

*Of life and being ; to be great like Him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom Nature's work can charm, with God Himself
Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day,
With His conceptions, not upon His plan ;
And form to His, the relish of their souls.*

AKENSIDE, 1775.

And here I cannot but remark, that ten times too much is expected from the teachers of the young, and that it is impossible, without almost immolating himself upon the altar of duty, for any man to teach all day both sexes, and fulfil Church duties on week days and Sundays. If we would that our children understand the rudiments of all knowledge, a careful attention to this fact is needed. Ample time must be given, and also a liberal salary, if anxiety for bread is not to impair the teacher's ability. With delight I pay my respect and homage to the public teacher of Kei Road. May he long live to fulfil his mission to teach the young. I know of no nobler work than to teach and instruct those who need knowledge ; and although I may differ from the spurious teachers of the day, still this is one of the many hard worked members of what might be the Church of the day and of the people, and I feel, as the teacher of my boys, grateful ; and that he was indeed as in Goldsmith described (the village preacher, schoolmaster, and friend combined).

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose,
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place,
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,

Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruined spendthrift now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire and talked the night away,
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won !
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave, ere charity began.
 Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings loaned to virtue's side ;
 But, in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each heart, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way,
 Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
 At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway ;
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray,
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 Even children followed with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile ;
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven :
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

It is a delight to me to know that education is now considered to be, not only the duty of the State, but also of all parents, to assist and see that their children are educated. That will enable them to know how to live, and what to live for. Mechanical

education is good in its way, and can be given by the young teacher, although I am firmly persuaded that a middle-aged instructor is better, and secures more deference on the part of the scholars. A religious teacher certainly should not be a young mechanical preacher. We want men of experience, as well as of knowledge and learning. How is it possible for a young man who has passed through no trouble, or loss of near and dear kindred, to understand or feel the agony and bloody sweat of Christ, and to give comfort to the weary and heavy laden, when he knows nothing of the realities of the life of modern days? The age of "parrotting" must give place to an enlightened appreciation of all known facts, and form a very different standpoint than is prescribed at our school boards and other institutions. In the future we must have *genuine* histories, not, as it seems, fit for Whig and Tory to hash up; but a perfect account of all who have done and died for truth and country's sake. A good and just reason why certain families should assist in governing this England of ours if ever the opportunity occurs. I trust yet to give a History of England that will be written truthfully, not as written by men who could not call their body, mind or pen their own, and who write to uphold all wrongs and dynasties, irrespective of the facts and truths. For a more general belief in the rights of all to education, I sub-join an extract from Macaulay on

EDUCATION AND THE STATE.

"I believe, Sir, that it is the right and the duty of the State to provide means of education for the common people. This proposition seems to me to be implied in every definition that has ever yet been given of the functions of a government. About the extent of those functions there has been much difference of opinion among ingenious men. There are some who hold that it is the business of a government to meddle with every part of the system of human life; to regulate trade by bounties and prohibitions, to regulate expenditure by sumptuary laws, to regulate literature by a censorship, to regulate religion by an inquisition. Others go to the opposite extreme, and assign to government a very narrow sphere of action. But the very

narrowest sphere that ever was assigned to government by any school of political philosophy is quite wide enough for my purpose. On one point all the disputants are agreed. They unanimously acknowledge that it is the duty of every government to take order for giving security to the persons and property of the members of the community.

This being admitted, can it be denied that the education of the common people is a most effectual means of securing our persons and our property? Let Adam Smith answer that question for me. He has expressly told us that a distinction is to be made, particularly in a commercial and highly civilized society between the education of the rich and the education of the poor. The education of the poor, he says, is a matter which deeply concerns the commonwealth. Just as the magistrate ought to interfere for the purpose of preventing the leprosy from spreading among the people, he ought to interfere for the purpose of stopping the progress of the moral distempers which are inseparable from ignorance. Nor can this duty be neglected without danger to the public peace. If you leave the multitude uninstructed, there is serious risk that their animosities may produce the most dreadful disorders.

The most dreadful disorders! These are Adam Smith's own words; and prophetic words they were. Scarcely had he given this warning to our rulers, when his prediction was fulfilled in a manner never to be forgotten. I speak of the riots of 1780. I do not know that I could find in all history a stronger proof of the proposition, that the ignorance of the common people makes the property, the limbs, and the lives of all classes insecure. Without the shadow of a grievance, at the summons of a madman, a hundred thousand people rise in insurrection. During a whole week there is anarchy in the greatest and wealthiest of European cities. The Parliament is besieged. Your predecessor sits trembling in his chair, and expects every moment to see the door beaten in by the ruffians whose roar he hears all round the house. The peers are pulled out of their coaches; the bishops in their lawn are forced to fly over the tiles; the chapels of foreign ambassadors, buildings made sacred by the law of

nations, are destroyed. The house of the Chief Justice is demolished. The little children of the Prime Minister are taken out of their beds, and laid in their night clothes on the table of the Horse Guards—the only safe asylum from the fury of the rabble. The prisons are opened; highwaymen, house-breakers and murderers come forth to swell the mob by which they have been set free. Thirty-six fires are blazing at once in London. The Government is paralysed; the very foundations of the Empire are shaken.

Then came the retribution. Count up all the wretches who were shot, who were hanged, who were crushed, who drank themselves to death at the rivers of gin that ran down Holborn Hill, and you will find that battles have been lost and won with a smaller sacrifice of life. And what was the cause of this calamity—a calamity which, in the history of London, ranks with the Great Plague and the Great Fire? The cause was the ignorance of a population which had been suffered in the neighbourhood of palaces, theatres, temples, to grow up as rude and stupid as any tribe of tattooed cannibals in New Zealand—I might say, as any drove of beasts in Smithfield market.

The instance is striking; but it is not solitary. To the same cause are to be ascribed the riots of Nottingham, the sack of Bristol, all the outrages of Jud, Swing and Rebecca; beautiful and costly machinery broken to pieces in Yorkshire, barns and hay-stacks blazing in Kent, fences and buildings pulled down in Wales. Could such things have been done in a country in which the mind of the labourer had been opened by education; in which he had been taught to find pleasure in the exercise of his intellect, taught to revere his Maker, taught to respect legitimate authority, and taught at the same time to seek the redress of real wrongs by peaceful and constitutional means?

This, then, is my argument:—It is the duty of Government to protect our persons and property from danger; the gross ignorance of the common people is a principal cause of danger to our persons and property; therefore it is the duty of the Government to take care the common people shall not be grossly ignorant,"

And what is the alternative? It is universally allowed that, by some means, Government must protect our persons and property. If you take away education, what means do you leave? You leave means such as only necessity can justify—means which inflict a fearful amount of pain, not only on the guilty, but on the innocent who are connected with the guilty. You leave guns and bayonets, stocks and whipping posts, tread-mills, solitary cells, penal colonies and gibbets. See, then, how the case stands. Here is an end which, as we all agree, governments are bound to attain. There are only two ways of attaining it. One of those ways is by making men better and wiser, and happier. The other way is by making them infamous and miserable. Can it be doubted which we ought to prefer?"

Once let the people be educated aright, there will be no fear of the people making revolutions, for it will not be possible for such instructions and practices to be in existence, as will create such wretchedness and produce all these errors. therefore the views of Lord Brougham will not be out of place.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE CONQUEROR.

There is nothing with which the adversaries of improvement are more wont to make themselves merry than with what is termed "The march of intellect;" and I confess that I think, as far as the phrase goes, they are in the right. It is a very absurd, because a very incorrect expression. It is little calculated to describe the operations in question. It does not suggest an image at all resembling the proceedings of the true friends of mankind. It much more resembles the progress of the enemy of all improvement. The conqueror moves in a march; he stalks onward with the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war—banners flying, shouts rending the air, guns thundering, and martial music pealing to drown the shrieks of the wounded, and the lamentations for the slain.

Not thus the schoolmaster in his peaceful vocation. He meditates and prepares in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly gathers around him those who are to

further their execution ; he quietly, though firmly, advances in his humble path labouring steadily, but calmly, till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots the weeds of vice. His is a progress not to be compared with anything like a march, but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph, and to laurels more imperishable than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world ever won.

Such men—men deserving the glorious title of teachers of mankind—I have found labouring conscientiously, though perhaps obscurely, in their blessed vocation ; wherever I have gone I have found them, and shared their fellowship, among the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French ; I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss ; I have found them among the laborious, the warm-hearted, the enthusiastic Germans ; I have found them among the high-minded Italians ; and in our own country, thank Heaven, they everywhere abound, and their number is every day increasing.

Their calling is high and holy ; their fame is the prosperity of nations ; their renown will fill the earth in after ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times. Each one of those great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in patience, performs his appointed work ; awaits in faith the fulfilment of the promises ; and, resting from his labours, bequeaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble but not inglorious epitaph, commemorating “one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy.”

The great bulk of mankind are at the mercy of the monopolists for want of knowledge, and owing to this one fact oftentimes, they who would teach and give the best information that would enable all men to keep themselves, are the least understood. The time must come when the people will be able to judge, and in judging, act on and up to their belief, with a full knowledge of Nature's laws, political facts, social laws, with full information of all land and financial arrangements, and how the present rulers, with so little knowledge, regulate and plunder, to their present advantage and the

people's loss, but which will all end when true knowledge covers the earth as the waters cover the seas. The pleasures of knowledge as here given, will indeed give bliss.

PLEASURES OF KNOWLEDGE.

"Not to know at large of things remote
From use obscure and subtle, but to know,
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom."—MILTON.

It is noble to seek truth, and it is beautiful to find it. It is the ancient feeling of the human heart, that knowledge is better than riches; and it is deeply and "sacredly" true. To mark the course of human passions as they have flowed on in the ages that are past; to see why nations have risen, and why they have fallen; to speak of heat and light, and the winds; to know what man has discovered in the heavens above and the earth beneath; to hear the chemist unfold the marvellous properties that the Creator has locked up in a speck of earth; to be told that there are worlds so distant from our own, that the quickness of light, travelling since the worlds' creation, has never yet reached us; it is worth while in the days of our youth to strive hard for this great discipline.

To wander in the creations of poetry, and grow warm again with that eloquence which swayed the democracies of the Old World; to go up with great reasoners to the first cause of all, and to perceive, in the midst of all this dissolution and decay and cruel separation, that there is one thing unchangeable, indestructible and everlasting; it is surely worth while to pass sleepless nights for this; to give up for it laborious days; to spurn for it present pleasures; to endure for it afflicting poverty; to wade for it through darkness, and sorrow, and contempt, as the great spirits of the world have done in all ages and in all times.

I appeal to the experience of every man who is in the habit of exercising his mind vigorously and well, whether there is not a satisfaction in it, which tells him he has been acting up to one of the great objects of his existence? The end of nature has been answered; his faculties have done that which they were created to do—not languidly occupied

upon trifles, not enervated by sensual gratification, but exercised in that toil which is so congenial to their nature, and so worthy of their strength.

A life of knowledge is not often a life of injury and crime. Whom does such a man oppress? With whose happiness does he interfere? Whom does his ambition destroy? And whom does his fraud deceive? In the pursuit of science he injures no man, and in the acquisition he does good to all.

A man who dedicates his life to knowledge, becomes habituated to pleasure which carries with it no reproach; and there is one security that he will never love that pleasure which is paid for by anguish of heart—his pleasures are all cheap, all dignified and all innocent; and as far as any human being can expect permanence in this changing scene, he has secured a happiness which no malignity of fortune can ever take away, but which must cleave to him while he lives, ameliorating every good, and diminishing every evil of his existence.

I solemnly declare, that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man in existence, for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn on the mountains—it flames night and day, and is immortal and not to be quenched! Upon something it must act and feed—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions.

Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coeval with life; what do I say but love innocence; love virtue; love purity of conduct; love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the providence which has made you so, and make men call it justice; love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you; which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world; that which will make

your motives habitually great and honourable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud.

Therefore, if any young man has embarked his life in the pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event; let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him, and as the genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in requirements fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life.

SYDNEY SMITH.

REAL NOBILITY.

Search we the springs

And backward trace the principle of things—

There shall we find that when the world began,

One common mass composed the mould of man ;

One paste of flesh on all degrees bestowed ;

And kneaded up alike with moistened blood.

The same almighty power inspired the frame

With kindled life, and formed the souls the same ;

The faculties of intellect and will

Dispensed with equal hand, disposed with equal skill,

Like liberty indulged, with choice of good or ill.

Thus born born alike, from virtue first began

The difference that first distinguished man from man.

He claimed no title from descent of blood,

But that which made him noble, made him good.

Warmed with more particles of heavenly flame,

He winged his upward flight, and soared to fame :

The rest remained below, a tribe without a name.

This law—(though custom now directs the course)—

As Nature's institute, is yet in force,

Uncancelled, though diffused : and he whose mind

Is virtuous, is alone of virtuous kind ;

Though poor of fortune of celestial race ;

And he commits the crime, who calls him base.

JOHN DRYDEN, 1631.



CHAPTER XVI.

GLEESON'S TOWN, at Kei Road, was a speculative failure, and one felt, that as a private attempt to secure other people's money for dry erfs or flats for houses, success was not deserved. It is abominable, as at Cathcart, with water running from the mountain to every house and erf, creating damp and sudden attacks of rheumatism, that it should be speculative without due regard to the future public interests. In America they know how to lay out their towns in fine broad avenues and regular blocks; but in a hot climate, as South Africa, too much is left to the individual taste of those who have control in the districts where towns are mapped out. All these attempts to enrich Governments, or private enterprises, must be condemned and stopped. All lands for a township should be held for the benefit of the inhabitants of each town, and then, as population is increased and houses are required, they should be built with Municipal Legal Tender Money. Of course some allotments might be kept open for the erection of halls, and even chapels and churches, suited to the requirements of all who needed such. I have explained this fully in my "How to Construct Public Works without Bonds, Mortgages, Loans, or the Burden of Interest," and this question is of vital importance to "Outcast London," and the outcasts of all cities in the United Kingdom and our Colonies. At the present time all towns are in the debt grip of the waiters for interest, and it will be only by means of Legal Paper Money—usable for all purposes of trade—issued by the Board of Public Works, that towns and other borrowers for public works can free themselves from the gold money and bank lords who are eating up the towns by means of their lent money and absorption in the form of interest. Landlords,

so-called, are bad, and, as monopolists of the earth's surface, must be removed; but house and money lords are worse—eating up night and day the produce of the workers, under pretences of good will and, in some cases, philanthropy, and when once this is understood and acted upon, there is hope for the future citizens and cities of the world all over, without exception.

Having spent a most enjoyable time at Kei Road, I once more, with my family, took the train for my old city, King William's Town, and the garden which I had made out of a waste by the side of the river, and had, in practice, endeavoured to make two blades of grass and trees to grow, where before all was barren and waste, and an eyesore to all. This was the patient outcome of many years of labour and means; but certainly, owing to want of experience, rain, and other causes, without that reward fairly expected; but still I urge all to make an effort to rest on the bosom of Nature, and from out of her interior womb live in peace and contentment. Cain, as a tiller of soil, was a man compared to our modern cattle breeders and slayers, and well will it be when the fruits of the earth are thought more of than the beasts of the field. Man's teeth and nails show that he is master over all, and that he can eat of everything; but for purity of body and mind the herbivorous is preferable to the carnivorous, and when we return to a regular course of vegetable nourishment there will be full work on the soil and a good-will toward men not known of yet. Fortunately, science is now helping man to cease to be the mere physical drudge on the earth, for with well-fed horses—the outcome of a good supply of Indian corn—a man can sit in a most dignified manner on his plough, and while ploughing, sow and cover up, and thus economise time, and afterwards with patent harrows, clean and purify the soil, while Nature with her copious rains, and the sun with its heat, gives the increase to gladden the heart of man; and when Nature, with all her powers, has ripened her fruits, and given the only true cost of values in the production of her corn and produce, again man, with his self-acting mowers, reapers, binders, lifters, crushers, grinders, and baggers, can accomplish all in the field of growing produce; and from the

variety and need of intelligence to accomplish all this, the very labour ceases to be a task, and becomes a pleasure. With time and labour, I felt that I could have made my small plot of land an earthly paradise; nothing was wanted but patience, skill, intelligence, and labour combined to make all things possible, and with a daily supply of earth's gifts fresh from growing, I could have wished for no heaven such as materialists picture, with all its animalism, and a full satisfaction of its coarser nature, and ever rejoicing that the enjoyment of the same was not alloyed by the said-to-be-fact, that millions were in torture, with no such future happy prospect before them. Why a Dante Purgatory, which, with its prospect of once emerging, and when the very mountains heave and the very hills shout with joy when another soul was saved, was preferable to the Christian idea of Eternal torture. No, no, you miserable Hell Tortures! Truth is against you and your ideas.

My little spot by the side of the Buffalo, with its orange groves, and their delicious perfumes, the sight of the hundreds of apples, apricot, peach, vine, and other fruit trees in full foliage, and its varied blossom, and its after fruit, was so heavenly an experience, that I felt, indeed I oft had been there, and still would go, for it was indeed with all my little ones, wife and friends, a heaven below that gave no desire for an unknown heaven above. I am no advocate for a materialistic, physical, animal, or sensual existence alone. I know too well the rich, full, incomparable enjoyment of all intellectual life, and knowing it, can urge with all my heart and strength, for a fuller enjoyment of all human life as far as possible from our modern cities of fast living. It is true now, as in the past, Nature made the country and man the town, and if all reformers mean well, and desire that human life should be free, and enjoy the same, it must be by a return to country scenes and enjoyments that all this is to be secured. I have mentioned the full enjoyment from Labour's efforts, and must leave to a better pen than mine to tell of all Nature's fragrance, from her unaided efforts, that charm the lover of Nature; the early singing birds, the wild flowers and their rich scents, far exceeding all manufactured essences; the

buds and blossoms of wild nature ; compelling the looker-on, who sees in Nature a charm in everything, to revel and realise that Earth can indeed be an Eden without the fear of a Serpent, or the danger of eating forbidden apples, that would compel the attendance of Etherial Beings with wings and swords to keep man from enjoying the Eden and Paradise that the knowledge he has formed has helped him to make, and which can be multiplied until the whole Earth is one vast cultivated field for the full enjoyment of all Human Nature. I cannot sing of the realms of the blessed, and what must it be to be there in the Heaven above ; but I can chorus, with my family, of our little realm on the banks of the Buffalo, and say, I know the Heaven of rest it could be ; and how often, when writing all this, I longed to be there, and that I longed that all had the same deep feeling of contentment that I experienced. Then, and now, in the full enjoyment of Nature, supplemented by art, the outcome of the intelligence of the centuries, gone, gone, for ever.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

There is a voice within me,
 And 'tis so sweet a voice,
 That its soft whispers win me,
 And make my heart rejoice.
 Deep from my soul it springeth,
 Like hidden melody ;
 And ever more it singeth
 This song of songs to me :
 " This world is full of beauty,
 As other worlds above ;
 And if we do our duty,
 It might be full of love."
 If faith and loving kindness
 Passed coin from heart to heart,
 And bigotry's dark blindness
 And malice would depart ;
 If men were more forgiving—
 Were kind words often spoken—
 Instead of scorn and grieving,
 There would be few hearts broken.
 With plenty round us smiling,
 Why wakes this cry for bread ?
 Why are crushed millions toiling—
 Gaunt—clothed in rags—un fed ?

The sunny hills and valleys
 Blush ripe with fruit and grain,
 But the lordling of the palace
 Still robs his fellow men.
 O God, what hosts are trampled
 Amidst this press for gold !
 What noble hearts are sapped of life !
 What spirits lose their hold !
 And yet, upon this God-blest earth,
 Their's room for every one ;
 Ungarnered food still ripens
 To waste—rot—in the sun :
 For the world is full of beauty
 As other worlds above ;
 And if we did our duty,
 It might be full of love.

Let the law of bloodshed perish—
 War's triumphs—gory splendour—
 And men will learn to cherish
 Feelings more kind and tender,
 Were we faithful to each other,
 We'd banish hate and crime,
 And clasp the hand of brother
 In every land and clime !
 If gold were not an idol—
 Were virtue only worth—
 O there would be a bridal
 Between high heaven and earth.

Were truth a spoken language,
 Angels might talk with men
 And God—illumined earth would see
 The golden age again.
 The leaf-tongues of the forest—
 The flower-lips of the sod—
 The birds that hymn their rapture
 Into the ear of God,
 And the sweet wind that bringeth
 The music of the sea—
 Have each a voice that singeth
 This song of songs to me :
 This world is full of beauty
 As other worlds above ;
 And if we did our duty,
 It might be full of love,

Once in King, I was among old competitors and friends, and to my surprise and regret, found all things in a most wretched condition. Money, I was told, had levanted, and I was anxiously asked if I knew what had become of the one thing in need, then and there, money. Of course I knew, and could tell them how the thing Gold Money, limited—as it ever must be from its scarcity—had gone back to the place it had come from—England, and that it was the tendency of gold in quantity enough at one time and scarce at another; but that all this would be altered when the one grand truth was understood that independent of all Governments and Cabinets, it was as easy to sell for money as it is now to buy for money, which I have so fully explained in my “Money and its Use,” and which yet will have to be adopted, if the world is to get out of the slough of despond that it is now in. The producing pilgrims have a load now on their back, that no amount of praying will remove. It is put there by our false and silly laws, regulating production and exchange, and as production could be carried out *ad libitum* so could exchange, if the conditions were so arranged by the real, true, leaders of industry; and one can only see that unless the freedom of production and exchange is arranged for, that the Bunyans all over the world, will, instead of taking the trouble to march on and for ever, carrying the produce-exploiter on his back, he will, in his excessive hatred of all wrong-doers, and in his madness at its continuance, in haste remove the exploiters and the means of production. The grinding-out process cannot last for ever, and shall not last now that we know with what ease and justice all could be altered for the benefit of all. A market for our goods is the constant cry. Large stocks of goods and no buyers, and thus no sales; and if by chance a market and people want and would buy—no money; and yet I found in this town some of the best and most intelligent merchants of South Africa, and if they were asked, could not tell, in any intelligent way, why money was, or should be, so scarce, and who, as a class, are so interwoven and at the mercy of the bankers, would be afraid to tell why, or mention the fact, if they knew the reason. Finance is never studied as one of the necessary

adjuncts of a merchants business. Like the fly or bee, he is supposed to be busy in gathering up honey and raw material all the day, while the banker, acting as the spider, sets his web, which eventually absorbs him and all he owns. A splendid sermon might be given, taking as the subject "The Spider and the Fly," as applicable in our modern commercialism of the day, and which would make many a merchant groan inwardly; but, like the Spartan boy with the fox gnawing out his vitals, would be borne in silence for fear the banker was nigh, and the agony of the man only understood, when found with the poison cup at his side, or his throat cut, or in some form or other, a corpse, either by his own hand, or what is now so often called heart disease. O ye mortals that know, how many more struggles bankruptcies and suicides are we to witness before the day of commercial salvation arrives? Are we for ever to go on creating so much human sacrifice on the altar of the Moloch of money and ignorance? Shame, shame upon the men who know better, but will not alter the conditions that blast the hopes of men, that wreck homes, impoverishes their wives, and gives poverty as an heritage to the innocent outcome of their union. For merchants and men merely to say and repeat that times are bad, and in a doleful voice cry out bad times! bad times solves nothing. There is a cause for every thing, and such being the fact, the effect is the outcome, and it is easily accounted for, that if money does not keep pace with the requirements of the product to exchange what the workers of all classes created, a monopoly is produced in the hands of the money holder, who, taking advantage of the scarcity of metallic money, and as all debts must be paid in gold, the holders of the same lay on, in the form of interest or rent, all the advance possible, and in so doing get into their hands other peoples property, in a depreciated form, and thus enrich themselves, not by labour, but by fraud, as arranged for by our legalised thieves. Hard names, some may say, true; but the time has come for spades to be known as spades; stand and deliver, is dying out on our highways; come and deliver is the official written demand from the plunderer's official habitation of our modern days. It is well

known that, when the hard money of John Bull is plentiful, then high prices rule, and trade is prosperous, and all goes as merry as marriage bells; but when this hard money of John Bull is scarce, then prices fall, values alter, ruin steps in, and destruction to all well-laid plans follow. Now in nature there is a standard of value, and there should be a positive one in all mercantile conditions. Once let the money question be made right, the producers will be free, and there will be a chance of certain prosperity to our producers of our wealth, and a surer certainty for all our exchanges. This matter I have somewhat explained in my previous pamphlets, and in the "History of the Free State," written in Bloemfontein, and which will follow this second "Jottings by the Way;" and I shall, in my third jottings, in every particular point out in my future work on "Political Economy," of which I now have the skeleton form, which will supersede all other politically misleading works, now called Political Economy; but which in reality are books written to throw dust in the eyes of the producing classes of all nations. I was amused at the expressions of earnest feeling on the part of a friend, who could see far enough to endorse my views, on the madness of the Government; the whole Cabinet seemed to have gone mad, floundering on the wave of the unknown. The mad War-Sprigg party were bad; but the Scanlen dodgers and tax-raisers were simply unscrupulous tricksters; they, to gain the Dutch vote, pandered to the Free State on the rebate on Customs with a kind of half-promise that they would make no objection to rob the Colony to satisfy the highway railway-men of the Republic, so called, of the Free State; but which, owing to the want of wise men, had simply degenerated into a big family concern of the old office seekers, who held office and secured pay because no one desired a change. The Dutch were afraid of change, and thus, as I shall show in the "History of the Free State," which will expose the meanness and mendacity of its officials, the so much vaunted President Brand to the trickery of its general and lowest officials, and when discussing the rebate of customs to show the meanness of the whole plot. It was quite a refreshing

pleasure to me who had resided in Bloemfontein, the capital of the Free State, and, therefore, as one that could and can speak with knowledge and authority, to find that the Editor of the *Cape Mercury* was not afraid to speak his mind of the Free State, and the impudence and folly of the accidental office-holders of the colony. The alteration of the taxes, driving trade to Natal, was a political blunder, and a crime at such a time, and to crown the whole, and to spread wider desolation, they stopped all public works in progress throughout the colony, and the mushroom premier—Scanlen—felt at least, in his littleness, he must run to England to beg a loan to get out of the difficulties, and in so borrowing, pay to the money-lords of England, another £250,000 per year on the £5,000,000 secured. Surely all these disgraceful arrangements will compel the electors to send men of independence to Parliament, to arrange in the future for better conditions. O! that its colonists did but understand my plan of “How to Construct Public Works without the burden of Interest,” and adopt the plan of Abraham DeVilliers, of Wellington, for a National Bank.

In our requirments bid legal tenders chase
 All fear of want from Labour's sturdy race ;
 Bid aqueducts be formed to bring the rills
 Of purest water from the neighbouring hills ;
 Bid dams expand where youth may safely float ;
 Bid deepen'd streams the health of towns promote :
 Bid fountains open, public works and ways extend ;
 Bid temples worthier of Art and Science ascend ;
 Bid the broad arch the dangerous sluic contain :
 The dam perfected break the roaring stream
 And roll obedient rivers through the land.
 Lastly, let Government such wages give
 On public works that all may toil and live ;
 Then all who toil will find life pass along
 Happier sustained by labour than by wrong ;
 Then will our virtuous mechanics be better fed,
 Nor constant anxiety, nor destitution dread.
 And all around them, rising in the scale,
 Of comfort, prove that humanity's laws prevail :
 These are the riches that the Free State would secure ;
 These are Imperial works, and worthy of Kings.

To issue its own colonial money, based upon immovable securities. Then indeed all might have been well for South Africa, instead of, as now, the colonists gradually being crucified between the twin-giant, thieves, money and landlords, until, in desperation, the Dutch—and rightly so—feel that they *must* burn the parchments that have been created, binding themselves and their children to these giant robbers. One can, with a prophetic eye, see that the Saxon in his rage will not be as merciful as the French *Commune* were in 1871, when they could have burned the whole of the parchment representative of debts, created by the French Napoleon Guttenberg exploiters. The constant burden created by these public debts must at last create revolutions, even in the stolid Dutchman, and, if backed up by the energetic Saxon colonists, away goes the representative parchment deeds that have been, and are so constantly being made to the injury of the wealth creators. The same argument and results will fall on England if there is not a change for the right, in making public debts, based upon the creating of public money for public works, and the opening up of new countries, by means of colonial and other money—as explained in my “Money and its Use.” As one crying out in the wilderness, I urge all Reformers to read, mark, and inwardly digest, all these suggestions. Freedom of land without freedom of money will but aggravate matters in the future; and one feels that unless men of Bertham and Dyer’s stamp are returned, instead of a laughing sham—Buck—Him or the Parliamentary Verse Fool of a Ghoul of Kaffraria, who live by their folly-tricks, which certainly are not the politics of any other reasonable being in the colony; and who, if they had their deserts, in mercy, would be sent to Robbin Island for their own benefit, and the benefit of all other tortured wretches, who are annoyed by their impertinent insolence, audacity, mendacity and brutality. The cruel need on the part of all commercial and agricultural men to be constantly on the spot of their business, prevents many a good, sterling man from sparing or wasting his time in the midst of the Office seekers, who mouth, rave and rant of loyalty—as if it was possible for a German to talk of loyalty to England, or its colony, in any sense, that an

Englishman understands its *meaning*—but who act their madness in the hope of getting the ins out, and themselves in the Legislative Chamber is bad ; but with such canting foreigners to hold the purse-strings, and to be in office, would be the forerunner of a Colonial Revolution, to the extermination of such imported warlike impostors. The Election of 1884 in Cape Town, gave a fair sample of what these men are capable of, if allowed a latitude ; but, which Englishmen, being forewarned, are armed against. The modern German Bismarcks, the true descendants of their jumping ancestors, who, but for the watchful eye and the fear of the strong right hand of England and France, would like to put their thieving hands upon the sterling Dutch in Hollow-land, in the German Ocean, as they had done in the past upon Schleswig-Holstein, Alsace and Lorraine, and other parts of Europe, and who think if they can command Cape Town they can admit the Lilliputian Fleet of the Fatherland, and, in the name of a new set of North Sea Rovers, take possession of the Cape Colony, as another evidence of their thievish propensities, as in the case of Angra Pequena.

THE CAPE GERMAN COLONY.

The Germans who have established themselves at Angra Pequena, on the west coast, appear to be disposed to carry things with a high hand. That they have a right to be there is challenged by parties in Cape Town, who hold prior cessions from the chiefs ; but that they should attempt to collect custom's dues at the cannon's mouth is rather too rich. The schooner, *Louis Alfred*, returned to the bay and reported that Mr. Ludertz, the leader of the German party, threatened to open fire on him if he did not pay common dues. The plucky skipper—a Norwegian, named Jensen—promptly ran up the British ensign, and invited Ludertz to commence firing, but that worthy gentleman thought twice of his rash threat, and caved in.

The Angra Pequena affair will always mark the annals of the Gladstone Ministry with disgrace. Lord Granville has been before now—most disrespectfully—styled the “old woman of diplomacy.” Prince Bismarck is known, on the

other hand, as "the man of blood and iron." Between such antagonists victory could not long be doubtful. In Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, Prince Bismarck has before now recognised rivals worthy of respectful treatment. For Lord Granville or Lord Derby, on the other hand, he appears to think any kind of treatment good enough. Germany wants Angra Pequena; England wants it too. England has a prior claim, and hesitates before Lord Granville can make up his mind, to have the courage of common sense. Prince Bismarck has no such timidity. What Germany wants, Prince Bismarck takes at the first opportunity, and now, after a series of feeble diplomatic despatches and manœuvres, consisting mainly of strategic movements to the rear, Lord Granville yields altogether. We do not accuse Liberalism or the Liberal party of the failure. To Lord Granville, and in a lesser measure to Lord Derby, belongs the honour of lowering England's flag; and it is to the credit of the Radical and Liberal press throughout the country that, in this matter at least, they have not forgotten that a Liberal is, after all, an Englishman. In unmeasured terms they have, almost one and all denounced Lord Granville's "pusillanimity"—to use a shorter word might sound offensive. It is indeed almost always nowadays the misfortune of the Liberal party to be betrayed by the Ministers in charge of the foreign and colonial policy of the country. As before, it will be found that when the day of reckoning comes, such blunders abroad as this of Angra Pequena will occupy a front place in the indictment which ministers will have to answer.

According to the *Frankfort Gazette*, Bismarck purposes to carry out an extensive series of annexations in South Africa, the Eastern Archipelago, and the South Pacific, each being evidently aimed at British interests. The German Chancellor had better have a care what he is about. England will not remain for ever under the rule of the "lie-down-and-be-kicked" party, and when a change of Government takes place, Germany will be likely to find that her "colonial policy" has only created for her a number of wasps' nests.

Mr. Pilgram deliberately chooses to pervert the plain meaning of what has been said. Our objection is not to Mr. Wiener,

as a German, but to an organisation of Germans, as such, for the purpose of influencing *an Election in Cape Town*. Mr. Pilgram would have that there are 900 German residents in Cape Town, of whom only 400 are registered electors. We are not prepared to state anything of the kind. What we do state is, that the founders of this league have themselves boasted that they have at command 900 votes, and that they are determined that at this election "German influence" shall be felt. It argues no sort of hostility whatsoever to the German element in our population, when we deprecate with all the force at our command as being likely, in its ultimate results, to convert Cape Town into a sort of second New York—this splitting up of the population into so many Dutch, Irish, Scotch, English and German camps. We heartily detest, as we have all along said, the sectional organisation; but we are quite ready to admit its value for electioneering purposes, and deliberately say that counter organisation is its only effectual deterrent. The truth must be told at times. If it is not to be told on the eve of a general election, when should it be told? And the truth is that very many of the electors need at this juncture a very plain reminder of their duty. There are two facts which it is not necessary, in season and out of season, to lay any particular stress upon, but it is well that they should be remembered now. The first is—that this is a British territory; and the second is—that there are many persons in it enjoying the full privileges of citizenship who have never taken the one formal step by which their claim to such privileges would be placed entirely beyond the pale of dispute. We say it of German, French, Dutch, Swedish and Danish immigrants all the same; their position in this country is either that of foreign residents or colonists, who have formally and deliberately adopted this land as their own. If they are foreign residents, not prepared to renounce their allegiance to the Sovereign of the country from which they came, nor prepared to swear allegiance to the Sovereign of this country—for it is clear that they cannot be citizens of two States—what claim have they to participate in the government of the country? If they take the formal step of naturalisation, their claim

to that participation is placed entirely beyond dispute, and they will be hailed as fellow-subjects with open arms, and by none more heartily than ourselves. But what is the fact? From the beginning of the British occupation down to the present year there were but seventy of the whole number of foreigners who came to reside in this colony, and who have participated largely in the control of its affairs, who ever became naturalised. It may be said that the process was a troublesome, tedious, and costly one, but that cannot be said now; Mr. Scanlen's Act of last Session having made the process as simple as anything of the kind could be, and reduced the official charges to the merely nominal sum of twenty shillings. Less than thirty persons, we believe, have availed themselves of the Act, and we revert to the position, that any resident of foreign nationality who wishes to participate in the government of the country should at least give such earnest of his determination to become one with us as would be given by the taking of this one formal step. There is to be a meeting of the German electors to-night, for the purpose of listening to an address by Mr. Wiener, and we trust that candidate will take advantage of the opportunity to impress upon his audience the undoubted fact that they have really no valid claim to participate in the government of the country until they have, like himself, formally acquired the *status* of a citizen.

To show that the same spirit exists in the eastern part of the colony as in the west, I take over from the *Cape Mercury*, which fully exposes the position there, and the unanswerable reply of Mr. Malcolmes to the sham broker.

MR. SCHERMBRUCKER'S LATEST.

A SUPPLEMENT is issued with this paper to-day, containing a translation of an address to the German electors of this division, by Mr. F. Schermbrucker, and a translated reply thereto by Mr. H. Malcomes. The history of the first document is briefly this. It was noticed that Mr. Schermbrucker and Mr. Gould were very much interested in the German farmers who were gathered at the Market office on Saturday to receive their money, and very soon after it was discovered that a

large broadside, carefully done up in a paper band, had been issued to these people. Being in the German language it took some time to translate ; but when it was translated, men who know Mr. Schermbrucker well, were astonished at its language and at its doctrines. Being a translation, it is not necessary to quibble about a word or two ; there is quite sufficient for comment without verbal niceties.

One of the most extraordinary things about the present election is, that while Mr. Goold is the candidate he has nothing to say about politics ; this has to be said for him by Mr. Schermbrucker. Another, and almost equally extraordinary fact is, that Mr. Schermbrucker can say nothing in favour of his candidate ; and nothing against Messrs Dyer and Warren. In the letter under remark, Mr. Dyer is lauded to the skies, and no criticism is made on any part of Mr. Warren's ticket. The letter tries to make capital out of the union of the two committees, Mr. Schermbrucker ignoring the well-known fact that he would gladly have run Mr. Blaine, had not some personal difficulty arisen between them, and had not Mr. Blaine been considered too late.

Party politics are allowed considerable range, but we are surprised at Mr. Schermbrucker sowing broadcast national jealousy, which must bear fruit long after the election is over. What does he mean by specially calling the *German* farmers "dear countrymen ?" Is he not an Englishman, and are not those whom he addresses colonists ? Why then seek to create a feeling in their minds against other colonists ? Nor is this all, for positive untruths are written to mislead these people. The letter says the Scanlen Ministry "have become powerless against the Kaffirs and Fingoes ; so much so that this abominable and disgraceful Government is not even able to secure to you, German immigrants, your promised rights of commonage on the pastures of your own villages, for fear that the blacks be curtailed in their cattle pastures. The abominable and cowardly Government dare not protect you by law against the disgraceful seizures of your cattle by these insolent blacks."

The truth is all the other way. The Izeli Fingoes were moved beyond the Kei, because they could not live in peace

with the German farmers ; and when some mention was made of selling that land, Mr. Irvine intervened on behalf of the German settlers. This Government, too, created the police force, and the statement that they are afraid to catch native thieves is disproved by the records of every police station. Apparently utterly reckless of his words, Mr. Schermbrucker has endeavoured to raise feeling against the natives (whose votes he would gladly have this week if possible) by saying that vast tracts of land can be found for natives, while none can be given to farmers' sons. Mr. Schermbrucker knows better ; perhaps he also believes that " a lie, which is only half a lie, is ever the blackest of lies."

Mr. Malcomess has ably replied to this document ; and a translation of that letter we give in the supplement also. We need not say anything about the dragging in of Mr. Irvine's name by Mr. Schermbrucker. We could not condescend to discuss questions of taste with him. This may pass, but it will not be forgotten.

One remark more must be made. It will be seen that while Mr. Schermbrucker gives most dangerous advice about discarding the solemn pledges of requisitions, he is utterly inconsistent with himself. On Thursday evening he urged the electors to give only one vote to Mr. Goold, and throw the other one away. On Saturday morning he announced that one vote should be given to Mr. Goold and that the other may be recorded for Mr. Dyer. The truth is Mr. Schermbrucker wants to win any way, and whether Mr. Dyer is returned, or Mr. Goold, he wishes to say he did it. He had better give up this child's play, and find out what he really wants. The constituency is not to be taken in by noisy declamation, or by secretly issued manifestos of worse than doubtful morality. Mr. Goold can say nothing for himself. Is not that enough? Messrs. Dyer and Warren—running together because every elector has two votes—but perfectly independent candidates, have shown their political wisdom and ability, and therefore do not fail to vote for them on Friday next.—Vote for Warren and Dyer.

COUNTRYMEN.

This morning I saw a pamphlet spread about, signed by

F. Schermbrucker, and headed "A Little more Light for the Clearing up of Certain Dark Tricks, &c., &c."

I have perused this pamphlet very carefully to discover dark tricks. These I have now found, and they are the contents of this pamphlet with which Mr. Schermbrucker intends to blind our eyes.

People like Mr. Schermbrucker, who make, in a manner of speaking, a living out of their speeches, imagine that they can make others believe that black is white, and white is black.

Although I am not a politician by profession, my interests in the country are so extensive, that I follow public affairs with great attention; and I have this advantage over Mr. Schermbrucker, that I am impartial, while he is at present blinded with hatred to a party.

The facts are simply these, that not a single word of Mr. Schermbrucker's statements is true; the truth, however, is that while he is filled with blind hatred against the present Ministry, he would sacrifice the entire prosperity of the country to overturn the present Government.

The debts which Mr. Schermbrucker reproaches the Government with, have been contracted through the mad Basuto war, to which Mr. Schermbrucker lent Mr. Sprigg a helping hand.

Mr. Sprigg's Government was simply an eruption of a gigantic swindle. Lands belonging to the Kaffirs were annexed by him, and he made war right and left, as if he was German Emperor instead of a Minister of a poor dried-up colony. The consequence is the present scarcity of money, and the colony would simply have gone to wreck and ruin, had not Parliament kicked Mr. Sprigg and his associates out, and given the reins to Mr. Scanlen.

The money which every one of us has now to pay for direct or indirect taxes, has been squandered away by colonels, captains, and so on, under Mr. Sprigg's Government.

Mr. Schermbrucker is wrong in saying that the law of 1882, under which every young German can obtain empty land, was made by Mr. Sprigg; it was passed by the Scanlen Ministry.

The laws from which you frame your own statutes for your villages, and govern your own affairs, were made by Mr. Scanlen, not by Mr. Sprigg.

Mr. Sprigg had no time to make useful laws. He only made war and expended money on generals and commandants, who continually conquered *backwards* in Basutoland.

Mr. Shermbrucker is still more in the wrong regarding the personalities of the candidates put up for election.

Who is his favourite, Mr. Goold? What has he done? Can anyone say that he ever did as much good as will go on the point of a pin? No, and a thousand times no!

In my opinion he is totally unfit to represent anybody in Parliament. He is so utterly incapable that here, in King William's Town, where this man resided such a long time, he is not even any longer elected for the Town Council.

While he was a candidate in the Parliamentary Elections about nine years ago in opposition to Peacock, I was persuaded by Mr. Shermbrucker to vote for the former and against the latter. At that time I did not know Mr. Goold, and believed in Mr. Shermbrucker telling me that Goold was a qualified man. Fortunately Goold was rejected. Soon after I met him in the Town Council, and I felt very much disappointed with Mr. Goold's abilities.

As far as my experience goes, and to advise you, do not elect Mr. Goold; he is incapable of representing you.

Now, you will ask, why is Mr. Shermbrucker so eager to get Mr. Goold into Parliament?

I will tell you; because Mr. Goold must dance when and how Mr. Shermbrucker whistles; and if you look at Mr. Goold you must say that it must be a pretty dance.

As regards Mr. Dyer, I need say but a few words to you. He is so universally liked and known, that even Mr. Schermbrucker cannot help saying "Elect him," and which I can only repeat.

Concerning the question who to elect for the second man—Goold or Warren—there is little doubt in my mind, and in all those who saw the two candidates at the nomination, that Mr. William J. Warren is ten thousand times better than Mr. Goold.

Mr. William J. Warren is not an orator like Mr. Schermbrucker; but he is a good farmer—his and your interest are the same. If it is raining on his land, it rains on yours also if the Kaffirs steal from you, they steal likewise from him.

If anybody has any interest to see the Kaffirs kept in order; it is Mr. William J. Warren, and not Goold.

Mr. Schermbrucker saying that Mr. William J. Warren, will favour the Kaffirs at the expense of the European farmers is trickery of Mr. Schermbrucker, in order to blind yours eyes with sand. In fact, the only recommendation which Mr. Goold possesses in the eyes of Mr. Schermbrucker, is that he does what Mr. Schermbrucker tells him.

Although Mr. Schermbrucker is a good friend of mine, and I like to see him in Parliament, especially in opposition, I cannot very well see why we should send a useless man, and not a single-headed, but a double-headed Schermbrucker to Cape Town; besides I cannot see what Mr. Schermbrucker intends to do in Cape Town with such an ugly second head as that of Mr. Goold!

Mr. Irvine I need not defend. He has done that often enough energetically himself in front of Mr. Schermbrucker. But this I may say, that I hope Mr. Schermbrucker will be as useful to the country as Mr. Irvine has been.

If I can advise you as an independent friend, elect Mr. William J. Warren, the farmer, for agriculture must be represented in Parliament; and elect Mr. F. Dyer, the merchant, for no country flourishes without commerce. Do not elect Mr. Goold, for he is—well I don't know what he is.

Sincerely yours, H. MALCOMES.

Europe may put up with a land occupation, but the sea, nay, not even the German Ocean, so called, shall, while England can man a war-ship or a privateer, be the private property of the Germans. The day has gone by when England desired any land occupation of Europe other than she has. The Emperor and *ig*-nobles of Germany are a terror, and the evil-doers to the producers of the German Empire from the time of the invasion of the German Hanoverian Guelph, the whelp of a Northern destroyer. The

connection has been a curse to Englishmen ; the continuation of the same is a daily insult that calls for removal. To be ruled by a good German might be a treat, but at present it is a treat unknown in England. To be dragooned and robbed in the name of law by a band of ever increasing German plunderers is getting intolerable. They are not only a curse to us, but in their Russian official capacity as Emperors and Governors, a constant menace, and the time has come when the Jews, in their financiering schemes and plunderings, must go home to Judea, and settle, if they will, in their New Jerusalem ; and in like proportion the Germans must retire from Russia and England. The land of all nations must be the property of the inhabitants of the soil, and the hand of no foreigner must levy a tax upon its inhabitants. This is as applicable to England as to other countries. Robbery without consent, as in the past, is shameful, and a better and a holier system of fair hiring and bartering must be the future arrangement of all people, and will be so, when no hereditary thieves utilise the mercenary soldiers of all countries to the contrary. While on this subject, think of the impudence on the part of a Portugese Governor maintaining that they, the foreigners, have the right to control the River Congo or the Livingstone, and all the land in the sources of its supply, independent of any arrangement on the part of the aboriginal inhabitants ; and when such bare-faced robbery is maintained, not a cry of opposition from the Aborigines Society, or the Church as by Law maintained. "Thou shalt not steal" has been erased from the Decalogue of the well-paid, filthy lucre-loving parsons of what is misnamed the "English Church." Truly, as Shakespeare said, "this is a mad world my masters," that such facts are to be spoken of in the Nineteenth Century. Who can doubt that the social, political school-master is needed in the world to shout the glad tidings of honesty, peace and good-will, if not from on High, at least in this world of ours ?

It was with keen pain I learnt that men in this foremost city were unable to get work, although they were willing to labour on a footing with the natives ; and yet, with this fact so prominent, in the face of all, the Government is still

spending money for immigrants to flood the overstocked labour-market. In the past, to my own knowledge, I came across many a so-called immigrant, who took advantage of being carried to this colony, but not at the expense of their own country. It is something outrageous that German hobby-de-hoys from their cities should be brought out at the cost of the colonists, or John Bull, as agricultural assistants, who positively admitted they knew not, when growing, the difference between a turnip-top or the bine of a potatoe ; and thus, when in the colony, continued to live out as a living fraud, to the injury of the white man already in the towns. Well may the colonists complain ; no land at 10s. an acre, to be paid for in ten years, was come-atable for the colonists, but for these wastelings of German cities, with all their brazen insolence, since they trampled, by sheer weight of machinery and artillery at Sedan, and elsewhere, due to the foregone treachery of a Bazaine making it possible for them to march into Paris. The Germans fancy they are all-conquering. It may please them to think so ; but they may take the word of an Englishman, that a United France, under a Republic, will prove a very different opponent to a gang of mercenaries—officers who had not the heart to lead on the soldiers of France when they demanded. France never missed her millions of francs, but she cannot forget that her sons and daughters of Alsace and Lorraine cry to her for conjugal restitution, and as time rolls on, will not cry in vain. The future fighting in Europe will be most appalling ; but fight they will, and the next European war will be so horrible that the people will, in a bloody sweat, ask for what reason do they, at the bidding of hereditary monarchs and peers shed the blood of their brethren the proletariat ; and then in an unmistakable way tell the crowned heads to move on, so that peace and good-will may once more dwell on the earth. At present, monarchs and the gang of exploiters, know not the dignity of the Gospel of Labour, and while they do not desire to work themselves, look upon those who do with contempt, unless they, the lookers-on, reap the reward of such labours. What an age to live in, when two-legged, two-armed, ten-fingered beings in the shape of men, desire to

secure the labour of other men, and who are too proud to work, but not too proud to beg, borrow, or steal, in various ways, who know no shame while they so steal, and who, as we may often see, call themselves independent, while living upon the earnings of those who are in their grip. We could forget and forgive, if they would but admit their right to live upon the bequest of their friends, and then end their obligation to the past, or what their friends may have left them ; but to place the same out in such forms that they can call upon the soldier and the policeman to force out of labour's hands the results of its toil is becoming intolerable, and must cease somehow, either in an extended co-operative form in an individual groove. All labourers must be entitled to the product of their hands, for let it never be forgotten, that he or she who does not give an equivalent for what is received, is a legal and a conventional thief, and the sooner this fact is known, and comprehended, the better it will be for all parties and people.

THE UNREGARDED TOILS OF THE POOR.

Alas ! what secret tears are shed ;
 What wounded spirits bleed ;
 What loving hearts are severed,
 And yet man takes no heed !
 He goeth in his daily course,
 Made fat with oil and wine ;
 And pitieth not the weary souls
 That in his bondage pine ;
 That man for him the mazy wheel—
 That delve for him the mine !
 Nor pitieth he the children small,
 In noisy factories dim,
 That all day long, lean, pale and faint
 Do heavy work for him !
 To him they are but as the stones
 Beneath his feet that lie ;
 It entereth not his thoughts that they
 From him claim sympathy ;
 It entereth not his thoughts that God
 Heareth the sufferer's groan—
 That in His righteous eye their lives
 Are precious as his own.

W. HOWITT.

At such times as this, it would, indeed, be a blessing if the public understood how to construct their public works by means of public money. Many and various are the public needs—the draining of rivers, the enclosure of lands, the marrying of labour to soil, the opening up of all mineral wealth, the constructing of all public works, such as the poem previously given so beautifully describes.

On my rambles I was disgusted to meet an old German, a one foot in the grave old man, who lost a good wife through over-work and physical exhaustion through the constant demands made upon her by her husband, this never-satisfied young asthmatical old man, and she at last in disgust, and the constant burden of child bearing, gave up and died in anguish, thereby freeing herself from future toil and disappointment. This young-old withered man, in his early dotage, took to himself a bed-warmer, like David of old, in the form a young woman. This was bad, but the outcome was worse, for a young family of consumptive, asthmatical, small, puny, wizened weaklings, was added to the living mass of human life in King, and if it were possible, it would have been a blessing if a sudden death had overtaken them all. This old man, in no real or imaginary hope, could possibly live to see them grown up, and yet, to satisfy his lust and animalism, he must create responsibilities at a time of life when least able to provide for the family of the first wife, much less a large family by the second, and at a period when all such liabilities should have decreased rather than increased. When will it be considered as foolish, nay more, unwise, for an old-young man to marry when less capable of toiling, as it must be considered for a young man, without a due regard for responsibilities, to enter into the Holy State of Matrimony? When will the knowledge and morality of the age protest against the union of Spring and Winter to the utter forgetfulness of all future responsibilities? In such instances, the gratification of self is a living crime, and a never to be forgotten crime against the innocent outcome, if old young men made old, perhaps, entirely through a total disregard of all the natural laws that should be known and observed, and then through such flagrant

violation find themselves sick, as the Africander would say, or ill, as we the English comprehend ; let them, if in need of attention, secure a nurse to wait upon them ; but in the name of all that is consistent and commonly decent, forbear from being fathers to weak and diseased children.

These remarks as fully apply to the union of young diseased persons. How often have I witnessed the one foot in the grave young men and women in the colony, and especially in Bloemfontein, where they have resided in the full hope that they could remove all traces of consumption, by inhaling the dry atmosphere of the uplands of South Africa, and who, after a few years of selfish gratification have died, leaving a sickly offspring to be a source of pain and trouble to others, until early death, giving pain again, in its turn, has removed them from all earthly scenes. Surely the time must come, when it will be considered as necessary for all to kindly prohibit marriage between sickly persons, as it will be to secure, on behalf of the public house-doctors, who shall certify that all habitations are fit for occupation, not as now, all left to mere chance and fancy. One is sometimes disposed to think that with all the general knowledge of the day, these things are fully known and understood ; but that it is to the interest of doctors to have sick people on their books, and a continuation of work in patching up the children so long as the funds last, as it is the same on the part of all ministers to solemnise weddings with diseased couples, and the uniting of black with white—as I have witnessed in Bloemfontein by its Bishop and the Hon. Rev. B. Lyttelton—simply to secure the funds to keep open their church shop. What have we come to when our Bishops and the sons of our Peers will unite for better or worse, thier so-called black brethren, that positively, without desiring to be rude, they would not touch with a pitch-fork, or be near for yards in England, and yet in South Africa, to increase their singing flocks, and to obtain the filthy lucre which, in some honourable calling they are too lazy to toil and secure ; they will pander to, and marry for the sake of the fees, independent of the ruinous outcomes of such bastard connexions. The bastard race is more unen-

durable than the pure Kaffir. Their manners, their lying, their filthy dirty habits, their meanness, is such a continual outrage upon the taste of a pure white, that he cannot possibly live in the same company with such mongrel races. So far as the marrying of such, and that of diseased persons, it becomes a question, with our knowledge of science, whether men or women, who find themselves weak and unwise to create, had not better put themselves under a scientific treatment that will destroy their procreative powers, and in so doing preserve their strength for a fuller and a longer life of enjoyment. These suggestions may seem strange and startling—some may even say, awful—but no one thinks it awful now, since chloroform and ether will permit painless operation; and if men find that life would be prolonged and fortune, health and happiness secured, they will not hesitate to have an eye out, or an arm off, or any member of their body that gives offence or annoyance, removed. If this is once recognised, there would be fewer sexual crimes and sexual imbeciles filling our asylums, through no legitimate opportunity of acting the man or woman, or the waste due to diseased condition of the body, the outcome of conditions preceding them, and of which, alas, perhaps they are the victims; but a knowledge of this fact will enable them to undergo a surgical operation rather than their condition should be handed down to future living organisms. This then would be an evidence that self was crucified, and a general love for humanity understood, and carried out, not merely talked of, but put in practice.

Having regaled myself with the serious, I determined to pass an hour in witnessing the play of the "Colonel," a new piece to me, but as it was a sketch of the modern æsthetical, I thought I might learn something, and I cannot but admit I learnt much, and felt that much in such plays was beneficial, but, on the other hand, reprehensible. The great danger in these times appears to me to be the desire of women to ignore their womanly duties, and on the stage, and at times in private and public thoroughfares, to expose their physical charms, to gratify themselves and their admirers, and I fear that these kind of women are increasing. Men naturally, as

men, are prone—like all the male creation—to be ever ready to forget themselves, without so many constant appeals to their physical longings. So far as their fancied abilities are concerned, men need not notice such women in their grumbling at men and their friends, who are complained of by women, until they—the *grumblers*—are *perfect* in their *home* and family duties, and who have enough of kindness, firmness and kind persuasion, and general good management in household arrangements, and the control of their children under their constant care. Many women often know that they are deficient in all things appertaining to a woman's duty, and sometimes even admit that they even hate, with all the narrow littleness of ignorant women, that they detest a real woman's life, and yet have the courage to sit upon and judge good men who are nearly perfect in all a husband's father's, and the duties of a citizen. Women have a strange notion of equality and equity in these latter days. When women so often become the recipients of wealth out of the labourers, they fancy, in some way, they are of a superior order while living upon the toil of others, and in such cases consider they, the recipient of a father or a relatives bequest, have the right to all its advantages, while living in first-rate style at their husband's expense. Now the recipient of the income of birth, death or marriage column of the *Times* may be lawfully entitled to all its advantages, from the fact that it is quite optional for any one to make it known that they have a birth, death, or that they have married. The same principle applies to all open, uncontrolled bargains or purchases. One cannot in any way complain of a Holloway making a fortune by selling pills, or any other saleable compound, as it is purely voluntary if people buy; and for a woman to receive the result of this purchasing, she is welcome, while the sum bequeathed lasts; that is her's by right of bequest and gift, and as such, is her's to live upon; but if with such a sum she, for the sake of fleecing the Egyptians or others, and to increase this pile sells, then she wrongs the Egyptians to the exact amount of the increase. Now, the woman who secures a sum of money, or a continual income from the land, mines, or any other monopoly, is no

less in a false position than the woman who might lend, as it is called, but in reality to extort from the Egyptians ; but the women who may receive the bequest of anyone who secures means as the gift of others, or the outcome of voluntary pay for services or works of art, skill, or of science, is fully entitled to all the advantages accruing from its purchasing power ; but when put out to usury—so vehemently condemned by the Catholic Church, while they, the Church, had the power of enforcing wealth out of the toilers of the soil, but which is no less responsible, now as then ; but since the Church lives by such underhand means of subsistence is not preached against, we, the future teachers of the people, protest against all such. With freedom in the use of all land unused ; with freedom in the creation of money tokens, based on created wealth as fast as the producers require, there is no possibility of monopoly and a continuation of robbery by rent, or robbery by usury or interest, and then labour will be fully rewarded, and no hatred kindled against those who exist by such infamous means. When all are fairly paid and honestly treated, there will be no fear of destruction to the implements of production, but with a strong desire to conserve all labour-saving machines for each and all, will feel that property is saved, from the fact, that no advantage is taken of the other. All may not be able to work individually ; but under proper co-operative arrangements, and assisted by the captains of industry, all will work out well. In this case produce will increase, and all will feel it an honour to be an increaser of the wealth supply ; but this will then bring in new processes of distribution, that will reduce cost and free so many thousands, and enable them to turn themselves into producers. The want of the age are producers on a scientific basis. We have had an age of exchanges long enough, and others living upon producers. Reduce cost, and then all things will be provided for everybody. The intensity of the emotions and the irrepressible everlasting complaining needs a check. If the women could act more up to a good wife's management, all would be well ; but when we have public lewdness on our stage, women dancing in male attire, and virtually unsexing themselves, it becomes outrageous. It is all very well ^{to} pride themselves

upon their intellect ; but there is nothing more disgusting than such kind of intellectual egotists, who are deprived of all womanly traits and are unwilling to assist in their household. Heads of a kind they may have ; but the head of a good living, loving, pure woman they have not. We have had more than enough of the long blue stocking, with its boast and pride of intellect ; we want intellectual women, who are not afraid of toil if needs must—I would give the same opportunity to women as men ; no monopoly on the part of man—and I claim that the women set up no monopoly either ; let them run in the race of life freely, and all will be well. Nature will soon place them, like the men, on their right level.

Such constant exhibition on our public stage of women in false positions, merely to gratify the lust of the eye, and, perhaps, more and worse afterwards, compels all men to protest against our wives and daughters being contaminated by such exposures, and the sooner these exposed sights are removed from our stage, the better for all the female and male population. The stage in these days may be a most honourable way of getting a livelihood, but to a pure, modest, beautiful woman, the prospect of unsexing herself to feed the lust of her audience, must be most revolting. Intellectual pursuits may be most ennobling, and believers in the equality of the sexes know that no woman should be without the knowledge that would enable her to take an honourable part in life's struggle if circumstances demand ; still, I must believe, after much experience and observation, that the intellectual breadwinner after all becomes proud, insolent and tyrannical. To be united to such must be a living tragedy ; a bad woman and a fool we can make short work of ; a perverse intellectual woman is a perpetual crucifixion ; and the more we may appreciate and admire her good qualities, the more her diabolical intellectual eccentricities, stab, poison, and madden ; a glance of pity to any man who is so enveloped, is all we can give, and pass on. It is sad to know that under our present condition, of the false position of women, in most, knowledge tends to make them too self-sufficient and rudely arrogant—as in America of to-day—and thus destroys the possibility of their ever becoming gentle and superior com-

panions, and indispensable housewives, or even genial partners in the home, or in company; proving, in their case, as it often does in the male, who may be surrounded by narrow-minded conditions, that a little, or too much learning may be a most dangerous thing. As an old supporter, from my early manhood, and one who in the past has made most willing sacrifices for the full enjoyment of all women's rights, I even now support every and all that would give her full equal rights, privileges, all equal to men, but no more; and at the same time I protest against her ignoring her home and family duties and ties, and in her pride of intellect, failing to suckle her husband's children, and in handing such over to hirelings and foster mothers, forget those sacred interwoven ties and duties that make a well-nourished wife and mother, in a well-conducted home, priceless.

DUTY LEADS TO HAPPINESS.

Higher, higher let us climb
 Up the mount of glory,
 That our names may live through time
 In our country's story;
 Happy when our duty calls—
 He who conquers—he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
 In the mines of knowledge;
 Nature's wealth and nature's spoil
 Win from school and college.
 Delve we then for richer gems
 Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward let us press
 Through the path of duty;
 Virtue is true happiness—
 Excellence true beauty.
 Minds are of celestial birth,
 Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
 Hearts and hands together,
 Where our fireside comforts sit
 In the wildest weather.
 Oh! they wander wide who roam
 For the sweets of life from home!

SMYTHE,

On my second arrival at King, the town of my adoption, I rejoiced to feel that Nature, in her heat arrangements, had freed me from my high altitude, rheumatism, and was congratulating myself upon the freedom from pain, when I received a nervous shock, in a most unexpected manner. I, with my wife, had taken a walk over to my garden, and realised, with Arthur Young's statement, founded on fact, that, give a man a rock, with the certainty of possession, without the fear of eviction, he would make a garden out of it—such would be the natural inborn love for the soil and the outcome of his labour. Give a man a garden on a short lease, and it will, in all probability, become a desert. This explains the wretched condition of so many farms and holdings in Ireland—landlords ever securing the outcome, without a due regard to the comfort of the occupier—landlords always taking possession of the results of improvements, and never thinking of the injustice of taking possession of another man's toil—until, at last, when eviction has so constantly thrown men on to Nature's bosom, naked and foodless, that, in self-communion, the Irishman asks, why one man, in like image to himself, but a foreigner, should possess the gift of a Creator, and the fruit in due season, and the results of his labour; that at last he recognises the natural right within him to have his birthright in the use and outcome of nature, where unused, and the free unattached results of his toil; and then, by a gradual process of reasoning, he arrives at a natural truth—that he also possesses the heritage of nature as his born gift, and then, with all his warm Celtic nature in denouncing landlords, determines in the future to be one of Nature's landlords, without paying black mail to another man. And, without now going into full details, but which I expect to do from this time forth in connexion with my lecture of "How to Nationalize the Land of England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland," this much I will say, that when once the land is nationalized by the process that I have advocated in my "Debenture Money Bonds," and in my "Home Colonization," the Irishman, as well as the Englishman, will never hesitate to pay its redemption money, or its after rent, as payment for the protection that the laws will give him, when

he passes the law that he considers sufficient for such a purpose. The same remarks are as true of his Saxon brother in England. The land question must be settled on a proper basis. Landlords, on behalf of the State, must be bought out, and by means of National money. The money question, and solution, is as important as the land to a commercial country like England. The money is its life-circulating medium, and cannot be left out of the settlement.

Of course Dame Nature came in for all blame, as is the general rule in South Africa. But the grumbler, for want of intelligence, never remembered how it was possible, with running water above, and a splendid supply of water, to utilize Nature in all her moods. It is a sad fact that in almost all tropical climates the dependence on the natural water or rainfall destroys all the energy of the white; and from this fact one can predict the downfall of southern populations directly the influence of new *blood* is stopped from the old centres, as I have fully explained in my "How to Colonise South Africa, and by whom," which I am conceited enough to believe places the position and facts in the clearest light.

Having had the mill next to my own garden offered to me to purchase, I went to the house of the owner; to my surprise he was not at home, as agreed, and to this negligence, I owe my after misfortune. Had he informed me of his absence, I should not have gone to his house. Finding him out, I had bid his wife "good evening," and was just passing over the threshold of his door, when his dog Tiger gripped me in his powerful jaws in my right leg, and such was his determination to allow, as he conceived, no intruders, that it was not until the lady of the house rushed to my rescue, that I was released from the hold of the brute, and then, although I had not struggled with the brute while on the doorstep, such was the fearful grip he held me by, that his fangs penetrated my unmentionables, and passed through my flesh, causing the blood to flow out freely; and with a feeling of horror, I hastened to apply ammonia and brandy to counteract any foulness, that he had made me the recipient of. Words will not allow me to express my vexation and indignation, when, as I expected from the sensation, I found my leg horribly

lacerated. Fortunately to relate, on this side of the Equator, hydrophobia is but rarely known, some unknown law counteracting the subtle poison emitted when dogs are rabid, so I had to congratulate myself with a hope of a speedy recovery; seeing that the bite having been given, I was unable to alter the fact, my horror being lessened from the fact that a prior experience was mine in the case of my own wife, which at that time made me fear for the *result*. At an orchard of a friend of ours, and while sitting in the twilight and talking calmly of Nature's beauties, to mar the whole, a powerful watch dog, which had been loosened to guard the fruit from marauding Kaffirs, with the instinct, alone for preserving his master's property, he, with all the watch-dog nature creeping up, and seeing a stranger, at once gripped the arm of my wife, and inserted his fangs and refused to let go until his master's hand released the hold. I need hardly relate the sudden fear and horror that took possession of Mrs. B. Fortunately, I remembered the noble action of Eleanor to her King, and without a moments delay, I sucked and sucked, and if poison was there drew the same away, for afterwards no result followed giving pain or inconvenience.

In both these cases, no blame can be urged against the dogs, they had both been trained to attack strangers, but it is most reprehensible on the part of the owners, and I expressed surprise to the owner, that so early in the evening, they should allow such vicious animals loose without a muzzle, and which they knew was contrary to law and order. Some little time after this, I was reading of a vicious dog mangling a poor child of three years in such a frightful manner that all hope was given up of its recovery. Now such a catastrophe was enough to make a father in a passion and not only shoot the dog, but even the owner. I know not, and may I never have to know the loss of a dear one; but of all deaths, I cannot conceive for a child so horrible an ordeal to go through. I might forget, but certainly never forgive the man who caused such a misfortune in my household, and I fear nothing would satisfy me until vengeance was mine—without the assistance of any lord. It is most astonishing how indifferently-educated men will ignore and forget the rights of

others, and thus run the risk of a fine or imprisonment for keeping such an animal about, creating inconvenience to passers by and a terror to the neighbourhood, and at times even worse. I was urged to run my dog-owner before the Council, but as he expressed his deep sorrow, which I could not but believe was genuine, and as I had no desire to make capital out of my misfortune, I dismissed the matter; but it is the possible consequence that to me seemed so serious. Death in itself has no terrors for me, but as a young man, I felt that that which can be prevented ought not to be allowed to occur, and as oftentimes such serious events are the outcome of carelessness on the part of one man to another, I demand that a due consideration should at all times regulate the conduct of man to man; and as I have responsibilities to fulfil that I ought not to fail but to fulfil, so that no other should have to fulfil my duty, and a father's part to my children, I protest against the indifference of men forgetting their duties to their fellow-man. One sees so much of neglect on the part of men who ought to know better, ignoring the individuality of others, that it becomes an imperative duty to make it known that any man or woman has the natural right to act at all times how they like, when they like, where they like, so long as in so acting, they at no time trespass upon the individuality of others, a line of demarcation, that if understood, would save the world from an immense amount of torture, trouble and annoyance, and prevent many a tragedy in all countries.

During my absence the town had completed its system of Water Works, and in so doing had contracted a very heavy debt, and a yearly interest that will help to consume them up in the future, as I have drawn attention to in my "How to Construct Water Works, and other Public Works," and in my "Remedy for Outcast London." I feel this keenly, as I had to pay my proportion to pay this interest, and from the distance could not avail myself of the water supply without a very considerable expense. Now all this interest would have been saved if the income from the water rents redeemed the original outlay of the works—if the plan I have so often recommended had been carried out by means of municipal

money. O, so easy to get into debt ; but not a statesman to show how to do the right and get clear of debt in the most economical manner. The great difficulty in the colony—Free State and elsewhere—for that matter is to find an *alter ego*. Had I been able to have done so, my garden would have been the pride of King William's Town and the eastern provinces, and a source of considerable pleasure to my neighbours, and a profit to myself, after the many years of hard toil and unremunerated labour I had passed through. I met many of my old acquaintances—one Daniel—and we, in our past debates, often came to judgment on the various views I held on general matters. On this occasion he assured me that there would be no judgment for the just. For fear of being disappointed, I did not enquire whether he alluded to his own career or mine. I prefer leaving the knowledge in abeyance, for fear of a revelation that would not be comforting to either. While discussing with many, the news arrived of the discovery of the largest diamond yet found, and said to be at Jagersfontein. To this I objected, and maintained that it was more likely that the Jews and others would move it out from Kimberley, with their other cheap and easy gotten stones, to sell, as the public believe, in a legitimate manner, at Jagersfontein, a place of fraud, entirely made by the illicit of Kimberley. The fact stares us in the face, that not a single company in Jagersfontein has paid a dividend, but ruined the shareholders, and to-day is a sham and a fraud. Some said it was due to the many stones stolen from Jagersfontein. Nothing of the kind. It may be diamondiferous soil ; but there are not the quantity of diamonds there to make it pay. It will keep up a show while the Jews and traders can sell in the town these stones stolen from Kimberley ; when this is impossible, the owners of the stores will put up their shutters, and then it will take the place of the Deserted Village. At the present time the public offices are once more taken to Faurismith. A little while and the place will be no more, but as the spot of the rankest swindling in the Free States. At the present time it is the only outlet for stolen stones. Time after time a rush is made with bags of stones, pounds in weight, and there is

no doubt that at this spot they are distributed. It is well known that many of the Jews are still in possession of a very considerable number that they cannot get away with, seeing that it is illegal to have in their possession, in house or on person, and thus it happens that they adopt all sorts of dodges to get them out for sale. Not that they consider it a crime to have them, but a crime to be found with them. It will be seen what kind of pandemonium this Jagersfontein is, and also Kimberley, when my readers peruse my Third "Jottings on the Way," after the "Free State History," which will be the only true modern history to be relied upon for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

CONSCIENCE.

My conscience is my crown ;
Contented thoughts my rest ;
My heart is happy in itself
My bliss is in my breast.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil :
I make the limits of my power
The boundary of my will.

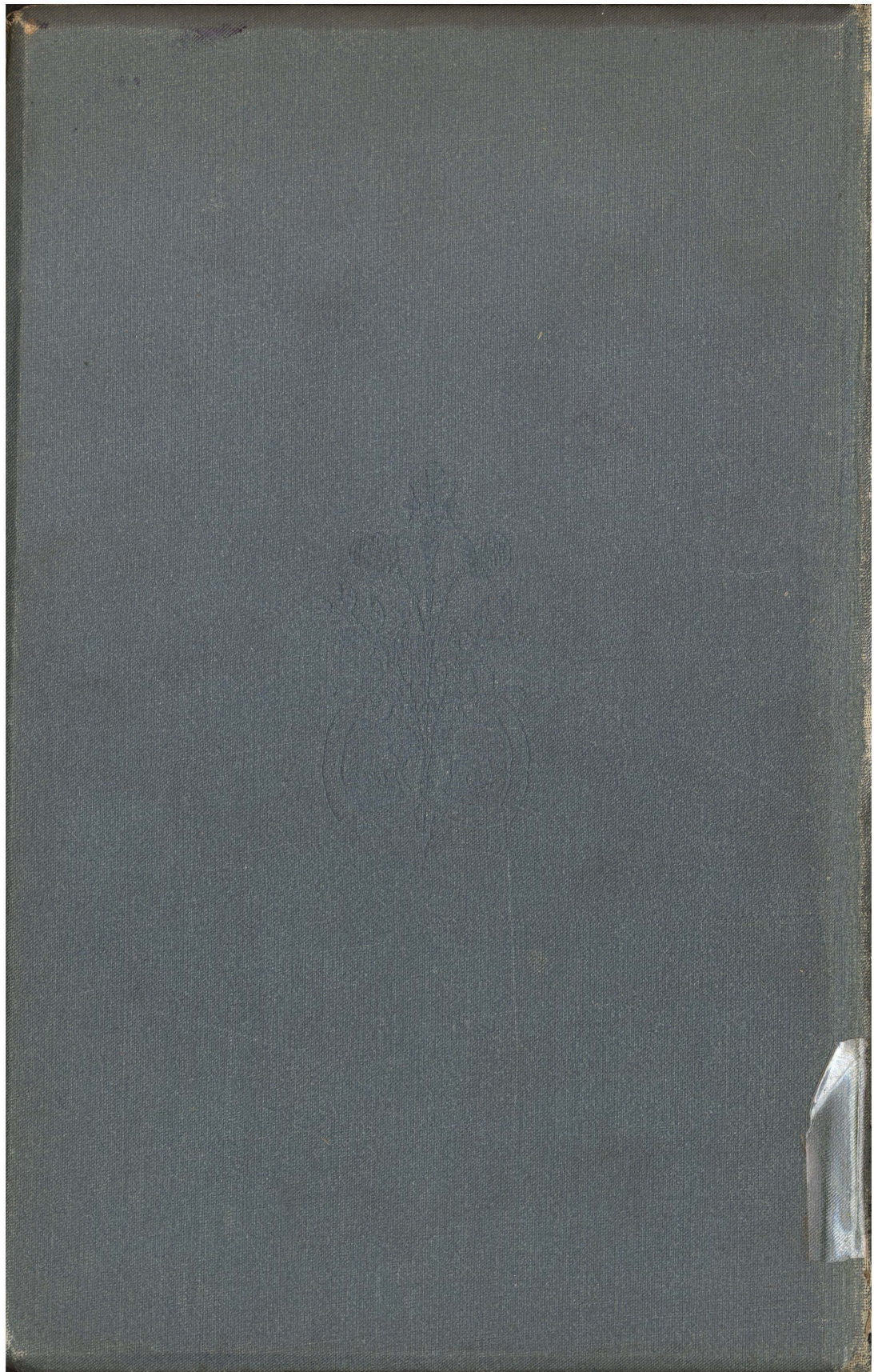
I feel no care of coin ;
Well-doing is my health—
My mind to me an empire is,
While nature affordeth health.

I wrestle not with rage :
While fiery flame doth burn,
It is in vain to stop the stream
Until the time doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend.

No change of Fortune's wheel
Can cast my comfort down ;
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think,
How quickly she will frown.

And when in froward mood
She moved—an angry foe—
Small gain I found to let her come,
Less loss to let her go.—ROBERT SOUTHWELL, 1590.



THE
IMMORTAL
HISTORY
OF
SOUTH AFRICA



M. J. BOON.

VOL. I.



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WILLIAM KELLY'S