

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## TRUTH, SCIENCE, FACT, OPINION.

## THE NOBILITY AND BEAUTY OF SCIENCE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ALANSIDE.





## CHAPTER X.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

### THE ACRES AND THE MEN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### THE WORK YOUNG GIRLS MIGHT DO.

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

SARAH O. JEWETT.

#### DO THE THING WELL.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

B. H. F.





## CHAPTER XI.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

#### DR. BRIMSTONE'S SERMON.

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

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

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

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

GAFFER DITCHER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

## SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

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

Mrs. LACOSTE.

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

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

### LABOUR.

#### *Laborare est arare.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. F. Osgood.

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

#### A PROTEST AGAINST THE EMIGRATIONISTS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

MARTIN J. BOON.

#### REMEDIES FOR THE PRESENT TIME.

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

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