

rate of from five to six miles an hour for the livelong day.

I firmly believed that I had obtained a treasure, but a difficulty arose when least expected.

My favourites would not fraternize with the new comer, and never lost a chance to bite or kick him. Thus the poor little chap could not make himself comfortable among his associates, and never stayed any longer in their company than he could avoid, giving myself and boy much unnecessary trouble by this proclivity.

I arrived at mid-day at the “Limouney Vley,” lunched upon a box outside a diminutive dry-goods store; sardines, American biscuits, and beer at five shillings a bottle, being the component parts of my meal. Having stowed away my impromptu feed, I renewed my journey, and ere the sun went down had travelled about twenty odd miles more.

My halting-place had been so well described to me that I could not fail to recognize it, being, as it was, the handsomest residence I had seen since leaving Maritzburg.

It was the property of a Mr. Howell, from the Colesberg district in the old colony, and he has spent much time and trouble in ornamenting his new home with a quantity of fine trees and shrubs. An avenue of oaks led to his hall door; around his dwelling-house were blue gums, black wattles, and a great variety of fruit and shade trees; while in the rear was a prolific garden, well stocked with

useful as well as ornamental plants. On the left was a koppie surrounded by a Kaffir kraal, the apex of the hill being covered by numerous indigenous shrubs; and behind this was an enclosure of 2500 young trees promising, at no late date to form a handsome plantation. In front of the mansion was a large pond, covering many acres, supplied by a never-failing spring, the margin of which was closely planted with willows and poplars.

If anything could recompense a man for spending his life so far from the haunts of his fellow-countrymen, the possession of a homestead such as this would do so; but I fear that nine out of ten of my compatriots, whatever might be the results to be obtained, would agree with the French adage that "the game is not worth the candle."

CHAPTER XIII.

A MODEL FARM.

“ONLY left Natal on the 14th April?” ejaculated Mr. Howell, as we sat over our pipes after supper; “why, it took me nearly six months to come from the old colony here. But then I could not hurry, as I had a large stock of cattle and sheep.”

“No!” interrupted a pretty girl, who sat close to her father’s elbow, and carefully filled his pipe when that instrument of good fellowship required replenishing; “we were only four months and eight days on the journey.”

“Daughter,” said the old gentleman, “I wish you would attend to your sewing, and leave me to do the talking. When Mr. K—— comes here, I don’t interrupt your conversation with him.”

At this the little lassie blushed very red, and found an immediate occasion to enter the kitchen on the plea of looking after domestic matters.

“Yes, my friend, when I came here ten years ago there was not as much timber in the place as would have sufficed to light a fire. My neighbours were all Boers, who laughed at me and the

expense and trouble I took to supply the deficiency. I don't know that they would even now agree with me that my labour was not thrown away; for, with the exception of an occasional orange or peach tree, you never find anything in the shape of green wood about their premises. Every stone that my house is composed of I hewed out of the adjoining quarry, and had to work early and late, but I am quite satisfied with my reward."

"So you have been in America?" he went on; "come tell me about it. Before I got this place I had almost resolved to make that country my home." So we discussed prairie farming, back-wood life, and stock-raising, until the hour became so late that an adjournment was proposed.

Soon after daybreak my new friend knocked at my bedroom door, and asked me if I should like to see his flocks and herds before they were driven to pasture; to which proposition I heartily assented.

I had no idea previously that any person in this land possessed such a numerous stock. There were hundreds of Angola goats, hundreds of merino sheep, hundreds of horned cattle, and a great quantity of horses. What figure they represented in the aggregate it was an utter impossibility to form an idea during so short an estimate, but I should think, not a fraction less than 10,000.

On returning to the house to breakfast, politics

were touched upon, when the old gentleman expressed his opinion, in the strongest terms at his command, that unless England interfered, and took the Free State into her hands, it would be as backward in fifty years time as it was at the present moment.

“ Are you aware,” said he, “ that these Boers consider their youths to be fully educated when they have learnt to read the Bible, and perhaps have advanced as far as division in arithmetic? and that even at this date they grumble because they cannot wear skins for clothing as their fathers did; that they will not bank one farthing of the money they have received from the English Government, but keep it locked up in a box at their own houses; and that not one in a dozen would give you a receipt for money paid him, or write his name across a cheque drawn in his favour? Well, these are facts which nobody who knows the country will dispute. I am not posted in politics, like yourself or some of the big men at Cape Town, but I consider it a duty of civilizing England to take us under her protection. The other night I read the speech of Sir Bartle Frere, made to the Boers in the Transvaal. He is the right man in the right place, and tells the people what he means in language which they can thoroughly understand. I wish he would come along this way, for I should like to ‘put him up.’ There’s nought in my house that I should consider too good for him.”

So I cordially grasped the old man's hand, and told him that he exactly endorsed my own sentiments. Let political agitators cavil at the policy of this distinguished Statesman; the nation must ere long see and know that he is right, and that the course pursued by him was the only one which could have benefited our colonies in South Africa.

My love of birds took me for a stroll in the neighbourhood of the pond, which seemed to have been selected by every feathered denizen of the locality.

Pretty sombre-plumaged finches with scarlet bills were to be found in thousands; turtle-doves cooed from the branches and summits of every tree; the diminutive and retiring Hottentot duck floated in numbers over the pool's surface; hawks glided to and fro on silent pinion; while aloft, upon a dead bough, were perched two eagles, looking upon the scene with that proud gaze which a monarch may be supposed to assume when surveying the realms of which he is the sovereign. The elements of bloodshed were here, yet all was peace and repose.

I must not forget to narrate an amusing little circumstance that my host informed me of—namely, that there was a deficit of 70,000*l.* in the financial accounts of this model republic.

“And how do you think it occurred?” inquired he. “In this way. The majority of our office-holders, as you are aware, are Dutchmen ;

few Boers being sufficiently educated to hold government positions. Well, these swiping, guzzling Hollanders have an exceeding great love for champagne, so champagne they had. That costs about 1*l.* a bottle out here ; and if the whole sum was not expended in that drink, I believe most of it was !”

By nine o'clock I was in the saddle, my horses during the night having been fed, groomed, and well taken care of ; so champed their bits, and indicated by their manner that they felt capable of doing a good day's work.

About mid-day I approached a house ; and, on asking for a cup of water, a filthy, stout, and aged woman came to the “stoop,” and questioned me as to the latest news of the war. When informed that a severe action had lately taken place, in which a large number of Zulus had been killed, she interrupted me before my sentence was finished with the query, “How many red-coats ?” I told her a great many, at which she exclaimed, in ecstasies of delight, “Mooi ! mooi ! mooi !” (meaning “Excellent !”), clapping her hands with pleasure the while.

This road now became even less interesting ; for in many places obtruded from the surface of the soil enormous rocks, some of which reminded me strongly of Stonchenge, although possibly I had to stretch my imagination in reference to the regularity of position that each stone occupied.

I observed a new variety of “koran” on these

flats, which, unlike its representative further to the southward, a black bird, is here a brown-coloured species, and which is, if anything, larger in size than the other. In my former journeyings in the interior of Africa I have shot many of this family, and therefore know them all tolerably well; but this is by far the most handsome I ever met with. They belong to the Bustard class, and like all that race, are so much addicted to running that it is difficult to get them to lie before a setter or pointer. However, should hours of labour grant you a success, you have obtained a prize which would delight the soul of a veritable gourmet.

Pauw, a larger bird, belonging to the same naturalist's classification, I have not seen many of; and this I attribute to the lateness of the season, as they are well known to be partially migratory. They are another of the *bonne-bouches* which the African veldt yields occasionally as a meal to the tired and exhausted traveller.

At a turn of the road I suddenly meet with a party of Kaffirs on horseback, swaddled in their numerous blankets or skin carosses, and mounted on their miserable half-fed ponies. They look at once a conquered race, just as they are, no more resembling the Zulu of Natal or Zululand than a slave does his task-master.

At one time the Free State possessed a large native population; kraals, in those days, abounded on every hand, and a farmer had no difficulty in obtaining labourers; but the Boer's brutality, cupidity,

and want of faith, have driven these people away, and labour is scarcely obtainable to perform the most trivial services. From morning to night you hear one common source of complaint: “How can a farmer succeed or make money if no workmen can be got to assist him?” Never was the adage of the “goose with the golden eggs” more thoroughly verified than it is here; and what commiseration can be felt for the sufferers, when they have been themselves the fabricators of the difficulty? I am not prepared to say that the mode of managing native affairs is perfect in Natal; but one thing I *do* know, that it can never be laid to our doors that we treated the black population of *our* colony as beasts of the fields, or brutes of burthen. The Zulus of Natal, during our late war, gave us little assistance, it is true; but if they did not commit themselves to overt acts of hostility towards our enemy, they afforded us, on the other hand, no grounds of uneasiness with reference to their loyalty.

After a tedious and most fatiguing ride, during which I was frequently informed that Heilbrun was close at hand, I observed the object of my search seven or eight miles in front of me, spread over a large flat, the position of which was marked by Eland’s koppie, which stood out in bold relief on the adjoining veldt.

On descending the side of a slope, a person, who spoke English fluently, requested me to come to a neighbouring house.

In front of the door stood a rude unfinished coffin, fashioned by no skilled hand. My eye rested inquiringly upon it, which my new acquaintance observing, volunteered the information that the owner of the adjacent establishment had either met with an accident or been murdered; which had been the case, however, neither he nor his friends could decide.

Immediately afterwards I was introduced into a darkened room, where lay the body of a stalwart Boer, his head disfigured by a ghastly wound. The injury might have been the result of a blow, or just as possibly a fall from his horse.

It was known that he had been drinking heavily at a canteen in the vicinity, but had taken his departure from there, in the company of a stranger, in no worse a condition of inebriety than usual. The horse he rode had the reputation of being exceedingly attached to its owner, and was remarkable for its surefootedness, while the stranger he travelled with was unknown, and had not been seen since the casualty occurred. The circumstances led them to conclude that there were good grounds to suppose there had been foul play; yet on those vast flats, where human beings seldom travelled after night, how improbable would it be that witnesses could be obtained or a just decision arrived at. . . .

In an hour and a half I reached the Temperance Hotel, Heilbrun.

It is a busy little town of late growth, and

promises fair to become, some day, a place of importance. It is built so as to form four sides of a square, and the numerous waggons, loaded with wool, that were outspanned in the centre of the town, indicated that trade was prosperous.

Many of the shops were large brick buildings, and would have done credit to Durban or Maritzburg.

As is usually found in these out-of-the-way settlements, the majority of the traders were either colonial or British by birth. From many I received a most hospitable welcome, while the landlord of the hotel did all in his power to make me comfortable; not forgetting, however, in respect of charges, to take the sinister translation of the scripture quotation. I was a stranger, and he "took me in."

CHAPTER XIV.

INHOSPITALITY.

I HAD given strict injunctions to my boy that, if he had become conversant with the object of my mission into the interior of Africa, he was to be perfectly mute upon the subject to all strangers with whom he might be brought into contact.

Knowing the country well as I did, and its unsettled state, I had reason to believe that obstacles would be thrown in my way, to prevent the successful accomplishment of the duties imposed on me ; and thus I resolved to be " Mr. Smith," a possible speculator in land, or settler looking out for a new farm. But well devised as were my plans, this useless addition to my *cortége*, whether to enhance his own position, or to have additional lustre reflected upon him by his serving a person of importance, heralded my arrival broadcast throughout the community, and proclaimed me a swell of no ordinary magnitude. The result being, that in the evening the front of the hotel, which stood in the centre of the principal thoroughfare, was passed and repassed, at least a dozen times, by

the leaders of the *bon ton*, with a hope that they might catch a glimpse of the live lion which had been suddenly precipitated amongst them.

Nor was this all. After supper, the smoking-room was crowded with merchants and government officials, the tenour of the latter's conversation being exactly such as would be adopted by persons desirous of originating a disturbance.

So I slipped away and paid a visit of inspection to my horses, that I might be sure they were all right, immediately afterwards retiring to bed, with a book and a pipe, to enjoy my well-earned repose. At an early hour of the morning I was once more under weigh.

The country was more "rolling" than it had previously been; and, altogether, the incidents which occurred were of a more exciting character.

The first of the latter was ludicrous in the extreme. My attendant purchased at Heilbrun a pair of spurs. These he wore, and doubtless considered himself no end of a swell. I had called him alongside, to reprove him for having disobeyed my instructions. As might have been anticipated he denied, in the strongest terms, backed by the most weighty of oaths, that he had been guilty of the offence with which he was charged. Not desiring to have an argument on the subject, I ordered him to sharpen his pace, as we had a long ride before us. On doing so, he struck the big horse that carried him with his spurs. The animal, in consequence, buck-jumped, and sent

his rider spread-eagle fashion over his head. He fell on his face, and when he arose all the more prominent parts of his physiognomy had got the skin most thoroughly rasped off. It was wonderful to see how many pegs this trifling episode took him down in his own estimation.

A few miles further I required a glass of water, so stopped at a farmhouse to obtain one. If the dwelling was itself filthy, its habitants were even more so. When I requested water, a consultation was held among the inmates, and immediately afterwards the door was slammed in my face.

Being conscious that I had done nothing to deserve such treatment, I knocked sharply at the door, when a hairy-visaged, beetle-browed, tobacco-chewing scoundrel, poked the muzzle of a rifle out of the window, and ordered me to be off in language, which although Dutch, was sufficiently explicit. The enemy was in good cover; I, in the open and unprotected; so I came to the conclusion that I could scarcely be accused of cowardice if I continued my journey.

I have, however, no hesitation in saying that I felt irate—nay, would even have been gratified to have had this wretch out on the veldt, that I might have given him such a pommelling as so inhospitable a villain well deserved.

“It never rains but it pours” is not an unfrequent expression, and is one in which much truth lurks. In passing along the edge of a steep hill-

side, where the road was narrow, I met half-a-dozen Boer teamsters, toiling along at their usual slow pace, who, when they perceived me coming, drew their waggons across the road in such a position as prevented my passing them.

I remonstrated, and spoke feelingly and impressively on my right of road.

My harangue they considered to be intensely diverting, and laughed immoderately at the difficulty in which I was placed.

As these disputants of my path were clearly not in a hurry, or disposed to remove the obstructions which they had placed in my way, I was of necessity compelled, with no very good grace, to make a *détour* of nearly half a mile.

The next part of my route lay along a river-bed; at an abrupt turn I found myself in front of a farmhouse, substantially constructed out of stone; and as I was thirstier than ever, I knocked at the door, but received no answer.

Riding round to the back of the premises, I perceived several white children playing with an equal number of young Kaffirs. The moment they set eyes upon me, uttering a shriek, they bolted off to hide themselves among the reeds and other *débris* that margined the water-course.

At length I tempted a little girl forth by holding up, between my finger and thumb, a small silver coin. This acted as a talisman, and the little naked white savage came tremblingly to me, and although suffering from undoubted fear, after a

delay of many minutes procured me what I so greatly stood in need of.

Over the flats that I traversed, later in the day, I saw large droves of spring-bok and bless-bok, a certain indication that farms were becoming less numerous and sportsmen less to be dreaded.

From some oversight I here missed my way, and did not discover my mistake until I had proceeded for several miles to the westward of my route.

The inhabitants of a cabin, more civil than any I had previously met, kindly directed me how to reach the main track, which I fortunately regained after an hour's ride.

In front of me was a waggon slowly toiling up an incline. Sharpening my pace, I was about to pass it, when a stentorian voice shouted out my name.

I looked at the speaker, but could not succeed in recognizing him.

At length he dismounted from his perch on the waggon-box, and advancing towards me held out his horny hand. I looked and looked again.

Could it be possible? It was Mr. Greet, a German trader, whom I had last seen in Matabeleland.

He was *en route* from Natal to the interior, and had suffered no inconsiderable pecuniary loss from his cattle being attacked by the numerous ailments that oxen suffer from in the vicinity of the sea-coast.

Soon after we overtook his leading waggons, when we enjoyed a hearty lunch, which terminated with a stirrup-cup of “square-face.”

At this out-spanning place no less than three of his cattle were down, and it did not require an experienced eye to see that they had trekked their last trek.

Thus he had to mount his horse and go scouring about the country to endeavour to supply their places. If his statement was correct, he had already lost thirty-five head of cattle, each of which at present prices was worth upwards of twelve pounds—rather rough work upon a poor man!

From this person I got some most useful information with respect to the state of the interior. All traders, with scarcely an exception, had been driven out of Bechuana and Matabele-land after the Isanwala disaster, and but for his long residence in Lubenguelo’s country, and the terms of friendship he was on with that chief, he would never have dreamed of daring to revisit it.

I informed him of a portion of my plans, when he most urgently begged me not to think for a moment of making such an attempt, for if I did so I should be sure never to return.

The sun had gone down when I reached Friedel Ford. But one store stands in this diminutive hamlet. To this I directed my steps, and found the proprietor at home. He kindly offered me accommodation; but, as he had no stables, a

neighbouring Boer was sent for, who promised to put up my horses and feed them well. His ideas of good feeding and mine did not agree; but, as I had no other alternative, I left my beasts in his charge.

Later on a waggon halted in front of my host's. At the enormous sum of 3s. each I obtained twelve bundles of forage. This forage, I may here mention, consists of oat straw, upon which the grain still hangs, but has failed to ripen; and, with this, satisfied myself as to the comfort of my weary-footed friends.

The landlady was good-looking, young, and musical; and the few hours which I spent between supper and my retirement to roost, were a most agreeable contrast to many of those hitherto experienced on my journey.

The only damper to the enjoyment of my visit here was the aggravated size of the bill presented me by the Boer in the morning, for the feed and keep of my horses and boy during the previous night. That a Boer will never pay a fair price for anything he buys, nor accept a just remuneration for anything he supplies, is received as a maxim by those foreigners who reside amongst them, and one which ought to be remembered by such travellers as circumstances may chance to bring in contact with them.

CHAPTER XV.

FRIEDEL FORD.

THE final words of instruction given me on leaving Friedel Ford were: "You will reach the Vaal river in about an hour. There is no possibility of making a mistake, as all the roads, pointing to the north, lead to it." For five or six miles I rode over the same uninteresting country, frequently passing through large flocks of sheep and goats. Much cannot be said in reference to the condition of these animals, and their dispirited and weary appearance only seemed to be exceeded by the abject misery of the natives who acted as herdsmen. This life may suit a Kaffir, but I should imagine it would soon have the effect of driving a white man out of his mind.

Earnestly I looked for the promised river, but not a vestige of it could I see. However, a marked change in the features of the country was becoming apparent, for distant koppies rose above one another, each a mass of rock and parasitical vegetation.

"Just like my luck," I exclaimed. "I have

lost my way, and doubtless shall lose several hours before I regain it, which will prevent all hope of my reaching Pourchestroom to-night; and, as I am not aware of any resting-place existing between here and that town, I shall be compelled to sleep on the veldt."

Such I know will frequently have to be my fate, but I do not wish to commence it before I am obliged. While passing over a swell in the ground, I perceived several hyænas taking a most careful and interested observation of the flocks which were scattered over the ground below them. Until I got within 150 yards of these freebooters, they regarded my presence with indifference, but soon withdrew behind the crest, when their vicinity could only be detected by the occasional view of a round head, surmounted by a large pair of tulip ears.

It is seldom that I allow an opportunity of taking a shot at these rogues to pass—the most cowardly, yet bloodthirsty, of the carnivora of Africa; but expedition being absolutely necessary, I grudged the time I should lose if I put my custom into practice. Half an hour's further riding did not bring me in view of the Vaal; but, as I saw a good-looking and substantial farmhouse close at hand, I resolved to visit it, with the hope of obtaining information which might guide me in my search.

Several large, vociferous, and ill-mannered dogs rushed out to meet me, and it was not without

difficulty that I prevented them laying hold of my horse's legs. At length one, more venturous than his fellows, came within kicking distance, when Bobby, who was being led at the time, let him have both hind-feet square in the face. The brute was knocked topsy-turvy, and I don't doubt that he had marks upon his figure-head that he would bear for many a day to come. This clever performance of my horse effectually frightened the others, who slunk off growling, towards their owner's residence.

Having ridden up to the porch, a fine specimen of an old man, so fat and rotund in person as to be almost a curiosity, welcomed me most civilly. His costume was between that of a sailor and a buccaneer. In his hand he held a veritable Dutch china pipe, while on a table, at his elbow, was a jug and tumbler, the latter half-filled with something that looked exceedingly like thick, muddy, home-made wine. This veteran spoke English fairly, and politely requested me to dismount. I did so, and, producing my pipe, prepared for a pow-wow, as experience has told me, if you want information from a Boer, you must never attempt to hurry him.

My host was altogether so pleasant, and well-posted on the principal subjects of the day, that I became a charmed listener to his conversation. He knew I was an Englishman, and hinted broadly that he surmised me to be a Government servant. After which he launched out into the

desirability of my country taking the destinies of the Free State into its hands. He was an advocate for roads, railways, and other improvements, "For," added he "they will enhance the value of our land, and such things never will be made so long as we have a Boer Government. There are as many in the Free State for you as there are against you; and if any fighting has to be done to accomplish the end in view, why let us do it among our ourselves, and save your soldiers for keeping the Zulus and Kaffirs in order."

"How far," inquired I, "is it to the Ford across the Vaal river?"

"About fifteen miles," was the laconic reply.

"Can I get to Pourchestroom to-night?"

"Just possible, with fresh horses, and riding as if the devil were at your heels!"

Knowing that such severity of pace was more than my jaded animals could undertake, and that if I was barbarous enough to attempt such a performance they would become useless for further work without a lengthened rest, I dismissed the idea of reaching Mooi River Dorp until the morrow.

When about to bid the friendly old gentleman good-bye, he insisted on my remaining to join him at dinner: On my consenting to this proposal, he shouted with stentorian lungs to his Frau, who on making her appearance was instructed to lay another place at table.

Up to this moment it seemed that the inmates

of the house had been unaware of my arrival; for no sooner had the good woman disappeared than five buxom, blooming daughters, ranging in age from sixteen to twenty-four years, came out to shake hands with the stranger.

Why is it, I wonder, that in this land everybody shakes hands with everybody else? If you go into a store you shake hands with the salesman, the master, and with each of the customers in rotation—dirty paws being the usual condition! It is frequently, on this account, far from a pleasing mode of salutation.

However, the ladies in this particular case were all exempt from this drawback, and all were sufficiently clean and tidy to have made even the more familiar embrace and osculation things I should far from have objected to. It is extraordinary how many little matters these charming young ladies found to do on the verandah all of a sudden. One discovered that the parental pipe required filling; a second that the wine was exhausted, and that the stranger must needs be thirsty; a third that an extra wine-glass was required, &c.

While these attentions were being shown me, a Kaffir, intent on taking life, pursued, with relentless energy, an unfortunate fowl, which was knocked over with his knobkerry, which trifling episode told me that in lieu of "corn bread and common doings," we were to enjoy the, to me, unwonted luxury of "chicken fixins."

Judging from the "heft," height, and pink-white complexions of these mädchen, I concluded that the country and mode of life pursued must be healthy in the extreme.

"You are not a Boer?" said I, addressing the old man.

"No! no!" answered he; "I am a Hollander."

After which he told me he had been a sailor in former days, and that before giving up that profession he had commanded his own craft. "I would have kept to the sea for some years longer, but off Dassen Island my only son, a fine lad of eighteen, was washed overboard."

Here a tear moistened the poor man's eye; but he continued, "I couldn't bear the life after that, so I sold all I possessed and came here. It is so long ago, that I do not feel it so keenly now. It was only yesterday I was saying to the old woman that I should like to take a look at the sea again. I think she hankers after it too, for we were both born and brought up at the Texel."

The interior of the house was as clean as soap and paint could make it, and as neat in its internal arrangements as the cabin of a ship.

The meal provided was excellent of its kind: fowls, sauerkraut, and salt-fish salad—the latter great favourites of mine, and forming an important feature on the board.

With deep regret I shook hands with the host and hostess; and, on bidding them adieu, "busked" all the lasses round, who received the salutes in

the most matter-of-fact manner in the world ; then vaulted myself into the saddle, and loathfully, if I may say so, resumed my journey.

After my recent experience in the want of civility, inhospitality, and occasional barbarism of the Boers, my heart beat gratefully that, before leaving the civilized world behind me, I had once more met with a reception the remembrance of which I should cherish in my mind through the approaching period of isolation I was entering upon ; and which could not fail to enhance my hope of a safe return to those friends who had themselves small expectation of seeing me again in the land of the living.

I may mention here a point in my character which has helped to carry me through much peril, and one which I believe myself eminently to possess—namely, a confidence in my power to overcome difficulties, however appalling they may appear at the time, which prevented the prognostications of evil on my behalf from overwhelming me, and robbed the prophesied terrors of half their awe.

We all know how wonderfully clean, neat, and industrious the inhabitants of Holland are ; is it, then, not extraordinary that their descendants in South Africa are generally exactly the reverse ? As here, so it is in the United States of North America.

A Dutch settlement may be thrifty, and the farms admirably cultivated ; but dirt and disorder

will be invariably discovered by the visitor to reign paramount.

Through the distant koppies, which I had seen earlier in the day, I now wended my way.

On their southern face numerous farms occurred, sheltered by orange, lemon, and peach-trees; mealie fields stretched on each side of the roadway, and from a margin of grass I flushed quail at every few yards.

This sudden change was as wonderful a contrast as jumping from winter into summer, for here all was bright and beautiful, while the veldt behind me was a treeless, withered waste of sunburnt grass.

To my right flowed the noble Vaal river—one long and uninterrupted stretch of clear water, sparkling translucent in the sunshine, and adding a glowing radiance to the landscape.

In my course I passed several people, who appeared to view the stranger with distrust, although they answered my inquiries with civility. But the "Drift," where is it? Not here. The water is far too still and deep for man or horse to attempt to ford it.

Another weary hour passes, and the scene changes again. Now the Vaal is a rushing torrent, a gigantic rapid that would occupy no ignominious place among the grand rivers of North America.

Ultimately what appears to be a natural dam is reached; beside it stands a miserable tent and

hut, and near to a fire in their vicinity sit two ragged children, who are the son and daughter of an itinerant blacksmith.

The boy, a bright-eyed little fellow about ten years old, volunteers to pilot me across the drift, and strips himself for that purpose.

I give him hold of Tommy's halter when he enters the stream, and with a pole, which he holds in his hand, cautiously feels his way.

In ten minutes I am at the other side safe and sound, although the water has in several places come up high enough to wet my saddle-flaps.

A florin, which I present to my juvenile guide, delights him immoderately, for he smiles incessantly as he surveys it. Probably the poor little fellow never was so rich before, and anticipates in imagination what a host of luxuries he will be able to purchase with so much money.

When I say adieu, he turns round and rushes to the stream, and splashing, wading, half-swimming, and waking the echoes with his shouts of merriment, more like a water-spaniel than a human being, he returns to his miserable home.

For some time we wound among koppies, or through dark ravines, heavily timbered on either side, and just such places as may be expected to be the haunts of savage animals. Doubtless, a few years ago they were so, but the rifle and poison have now driven the marauders from their original strongholds.

The country, later on, becomes more open.



A Welcome Addition to the Commissariat.

As the sun is about to go down, I pass one of the most charmingly situated farms that I have seen in South Africa. A large pond of clear water fronts the house, and at the back is a limpid stream. The building is thatched, and the eaves project far beyond their supports. Fruit-trees, dense and numerous, surround it, and the dark green foliage of the orange and lemon form a pleasant contrast to the snow-white walls.

“Forty miles still from Pourchestroom, did you say?”

“Yes—it is a good six hours’ ride.”

“Thanks for your information. Good-bye.”

It may be worth explaining here, that a Boer calculates distance, not by miles, but by hours, six miles being considered a fair hour’s journey.

Half an hour before the sun went down we dismounted, knee-haltered the horses, and turned them loose upon the veldt to feed.

Soon a fire was sending up its circling smoke towards the heavens; and although we had nothing to eat, the surroundings made a very home-like appearance. Immediately before dark a Kaffir passed.

He was armed with a gun, and carried on his back a klip-springer, of which a little inducement on my part caused him to sell me a hind-quarter; without pepper, and without salt, and without bread, I enjoyed that meal, for constant exercise in the open air had made me really hungry.

CHAPTER XVI.

MOOI RIVER DORP.

THAT night was one of the longest I ever passed in my life, for my body had become unaccustomed to having the earth for a bed and the heavens for a canopy.

Mosquitoes were also numerous, and of that daring, persevering, and exploring kind, which discovers a way to every part of your unfortunate body. Moreover, my attendant would not, or could not, sleep; and, as if out of a pure spirit of devilment, seemed determined to prevent my doing so either.

The horses, again, were restless, and appeared to suffer considerably from exposure. Several times Bob, who was an extremely nervous brute, made violent efforts to break loose. This, no doubt, was the result of his seeing or scenting some animal with which he was not familiar. Soon after midnight I and the boy got at loggerheads, for he began grumbling over the hardness of a fate that condemned him to sleep out on the veldt, like a beast of the field, with nothing

more for his supper than a piece of tough old buck.

These murmurings appeared to me very much like mutiny and insubordination, which I forthwith told him, not being very choice, but exceedingly explicit in the language I used.

After many weary hours of watching, the eastern sky became more and more illuminated, and I witnessed one of those glorious sunrises that are frequent in this portion of the world; but unwashed, unkempt, and sleepless, as I was, I doubt much if I admired it as I ought to have done.

Poetry and romance are all very well in their way, but hardship is not conducive to nurturing them.

A couple of hours were granted my horses to feed. The veldt was sun-baked, and the grass withered and brown, yet the animals seemed able to pick up an occasional mouthful of sustenance.

The country, I learn, has been long without rain, and if such be the case in the lands beyond the Transvaal, that I am about to visit, how will my pets live?

It is a serious subject to think upon, so I will let the evil be sufficient for the day thereof.

The time has come to ride. Saddling is expeditiously performed, and once more I am mounted, directing my course northward. For miles I ride through droves of horned cattle, many

of which are so low in condition as to appear a mass of skin and bone.

As the day advances I overtake bullock-waggons, carts, and equestrians; for it is Sunday, and all the good folks are wending their way to their respective places of worship. At home, from the appearance of the surroundings, any one can recognize that it is the Sabbath; and even here, so far beyond the haunts of traffic and commerce, where everything is natural and unaltered by the skill of man, I almost believe that this day can be detected. There was a placid stillness that reigned over everything, and whispered in my ear, "This is the seventh day, and therefore the day of rest."

The largest Kaffir kraal I have yet seen on this trip I rode through about eleven o'clock. The inhabitants were nearly all dressed in European clothes, and the gorgeousness of their colouring gave such brilliancy to the scene as to remind the observer of a "Watteau" picture. A mile or two further the hilly ground terminated, and before me stretched an immense plain, bounded on the horizon by elevated ridges of hills, while in the centre of the flat reposed embedded in hundreds of green trees, Pourchestroom, known by the Boer population as Mooi River Dorp. The termination of this stage of my journey appeared the longest and slowest part of my route.

At length the ford over the Mooi river is reached. On its margin are several emigrant

waggons, while close at hand, on the overhanging banks, are seated upwards of a couple of dozen of men, women, and children. When questioned, I am informed by them, that some are from the old colony, and some from the old country, and that they are proceeding to take possession of farms beyond Haute Marico. Of the tedium and slowness of their journey they complained sadly; but they all appeared to look forward to a happy future. How many of them will ever return to the homes of their infancy is a question neither you nor I, reader, can solve.

The scenery surrounding me is not unattractive, and I should imagine at an early date this immense valley or plain will be richer in agricultural wealth than any other part of the Transvaal.

Here the grass does not grow in bunches scattered widely apart, as it is found in the northern portion of our new territory; consequently it can support three or four head of cattle on a space that would only feed one further to the northward. Then the soil, instead of being sand, is a fine loam, eminently suited for the cultivation of cereals. A few years back, in spring, I rode with a friend across its undulating slopes, and was much struck with the number and variety of wild flowers that decked this plain.

In a fever of excitement my boy calls my attention to a large drove of bless-bok, feeding close to the road. Although it is Sunday, he requests permission to shoot at them. That I could not

grant; for they are a semi-tame herd, the property of my old friend the Landdrost. This gentleman is most generous in granting permission to his friends to shoot, but has a strong objection to strangers trespassing upon his preserves in pursuit of game. Nor is this to be wondered at when it is known that it costs many a pound annually to protect them from the pursuit of teamsters and transport-riders, whose sole desire is to obtain the hide and loave the carcase rotting on the veldt.

In the Mooi river good fishing is to be obtained. Yellow-fish, and Siluridæ, erroneously here called barbel, are abundant, and grow to a great size. Near the margin of this river, and further down its course than where I crossed it, are several large marshes well stocked with snipe and duck. Reed-bok are not unfrequently found also in these meadow-lands; while partridge, quail, and several other varieties of game, can be shot on all the hill-sides. The ordinary sportman—that is, the one who does not crave to kill animals as big as bullocks—will find Pourchestroom pleasant shooting quarters; but I fear that it will not continue long so, for its population is rapidly increasing.

As time passes, my craving for food reminds me that I have not eaten since yesternight; so I say a word of encouragement to my ponies, shake my reins, and canter into the town. Respectable citizens and burghers, just leaving their places of worship, turn round and regard me with expressions of wonder as I hurry on. My dirty ap-

pearance and soiled clothes, if it were not for the excellence of my animals, would stamp me in their minds as a thorough outsider; but a Boer and an Africander know a good horse when they see it, and their heart seems to expand towards the owners of such animals.

At length the hotel is reached. The gentlemanly and hospitable proprietor receives me, and "Mr. Smith's" horses are sent to the stable, and himself shown into a clean and comfortable bedroom.

My opportunities for tubbing had not been numerous on the road. A little water in the diminutive wash-bowl is generally the only utensil I could procure in which to perform my ablutions, thus it is not to be wondered at that I spent an hour in my endeavour to remove the dust and soil which had accumulated upon my person during my long ride.

My boy brushed me, the servants brushed me; and it was not until I had passed through all these different hands that I considered I was presentable to the eyes of the respectable citizens and citizenesses of the principal town of our new colony.

The name of Smith did not "go down" here. At luncheon I observed a person carefully eyeing me. At length he called the proprietor, and asked my name. The answer was "Smith;" but the seeker for information did not appear satisfied, for he exclaimed, in angry tones, "Damn Smith! why, it is Parker Gillmore!"

As there were several persons in this community whom I had severely and (as I consider) rightly castigated in my last work, I had a fear that if by chance we were thrown in contact a disturbance might ensue. But in this I was mistaken; for those to whom I had given offence preferred not trying issue on the subject by physical strength.

Here I spent two days. My horses needed a rest, as well as new shoes. My attendant was not in the most brilliant state; and as for myself, I felt that I should benefit by a short inaction. Thus it was Tuesday morning when I again started, directing my course towards Klerksdorp, a village over thirty miles distant, and where I expected to obtain from an acquaintance important information in regard to distant Kaffirland.

When I had proceeded about three miles I pulled up my horses, and took a good survey of the now distant town. It had increased in magnitude since last I viewed it far beyond expectation. I could not help exclaiming to myself, "Let the Boer say what he chooses; two years under the just and paternal care of my country has done more for this place than twenty-five would have accomplished under its previous form of government."

Renewing my course, as the day was still young, I rode leisurely forward. Every stick, stone, and landmark was familiar to me, and recalled a thousand memories, far more sad than happy, of the

past. The journey I now hoped to accomplish before the sun went down, had taken me on my earlier visit here, four days. I was alone on the occasion, and had just parted from my dear friend Morris, broken down with sickness, and compelled to return to his native land. Yes; only four years have passed since then, and how much older—and certainly not happier—do I feel! But whom do I see trudging along the road, through dust and heavy sand, with a tropical and uncompromising sun pouring down upon her head?

It is a white woman, and poor indeed and friendless must she be when she is compelled to walk.

When we meet, a few inquiries inform me of the strait to which she is reduced. She has walked the whole way from the Diamond Fields, a distance of over two hundred miles, in search of employment. Her husband she has left behind ill, and now is seeking work, to enable her to bring him to a land in which she hopes he will enjoy better health. This poor soul knew no one, has never been here before, yet she has a heart and pluck which would do credit to many of the sterner sex.

I could not help feeling pity for her, so gave her a trifle to assist her in procuring a resting-place when she reached her destination.

Soon afterwards I observed a Cape cart, the horses of which were grazing by the roadside; and on reaching it, discovered a gentleman,

quietly smoking a cigar, and lounging against the splash-board. He was an old acquaintance, so I off-saddled, and spent half an hour in his society.

An hour from here I reached a canteen, a temporary erection, principally composed of corrugated iron. Around its doors was assembled a motley crowd of the lowest type of the white and black population. All were more or less intoxicated, although the sun had scarcely more than reached the zenith!

It was a beastly sight, and one which I hope will cease to be so frequent in this land.

Legislature has but to take hold of this crying evil, and soon its termination will ensue. I have seen such sights in Canada and the United States. One cabin, situated in a pine wood in the State of Maryland, was vividly brought to my recollection. There the proprietor, with a revolver in his belt, and a bowie-knife in his sleeve, sold to all who desired, spirits so villainous and so strong, that a neighbouring resident, in speaking of the subject, said that he would "warrant it to kill as fast as a six-shooter."

Further on I crossed "Cucumber Spruit." On my last visit here, one of my waggons stuck for twenty-four hours, and, but for the kind assistance of a traveller, might have remained in that position for a week. Around its margin now were encamped a host of natives, all of whom were on the return journey from the Dia-

mond Fields, many being inhabitants of Matabele, Mashoona, and Makalaka country. Hundreds of weary miles were still before them; and although this distance had to be traversed on foot, they were as happy, in the anticipation of returning to their homes, as schoolboys about to visit the paternal roof at the commencement of the holiday season.

Two of these, who came from Bechuanaland, recognized me, and saluted me with the old familiar and musical welcome "Duméla!" It was a long time since I had heard the expression, but the sound again reverberated in my heart as it used to do in days of old.

Further on I met several waggons. They were evidently loaded with the Lares and Penates of several families, and being dust-stained and soiled, there remained no doubt in my mind that they had travelled a long way. The head man, a young and good-looking Boer, I spoke to, and inquired from whence he had come. It was the old story.

He had trekked from far Kaffirland to save the lives of himself and his family, for, added he, "No white man is safe there, from sunrise to sunset, since the battle of Isanwala. These blacks are all the same, whatever race they belong to, and hate the whites as they do a puff-adder!"

Soon after I became aware that I was being followed by a person on horseback, so slackened my pace to permit him to overtake me. He was a jovial companion, and full of praises of Sir

Bartle Frere, who, only a few days before, had left this locality. Anecdote after anecdote he narrated to me, in reference to the journey of his Excellency, the most amusing of which I will attempt to give the reader.

When it was known at Pourchestroom that the representative of her Majesty was going to visit there, it was resolved to endeavour to give him a dinner that would be unrivalled by any town in the territory. So a Frenchman, who had been steward on board a ship, was engaged as caterer for the occasion. This worthy discovering that no fine table-salt could be procured, supplied its place with Eno's fruit salt. His Excellency declined, but the aide-de-camp took soup. Having added what he thought sufficient salt, he was not a little surprised to observe the contents of his plate in a state of excited fermentation, that almost rivalled a freshly mixed seidlitz powder. "The result of atmospheric influences, doubtless," he murmured. Thus he made no remark, and finished his soup. The next course, the entrées, contained veal cutlets, to some of which Sir Bartle Frere helped himself, and duly powdered its surface with the same material which represented salt. To the astonishment and horror of all the sputtering and fizzing was renewed, while no one could comprehend the why or wherefore, but urged the removal of the objectionable article of food. After many inquiries and much discussion, it was discovered

that the *chef de cuisine*, not knowing the peculiarity of fruit salt, had presumed it would make an excellent substitute for the mineral he had been wont to make use of.

For the truth of this I cannot vouch.

To any reader who is desirous of becoming informed, from an authoritative point, as to the veracity of this occurrence, I can only say "Ask Sir Bartle or Major Hallam-Parr."

At sunset I crossed the pretty river that flows past Klerksdorp, and found myself once more under the hospitable roof of an old acquaintance.

CHAPTER XVII.

A GAME COUNTRY.

IF changes come over the spirit of one's dreams, none the less do they over the realities of life. When last I was at Klerksdorp, it was a hamlet and nothing more; now it has gone into an advanced degree of comparison, and may be styled a village. Houses have sprung up on land which had never known the plough, and smiling gardens, with embryo orchards, cover what a year or two ago was the primæval veldt. I cannot say that the place has improved in my estimation by these innovations, yet it speaks of progress and man's industry, and is evidence of prosperity for the future. I do not oppose advancement, but rather advocate it; yet, at the same time, I cannot help regretting that inroads are made into the original construction of the Great Creator by the transforming influence of human handiwork.

“ I love not man the less, but nature more.”

Few, I think, will sympathize with me in my ideas; although, if that be the case, there is no reason why I should not express them.

Not many years since I revisited a favourite hunting-ground in America, which I do not designate a hunting-ground because I slaughtered the wild animals that from time immemorial had been its inhabitants, but that I could there study the habits of these children of nature, and feel myself benefited by their innocence and purity. Alas ! when I came again to the scene, a gigantic engine-shop, with chimneys almost reaching to the heavens, occupied its centre, and the noble forest trees, under whose spreading branches I had so frequently reposed, had ceased to exist.

I turned my face westward, and hurried from the spot until I had once more regained a territory beyond the bounds of civilization.

“ *There is society, where none intrude,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.*”

And if the appearance of this distant residence of the white man, on the verge of Tropical Africa, is altered, Death, also, has dealt severely with its inhabitants. The loss of one of them I cannot help feeling deeply, for he was a kind, true-hearted, hospitable sportsman. Having occasionally spare hours on hand, he and I would now and then wander round koppie, kloof, and over veldt, in search of game, and our labours were frequently well rewarded.

The termination of his earthly career was sad indeed ; more so, possibly, since he left a large family behind him. It was in this way.

Being anxious to kill some large game, he went up into the elephant country, on the edge of Matabeleland was struck down by fever after a long day's duck-shooting, and died alone in his waggon, without even an attendant.

Solitary graves, like his, can be discovered nearly anywhere and everywhere—in lands where the most learned and most scientific believe the foot of the white man has never trodden.

Let me change to a less sad subject.

Sir Bartle Frere with his staff passed through Klerksdorp a few days before my arrival, and his popularity is unbounded; even the Boers of the district “swearing by him.” He resided for two days at my friend Mr. Leask's house, and was so pleasant, gentle, and unassuming in his manners, that one of the children spoke of him in the warmest terms of affection. His coming at the date he did was a fortunate circumstance for an old acquaintance of mine, Mr. Phillips, “*Elephant*” Phillips, or more familiarly known as the “Playful Elephant,”—a gentleman who has been intimately associated with the interior trade of that part of Africa designated “Distant Kaffirland,”—who was then confined to his waggon by a serious wound in the knee. His Excellency the Governor-General, hearing of his unfortunate position, sent his medical attendant to visit the sick man, who at once performed an operation upon the injured limb; and but for this opportune occurrence, it is supposed my friend would have died in three or four days.

Mrs. Leask's pretty little girl, whom I left an infant, is now a five-year old, and is as blooming and ruddy as any bonnie bairn that trips over the heather-clad hill-sides of Auld Scotland. As I stood and gazed on the wee lassie with fond admiration, her mother mournfully informed me that it was only the other day that they were nearly losing their pet. The child had strayed a few yards up the koppie at the back of the house to gather wild flowers, and while employed in the amusement a night-adder stole towards her, and would, without doubt, have bitten the little innocent but for the interference of timely aid. Death would have assuredly been the result, for this is one of the most venomous of African reptiles. In appearance it is short, thick, and repulsive, the darkness of its skin approaching to black, and it is possessed of great activity. Its favourite haunts are among rocks and stones which possess but scant vegetation. In mode of life it is more nocturnal than diurnal in contrariety to the habits of most reptilia, and does not appear to enjoy the heat of the noontide sun.

In two days my horses were well rested, and had been abundantly supplied with excellent forage, for which I had to pay so exorbitant a price as to make me disgusted that a person travelling on Government service could not resent such treatment. I cannot imagine where the people fancy the money comes from! Sovereigns appear to have no greater value with

them than do shillings with us ; in fact, the indifference exhibited by them to your money when tendered is irritating to the payer to the last degree. Further, your black servants consider it a duty to swindle you out of as much coin as can be extracted by either fair or foul means. My after-rider had been permitted by me to hire a Kaffir to herd my horses, that they might not stray into the adjoining fields. The usual pay for one of these men for a similar service is a shilling a day. On inquiring from my attendant how much I owed, he coolly replied, “ Ten shillings.” “ *Nein ! nein !*” said the wife of the German missionary ; “ *zwei schilling* will do.”

But not a bit of it !

My faithful retainer would not hear of it ! He maintained, in the most insolent manner, that for me to pay such a price was preposterous, and that “ *only* missionaries and Boers would do it.”

Early in the morning, in the society of two friends, I started.

Once more Klerksdorp lay behind me, and my destination—the interior of Africa—was in my front.

They knew of a new route which we proposed taking, and which left the pretty village of Hartebeest-Fontein considerably on the westward.

As this course was seldom traversed by transport-riders, we soon began to see game.

On the edge of a large vley, Kaffir cranes, mahems (*Pavonia cristata*), and paddy birds, stood

in immense numbers, while numerous flocks of many a variety of duck frequently passed over head. Snipe were also very plentiful, and as far as I could judge, from only seeing them on the wing, they were identical with those of the British species.

Africa is pre-eminently a country for hawks, many of them being as handsome and rapacious as those of any other part of the world.

This vley and the vicinity was evidently a favourite haunt of theirs, and, I should think they made it constantly a "hot quarter" for the unfortunate wild-fowl.

My companions' horses were fresh, and they naturally were desirous of making the pace sharp; but as I had so many long and wearisome miles to go, I declined to hurry my animals, and my friends were good enough to moderate their pace to mine. I was much pleased with this courtesy, and in consequence we all witnessed some shooting as good as it was ever my luck to view.

As we passed over the crest of one of the swells upon the veldt, we came upon a large drove of bless-bok, which were not more than three hundred yards off when the first shot was fired; and ere the herd had retreated a third of that distance, three of them were down.

It appeared rather a wanton act of destruction to sacrifice so much valuable food; but such did not turn out to be the case, for scarcely ten minutes after the beasts were killed a hungry

troupe of natives came in sight, wending their way from the far north to the Diamond Fields.

The poor creatures were travel-stained and tired; while the expression of joy which suffused itself over their countenances when we told them they might have all this food, was as ludicrous as it was enjoyable. Some danced, some grinned and laughed, whilst others of the party set to work in a systematic way to denude the graceful antelopes of their skins.

This performance being accomplished, the scene became rather disgusting to a European eye, for many did not hesitate to eat the raw flesh, and that in such quantities as would astonish any person unacquainted with their powers of digestion and capacity.

En avant! once more.

The country we passed over kept ascending, until we got among a collection of as picturesque koppies as I have almost ever seen, and the shrubs and trees were far more abundant than they were in the earlier part of our day's journey.

At two o'clock we again off-saddled.

The better to enable the reader to understand this term, it may not be inappropriate to give a short explanation of the process.

The traveller on horseback in these regions generally has two animals; the one he rides, the other leads.

Every two hours he halts, gives his nags an opportunity to roll—an opportunity they never

fail to take advantage of—then permits them to graze for half-an-hour, more or less, when the saddle is placed upon the back of the horse which was not last ridden, and so on from sunrise to sunset.

If a long journey is being made, forty miles a day is amply sufficient to expect from your beasts, a rather shorter day's work being preferable; yet there are many African horses that may be ridden a hundred and fifty, or even more, miles in three days.

It is but an indifferent horse which cannot, at any time, do twice as much as an ox.

Having remounted, our journey afforded us few objects of interest for the remaining daylight hours. An occasional farmhouse could be seen, with its surrounding orchards of peach, apple, and walnut-trees, the dwarfness of which did not take away from the general dreariness of the neighbourhood.

Nearly all of these homesteads are the property of Boers, each being usually the possessor of about six thousand "morgen," equal to twelve thousand acres of land. They may be said to be essentially pastoral, few cultivating above eight or ten acres. The standard crop is invariably mealies, except where irrigation can be employed. When such is the case a few fields of wheat are grown.

Riding up to one of these establishments, I requested some milk.

A very buxom and equally squalid female

demanded a shilling for the drink; and although the price was sufficient to frighten even a person who had a long purse, yet after the distance I had come in the heat and dust I deemed myself justified in being, on this occasion, extravagant.

But oh! my goodness! when it was produced! The vessel, in which it was offered, had never been washed since the day it was made; and, thirsty as I was, I preferred a draught of water out of the first spruit I should come to, and thus left the uncleanly dame deeply pondering over my fastidiousness.

Off-saddled at sunset where pasture was good, and there appeared every indication that we should have a quiet and comfortable night.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A QUIET NIGHT.

As a rule, the nights in South Africa are grandly serene. You can gaze up into the vast blue depths of the heavens with similar feelings to those a person experiences when the mind dwells upon the mysteries of eternity. It impresses the whole earth with the belief that there is no end nor termination.

Then the constellations stand out in such brilliant relief, and shine with such particular brightness, that they resemble rose-coloured diamonds, set in the midst of an azure ocean of transparency.

. But the Southern Cross, which has acted as my guide on many and many a night, directing my course from the land of enmity and inhospitality, and which I have studied well and often, has never struck me with the admiration expressed for its beauty by almost all the world. In fact, as constellations go, it cannot, in my opinion, bear comparison with our own North Star; yet it must be acknowledged that these African