

top, and the opening covered with brown paper; and her object is attained, viz., ensilage for family, vegetables preserved green for winter use, more or less good, according to taste, when brought to table." As the expense of erecting silos is the only question really to be considered, this need not be a bar to the adoption of a plan which is certain to produce good results. Every farmer is accustomed to make bricks on his farm, and at a comparatively small cost. Were a small hole dug in the ground of sufficient capacity to hold as much grass as could be conveniently cut with the hands at the disposal of the farmer, and such excavation lined with bricks, a permanent silo would be at the disposal of the enterprising farmer. The advantages of storing winter food for cows and horses are too many to need dilating upon; it only requires a trial, and silos will become the rule. There are a few enterprising farmers, and in the interest of the farming population of the whole State, it is to be hoped they will take advantage of the present season, and show their neighbours what industry and perseverance can effect. One of the great difficulties experienced by farmers in enclosing their farms has been the want of wood. The expense of importing wooden or iron standards upon which to stretch barbed wire has rendered the use of the wire impossible where there is almost a total absence of trees fit for poles. It is true standards could be imported, but then the cost would be so great as to render the enclosing of farms prohibitive. It is gratifying to note that, according to the *Tarka Herald*, a Mr. Henning has surmounted the difficulty in this way:—

“A novel feature in fencing can be seen on the farm of Mr. Stephanus Henning, an enterprising Dutch farmer, who resides close to Jamestown. Poles are very scarce in that neighbourhood, and Mr. Henning entered into a contract with an English navy to quarry out stone ‘flags,’ six feet long, and about a foot thick. With these ‘flags’ he has enclosed the whole of his farm—some 3,000 morgen—using seven strands of wire (the top one barbed), and, as can well be imagined, the fence presents a most substantial appearance. Great difficulty was at first experienced in obtaining a suitable ‘bore;’ but Mr. Henning was not to be outdone,

and he imported, at heavy cost, a diamond drill, which cuts through the stone in splendid style. It may be interesting to know that the contract price of each flag, with holes complete, was three shillings each, Mr. Henning conveying them from the quarry. Our informant adds that many of Mr. Henning's neighbours are now about to use these 'stone poles.'" There is no lack of "stone poles" in the Free State, and barbed wire now being at a reasonable price, it is to be hoped that the farmers of the Free State will take a leaf out of Mr. Henning's book, and improve their flocks and their pasturage by the use of "stone poles."





## CHAPTER XXVI.

HAVING once more found myself at an English hotel, I made the best of my opportunities to replenish my starving inner-man, and, to my utter surprise and annoyance, discovered that I was once more doomed to a whole night's ride with the unfortunate man that I described in my first *Jottings*, who drove me from Bethlehem, and who, in being taken hold of by the *spirits* of Old England, upset the cart, and very nearly ended the existence of the World's Boon. However, as nothing would alter the annoyance, and as complaining was out of the way, and of no avail, after giving this Brad-On, while sober, to understand the importance of his human freight, which had to be delivered in safety at Bloemfontein, if the world was to know of its *material* Saviour, I once more, at eleven o'clock at night, with a bitter cold wind blowing as from a huge funnel, strong enough to destroy one while passing it out, during a whole night, mounted the cart in fear and trembling, not only on my own account, but of all who were interested in my future public mission. The well supplied team of one Welch, of Natal defied competition. It was a perfect treat to run over the ground in one of his carts; but the skeleton team of a Brad-On, that could not, or would not be allowed to run with a good cart, with a team of good horses at every stage, was most wretched. I know people may smile at my desire for the absence of Railways in the Free State, and for the hope of an angelic team to draw a chariot, with all the latest improvements, made by a Vulcan, to carry a Boon on his way; but, seeing that it is necessary to travel at various times, it

should be compulsory that something decent and comfortable should be provided and arranged for. I was fortunate in avoiding the rain, although the wind blew so hard that we had to cover up with blankets, risking whether under that cover we should be turned out in our blankets. Thanks to his adhesion to a "blue ribbon," Brad-On passed the fearful spot where he delivered me as a total wreck the year before, and as no spirits, in an ancient attitude took possession of him, he finally, as requested, delivered me in safety at Bethlehem, the Judea of all Dutchmen. While journeying on the stage, I was fortunate in coming into contact with an eye-witness of the unfortunate Majuba Hill fight, which, resulting in the defeat of the English, has made the name of Englishmen stink in the land, until it is wiped out by some unfortunate necessity for the English to be called in to settle the internal native difficulty. At the present time all may appear quiet and well, but it will be impossible for the Dutchmen of the Transvaal to hold their own against the 800,000 raw Kaffirs in the future; then, and only then, will they miss and cry over their meanness in getting rid of the English by such dirty shuffling-off of their liabilities and responsibilities. In the meantime, we, the English, must put up with the outrages heaped upon us through the folly, idiotcy and mis-management of the leaders in Natal—as was fully anticipated from all I had heard from others. It was a defeat entirely due to want of ability on the part of Colley, and the want of obedience and skill on the part of the schoolboy officers of the army at that particular spot. The *file* without the *rank* were all that could be desired,—but the fact that Colley had treated his enemy with contempt, and then, worse still, not examining his weak points, and the neglect of taking up the Gatling Gun, because the English could not secure two mules to carry it up, was outrageous enough, but not the worst. Thus, the whole position was virtually unguarded, enabling the Boers in single file to march up a rain-gutter, until a sufficient number of them was at the top, to hurl the badly-officered British soldier with his full supply of ammunition, from the top to the bottom, and their silly leader—Colley—being among the

slain. To show the incapacity of this leader and his officers, I have only to state that, after having in the dark secured the hill, they became, virtually, masters of the position, from which, if ordinary care had been observed, the whole of the Transvaal Boers could not have removed them. While standing on the top, and with derision defying the Boers to come up, ignoring the perseverance and possibility of the enemy being able to do so, they ordered no less than seven "courses" to be served up, and when remonstrated with by the cook on account of the difficulty from want of fuel, the young officer simply replied in a *nonchalant* tone, that "seven courses" was the order, and which, with the help of the men was accomplished, and then champagne *ad libitum* simply deprived them of all brains. No wonder that defeat followed up so often to our soldiers in Africa, during the time before, and at that period. It is no use anyone trying hard to white-wash Colley or his officers of that day. They were drunken leaders who could see no danger or disaster from enemies who were both good shots and desperate men, and who, knowing the Hill, saw the possibility of taking the position; and afterwards were simply astonished at their unexpected, yet hoped-for success.

The whole particulars prove most distinctly that the occupying force was simply flushed with false pride, that having without opposition, mounted the top, they became simply demoralised afterwards; and when once the officers were incapable, the whole force became unmanageable; and England's honour and prestige lost in Africa for ever, thanks to the champagne bottle, and the want of brains. The army like many of the other services of the State is puffed up with conceit, and fancies that, like the old Romans, they have but to arrive, see, and conquer. When we have as officers of our army, men who feel that the nation's honour, as well as their own, is at stake; then in a true, national sense, defeat would be so rare, that the name of an Englishman would be loved as well as feared the wide world over. England was most unfortunate in her leaders in the Zulu campaign; none but a fool like Lord Chelmsford would have ignored the warning given him by Major Londsdales; none but an arrant ass of a Colley

would have led to defeat so often, success being always at command. We, the English dwellers of South Africa, are now neither loved nor feared, but are by such folly, held in contempt by Boer, bastard, bushman and Kaffir. The whole madness that led to the success of the Boers, was an accidental one. The sudden death of a young Dutchman—the beloved one of their party—fired a number of young Dutchmen to avenge his death, and by chance they found the water-donga leading round the mountain, and one after another they climbed up, and, hidden by the stones, they advanced, all unknown to the revellers on the top, until a number were ready to spring over the edge, which was quickly done. No sooner did the soldiers see them, than, for want of shelter and pluck, they bolted from the little army of deer-stalkers, and the sun went down on a day of shame to England's name.

Joubert, the commander, never gave the order to attack the mountain, the sight of the soldiers on the top had almost broken his heart; but with the sudden instinct of help being needed for the men climbing upwards, he ordered up men to their support, fearing defeat all the while, but, to his astonishment, they found themselves on the top. Although possessing plenty of ammunition, our soldiers were but as standing targets to the Boers, and they, with all haste rushed towards the bottom, which those who were in the way of Boer guns never reached to tell the tale; but the survivors, with bitterness at their hearts, as in the Zulu campaign, cursed the want of foresight on the part of those in command. This disaster led to a demand on the part of the Boers for a Royal Commission to inquire into the grievances against the West Indian Lanyon's administration, and other officials, who, in the form of living at large like maniacs, treated the Boers so superciliously. The Boers, who felt so indignant at their not being treated as white men, hastily gathered themselves together, risking their all to show that they were not disposed to pay taxes twice over. When the error had been made apparent they were still charged with the expenses of collection, as in the case of Besuidenhout; but these men would not surrender what they considered their right to a

voice in the Government, if they had to be taxed for its support ; and if there had been but justice dealt out to all, and promises kept when the annexation was made, all would have maintained that the English should be like the old Romans, once having planted their flag, nothing should be done to imperil its standing. The prospect of white man to white man, waging a war of extermination in the presence of the black man—the present common enemy of Boer and English, made blood-guiltiness so apparent, that in deference to the appeal of President Brand, the slaughter was stopped, and a kind of peace made, which will have to be altered, if Boer and English are to remain in the midst of so many aborigines. The whole conditions affecting *black* and *white* must undergo a total alteration. Somewhere in my previous chapters, I have drawn attention to this, but for the sake of the Boers and Englishmen of South Africa, the sooner it is done the better it will be for all. The Boer and Dutchman will yet regret the separation of England from their internal councils, and future generations will curse most bitterly the folly of the time when Dutchmen presented rifles to each other, and through the folly of their leaders agreed to part company for the civilisation and development of the Transvaal. A few years, and sword, bullet, and assegai, famine and pestilence will cover the land as a shroud, and then with an empty exchequer, England will be deaf to the cry of the Dutch farmers of the Transvaal and the Colonies.

#### DUTCH SYMPATHY WITH THE BOERS.

At a reception given to the Transvaal delegates recently by the Patrimonium, an association of Dutch Christian Socialist "working men," Dr. Kuyper, the president, said : " You are now in the midst of a people which never cried ' Victory ' so joyfully as it did when you triumphed over the English. Our first succsses left us indifferent ; we really exulted only when you chased the redcoats from the Spitzkop. We, the Dutch of Holland, are a very enervated and insignificant race. We live only on historical souvenirs. We are like an aristocrat delighting in the perusal of his family parchments, and seated

before empty dishes, with his nerves unstrung and his head heavy. Our history, our only wealth, lies with you, in you alone, in whom we see our past revive. You recall to us the sea-wanderers of former times, and your exploits alone are able to make our hearts beat. You are Calvinists, as we are, but we have dissensions, even among Calvinists, and your arrival makes us forget them. We may be annexed by Germany, or the Liberals may render life unendurable to us. In either case we shall emigrate in a body to the Transvaal. Let the Holland of other times then flourish again in Southern Africa. Let the Englishman be chased from those countries, and a kingdom of Christ be established there, called above all things, to bring to the descendants of Ham the blessings of the Lord, in the name of the King, Jesus Christ. Amen." Dr. Kuyper then presented a flag, embroidered with the arms of the Transvaal, to General Smit, who had to swear that this flag should never fall into the hands of the English. President Krüger observed that it was the Lord who had fought against the English at the Spitzkop and elsewhere.

After a two hours' ride, to enable our horses to recover, to proceed to Bethlehem, we once more inspanned, and after partaking of coffee, we passed over the flats, and strange to say, reached Bethlehem in time for breakfast. Having had breakfast, I went into the town to finish my business, and then I took my ticket for the remainder of the journey to Bloemfontein. Judge of my surprise, when I found that though the whole of the Saturday and Sunday was available, the postal arrangements compelled the post-cart to travel at night with its passengers. Really the stupidity of the President and his officials is more apparent day after day. It must be only due to the villainy of the Hollander men, who reach here at their country's expense, and who live sumptuously every day at the public Free State expense, and who ignore the needs of the public. A country subject to sudden hailstorms, flooding of rivers, and other unexpected annoyances, and yet in the midst of all these—men and often delicate men—and the more delicate females and children to be tossed about on roads that have toll-gates, and for which tolls are paid, but on which no expense is contracted; as

Chief Justice Reitz experienced, when he paid his never-to-be-forgotten two shillings at an iron house, for which he got a receipt, but for what purpose, he, as a Judge, and perhaps the future President of the Free State, could form no idea what it would be spent for; and in addition to this two shillings outlay, to be driven by half-coloured natives in the dark, to run the risk of being capsised, while the whole of the day unused, to the annoyance of the traveller, who must bite his thumbs in the day-time, and keep awake in the night for fear of sudden death overtaking him while asleep, and unable to help himself in case of an accident. If not villainy on the part of these public men, what name shall we call it by? I don't speak of myself only for myself, but on behalf of the many miserable travellers who, in many ways are compelled to travel for business and health purposes. One friend whom I knew, believed the ride from Natal killed him; certainly he did not long survive it. Every facility should be given by a Republican Government, but to compel men to spend four nights in a cart, and sometimes in an open cart, out of five days journey when they have daylight available, is cruelty, not only to the dumb animals, but to the highest of all animals likewise. Finally, I had to submit to these conditions if I wanted to get to the Blooming Fountain City of the Free State. So after breakfast I retired in the hope of sleep, ready for a wakeful night, for eighty-two miles to Winburg, to be got over in fifteen hours. With an utterly nervous exhaustion with my already three days and three nights travelling, I lay down to sleep, requested the landlord not to allow me to be disturbed on any account, until the post-cart started; but then I might as well have dropped down in pandemonium, as to expect even from a royal hotel-keeper peace and quiet, when all his bedrooms were built in a large yard, and its combination and accommodation comprised a kraal-stable and cook-house, with full liberty for any ass, pigs or dogs of the neighbourhood to assemble in, so that all can comprehend, that what with the neighing of post-horses, the bellowing of cattle, the grunting of pigs, the screaming, the talking and laughing of the gathering of the Kaffir servants of the neighbourhood, and a carpenter's shop

in full working order, and the want of india-rubber stops to the doors and the loud slamming of all doors in the hotel ; waiters running to and fro, all the time giving orders in the loudest voice possible, here, there, and everywhere, simply made it impossible for sleep taking possession of me. Many and many a moment I longed for a dose of opium to send me to rest, and finally to make the position unbearable, the dirty half-dressed Kaffir maid at my door to clean up the room. With a growl and a curse that all such arrangements might cease in the next generation, I jumped up, and requested the driver to get ready, and let us be off and commence the road torture, so that perhaps a Sunday at Winburg might give me the rest denied me at the royal hotel. I thoroughly realised that neither by day or night is it possible to secure rest in a Free State hotel. In the day all kinds of humbugs and circumstances to annoy you ; at night, unless a deep winter sets in, innumerable insects to tease, bite, and suck your life's-blood from you, keeping you awake all night, and all can understand why I speak so bitterly of the miserable conditions arranged for by our imbecile legislators and contractors.

Here I met a merchant, a dyer of a Morgan, by the down-cart, who had passed a whole night in the wet, and to add to my annoyance, informed me that the man who had stolen my horse, as I have described in my *legal* chapters in the never-to-be-forgotten *Free State History*, was, to use a Colonial phrase, going for me for a thousand pounds damages. This was not calculated to make me feel more happy or contented. As to the matter of the amount, he need not have been particular to a "nought" or two. He might just as well have made it 10,000 or 100,000, which was as likely to be got as the other ; but he was striving, like all, to stab me, and, if possible, ruin me, for the sake of crushing out a Reformer, one who would not budge an inch from any of his material statements. Another law-suit, with costs and damages, was a pleasant look-out ; and in my then mood I could understand the indignation of men of the past, who, in the fulness of their wrath, were supposed to be mad. I had striven for years to do no harm to anyone, and struggled

to do myself some good, and the prospect was before me, as I had experienced prior to this date, of losing, if not all, the best part of my savings, proving, but too well, the best-laid schemes of men, as well as mice, will go away. Still, the hope of some day meeting my old English sympathisers kept my heart up, and I at last roused myself with a determination to do or die, and be true to the last, whether all went for or against me. They could not rob me of my good name, or my individuality; so, with a bound, I at once dressed myself, and bade my Job's comforter good day, and mounted the open cart, praying for fine weather, and a kind of oblivion for the next fourteen hours' ride before me; and to the sound of the bugle I bade adieu to Bethlehem—the little Jerusalem of the Dutch—as I hope for the last time.

At this stage I was accompanied by a traveller who, from his connection, put on certain airs, and who finally admitted he was a near relation to that unfortunate lieutenant Brand, who in the Jamaica rising, for some bitter reason, took possession of many of the natives, and one off-coloured man Gordon, and taking them out of a district where martial law was not proclaimed, into a district where it had been proclaimed, found them guilty of sedition, and, without delay, shot them—a most unwarrantable and tyrannical act, for which he and Governor Eyre ought to have been shot for their official irregularity. It was a most brutal act on the part of all; concerned, and can never redound to the honour of the English name; and yet, in the face of all this, we find men glorying in the knowledge of such acquaintances, and finding themselves of a near relationship to such professional blood-spillers, and to make the matter more outrageous, this Brand, as commander of the Bittern, was assisting at Alexandria. For a nation to be respected for its high sense of right under all conditions and excitements, no illegality should ever be allowed, and any officer should be dismissed from England's service who shows a disregard for the honour of old England. With a bitter wind right in our teeth, we left Bethlehem for Winburg, and all night through we were regaled with too much Free State, for the quantity of grit and dust we had to swallow, and rub

out of our eyes and nostrils, was truly horrible. Fortunately we escaped the heavy rain, a most lucky miss for me in my present danger of catching rheumatics, and to show the difference in climate, I would have been glad in Durban to have freed myself from everything, but ten thousand feet above the sea, I did not find my four shirts, two pairs of investments, two coats, mackintosh, and a very heavy rug warm enough. Of course this sort of arrangement is nothing when you are used to it. Personally, I would take a long while to get used to such a climate, and in getting used to it, I should die under the infliction, if often repeated. To give my English readers an idea of our travelling, our sixty miles took us twelve hours to travel, all through a very dark night, and the losing of our way in the reckoning, a distance that in England would have been done in one hour and a half. It is no uncommon thing for the white man, unacquainted with the road to lose himself, and to get benighted, but as a rule the Cape Town drivers rarely do; the fact being that the dark races are clear in their vision, and their dark eyes stronger to stand the great heat of South Africa. During the night we passed the Sand-Krantz, and found a Bloemfontein lady in distress, caused through the wandering away from home of her oxen she had to take to the town. I was fortunate enough to meet them at Sand River, and to send her word from Senekal their whereabouts, and thus a Boon was able to help a Wall-Duck on her way again with rejoicing that a Boon had met her on the path. This losing of cattle is a common occurrence to travellers by ox-wagon; many a horse and ox has wandered away for days, giving no end of trouble, and causing detention on the way, sometimes for weeks, and even loss of cattle for months, and sometimes for ever.

Crossing the Sand River a flood of historic facts came to my memory here, connecting the serious blunders made on behalf of the Dutch people by the English officials, which, in giving up the white man, apart from English control, to be at the mercy of the black man, has led to so many blunders since that time, culminating in the greatest of all mistakes—the late Transvaal war, a standing reproach to the English name.

While advocating the fullest local government in all our arrangements in the future Confederated States, I feel, more or less, that Bloemfontein, like Winburg, will gradually lose its Capital-like appearance, unless the future should make Bloemfontein the centre of the Confederated States; but to make this possible a plan must be made for making the city attractive to ordinary travellers and dwellers. Some argue that America would never have been what she is but for the separation from Great Britain. It possibly might not; but in much she would have been better as a part of Great Britain. The true history of the causes that led up to that separation has yet to be written and understood. My lecture on the causes of the fall, rise, and future amalgamation with the Transvaal and Free State will explain my confederation views.

Some little distance from the Sand River we came across the strayed cattle, and thinking to help the benighted Wall-Duck, I did my best to interest some natives in the matter, and thus my attention was specially drawn to a state of things I had often experienced, and which was well-known to all men who dwell in these parts. I requested a Kaffir to drive the oxen to the lady to allay her anxiety, and help her upon the road. Like most young Dutchmen, who cannot cross the road without their horses, this man would not move unless he could go and fetch his horse to travel upon for a few miles, although I offered four shillings for two hours work. Now, while he would be fetching the horse the oxen would be wandering further away, perhaps into the growing crops of the farmers, and finally into the pound, for it is compulsory on all farmers to send all cattle found straying to the pound of the district, so that stock-losers find their cattle readily; therefore it was important that he should start at once, and drive them back to the owner, but no, such was the laziness of the man, that not even for the sum named would he give notice to this lady, so that in another way I had to acquaint the owner of the whereabouts of her cattle. Now this is no isolated case, for so long as the native races can get milk and mealies or steal from the white man, they will not work. Now all these facts must lead to some alteration, which may need

the powers of a strong Government to bring about. The farmer, if he would not lose all his stock and crops, cannot afford to leave the homestead. The conditions of existence on a farm for pasturing cattle, which this up-land country is only fit for, will not admit of his absence, or he would soon have to mourn with Job, that the robbers had come down and taken all his cattle, his wives and families all away, and he alone left to tell the tale. The farmers in this district are well off—widely scattered. A Dutchman feels miserable if he can see another farmer's land ; it is a mania with all Africans to have large farms, the buying of which often ruins them.

As day broke, it was painful to view the ground, and the absence of grass, and I wondered how the cattle lived. That a great many did not, was evident from the numbers I met on the path and in the grass that could hold out no longer, but this could be soon got over if the farmer could depend upon the black man giving honest toil for fair pay, and when I say fair pay I mean all must give fair pay for honest labour, in return for fair pay for a fair equivalent, under all conditions.

In my "How to Colonise South Africa, and by Whom," I have fully shown the impossibility of a conquering race to hold its own against the natives unless a constant stream of emigration from the mother-country regularly occupies the new ground, and, if necessary, the strong arm with troops to protect the inhabitants from invasion or disturbance at all times. The climate of the tropics at all periods tends to reduce the stamina and weaken the blood, and, therefore, fresh supplies from the parent stock is a necessity. Experience proves this to all that will notice the facts, in all our colonies, not even America excepted, with all its immense natural and mineral advantages. America will never have a genuine American white people to keep her constantly ahead ; she will always need large drafts of Europeans to keep up and to allow for the constant climatic wear and tear, destroying her—as she calls *it*—national life. The same applies to South Africa in an intensified form ; also to all England's colonies, and that alone means a proper settlement of the confederation of the colonies to the old country. The con-

stant dwelling in all our tropical climates, makes the blood weaker, the tissues thinner, and destroys the adipose matter of the human system, and in so doing, destroys the possibility of the outcome of the original inhabitants of the second and third generations being able to work on the soil. Take for instance the Yankee proper, and the corn-stalks of Australia. They are, and will be in the future, only fit to be overseers of the native labour. It is the future that will show this more forcibly when the supply of foreign blood falls off—and this explains what to many is a mystery, why our youth of both sexes have all lost the “go” in them in South Africa, compared to their fathers, which makes it difficult for fathers to get their sons to take that interest in the soil so necessary to keep the political fabric of our colonies together in the future. As a rule the children are as wild as hawks if in the country; in the towns indolent, lazy, and indifferent. No wonder that the country does not progress as it should. “Take no thought for the morrow” is the colonial motto, in practice if not advocated; but this I have fully explained in my “How to Colonise South Africa, and by Whom,” and which alone solves the question for the future. The severance of the Free State from the British connection was, and is admitted by all intelligent Dutchmen uninfluenced by the imported Hollander, German and Jew, to have been the greatest mistake in the past, and they often in their hearts wish that a reunion could be brought about, and but for fear of being misunderstood, would advocate the resumption over all lands by the British, independent of the Hollanders, Germans, and Jews as the wire-pullers of the Colony and State; for, it is admitted, that some have prospered under the British flag, and although it may appear an exaggeration, it is nothing of the kind; for do we not see English-speaking nations on the American Continent seeking English forms of government and support? A proper settlement of outside and inside protection will be the greatest and grandest sight yet to come. A protecting arm without a controlling one will meet the requirements and wishes of all, of whatever nationality; for it cannot but be admitted that, with all its faults, the English system of national and local

government offers the greatest security for life and property, and, honestly carried out, will attract the Colonies in one grand amalgamation and cohesion to Great Britain, which is destined to control the best interests of the world. This was even admitted in a lecture by the Moses of the *Express*, who, with all the impudence of his fathers, claimed England as his nationality because he was accidentally born under the British flag. No, don't, don't do it again, Moses; we have had enough, and more than enough of your kind out of Arabia. If you are wise you will go back to Palestine with all *express* speed before you get your quittance from your past victims of Black-lock and other blackleg antecedents. The loss of America, as part of the whole, was the outcome of the greatest folly of the time of the madman, George the Third, and his imbeciles, who as foreigners controlled the destinies of the people of England. O, my countrymen, when shall we rid ourselves of these feudal lords, German and other impostors, who are eating up the heart of our mighty England, and, not content with all they have, are plundering from the English, and must now spread themselves over the land in *all our Colonies*?

But what can we think or hope of those that adore the Hanoverian princes, and deem it an honour to feed and fatten German drones and dunces? O, why does old England submit to such open-faced trickery in making the sons and relatives of her Majesty walking exhibitions for contempt as public paupers, who have the meanness to take the pay, to covet the honours, and, like the Duke of Connaught, to keep far away from the scene of battle, as lately witnessed in Egypt? And yet motley crews of fools shout "hurrah" when this valiant Hanoverian returns from his "baptism of fire" miraculously given at a distance of ten miles.

What are the means for growing rich and great?  
 Who are the men whom honest people hate?  
 Who are the folks that slyly win the place  
 By constant pushing in this eager race?  
 Who will the rulers be in future years,  
 Your country gentlemen, your House of Peers?  
 Shall I, long severed from my native shore  
 Not name the hideous facts which I deplore,

Or tell the reason why a growing band  
 Of English hearts abjure their Fatherland ?  
 The sharp Italian and the scheming Greek  
 Seek England's shores and with good reason seek ;  
 Include each form of traffic in their range,  
 And make a Babel upon each Exchange :  
 Turn where you may the foreigner you meet,  
 A German band howls out in every street,  
 Hither from Hamburg, Frankfort, Riga, Kiel,  
 From Smyrna, Scio, Athens, thousands steal,  
 Friends to themselves, foes to the Commonweal.  
 Each country under Heaven transports its hordes,  
 Our servants now and presently our lords,  
 Each with his native brass wins British gold.  
 Who are these strangers, treacherous and bold ?  
 The miser's creed is all the creed they hold ;  
 If Heaven were worth their pains or did it pay,  
 Through Heaven itself these men would force their way ;  
 But what is germane to their noble aims  
 The greedy Guelphs, protect them, puff their claims.  
 Shall these impostors take our workmen's place,  
 These men with hideous names, of loathsome race,  
 Who ten years since, before they made a noise,  
 Came here with Hamburg sherry, hemp and toys ?  
 Is it no matter that such stock as ours  
 Has been the source of all this country's powers,  
 Has laid the broad foundation of the State,  
 Built up the nation and made England great ;  
 That now, like vultures scenting out a prey,  
 These supple tradesmen hustle us away ?  
 Give them their way in every English place,  
 The rarest sight will be an English face ;  
 Give German rogues their way, and ocean o'er,  
 Self-banished, we must seek another shore,  
 Where for some time these brutes rapacious, grim,  
 These sharp-beaked cormorants will not follow him.

If the spirits of our early kings, princes, and warriors ever  
 wander near Windsor Castle, how they must groan in bitter  
 anguish on beholding the Hanoverian vultures, and curse the  
 hour that gave to the world such monstrosities as represen-  
 tatives of the vast prowess and genius of that heroism which  
 helped to make England a name among the nations for all  
 time.

Had there but been an honest system carried out in  
 America, for the benefit of the whole of the people of America

and of England, at the time when they were proud to call themselves Englishmen, the mineral wealth of America would have been a source worked on behalf of the English nation, that would have enabled the English to have made all nations proud of living under our Standard, and, at the same time, repaid the English people for the original outlay. All lands taken possession of by the Commonwealth should be open to all comers, so far as the top surface is available, but all minerals should be to the advantage of the Commonwealth, then Englishmen would feel willing to spend the millions needed for a navy, and to pay even millions for the two services to uphold all the rightful conditions of the colonists. When one remembers all that has been spent to protect the colonies, and will yet have to be spent, it is something outrageous that the minerals should be given to speculators to procure out of the labour of the workers a fund that enables them to live without labour. No finer condition could be made than that of giving all lands up to be used by all who need, and the Government to utilise the underground wealth for its general purposes of defence and improvement. However, I will more fully explain all this when I complete my "National Debt History," with the times of America during its War of Independance against, not the English people, but against the Hanoverian plunderers and blunderers of that never-to-be-forgotten time of *crime* against the people of England, as well as of America and other portions of the globe.

So far as the mineral wealth of the Free State is concerned, that and many other matters, I will explain in my last chapters of the History of the Free State Government and its Bastard Republicanism, with its Official and other follies, which I am certain will astonish the readers of that country, also the dwellers of England and elsewhere.

During the night I passed on my right the celebrated Laker's Kraal Diamond Fields, the last speculative effort of the Jews. Owned by a Jew, who by concession had Jewed a Boer out of it, in trading on the usual cent. per cent. style, it was conceived as a master-stroke by another Lev—us—see—her of the capital, who was the head of the Abramic

Order of the Hebrews in Bloemfontein, due to the fact that he had been the most successful manipulator of the Boers. So said his aged father-in-law ; and, as witness the number of farms in his name, and who having made a few thousands by trading and in various diamond speculations, in which I am pleased to know at last he overreached himself, and lost it all. This one, with the assistance of a right-hand Bow—man, and the All—Her—Lick—It, of the celebrated Fire—King Abraham and the ever-to-be-had help of a Pinch—Us and Levy—Sure, of brandy-smuggling and gun-running notoriety into Basutoland, at the expense of the English Government, and the land surveyor Bow—Wow—Man all combined in a financial ring to bamboozle and plunder the Softlings of Bloemfontein. The prospectus and circular was most glowing, and succeeded in making the Boers and others believe that they had another future for the Free State. The usual salting was adopted by the illicit of Kimberley, and stones time after time dropped before the eyes of the little Jews, who swore by their God Jehovah they had picked the same up. This swindling gang for two months drew ten shillings a month license-money, and the fees for making up in a chess-like shape the so-called Diamond Land Lots, the proceeds of which enabled the chess-land maker to visit the English Jews or exploiters in Houndsditch, to secure lessons in a future “spec,” or to sell land and farms as here described.

The *Natal Mercury* has been shown a parchment deed of conveyance of what purports to be the subdivision of a farm containing about 1,400 acres, in the district of Waterberg, Transvaal, British South Africa, dated 1880, the unfortunate buyer of which has been unable to find his land, although the seller pocketed two hundred and twenty golden sovereigns, that being the purchase price. The documents are most elaborate—got up in the usual style of English law instruments—prepared by a firm of solicitors in a city not a hundred miles from Dublin. The declarations of sale and purchase are endorsed “V. R.,” with the royal coat of arms; that of the purchaser is signed and declared before the Lord Mayor of London, at the Mansion House. The deed con-

tains a diagram showing a house, roads, and streams, but no surveyor's name, showing it to be what it was—one of those unsurveyed lots that only exist on paper.

We give prominence to this transaction as a warning to investors not to be misled by florid and imposing title-deeds which, as in this case, may be perfectly worthless. As if to add insult to injury, the deed in question recites "together with all buildings, barns, stables and offices, yards, gardens, commons, trees, fences, hedges, ditches, ways, waters, water-courses, with all mines, royalties," &c. A more deliberately concocted piece of apparently fraudulent deception has never been brought under our notice.

During the two months, the illicit Jews finding that there were no up-prices to tempt them to continue the fraud, and the distance being so great from Kimberley to Laker's Kraal, ceased to drop down the little and big stones they bought of the Kaffirs and overseers, and thus it was that young Israel was caught with the black bag, just outside Kimberley, with his eight thousand pounds' worth of uncut stones, while on his way to Houndsditch—truly a ditch of human hounds. Fortunately he was caught with a large number of the tribe of Benjamin, and they are all now hard at play at Cape Town convict station.

Having pocketed the claim-money for two months, they, fearing that with no funds they would soon be exposed, intimated that the licence-money need not be paid any more, until they tried with machinery how they might still take the public in. Mr. Fry and his detectives being one too many for them, they not being able to dig and drop a few more stones in, so as to sell with a big up-price, have never since made a sign that they had even ordered the machinery, much less tested the mine as an honest outcome of labour; and as it served as a cover to their brother Jews not being able to find the means for what they knew to be a take-in, no further action was taken, and the money never returned. Of this bare-faced swindle no notice was taken by the President, under whose very nose the fraud was committed.

As a matter of fact there is no chance for another diamond mine: the price now is not remunerative, and for more to be

found would ruin Kimberley, so that if there were no difficulty in securing the stones, the selling price is not great enough to pay for the unearthing of them. It is due to the energy of the detectives of Kimberley that such swindles as those at Oliphants Fontein, Swarts Dam (some damn Swarts), Koifyfontein, and other so-called mines have collapsed entirely, and since the big off-coloured stone found a resting-place after its risky journey from Kimberley to Jagersfontein, no special find, so called, has appeared to astonish the world. The men who, like the Strong Arm and the Curs of Jagersfontein, are no longer solvent, to free themselves from the Hebrews and the banks, apply to the Court of Bankruptcy to white-wash them and free their bodies from the fear of the sheriff. The time is coming to show the enormity of these Free State swindlers. It may be truly said that not a company of any kind has been a success in the land of the Boers. Land-claims that cost ten shillings a lot were afterwards run up to £2,000, and so long as the claims were salted by the Weals, who made but woe, they were able to keep the thing going, although not a penny was ever paid in interest or dividend, or a single company showed a future prospect. Since that time the same shares have been sold for £5; and, as a matter of fact, the failure of all these mines is now historical, and the time is not far distant when the place will be known no more. The small profits since the large output at Kimberley do not allow a continuation of the Jew loungers and buyers of stolen property to flourish; and now that the illicit trade is almost a failure, all new speculations have ceased for a time in the Free State, for Joseph, Benjamin, and lying Daniels and Co., who have transferred their operations to the old land of the Queen of Sheba, in the Transvaal, who was so nicely taken in, so they say, by their old grandfather Solomon. They say he was the wisest of his race—the wisest man they ever had—and if they have any other information besides what he and their old Book state to confirm it, the quicker they let the world know and have it the better, for since people have begun to read their Bibles they have grave doubts about his wisdom. That he was a

knave, a liar, a libertine, and a sensualist of the worst order and description, his song, dedicated to himself, fully testifies and bears out—a song that if sung upon the platform of the music halls would soon have the chamberlain of morality down upon them. I am certain that in these days of intelligent women, he would stand no chance of getting so many wives or concubines, and into the bargain a Queen of Sheba, who is supposed, so say the Jews, to have dug out of the very mines in the Transvaal, now offered by Solomon's sons and granted on to a German Grant—ee, owing to the fact that, being so much in love with Solomon, she had no time to secure all the gold which is now known as the Transvaal Gold Fields. Talk of Cetewayo, he was a moderate man, and yet, poor fellow, he knew not the Lord of Israel, although he would, as a man of war, so they say of the Lord of the local Jews, be one of his own after his own heart. The time has arrived to expose all these monstrous tales palmed on the people by the Jews, of the enormous quantity of gold in their temple. How all was collected in a generation is not stated, and, if so, another proof of the thousand per cent that must have been going on even in those days. The probability is that they bought some gold, and covered the pillars with Dutch metal, and as no one of the common people was allowed into what they called their "holy of holies," no one outside the fraud, if detected, complained, for it must not be forgotten in those days to speak against these priests, and what they called their Lord of Hosts was enough to take them outside the camp, to be stoned as a warning to others. There was no chance for reformers in those days. Abiram and his party to witness—without dynamite the ground opened, and swallowed them all up with their families. With all these big swindles, we can only say, the time has arrived when the Christian and the outside slaves will be no longer imposed upon under false pretences of untold wealth, nor all over the world believe the lie. If they will not speak the truth and act honestly, I must take upon myself the task of reading them a lesson from their own book, and their past acts, which shall compel the outside plunderers to alter these conditions. The Jew and his tricks are getting

too common, and a nuisance as well as a loss, and for the sake of the present and unborn generations, all these plunderings must cease. I write as I find, and am determined not to keep silence any longer; the constant repetition of these robberies, plunderings and swindles must no longer be permitted under the British flag, if under any other.

The cold, biting, morning air made me long for coffee; but, alas! nothing hot was possible for me; all through that long night of intense suffering, in that open cart, with no shelter from right or left, back or front, truly I felt was it for this I had paid my £3 10s. from Bethlehem, to ride through, without shelter, to Winburg? Alas, alas! the sun was a long way off, and until he got up and warmed the Earth no life around would be visible. I felt this most keenly from my exposed position. Time after time I fell asleep in a sitting posture, only to awaken by the feeling that my head had jumped from my neck-socket. The mules rushing along, allowing me no time to know if my head was off my shoulders or lying on my neck; my eyelids positively refused to hold up, and my condition made my body feel that limp and exhausted, that, but for the constant view I had mentally of Old England, and the many friends there, and my friends and family in the Colony, and my loss to all generally, that I felt that I must not, dare not give way, and it seemed so difficult to give up the ghost and spirit without consent in leaving one: and when I felt that this was all due to the stupidity of our postal arrangements in not knowing that it was as much their duty to provide accommodation for travellers as well as the carrying of the mail-bags, and their work—if they could not or would not boil the stones soft in the way—was at least to remove them out of the path, as they take toll for the same. I only found vent for my feelings in bitter wrath at the folly of the President and the Hollander officials, who permitted such wretched conditions. That it was so cannot be denied, for on the word of the head of the public works, who stated at a public meeting in Bloemfontein that, out of the £13,000 a year raised to keep the roads in repair, not £3,000 of real value was given or spent upon the roads. The land originally stolen, and now, later, the money

to keep the roads in repair, and no account rendered when the farmers demanded the same—what a rotten condition of things!

With all this, it was with feelings of gladness unspeakable that we rushed over the last few stones into the former capital of the Free State. With a rush I made my way to the hotel for coffee to warm my half-frozen body, and to secure a long rest; but, O, horror of horrors! contemplate with me, that, after travelling in an open cart for fifteen hours with no possibility all through the night of sleeping, for, not even with post-bags, was it possible to sit in the best of positions. Such was the influence of the night-cold atmosphere that I would willingly have laid me down to rest on the floor of the cart if it had been possible, but no such chance for me; the exhaustion, and then, after all this torture, only to find that, if I would get on, I must start in about four hours after my arrival in Winburg, or wait over the Sunday and Monday, and start on the Tuesday for Bloemfontein—two days lost through bad arrangements! But even this latter to me, in my then condition, was preferable. So I elected to stay at the hotel, make up these "Jottings," and gather up all I could of this historical village for my future readers. With this decision I at once retired to rest, in the hope of falling asleep; but, alas! such was my nervous condition, intensified by the noise in front of my window, that it was an impossibility for some hours; proving to me that not a single hotel was ever built in the Free State with an idea of comfort for the traveller, but simply as a money-making home for the proprietor. Money, either Dutch or English, could not procure peace, quietness, or the conveniences of civilised life from one end to the other. However, I made up my mind to write to my people at Bloemfontein, determined to find out all about Winburg and its people, put up with all torture, and leave the rest to Dame Fortune—that cruel jade to all philosophers and martyrs.

It being Sunday at Winburg I went to the Dutch Church to secure all good information. It is one of the earliest structures built by the Dutch people, when Winburg was the capital of the Free State. As a place of worship it is but little

attended. A few of the farmers of the neighbourhood, now and then, give a call, but, as a rule, these visits are few and far between. Most visitors there are under the impression that they are fulfilling, if not the whole, the best part of the duty of man. As far as my experience goes, I fail to see that creeds make men any more moral, than other men who are without them, and it is time that the constant going to church should show something more than mere habit. By their works and faith and fruits, ye shall know them, is as true now as when uttered. The Dutch service at its best is a very poor one, and certainly the pastor does not attempt to tire his audience too much, or give them Welsh for Hebrew. Thanks are returned, and prayers offered that their God in his good mercy will send them an abundance of rain and give them power to coerce the Kaffirs, preserve them, and to add to their increase in giving two lambs a year to each ewe; and if he will but hearken to their requests, they will not even promise, as Jacob did of old, that if the Lord would but give the increase, he would bargain to give Him to maintain His priests ten per cent of the supply. How liberal of wife-selling old Jacob—ninety per cent for himself, and ten per cent for His priests—so that, in reality, the giver of it all got nothing of it back for all His kindness, if the account is all true. The Dutchmen of to-day make no such bargain, but as their hearts move them, and as the produce is in hand at the time, so they take unto the Predikant, when they go to the “Kirk” or at “Nachtmaal,” and as none know what the other has given, no one knows what the Predikant has received; not that they give on the principle that what they give with the right hand should not be made known by the left. In all this they do not expose their gifts, as they hope that all have given in proportion to their superfluity, and thus they place their parson in the position of a secret and sacred pauper, and as he hopes for such unknown gifts, he cajoles and flatters in proportion to their several donations of butter, flesh or other farm produce, and works on the fears and prejudices of their lives from its early past until its close. Surely the time has arrived when all this wretched mockery should cease, and that men understanding the brotherhood of man and the

fatherhood of God should live in harmony with all truth. The Wesleyans of this dull, wretched place, not to appear behind their Dutch neighbours, borrow the Court House, where in co-operative singing, they think they are paying their respects to what they know of as the highest God. What a marvel is the littleness of men here, as in other such places. After long prayers and sundry ejaculations, some local or district preacher, as on this Sunday, tells his audience in the softest or strongest tones, vowing that faith is the one evidence of a true christian, although works help to show much, but by faith shall they be satisfied, saved, and see the Lord. I do believe in works—public works of utility, by means of Imperial, Colonial or Republican money, and such faith has been to me the most constant of all struggles for a higher form of work, and the lower one for the maintenance of my family, and seeing the false position of men who only believe that all they have to do is to have faith that they are saved, and their salvation is sure; when they live in such discredit to themselves, and, although they assemble in Court-Houses, where the truth, and nothing but the truth is expected to be uttered, we find the whole of these heroes putting faith in fees, and supporting the mouth-pieces of untruth, because they will not simply read the Bible by the ordinary rules for the reading of all other books. Some one at the end of the service gave me a Booth's *War Cry*, and as it was the first one I had got hold of in this land, I was truly delighted, but was astonished that men could be so easily gulled. To read of the ascending into Heaven of their band-master, and to know that he had joined the Holy Trinity band up there, and that his "knee-drill" would be there perfect, is so ludicrous, yet, at the same time, so sad that one is horrified and disgusted; and in the face of all this, one is almost paralysed in effort with any idea that such can be saved here on earth, much less in Heaven. I almost felt that such company would be abominable, and that their room would be preferable, and when I read the paltry defence of Booth on the charge of immorality, I smiled at his old age silliness or credulity in supposing, that, when, as they called it, "creeping for Jesus," with no lights in a room for two hours, with a company of both sexes, it would not lead to more than

“creeping,” it was to ask ourselves if we were more than human. Of course he would deny this in the hope of getting his thousands to provide for his large family, and his other private purposes, and to flatter his army of interested officers, and the ignorant recruits who believed that there had to come somehow after a Heavenly Marshal's Baton. Such men will utter any lie to lead daughters to disobey their parents, if they have means and can be secured for their sons in marriage, and thus cover their shame. Possibly the Army was started in good faith, but it has now lapsed into a money-making arrangement for himself, family, followers and dupes.

Publican Booth exacts from them an obedience more implicit than that claimed by the Pope; and pretends to interpret the extent of the power of God, saying that God “cannot work effectively by any soldiers who are not fully obedient to their leaders.” A true Salvation Army officer renders (he says) unquestioning obedience to his superiors. It is instinctive with him to obey—he would rather obey than argue; he would rather somebody else decided for him than decide for himself. In opposition to all this folly and mercenary motives, read what the humanitarian, George Chainey says :—

Only through a knowledge of what science teaches, can we feel at home in this world. He who fails to do this must continue, like the religious men of old, to feel as a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth.

But we should never forget that science is only the means, not the end. One may know much of science, and yet be as cruel as the tiger and relentless as the grave. The finest and most important side of our manhood or womanhood may remain untouched and undeveloped after the most complete education in technical science. All scientific knowledge and invention should be received as means to the great end of making this world a fit and beautiful place to live in. Theological knowledge was for the purpose of showing men and women the way to God and heaven; science should teach us the way to man and earth. What we want in the place of the Church is the school-house, but improved and sustained by all the devotion and wealth so long given to the Church. If

ever this is done, what we call civilization will be known of as barbarism. Then men and women will think of the age that turned millions of people, for the production of wealth, into mere supplementary wheels and cogs in a great machine, in the same light as we do of the age that sustained the inquisitor and lit the fires of religious persecution. Science, made humane, will yet be the saviour of the world ; but, left to itself, it will simply deliver us from the tyrant priest and king, to make us the slaves of the tyrant merchant and capitalist. Supplemented by the principle that will make the first question of all production the development, health, and happiness of those who labour in its factories, every factory will be a temple of this world's best faith, hope, and worship of humanity ; but, left to itself, every factory is a dungeon too damnable in its horrible cruelty and destruction of health and joy to be described.

It is quite true that earnest scientists, like Herbert Spencer, are studying it in its relation to a philosophical and rational adjustment of all the relations of society, while others are seeking to discover the laws and methods of the human race, as we do of our cattle and horses. Both are essential, but only as steps to the grand consummation that will follow in their wake when the Spirit of Humanity is applied to all industry and social organisation, general education, and personal culture.

The world is often likened to a school or a stage. But it can also be likened to a garden, in which the perfection of each plant depends upon the conditions of its development. In a garden some plants are poor because the seed was poor, others because the soil was too weak, and others because it was too strong. Some are too much in the shade, and too little in the sun ; some, because isolated from necessary support that would have been afforded by other plants, and others by being pressed for room ; some by having been planted out of season, and others by insects and parasites and want of proper care from the gardener. And yet, in spite of all this, the gardeners may have done the best they could according to their strength and wisdom. In time they may learn by experience to overcome all these defects. Now the world is a

garden, in which the thinkers are the only gardeners. Under their directions all work of planting and weeding is done. But, though they do the best they can, we can find all kinds of imperfections. In some cases, pre-natal influences have never given an even chance in life. Some are too solitary, and some too crowded; some cursed by poverty, and others by riches; some by too much shadow of sorrow, and others by too much light of mirth.

Now, the hope of the world is that the thinkers may become so wise in their superintendence as to remedy all these defects. A plant instinctively presses forward to perfect development when the conditions are right. So do men and women. The thinkers or gardeners of the world ought to toil in the spirit of a wise gardener. Where the soil is cursed by poverty it should be enriched. Where too rich, such heavy demands should be made upon it, in the shape of a heavy tax, as to restore its healthiest condition. When men and women are too thick they should be weeded out, and planted where they are too few. Poor seed should never be allowed a chance to grow. The cares and pleasures of life should be so fairly divided as to keep any one from being destroyed by too much shade of sorrow or light of mirth. But all this will never be done until we labour in the noblest and most humane spirit. We must free our minds from the idea that men and women are blind and halt, unclean and vicious, stupid and bigoted, repulsive and cruel, because they want to be so. All these ideas of life spring from the idea of a creative will that has given to man the power, no matter how he may be born or educated, to control his own destiny. Every fact of science renders this conception absurd. When this becomes clear to our thinkers, they will aim to produce human perfection by obedience to the laws of its growth, instead of preaching and demanding it from the freedom of the will. Instead of saying, Do this or be damned, we shall surround all with such conditions as will make it impossible for them to do anything else. Then life will become the finest of the fine arts rather than a science or duty. We shall aim at the highest personal development, not because we are commanded from without or have learned how by science, but because we are self-impelled

by the force of our own gravity. The joy of every true artist is in his work. He labours to satisfy his own demand for beauty rather than for any reward.

It is in this sense principally that art holds the secret of life. Whoever labours in the artistic spirit mingles his thought and love with the work of his hands. To produce men and women perfect in all physical, mental, and affectional powers should be the supreme object of universal devotion. According to the old Catechism, our chief duty was to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever. According to the new Catechism, our first duty is to glorify man and enjoy him for ever. And whoever shall do ought to glorify Humanity shall swell for ever the music of this world's joy. As far as possible, all education should tend to guide each one to the work he or she can take pleasure in. Children instead of being chained to a desk and crammed with knowledge, ought to imbibe it, as they do health and joy, romping in the fields or by the seashore. A system of games can be easily devised by which every physical power, form, and expression would be developed just as thoroughly as the true artist aims to put them into a picture or statue. In the same way, they should be made to assimilate all the grand thoughts and deeds of the world's greatest thinkers and heroes.

Secularists, having been delivered from the fearful fascination that holds so many captive to the skies, must learn to look around, and behold our gods and goddesses in men and women; our prayers our daily duties; our hopes in our children; our creed, the demonstrations of science; our Bible, all books in which men have written the record of their thought and experience on the earth; our Church, the whole human race; our joys in the onward march of progress and sweet loves of our earthly lives; and all our inspiration to lofty courage and high endeavour from the vision of the future, when man shall come to his own; when each child born into this world shall find all the avenues of truth open to his exploring mind; when the only heaven men shall strive to win shall be on the earth, and the highest honour known shall be—to be a *man*.

GEORGE CHAINÉY.

## THE RELIGIOUS VIEWS OF LORD BYRON.

"I will have nothing to do with your immortality. We are miserable enough in this life without the absurdity of speculating upon another. If men are to live, why die at all? and if they die, why disturb the sweet sound sleep that 'knows no waking'? . . . If a good Pagan will go to heaven and a bad Nazarene to hell, Argal, I argue like the grave-digger, why are not all men Christians, or why are any? . . . I am no Platonist; I am nothing at all. But I would sooner be a Paulician, Manichean, Spinozist, Gentile, Pyrrhonian, Zoroastrian, than one of the seventy-two villainous sects who are tearing each other to pieces for the love of the Lord and hatred of each other. . . . Let us live well, if possible, and die without pain. The rest is with God, who assuredly, had he come or sent, would have made himself manifest to the nations and intelligible to all.

"One remark, and I have done. The basis of your religion is injustice. The Son of God, the pure, the immaculate, the innocent, is sacrificed for the guilty. This proves his heroism, but no more does away with man's guilt than a schoolboy's volunteering to be flogged for another would exculpate the dunce from negligence. . . . I do not believe in any revealed religion, because no religion is revealed; and if it pleases the church to damn me for not allowing a nonentity, I throw myself on the mercy of the 'great first cause' (least understood), who must do what is most proper, though I conceive he never made anything to be tortured in another life, whatever it may be in this. . . . Let us make the most of life, and leave dreams to Emanuel Swedenborg."—"Memoir of Francis Hodgson, Provost of Eton," by his son, Rev. Jas. T. Hodgson, M.A. (2 vols., Macmillan; 1878).





## CHAPTER XXVII.

ON the principle that we never know the value of our blessings, the advantage of a good wife, husband, or friend, until we lose them, so I fully enjoyed the bed at the Winburg Hotel, after feeling the loss of good, comfortable accommodation and the want of a bed for three nights previous. Exhausted nature could not hold out any longer, so I played the sluggard; and certainly a little more sleep, a little more slumber was then needed to get over my shattered, nervous condition, and rest was indeed a Boon to me at that time. Although I have often worked-out some new idea on the broad of my back on my bed during my South African red-hot condition of having my isolated bed all to myself, recognising that, as a matter of health, it is better to sleep alone; and although it may be true, as that old fool Solomon said, that two in a bed gives warmth, it is far better in a tropical climate for single beds to be the rule, and only under the best and purest conditions to be the exception. At last I could play the sluggard no longer, so I jumped up, refreshed in body and mind after so much exhaustion, and determined that I would, no never, have such another time of travel in South Africa. It can be believed that no business man ever travels in South Africa for pleasure, even under the best of circumstances, arrangements and conveniences. The roads and the accommodation, as a rule, are so bad that it creates disgust, from the beginning to the end; and how a people, led by what they think the wisest of all

men, in the person of their solemn Solomon-like President, and who desire the good opinion of other Europeans, can allow such conditions to exist, can only be explained by the fact that, for want of more civilised and advanced men of life and action, the State has become Kaffirised, and deadened the old and young inhabitants of the land.

At the dinner-table we had the never-to-be-forgotten course of shaap-flesh and pompoen, or, to Englishise it, pumpkin and mutton, or goat-flesh, the only fodder for man, woman, or child, you can secure at the wayside houses, and that so indifferently cooked that I defy anyone to enjoy it at any time, in any true sense, even if by chance they escape an attack of dyspepsia, or indigestion, which usually follows a meal of the tough meat that can alone be got at all times. This is the outcome of the grass-sticks that the cattle consume, and the deficiency of vegetables adds to your disgust, as not only are you subjected to bad-road conditions, but the loss of good food, added to all the other inconveniences and discomforts whilst passing over what is called a Free State, but really the most unfortunate State in the world.

All these annoyances are not the exception, but the rule, in South Africa. Bad vehicles, bad carts, with no rest in any way, half or quite drunken drivers losing the way or smashing up the coach or cart, the abominable food, and the way it is served up, altogether creates a feeling of indescribable indignation. One must speak strongly against all the indignities and extortions practised upon the traveller in going over such a country, and can only arrive at one conclusion concerning this God-forsaken land: that it must have been late on Saturday night when that top layer of stones, called the Free State, was made and finished, and still later when the dwellers of the land were born on its bosom. There can, even then, be no excuse. When all the circumstances are taken into consideration there is no palliation for the European immigrant. Hollanders, in allowing these things to exist in the nineteenth century, when they fleece the Dutchman so continually, and have the impudence to assert that the Dutchman or Africander cannot do without them. It was perhaps pardonable in the fourteenth century; but it

amounts to all concerned to a crime to allow its continuance in the nineteenth. With a desire to see as much as possible of what the Dutchman shouted out, Win-the-Burg, I hastily took breakfast, which for a wonder was tolerable, and wandered over the town in search of all that was interesting or worth noticing. The market square, as in all Dutch towns, was large, and ample for all business; the houses all round the square, of the usual small Dutch style, were shut up all the week, and only used on the Sunday, on which day the owners occupied them when they were there for the purpose of going to church, giving to this, as to most other towns, a wretched, woe-begone, death-stricken appearance, rather calculated to depress than to exhilarate. But only for these small, Dutch, square houses in all the towns so-called in the Free State, there would but be a hamlet for every town. The officials seemed to be the most ostentatious in this the oldest town in the Free State. High, black, chimney-pot hats, that certainly could be bought in London for 4s. 9d., and the usual white tie and black coat, all betokening much satisfaction with themselves, as is the case in most governmental circles, more especially in the Bloemfontein capital. The storekeepers looked almost hopeless, as if a few months would land them in despair, or in the Bloemfontein lunatic asylum—the monstrosity built by Public Works Inspector Halle—after the designs of the German lunatic asylums that his grandfather built, as ordered by the Emperor, who being dissatisfied with his wretched catering when ordered to provide the Imperial dinner, kindly turned him into the builder-in-general of lunatic asylums, preparatory to his occupying a room therein after he had built the same—at least, I gathered so from his remarks when he lectured on his (h)art at the Literary Association. The only exception to this hopeless despair was seen in the countenances of the sons of Abraham-Ham, Jacob-Cob, Isaac-Sac: the future was not so black to them as others—a lurid light could be made to lighten up their darkness and despair at the expense of the fire-offices, which never entered the heart of the other (Gentile) traders of Winburg. So hope was always before them, in light-furnishing (or bankruptcy)

hotels and canteens in any number ; not because they should lead to drinking, but because they gave to men a spirit which for the time being produced oblivion. Poverty is not all due to drink ; but drink may be, and is often due to positive poverty. Men rush where there is a little life and jollity, and in the glass deaden their senses, and so forget for a season their miserable misfortunes, which may be due, as I think is the case in this town, to nature's cruelty and man's folly ; but which with wisdom, but *not* from on high, but on this earth, can be defied at all times.

While here I was struck by the extreme want of vegetation, and the barrenness of the whole town and surrounding country, and I could hardly wonder at the depressed countenances of its inhabitants, and their drunken despair. The wind blew a hurricane—the usual daily annoyance I was told—and the very streets seemed destitute of anything to cheer the eye or please the senses, and all for want of water : no green trees to shelter the town from the periodical wintry blasts that were positively cruel in all ways. One felt that only necessity could induce any human being to live in such a miserable hole, and I did not wonder that men of no means were put into hotels as part proprietors by the Dutch agents, in the hope that desperation would give them energy and *go* enough to enable them to live, if not to pay their rent or their creditors. And yet beneath their feet were all the fountains of nature's pure liquid, and only waiting to be dug-for to give an ample supply, for all domestic and gardening purposes, that would have made this place another Eden, and in a true sense prove that man, by labour with the pick, spade, and drill, could Win-the-burg for the advantage of all its inhabitants. To raise the water—that very general nuisance, the wind, would have raised it for the people. In a windy country like the Free State, which is, from its height, one vast breezy plain, it speaks but little for the enterprise of the inhabitants in not having erected their windmills in greater number for the purposes of irrigation and general water supply. They are simple in construction, cheap in maintenance, and not very liable to get out of order. The following proves what can be done, and what should be done at once in Winburg.

## IRRIGATION AND WINDMILL-PUMPS.

*Umtata Herald.*

It gives us much pleasure to notice more particularly the new Windmill-Pump, erected on Mr. M. White's property, across the river, which we have previously referred to.

The mill is strikingly simple in appearance, and the work performed by it surprises those who note its outline. It is placed on the bank of the river, about 70 feet above the level, and consists of a strong framework of yellow-wood, rising to a height of 30 feet, supporting the wind-sails 25 feet in diameter. The sails are circular, constructed in segments, each of which has a series of moveable fans, like the shutters of a Venetian blind. These are connected by simple levers to a balance weight, and by means of this counterpoise the sails are opened or shut as the wind lessens or increases, or at the will of the operator: thus a regular speed for pumping or grinding is maintained with variable winds. Whilst in a gale the wind passes right through the open sails, making the mill storm-proof. The circular sail is backed by an air-rudder, which keeps it constantly to the wind. The sail acts on a long connecting-rod communicating with two bevelled cog-wheels, which in turn work the piston of the pump below. Some idea may be conceived of the utility of this mill when we consider that each turn of the sail lifts a weight of 600lbs., and can thereby throw up 2,000 gallons of water per hour. The water from the river passes through 3-inch piping to Mr. White's garden above, where he is constructing a reservoir for storing his supply, and from thence he is enabled to water, not only the garden, but the whole of his grounds. This is a decided improvement on the manual labour system. The mill had at first a startling effect on the natives employed by Mr. White. They could not understand how water could be thus raised, and only convinced themselves by first tasting the water in the river, and then tasting the water rushing from the pipes above. We understand the cost of the mill did not exceed £500, and the expenses of keeping it in order will be trifling.

Messrs. Alexander and Crofts, of King William's Town, are, we believe, the sole agents for these mills in the Colony,

and we hope the enterprise of Mr. White will be imitated by many of our colonists.

#### ARTESIAN WELLS.

Denver, which has long been so inadequately and expensively supplied with water, is now rejoicing in four artesian wells, which yield 400,000 gallons of an excellent quality per day; and we are told that she will soon have several others in operation sufficient to supply the growing wants of that young and flourishing city.

The vast plains lying east and west of the Rocky Mountains will doubtless, ere long, have a great demand for similar wells, by means of which millions of acres, now waterless and barren, can be rendered arable. Wherever there is the scent of water these far western lands are of unrivalled fertility, resembling Peru, which has been likened to a "conservatory without glass."

This method of irrigating from subterranean reservoirs is of immense moment to the dwellers amid these sterile regions; and the labour of boring to a depth of only 375 feet—as at Denver—seems light when compared with the 2,200 feet of the saline well at Neusalzwerk, Prussia.

The reservoirs of petroleum springs are of a similar nature to those of artesian wells, and the process by which the oil is obtained is precisely the same.

Among the various methods of irrigation which England is adopting for her eastern possessions will probably be the introduction of these wells into the desert-like portions of India, where grim, gaunt famine has so often marched with merciless, all-conquering tread.

For the last twenty years French engineers have been actively engaged in sinking a great number of these wells across the western border of the Great Sahara, the province of Constantine alone containing not less than 150, while the work is progressing slowly but surely, toward the interior. Among the phenomena brought to light by this boring is the finding of fishes and crabs of delicious flavour at a very great depth. Scientists, as usual, are ready with many sage observations, all, however, being mere theory.

The spirit of progress is abroad, reclaiming the waste places of the earth, and literally verifying the Scripture prophecy, that "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

We believe the time is coming when man's inventive genius and wonderful power of achievement will reduce all the deserts of the earth to smiling beauty and happy utility; when he will indeed be "monarch of all he surveys."

Side by side with all this misery, want and despair, I found the everlasting *bank*, eating up where they had not sown, and harvesting where they had not gathered. The National Bank of the Free State (by the way, a funny name to call it in a republic), its original capital, the gift of Englishmen, who would give them as much again if they would be thankful, and comprehend the generosity of the givers. The Bank of Africa—so-called, better call it by the right name—the Bank of Europeans to rob the Africans, although with a capital too small to supply the wants of Bloemfontein, yet possessed the knowledge that the greater the want of accommodation, the greater the possibility for extortion at 10, 15 and 20 per cent. They have, like so many social spider-webs settled themselves in every little town and village of the Free State, for the purpose of sucking the life's-blood of its inhabitants, and thus swallowing up even what little life was left in the people wherewith to struggle onwards. When will men understand that a proper knowledge of "money and its use" must precede all good conditions, and secure the prosperity of all States, monarchical or republican, and that, instead of towns retrograding after a youthful run as it were of prosperity, until the blood-suckers in the shape of bankers and usurers rush the places, and suck up their prosperity, causing them to fall into an early decrepitude; and then as a *last straw to destroy all hope*, eaten up in conjunction with the natural legal sharks, who fatten and flourish in prosperity, and no less so in the dying convulsions of the struggling and working classes, mechanical, agricultural or pastoral.

While passing over the square I was astonished to see one well-painted house, and on enquiry I found it to be the house-of-plunder of one who shared the stolen property of the work-

ers—the *procureur*, so called,—another name for lawyer-shark. This one was a descendant of a foreigner from sunny France, acting as the documentary comptroller of the people, living in the front of all the buildings in the town, built of stone, as an emblem of the much-enduring, while securing to himself the productions of the surrounding farmers. Good heavens! when will men, with eyes to see, read aright, mark, and inwardly digest, and then alter and remove those to whom the gradual impoverishment of the Free State is due? The Bank and other institutions, as well as private individuals, will suck and suck until there is no more to be secured from the human combs, and then, with all complacency, sell the country to the highest bidder. The fact stares us in the face that these men, while they are able to secure the wealth of the people, now oppose the confederation of the South African States; but when they have sucked and sucked the people dry—and that time is here, and coming on fast,—they will in the future be the first to solicit the arrival of the English for very fear; if they do not, the people in their madness will not wait for a Gordon to burn the debt-books and bonds and mortgage-parchments, but will burn them themselves, and the holders likewise. If the Soudanese have been eaten up by Arabs, Jews, and Turks, no less will it be seen that the wealth-producers in the Free State have been eaten up by the Jews and others, and in the name of the good of all mankind, I, like Gordon, call for restitution. The people will soon be so sucked by banker and mortgagee and lawyers, that nothing but confederation with England will save them their skins, if left to save.

#### THE MORTGAGE.

We worked through spring and winter, through summer and through fall,  
 But the mortgage worked the hardest and the steadiest of them all.  
 It worked on nights and Sundays, it worked each holiday,  
 It settled down amongst us, and it never went away.  
 Whatever we kept from it seemed almost as bad as theft;  
 One thing, then another went till there was nothing left.  
 The rust and blight were with us, and though sometimes they were not;  
 The darkbrowed, scowling mortgage was for ever on the spot.  
 The weevil and the cutworm, they went as well as came,  
 The mortgage stayed for ever, eating hearty all the same.

It nailed up every window, stood guard at every door,  
 And happiness and sunshine made their home with us no more.  
 Till with failing crops and sickness we got stalled upon the grade,  
 And there came a dark day on us when the interest was'nt paid ;  
 And there came a sharp foreclosure, and I kind o' lost my hold,  
 And grew weary and discouraged, and the farm was cheaply sold.  
 My children left and scattered, when they hardly yet were grown ;  
 The wife she pined and perished, an' I found myself alone.  
 What she died of was "a mystery," an' the doctors never knew ;  
 But I know she died of mortgage, just as well as I wanted to.  
 If to trace a hidden sorrow were within the doctors' art,  
 They'd have found a mortgage lying on that woman's broken heart.  
 Worm or beetle, drought or tempest, on a farmer's land may fall,  
 But for first-class ruination, trust a mortgage 'gainst them all.

W. A. CARLTON.

The foreigners, who owe no allegiance to the Free State, will invite any power in that will secure to them the plunder they have stolen ; but they know it is only England that can send with her sons an influx of gold. These Uitlanders have no gold in their own barren lands, nor love for the Free State as patriots, only looking upon the country to be drained for their profit and pleasure. Will the two-legged walking animals ever read the signs of the times, and make the banks the servants of the people, not, as now, their masters, and to their destruction, but to the banker's enrichment, and compel the public *procureurs* to be the defenders and upholders of the rights and privileges of the people? It is quite shocking to know that one cannot go from town to town without noticing these abominations. In the old time of public plunder, the roads between town and town were the highwayman's opportunity. In isolated places and in the dark, men were called upon to deliver, and, in fear, did deliver, to the advantage of the robber ; but in these so-called enlightened Christian days, men who are no less of the type of our Dick Turpin, Gentleman Jack, and the handsome Claude Duval, call upon us to deliver in person at their houses, that in some way they have secured, at the expense of the widow and orphan, or the working imbeciles that allow it to be continued ; and in these latter days these robbers neither fear man, God nor Devil, and at times have the blessing of the modern priests, who, without hesitation,

go shares in the plunder. In all the towns both these classes of men are on the increase ; and how they work their plan so as to disguise how they call upon us to deliver is a mystery to many, but no longer to those who understand the present monetary schemes of the exploiters. At present the sufferers are unable to make them disgorge, and with the results of their knavery they build fine houses and cathedrals as public monuments of what they have deprived the wealth-producers of, time after time. What "a mad, silly world, my masters," is this, that, for want of true information, these things are possible, and that all this is supported by the politician, the so-called Christian, the philanthropist, and the mechanically well-taught of society. Being blind however, they lead the blind, and both having fallen into the ditch, they are so maimed and injured that they have not strength to draw attention to these things, much less to stand to the front to deliver the victims from error's chains. My wanderings through the Cape Colony, Natal, and the Free State for the last ten years have proved to me that the Free State is a misnomer, for of all States that I have passed through, it has, more conclusively than any other, demonstrated, beyond the possibility of doubt, the necessity of my remedies for the people and times, as I have so frequently explained them, and has made me feel more confident than ever—the proofs are so numerous—that the truth is, as in nature, self-evident. I do not know whether I am as one born out of due season, but this much I do know, that I have met hundreds of men who feel that something is wrong in, or out of Denmark, and, for want of knowledge, they are unable to articulate their grievances. As a true patriot, and a son of the people, I dare not any longer refrain from speaking the truth, as it is in me. Were I to do so I should be eaten up by the living coals within me, and I trust to prove in my future writings and lectures that this is no idle boast, and that all the people, especially those who suffer, will listen to me gladly. I seek no honour or fortune. I have no fortune to lose ; and simply from my individual point of view, desire to make known the glad tidings of the new salvation to the glory of man, and

the happiness of the human family all over the known world. To enable all to feel with me the truth about the legal exploiters, I print the views of a giant on lawyer-sharks.

#### LAWYERS AND LAW-CHARGES.

An innocent Briton, who signed himself "Civis," writing lately in the *Times*, on a special subject connected with lawyers, observed, "the profession exists for us, not we for them. "Never was an axiom more clearly expressed, or with more commendable terseness; but its very brevity, clearness and point-blank delivery, suggest an uneasy misgiving, and cause to doubt whether, like other oracular utterances, it is not open to question. Certain it is, that clients would not be far to seek to whom the proposition would seem to state the very reverse of the fact; they would tell us that to engage the services of the profession is to lay yourself open to endless expenses, to pay down hard cash in return for labours of an undefinable, unintelligible sort—to barter your independence and peace of mind in exchange for sundry verbose documents, a few shreds of red tape, and the privilege of being puzzled by the repulsive phraseology of legal writings. And they would point to fearful accounts extending over many sheets of paper, which accounts had to be discharged at the expense of a year's income or so, and which were the sole return they ever got for all that outlay. On the other hand, it is at least debatable whether the lawyers, as a class, regard themselves as existing for the public; or if they do, in what sense they understand the maxim of 'Civis' which is susceptible of very various interpretation.

"There are lawyers, and lawyers. There are men in the profession, and they are the glory of it, who have chosen and followed it from the instinct of justice and fair play, and who love it because it enables them to shield the innocent, to right the wronged, to protect the oppressed, and to expose and punish the wrong-doer. But there are also men who systematically make of their profession the means of plundering whoever is unfortunate enough to fall into their hands. This latter class are most decidedly of opinion that the public exists for them—that it is their business to 'fleece'

by all the possible methods which the legislature has considerately provided for their ingenious manipulation. To them a new client is what a wounded stag is to the wolf—a prey cast to them by a favouring Providence to have his bones picked bare.

Whatever credit may be due to the axiom of 'Civis,' then, it is clear that it must be received, if received at all, with limitations. From the practical stand-point, at any rate, there is very little evidence that the legal profession exists for us, while, on the contrary, there is all too much testimony to the fact that the public exists for the lawyer—is in truth the lawyer's milch-cow, with udders considerably drawn dry.

"The *rationale* of lawyers' charges has from time immemorial been a mystery to the public who have to pay them. The trader, accustomed to give value received for cash, cannot, for the life of him, understand why it is that, when he has given a retainer of, say £100 to Counsellor Botherum, to secure his eloquent advocacy on a certain trial, and the great man never appears at the trial at all, he yet retains the retainer, and pockets the money as coolly as if he had earned it. The philosophy of this proceeding, honoured though it be by the sanction of the profession, is all too recondite for the matter-of-fact man of business, who is apt to express himself in regard to it in no complimentary terms. Solicitors' charges, coming to the client in detail, are as perplexingly disgusting, especially when the client finds, as he is very likely to find, that conversations which were incidental talk, or gossip over a glass of wine, are set down as consultations to be paid for. Some charges made by lawyers are fixed at a scale which cannot be justified by any show of argument—the very sight of them so outraged the moral sense of the celebrated Thirlwall that he threw up the profession in disgust, rather than submit to become the agent of such extortion—an example which, so far as we are aware, no one has since followed.

"In dealing with a practitioner of the wide-awake order, the man who employs him has need to be continually on his guard, and should be especially cautious in the matter of

putting questions. We should say there could be no danger in asking Mr. Lattitat what it is o'clock, for instance, or whether he thinks the clouds portend rain ; but much further than this it may not be safe to go. Ask him whether the parson has done right in closing the path through the church-yard, or whether such a plot of ground would not be a good site for cottages, and the chances are, if you are a client with a running account, that you will find these queries will cost you six-and-eightpence each when your bill comes in. The rate at which lawyers' bills grow and swell is something astounding ; the old tavern legend, 'Sixpence to look at the waiter,' is more than realised in the case of the lawyer. So long as you litigate you never see your legal friend without being charged a fee ; nay, more, if he calls to see you, and you are not at home, the fee is the same—and, worse still, should you call to see him and find him absent, you even run the risk of being charged for your own loss of labour, through the fact of your having called being entered by the clerk in the day-book. We have seen lawyers' bills extending over quires of foolscap (the sort of paper, we submit, best fitted for the purpose), and thick enough to bind up into an average folio volume ; and we have known them paid, too, in the tune of near a thousand pounds, for suits undertaken at the lawyers' instigation, and which suits, as the instigators well knew, could only succeed in bringing profit to the lawyer. Apropos of practices of this kind, a good story is told : Lawyer Plundrum, having succeeded in making a litigant of every farmer in his county, having grown rich at their expense, and thus established a valid claim to their consideration, consented to sit for his portrait, which was wanted to adorn the court-room of the county town. The picture was duly painted by a London artist, and, previously to being hung, was submitted to a private view. 'Most uncommon like, to be sure.' was the general verdict : ' 'tis the mon hissel, beyant it now ? ' But one old chap, critically regarding the canvas, dissented from the general opinion as follows : 'That be zummut like Plundrum's vizog, but it bean't the mon—theas mon ha' got his han' in his own pocket you zee ; now, I've a know'd Plundrum for vive-and-thirty year, an' all

that time he've a had his han' in zomebody's else's pocket. Yon chap bean't Plundrum!'

"There is one consolation, though it is rather a doubtful one for litigants, in the fact that lawyers' bills may be taxed. How far this is a privilege, and to what extent the public avail themselves of it, we cannot say; but the fact is profoundly significant, and should not be lost sight of. In all other dealings between man and man, buyer and seller are left to conclude their own transactions; but it is not so between lawyer and client. The lawyer, it seems, cannot be trusted to deal fairly with his customer: 'See to it,' says the legislature, 'a dishonest lawyer has you in his power; bring his account to the taxing-office, and the taxing-officer will prevent your being plundered.' If this is not the plain English of the matter, we should like to know how else to phrase it. That we are not far wrong, we gather from the fact that bills sent in to clients are sometimes cut down by the taxing process to one-fourth, or even less, of their original substance. It is right, however, as it is pleasant, to state, that there are not wanting honourable men whose accounts no client would dream of taxing.

"It is no small misfortune to Englishmen that this country is so abnormally lawyer-ridden. In all our activities the law and lawyers are ever paramount and predominant. Could our railways have been made, as railways have been made in other countries, without the intervention of lawyers, nearly two hundred millions of money would have been saved which has been swallowed-up in needless expenses and law-fights; and many hundreds of families, who have succumbed to poverty, would have been living in competence. But for the legal expenses attending the transfer of property from seller to buyer, the number of small independent properties in England owned by the class of proprietors who are the muscle and sinew of a State, would have been ten times as numerous as they are, and would have added immensely to the national stability. And were there no class of men whose interest it is to distort facts, to strangle the truth, to make justice dear, and right appear the wrong, it may be fairly inferred there would be less cause of complaint on the score

of corruption and the general lapse of principle in commercial matters, which are the bane and disgrace of our time. Nearly two hundred years ago, the defects of a system which in England makes property of all kinds pay such heavy blackmail to lawyers, was pointed out by Andrew Yarranton, who proposed a remedy which was both simple and practical; but then, as now, vested interests were too mighty to be meddled with, and the wrong has been suffered to endure. The profession and its profits are wanted as a quarry and a pasture for younger sons and their descendants.

“Is it not strange that, notwithstanding the public are so perfectly familiar with the plagues, anxieties, and discomforts that invariably attend litigation, it is yet so pertinaciously litigious? We profess to applaud and admire the man who should act on the Master's advice—who, being sued at law, for his coat, should surrender to his adversary his cloak also; but we never set that example ourselves; we rather bristle up at the slightest provocation of the kind, and incur loss upon loss, rather than allow another to triumph over us. To some men a lawsuit is a nuisance and an affliction—to others it is a source of perpetual satisfaction and enjoyment. The Corsicans, we are told, inherit lawsuits, and transmit them to their heirs as if they were family treasures—but in Corsica it may well be that the inherited lawsuit is but another form of the “vendetta” which is continued—a fierce strife from generation to generation. But many a man in England has been born to a lawsuit, and grown up in the lap of litigation. We can recall such a man, who, inheriting a claim, well, or ill-founded, to a vast estate in the West of England, spent the best years of his life, and the best part of his income in futile attempts to establish it, and who never succeeded even so far as to bring his cause before a Judge. A merrier, more light-hearted fellow never lived. He seemed to enjoy nothing so much as catching a new lawyer and volubly indoctrinating him on the subject of his claim, and setting him to work to draw up a fresh case for counsel's opinion. The profession had old Greening's substance, and gave him in return a whole cart-load of documents, of which at seventy-five he died possessed—and which his heir-at-law summarily consigned to the flames.”

I shall further illustrate these facts in my *History of the Free State*, now ready for the press, and to show that I am not singular, I print the views of the *Africander Bond and Express*.

“The Free State branch of the Africander Bond is reported to have passed a resolution:—‘Whereas lawyers are not among the necessaries of life, this meeting of Bondsmen hereby pledges itself to use every constitutional means to extirpate them, and calls upon all affiliated members of the Bond to do likewise. Our reason for this course is that in the Orange Free State lawyers of every grade in the profession unite marked professional incapacity, with a great power of blood-sucking, and this is being borne in upon the community in a manner no longer to be tolerated.’

“There is little doubt that there has been for some considerable time a feeling growing in the country so adverse, and we may almost say hostile, to the legal profession, that if to-day, a plebiscite were taken, the great majority would undoubtedly vote in favour of the abolition of a profession which, under ordinary circumstances, men are too apt to look upon as a necessary evil, but which under our present circumstances, is most certainly regarded as something much worse. Whosoever doubts our statement has not read the papers, and has not taken cognizance of what goes on in the country. If he should not attach much weight to these utterances he may go to the sittings of the Volksraad, and listen attentively to what is said there, and, looking upon that honourable body, as representative a one, as exists, he will, without hesitation, endorse the view expressed above. In itself, and without approaching the question as we do for the purpose not merely of discussing the same, but with a view to advising measures calculated to effect an improvement, the prevailing sentiment is of sufficient interest to a writer of contemporary history, to note the same and to investigate its origin and the causes of its development. If in doing so, we should appear harsh, we may be permitted to state at once that we write less with a view to criticise than to improve. Dictated by such a sentiment, laudable as it must be, even in the eyes of the legal profession itself, the statement will be accepted as correct, though

very disagreeably correct, that the legal profession as a whole occupies so low a standard in this country, that upon the raising thereof, the very first move towards amelioration depends. It would be unjust and ungrateful if we omitted here to mention that our Bench of Judges is of as high a standing as that of any country; that we possess members of the Bar and Side-Bar who would be an ornament to the profession anywhere, and that the Judges by their endeavours to raise the standard of efficiency, have already attained a marked improvement. That, finally the additions to the profession in late years leave no doubt of a complete ultimate change. "Thus all that remains, and indeed it is the burning point of the question, is that the period of transition may not be too prolonged a one, and that it should be marked by the utmost severity towards those members, who, through want of proper qualification, are already enjoying so much forbearance, that they should not be permitted to encroach further thereon through want of professional usages, irregularity, and, finally, dishonesty. We are aware that we are treading on delicate ground, and that we are dealing with a militant profession. However, the truth must be told, and that openly. As things have gone, it has not been an unusual occurrence that men who have held powers-of-attorney have abused their power to the detriment of their mandators. It has occurred that men entrusted with the settlement of estates have used money collected in those estates, for their own private ends, and could only be made to disgorge after an appeal to the court. It has frequently occurred that men collected accounts, retained the moneys, and their clients are either still awaiting settlement or obtained cash only after employing a second agent to collect the money from the collector. That this was wrong, who doubts?—that it was a grave wrong at the hands of men who owned a position of trust, who will gainsay?—that it was a wrong that threw discredit upon the whole of an honourable profession, the feeling of the entire country testifies to. Yet the last is a fortunate accident, in spite of its misfortune. For it suggests the only remedy extant. To think that oppressive laws and a ruinous tariff will effect an improvement, people may believe and hope. We share

neither their hope nor their belief. In the very fact of oppression their is the danger of illicit dealing, and by the very act of oppression the man who never scrupled to act dishonestly, is challenged to extend his crooked and dishonest manipulations, whilst the honest and upright lawyer, who is indispensable to the community, is condemned to sufferance, exposed to poverty, and forced to seek a living elsewhere. The remedy lies with the profession, and from them the only improvement can be expected. If honest lawyers wish to protect themselves, they must do so by protecting the public. They must combine and remove the cancer from their body, and that without feeling or false compassion, and they must do so without loss of time. To show neglect would be tantamount to despising public opinion, and would only invite retribution and defeat. For whatever mode of expression is indulged in with regard to this question, the feeling that the public must be protected is a general one. Who is to do it? We or the profession itself? That is, we repeat the question, and we should trust, that, by a sincere effort—for but the slightest effort has hitherto been wanting—the legal profession will enlist on its side the sympathy at least of all moderate men, which they cannot be said even to possess now. How to do this we need hardly say; the *modus operandi* is better known to themselves than to us, and the example of other countries shows clearly the road they have to follow. That they may do so is in their own interest first, though it is in ours as well, and we therefore sincerely hope that they will do it soon, and moreover, do it well."

The town of Winburg is, like all other towns of South Africa, no better or worse for natural conditions. All could be made Gardens of Eden by a people working and storing up nature's gifts of rain to men. But so long as all is in the hands of speculators and forestallers, this will be impossible. For twenty long years the Free State has been governed, so it is said, by a first class Brand, certainly not a burning one; and although he has produced many a brand, they are perfectly useless. I have no desire to do this man an injustice. As an advocate he was a failure in Cape Town, and could at no time earn his bread. As a President he is

worse than a failure ; and the time will come when it will be looked upon as a crime, that he was so often placed in power. For twenty long years he has had a splendid income, and yet at the end of that period, with all his advantages, he had to admit that he was a pauper, and requested the sum of £2,500 to relieve him from the pressure of his creditors. It is said that this was mainly due to the extravagances of of children, and his son while in England making himself perfect as a legal shark, lived in London like a prince, involving his father in pecuniary difficulties ; and when he had almost ruined the poor old man, like a penniless "prodigal," returned, and, for want of general ability, was at once pitchforked into the Transvaal to become a judge. O Lord ! what a judge ! Perhaps even there he will get into debt. It is as common an inborn disease getting into debt and forgetting to pay, as much chronic in Africa, as the lung sickness in its cattle. To expect a "Brand" of this kind to be a "Light of the World" is to expect an impossibility. He can perhaps make a smoke ; but he is not made of the stuff to lighten the the Dutch, or any other Gentiles. But it is something worse than bad, that a father should be so positioned by his offspring that he should be compelled to be a drag upon a community ; and I venture to predict that, unless he can alter all this, and show how the Free State may increase in wealth, as well as multiply, he will be cursed in his old age as the unconscious destroyer of what might have been a State of heroes, and who placed his people at the mercy of the Hollanders he surrounded himself by, and instead of going down to his grave an honoured leader of the people, he will, as a failure, after his long official career, be forgotten, and, as he should be, righteously damned.

It was while stopping at the hotel, that a neighbour of mine in Bloemfontein arrived in hot haste, a sweet William, who hoped to be looked upon as the golden William of the Transvaal, for with luck unexpected, he had found another reef of gold—so he said—but not near Berlin, in the Lydenburg district, the property of the swindling Grant. With the earnestness of a Czar's messenger, he was travelling up post-haste night and day, in the hope of a reward, in the