

XLIX.

Appearing after death.

The following narrative has been related, and vouched for by an old Cape Town resident.

“Many of my Cape Town readers will remember the Young Scotchman, who, for upwards of three years, occupied the position of school teacher, and organist at the German Lutheran Church in Long Street. Poor Charlie Duncan (under which name he shall be known in this narrative) was a young man of unusual accomplishments, a splendid scholar, a remarkable linguist, and a brilliant musician. The fact that he, a Scotchman, for upwards of three years taught *German to Germans*, sufficiently testifies to the undoubted talents of which he was possessed. Add to this, a handsome appearance and a bright, cheerful temper, and there seemingly was nothing to prevent Charlie Duncan from in time reaching the top round of the ladder to fame and fortune. There was, alas! one sin—one fault that like a pall hung over the otherwise faultless character of Charley—*the curse of drink*. When once

he tested liquor, there was no stopping until the terrors of *delirium tremens* had racked his body, and left its victim weak and miserable. Charley was one of your fellows whose vice it is to indulge in a periodical "spree." When sober, and beyond the control of the alcoholic devil, he was industrious, painstaking, and a model of regularity. But with his first glass, only too often forced on him by injudicious friends—a debauch would follow which would not end until the lowest dregs had been reached. In the course of a long and observant life, I have never yet met a man on whom drink had so terrible a hold as it had on unfortunate Charley.

And so it came to pass, that after repeated warnings he was finally dismissed the position he had held at the German Church. I had made his acquaintance shortly after his arrival in the Colony, and his many good qualities enlisted my deepest sympathy for him. And when one evening, some weeks after he had lost his situation, I met him in a state of the most object destitution and want, it was but natural, that, prompted by a feeling of humanity and pity, I should take him to my house. Long and earnestly I talked with him, and with tears in his eyes, he promised to make one last effort to save himself. I gave him a home in my house, and a situation in my business. He proved himself apt, and quick in mastering the details of his new situation, and being thoroughly honest, he soon became a valuable help to me. I, as well as the members of my family, became greatly attached

to him. He continued for more than a year to lead a sober and industrious life, and it really seemed as if he had for ever shaken off the curse of his life. This hope, I regret to relate, proved delusive. Some three months before I was obliged to turn him away, he entered on a drunken carousal of several weeks' duration. When I again saw him, terribly used up, I took compassion on him, and determined to try him once more. It proved of no use. He repeatedly fell from grace, and in less than two months, I was reluctantly compelled to dismiss him.

After he finally quitted my house, and employment, I heard nothing of him for some weeks—though a rumour did reach me that he was laid up sick at the Somerset Hospital. It was one evening that I shall never forget, that I sat in the parlour of my residence in one of the villages on the Wynberg Line, in company with my wife and a business friend whom I will call N. It was about 9 o'clock, when there was a knock at the door. I answered the summons, and was not a little astonished when, on opening the door, I met the gaze of Charley Duncan. He was about to leave Cape Town, he said, and might be pardoned for calling to say goodbye? He followed my invitation to enter, and sat down in our company. He was indeed a pitiable sight as he sat there. His hallow cheeks, sunken eyes, dishevelled hair, and disordered raiment hardly left any vestige of resemblance to the handsome and polished gentleman I had first met in him. He had that morning left

the hospital he informed us, where he had been ill some time, and he had determined to leave Cape Town for some place up-country, where he would try and turn over a new leaf. He could not leave, however, without having first bid me good-bye.

After making this statement, Charley sat gloomy and silent with folded arms, speaking only in monosyllables. Every effort to arouse him, and draw him into conversation proved futile. I don't know how it came about, though the moaning of the south-easter sweeping around the house with unusual violence that evening, and the strange, almost spectral, appearance of Charley, may have been at the bottom, suffice to say, that before I knew it, my friend N. and myself had entered into a discussion of things supernatural. N. strongly insisted on his belief that a person could after death give some sign or warning to a distant friend, or relative, apprising him of such death, and cited several instances that had come to his knowledge. I warmly combatted my friend's assertions, terming them a relic of superstition, and out of harmony with our advanced age. The subject of our discussion seemed to awaken a sudden interest in Charley. There was a peculiar light in his glance, as, after listening to us some time in silence, he broke in addressing me:

"I am sorry," he said, "that I must agree with Mr. N. I fully believe that there is a mysterious power enabling the dead to communicate to one near or dear, the fact that death has taken place. I even go further, and maintain that the dying have this

power of apprising a friend or relative of approaching dissolution."

"I am surprised, Charley," I said, "that a man possessed of your intelligence, should hold views so opposed to modern thought and reason."

"I am aware," he warmly retorted, "that in holding those views, I am laying myself open to the ridicule of the majority of the more intelligent and enlightened. It has always been to me a subject in which I have taken a great deal of interest, and the more I have examined into it, the more have I become convinced that I am right. There is a great deal to be said *pro* and *con*, and if we were to argue all night, I doubt whether we would be any nearer to a satisfactory solution of the question. It is getting late and I must leave you, but before I go I will make you a proposal that may put the subject of our discussion to the test. I fear that I may never see you again. I am not in the best of health, and I have a presentiment that my remaining days are few in number, and I really don't care how soon the end comes. Let us agree that he of us two who shall die first, shall, if possible, give to the other three signals, or warnings, immediately before or after death."

"I'll agree," I said, "though I hope you will live many years and become a respected and useful member of society."

Charley rose to leave, and I accompanied him to the door.

"Good-bye," were his last words, "and God bless you, and remember our agreement, don't be startled

if I should fulfil its conditions sooner than you may expect."

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Six weeks passed since Charley's farewell-call at my house. I had heard nothing concerning him, nor did the cares and anxieties of business permit my thoughts to revert to him much. I well remember the clear and beautiful evening of February 2, 1880. The strange occurrence I am about to relate has impressed every detail of that evening so vividly on my mind, that it seems to me as if it was but Yesterday. It was just 10, when I retired for the night. I occupied a front room of my house, as a bedroom. The room contained a fourpost iron bedstead, three chairs, washstand, toilet-table, and wardrobe. The floor was devoid of carpet or matting. There were two windows to the room, and one door. Before I retired, I tried both windows to see that they were fastened, and locked the door. There was no one in the room but my wife and myself. Adjoining my side of the bed, I placed a chair, on which I put a candle, a box of matches, and my pipe which I had been smoking. I soon fell asleep, and will add that I am a heavy sleeper, and not easily disturbed. I had slept about one hour, when I was awakened by a noise as if a chair had been slowly drawn along the floor. I raised myself and looked about the room. I felt for the chair on which I had placed the candle, and found it had been moved beyond my reach. I was a little startled when I made this discovery, and cogitating in my mind whether it wasn't perhaps the peak of

a dream, when I heard the same grating sound of the chair, this time clear, distinct and unmistakable. It sounded as if a person with his weight on it, had slowly drawn it along the floor for a couple of feet. "What is that" my wife exclaimed, "this is the second time I have heard that." I arose, feeling ill at ease, and lit the candle. The chair stood fully four feet away from the position in which I had left it. A careful examination of the window fastenings, door, wardrobe, every nook and corner of the room, failed to reveal the slightest cause for the chair's strange behaviour. I had again retired, and just extinguished the candle, when the chair again for the third time moved away from the bed, with a noise more clear and loud than before.

"I believe I can explain this extraordinary occurrence," I said to my wife as a recollection of my last meeting with Charley Duncan flashed across my mind.

"You remember the singular compact Charley Duncan made with me about six weeks ago. I fear something has gone wrong with poor Charley."

It was some time before I could compose myself to sleep, out of which I was awakened by a knock at the door. I arose, and opening the window inquired who the visitor was.

"Does Mr.—live here?" somebody interrogated.

"That is my name," I answered.

"There is a man, called Charley Duncan at No.—Long street, very ill, and he has been raving and calling your name all the evening, and insisting

on seeing you. I have been searching for you several hours. Will you come and see him."

"I will go with you," I answered, "but I fear it will be of little use to him. We will find the poor fellow dead."

I dressed and accompanied the messenger to the address he had given. When we arrived, it was as I had anticipated. Charley Duncan was dead. He had died at about 11 o'clock, and the time of death coincided with the disturbances in my bedroom.

I have little to add. Charley's friends who remembered only the many good qualities of his heart and mind, provided him with a proper Christian burial. All the actors in the foregoing narrative, with the exception of poor Charley are still alive and will bear me out in what I have related. Had I been the sole witness of the remarkable manifestations in my bedroom, I might attribute it to a hallucination or delusion. Under the circumstances, I am forced to believe that the moving of the chair was due to the spirit, mind, or call it what you may, of Charley Duncan, but the *how* of it I will leave to those of my readers, better versed in psychical science than I am.

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Will the kind reader in this narrative observe what awful devastation the Drink Fiend again brought about? When will people be wise and become total abstainers?

L.

The fatal Portmanteau.

A tale of Kimberley. By a contributor to a newspaper.

A summer's afternoon in Kimberley in 1884. I am lying on my sofa in the lightest attire consistent with decency: the heat blazing; outside the air is full of dust, fine, grey, almost impalpable, but all-penetrating dust. Did I say outside? Well outside, and inside too, for the woodwork of the houses in the capital of the Diamond Fields is apt to be more or less warped by the tremendous heat of the sun, and therefore to let in wind and dust. But, indeed, I am not sure that joiner's work could be made so perfectly as to exclude Kimberley dust. Let no one imagine that the dust of Cape Town in a South-easter can give him the faintest idea of it: the things are as different as can well be. To state the matter in a mathematical proportion style I would say that as moderately large pebbles are to Adderley-street dust, so is the latter to the Kimberley product. In the calmest and stillest of weathers

it floats in the air almost invisibly but it gets into your nose, your eyes, your clothes; it powders you till you look like a dirty batur's man, and it has a peculiar half-pungent, but wholly unpleasant smell. As for a dust-storm, when a hurricane whirls it along, the difficulty is to know how to breathe at all.

The thermometer was 95 in the shade, moderately mild weather for the place, but somewhat hot to the unacclimatized. A tap at my door, a languid "Come in," from myself, and enter Charley Fisher. Possibly I should have said Mr. Charles Fisher, or, as every one in South Africa is an Esquire, it might have been Charles Fisher Esq.; but then every one called him Charley, and I have noticed that people who bear his Christian name, generally *are* so called.

A better looking fellow than Charley was not to be seen on the fields, or a more peculiar one. He was always trying to get a berth and never succeeded, but it did not seem to make much difference to him, for he lived on the best of everything, and always had money in his purse. How he managed it, no one knew and no one cared to enquire; he was supposed to have rich friends at home, upon whom he could draw when his funds were low.

"How are you, Charley? Take a seat and collar that 'cup'—it's well iced and the only cool thing in Kimberley, I believe."

"Thanks," said Charley, following my advice.

"Look here, old fellow, I am going to run over to Bloemfontein, and I may be absent a few days. I don't much trust that sneakish-looking Indian

fellow of mine, and I want to know if I may leave a biggish portmanteau of my clothes with you."

"Certainly—where is it?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I've brought it with me, as I thought you would not refuse. I'll bring it in."

"All right—now shove it under my bed inside there, and it will be in no one's way. When do you start?"

"Directly—so I must say good-bye at once."

"Good-bye and good-luck," said I, and Charley was gone.

The next morning I was strolling down to my office when I met one of my most intimate friends.

"I say—heard the news? By the bye, this beats everything."

"What news? I have heard nothing."

"Not about Charley Fisher? He's off, that's all."

"Off—well, of course he is. I knew that, because he came to say good-bye to me yesterday."

"Well, anyhow he has bolted."

"What do you mean by bolting? Surely a visit to Bloemfontein is not bolting."

"Oh no: but people who only go on an innocent visit to Bloemfontein, don't have warrants out against them for I. D. B."

"And do you mean to say?"—

"I mean to say that I have seen the warrant myself—and it authorizes the arrest of Charles Fisher of Kimberley on a charge of having rough uncut diamonds in his possession without a licence."

I was thoroughly amazed. The last man whom

I should have suspected of the illicit trade was Charley Fisher.

"No one knows" continued my friend, "what has become of the diamonds. His room has been searched—not a vestige of them found. He is too sharp to have taken them with him. He must have a confederate."

A faint sickness came over me. That portmanteau! Suppose that it contained the di—; oh! really my head began to reel.

"What is the matter, old fellow?" asked my friend. "Oh! I can guess what it is—you must have felt a horrible shock at hearing that your old chum had turned rogue."

I was grateful to him for making the suggestion, and I believe I was mean enough to say "Yes, that's it."

I pulled myself together again, and went on my way, while my friend walked off in the opposite direction. I reached my office and tried to work, but I made more mistakes over figures and correspondence in an hour than I generally do in a year.

That portmanteau! ought I to give information to the police? That would be treachery to Charley; and suppose there were no diamonds in it, how should I answer for letting the police break it open? On the other hand, suppose they found out where it was—what would be my position? A confederate! Yes, that was what my friend said. I verily believe I suffered the pains of purgatory that morning.

At 1 o'clock—tiffin hour—I went home. I had not been long there before I was told that "some

one" wished to see me: he entered the room, and I recognized Sergeant C of the Detective Police. I got hot, I got cold, I almost fancied my teeth were already chattering.

"Good-day, Mr. Jerningham," said the Sergeant in his blandest tones. I made some kind of response—I don't know what.

"Rather unpleasant business I'm come about," continued the Sergeant. "Suppose you've heard that Mr. Fisher has made himself scarce?"

"Yes, I was surprised to hear so this morning."

"You must have been shocked, Sir; a great friend of yours, I believe?"

"Ye-e-s," I stuttered.

"I've got information that he called here before going away, Sir," continued the Sergeant, "and it's believed you've got a portmanteau of his in your possession."

"Yes," I replied, shivering—though certainly not cold—"but I've not the least idea what is in it."

"Well, we shall soon know that. If you'll look at that dokkymment" (so the Sergeant pronounced it) "you'll see that I am authorized to open it."

To make a long story short, the portmanteau was brought from under the bed, and it was opened; first there was nothing to be seen but rubbish, stones, etc., not a particle of clothing; but suddenly the Sergeant drew out a little bag, and exclaimed:

"Ha! ha! I've got 'em;" and sure enough there was a very valuable collection of excellent uncut diamonds.

"Upon my word!" I cried.

The Sergeant looked at me with a peculiar expression which makes me think—now that I can think calmly about it—that he probably muttered to himself. “All my eye!”

“Sorry to say, Sir that I’ve got this dokkymment too,” said he.

I looked: it was a warrant for my own arrest on the same charge as that against Charley Fisher!

“We shan’t put the irons on, Sir,” he continued: “I know you’ll come quietly, and we’ll have a cab.”

Less than ten minutes later I was an inmate in the Kimberley gaol. Next morning I made my appearance before the Magistrate. Facts looked woefully against me, and my demeanour had undoubtedly been just such as might be expected in a guilty man. I could see that every one in Court looked upon me as a doomed I. D. B. Had I anything to say? Well, I told all that had occurred between myself and Charley, and vowed that I was innocent.

“Any witnesses?”

“None.”

“I say, Sir, mayn’t I speak?” cried a skril voice which I recognized as that of Joe Tippetts, a small boy who waited on me.

“What have you got to say?” asked the Magistrate.

“I knows all about it. I was there.”

“Where were you?”

“In the Master’s house, in a cupboard, and I seed Mr. Fisher come and ask to leave his portmantle.”

“Stay—what were you doing in the cupboard?”

Joe hung his head, but said boldly "Cribbing Jam."

There was a laugh; but Joe was told to go on with his story, and this he did so clearly and faithfully that I saw how the tide had turned and that my innocence was beginning to appear.

The Magistrate told me that he must, for form's sake, commit me for trial but he would take bail, and thought it very unlikely that I should be prosecuted.

He was right: the Crown Prosecutor stopped the proceedings; my friends rallied round me, and as for Joe—if ever that boy wants jam he shall have it as long as I have a shilling to buy it with.

Varities.

A BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

A curious breach of promise case was heard before the Resident Magistrate of Port Elizabeth in 1884. The plaintiff was a coloured man, about 65 years of age, named Isaac—while the defendant was a bright little dark-skinned maiden of 18 years, rejoicing in the name of Catherine—. It was alleged that on or about the 10th day of July, 1884, the defendant and plaintiff agreed to marry each other, and, in view of this interesting little event, Isaac at the request of his lady love, advanced her the sum of £ 6. After this kindly loan, Catherine became less affectionate towards her intended husband, and notwithstanding the frequent requests of Isaac to name the happy day, refused to do so. This the would-be Benedict thought strange, and he finally demanded from the changeable little damsel the amount which he in a generous moment had been foolish enough to lend her. She refused to do even this, and he threatened, and the result was a court case.

At the appointed hour for the hearing of the case both presented themselves at Court, and great was the merriment caused by the appearance of the parties to the Suit.

The defendant gave evidence to show that the £ 6 received by her was for the purpose of buying a suitable trousseau, but this the venerable old man indignantly denied. The amused Magistrate asked Katy in a conciliatory tone why she didn't want to marry Isaac, to which she replied amid a roar of boisterous mirth, „because he is too old.”

„Ah,” returned His Worship—believing in the saying “better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave”—“but he will look after you better than a giddy young man—he will take care of you.”

“No, I won't have him at all; he is too old,” said the blooming defendant.

Judgment was given for the plaintiff with costs, and Mademoiselle Catherine left the court sorely perplexed as to where she would be able to borrow the requisite amount.

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A REMARKABLE NATIVE BOY.

The King William's town papers some years ago give a short account of a remarkable little native boy who resides at Xumie, Transkie. In the words of a correspondent:—I heard that a service was to be held that afternoon in the Wesleyan Chapel, and that a little Fingo boy was to address the meeting. It being a novelty, I determined to attend. The

bell having been rung, I wended my way there, and found the Chapel already full, about two hundred persons being present, a good number of whom were red heathens.

A native minister conducted the service, speaking from the words "Come and see."

The people paid great attention to the short exhortation, and, after singing a hymn, the minister called upon the boy, whose name is Apostle, to pray. In a short time, a shrill voice was heard in prayer. After the first two or three sentences had been uttered, there was a general burst of weeping throughout the Chapel. As the boy proceeded his voice gradually became stronger, until its shrill intonations pierced the ears of every one present, while every word was distinctly audible, even above the weeping of the people. I will not give the words, but I know that after that short simple and earnest prayer of Apostle, there was not one dry eye in the congregation. Apostle is young in years, is a strong, healthy looking boy, has a full chubby face, pleasant and cheerful looking, and his eyes are small, but they have a piercing expression about them. His father is a heathen, his mother a member of the church. The boy early developed religious instincts, which displeased his father, who in derision called him "Apostle," a name with which he is now entitled to by baptism. Thus I have sent you a short account of a remarkable boy, and if he lives he may turn out to be a remarkable man. No mention, however, is further made of the address.

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POOR "BOBBY" FINED.

An amusing case was heard a while ago in a Police Court in the Eastern Province. A certain policeman who shall be nameless was "pulled up," for disrespect to a high functionary in another force also stationed close by. "Well," said His Worship, "what is the case." After being informed that the "noble policeman" had passed a superior officer in the street without saluting him in proper form, he turned to the unfortunate fellow, and asked him, if he had any reason to assign for his uncouth conduct.

"Well, yer see, yer Worship" replied Bobby, "I was acoming down the street and I met him" (pointing to the complainant.)

His Worship: "Who's *him*? What do you mean by *him*? Give the gentleman a name, will you?"

"Well I met him (still pointing) coming and I just walked on. Cause he aint my ossifer I never salooted him. (roars of laughter) I always thought I had only to saloote *my* own superior ossifer. That's why I didn't saloote *him*" (pointing again)

"Guilty of insubordination," said His Worship wrathfully. "Fine, twenty shillings. Stand down."

Whereupon poor Bobby stood down with rather an elongated countenance.

Address by Mr. Mac Kenzie.

The following address was given by the Rev. Mr. Mac Kenzie once upon a time Deputy Commissioner, in Cape Town, at the Commercial Exchange, in 1884 on the occasion of a public meeting held for the purpose of considering what the newspapers called the crisis in Bechuanaland.

“Mr. Mayor, and gentlemen of Cape Town, I am very much obliged to you indeed for the kind manner in which you have received me upon this platform. We shall not enter upon a personal matter to-night, so far as I am concerned. The subjects of our discussion are too great for Mr. this or Mr. that to be introduced into it. When in England I was very much struck with the clearness with which the English people perceived the duties of colonists. When I pointed out something which I thought ought to engage the attention of the people of England, I was sure to be met with the repartee, “Why cannot the colonists out there attend to that?” I tried to show these people, and to some

extent succeeded, that so long as England was in South Africa, she must be there as the central or the supreme power (applause), and that as the central or supreme power, she had certain duties, which it was absolutely necessary that she should discharge. Here this evening I am not astonished, because we are always carrying on our education, and our increased knowledge of human nature, but I am amused that whilst in England they had such a clear idea of the duty of colonists, you as colonists seem to have an equally clear idea of the duty of England. (Laughter) Now, just as I conceived it my duty in England to point out the duty of England in this country, so here in South Africa, if you will allow me, I shall make it my duty to point out, not the duty of England, which you already see so clearly, but your own duty as colonists and inhabitants of South Africa. (Applause). I think we might begin this way: that the Cape Colony is a corporate body. It has its existence and its boundaries, it has its income, its expenditure, its debts, like any other reasonable corporate body. (Laughter.) Now I would say this, that as a corporate body, the interests of all the inhabitants of Cape Colony are necessarily one. It is in vain for us to seek to divide the members of this corporate body and to say that the interests of those who speak one language are so and so, while the interest of those who speak another language are quite dissimilar; that is perfectly false. The Cape Colony is a corporate body, and the interests of the Cape Colony are the interests of its inhabitants. (Applause). Away

then with those, who would separate those who speak one language, from those who speak another; away with such counsels. In America, you know, a man may be a German, or a Swede, or a Swiss. (A voice: Or a Chinese). No, we will keep out the Chinese, if you please, I mean with reference to my American resolution. What I mean is this: Any European landing in America ceases to think of himself, so far as a citizen of that mighty republic, as a European of this nationality or that, but thinks only of himself as an American citizen.

Now, Sir, I hold this: If we are to attain to prosperity, if we are to attain to what might be called a tolerable living in this country, of happiness, prosperity, and of peace, so that we may meet with our neighbours on all sides, whether we talk English, or Dutch, in confidence, and with neighbourly feeling, we must think of ourselves as South African citizens. (Applause). The interests therefore of one class in this country are the interests of all. The Cape Colony, as well as being a corporate body, has its neighbours; there are other corporate bodies in its neighbourhood. It seems to me a very remarkable thing that some people would appear to have got a jumbled idea of the fact that the interests of another corporate body might become the interests of the Cape Colony, or are the interests of the Colony; that is to say, that my brother's interests and my own are identical. I don't see it. He is my brother, but he wears his own clothing, he sits on his own chair, he eats his own food, he has his own personality, and his own interests: and so has Cape

Colony, and so has Natal, and so has the Free State, and so has the Transvaal. Not only so, but it is quite possible that the interests of one corporate body in South Africa, may not only be quite distinct from those of another, but may be opposed to those interests. It may be, for instance, legitimate enough for the Transvaal not only to have that immense north beyond it, and no one interfering with its progress northward, but for it to wish also to have it—east and west.

* * *

I say it may be legitimate for it to seek that and to push for it, but the thing that surprises me, Sir, is that the Cape Colony should be overwhelmed with the idea, of the desirableness of all that, so that its outlook towards the north should pass away from it, in order that the Transvaal should have not only an outlook to its north, with which no one is interfering, but an outlook to the East, towards Zululand, and an outlook to the West, towards Bechuanaland. If you study the history of South Africa a little, you will find that we live here under a law somewhat similar to the law which regulates the life of Europeans in North America. A gentleman—I think yourself, Mr. Chairman—used the word “expansion.” Well, the Americans expand westwards, and the South Africans expand northwards. Make of it what you like; there it is; there is the fact. Look at an old map—a map which your grandfathers studied; look at the map which your own fathers studied, and then go to the map which you studied as a boy. You will find

that the belt of country occupied by Europeans, is extending northward, and northward still. Now, this movement on the part of the Europeans, has almost up to the present time been a matter of irritation to the Government of this country. It has reminded me, Sir, of the remark of a mother who is always seeing that the legs of her child are becoming too long for the frock, and the arms too long for its arms, and that somehow or other she must set to work in order to make her child decent looking and to look like "ither folk." (Laughter.) Now, this South African child is always growing, and its frocks are always getting too short, and the Mother Country is irritated periodically on this account. (Laughter.)

This expansion, or growth, or whatever you like to call it, has gone on long enough now for every one on both sides of the water to take it into account as the law of our life in South Africa, to legislate for it and to make up people's minds what is going to take place. (Hear, Hear.) This law, I was happy to find, was recognised by both political parties in England, during the time I was there, a little while ago. Both parties came to view this matter from very much the same point of view outside party politics. It was a new departure, they said, with reference to native policy in South Africa, and this growth, or expansion, was not only recognised by politicians as such, but recognised by a more impracticable body of men, namely by the philanthropists of England and Great Britain. Now, you know, that the philanthropist in the time of

our fathers, and in the time of our own youth, was a noble fellow, and his class have done noble deeds all over the world, deeds which you as Englishmen are proud of. But, after all, they were a stay-at-home race of men, and were dependent a good deal upon the information which reached them. But the philanthropist of our time is a traveller. He has been in Cape Town; he has been in the interior, and has even eaten "biltong" with the Dutchmen in the "veld." He knows all about it. He, therefore, has seen what he is speaking about. The philanthropists of our time have advanced with reference to South African affairs to this extent, that they recognise, that this expansion is inevitable, and it ought, therefore to be legislated for. (Applause.) I remember, Sir, at a public meeting of the Aborigenes Protection Society having the audacity to tell them—I was on the platform—I thought there was something nobler and greater even than protecting the Aborigenes, and that was the government of them, so that they would not need protection. (Applause.) Now these men have also recognised the fact that the Europeans in South Africa are proceeding northward. They must do so in either of two ways. It is a very adroit thing on the part of a certain class of literature which has already been referred to this evening, but which I don't wish to characterize in any way whatever.

I have not the liberties which townsmen have to fellowtownsmen. I feel I am a stranger among you; but I will say this, however, it is a very adroit

thing on the part of those who say that this expansion is a Dutch idea, and not an English idea. You see that it is a thing that has taken place, and is going to take place, and if you put all the English against, and all the Dutch for it, you have done a very smart thing. I deny that the Dutch are more for expansion than the English. Look at America, look at Australia, at South Africa, at Stellaland, and Mr. Leonard will excuse me for saying, look at Goshen. You will find English speaking men and Dutch speaking men in the ranks of those men. You see I have been there. (Applause). The only question is this: shall this expansion go on by mere Borderer's law, or under the control of the central Government; shall we go northward in South Africa with bloodstained hands, still using our Bibles, and still venturing to ask God's blessing on the shedding of that blood? or shall we go northward, unstained by human blood, to the occupation of thousands of miles of uninhabited territory, and go north, caring for, and protecting the few inhabitants who sparsely inhabit that country? (Applause). I have been amongst those Borderers; I have mixed with them, I have heard them talk. They are tired of it; they don't think well of it themselves; they are not happy on account of it. If their praises are sounded by any one down there, it is more than the decent fellows are doing themselves. "We are so glad you have come, Sir," was the statement which many of the men, and not merely English speaking men, but also Dutch speaking men made to me. "We are tired of this business;

we are glad you have come that we may have something like government, where we have so long had lawlessness and disorder.”

* * *

Then there is another thing; under these circumstances poverty is very great among these people. You hear of great troops of cattle being taken and put up for public sale. How much do you think a volunteer would get as his share of that boot? Very little indeed.

And it reaches him in the form of a “good-for” for so many shillings or pounds. They have a very hard time, these volunteers and native chiefs. I enrolled some twenty or thirty at Stellaland; men who came under the Mutiny Act. They were Dutch speaking men, and when paraded before me, I must say that the appearance of their clothes was on this side or the other side the opposite of respectable. It was a good while since they had visited a place in Adderley Street, and a good while since they had cash in their pockets. But they were bright-looking intelligent young fellows, willing to take the oath of allegiance to the Queen, and willing to serve for the peace of the country. There were two large tents at Vryburg, one occupied by Dutch speaking young men, and the other by English speaking young men, enrolled by Major Lowe at Kimberley.

I remember parading both detachments one day and addressing the Dutch speaking young men, and saying to them:

"Now, look here, I want to hear nothing about the race differences amongst you young fellows. I don't want to hear *V..... Englishman*, or *V..... Rooibaatje*," and then turning to the Englishmen, I said, "we are here shoulder to shoulder, and we are here for the good and welfare of South Africa and I don't want to hear anything of "*D.... Boer*" or "*D.... Dutchmen*."

You see, Sir, you must speak very plain up there if you would be understood. (Laughter and applause.) I was very pleased with the reception I got from both these detachments, and was assured that so far as they were concerned they would do their duty, and do it as comrades together in one common cause. I hold that whatever becomes of the teacher of a doctrine like that, whether he be shot down by some stray bullet or not, the teaching is good and can never die. Allow me to say it is the only teaching that will save South Africa—the teaching of being comrades and good citizens one with another. For my own part it may be that I am somewhat of an enthusiast. I think it is a good thing sometimes, but I have great hopes for the support of the native policy which exists in my own mind, almost the unanimous support for it of every respectable colonist of South Africa.

I will tell you a story in support of that. I was travelling northward and we had to outspan, I went up to a Dutchman, just to see how he was, and to spend half an hour during the outspan. I found he had got off his coat; he had been at work. He wanted to know who I was. I said: "My name

is Mac Kenzie." I saw he at once grasped the situation (Laughter). I said: "Now look here, I shall not be a bit offended if you turn your back upon me and go away." "*Ne*," said he with all the characteristic hospitality of a South African farmer, "*Ne meneer, kom binnen*," and of course I went in and sat down. "Now," he said, "look here, let us have it out. I want to hear from yourself all about this; I don't believe all that the newspapers say." (Laughter). I felt very thankful when I heard that. "I don't believe all the newspapers say," said he, "nor do I believe all they say in Parliament." I said, "Come now, there is some hope for the country after all," and so we had it out. "Now come," he said, "what do you want done up there?" So I told him that according to my humble idea, England and the Cape Colony together should have a Central Power in South Africa, whatever that Power might happen to be; it might be a republic to-morrow, but the policy which I sketched out will be the best policy still. I shall not give a repetition of that policy I sketched out to that decent man, in his own house, further than by saying, that as I was leaving, he took my hand and said, "God bless you, Sir, it is the right thing to do." Now, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I am enthusiastic about this, that when the neighbours of that decent man, as well as he, understood what England wants to do, and what I hope the Cape Colony will want to do in this matter, then the body of colonists would say, as that man said, "It is the right thing to do, may God bless it." But some one will say, "But how

about the natives?" It is well, he supposed, that there is a weak point in every man's armour, and this will be the weak point in Mr. Mac. Kenzie's armour, and he will say some dreadful things when he comes to talk about black men. It is just the same as the story about the lunatic asylum, when the keeper said, "There is a man quite sane on every point, but you must not introduce the subject of the Emperor of Russia, for he believes firmly he is the Emperor of Russia." So some people may imagine the present speaker sane on every point, except that in which the interests of black men are concerned. Well, let us see. The old advice which missionaries and the friends of natives were supposed to give the natives was: "This is your country; it was your father's, your grandfather's, and it is yours; you must fight for it. It is all yours, whether you are using it or not, and whether the fountains are running or not, and whether the fields are used for nothing except to support antelopes."

* * *

Now, gentlemen, that is not the kind of advice I have ever given. I had some six and twenty years to consider this subject; it is a subject the consideration of which has been the theme of my thinking every day for twenty six years, and I should perhaps be a greater duffer than I am if I did not know something of it in that length of time. The advice I should give under these circumstances, and the advice I have given in Bechuanaland is this: "Look here, chief, I don't

think you are the black man who is going to stem this advancing wave of the white people; it is coming on from the distance; I don't think you are the black man who is going to stop it. My advice to you will be: plough more, cultivate more, advance more, go ahead in every way that is within your reach as men, and then abide the coming of that wave." Now what have we to hold out to that black man that that wave will not destroy him, and crush him, however much he may have advanced? I say that without the regulation and control for a Central Power, you can give him no guarantee. (Hear Hear).

Take the case of Montsioa. He is not a savage. Montsioa is a very decent old fellow, and more than that, black as he is, he is a very brave old man. Well, what guarantee can you give that man that however he may advance himself in industry or in any other way, he won't be eaten up as if he were the brute, ignorant savage some would make him out to be?

Whatever the Government of this country might be, whether a monarchy or a republic, it is bound to have control from its good heart extending to the utmost extent of its influence. It is bound to make its energy, and its convictions felt, and put into practice so far as its power extends. And in saying all this, I am not appealing to feelings which are outside any of the divisions of this colony; I am not speaking over the heads of the Dutch-speaking men, in requiring that this should be put into practice.

Gentlemen, I have heard them say, when talking on such a subject: "*Die schepsels moeten toch tusschen hemel en aarde een plek krijgen.*"

I believe that the feeling which I hold is at the bottom of the great body of Cape Colonists. We are the men who go north, but we are the men who go clean-handed, and under central control. I most now bring these observations to a close. Cape Colony has been likened by some one, in one of your prints lately, to an old lady. It is very ungallant to liken Cape Colony to any thing of the kind. I would be more gallant and say it was more like a young lady who had not yet cut her wisdom teeth (Laughter). Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, do you wish your Cape Colonists to have a history? (Yes.) Then allow me to give you this piece of advice; make up your minds to identify yourselves one and all with the country, which is the country of your adoption. (Applause.) Not long ago I met a gentleman, a fine strapping fellow he was, and he said, "Look here, I am so disgusted with this state of things, I shall go away to the Antipodes or somewhere."

I don't see it at all, I am not going to leave. (Hear, Hear.) I would wish if all rightminded young colonists were to come to this conclusion, that they are bound for life, for better or worse, and especially for better, to the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, then they would give it their best days, and give it their efforts to help to cement the various nationalities which find a home here by kindly, brotherly and neighbourly treatment, so that it may

be a better home for our children, than it is for ourselves. (Applause).

But, gentlemen, if you wish to have a history at Cape Colony, allow me to say this—you must come to the front, and assert yourselves now.

I am not speaking to the Englishmen but to Cape colonists. I say as Cape colonists, as members of this corporate body about which I have been speaking, if you wish as a colony to have a noble and enduring history, assert yourselves now. (Applause).

Speak wisely, speak constitutionally, speak out, and stick to it. I don't say, gentlemen of Cape Town, that your house is on fire, but I do say that your window is being blocked up. It is just as if a man were going away from home for awhile, and when he came back, instead of finding a beautiful view from the look out he left, some neighbour had employed the time during his absence in building up a dead wall. I yield to no man in my admiration of the German nation; it is a noble nation, a masterful people; they evoke our sympathy, and our admiration, but if you are mean enough, and little enough to delay, and not to say this is the day to assert ourselves, then I say good luck to the Germans (Hear, Hear).

People speak about a trade route—an important thing in its way—but the future history of the country is a more important thing. Do you want your history to be circumscribed by the Orange River? (No) Then I tell you that you had better speak out. Do you think the German nation will

be content with 80 miles of sanddune? I do not. The Transvaal has not yet come across your northern border from the east, and shut you up from that side, but they have an eye to it.

The wish is very strong. They have a keener eye to the idea of their own corporate existence, and what is for the good of that corporate body. I don't think you have such a clear idea of what is good for you. I must say you are a shortsighted people, so far as that is concerned.

It is a proverb amongst the natives when a man gets better from having ophthalmia: "Yes, he is better now, he is able to see his feet as he walks." Well, I am bound to say that is all some of you colonists can see. You will say: "Now, to be practicable, what do you mean? Do you mean we should ask sanction to expand not merely in Bochnaland, but beyond the German line in the west? If so, we cannot do it; we are only a colony, poor, and in debt and so on."

Well, Sir, I want to know what is the use of our being bound to a noble mother country such as England, what is the use of being a colony of a great empire, if it is not to solicit her help in such cases? (cheers.) Here is a legitimate use of the connection between this colony, and the great Empire of England. And under such circumstances as these it is for you, the colony, to say:—"I wish to have the vitality of my northern outlook preserved to me; I wish to be known, and my voice heard in the South Africa of the future; I don't wish to be shut up or bounded by any other corporate body,

whether the Transvaal, or the Empire of Germany. I would rather that the colony should come to the front and be known in the history of the future."

I say what more direct use could we find for this connection than assistance between England and the Cape Colony? I am afraid, Sir, that I have not quite spoken to the resolution, which has been already proposed and seconded.

But, remembering that I am a minister and that ministers do not always preach from their texts, I have just said a few things upon the subject generally. And I hope you will bring legitimate, constitutional and steady pressure upon the Ministry of this country, so that they might now come to a good understanding with the Mother Country. Let there be no nonsense, and no misunderstanding, but that there may be a good understanding with the Mother Country and that the Cape Colony may speedily be represented to the north, as far as that assistance is asked for, so that in the future it shall not be said, this Empire, or that State, shall take a leading part in the history of South Africa, but that the Cape Colony shall come to the front, assisted by the Mother Country of England. (Enthusiastic cheering.)

LIII.

Extract from a Sermon preached by the
Dean of Cape Town in St. George's
Cathedral on Sunday evening
August 3rd 1884.

WOE UNTO THE WORLD BECAUSE OF
SCANDALS.

St. Matthew 18: vs. 7. "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come, *but* woe to that man by whom the offence cometh."

"'Give and take' is an excellent maxim in many practical ways, but not so in the case of *offences*, whether given or taken, fancied or fostered, in hearts broken, souls stained, bodies bemired, lives ruined. Many people are quick in *taking* offence *but* by no means slow in *giving* offence to others by look, word and action, letter or life. They themselves are touchy and testy, but "consider *not* that they *do* evil" quite as much as they themselves suffer wrong, real or imaginary, from others who do them evil, as they fumingly fancy. The word *offences* hath several meanings, and

derivations in Holy Writ, and in secular usage. In the volume of God's Sacred Law, an *offence* signifies sometimes a mistake, or sin, or falling back, or transgression, or a stumbling block, *i. e.* a stone, or log of wood, or some other obstacle put in the road or path to trip up a passer by. But in the Holy Gospels one Greek word alone is used by Christ, and in their Epistles by the Apostles St. Paul, and St. Peter, the former speaks of a "Rock of Offence," the Offence of the Cross." St. Peter alluded to a "Stone of Stumbling," &c. "*Offence*" is derived from the Latin, and means to dash the foot against a stone, or some other obstacle so as to stumble or trip therefrom. It also expresses a blunder, an annoyance, or it refers to the conduct of one person towards another: real or fancied slight, or slur or ill treatment. The Greek word is like its English translation, "*Scandal*," and means a trap, or rather the crooked hooked stick or wire on which the tempting bait is fastened in a snare or trap, which, when touched, or pulled, or pushed by the lured and deluded animal springs to or shuts down the trap roof or door, and ensnares the prey.

"Woe unto the world because of offences" or scandals!

"Woe to that man," or woman who is guilty of that cruel, merciless gossip which is a cause of offence to Society, whether in a circle large or narrow, in city or country, township or hamlet. In this city and colony scandal-mongering has, alas! a very extensive and ready manufacture and patronage. Gossipers care not though hearts break, or

the tortured writhe under the intolerable anguish, caused to sensitive folk by pitiless scandals, and foul inventions of mendacious vilifiers. How often does it occur that the poet's words come true in many a sad instance!

“A whisper broke the air,
A soft light tone and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe;
Now might it perish only there,
Not farther go?
Ah me! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning;
Another voice has breathed it clear,
And so, it wandered round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart,
And *that* it broke!”

Alack the day! woe unto him or her by whom offence and scandal cometh in this land of cruel lies, and vindictive slanderousness! and very widespread maliciousness! Shame on us! that there should be among us so many who delight to find a cruel, craven pleasure in circulating spiteful, splenetic tittle-tattle and backbiting mercilessness! Verely, it is a reproach to any people here, or in England, or elsewhere, to find that publications such as the so-called “Society” papers command and keep up so large and remunerative a sale, and that heartless magazines, full of malicious and malignant personalities, which stab hearts and

wound and murder fair fame, and good names, can furnish a prolific supply to meet an exorbitant demand. Is it not a foul blot on the fair name of any community when these cruel causes of offence to so many are encouraged by the thoughtless purchase of scurrilous periodicals by those, whose position should make them regarded as reputable and respectable members of Society?

But the matter is made for worse, when not only do the heads of families eagerly buy up these indecent and unseemly effusions of scurrilous scribblers, and wistfully peruse them themselves, but purvey them home, and pass them on to unwomanly wives and non-maidenly daughters, who welcome the arrival of the budget, full of malice, and uncharitableness, and envy.—

“Woe unto the man by whom the offence cometh!” the anonymous coward! the dastardly penman! Who for filthy lucre’s sake, and to push the sale of his paltry paper, provides the feculent garbage, writes the viperine virulence, vents the asptongued venom which empisons his calumnious effusions, which not only wound to the quick the tortured victims of his malicious obloquies, but, inflict poignant agony or unoffending kinsfolk, and fond friends of the hapless target of these shafts of slander. Lowtoned, vulgar, unmanly, must be that villainous heart which can get “great-fun” out of police reports—divorce cases, and the vindictive authorship which disgraces or noble profession, and panders to that “earthly, sensual, divilish” delight in the mistakes, misdoings, follies or faibles of our

erring and frail fellow-sinners! Though the writer and publisher may with impunity dare to persist in this recreant and vile poltroonery, though man refrains his hands from condign punishment of the sneaking craven, and though the penman fear not God, nor regard man, yet "That day" will surely come when shall be fulfilled the awful denunciation, "Woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh!" or as the Revised Version renders it, "Woe unto the world because of occasion of stumbling, but woe to that man through whom the occasion cometh;" and as it is now mainly by words spoken or written, that offences and scandals are caused, so by our words we shall be justified or condemned here after. Yea, verily, "the tongue is a fire" "a world of iniquity," as saith St. James."

* * *

Do you happen to remember? or have you ever heard the story of a certain lady, or woman? for no true lady and gentlewoman would demean and degrade her gentle sex by that underbred caddish, lowlipped, lowlived, vulgar and, therefore, common sin, wilful slander and scandal. Thus runs the anecdote:—

A female of rank, or wealth which brought her position and status, went to that saintly man St. Philip Neri, and asked his pastoral advice, she had fallen into the groove and evil habit of ill-tongued gossip "and owned with shame that, she was a bitter scandal-monger, but was thoroughly ashamed, of her gross misconduct and unneighbourly and unwomanly treatment of even her best and truest

friends. What was she to do? The Ghostly Adviser St. Philip gave her a quaint and yet telling counsel as cure and preventive. "Your fault is very great, and gross, and black, my sister, but God's mercy is greater. Yet you must do penance and pay a penalty for this your grievous fault. You must now do as I tell you! Go to the nearest market, and buy a dead chicken still unplucked of its feathers, and then take the fowl in your hand, walk to such and such a street, and as you go along, pluck off the feathers. When you have completed the plucking and the walk, return to me." So off she went to the market, selected, and bought, and took the fowl, and as she tramped through the streets, kept plucking off the feathers, large and small; heedless of the stare, and sneers, and scoffs of all passers by, intent on her strange task, she did as she was bidden, and hasted back full of very eager curiosity to find out the "reason why" this extraordinary penance was imposed upon her. "Ah," said her Pastor, "you have faithfully done what I bade you, and now for the second part of your task. Do it, and you will be cured of your gossiping tendency, I think. Retrace your steps, pass along all the streets and squares you traversed, and gather up, one by one, all the feathers and downy plumage which you have scattered." "Alas, Sir, woe is me! I took no heed to my hand, I scattered the floating or falling feathers carelessly, the wind carried them in every direction. What shall I do? How can I recover them, or a tithe, or a hundredth part of them even?" "Well" said

the wise and shrewd man of God, "so it is, my daughter, with your idle words of slander and scandal; like the scattered feathers, they have been wafted in many directions, gather them you cannot. Go, and sin no more." So say I to such scandalizers as may be in this Temple of the God of Love where Christian Charity should reign and hold sway, if we would not merely cry out "Lord, Lord," but would fain do the will of our Father in Heaven, the God who is Love.

But we will pass from the words of the "sons of men" and pastors on earth to the utterance of Him who is the "Son of God" and "Bishop of Souls." Take heed now, then, to my text:—"Woe unto the world because of offences, but, woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." As the saving one soul is precious in God's most Holy sight, so the *ruin* of soul for whom Jesus did die, must be a very heinous offence and scandal to that merciful Saviour. Woe be to them that sell their own soul and who serve as the devil's agents and seduce unstable souls to their destruction, whether by selfish partnership in wickedness, or by taking away or injuring their character, above all by defiling their Soul-Temple the Body, which is for the Lord, and should be kept holy for the Master's use. "Woe unto the world! woe to the Offence Causer!" This "woe" is a lamentation, an indignant remonstrance, and a solemn warning. Baneful stumblingblocks will there be; there is a woe-begone "needs be," says Christ—"It must needs be that offences come," partly from Satan's

malice, and the vileness of men's minds. An offence is an obstruction, a hindrance, or a stumbling stone. Christ denounces here any cause or conduct which hinders or keeps back the Christian Life-growth in any Soul. Such offence may arise from persecution, by fire, sword, dungeon, mutilation or maiming, or from mockery and sneers, or from violent measures, or sham plausibility and "cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive." "The Judge of all" pronounces "woe" on that man by whom the offence cometh, whether he be a betrayer like Judas, or a persecutor such as Celsus, or anyone you may wot of in this Cathedral, or in Cape Town, or in its suburbs, or "up the country."

Anecdotes.

Many years ago, the late Rev. A. M. was the Dutch Reformed minister at G. He visited his congregation in the country once a year. The parish being very large, the old gentleman travelled in a horse wagon. One day he was travelling in the manner aforesaid, and for the same purpose. The vehicle was drawn by eight spanking bay horses, whilst a man named B. acted as coachman. This individual was unfortunately very fond of alcoholic liquor and often became intoxicated. Mr. M. was aware of this failing, and so resolved to keep an eye on him during the journey.

On the front part of the wagon, a small flat "vaatje" (a wooden utensil used for holding water) was to be seen, and every now and then, B. would without stopping the horses, put the "vaatje" to his mouth, and imbibe what was supposed to be water. But, bye and bye, the minister noticed the coachman became unusually lively and chatty. This aroused his suspicions, so he said: "B. please

hand me that "vaatje", I am very thirsty and would have a drink." He person addressed whipped the horses, and pretended not to hear. "B." repeated the Rev. gentleman, I do not know whether you heard me, but I should like a drink of water out of that "vaatje". "Mr. M." he replied, "there has been some brandy in the "vaatje" and the water is not nice." "Oh, never mind," rejoined the old gentleman, "it does not matter: I am very thirsty." B. said nothing, and drove on. Presently the minister again spoke: "B., why will you not accede to my request? I have twice asked you kindly for some water, but you have as yet not given it me." "Mr. M., there has been a little brandy in the bottom of the vaatje, and the water tastes strongly of it." "It does not matter B., I am exceedingly thirsty." "Mr. M., the half is brandy!" "I can't help it, B., I am exceedingly thirsty!" "Mr. M., I must tell you the whole truth, it is all brandy."

Hereupon the faithful pastor rebuked him severely for his prevarication and untruthfulness.

* * *

In years gone by, the Dutch farmers in the Transvaal used horsewagons when hunting lions. Both at the front and at the back of the vehicle a kind of gate was constructed, as a sort of protection against the enemy. On approaching the spot where the lions are supposed to be, the team is taken out at a safe distance, and the wagon drawn by hand to the immediate vicinity of the den. So soon as the "King of the forest" is visible, the hunters

quickly mount the wagon, close the gates, and prepare for action.

One day some Dutch farmers were hunting in the manner aforesaid. Whilst dragging the wagon along, a huge lion suddenly sprang out of a thicket. The hunters immediately scrambled into the conveyance, but before the front gate could be closed, the beast was upon them!

A young man, belonging to the company, had no time at all to get into the wagon. The lion sprang on his father, but the lad was equal to the emergency, and shot the savage foe through the head, which caused the beast to expire on his parent's back. The old gentleman emerged by degrees, but was terrorstricken and dazed. He walked up to his son, and said:

„Wie is neef als ik vragen mag?“ (Who are you if I may ask?) The son was amused, and asked: „Maar ken pa dan uw eigen kind niet?“ (But pa, don't you know your own child?)

* * *

A jew pedlar having a fiddle with him, once came to the house of a Dutch farmer. The little son of the latter who had never seen such a musical instrument came rushing into the house, and said excitedly what in bad English would be as follows:

“Pa, that man outside has a funny little animal. He tickles him in him neck, and then he strokes him across him stomach with a hairy stick, and then he screams beautiful.”

A lost Child.*A true Narrative.*

(Translated from „Uren in Zuid-Afrika vermakelijk en nuttig besteed.”)

About twenty years ago a German family lived in the district of W. in the Eastern Province of South Africa. One morning a boy, aged four years, and belonging to this family, was playing in the road (the highway) at a considerable distance from the dwelling. Afterwards the child was missing, and every effort, by the agonised parents for the recovery of their darling proved unavailing. The alarm was given, and nearly every neighbour soon appeared on the scene, to aid in the search. They deeply sympathised with the distracted parents, and were quite willing to do what lay in their power in endeavouring to find the lost little one. The whole night was spent in a fruitless search. Some of the neighbours were mounted, others on foot, whilst a few used vehicles. But all in vain.

On the following day the search was resumed,

and all that could possibly be done, was accordingly done. In the vicinity where the child was last seen, were some deep pools of water. Could it be possible that the unfortunate boy was drowned? This question was asked by some. So it was decided to discharge dynamite into these pools. Who knows if the corpse at least, could not be recovered in this way? This plan was tried, but likewise proved futile.

The harassed feelings of the father and mother, can sooner be imagined than described. They were distracted. The sympathising neighbours kept up the vigilant search, even to a great distance. Eventually, however, it became clear that taking further trouble would be a hopeless task.

The sorrowful parents now inserted a notice in several newspapers, and offered a large reward to any one finding the lost child, dead or alive. But this measure was likewise unproductive of any good.

Years passed, and a war broke out in Basutoland. Many burghers were ordered off to that region for the purpose of chastising the rebels.

One evening several of these warriors were sitting around their camp fire. It was agreed that, for pastime each in turn should give the history of his life. When the turn came to a young man of apparently twenty one years of age, he related his history as follows:

“My name is Hattingh. At least so I am called.

It is, however, a fictitious name for I am of German parentage. I can well remember that I was *stolen*. Perhaps at that time, I may have been about five years of age. It was a very cold district

where my parents resided, and there was much grass on the farm. I am not able to recall my father's name. I have a faint recollection that there were some deep pools of water at some distance from our dwelling.

One day I was playing in the wagon road, near those pools, when a Dutch speaking Afrikaner come past. He was seated in a cart, drawn by two fiery horses. He spoke kindly, and invited me to take a drive. As my father did not possess any vehicle, beyond an ox wagon, I was delighted at the prospect of taking my seat in a cart, and gladly accepted the invitation.

After travelling some distance, I told the man that it was now far enough, and requested him to stop that I may alight. But he pretended not to hear. Then I became alarmed and began to cry. Hereupon he turned his frowning and wicked countenance towards me, made big eyes, and produced a heavy sjambok, with which I was threatened to be beaten.

In great trepidation, and in utter despair, I now climbed down from the seat, and lay on the bottom of the cart, weeping in silence, till, utterly exhausted, I fell asleep. Oh, I still vividly remember how much I thought of my dear mother in that fearful hour!

Afterwards it got dark, and my captor outspanned the horses. He now spoke kindly to me, and said that if I was a good boy, there would be nothing to fear. He also gave me nice hot coffee, as much as I could drink, and bread enough to eat. I can to this day call to mind how refreshed I felt after this frugal meal.

After an hour's rest, the journey was continued. We travelled the whole night, but unharnessed twice. On the following morning the farm of a relative was reached. After breakfast, the host asked him in my presence, "How did you come by this boy?" To this question the wicked man coolly, and untruthfully replied that his sister, being very poor, had given her child (myself) to him. The relative hereupon said that he had better give me to him. To this the man agreed, upon receiving the sum of two pounds sterling!

I was in great fear, and dared not utter a word. After the robber, however, was gone, I told my master the whole truth. He thereupon forbade me to mention the matter to any one, and brought a heavy hind ox sjambok to view, with these words: "With this sjambok you will get a good whipping, if ever I find out that you have spoken on the subject to any person!" But further, I was well treated. My first employment was to take care of "lammerschaap". (ewes with young lambs.) Afterwards I had the care of a large flock of sheep.

After some time, my master engaged a teacher to instruct his children. As I was a little servant, I could not share in that privilege. However, the kind tutor took an interest in me, and I was invited to his house during the long winter evenings, when he taught me to read, and a little writing.

And so it came about that to-day I can write a letter, after a fashion, and read tolerably well. I am still in the employ of the same man, and here you see me this evening in Basutoland."