



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in their contumacy, the minority has gained the day, and worn out the patience of the British Government, which has withdrawn its protection from the loyal majority; and, while thus abandoning the country to civil war, has left it helpless against the inroads of its old enemies, the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 Mampoer, 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 Mampoer 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 Com-mando, 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 Mampoer 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 Tranvaal, 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 spectatory 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 Mampoer; 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 Tsckelo 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 necessaries 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 heredity 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 lisp 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 stamina 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 Adam'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 bedezon, 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 capsizes 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 though, 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 furthest 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