State, let us suppose a country as large as England changing in the actual value of its soil from one penny per acre to ten shillings in the short space of twenty years; and yet the value of the land gives but a faint idea of the value of its products. These are, in many instances, at famine prices; all vegetables, dairy produce, &c., are worth three and four times what they cost in London. It is a subject of jest to-day in South Africa because the historian of the Tudors drew a moral in Bloemfontein—the Orange Free State capital—from the price of cauliflowers sold in the markets; yet that one straw was a better index of the difference between demand and supply in South Africa than ten thousand theories.

It is only a little while since that we witnessed the sale of a large waggon-load of cauliflowers in the Kimberley market at two shillings and sixpence each vegetable. The load contained about two thousand cauliflowers.

There is no fitter soil or finer climate in the world for the production of these things than that of this Free State and Griqualand. Give it water and it will grow anything; and the water is there in abundance if man will only "turn it on." Before the discovery of diamonds and gold all these things were drugs in the markets; suddenly a vast demand arose for them. Europe sent its steamships to supply what it could, tinned things of all sorts; but the Africanders did little—the more adventurous ones flocked to the fields, the lazy ones sat idle at home.

Diamonds were to be gathered in garden or dairy far away from those wonderful fields where men so often lost their little all; but few thought of so gathering them. People said the demand had suddenly come for all these things and would as suddenly die out, and meantime they did nothing; and famine prices became the rule in a land ever ready to yield to man "the full fruits of his labour."

It has been said of South Africa that it is a land of samples and of nothing more; that its cotton, coffee, sugar, and wheat, everything save its wool, is excellent, but limited; that it can produce the first specimens for an exhibition, but the last for a continuous export trade. All this is true; but all this only proves what we said before, that the people will not work.

If the land produced from itself wheat or sugar as the sheep produce wool, wheat and sugar would find their way to Europe; but at present wheat is brought from Australia, potatoes, butter, and vegetables are carried from England.

Take the bill of lading of any steamer sailing away from South Africa. The cargo consists of wool, a few bales of antelope and ox hides, a few packages of ostrich feathers and parcels of diamonds and gold. It is scarcely too much to say that, with the exception of wine, the manufactures of South Africa are confined to two articles—Cape carts and Cape waggons, both excellent in their way, but not enough to make even the semblance of an industry.

We do not mean to assert that idleness is universal in South Africa. All professional and commercial life goes on there as elsewhere; but out in the country people do not till the land as they till it in America or in Australia, and it is but too evident that the occupations of husbandry are not congenial to the habits of the Dutch farmer in any shape or form.

Hitherto, in these sketches of South Africa, we have said but little upon a subject usually associated in men's minds with the upper plateau of which we have been treating—the wild animals which have become so familiar to us in past descriptions of hunters and travellers. Well, the last few years have made sad havoc in these once-crowded ranks. The larger game has "treked" into the remote north. The lion, the eland, the koodoo, the rhinoceros, the quagga, and the buffalo, are all gone from the Orange Free State; the more remote Transvaal holds them still. In the dry wastes of the Kalaharri Desert, in the feverish swamps of Zululand, and the valleys of the Limbombo Mountains, these grand specimens of wild nature roam and range. The elephant is further off still—all save one great herd preserved in the dense forests of George, nigh the southern extreme of the continent. Natal, once the favourite home of every animal, from the lordliest lion to the tiniest antelope, is to-day nearly denuded of game.

But if the larger animals have retreated into the wilds, the antelopes are numerous enough still in the Free State and in the more settled portions of the

Transvaal. In the great grassy plains of the middle "Veldt" hundreds of blessbok and springbok gallop and gambol under the bright sun of winter, but they, too, are fast disappearing. Six years ago they existed in numbers impossible to reckon; they devoured such quantities of grass that the Boers killed them as people kill vermin.

It is said that a few years since a member of the "Volksraad" wished to preserve the game from the ruthless destruction of the farmers in the north and east of the State; but he was told that if he did carry a measure to that effect, another law would be proposed by the eastern farmers to protect the locusts of the west from destruction. Myriads of quaggas were ruthlessly hunted down; springbok and blessbok, and wildebeestes, were shot and stabbed and galloped over precipices, where they lay smashed and heaped over one another, until at length the land was cleared of them.

A few wild ostriches are still to be found in Natal and in the Free State. As usual, the law has stepped in to save when there is hardly anything left for saving; but the domestic ostrich has now become a regular institution in South Africa, and thousands of pounds have been invested in "ostrich farming." It is probable that there are far more ostriches in sight of Cape Town to-day than when the Dutch first raised, on the shores of Table Bay, the old castle, and the lions roared so loudly round it at night that the quaint chronicler of the time tells us, "We thought

that they (the lions) would have taken the post by storm last night."

It may appear strange how it came to pass that this great quantity of wild animals should have been able to exist upon the plateau of South Africa in the midst of the natives who dwelt there fifty years ago; but the answer is easily given. Around each native tribe there lay a wide cordon of uninhabited country. To pass from the country of the Matabili to the country of the Zulus or the Bushmen, one had to traverse vast unoccupied tracts where game multiplied with incredible rapidity.

The conditions of savage life are the same all the world over, and have been in all times and in all places. We read that in ancient Gaul the septs or tribes dwelt far apart from each other. Contact meant war, and it was only by putting space between them that the periods of peace, necessary for the rude work of agriculture, which they carried on, could be maintained.

Thus, too, has it been with the numerous warring races of North America; and we find that in the far west and north-west of that great continent, as well as upon the vast plains and plateaux of South Africa, these neutral grounds became the homes of countless wild animals, which roamed the wastes in a glorious freedom from the common enemy nowhere else found on earth.

IV.

IT was into such a waste that the great "trek" of the Boers led in the years from 1834 to 1840. Then began a change among the wild animals as great as among the wild men. For years, however, few English hunters penetrated into the wilds. Captain Harris, an English officer, was the first. His graphic account of sport and his sketches of the wild animals met with form, perhaps, still the best work among the many now existing on African wild life, as among the animals the one which he discovered and named "Harrisbok" is the most beautiful.

Then at long intervals followed Oswald, Cumming, Andersen, Shelley, and a host of others; of all these men Oswald's name lives longest in the native mind. "He would put three bullets in the pocket of his waistcoat," they say, "and riding close to an elephant shoot him in three shots. He did not stand firing at him from afar."

Yet long before hunter had entered the wilds, missionaries had gone into Damara and the desert. The veteran Moffat, Edwards, and Campbell formed stations far into the interior before a Boer had "treked" over the Gareip.

In 1812 Campbell visited the city of Latakoo, and the chief Maraka, or Moroko, of the Morolongs. Moroko has only lately died. He was probably the oldest man in South Africa.

This tribe of Barrolongs, as they are called to-day, deserves some notice at our hands. More than forty years ago Campbell induced the chief and his people to move from the Vaal River to the hill we have already spoken of, which, standing in the midst of a vast plain, is called the Hill of Night.

Around this lofty hill, in the many valleys which lie at its base, the Barrolongs made their homes. Beyond them, to the east, lay the Basuto country, and from Thabanchu to the rock kraal of Moshesh, at Thaba Bossiou, was not more than fifty miles.

Moroko paid an annual tribute to Moshesh, and acknowledged the Basuto as his paramount; but when difficulties arose between the white men and the Basutos, Moroko sided with the white men.

His territory, consisting of nine hundred square miles of fertile land, was given by him (we presume) in trust to the Wesleyan Society, of which body Mr. Campbell was a missionary.

At the end of the struggle between the Dutch and the Basutos, this Barrolong possession was an isolated native reserve, surrounded on all sides by the Orange Free State. What is to-day called in the Free State "the conquered territory" lay around it upon three sides. Moroko, however, remained on his location; around on every side Dutch farms sprang up; and

with the usual forgetfulness of the fact that the Barrolongs were in possession of their ground at Thabanchu long before a Boer had planted a beacon nigh the Caledon, many a hungry eye is now turned to this country of Moroko's. This land hunger seems a disease, which grows the more it feeds. Men in South Africa are not content with the already vast tracts in their possession; one hears constantly in the Free State of a man having two, four, or six farms each of six thousand acres, some of which he has never even looked upon, and yet the cry is more, more, more; and year after year pretexts are found for bringing to sale the scant remnants of native possessions in the remote "Hoeks" of the Vetteberg or the Rhodeberg, where yet lingers some scattered race of Zulu or Basuto.

And now, having dwelt a long time in these mountain and upland countries of South Africa, let us descend, ere leaving altogether the land, and dwell, if only for a little while, in the region heretofore hardly looked upon—the meadow we have called Natal.

The people of Natal call the great range of the Drakensberg their garden wall. Hitherto we have looked upon the garden from the top of this wall, and if now we descend from that summit and gather fruits and flowers, with a few weeds too, in the garden beneath, it will be as fitting a "last look" at South Africa as we can give that glorious region in these pages.

Men, white men, first found Natal on a Christmas

Day. The Cape of Storms had been passed—the terrible sea whose waves rage in what seems an eternity of tempest around that lone promontory where Afric's southmost shore rises, lion-shaped, defiantly to confront the widest and the wildest waste in the globe—had been left behind, and now the long-tossed caravels were sailing north into sunnier seas.

It was the summer season in this southern hemisphere. The sea-breeze, laden at times with moisture, carried coolness and refreshing showers o'er the land, and the land-wind came at eventime seawards, bearing on its wings the scents and soft perfumes of myriad flowering things which had quickened into life beneath the mingled sun and shower of a half-tropic clime.

One bold point covered deep in flowers and foliage marked the otherwise even line of the coast; inside this point a deep curving bay stretched between hills tree-covered to the water's edge. Along the outer shore a wild surf broke in ceaseless thunder, but in the sheltered bay within the sea rose and fell in waveless ripple; and the many-hued foliage, thick with flowers, fringed at flood-tide the bright blue water, or bordered, when the tide had ebbed, a strand of velvet softness.

Well might these weather-beaten mariners have hailed with delight a vision which must have recalled to them their own sunny shores by far-away Lusitania, and pointed them forward, too, to the richer goal of their great enterprise—the hitherto fabled Indian land.

But long years had to pass ere this fair region of

Natal saw aught of white men save some stray sail far out to sea.

The great captains sent by Portugal to found her empire in the east held for the most part aloof from this south-eastern shore of Africa; for its strange currents, and harbourless coast, and savage peoples, had proved fatal to many a caravel and crew; and Diaz had perished off the Cape which he had discovered, and Alvárez had lost his fleet, and Lopez his life, among the wild seas and wilder savages of this scarce-known land.

But men came at last. It was about the time when the ruthless career of Chaka had reached its close. Around the vast circle of the Zulu dominions there lay an immense tenantless waste. More than four hundred thousand human beings had been swept away, and silence reigned, save when broken by the wild beast's cry, from the Bay of Natal to the Mont aux Sources.

The white man came. Chaka, dying, had taunted his murderers with a prophecy of the advent, and the tyrant's expiring vision was soon fulfilled.

We have already sketched the earlier scenes of this foundation of civilised dominion in Natal. It lies only a few years back. Men still live in Natal who witnessed the fierce struggle of Dutch and Zulus in "Weenan," when first the emigrating Boers moved down to take possession of their Promised Land.

Whatever we may think of Dutch civilisation, of

Dutch native policy, of the power of Dutch colonists to develop the resources of a country, upon one point we must accord them our unqualified admiration. Where they settled they made a home.

The "fountain" was turned down the street; the oak-tree was planted along the dusty thoroughfare; the orange grew before the doorway: and if, perhaps, there was not altogether that improvement in farm or that comfort in dwelling-house which nineteenth-century civilisation has taught us to regard as indispensably necessary to existence, we must remember that it is seventeenth-century ideas which we have to deal with, that it is the Holland of Alva and the France of the Huguenots which is here preserved in these wastes—preserved cut off from intercourse with their fatherlands, and exposed to contact with savage peoples; bereft of nearly all that can soften, surrounded by nearly all that can harden, and wonderful in still possessing certain characteristics of solid determination and love of independence which seem to have fossilised amid the wild and stern solitudes of South Africa.

One day the writer of these pages found himself on the crest of one of the innumerable hills which lie in strange confusion at the base of the great Drakensberg range. He was alone; the camp had not yet been struck, and he had wandered out in the chance of finding an antelope in the dry grass of the valley, and the certainty of seeing from the hilltop the proud Drakensberg unfold itself from north to south in snow

and purple, as flinging from it stray streaks of vapour it bared its broad breast to the uprisen sun.

Below the hill from whence this view was visible there stood a solitary house; dark-green trees grew around it, and a limpid stream of water, taken at a higher level from the river which ran through the valley, flowed close to the garden. Riding along this brook the traveller drew near the house; an old man came forth.

"Would the stranger off saddle?"

"No—it was too early in the morning; but he would alight, tie his horse at the door, and sit awhile in the parlour."

It was not difficult to turn this old man's thoughts into channels worn deep by time into his memory. Forty years before he had formed one of the great "trek" into Natal, and this was the story of that time as he now told it.

"At the laager on the top of the Berg we were nine hundred waggons. We had journeyed for two years from the old colony. We were tired of the dry plains and short grass, and we looked down upon Natal from the mountain and said to one another, 'We will go down and make our homes there.' We went down; it was slow, slow work: no road, no path, nothing save the mountain wall; but we could take a waggon over any ground an ox could scramble on. We got down at last, and made laager here and there over the country.

"Not far from where I now talk to you there dwelt

a chief: he had stolen cattle from Dingaan the Zulu king. We sent messages to Dingaan. He treated them well, and sent them back to say that if we recovered the lost cattle, all the land south of the Tugela should be ours.

"Well, we followed the 'spoor' of the cattle, and brought them back to Dingaan. I did not go; but many of our best men did, and we never saw them again.

"The Zulus fell upon them in camp when everything looked fair, and not a man escaped. I was in a laager near the Bushman's River when news came of this slaughter; many did not believe it, but soon we knew that it was too true. From the north a great force of Zulus came to destroy us. Our laagers were scattered, and some of the outlying ones were stormed and our people were killed.

"One morning I left the laager to go and look after the oxen out-spanned. It was yet early when I returned, and never shall I forget the sight which I beheld from the top of the hill over the Bushman River, near which the laager was pitched. For an instant I thought the whole valley was full of cattle; white and black, red and dun oxen seemed thick as they could stand, but I only thought this for an instant; it was the sunlight on thousands of ox-hide shields carried by the Kaffirs, and soon I saw the flash of the assagais through the shields, and heard the shouts of the Zulus as they swarmed about one of our laagers which they had cut off from the others.

"I was mounted on a good horse, a young animal which I had brought from the old colony. I had trained him myself, and he knew every touch of my heel and every turn of my wrist, for I had hunted game with him for two years on the upper plains. I called him 'Zwart,' and he knew his name as well as a dog. I had my long gun with me, a bag of bullets, and a flask of powder.

"Well, I did not stop long on the hilltop to think; my laager was yet clear of Kaffirs, and in five minutes I was inside it.

"But, meantime, it was going hard with our people in the farthest laager; the shots from the waggons were getting fewer, the shouts of the stormers getting louder. Old Jacob Van der Sell was in command of our laager; the old man was watching the fight and talking to himself as he watched. 'Oosthousen,' he said suddenly to me, 'You have got a good horse under you. Boy, there's a bag of bullets and a keg of powder in this waggon; they want lead and powder in the laager yonder; strap the bag and the keg behind your saddle and carry them to the laager. You'll save the lives of all of them there if you can get in.'

"I did as he told me, got the keg and the bag well fastened to the saddle, said 'Good-bye' to a few of the people standing near, and rode out from the waggons.

"There were only a few scattered bands of Kaffirs near our laager, for our turn had yet to come, and nearly the whole army was at work at the laager to

which I was going. I took Zwart at an easy canter across the valley, and it was a minute or so before the Kaffirs noticed me; but they thought little of one horseman, and kept charging up towards the waggons and falling back again from the shots.

"I rode up to within one hundred yards of the hindmost rank of them, and fired into the crowd. Many of them yelled and turned at me; but I could just play with them as I liked, and I kept Zwart in a hand-canter back and forwards, up and down, firing and falling back to load again.

"I fired thus twenty or more shots into them, and rode right round the outside edge of them, before they seemed to know what I was doing. Sometimes they would charge me in detached parties, and I had to keep my eyes well round me to watch that they did not get too close from behind while I was engaged with others in front, for at fifty yards the long-handled assagai goes swift and sure from a Zulu's hand. But they never touched me; round and round, in and out, I went, firing and reloading, while the Zulus yelled like demons, stopping every now and again when my long 'roeer' gun sent its bullets among them, and some brave rolled over, shot through his ox-hide shield.

"Zwart seemed to relish the work as much as I did, and more perhaps; for all the time it seemed only sport to him, while I was thinking of the work that lay before me of getting through the dense mass of Zulus into the hard-pressed laager.

"The Zulus themselves seemed to know what I wanted; and when they found that they could not catch me in the open, it occurred to them that if they opened out a lane for me through their ranks, they might succeed better in entangling me amongst them; so they fell back for a space on both sides, leaving a passage free towards the laager.

"When I saw this open lane leading in to the waggons, I knew it was the sole chance I had of getting into my comrades; but I kept wheeling Zwart about, as if not too much in earnest of trying it. At last I put a big, big charge into the 'roeer,' turned the horse's head full for the opening and drove both spurs into his flanks. He had been well within his pace all the time, and now he had lots of it left for the last moment. He flew like an arrow up the lane of savages; never after wildebeeste or quagga or ostrich did he go like that day. Once we were in the thick of the Zulus, they were afraid to fling, so close were the opposite ranks. As I neared the laager, a crowd of savages rushed out yelling, with shields and stabbing assagais. I levelled the 'roeer' full on them, and drove the horse after the pellets, through shields and smoke and savages; and then, with a couple of assagais in Zwart's flank, and one through my leg, I was inside the laager—keg and bag of bullets safe.

"We fought them for an hour afterwards, and beat them off in the end; but they stormed two of the laagers, and killed all our people in them. Ah! that

was a night, if you like—such a night! Women had lost their children, husbands their wives, men their brothers; every one was in sorrow. The Zulus spared nothing. All through the night the wail of women was to be heard, and when morning came we gathered the remnants together into one laager, buried our slaughtered people, and sat down to plan revenge.

"Six hundred of our kith and kin fell that day. Well may all that region bear the name of 'Weenan,' the 'place of weeping.' She was a child (pointing to his wife) in that laager."

Thus the old man told his story, while his wife (who had appeared at an early stage of the narrative with a plateful of golden oranges) sat listening to the one great event of her life, now told, I dare say, for the one thousandth time in her hearing.

When I rose to depart, the old couple came out, stuffing the oranges into pocket and holster; and as I said "Good-bye" to the simple old Dutch farmer, I thought how many men carry "the cross of valour" for half that gallant morning's work by the laager on the Bushman's River. What Goldsmith wrote of

> The rude Carinthian boor,
> Who 'gainst the homeless stranger shuts his door,

cannot be applied to the South African Dutchman. If rude he has ever been hospitable, and the stranger had always a welcome at his gate; but latterly he has become changed in this respect, and with good reason.

The rich treasures of gold and diamonds found in the far sheep-pastures of Boerdom have caused many

a European scoundrel to migrate thither, and in the simple and unlettered Africander the educated villaindom of Europe and America has found a rich field for exploit.

As one travels now through upland South Africa a hundred stories can be gleaned of how some unfortunate Boer fell victim to cunning and duplicity; how men came and purchased his sheep from him and then paid him in ten-shilling Cape notes. He, simple soul, seeing only a large figure "10" on the face of the paper, never dreaming that the number referred to shillings, took but a shilling in the pound for his herds, and only discovered his mistake months later when he journeyed to the nearest market town, sixty miles distant, to cash his imagined treasure.

Of the outside world the Dutch Boer knew nothing. Suddenly the outside world came to him to cheat and to lie, and it is natural that he should shrink from it in alarm.

Not long ago there came a Boer from up-country to Pietermaritzburg, the chief town of Natal. He had three thousand pounds in notes and gold in his waggon. People told him there was a bank in the town in which care would be taken of his money. He took his long-hoarded wealth to the bank and stated his case. The official counted the money and said, "There is three thousand pounds here; we will take it and give you every year four pounds for each one hundred pounds. For the whole you will get one hundred and twenty pounds a-year."

"What is that you say?" answered the Boer. "Give me one hundred and twenty pounds for looking after my money and taking care of it! Oh, no—you must be a great robber to say such a thing. Give me back my money; you are a great rascal! Had you asked me to pay you for taking care of my money, I would have trusted you; but now give me it back again." And he took his gold to the waggon.

We were once a passenger in an up-country post-car. A Boer had stopped the car a few days before, and asked the driver to bring him, on the next trip, a small bottle of English porter. The driver did as he was asked, and now the bottle was forthcoming. "What is the use of one small bottle?" asked the driver. "Oh, it is for my wife," answered the Boer. "The doctor has ordered my wife porter, and I am going to give it to her in teaspoonfuls."

When diamonds were first discovered at Kimberley, the farm on which they were found was in the possession of a certain De Beer. As may be presumed from his name, "Old De Beer," as he was called, was a Boer among Boers. He sold his farm for six thousand pounds and moved away to the north. It chanced that in time men looking for diamonds came to "prospect" his new farm. He went angrily to them. "Now look, my friends," he said, "I don't want any of this diamond-finding on my farm; I have had that sort of thing before. If you find diamonds about here I'll only have to move away again. I don't like people coming around, and I don't like them diamonds

that make people come around; so you just stop your digging and go along somewhere else."

The Boer is a fearless and practised rider and an unerring shot. Life in the "Veldt" is familiar to him in all its aspects. He can rough it with any man, tame or wild, the world over; nevertheless he is not a soldier; he will fight Zulu or Bechuana or Basuto, but then he will have the long flint "roeer" against the arrow or the assagai, or the Westley-Richards breechloading rifle against a rusty musket. He is ever ready to take the field: his rifle and gun are in the room-corner, his ammunition-pouch is ever full; his horse (knee-haltered or in the stable) he can turn out at short notice. Nevertheless he is not a soldier and he never will be one.

In one of the many boundary disputes arising out of the diamond discovery a party of Boers and Englishmen met in opposition near a place called Hebron, on the Vaal River. As is frequently the custom in such cases the anxiety for battle diminished with the distance between the opposing forces, and a parley was proposed by the respective leaders when the hosts came within shooting proximity.

There happened to be in the ranks of the English party a native of Ireland, who naturally did not at all relish the pacific turn affairs seemed to be assuming. While the leaders debated the settlement of the dispute Pat left the ranks of his party, and approaching the place of consultation, demanded of his chief (now busily engaged with the Boer commandant in smoking

and debate) if he and his friends on the hill might be permitted to open fire upon their opponents before any further discussion on the cause of quarrel was proceeded with ?

The Boer, alarmed at this sudden proposition to defer diplomacy to war, asked the meaning of such a bloodthirsty request.

"The boys want the word to fire," replied Pat, "because they are so mortal hungry."

Not altogether perceiving the force of the reasoning, but deeming it wise to remove such an evident *casus belli*, the Boer commander at once sent forward a sheep and an ox to appease both the food hunger and thirst for blood of the opposite side; and as the map of South Africa presents Hebron on the Vaal River without those two crossed swords indicative of a field of fight, it may be presumed that matters ended with no greater sacrifice of life than that of the animals which Pat led back in triumph to his hungry comrades.

Many are the stories told against the Boer to-day in South Africa; they are all, or nearly all, of the same kind. Modern civilisation in its first contact has burned the Boer, and we need not be surprised if he now sometimes dreads the fire.

Fifty years ago such stories were current in New York and the quaint villages along the Hudson; the tide of immigration has long since swept away these old memories, and the bellow of the steamboat and the whistle of the railway engine have broken "the

long sleep of twenty years," and scared from the Catskill the ghosts of the old Dutch Mynheers; but they have not all passed wholly away.

While yet they lingered around the old familiar haunts a master-hand caught the outlines, and to-day we have in England a picture so full of poetry, so perfect in its union between simple joy and sorrow, pathos and humour, that "Sleepy Hollow" and its dead Dutch denizens will live in the world's recollection when many a huge mushroom city of the western continent will be forgotten.

Meanwhile we have wandered far from Natal, and space warns us we must make ready to take leave ere long of scene and subject.

We have said before, in speaking of Natal, that its history is a recent one. In an old book of travels, published more than a century ago, there occurs a passing notice of the "Terra Natalis." "Ships went," says this old chronicle, "from India to Natal for ivory. More than two years were occupied in the voyage; the country abounded in wild animals of every kind"; and there was in this land of Natal, in the year 1718, "a Penitent Pirate"—delicious alliteration!—"who sequestered himself from his Abominable Community, and retired out of Harm's way." This is the first notice which we possess of white colonisation in south-east Africa.

The Penitent Pirate had probably as good a time of it in old Natal as any retired buccaneer ever enjoyed. Plenty of game, a delicious climate, at that time

peaceable people, and no police! What a premium such a superannuation would have proved to piracy, had it been generally known! The world has grown too small for these things now, and soon there will not exist in the wide circle of the globe a spot where one can, in the language of the old chronicle, bid farewell to pleasure, piracy, or politics, and gracefully "retire out of harm's way."

"What is the climate like in Natal? What can you grow there?" will ask the reader who has followed us through these pages, intent perhaps on the practical aspect of the subject, and caring little for early history or future outlooks.

Well, first as to climate. When the sun in December is with us low down in the southern horizon at mid-day, he is nearly in zenith power over the great plains of South Africa. Man's shadow falls short on the hot ground, and oftentimes a dry and fevered wind sweeps along the red and sultry earth. But in Natal the rain all falls during this season of summer, and the reason is simple enough. The burning plains of Griqualand and the Kalaharri Desert, and of the wild region lying west of the Transvaal Republic, cause the heated air to ascend. To supply the vacuum there is a rush of air from the Indian Ocean heavily charged with moisture; this air, driven rapidly up the steep surface incline of Natal, is soon four thousand feet above the level of the sea; precipitation quickly follows; fierce thunderstorms shake the hills, and at times torrents of rain descend upon

the land. But all this changes as the sun begins to travel into the northern hemisphere; the thunder ceases, the clouds clear away, the sky is blue and bright, the nights grow colder and colder, a delicious freshness fills the morning, at night the stars gleam in many-coloured brilliancy, and the sun at morn and even looks his first and last upon the earth in colours which would make the long-*dying* Judson actually expire in an agony of unimitative rage.

South Africa knows two different seasons at the same time. During the dry cold season in Natal, it is the wet cold season at the Cape and along the southern coast; but Natal possesses one feature in its climate peculiar to itself. It is everything in a few miles. It is sub-tropic at the coast; snow crowns the Drakensberg during seven months of the year; perpetual vegetation reigns along the Indian Sea; fifty miles inland hoar frost has yellowed the grass ere the last month of summer has come. In the limits of a single day's ride one passes from the coffee and the sugar cane to the oak and the pine tree. If one wants a lazy sensuous climate, the ridge of the Berea Hill over the Bay of Durban yields it to perfection. The atmosphere is heavy with the scent of tropic jessamine; the breeze is soft with the odour of the Indian Ocean; eye and ear are rested by lulling sound and contrast of shore and sea.

Over the tree-tops, where cluster the many-hued trailers rich with flowers, the white line of the surf sends ceaseless music to the forest hill; far out the

sea and sky, which so long have been conducting themselves with "perfect propriety," mutual mirrors at a distance, approach each other when nearly out of sight of land, and join hands together in a soft and dreamy haze, like two lovers who think themselves unseen; but suddenly the early sunrise steals upon their union, and along the forehead of the sky and over the bosom of the deep there flushes a great crimson blush to find their love-making revealed to the prying shore.

But how shall we describe the freshness of the atmosphere, the keen exhilaration of every sense, in the great plateau country, one hundred and fifty miles from the sea?—ah, that is difficult! It is easy enough to sketch the soft and sunny clime, the air laden with almond flowers or jessamine, the glitter of southern moonlight, the murmur of warm tide against tropic strand; but the great prairie or plateau o'er which the wind comes, the sole world's wanderer freshened by every league he has travelled bearing to you the vast freshness of space, fanning you with the breath of the mountain peak, breathing upon you a spirit distilled from dew and starlight, and all the endless freshness which dwells six thousand feet above our lower world—how can all this be put into word shape? Yet ere we wander into such a subject there still remain a few practical matters to be spoken of, and these we will first turn to.

We have already said that the climate of Natal presented strange varieties—a corresponding antithesis

of soil exists throughout the country; rich and poor, good and bad, fruitful and arid, are to be found twenty times repeated in the compass of a day's journey. The soil is what Western Americans call "spotted"; along some sloping hill, or narrow valley, the "tambookie" grass will grow level with a horseman's head; close by the pasture will be short and crisp, and rocks will stud the surface.

In the Western States of America, a farmer says: "Settle only where the Indian corn ripens, for there nearly every other plant will be found." If the saying be a good one, then Natal is a land eminently suited for settlement; for the "mealie" ripens as well there as in any part of the globe. It forms, in fact, the staple food of the large Kaffir population, numbering more than three hundred thousand souls.

If one wishes to see grouped in a small space every tree, shrub, and bush, flower, fruit, and vegetable, which nature usually scatters far apart over the world, there is a spot in the neighbourhood of Pietermaritzburg where that wish can be realised. It is a nook set round with hills. Eight years ago it was as wild a waste as all the ridge and valley land around it. To-day it would tire one to enumerate the varieties of tree and shrub, and fruit and flower, covering these sixty acres.

The Wellingtonia, and the Douglass, the Deodora, the Insignus, and the Norfolk Island pine already lift their graceful heads thirty or forty feet above the ground. Tea, coffee, orange, lemon, guava, grow

thick and rank; pine-apples, mangoes, grenadilloes, flourish side by side. Strawberries are ripe all the year round; the northern fruits are there in profusion, and the rose the whole year through in a perpetuity of bloom.

This oasis in the wilderness is the result of only eight years' labour. An English judge, well known on the South African bench, has taught South African farmers what their land can do. In other countries men see only in their old age the tree planted in their youth attain to size and growth; but here, in Natal, in less than a decade of years, the pines of America and the gums of Australia are forest trees in bulk and height. The natural indigenous trees of South Africa take centuries to mature. High up in the "kloof," bordering the sides of mountain streams, and covering some steep hill-face, the "yellow wood" the box, the Protea, and the countless other evergreens grow almost imperceptibly year by year. The timber is very valuable, for it is hard almost as the giant boulders which cumber the ground whereon these forest patches grow, and old as the hills to which they cling.

In the foregoing pages we have tried to put before the reader a general idea of South Africa, past and present. The space at our disposal has been limited, the subject has been extensive, and it has often been no easy matter to condense into the form of connected narrative the widely scattered elements we have had to deal with. But to the reader who has followed us,

three epochs or groups of events will be apparent, and these we will now briefly recapitulate.

The first epoch has been marked by a spirit of organisation and aggression manifesting itself on the part of the natives of Zululand, a spirit which in turn acted upon all the tribes of Southern Africa, forcing the different races of Zulus, Basutos, and Kaffirs into contact with each other, and afterwards into contact and conflict with the white man.

The second epoch saw the great "trek" of the Dutch Boers from the limits of the old colony into the northern wilderness, and the consequent development of the interior region of South Africa. Indeed, this event has been pregnant with greater results than any other event in the whole history of the country. It is still bearing fruits. Even to-day there are veteran Boers steadily holding their northern way eleven hundred miles from the Cape of Storms deeper into the wilds. The old dream of Araby has not been abandoned, and a New Jerusalem has arisen on the shores of Lake N'Gami, founded by the quaint and dauntless Kruger.

Before this steady stream of white men the fighting Kaffir has fallen back. Fifty years ago the dreaded Matabili dwelt upon the Vaal. Twenty-five years ago their outposts were on the Crocodile; now their kraals are built on the southern tributaries of the great Zambesi.

Thus the tides of race flow back upon the heart of Africa. Will the Fever Zone stay the progress of the

white man? We think not. The Fever Zone did not stop the white man in America, neither will it in South Africa; for, independently of the natural impulse to extend, there is in the case of South Africa an inducement to the white race to spread itself to the north which is the most potent of modern times, we mean the inducement of great mineral wealth; and this brings us to our last event or epoch, the discovery of precious metals and stones in the countries north of the Orange River.

This last event, or rather series of events, has recast the political destiny of the Southern continent, and has given to the English race the future possession of that vast region.

Wherever gold has been found in this nineteenth century of ours there the English tongue has taken root, there the English idea has triumphed; but though English, not necessarily England. Republicanism grows apace in soils turned by the gold miner, and it is possible that Dutch South Africa, in accepting the inevitable language of the miner in gold or diamonds, will still keep intact the form of its political life.

It is a curious paradox, but still a true one, that modern aristocratic England is too democratic for many of her colonies. The equality of all men in the eyes of the law finds poor favour in the sight of an English colonist in countries where black and white men are thrown together.

To too many of our race the sentiment of equality

has reference only to a set of beings above them in the social scale; apply it equally to all, let it affect a dark race or another people, and the sentiment instantly changes to one of repressive superiority.

Thus to-day, though the English tongue becomes yearly more and more the language of the Dutch states of South Africa, the bond of connection with England does not grow stronger.

To a student of history it sometimes appears strange that thirteen distinct colonies of Dutch and English America banded so readily against the mother country just a hundred years ago; but to any one who watches the germs of political thought in the various South African states at the present time, the question ceases to perplex.

As to the future of South Africa that is assured. This southern hemisphere is yet only a new world. It is not anywhere four hundred years old. Much of it has not been known to the world more than seventy years. In dry land it is not a sixth of the northern hemisphere. In wealth of precious metals it yields to-day four-fifths of the world's gold. Its coal, iron, and copper, of which there are vast deposits, are almost untouched—men pass such things lightly by while gold, diamonds, and silver are to be found; yet the time for these things will come too.

Set midway between the great continents of South America and Australia, South Africa, even had it been destitute of mineral wealth, must eventually become important from its geographical position. The em-

pires called into existence fifty years ago in South America have hitherto signally failed to fulfil the destiny Canning foretold for them at their birth; but their future is certain of success. These immense valleys of the Amazon and the La Plata, these fertile plains of South Cordova and the Rio Negro, must yet yield to overcrowded Europe the same outlet for surplus population which the Mississippi and St. Lawrence, and the prairie land of Illinois, have already given. Then the wealth now deep-bedded in these unknown mountains, where the Apurimac and the Upper Madeira have their origin, will be poured forth to the world, and from that wondrous system of inland water will spring a commerce which shall call to its aid the coal products now lying uncared for in the central continent of the southern hemisphere—Africa.

This continent of South Africa labours under many drawbacks. Its rivers are utterly useless to commerce; its railroad system is in its crude commencement; its harbours are, with few exceptions, dangerous and shallow; its distances are great; its population scattered; its highways and roads are bad. But it has soil fruitful to labour, splendid climate, varied productions, scenery, a hardy healthy race, great mineral wealth, precious metals, and unlimited space. This last item is not often fully understood. The condition of space is even more essential to a new country than to an old one.

South Africa is capable of almost indefinite expan-

sion. Like the term North or South America, it means in reality a continent. Too long we have sought to restrict the meaning of that term to the Cape Colony, Kaffraria, Natal, and the Orange Free State. Large as the aggregate of these states is, it is only small compared with the possible future of the South African empire.

Twenty-five years ago English statesmen sought to stay the dominion of England in South Africa at the Orange River. Events have been too strong for their efforts, and already the tide has flowed far away over the Orange River into lands which a score of years hence will be looked upon as lying far within the limits of civilisation. The natural pathway to the dim interior lies not through the feverish swamp of Zanzibar, not through Congo or Angola, but along the lofty plateau which spreads far north from the regions we have been describing until it merges into the half-fabled Mountains of the Moon. This range of the Drakensberg is prolonged throughout the entire length of Eastern Africa. Its summits guard Tanganika and divide the Nyanzas; and from some other Mont aux Sources, far to the north of this culminating ridge of the Drakensberg in Basutoland, springs, in all human probability, the parent rill of the long-sought Nile.

Already news has come which should cause men in England who have at heart the old honour of the land to feel prouder of their race and time.

A white man has crossed the vast dim continent from shore to shore. It is a noble story, and one

which will ring clearer down the pathway of the future, for time prolongs the echoes of such deeds in louder tones than those in which contemporary history first utters them.

The veteran explorer had sunk at last, a worn-out skeleton, in the midst of a vast unending marsh; but as he sank, the banner which he so long had borne was seized by the young sailor, and through the great wilderness, by lake and swamp, across the dim interior continent unknown to white men, he bore it, until at last, three thousand miles from the start-point, he heard the hollow roar of the Atlantic billows beating on the sands of Benguela.

When the story of South Africa is fully told, when the white wave rolls no longer to the north, it may be found that these wilds, which first heard the faint echoes of civilisation in "the tread of the Cameron clan," lie wholly within the limits of a dominion whose southern extreme is marked by the Cape of Storms. To-day all is dim in that vast interior. Far back the immense continent sleeps in sullen savagery; but as this lofty Drakensberg first catches the ray of morning on its summits, when over the Indian Ocean the sun rises from his sea-bed, so, in the far future, along these lofty highlands the dawn of life will touch hilltop after hilltop until it lights at last those central summits which overlook the mystery of the Nile.

A PLEA FOR THE PEASANT.

IF men desired to lay before their fellow-beings a treatise upon the mode of arriving at perfection in the production of grain, or if their objects were to discover the most certain methods of attaining excellence in the cultivation of forest trees, they would seek first of all to lay the foundation of their theories in the earlier stages of seed-time and of selection. They would not rest content with propounding methods of milling, or of examining strength and durability; they would endeavour rather to trace the successful result of the autumn harvest to the primary principles of the spring seed-time, or to prove the toughness and size of the timber to result from the conditions of air, space, and soil in which the young tree had first taken its root. And yet, though this ordinary course would force itself upon the attention of all whose object was the dissemination of knowledge on these subjects, it is singular how readily people forget to apply such first principles to the great questions of our national defence; how prone they are to develop theories regarding the strengthening of our military system, or the perfection of our national defence, based upon the acceptance of the private soldier as an unalterable

quantity thrown to our service by the hazard of his social condition, that social condition being poverty or disgrace; instead of diligently seeking out the lines of life of the classes from which our soldiers have been drawn in the past, and are now being drawn, and seeking also to discover the conditions, not only of the market in which these soldiers are bought, but, far more important, what is the seed from whence these soldiers are produced.

We have recently had,* both in the pages of magazine and newspaper literature, many articles and letters upon the strength, military and monetary, of England. We have been given a formidable array of figures to show that our material prosperity is greater than it ever has been. Equally formidable statistics have been produced to demonstrate that the offensive and defensive force of the nation is to-day in a far higher state of preparation than at any previous period in our history. In these pages we propose to show the intimate union existing between the land, the peasant, and the soldier in all modern countries; to endeavour to look upon the question of the military strength of Great Britain and Ireland, not as a separate piece of mechanism totally unconnected with anything outside the questions of organisation, drill, and discipline, but as an integral portion of that great fact in the lives of all peoples—the land on which they dwell.

So long as the military armaments of Europe were

* 1878.

confined within the limits reached during the eighteenth century, the difficulty of filling up the losses caused by war was not practically brought home to any nation on the Continent; still less was it made apparent to England, who, from her connection with Hanover had always available the mercenaries of the small German States. Nor did the early wars of the French Revolution call forth a necessity for seeking in the ranks of the nation itself that strength which had been looked for in all nations among the idle or the ill-fed classes of the community. The wild burst of enthusiasm among the people of France at the close of the century filled the ranks of the republican army with voluntary soldiers. Half-trained, ill-armed, and undisciplined though they were, there burned within these volunteers that fierce fire of enthusiasm which through all time has so often made the recruit and the old soldier enemies worthy of each other.

But the blue-coated youths whose hymn of the "Marseillaise" filled the fog of the November morning at Jemappes, were in reality the first offering of peasant France to the cause which had given them liberty. The astounding victories of the Napoleonic wars, the successive occupation of every European capital, have eclipsed in the eyes of history these early campaigns of Republican France. To the military genius of Napoleon has been attributed all that long catalogue of victories, and men have been too prone to forget that all Europe had been signally defeated during four years' campaigning, Belgium

and Holland had been overrun, French dominion extended beyond the Rhine, ere Napoleon had appeared upon the scene to really take in hand the conduct of this new resistless power—the peasant soldiery of France.

It was long before there dawned upon Confederated Europe a real insight into the causes which underlay the failures of their own armies, and gave such formidable power to the new system. Four successive coalitions had been defeated; every European capital, save Moscow and Constantinople, had been occupied by the French troops ere it occurred to the mind of a foreign minister that there was something in all this marvellous career of conquest besides fate and generalship.

"A battle lost is sometimes progress gained," has said a famous French writer. Jena fulfils the apparent anomaly, for it is in the complete overthrow of the Prussian kingdom in 1806 that we must look not only for the final defeat of Napoleon in 1815, but also for the preponderance of North Germany to-day among the nations of Europe.

It has been the habit of many writers to speak of Scharnhorst as the author of the reforms in the Prussian army which began after the Peace of Tilsit. Scharnhorst was the amplifier, not the author. It was the genius of Stein that first realised the great fact that it was necessary to imitate the work of the French Revolution before that Revolution could itself be vanquished. The Prussian peasant planted on the

Prussian soil might yet defeat the French peasant whom the Revolution had called to life. The work of Stein deserves more than a passing notice. Called to that hard task, the reconstruction of a fabric ruined by the incapacity of others, Stein began in 1807 the work of giving his country a fresh existence. Two facts were of transcendent help to him. First, the defeat suffered by his country had been sufficiently overwhelming, the disaster had been vast enough to still into almost complete silence the voice of privilege, and to stifle even the utterance of faction. Second, his early training had given him a keen insight into the working of the land, the mineral resources, the revenue, and the whole social system of his country. He had passed the prime of life, but his years had run, not in the groove of a profession, not under the influence of the traditions of a department or the teachings of a social caste, but along the broader lines of thought and amidst conditions of life from which alone those principles touching all classes, and centering in the true welfare of the State, can be evolved.

Four days after his hand had grasped the helm of the shattered vessel his ordinances were proclaimed. Serfdom in every shape ceased, peasants and burghers were given the right to become owners of land, the rights of municipalities were secured to them, and large portions of the vast estates of the nobles were divided amongst the peasants.

Stein, soon after driven into exile, left to other

hands the completion of this great work. It was completed. The foundations of the present military system in Germany were laid deep by Scharnhorst in the land policy of Stein, and, quickly catching root, there arose from that fruitful soil a tree destined to overshadow the whole continent of Europe. No nation felt so bitterly as Prussia the power of Napoleon; in no country was defeat brought so thoroughly home to prince, peer, and serf; and in no country did the policy following upon defeat result so completely in brilliant triumph.

Truly was Jena lost, Prussian progress gained. But many years had to pass ere another nation learned the great secret that the cradle of an army is the cottage of the peasant. Again the lesson was learned in the dark hours of defeat. With Sebastopol fell the serfdom of Russia, and to-day,* ere half a generation has passed, Europe beholds in mingled admiration and terror the free peasants of the North moving with a power which no obstacle of man or mountain could oppose upon the long-coveted prize of Constantinople.

"We have thirty thousand army-soldiers," said an American to an English traveller in the United States, about twenty years ago, "and we have two million five hundred thousand fighting men." The Englishman laughed, thinking the answer only a Yankee boast, but it was literally the soberest truth. Ere ten years had passed the two million five hundred thousand men were arrayed in war against each

* 1878.

other; but not until the farmers of the North-Western States, the men of Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, and Minnesota, had poured from their one hundred and sixty acre freehold farms was the great civil war brought to a termination.

France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and America, all have long since recognised the fact that the only army which can be relied on in the hour of peril is that army which springs from the people, the people planted upon the soil.

In England the same fact would long since have been acknowledged if war had ever been brought home to the British nation as it has been brought home to the countries we have named. Thanks to the "silver streak" we have been enabled during two centuries to play with war almost as we liked; the real bitterness of defeat, the terrible indignities of invasion, have died out from the very imaginations of the people. All our perceptions of war are summed up in an expedition sent somewhere, increased taxation, so many pence on the income tax, and "something in the papers." Of the real principles on which modern Europe is organised for war, of the great fact permeating all continental countries—namely, the intimate union between conscription and land tenure—we know nothing. We speak about conscription being antagonistic to the spirit of freedom in every British heart, of the impossibility of making Englishmen see it in any other light save as a violation of the liberty of the subject. Certainly it is this so long

as it is levied only upon the dregs of the population; but conscription, as it is practised in Europe, is nothing more than a tax laid equally upon all classes, falling chiefly, by reason of their numbers, upon the peasant proprietors of the soil, who in paying it feel that they are the persons most interested in its continuance.

In fact it may be laid down as a rule that conscription can only become a permanent success in a country where the chief part of the population is settled permanently upon the soil. The artisan, the labourer, the men of the trade or of the loom, will all quickly realise the fact that their labour or trade can easily be removed to a place of security out of reach of the conscription. The weaver, the carpenter, the miner, can carry their respective avocations to New York, to Montreal, or to Melbourne, and pursue them to better advantage even than they did in England; but the man once settled upon the soil—the peasant, the owner, or even the tenant-owner of ten, twenty, or fifty acres—is a fixture. The state has given to him something more tangible than a name, and the hostage for his service in return lies in the land he calls his own. This brings us to the part of our question which would endeavour to look upon the military strength of the British Empire as a thing intimately connected with the condition of land tenure, and to show the impossibility of Great Britain engaging in a war of any duration or magnitude under the system of voluntary enlistment now existing.

It has been the habit of those who recently turned their attention to the military strength of the empire to take two or more periods in our history, and to prove by comparison of figures the growth of our resources and the extension of our power. It is not our intention to call in question either the accuracy of the statistics so quoted or the relevancy of the deductions which have generally been drawn from them. But when two periods such as the Peninsular war and the Crimean war are cited as examples of the working of our military system, it will be well for us to go back to those periods and to examine into the voluntary enlistment at that time. In doing so we propose to show that the drain upon our population by what is called the French war was vastly less than is usually supposed to have been the case; that, insignificant as it was, that drain was enough to put the severest strain upon our resources of men, and to necessitate the adoption of a most extravagant rate of bounty and levy money; and finally, notwithstanding high bounties and rewards for recruits, that it was only through the assistance of our Celtic peasants, Irish and Scotch, that our armies were able to achieve victory.

It was a glorious epoch, that of the Peninsular war! Nine-tenths of the names embroidered in golden letters on our regimental colours were won in the five years intervening between 1809 and 1814. The story of that time has still power to recall to us memories full of the glory of battles won from Napoleon's

greatest captains, of sieges in which the valour of our soldiers was pre-eminent, of marches and feats of endurance never paralleled in our modern history, before or since. But though the battles of the Peninsular war, and still more the crowning victory of Waterloo, are household names among us, we have wholly lost sight of a fact that at the time did much to influence the national joy over our victories; that fact was our long-continued failure in any portion of Europe to oppose the legions of the Republic or of the Empire. On the coast of France, in the Low Countries, in Flanders, in Sicily, in Corsica, in Naples, at Genoa, we had utterly failed to maintain our expeditions. In Egypt alone had our land forces been successful, and in Egypt every element of success was on our side. From 1793 to 1809 we had not a single result to show on the Continent of Europe for the three hundred millions sterling which we had added to the national debt in that period. Our expeditions to France, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Italy, Corsica, had all ended in complete failure. It was on this account that the victories of the following years appeared so glorious. The nation's faith in its army had reached its lowest ebb, and the reaction of victory was proportionately great.

But the greatness of the success in Spain and at Waterloo did much towards hiding from view then and since the actual losses we sustained. When we here state that our entire loss in killed in Spain, Portugal, and Flanders, including all the battles, engage-

ments, skirmishes, sieges, and sorties, did not amount to the loss in killed suffered by the Germans in the two battles of Gravelotte and Sedan, we state a fact which will doubtless astonish many readers. Yet it is nevertheless true. A statement of our actual losses during the years from 1808 to 1815 inclusive, will be read with interest in these days of breechloaders :—

1808,	including	Rolica and Vimiera	192
1809,	„	Talavera	777
1810,	„	Busaco, &c.	159
1811,	„	Barossa, Albuera, &c.	1,401
1812,	„	Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Burgos, &c.	1,990
1813,	„	Vittoria, Pyrenees, San Sebastian, Nivelle, and Nive . . .	2,284
1814,	„	Orthez, Toulouse	672
1815,	„	Quatre Bras and Waterloo . .	1,829
			9,254

But from this total must be taken 1,378, the number of foreign soldiers killed in our service, leaving 7,876 as the entire loss in killed during the whole war in Spain and Portugal, together with that of Quatre Bras and Waterloo. Six thousand men killed in the entire Peninsular war! Not half the Russian loss at Eylau, less than the Russian loss before Plevna, less than half the French dead at Waterloo. Here is a fact lost sight of, and worth repetition many times.

Bearing in mind these numbers, we will now inquire into the strain put upon our system of voluntary enlistment during the period of the Peninsular war.

In the years 1809-10 there were recruited in the ordinary method 20,815 men, and by volunteers from the militia 23,885, making a total in these two years of 44,700; in 1811, 22,925; in 1812, 24,359; in 1813, 30,530; and in 1814, 11,239, giving an average of 22,876 recruits each year for the six years.

The average annual losses during the same period, 1809-14, were—deaths from all causes, 12,356; discharges, 3,618; desertions, 4,579; total, 20,553. During the six years the average effective strength of the army stood at 173,000 men; the bounty in the same time ranged as high as £39, including the rewards to recruiting parties. The difficulty of obtaining recruits was so great that commanding officers were allowed to enlist boys under sixteen years of age at the rate of 100 per regiment of 1,000 men, and, quoting the words of Dupin, an eminent authority, "the hulks were drained and the prisons emptied more than once to supply the want of soldiers."

We will now compare these figures with the increase and decrease during the years from 1871 to 1876. The effective strength averaged 179,496. The annual increase by recruits joined was 21,176. The average yearly decrease stood as follows: Deaths, 2,163; discharges, 13,152; desertions, 5,158 (of these latter, however, 1,866 rejoined the ranks annually); from causes not classified, and from men given up as deserters from other corps, the loss was 1,076; and, finally, to the Army Reserve there went 908. Thus the total yearly decrease amounted to 22,457 men.

From these figures it will be seen that we have required yearly about 22,000 recruits to maintain our army at a strength of 180,000 rank and file. But that number will not suffice in the future, because of the increasing action of the short-service system. If we put the annual drain of men at 30,000, we shall be within the actual number. This, be it remembered, represents the waste of our army only in peace. In war the waste through deaths would of necessity greatly increase; instead of standing at 9 or 10 per 1,000 it would probably touch 100 per 1,000, which would give an annual decrement by deaths alone on our present effective strength of 18,000 men.

We will now consider what would be the requirements of our army raised to a war footing, and how far we might expect voluntary enlistment to meet these wants. Let us assume as a fact that the present strength is necessary for the security of our Home, Colonial, and Indian necessities, we should, in the event of a European war, require an addition of 100,000 men. The readiest way of obtaining that number would be the embodiment of the militia and the calling up of the first-class army and militia reserves. This would set free nearly the required number, 100,000 men—100,000 men in the field would need about 35,000 men annually to replace losses; so that we may estimate our yearly requirement of recruits in time of war at about 57,000 for the regular forces alone. That this number could be maintained for one year we do not doubt; but that it

could be depended upon for a longer period we hesitate to believe.

The reasons for holding this opinion can be briefly stated. First, voluntary recruiting has always failed to supply our wants in time of war. During the war with France in 1743, despite a high bounty, "pressing" upon a most unjust system had to be resorted to; the jails of London and Westminster alone held 1,000 men thus pressed; and we are told among the instances of its cruel injustice that a certain gentleman, the vicar of Burstal, also a justice of the peace, took the opportunity of pressing as a soldier one Nelson, a Methodist preacher. The following conversation beween the unfortunate preacher and the magistrates is worthy of record. Brought before the justices at Halifax, their worships refused to hear his plea, "because we have already heard enough of you from the vicar," who, it may be mentioned, occupied a seat upon the bench in his dual capacity. "Gentlemen," said Nelson, "I see there is neither law nor justice for a man that is called a Methodist." Then, addressing the vicar, he continued, "What evil do you know of me! Whom have I defrauded? or where have I contracted a debt I cannot pay?" To which the vicar replied: "You have no *visible* means of getting your living." So the preacher was marched off; but whether his efforts contributed to the victory at Dettingen, or the defeat at Fontenoy, history does not tell.

At the breaking out of the Seven Years' War, the

same stringent measures had to be resorted to, but without effect. In England men could not be induced to enlist. Up to this period in our history Scotland had been represented in our army only by the 42nd Regiment, and that as a police more than as a military force. It is needless to say that Ireland was at a still greater discount. It was the genius of Chatham which first discovered the mine of courage and devotion to duty that lay unworked amid the Highland glens. His own glowing words best tell the story. "I sought for merit," said he, "where it was to be found. It is my boast that I was the first minister who looked for it and found it in the mountains of the North. I called it forth, and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men, who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifices of your enemies, and in the war before the last had gone nigh to overturn the State. These men in the last war I brought to combat at your side. They served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every part of the world."

It has been computed that in the first four years of this war (the Seven Years') 33,000 Scotchmen were raised for the service. Twelve years after the cessation of the Seven Years' War, the American War of Independence broke out. The effective strength of the army stood very low; but again it was found impossible to keep it up. The Minister of War declared in the Commons that all his exertions had failed in recruiting the army to its requisite strength. He

asserted that no means had been left untried, that the bounty had been raised, and the standard lowered, and "that attempts had been made even to enlist Roman Catholics into British regiments." Scotland again came to the rescue. Out of eleven corps proposed to be raised in Great Britain in 1777-8, for service in the colonies, nine came from beyond the Tweed. During 1779-80 the system of pressing men for the army was fully resorted to. "All the thieves," says Grose, "pickpockets, and vagabonds in the environs of London, too lame to run away or too poor to bribe the parish officer, were apprehended and delivered over as soldiers to the regiments quartered in the towns and villages where these banditti lived." Still the army could not be kept up. Foreigners of every description had to be engaged, and traditions of Hessian brutality still live in the villages of the United States, just as fifteen years later their deeds left imperishable memories in the minds of Irish peasants.

We now approach the Great French War. We have already seen at what a trifling cost of men, about 22,000 annually in the six years of its greatest tension, it was maintained; yet to fill the vacancies caused by casualties in the field, which only amounted to a yearly average of about 1,000 killed, the bounty for recruits reached the enormous figure of £39 16s. per head, or £16 16s. to the recruit and £23 to the various persons connected with bringing him. Even boys under sixteen years of age, and less

than five feet two inches high, received £12 1s. 6d. bounty, and their bringers £16 14s., making the cost of each boy amount to £28 15s. 6d.

It was yet early in the war against Napoleon that the pressure for recruits began to be severely felt. In 1800 Irishmen had been for the first time admitted into the army without forfeiture of their creed or nationality. It was not much of a boon to yield to these poor peasants, yet eagerly they flocked to accept it. Not only did they wholly fill the regiments which bore titles associated with their native land, but the English and Scotch regiments held them in great numbers. Between 1807 and 1811 more than 400 Irish were in the ranks of the 71st Highlanders. In 1810, 443 men of the 74th Highlanders, out of a total of 956, were Irish. The 94th Highlanders held, in 1809, 666 Irish out of a total of 1,300 strong. In a record of 1,087 names in the Royal Scots, during the Peninsular War, 464 are registered as Irish.

It is customary in writing statistics of this kind to say these facts speak for themselves. In this case, however, they do not tell their own story altogether. Beneath the bare record of these numbers lies one of the saddest comments upon our government of Ireland to be found even in that long catalogue of woe. Let us ask ourselves who were these soldiers who so freely came to fill the ranks of our army in the hour of peril? Were they men on whom the nation had lavished the benefits of civil law, the blessings of good government, the privilege of a free faith? Alas! the answer must