysed hands can hurl.—*Professor Huxley in Lay Sermons.*"

From the religious we drifted into the material, and the advantages of trees and agriculture.

My material views I have often explained, but I will for the advantage of all, print after *this bible* the views I hold, which shall follow on with my *History of the Free State*; but we both felt that if anything was calculated to save the State it was tree-planting and agriculture when once water was arranged for.

TREE-PLANTING.

"In times of excessive drought any suggestions made with regard to the storage of water meet with ready attention. When, however, bounteous rains have fallen, a general feeling of thankfulness displaces all ideas of the droughty season. Residents in all parts of South Africa are too apt to thank God for that which they possess than to trouble their heads about that which they might obtain. Taking Bloemfontein only as an instance of this feeling, it will be readily granted that the residents, after having exhausted their conversational powers in praise of the splendid rains, must have felt grieved at the dire waste of water which, for twenty-four hours, has been carried to the sea instead of being stored for that period of drought which invariably follows rain. The storage of water is a question upon which too much stress cannot be laid, and every country dependent upon or encouraging agricultural pursuits is devoting its attention to the best means to be adopted towards contributing to this result. America with its glorious rivers, its immense watershed and grand forests, has discovered that the indiscriminate cutting down of forests has materially injured its rainfall, and a Colonial paper says:—

"The advocates of tree-planting are constantly gaining accessions to their ranks, and now the measure has the vigorous support of the President of the United States, which

has been guilty of shameful prodigality with regard to its forest resources. In his opening message to Congress he remarked that in many portions of the West the pursuit of agriculture is only made practicable by resort to irrigation, while successful irrigation would itself be impossible without the aid afforded by forests in contributing to the regularity and constancy of the supply of water. During the past year severe suffering and great loss of property have been occasioned by profuse floods, followed by periods of unusually low water in many of the great rivers of the country. These irregularities were, in great measure, caused by the removal from about the sources of several streams of the timber by which the water supply has been nourished and protected. The preservation of such portions of the forest on the national domain as essentially contribute to the equable flow of important water-courses is of the highest consequence. Important tributaries of different rivers rise in the mountain region of Montana, near the Northern boundary of the United States. This region is unsuitable for settlement, but upon the rivers which flow from it depends in future the agricultural development of a vast tract of country. The attention of Congress is called to the necessity of withdrawing from public sale this part of the public domain, and establishing there a forest reserve.

"If, with all the resources at its command, the New World finds it incumbent to replant its forests, the necessity of tree-planting in South Africa cannot be questioned. It has not infrequently been asked what benefits are derived from tree-planting? What good do trees do? All the queries put with regard to the "benefits and good" of tree-planting are very concisely answered in the following extract from the *Volksstem*, which paper says:—

"Forest-covered mountains always give rise to a large number of springs of water. Forest-covered, low-lying lands always more or less hold water in suspense. In the higher forest lands the large number of rootlets, together with the surface soil formed by decaying vegetation, absorb and retain the rainfall. During seasons of drought these surface-soils part slowly with their water by evaporation, for they

are sheltered from the direct rays of the sun, and still more slowly by percolation, for, sponge-like, they allow it to trickle slowly down into its natural channel, or perhaps into some natural reservoir formed with a water-tight rock as its base, whence it issues in a perennial stream. Thus we have on many of our mountain ranges, issuing at great elevations from many a well-timbered 'kloof,' perpetual streams of clear pellucid waters, the value of which, to a mining population, cannot be estimated. In the lower-lying lands, more or less covered with timber, heavy rains, instead of running off in torrents to flood our rivers, are held back and kept in reserve by these great natural sponge-like soils. The surface of the earth is kept moist, pasture is preserved for our cattle, and the climate is kept more equable. Contrast this with the effect of heavy rains upon a barren mountainous country. Here, after a heavy downpour, held back by no natural causes, the leaping, washing waters sweep away what little surface soil there is from the rocks, and carry it, a swollen, muddy torrent, into the waters below. In a few hours the waters will have disappeared, and nothing but the dried-up water courses will remain to speak of the deluge which has swept over the mountain tops.

"The subject of tree-planting is one not easily dealt with, unless it is strongly supported by Government aid, and in a measure made compulsory on the residents. Before, however, the necessity for compulsory legislation is advocated, it is well to point out to the residents of South Africa generally, some of the good which arises from tree-planting. To attempt to store water or to bring large areas under cultivation, without tree-planting, is extra labour, with the chance of failure super-added. To plant trees without providing for the storage of water is a sure means of stopping the flow of millions of gallons of water which now annually flow into the sea, and whilst these facts are not denied the cry of 'plant trees' should be constantly raised."

I very much fear that the capital—the wealth of the Cape Colony—is growing less. The long droughts are killing its sheep, and oxen, and horses, and destroying the harvests.

Something worse is happening ; these dry days and months are killing the spirit, the enterprise of the people. Our farming population is increasing the habit (I suppose habits can increase) of letting things slide.

I observe that Providence is being appealed to. Special services are being held in several towns to ask God for rain. I have no wish to find any fault with this, though I do not desire to obtrude my 'doxy about fixed law, and Divine power. But it is well for all—religious and irreligious—to bear in mind that large quantities of rain fall yearly in this country, and also that we—whites and blacks—have done our very best (or *worst*) to allow the rain to reach its home—the sea—in the shortest possible time. What falls in holes we also *labour* to expose to the evaporating influence of the sun.

Cape Colony not only labours to get rid of rainfall—but it does its utmost to send away the best of its soil too ! Every stream, when it has the opportunity, rushes to the ocean laden with the very richest earths.

It this to go on ? To parsons and politicians this is an important question. If it does there will in time be none to preach to, and none to tax. In half-a-dozen countries the population has been dried up, and to-day the territories are wastes. There is—whatever else may be—natural law, and that law punishes without regard to persons ; more, it sends down its thunderbolt when it has been outraged, though another generation or another people may occupy the site. The destructive acts of one generation bring punishment to children and grandchildren !

“ Yes, the forests have been destroyed, the bush has been cut down ; but trees, if planted, will not grow in my time.” I am not sure of that—people often live long who often talk of death, but if it be true, the last sentence of my last paragraph should be re-read. You may have carried away a hundred loads of firewood from your farm—in other words you may have cut down five thousand trees, and in doing so

destroyed as many more. The farm is yet a good one, and though the water does not well up at the spring quite as strong as it did, it still runs; but from that farm some day the full penalty of destroying ten thousand trees will be demanded and enforced. Nature never forgives an outrage.

Nearly all the kingdoms, states and colonies in the world have woke up to the importance of re-forestry, and the Cape Colony *must* wake up too. A good many schemes may be suggested. Personally I do not believe in "Government" doing everything, but Parliament may very fitly make laws to compel tree-planting. In Canada, provision has been made for setting apart pieces of land upon which all children attending Public Schools are to plant trees, which they are also to care for. One day in the year is in future to be "Arbour day," and on that day the children are to march from their schools, bearing seeds and trees which they are to plant. As I understand the law, once planted, the schools are to be responsible for their growth, and time is to be set apart for watering, and tending the plantations. This will teach the children to plant trees, and it is likely that ever after they will keep up the practice. It will also allow these children to see what advantage they have conferred on the country. A man sixty years old does not care to plant seed, he says, because he cannot see anything more than saplings grow before he dies, but Canadian children who drop seed into the ground this year will *forty years hence* sit beneath the shade of fine spreading trees, and so receive a full reward. Cannot this Colony have its "Arbour day?" Is it not possible for Parliament to compel every municipality to set apart a piece of commonage for forestry, and to order the children to go out and plant? Difficulty will not be raised by the children.

I know that it is easier to write about tree-planting than to plant trees. Even on watered and irrigated farms, trees have been put in once, twice, three times, but they are all dead. I suppose, "Try, try again," is the motto for such would-be benefactors. If I may venture on advice, I would add, where failure has taken place, try harder plants.

THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

This came off on Friday last, as arranged, but it did not prove a success—indeed, it was a failure as regards a *Show*. The exhibits of cattle, horses and sheep were very few; in fact, about as many as every good well-to-do farmer ought to be able to show on his own farm. The display of grain, meal, butter, vegetables, and forage was also exceedingly poor. The fruit and foliage plants were really the only articles worthy of honourable mention, so far as quantity and quality are concerned. The drought has had much to do with this failure; and it rained so hard on the previous day (Thursday) that many were unable to cross the rivers and spruits, and had to return home again without effecting their object. The Committee did their utmost to make the Show a success, but they could not fight against fate. We trust, however, that now the ice is broken, the farmers and others next year will take more interest in the affair, and that one will emulate the other in endeavouring to produce and exhibit something worthy of the country. As we have before pointed out, it is the agricultural population which must take an interest in these matters by becoming members, subscribing to the funds, sitting on the committees, and otherwise taking a lead. We are living in a country which is governed solely by the people, and if any country should be successful in Agricultural Shows, this ought to be the one. Great praise is, doubtless, due to those gentlemen who have endeavoured to resuscitate the Agricultural Society, and we trust that success will eventually crown their efforts; but the country, as a whole, requires, as Disraeli said “educating.” We are of opinion that the Government should try to initiate a plan of a model farm on the basis of that suggested in a lecture delivered some time ago by the Rev. J. Brebner. If a sum of money was voted annually to send ten or twelve of our brightest youths, who contemplated following farming pursuits, on a trip, with a competent instructor, to New Zealand, Canada, and the United States of America, much good might result. The great fault most of the Afrikanders make is in visiting England and Holland, in the hopes of learning from those

countries. It is a mistake, because our young friends find nothing there in common with this country. In those countries the farmers have to land-ditch to drain off the surplus water, whilst here they have to learn to devise means to conserve the precious element. In all old countries the ground has been prepared for successive generations; immense amounts of money have been expended on improvements; labour is plentiful, skilled, and comparatively cheap; and the climate is better adapted for the raising of products than is our own. In Australia, upon the other hand, many parts are as dry and arid as this country, yet the farmers work miracles compared to ours. If there is a secret in accomplishing this, it should be learnt. A constant stream of intelligent youths would have the effect—especially with the aid of a model farm—of leavening the lump of ignorance.

THE GOLD FIELDS.

From the *Advertiser* and *Natal Mercury* we take the following *re* the Gold Fields. It will be seen that the Fields seem to be as good as they were predicted to be. Considering the depression in trade and diamond digging at Kimberley, it is not unlikely that a rush will take place, provided the Transvaal Government offer encouragement to private enterprise.

We (*Advertiser*) understand that the production of gold at Pilgrim's Rest is very satisfactory, but the officials are very reticent as to the quantity actually yielded. The Ross Hill Company is not fully at work yet, in consequence of the machinery not being sufficiently strong, as we are informed, to stand the work required of it; but we believe the sluicing operations, according to the latest report, produced about 41 ozs. of gold for the week. The claims of King, at Hendriksdal, yielded about 80 ozs. during the same week.

We (*Natal Mercury*) have nothing new from the Gold Fields these past few days; but there is no doubt that, whether for good or ill, the Fields are baulking more largely in public attention just now than they have for the past six months. The following letter to us shows clearly the positions of the two similarly styled farms Berlyn:—

"Waterfall, January 28th.

"SIR,—In one of your issues of last week's *Mercury*, you suppose that Messrs. Barratt Brothers must have sold their farm Berlyn to Baron Grant's company. The Lisbon-Berlyn in which Baron Grant's company is concerned, is quite another farm altogether, and within ten or fifteen miles of Pilgrims' Rest, on the eastern slope of the Drakensberg, overlooking the great plain that extends from thence to Delagoa Bay. Lisbon, Berlyn, Grasskop, and Pomeroy Krantz, or Pilgrims' Rest are all farms adjoining one another, and from whence all the gold has been taken that came from the Transvaal for the last ten years. The farm Berlyn, of Barratt Brothers, is at the Kap, seventy miles distant, and that much nearer Natal. Lisbon-Berlyn and Grasskop are certainly the richest gold-bearing farms in the Transvaal, if being able to see gold in the quartz with the naked eye is any indication of richness. I visited some of the claims on these farms in June last, where I saw a stripped reef sixty yards long and fourteen to twenty feet in depth, in which gold could be seen with the naked eye in every foot of surface, and there are thirteen of these reefs. A rude quartz cutting machine has been at work on the Lisbon-Berlyn for the last three years, and when I was there in June the owner, a Mr. Davis, showed me a tub full of gold, all of which he said had been taken out of his own claim. He had been working in the same claim for the last five years, and is now demanding from the company £65,000 as compensation. It was from this claim that Mr. Hamilton took the quartz that gave him a return of 48 ozs. to the ton.—I am, &c.,

JAMES MCINTOSH."

From the former subjects to the making way for new brooms was no difficulty; it was no homily but a fact, as the following (communicated) which is too good to leave out will show.

MAKE ROOM FOR NEW BROOMS.

"Some time ago your columns bristled with leaders and correspondents' letters teeming with just and inevitable

evidence of the difficulties which the State would incur from the bad legislation of the last sitting of our Parliament. To touch but lightly on the formation of the Volksraad, it is quite clear that some alteration is necessary. What did for twenty years ago will not do in these days—that is to say, that a more equitable division of the districts should be made; that a new registration of electors should be taken which would bring to the polling booth the young and educated farmer, who is now wholly excluded from exercising any influence in the affairs of the State. A reduction of the number of the men for the districts is also much needed. The present men, good enough in their way and in their day, but obsolete now—grasp at the payment of £2 per diem, sit out sittings for the reward, pass stupid laws (see Ord. No. 10—1883), in spite of an empty exchequer and the advice of an Executive who foresaw evils ahead. The President's motto, that "All shall come right," has not been, nor will it be, verified in the Parliament he has called together for the end of this month. The gentlemen assembled will have to meet a big deficit; and how is it to be met? The small-pox scare will figure something like £1,200 per month; doctors and guards living like swells, who must be paid; landdrosts and clerks, sheriffs and other imaginary officials riding about to find out an imaginary pestilence, cost something, and must be paid, whether necessary or unnecessary; and all these additional expenses have been incurred when the State exchequer is represented by the words "No funds." These indisputable facts must leave but one impression upon the mind of every well-wisher to the State:—viz., that a radical change must be made in the constitution of the present Parliament. That the debt must be paid is clear; but in what form, or in what manner, funds are to be raised, is, to us, beyond comprehension. Every farmer tells you he is 'hard-up,' that he has no money—that it is, or has been, dry for the last half-century, and that he never has money. Yes, this is true; but if he were to tell you the whole truth he would say, 'I have thousand upon thousand of morgen of ground. I don't till it; I don't plough it; I make no use of my land. If God sends me rain I don't make dams to hold

it. I get enough to eat from my flock, and my wool is enough to buy clothes.' Soap they make, but don't use much until they go to Church. If we say they told us all these things, there would be no difficulty in understanding their legislation. And it is to many of such gentlemen our interests are to be committed for taxation in the coming Parliament. One thing is evident—that whatever the Executive does propose, they will have to touch their own pockets. By Ordinance No. 10, they lost £2,500 at the lowest estimate, in their glorious attempt to make the State a model of sobriety; yet it is within the bounds of possibility that every one of them *has broken the Act*. How much better would it have been for the State, for trade and commerce and the exchequer, had not such a law been passed, at least a law so modified, and in consonance with other countries where selfishness and spiritual dominion do not exist?

"We commend these few words to the rising and educated young Dutchmen, who at present ought to have a voice in the Government of their own land. The present Parliament, as constituted, is no longer required. It consists of too many members. Its cost is far beyond what the country can pay. A revision of districts is most necessary, and a reduction of taxation instead of increase, as well as fresh registration of voters must be enforced. Before closing these remarks it is as well to remind your readers not to depend upon the Executive, however good its chief and officials may be. They are all powerless in the hands of men who have but one idea, one feeling. As their great progenitor Adam was, so they elect to remain. The young Dutchman should assert his power."

At last we had to bid each other adieu. I once more mounted the cart for the last spin to my temporal home in Bloemfontein, where I found all in disorder, due to the madness of one who took upon himself too much, and who I will expose in my *legal* chapters on the Free State, and although I had sustained heavy losses in 1883, due to the trade jealousy of one Ferneuk-Hardt, near the Church of the Morgen and the general thieves that I fell among in and out and about the Old-Sons, the shameless liars and thieves of a Fountain

Street, who were the outcome of a German, low-bred, Jewish family, married to a German Legion Pauper, who had great gifts from the English, and although supported by a German missionary-legal exploiter, proved a perfect failure, and who deliberately robbed his creditors in the Colony and in the Free State; yet, with all this, I had to recover somewhat, and make due provision for my family and friends in England. Why I failed in not doing so, I will explain in my future *History of the Free State*, which with many other things that happened during my absence, and since, shall be fully made known. I have written as I have found; if the abominations and crimes I have drawn attention to, are not liked, let my readers remember I did not make the conditions, and if they feel as acutely as I have, and do, they will at once purify themselves from all that is rotten and criminal in their midst, and remove all their officials that make their State a by-word among all people.

I HAVE NOT WRITTEN TO PLEASE, BUT TO REFORM.



MARTIN BOON'S AND BRONTERRE O'BRIEN'S
BOOKS FOR THE PEOPLE.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY;

OR,

BOON'S MADNESS ON THE ROAD.

*Being a Philosophical View of Life, Past, Present, and to Come,
in the Orange Free State, Natal, and the Cape Colony.*

PRICE, TWO SHILLINGS.

HOW TO CONSTRUCT
FREE STATE RAILWAYS.

BY

MARTIN JAMES BOON.

*Read before the Bloemfontein Literary Association, 1883, Judge
Reitz in the Chair.*

'Tis to create, and creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image.

PRICE—SIXPENCE.

HOW TO NATIONALIZE ENGLAND'S COMMONS & WASTE LANDS.

*Dedicated to the Prime Minister, Reformers' Union
and to the British People,*

BY MARTIN JAMES BOON,

Author of "Home Colonisation," "Protest Against Emigration," Remedies
for the Present Time," &c.

PRICE—SIXPENCE.

National Paper Money, & Its Use

BY

MARTIN JAMES BOON,

The Remedy for the Present and All Time.

PRICE, SIXPENCE.

HOW TO COLONIZE SOUTH AFRICA,

AND

BY WHOMP

BY MARTIN JAMES BOON.

PRICE, TWO SHILLINGS.

*The One True Remedy for "Outcast London," all
other Cities, and the World all over.*

HOW TO CONSTRUCT RAILWAYS,

Ship Canals, Waterworks, Electric Light
and Gas Works, Harbours, Docks, Tramways and
other National and Municipal Works of Utility,
Without Loans, Bonds, Mortgages, or the Burden
of Interest.

By MARTIN JAMES BOON.

PRICE—SIXPENCE.

THE RISE, PROGRESS AND PHASES OF HUMAN SLAVERY.

*How it Came into the World, and How it shall be
made to Go Out.*

BY THE

NATIONAL REFORMER, BRONTERRE O'BRIEN, B.A.

PRICE, THREE SHILLINGS & SIXPENCE.

WORKS BY WILLIAM MACCALL.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
National Missions (16 Lectures)	10	6	The Individuality of the Individual	0	6
The Elements of Individualism	7	6	Sacramental Services (sewed)	0	6
The Agents of Civilization. A Series of Lectures ...	1	6	The Lessons of the Pestilence	0	6
The Education of Taste ...	1	0	Creed of Man	0	4
The Doctrine of Individuality	0	6	The Unchristian Nature of Commercial Restrictions ..	0	3

TRUBNER & Co., Paternoster Row.

Outlines of Individualism ...	0	6	The Career and Character of C. J. Napier	0	2
Solomon's Song of Songs ...	0	2			
The Land and the People ...	0	2			

E. TRUBLOVE, 256, High Holborn.

Via Crucis, 2/6; The Newest Materialism, 1/-; Russian Rhymes, 6d.

GEORGE STANDRING, 8 & 9, Finsbury Street, E.C.

JUST ISSUED, Crown 8vo., 96pp., Cloth Gold Lettered,

with Vignette Title Page.

PRICE, 2/-, POST FREE,

MOODS AND MEMORIES

BEING MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, BY

WILLIAM MACCALL.

LONDON: W. STEWART & Co., 41, Farringdon Street, E.C. EDINBURGH:

J. MENZIES & Co.

MALTHUSIAN QUACKERY.
THE TRILOGY OF SKUNKISM.

HISTORY ALLEGORICAL & CATEGORICAL
OF THE

TWO PRIMORDIAL SKUNKITES

Brassy Cheek

AND

Breezy Bouncer

By the Famous German Traveller,

HERR VON SCHLAGSCHARKE.

1.—The Dunghill Dancers.

2.—The Deification of Bestiality.

3.—The Creed of the Cesspool.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Can be had of all ANTI-Malthusian Booksellers; also at 170, Farringdon Road, W.C., where all Boon's Books, and the Land, Labour, and Currency Literature, can be procured.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

IN THE PRESS AND WILL SHORTLY BE READY,

THE HISTORY
OF THE
ORANGE FREE STATE,
BY MARTIN JAMES BOON,

THIS work, in addition to its generally interesting contents, contains information of the most startling character, compiled from authentic sources, throwing a flood of light upon Jewish, German, Medical, Legal, Clerical, and Official DARK DEEDS in the Orange Free State, and should be read by every resident in that South African "Plague Spot," and the world at large.

b. p.

MAR 23 1959

