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Scenes and Adventures, as a Soldier and Settler During Half a Century

J. W. Dunbar Moodie

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SCENES AND ADVENTURES,

AS A

SOLDIER AND SETTLER,

DURING HALF A CENTURY.

BY J. W. DUNBAR MOODIE,

LATE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF HASTINGS,

Author of "Ten Years in South Africa," &c., &c., &c.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN introducing a work to the public, it may seem to be necessary to give some account of the author. It is always somewhat unpleasant to be compelled to speak of oneself, and I would gladly escape the apparent egotism, but as I am compelled by circumstances to court the patronage of the public, it must be done. I may as well plainly state the fact at once, that I look to this little book as a means of support for my wife, now advanced in years, and myself. All our children are scattered far away from the paternal roof, in the United States and in Canada, and we two are left to procure our subsistence in Canada, where we have lived for many years so happily, in spite of all our troubles.

Let not the reader suppose that we repine at the decrees of Providence. On the contrary, we still trust in Providence as we have ever done, and with the aid of a kind public, we still confidently hope to be able to procure all the absolute necessaries of life.

In the following pages, drawn from incidents and adventures in Europe and South Africa, for half a century, the reader cannot but perceive how often our very existence has depended on a merciful Providence, and the very life of the author been most wonderfully preserved from the most imminent danger, during his almost reckless pursuit of adventure and excitement.

My family name, originally spelled Müdie, is of Norwegian origin, and very ancient in Orkney, being descended

from the old Norwegian Earls of Orkney. One of the younger sons of one of my ancestors, William Mudie, was Bishop of Caithness in A.D. 1455-1460, and left some lands in Caithness to his brother or nephew in Orkney.

I am the fourth son of Major James Moodie of Melsetter in the Orkney Islands, who was grandson of Captain James Moodie, Royal Navy, a brave and distinguished officer, who rendered important services to his country, particularly in relieving the town of Denia in Spain, while closely besieged by a French army. Having landed with all the sailors and marines he could spare from the three line of battle ships he commanded at the time, as commodore of the squadron, he headed a sally of the garrison and citizens, and drove the enemy from the works. For this service the Austrian claimant to the Spanish Crown, afterwards Emperor of Germany, presented him with a splendid scimitar and marshal's baton, and an autograph letter of recommendation to Queen Anne, who granted to him and his descendants an honorable augmentation to his arms.

He was afterwards selected by the Government, after the death of Her Majesty Queen Anne, to convey her successor, His Majesty George I, to England. This gallant officer was afterwards murdered in the streets of Kirkwall, Orkney, at the age of eighty, by Sir James Stewart, of Burray, an adherent of the "Pretender." The murder was perpetrated by Sir James and his brother, with pistols, in the street; while his servant fired at the old man with a gun, from the churchyard of St. Magnus, in Kirkwall. The murder took place on 26th October, 1725. But Sir James procured a pardon on condition of his future loyalty to the Crown and to the House of Hanover.

My grandfather at the time was a boy of nine years of age, but he took an oath that as soon as he should be a man he would bring the criminals to justice. He accordingly went into the army at an early age, and became a captain in the Guards. In the meantime the second rebellion in 1745-6 broke out; and Sir James Stewart, forgetting the conditions of his pardon, again took up arms for the "Pretender."

In 1746, my grandfather was sent by the Duke of Cumberland against the rebels in Orkney: an order which, of course, was zealously acted on by him. He proceeded suddenly and secretly to Orkney with two ships and a party of soldiers, and having surprised Sir James Stewart, while taking a morning walk in his night cap at day break, along the shore of his Island of Burray, gave chase to him and overtook him while endeavouring to conceal himself under some straw in one of his tenant's barns. When uncovered, he fell on his knees to his captor and acknowledged the murder of the "old commodore," and begged him to run him through the body with his sword.

My grandfather, however, told him he must be tried by the laws he had violated by rebellion and murder.

Sir James and his brother, who was also taken, were sent to the Tower, where, with the aid of an old servant, who, under pretence of kissing his old master, slipped a lancet into his mouth, by means of which Sir James and his brother bled themselves to death before trial, and thus saved their property from forfeiture.

I give this story, as often narrated to me by my father, as it affords a lively picture of the times, and may amuse the reader.

As may be supposed, such narrations as these exerted a powerful influence on the minds of my father and his children, and tended greatly to increase our attachment to the House of Hanover.

I shall now endeavor, as briefly as possible, to give the reader a slight sketch of my services, military and civil, which, together, have extended over a period of not less than thirty years.

I entered the army as Second Lieutenant of the R. N. B. Fusiliers, or 21st Regiment of Foot, in 1813, when about sixteen years of age, and was present at the night attack on Bergen-op-Zoom, on 8th March, 1814, where, after entering the works with a small party of soldiers of different regiments, who had got mixed in the darkness and confusion, I volunteered and succeeded in forcing open the "Waterpoort" Gate, and in lowering the drawbridge, in the midst of a sharp fire from the streets of the town.

On this occasion I was severely wounded by a musket ball in my left wrist, which disabled my left hand and arm, and for which wound I received a temporary military pension *for two years*.

In 1819, being on half pay, and having no prospect of employment, I joined my elder brother, Benjamin, who had emigrated to South Africa after trying in vain to save the family property in Orkney from the grasp of the creditors.

In 1821 I had a very narrow escape from an enraged elephant, near the mouth of the Great Fish River, while hunting this dangerous animal. As an account in detail of this adventure is given in my narrative, I shall merely state, that though at the time I escaped destruction from the feet and tusks of the elephant, it is very probable that

the more remote effects of the rough handling I met with on my nervous system may, with other causes, mental and physical, have ultimately produced the paralysis of my left side, from which I am now suffering.

I returned to England in 1829, and in London, at the house of my friend, the late Thomas Pringle, Esq., Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, I met and was soon after married to Susanna Strickland, the author of several popular works in prose and verse, and youngest sister of Agnes Strickland, author of the "Queens of England."

In 1832 I re-emigrated to Upper Canada, and drew lands as a half-pay officer in the township of Douro, near Peterborough, C. W.

This was my *first* mistake—viz., in going to Canada instead of returning to South Africa; but, I suppose, the love of adventure, so powerful an impulse with Scotchmen generally, and more particularly with Orkney men, was too strong for me.

Shortly after our arrival in Canada, a "general order" from the "Horse Guards" appeared in the colonial newspapers, calling upon all half-pay officers immediately to hold themselves in readiness to go on service or to sell their commissions.

In my anxiety to secure some provision for my family, and having already invested all my available money in lands, I too hastily determined to sell my commission.

Shortly after its publication, however, the "*general order*" was cancelled, in consequence of some proceedings in the British Parliament. I had, unfortunately, sold out in the meantime, and, still more unfortunately, not being gifted with prescience, invested the money arising from the

sale in "steamboat stock," which proved nearly a total loss to me.

After struggling with great hardships for several years on a "backwood" farm in Douro, where I continued to work as well as I could, with my left arm disabled from the wound already alluded to,—until the breaking out of the "rebellion" in 1837, when I immediately offered my services at Toronto, though suffering at the time from having broken the small bone of my left leg.

I served for several months during the winter of 1837 in the Provincial Militia at Toronto, and afterwards on the Niagara frontier, until the reduction of "The Queen's Own," (in which I held the rank of Captain,) in 1838.

In the fall of 1838 I was appointed Captain and Paymaster to sixteen Companies of Militia, distributed along the shore of Lake Ontario and Bay of Quinté. During several months, not being allowed a paymaster sergeant, or clerk, my labor was great while engaged in this duty, during which I paid out more than £30,000.

As an evidence that my services met with the approval of the Government, I can only say, that in November, 1839, I was appointed by His Excellency, Sir George Arthur, to the Shrievalty of the District of Victoria, now "*County of Hastings.*"

In 1845, during the sitting of the Quarter Sessions, and County Court, which I attended as Sheriff, I had a severe fall, by which I broke my left knee pan; and on 28th July, 1861, I had an attack of "paralysis" which for a long time deprived me of the use of my *left arm and left leg.*

This attack was brought on, in part at least, by great

mental anxiety, during a contested election, followed immediately by unremitting labor for several days, while engaged in the duty of copying the Poll Books.

I now come to the *immediate* cause of my misfortunes. From the time of my appointment to the Shrievalty in 1839, I have had to contend with a succession of suits at law got up by parties "*on speculation,*" or with the object of creating a vacancy in my office, which they thought might be filled by one more deserving than myself. Though I generally escaped the snares laid for me, *I was poor,* and the tear and wear, and anxiety, were undermining my naturally robust constitution.

Desiring therefore, some peace and quiet in my old age, the idea was suggested to me, of employing a deputy Sheriff, who, instead of receiving one-half of the fees, in the usual manner, should pay me *a certain sum* annually: equal to one-half of the fees, while I should reserve certain important duties required of sheriffs, to be performed by myself personally as heretofore.

Having some doubts as to the strict legality of this arrangement, I consulted a legal gentleman in whom I had confidence, and he assured me that the arrangement was perfectly "legal" and "perfectly safe."

In drawing the Bond to me of my Deputy, the *four words,* "*Out of the fees,*" which would have made it perfectly safe, *were unfortunately omitted,* as I found out when too late to save me from the consequences of the omission.

When the case came on for trial, at the Assizes, before the late Hon. Mr. Justice Burns—the verdict of the jury was against me. The Hon. Mr. Justice Burns, however,

reserved certain points for the opinion of the full Court at Toronto. I, of course, *appealed*, and so strong was the feeling of all the Judges of the great "*practical*" injustice done to me, that the Court of Appeal postponed its decision from court to court, for *nearly two years*.

I should also observe, that the arrangement I made with my Deputy was quite a common one with the Sheriffs in Upper Canada, many of whom still hold their offices.

I should here further state, in justice to myself, that my sole object in the arrangement referred to was simply ease to myself in my declining years; and that instead of gaining by it I lost considerably in the amount of fees received under it.

Before *judgment* was entered, I was advised by the Honorable the Solicitor-General, now the Honorable Mr. Justice Adam Wilson, who, in conjunction with the Honorable Lewis Wallbridge, now Speaker of the House of Assembly, was employed in my defence, to resign my office, so that I should not be debarred from holding another office under Government.

I have applied for various offices since, but have been constantly disappointed, though, from the language employed by the different members of the "Ministry," I had every reason to expect that *some office* would be found for one who had served so laboriously and faithfully for so many years. My mind is still sound, and I am anxious still to work; but, like the poor man at the "Pool of Bethesda," "*another steppeth down before me.*"

I have now given my readers a full and intelligible account of the peculiar hardship of my case, and as no one the parties who were so anxious to have me removed from

my office ever accused me of any misconduct while I held the office of Sheriff for nearly a quarter of a century, so I refrain from imputing any selfish or improper motive to them in so perseveringly following up the advantage a mere error of judgment afforded them.

The late Honorable Chief Justice Robinson told a very near relative of mine, only a few days before he died, that they—meaning "the Judges"—had put off their decision in my case from time to time until they thought the Sheriff would be safe, and, after a change of ministry, they expected a "*noli prosequi would have been entered, and thus put an end to the proceedings against me.*"

At the end of this introduction will be found a short article from the *Hastings Chronicle* of March 25th, 1863, with the "Presentment" of the Grand Jury, and the very kind and feeling reply of the Honorable Mr. Justice Hagarty.

It may not be altogether out of place in this brief introduction to state some further particulars respecting my brothers, who all died in different parts of the world.

My eldest brother, Benjamin, who should have inherited the family property in the Orkney Islands, which had been in our family for more than four hundred years, emigrated to South Africa with one hundred and fifty settlers, mechanics and laborers, in 1815 or 1816, and left, when he died, in 1856, four sons and four daughters. He wrote several clever articles in a magazine at Cape Town.

My next brother, Thomas, Lieut. E. I. Company's service, and assistant to the agent of the Governor-General in Bundelcund, was particularly distinguished for his proficiency in the Hindostanee, Persian, and Arabic languages,

and a most valuable and meritorious servant to the Company, and highly commended for his patient and conciliating manners to the natives. He died at Culpee, 27th April, 1824.

My brother James was killed in his boat at the attack on Leghorn in 1813-14, while First Lieutenant to Admiral Sir Josias Rowley.

My brother Donald was a midshipman in the same ship with his brother James, at the time he was killed, and was afterwards promoted to the rank of Lieutenant; and, when on half-pay in 1820, emigrated to South Africa, to which colony my eldest brother and I had preceded him.

He held, in succession, several important offices, such as Clerk of the Peace, District Judge of Albany, and afterwards held the important office of "Protector of Slaves" at Grahamstown, until the final abolition of slavery.

He was afterwards appointed "Colonial Secretary," as the office was called, under the Lieutenant Governor of Natal, which office he held for several years, contending manfully for the rights of the Kaffirs who had been deprived of the lands granted to them by the British Government by a selfish local faction. He died near Peter Maritzburg, in Natal, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, about fifty of which were spent in the faithful performance of his duty in a civil or military capacity. He had about fourteen children, most of whom still survive him in Natal.

Indeed, I may now say, with truth, that all my brothers were brave and independent men, and did their duty to their Sovereign and country, to the best of their ability, till they died.

As it may greatly strengthen our claim to the patronage

of the people of Canada, I may be allowed to say that my wife, at whose particular request, and for whose benefit chiefly I have collected my prose writings for this book, is already well known as the author of many popular works in prose and verse in England and Canada.

It was, at first, our intention to publish a volume of "poems" conjointly, but, yielding to her greater experience and judgment in literary matters, this volume—such as it is—is the result.

If I did not hope to convey some information or amusement to my readers, my attempt would be simply absurd,—but I calculate somewhat on their indulgent consideration for the object I have in view,—an effort at nearly seventy years of age to procure some support for my wife and myself in our old age. Such is my object,—and I am sure no one will say that it is a dishonorable or unworthy one. So I will go on toiling while I have any strength left, still trusting in a kind Providence for a happy result.

In conclusion, I will just say a few words respecting the contents of this book.

The first part of it gives a narrative of the campaign of 1814, in Holland, with the night attack on Bergen-op-Zoom.

This was the first article I ever wrote for the public, and was published in the "United Service Journal," in 1831, and was afterwards republished in book form by the proprietors of that Journal, in the "Memoirs of the late war, with the narratives of Captain Cooke, of the 43rd regiment of Light Infantry," and "The History of the campaign of 1809, in Portugal," by the Earl of Munster.

These three narratives were selected from articles which had previously appeared in "The United Service Journal."

"South Africa and its Inhabitants" occupies the larger portion of the book, and is chiefly taken from my work "Ten years in South Africa," published in 1835 by Richard Bentley, and very favorably reviewed in "Blackwood" and in the Dublin University Magazine."

There are also two or three sketches formerly published in a Magazine, edited by Mrs. Moodie and me in Belleville, which obtained a large number of subscribers,—but from which we never received any remuneration as Editors, through the want of capital of the proprietor.

In concluding this introduction, I have to return my grateful thanks for the kind support I have met with from the people of Belleville, in particular, who have so liberally subscribed for this work, as well as for their kind sympathy in our misfortunes;—and also to many friends in Toronto, including His Lordship the venerable Bishop of Toronto, the Honorable Mr. Justice Hagarty, the Honorable Mr. Justice Adam Wilson, the Honorable Mr. Justice William Buell Richards, the Honorable the Chief Justice Draper, the Honorable Mr. Joseph P. Morrison, and to the numerous legal gentlemen in Toronto, Cobourg, Port Hope, Belleville, Trenton, and Kingston, who have so kindly interested themselves in obtaining subscribers for my book.

(From the *Hastings Chronicle*, of March 25th, 1863.)

We have great pleasure in publishing the following Presentment of the Grand Jury, in reference to the retirement of Sheriff Moodie. The document is alike creditable to those who originated it, and to the man to whom it refers. It would be impossible to find another man who has for the same length of time discharged the arduous duties of a public office, who retires with the same universal esteem and respect that Sheriff Moodie does. This reflection will serve in a great measure to

compensate him for the distress of mind occasioned by the cruel and vindictive prosecution which occasioned his retirement from office. It must be gratifying for him to know that his memory will be fragrant in the minds of the public when they have forgotten, even to despise, the authors of his misfortune.

The following is the

PRESENTMENT :

The Grand Jurors for Our Lady the Queen, Present :

That J. W. Dunbar Moodie, Esqr., was the first Sheriff of this County, and has held that honorable position for the long term of twenty-three years. Now that he is about to retire from the discharge of the duties of that office, we have pleasure in being able to state that it is our belief that he does so with few enemies, and the warm sympathy of many friends. We also believe that he unwittingly transgressed the law in the transaction that has caused his retirement from the position he so long occupied, and being innocent of intentional wrong, we think this should not militate against his appointment to the discharge of the duties of any other office in the gift of the Crown, and we have reason to believe that his appointment to some office would give general satisfaction to the inhabitants of this County.

For Self and Fellows,

GEO. NEILSON,

Foreman.

In replying to the above, His Lordship, Mr. Justice Hagarty, expressed his great satisfaction that the Grand Jury of the County had not allowed their late Sheriff to retire from the position he had occupied for so many years without this kind expression of their sympathy and regard.

He would add, on his own behalf, his strong conviction that he to whom this honourable tribute was paid, was emphatically an honest man—that the name of his friends was "Legion," and his enemies a very small fraction.

He would direct their Presentment to the Provincial Secretary, where, he had no doubt, the recommendation it contained would meet with every consideration.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

BY J. W. DUNBAR MOODIE.

God save the Queen!—The time has been
When these charmed words, or said or sung,
Have through the welkin proudly rung;
And, heads uncovered, every tongue
Has echoed back—"God save the Queen!"
God save the Queen!

It was not like the feeble cry
That slaves might raise as tyrants pass'd,
With trembling knees and hearts downcast,
While dungeoned victims breathed their last,
In mingled groans of agony!
God save the Queen!

Nor were these shouts without the will,
Which servile crowds oft send on high,
When gold and jewels meet their eye,
When pride looks down on poverty,
And makes the poor man poorer still!
God save the Queen!

No!—It was like the thrilling shout—
The joyous sounds of pride and praise
That patriot hearts are wont to raise
Mid cannon's roar and bonfire's blaze,
When Britain's foes are put to rout—
God save the Queen!

For 'mid those sounds, to Britons dear,
No dastard selfish thoughts intrude
To mar a nation's gratitude:
But one soul moves that multitude—
To sing in accents loud and clear—
God save the Queen!

Such sounds as these, in days of yore,
On war-ship's deck and battle plain,
Have rung o'er heaps of foemen slain;
And, with God's help, they'll ring again
When warrior's blood shall flow no more—
God save the Queen!

God save the Queen! let patriots cry;
And palsied be the impious hand
Would guide the pen, or wield the brand,
Against our glorious Fatherland.
Let shouts of freemen rend the sky—
God save the Queen!—and Liberty!

NARRATIVE OF THE CAMPAIGN IN HOLLAND, IN 1814.

THERE are certain events in the life of every man on which the memory dwells with peculiar pleasure; and the impressions they leave, from being interwoven with his earliest and most agreeable associations, are not easily effaced from his mind. Sixteen years have now elapsed since the short campaign in Holland, and the ill-fated attack on Bergen-op-Zoom; but almost every circumstance that passed under my notice at that period, still remains as vividly pictured in my mind as if it had occurred but yesterday.

Our regiment, the 21st, or Royal North British Fusiliers, was stationed at Fort George when the order came for our embarkation for Holland. Whoever has experienced the dull monotony of garrison duty, may easily conceive the joy with which the intelligence was hailed. The eve of our embarkation was spent in all the hilarity inspired by the occasion, and, as may be supposed, the bottle circulated with more than ordinary rapidity.

Our convoy, Captain Nixon, R. N., in return for some kindness he had met with from my family, while on the Orkney Station, insisted on my taking my passage to Helvoet Sluys, along with our commanding officer and acting adjutant, on board his own vessel, the *Nightingale*.

The scene that was exhibited next day, as we were embarking, must be familiar to most military men. The

beach presented a spectacle I shall never forget. While the boats, crowded with soldiers, with their arms glittering in the sun, were pushing off, women were to be seen up to their middles in the water, bidding, perhaps, a last farewell to their husbands;—while others were sitting disconsolate on the rocks, stupified with grief, and almost insensible of what was going forward. Many of the poor creatures were pouring out blessings on the officers, and begging us to be kind to their husbands.

At last, when we had got the soldiers fairly seated in their places, which was no easy task, we pulled off, while the shouts of our men were echoed back in wailings and lamentations, mixed with benedictions, from the unhappy women left behind us. As for the officers, most of us being young fellows, and single, we had little to damp our joy at going on foreign service.

For my own part, I confess I felt some tender regrets in parting with a fair damsel in the neighbourhood, with whom I was not a little smitten; but I was not of an age to take these matters long to heart, being scarcely sixteen at the time. Poor A—R— has since been consigned, by a calculative mother, to an old officer, who had nearly lost his sight, but accumulated a few thousand pounds in the West Indies. We soon got under way, with a fair wind, for Holland. Instead of being crammed into a transport, with every circumstance which could render a sea voyage disagreeable, we felt ourselves lucky in being in most comfortable quarters, with a most excellent gentlemanly fellow for our entertainer in Captain Nixon. To add to our comforts, we had the regimental band with us, who were generally playing through the day, when the weather or sea-sickness would allow them.

On arriving off Goerce, we were overtaken by one of the most tremendous gales I have ever experienced, and I have had some experience of the elements since. We had come to anchor, expecting a pilot from the shore, between two sand banks, one on each side of us, while another extended between us and the land.

The gale commenced towards night, blowing right on shore. Our awful situation may well be conceived when the wind increased almost to a hurricane, with no hope of procuring a pilot. The sea, which had begun to rise before the commencement of the gale, was now running mountains high, and we could see the white foam, and hear the tremendous roar of the breakers on the sand bank astern of us. Of the two transports which accompanied us with the troops on board, one had anchored outside of us, and the other had been so fortunate as to get out to sea before the gale had reached its greatest violence. We had two anchors a-head, but the sea was so high, that we had but little expectation of holding on during the night.

About midnight, the transport which had come to anchor to windward, drifted past us, having carried away her cables. The sea every now and then broke over us from stem to stern, and we continued through a great part of the night to fire signals of distress.

It is curious to observe, on these occasions, the different effects of danger on the minds of men;—the nervous, alarmed too soon, and preparing themselves for the worst that may happen;—the stupid and insensible, without forethought of danger, until they are in the very jaws of destruction, when they are taken quite unprepared, and resign themselves up to despair; and the thoughtless, whose

levity inclines them to catch the external expression of confidence or fear in the countenances of those around them.

About one o'clock in the morning, the Captain got into bed, and we followed his example, but had hardly lain down when the alarm was given that one of the cables was gone. We immediately ran on deck, but it was soon discovered that the wind had shifted a few points, and that the cable had only slackened a little.

As the day dawned, the wind gradually abated, and at length fell off to a dead calm. A light haze hid the low land from our view, and hung over the sea, which still rolled in huge billows, as if to conceal the horrors of our situation during the preceding night.

In an hour or two the fog cleared away sufficiently to enable us to see a few miles in all directions. Every eye was strained in search of the two transports, with our regiment on board, but seeing nothing, we all gave them up for lost; for we could hardly conceive the possibility of the transport, which drifted past us in the night, escaping shipwreck on this low and dangerous coast, or of the other being able to get out to sea.

By the help of our sweeps and a light breeze, we were getting more in with the land, when at last we observed a pilot-boat coming out to us. Our little Dutch pilot, when he got alongside of us, soon relieved our minds from anxiety as to the fate of one of the transports which had fortunately escaped the sand banks, and was safe in Helvoet Sluys.

A Dutchman being an animal quite new to many of us, we were not a little diverted with his dress and demeanour. Diederick was a little, thick-set, round-built fellow, about five feet three inches in height, bearing a considerable

resemblance in shape to his boat: he was so cased up in clothes that no particular form was to be traced about him, excepting an extraordinary roundness and projection "*a posteriore*," which he owed as much, I believe, to nature as to his habiliments. He wore a tight, coarse, blue jerkin, or pea-jacket, on his body, and reaching halfway down his legs, gathered up in folds tight round his waist, and bunching out amply below. His jacket had no collar, but he had a handkerchief tied round his neck like a rope, which with his protruding glassy eyes, gave him the appearance of strangulation. On his legs he wore so many pairs of breeches and trowsers, that I verily believe we might have pulled off three or four pairs without being a whit the wiser as to his natural conformation. On his feet he wore a pair of shoes with huge buckles, and his head was crowned with a high-topped red night cap. Thus equipped, with the addition of a short pipe stuck in his mouth, "*ecce*" Diederick, our worthy pilot, who stumping manfully up to the Captain, with his hand thrust out like a bowsprit, and a familiar nod of the head, wished him "*Goeden dag*," and welcomed him cordially to Holland.

I observed that our Captain seemed a little "taken aback" with the pilot's republican manners: however, he did not refuse honest Diederick a shake of his hand, for the latter had evidently no conception of a difference in rank requiring any difference in the mode of salutation. After paying his respects to the captain, he proceeded to take us all by the hand in turn, with many expressions of good will to the English, who, he was pleased to say, had "*always*" been the Dutchmen's best friends.

Having completed the ceremonial of our reception, he

returned to the binnacle, and, hearing the leadsman sing out, "by the mark three," clapping his fat fists to his sides, and looking up to see if the sails were clean full, exclaimed, with great energy, "Bout skip!"

The captain was anxious to procure some information regarding the channels between the sand banks and depth of the water, but all the satisfaction our friend Diederick would vouchsafe him was, "*Ja, mynheer, wanncer wy niet beter kan maaken, dan moeten wy naar de anker komen.*" *

We soon reached Helovet Sluys, and came to anchor for the night.

On landing next day, we found the half of the regiment, which had so fortunately escaped shipwreck, with the transport which had drifted past us in the night of the gale. There we took leave of our kind friends, the captain and officers of the "Nightingale," and next day marched to Buiten Sluys, a little town nearly opposite to Willemstadt. Here we were detained for several days, it not being possible to cross the intervening branch of the sea, in consequence of the quantities of ice which were floating down from the rivers. We soon got ourselves billeted out in the town and neighbouring country, and established a temporary mess at the principal inn of the place, where we began to practice the Dutch accomplishments of drinking gin and smoking, for which we had a convenient excuse in the humidity and coldness of the climate.

Our hard drinkers, of course, did not fail to inculcate the doctrine, that wine and spirits were the "sovereignest

* "When we can't do better, we must come to anchor,"—a common Dutch saying.

remedy" in the world for the ague, of which disease they seemed to live in constant dread, particularly after dinner.

During our sojourn at Buiten Sluys, our great amusement through the day was skating on the ice with the country girls, who were nothing shy, and played all manner of tricks upon us by upsetting us, &c., &c., thus affording rather a dangerous precedent, which was sometimes returned on themselves with interest.

We are accustomed to hear of the Dutch phlegm, which certainly forms a distinguishing feature in their "physical character." They are dull and slow in being excited to the strong emotions; but it is a great mistake to suppose that this constitutional sluggishness implies any deficiency in the milder moral virtues. The Dutch I generally found to possess, in a high degree, the kindly, charitable feelings of human nature, which show themselves to the greater advantage, from the native simplicity of their manners.

I had got a comfortable billet at a miller's house, a little out of the village. The good folks, finding that I was a Scotchman—for which people they have a particular liking, from some similarity in their manners—began to treat me with great cordiality, and threw off that reserve which is so natural with people who have soldiers forced into their houses whether they will or not.

The miller and his cheerful "frow," never tired of showing every kindness in their power while I remained with them, and to such a degree did they carry this that it quite distressed me.

On leaving Buiten Sluys, neither my landlord nor his wife would accept of any remuneration, though I urgently

pressed it on them. When the avarice of the Dutch character is taken into account, they certainly deserve no small praise for this disinterested kind-heartedness.

The ice having broken up a little, we were enabled to get ferried over to Willemstadt, and proceeded on our march to Tholen, where we arrived in two or three days.

The cold in Holland this winter was excessive, and Tholen being within four miles of Bergen-op-Zoom, a great part of the inhabitants, as well as garrison, were every day employed in breaking the ice in the ditches of the fortifications. The frost, however, was so intense that before the circuit was completed, which was towards evening, we were often skating on the places which had been broken in the morning. We could not, with all our exertions, break more than nine feet in width, which was but an ineffectual protection against the enemy, had they felt any inclination to attack us in this half dilapidated fortress, with our small garrison.

After we had been here some days, the remainder of our regiment, who had been saved by the transport getting out to sea, joined us. They had sprung a leak, and were near perishing, when it fortunately stopped, and the gale abated. The first thing we all thought of on coming to Tholen was procuring snug billets, as we might remain some time in garrison. With this view, I employed a German corporal, who acted as our interpreter. He volunteered from the veteran battalion at Fort George to accompany us. After looking about for some time, he found out a quarter which he guessed would suit my taste.

The house was inhabited by a respectable burgher, who

had been at sea, and still retained the title of skipper. His son, as I afterwards learned, died a few months before, leaving a pretty young widow, who still resided with her father-in-law. I had not seen her long before I became interested in her. Johanna M—— was innocence and simplicity itself—tender, soft, and affectionate; her eyes did not possess that brightness which bespeaks lively passions, and too often inconstancy; but they were soft, dark, and liquid, beaming with affection and goodness of heart.

On coming home one day I found her with her head resting on her hands and in tears: her father and mother-in-law, with their glistening eyes resting on her with an expression of sympathy and sorrow, apparently more for her loss than their own, as if they would have said, "Poor girl, we have lost a son, but you have lost a husband." Johanna, however, was young, and her spirits naturally buoyant. Of course, it cannot be supposed that this intensity of feeling could exist but at intervals.

As usual, I soon made myself quite at home with the skipper and his family, and became, moreover, a considerable favourite, from the interest I took in Johanna, and a talent at making punch, which was always put in requisition when they had a visit from the "Predikaant," or priest of the parish: on these occasions I was always one of the party at supper, which is their principal meal.

It usually consisted of a large tureen, with bits of meat floating in fat or butter, for which we had to dive with our forks. We had also forcemeat-balls and sour-kroust.

The priest, who was the very picture of good nature and good living, wore a three-cornered cocked hat, which, according to the fashion of the middle classes, never quitted his

head, excepting when he said grace. When supper was over, and punch made, which always drew forth the most unqualified praises of the "Predikaant;" he would lug out a heap of papers from his breeches pocket, inscribed with favourite Dutch ditties, which, so far as I could understand the language, contained political allusions to the state of matters in Europe at the time. The burden of one of the songs I still remember, from the constant recurrence of the words, "*Well mag het ue bekoomen,*" at the end of each stanza.

The jolly priest being no singer, always read these overflowings of the Dutch muse with the most energetic gestures and accent. At the end of each verse, which seemed by its rhyme to have something of the titillating effect of a feather on the sober features of the "Skipper," the reader would break out into a stentorian laugh, enough to have shaken down the walls of Jericho, or the Stadt-huis itself.

The good "*frow,*" whose attention was almost entirely occupied with her household concerns, and who had still more prose in her composition than her mate, would now and then, like a good wife, exhibit some feeble tokens of pleasure, when she observed his features to relax in a more than ordinary degree.

Soon after I had taken up my abode in the house, I observed that Johanna had got a Dutch and English grammar, which she had begun to study with great assiduity, and as I was anxious to acquire Dutch, this naturally enough brought us often together. She would frequently come into my room to ask the pronunciation of some word, for she was particularly scrupulous on this head. On these occasions, I would make her sit down beside me, and

endeavor to make her perfect in each word in succession; but she found so much difficulty in bringing her pretty lips into the proper form, that I was under the necessity of enforcing my instructions by punishing her with a kiss for every failure. But so far was this from quickening her apprehension, that the difficulties seemed to increase at every step.

Poor Johanna, notwithstanding this little innocent occupation, could not, however, be entirely weaned from her affection for the memory of her departed husband, for her grief would often break out in torrents of tears; when this was the case, we had no lesson for that day.

Garrison duty is always dull and irksome, and soldiers are always glad of anything to break the monotony of a life where there is no activity or excitement. One day, while we lay at Tholen, a letter was brought from headquarters, which was to be forwarded from town to town to Admiral Young, who was lying in the Scheldt at the time. A couple of horses and a guide were procured, and I was sent with the letter, much to my own satisfaction, as I was glad of an opportunity to see more of the country.

I was ordered to proceed to a certain town, the name of which I forget, where another officer should relieve me. It was late when I got to the town, and not being aware that it was occupied by a Russian regiment, I was not a little surprised in being challenged by a sentry in a foreign language. I could not make out from the soldier what they were, until the officer of the guard came up, who understood a little English. He informed me that they were on their march to Tholen, where they were to do garrison duty.

On desiring to be conducted to his commanding officer, he brought me to the principal house in the town, at the door of which two sentries were posted. The scene in the interior was singular enough. The first object that met my eyes on entering the Colonel's apartment, was a knot of soldiers in their green jackets and trowsers, lying in a heap, one above another, in the corner of the room, (with their bonnets pulled over their eyes,) like a litter of puppies, and snoring like bull-frogs.

These were the Colonel's body guard.

The room with its furniture exhibited a scene of the most outrageous debauchery. Chairs overturned, broken decanters and bottles, fragments of tumblers and wine glasses lay scattered over the floor and table. Two or three candles were still burning on the table, and others had been broken in the conflict of bottles and other missiles.

Taking a rapid glance at the state of matters in passing, we approached the Colonel's bed, which stood in one corner of the room. My conductor drew the curtains, when I saw two people lying in their flannel shirts; the elder was a huge broad-faced man, with a ferocious expression of countenance, who I was informed was the Colonel; the other was a young man about seventeen years of age, exceedingly handsome, and with so delicate a complexion, that I actually thought at the time he must be the Colonel's wife.

With this impression, I drew back for a moment, when he spoke to me in good English, and told me he was the Adjutant, and begged I would state what I had to communicate to the Colonel, which he would interpret to him, as the latter did not understand English.

The Colonel said he would forward the letter by one of

his officers, and as I could then return to Tholen, we should proceed to that place next morning.

We proceeded accordingly next morning on our march to Tholen.

The Colonel had sent on his light company as an advanced guard, some time before us, with orders to halt at a village on the road, until the regiment came up. Whether they had mistaken his orders I know not, but on coming to the village, no light company was to be found; and on enquiry, we learned that they had marched on. The rage of the Colonel knew no bounds, and produced a most ridiculous and childish scene betwixt himself and the officers.

With the tears running down his cheeks, and stamping with rage, he went among them: first accusing one, and then the other, as if they were to blame for the mistake of the advanced guard. Each of them, however, answered him in a petulant snappish manner, like enraged pug-dogs, at the same time clapping their hands to their swords, and some of them drawing them half out of their scabbards, when he would turn away from them, weeping bitterly like a great blubbering boy all the while.

The officers, however, began to pity the poor Colonel, and at last succeeded in appeasing his wrath and drying his tears. He proceeded forthwith to order an enormous breakfast to be prepared for us immediately. It was of no use for the innkeeper to say that he had not any of the articles they desired, he was compelled by threats and curses to procure them, come whence they would.

As our landlord knew well whom he had to deal with, our table soon groaned under a load of dishes, enough apparently to have dined four times our number. In a trice

we had everything that could be procured for love or money, and it was wonderful to observe with what alacrity the landlord waited on us, and obeyed the orders he received. He appeared, in fact, to have thrown off his native sluggishness, and two or three pairs of breeches, for the occasion.

Before proceeding on the march, I wished to pay my share of the entertainment, but my proposal was treated with perfect ridicule. At first, I imagined that the Russians considered me as their guest, but I could not discover that the innkeeper received any remuneration for the entertainment prepared for us.

The Russians had many odd customs during their meals, such as drinking out of each other's glasses, and eating from each other's plates; a compliment, which in England, we would willingly dispense with. They seemed to have a great liking to the English, and every day our men and theirs were seen walking arm in arm about the streets together. The gin, which was rather too cheap in this country, seemed to be a great bond of union between them; and strange to say, I do not recollect a single instance of their quarrelling. Notwithstanding the snapping between the commanding officer and the other officers, they seemed on the whole to be in excellent discipline in other respects. The manner in which they went through their exercise was admirable, particularly when we consider that they were only sailors acting on shore.

There was one custom, however, which never failed to excite our disgust and indignation; hardly a day passed but we saw some of their officers boxing the ears of their men in the ranks, who seemed to bear this treatment with

the greatest patience, and without turning their eyes to the right or left during the operation; but such is the effect of early habits and custom, that the very men who bore this degrading treatment, seemed to feel the same disgust for our military punishment of flogging, which however degrading in its effects on the character of the sufferer, could not at least be inflicted at the caprice of the individual.

We may here observe the different effects produced on the character of men by a free and a despotic system of Government: it was evidently not the *nature*, but the *degree* of punishment which shocked the Russian prejudices.

We had all become thoroughly sick of the monotony and sameness of our duties and occupations at Tholen, when we received orders to march the next day (8th March, 1814).

As the attack on Bergen-op-Zoom, which took place on that evening, was of course kept a profound secret, the common opinion was, that we were destined for Antwerp, where the other division of the army had already had some fighting. Though elated in common with my brother officers, with the prospect of coming to closer quarters with the enemy, it was not without tears on both sides that I parted with poor Johanna, who had somehow taken a hold of my affections that I was hardly aware of till this moment.

The time left us to prepare for our march I devoted to her, and she did not even seek the pretext of her English grammar to remain in my room for the few hours we could yet enjoy together. We had marched some miles before I could think of anything but her, for the recollection of her tears still thrilled to my very heart, and occasioned a stifling

sensation that almost deprived me of utterance. But we were soon thrown into a situation where the excitement was too powerful and engrossing to leave room for other thoughts than of what we were immediately engaged in.

It was nearly dark when we arrived at the village of Halteren, which is only three or four miles from Bergen-op-Zoom, where we took up our quarters for the night. On the distribution of the billets to the officers for the night, I received one upon a farm house about a mile in the country. I had not been long at my new lodging, when I was joined by four or five officers of the 4th Battalion Royal Scots, who had just arrived by long marches from Stralsund, and were billeted about the country. They had heard that an attempt to surprise Bergen-op-Zoom would be made that same night.

It is not easy to describe the sensations occasioned in my mind by this intelligence; it certainly partook but little of fear, but the novelty (to me at least) of the situation in which we were about to be placed, excited a feeling of anxiety as to the result of an attempt, in which, from the known strength of the place, we dared hardly expect to be successful. There is also a degree of melancholy which takes hold of the mind at these moments of serious reflection which precede the conflict. My comrades evidently shared this feeling with me. One of them remarked, as we were preparing to march, "my boys, we'll see something like service to-night," and added, "We'll not all meet again in this world." Poor MacNicol, who made this remark, fell that night, which was the first and the last of my acquaintance with him. I believe every one of us were wounded.

Learning from my new acquaintances that the grenadier company of their regiment (Royal Scots), which was com-

manded by an old friend of mine (Lieutenant Allan Robertson), and whom I had not seen for some years, was only about a mile farther off, I thought I should have time to see him and join my regiment before they marched, should they be sent to the attack. However, the party of the Royals whom I accompanied lost their way, from their ignorance of the road, and we, in consequence, made a long circuit, during which I heard from an Aide-de-camp who passed us, that the 21st were on their march to attack the place on another quarter.

In these circumstances I was exceedingly puzzled what course to take; if I went in search of my regiment, I had every chance of missing them in the night, being quite ignorant of the roads. Knowing that the Royals would be likely to head one of the columns from the number of the regiment, I took what I thought the surest plan, by attaching myself to the grenadier company under my gallant friend.

There is something awfully impressive in the mustering of soldiers before going into action; many of those names, which the serjeants were now calling in an under tone of voice would never be repeated, but in the tales of their comrades who saw them fall.

After mustering the men, we proceeded to the general "rendezvous" of the regiment forming the column; the Royals led the column, followed by the other regiments according to their number. As everything depended on our taking the enemy by surprise, the strictest orders were given to observe a profound silence on the march.

While we are proceeding to the attack, it will not be amiss to give the reader a slight sketch of the situation of Bergen-

op-Zoom, and the plan of the operations of the different columns, to render my relation of the proceedings of the column I served with the more intelligible.

Bergen-op-Zoom is situated on the right bank of the Scheldt, and takes its name from the little river Zoom, which after supplying the defenses with water, discharges itself into the Scheldt. The old channel of the Zoom, into which the tide flows towards the centre of the town, forms the harbor, which is nearly dry at low water. The mouth of the harbor was the point fixed upon for the attack of the right column, under Major General Skerrett, and Brig. General Gore. This column consisted of 1100 men of the 1st Regiment, or Royal Scots, the 37th, 44th and 91st (as far as I can recollect). Lieut.-Col. Henry, with 650 men of the 21st, or Royal Scots Fusiliers, was sent on a false attack near the Steenberg gate, to the left of the harbour. (I suppose the reader to be standing at the entrance of the harbour facing the town). Another column, consisting of 1200 of the 33rd, 55th, and 69th regiments, under Lieut.-Col. Morrice, were to attack the place near the Breda gate, and endeavor to enter by escalade. A third column under Col. Lord Proby, consisting of 1000 men of the 1st and Coldstream Guards, was to make nearly a complete circuit of the place, and enter the enemy's works by crossing the ice some distance to the right of the entrance of the harbor and the Waterpoort gate.

This slight account of the plan of attack I have borrowed in some degree from Col. Jones' Narrative, who must have procured his information on these points from the best sources. However, as I only pretend to speak with certainty of what fell under my own immediate observation,

I shall return to the right column, with which I served on this occasion.

When we had proceeded some way we fell in with a picket, commanded by Capt. Darrah, of the 21st Fusiliers, who was mustering his men to proceed to the attack. Thinking that our regiment (the 21st), must pass his post on their way to the false attack, he told me to remain with him until they came up. I, in consequence, waited some time, but hearing nothing of the regiment, and losing patience, I gave him the slip in the dark, and ran on until I regained my place with the grenadier company of the Royals.

On approaching the place of attack, we crossed the Tholendike, and immediately entered the bed of the Zoom, through which we had to push our way before we entered the wet ditch. It is not easy to convey an idea of the toil we experienced in getting through the deep mud of the river; we immediately sank nearly to our middles, and when, with great difficulty, we succeeded in freeing one leg from the mire, we sank nearly to the shoulder on the other side before we could get one pace forward; as might be expected we got into some confusion in laboring through this horrible slough, which was like bird-lime about our legs; regiments got intermixed in the darkness, while some stuck fast, and some unlucky wretches got trodden down and smothered in the mud. Notwithstanding this obstruction, a considerable portion of the column had got through, when those behind us, discouraged by this unexpected difficulty, raised a shout to encourage themselves. General Skerret, who was at the head of the column, was furious with rage, but the mischief was already done. The sluices were opened,

and a torrent of water poured down on us through the channel of the river, by which the progress of those behind was effectually stopped for some time.

Immediately after the sluices were opened, a brilliant fire-work was displayed on the ramparts, which showed every object as clearly as day light. Several cannon and some musketry opened on us, but did us little harm, as they seemed to be discharged at random.

At the moment the water came down, I had just cleared the deepest part of the channel, and making a great effort, I gained a flat piece of ice which was sticking edge ways in the mud; to this I clung till the strength of the torrent had passed, after which I soon gained the firm land, and pushed on with the others to the ditch.

The point at which we entered was a bastion to the right of the harbor, and from one of the angles of which a row of high palisades was carried through the ditch. To enable us to pass the water, some scaling-ladders had been sunk to support us in proceeding along the palisade, over which we had first to climb with each other's assistance, our soldiers performing the office of ladders to those who preceded them.

So great were the obstacles we met with, that had not the attention of the enemy fortunately (or rather most judiciously); been distracted by the false attack under Col. Henry, it appeared quite impossible for us to have effected an entrance at this point.

While we were proceeding forward in this manner, Col. Muller * of the Royals was clambering along the top of

* Now of the Ceylon regiment.

the palisade, calling to those who had got the start of him, to endeavor to open the Waterpoort gate, and let down the draw-bridge to our right; but no one in the hurry of the moment seemed to hear him. On getting near enough, I told him I should effect it if it were possible.

We met with but trifling resistance on gaining the rampart; the enemy being panic struck, fled to the streets and houses in the town, from which they kept up a pretty sharp fire on us for some time.

I got about twenty soldiers of different regiments to follow me to the Waterpoort gate, which we found closed. It was constructed of thin paling, with an iron bar across it about three inches in breadth. Being without tools of any kind, we made several ineffectual attempts to open it. At last, retiring a few paces, we made a rush at it in a body, when the iron bar snapped in the middle like a bit of glass. Some of my people got killed and wounded during this part of the work, but when we got to the draw-bridge, we were a little more sheltered from the firing. The bridge was up, and secured by a lock in the right hand post of the two which supported it. I was simple enough to attempt to pick the lock with a soldier's bayonet, but after breaking two or three, we at last had an axe brought us from the bastion where the troops were entering; with the assistance of this instrument we soon succeeded in cutting the lock out of the post, and taking hold of the chain, I had the satisfaction to pull down the draw-bridge with my own hands.

While I was engaged in this business, Col. Muller was forming the Royals on the rampart where we entered; but a party of about 150 men of different regiments, under

General Skerret, who must have entered to the left of the harbor, were clearing the ramparts towards the Steenberg gate, where the false attack had been made under Col. Henry; and a party, also, under Col. Carleton, of the 44th regiment, was proceeding in the opposite direction along the ramparts to the right, without meeting with much resistance.

Hearing the firing on the opposite side of the town from General Skerret's party, and supposing that they had marched through the town, I ran on through the streets to overtake them, accompanied by only one or two soldiers, for the rest had left me and returned to the bastion after we had opened the gate. In proceeding along the canal or harbor, which divided this part of the town, I came to a loop-holed wall, which was continued from the houses down to the water's edge. I observed a party of soldiers within a gate in this wall, and was going up to them, taking them for our own people, when I was challenged in French, and had two or three shots fired at me.

Seeing no other way of crossing the harbor but by a little bridge, which was nearly in a line with the wall, I returned to the Waterpoort gate, which I found Col. Muller had taken possession of with two or three companies of his regiment. I went up to him, and told him that I had opened the gate according to his desire, and of the interruption I had met with in the town. Not knowing me, he asked my name, which he said he would remember, and sent one of the companies up with me to the wall, already mentioned, and ordered the officer who commanded the company, after he should have driven the enemy away, to keep possession of it until further orders.

On coming to the gate, we met with a sharp resistance, but after firing a few rounds, and preparing to charge, they gave way, leaving us in possession of the gate and bridge.

Leaving the company here and crossing the little bridge, I again set forward alone to overtake General Skerret's party, guided by the firing on the ramparts. Avoiding any little parties of the enemy, I had reached the inside of the ramparts where the firing was, without its occurring to me that I might get into the wrong box and be taken prisoner. Fortunately, I observed a woman looking over a shop door, on one side of the streets; the poor creature, who must have been under the influence of some strong passion to remain in her present exposed situation, was pale and trembling. She was a French woman, young and not bad looking.

I asked her where the British soldiers were, which she told me without hesitation, pointing at the same time in the direction. I shook hands with her, and bade her good night, not entertaining the smallest suspicion of her deceiving me; following her directions, I clambered up the inside of the rampart, and rejoined Gen. Skerret's party.

The moon had now risen, and though the sky was cloudy, we could see pretty well what was doing. I found my friend Robertson here, with the grenadier company of the Royals; I learned from him that the party, which was now commanded by Capt. Guthrie of the 33d regiment, had been compelled by numbers to retire from the bastion which the enemy now occupied, and should endeavor to maintain the one which they now possessed, until they could procure a reinforcement. He also told me of Gen. Skerret being dangerously wounded and taken prisoner, an

irreparable loss to our party, as Capt. Guthrie was ignorant of the General's intentions.

In the meantime, the enemy continued a sharp firing on us, which we returned as fast as our men could load their firelocks. Several of the enemy who had fallen, as well as of our own men, were lying on the ramparts;—one of our officers, who had been wounded in the arm, was walking about, saying occasionally in rather a discontented manner, "This is what is called honor;" though I could readily sympathize with him in the pain he suffered. I could not exactly understand how, if there is any honor in getting wounded, any bodily suffering can detract from it.

We found a large pile of logs of wood on the rampart; these we immediately disposed across the gorge of the bastion, so as to form a kind of parapet, over which our people could fire, leaving, however, about half the distance open towards the parapet of the rampart.

On the opposite side of the bastion were two twenty-four pounders of the enemy's, which being raised on high platforms, we turned upon them, firing along the ramparts over the heads of our party. However valuable this resource might be to us, we were still far from being on equal terms with the French, who, besides greatly exceeding us in numbers, had also brought up two or three field-pieces, which annoyed us much during the night. There was also a windmill on the bastion they occupied, from the top of which their musketry did great execution among us.

In the course of the night, they made several ineffectual attempts to drive us from our position: on these occasions, which we always were aware of, from the shouts they

raised to encourage each other, as soon as they made their appearance on the rampart, we gave them a dose of grape from our twenty-four pounder, and a party ready to charge them back. I observed our soldiers were always disposed to meet the enemy half-way, and the latter were soon so well aware of our humor, that they invariably turned tail before we could get within forty or fifty paces of them.

The firing was kept up almost continuously on both sides until about two o'clock in the morning, when it would sometimes cease for more than half an hour together.

During one of these intervals of stillness, exhausted with our exertions, and the cold we felt in our drenched clothes, some of the officers and I lay down along the parapet together, in hopes of borrowing a little heat from each other. I fell insensibly into a troubled dozing state, in which my imagination still revelled in the scenes of the night. While I yet lay the firing had recommenced, which with the shouts of the enemy, and the words of those about me, seemed to form but the ground-work of my fitful dream, which continued to link imaginary circumstances to reality.

How long I might have lain in this stupor, between sleeping and waking, I know not, when suddenly I felt the ground shake under me, and heard at the same time a crash, as if the whole town had been overwhelmed by an earthquake; a bright glare of light burst on my eyes at the same instant, and almost blinded me. A shot from the enemy had blown up our small magazine on the rampart, on which we depended for the supply of the two twenty-

four pounders which had been of such material use to us during the night.

This broke our slumbers most effectually; and we had now nothing for it but to maintain our ground in the best way we were able, until we could receive a reinforcement from some of the other parties.

Immediately after this disaster, raising a tremendous shout, or rather yell, the enemy again attempted to come to close quarters with us, in hopes of our being utterly disheartened; but our charging party, which we had always in readiness, made them wheel round as usual.

In the course of the night, we had sent several small parties of men to represent the state of our detachment, and endeavor to procure assistance, but none of them returned, having, we supposed, been intercepted by the enemy. Discouraged as we were by this circumstance, we still continued to hold our ground until break of day.

By this time the firing had entirely ceased in the other parts of the town, naturally leading us, in the absence of all communication, to conclude that the other parties had been driven from the place. However this may have been, the first dawn of day showed in but too plain colors the hopelessness of our situation. The enemy now brought an overwhelming force against us; but still we expected from the narrowness of the rampart, that they would not be able to derive the full advantage of their superiority; but in this we were deceived.

The bastion we occupied was extensive, but only that portion of it near the gorge was furnished with a parapet. At this spot, and behind the logs which we had thrown up, our now diminished force was collected. Keeping up an

incessant fire to divert our attention, the French (who now outnumbered us, at least three to one,) detached part of their force, which, skirting the outside of the ramparts, and ascending the face of the bastion we occupied, suddenly opened a most destructive fire on our flank and rear. From this latter party we were totally unprotected, while they were sheltered by the top of the rampart. We were thus left to defend ourselves from both at once as we best could. But still they would not venture to charge us, and it would have been of little use for us to charge them, for the moment we quitted the parapet, we would have been exposed to a cross fire from the other bastion.

The slaughter was now dreadful, and our poor fellows, who had done all that soldiers could in our trying situation, now fell thick and fast. Just at this moment, my friend Robertson, under whose command I had put myself at the beginning of the attack, fell. I had just time to run up to him, and found him stunned from a wound in the head, when our gallant commander, seeing the inutility of continuing the unequal contest, gave the order to retreat.

We had retired in good order about three hundred yards, when poor Guthrie received a wound in the head, which I have since been informed, deprived him of his sight.

The enemy, when they saw us retreating, hung upon our rear, keeping up a sharp fire all the time, but they still seemed to have some respect for us from the trouble we had already given them.

We had indulged the hope, that by continuing our course along the ramparts, we should be able to effect our retreat by the Waterpoort gate, * not being aware that we

* This was the only gate which was opened during the night.

should be intercepted by the mouth of the harbor. We were already at the very margin before we discovered our mistake and completely hemmed in by the French. We had therefore no alternative left to us but to surrender ourselves prisoners of war, or to attempt to effect our escape across the harbor, by means of the floating pieces of ice with which the water was covered. Not one of us seemed to entertain the idea of surrender, however, and in the despair which had now taken possession of every heart, we threw ourselves into the water, or leaped on the broken pieces of ice which were floating about.

The scene that ensued was shocking beyond description. The canal or harbor was faced on both sides by high brick walls; and in the middle of the channel lay a small Dutch decked vessel, which was secured by a rope to the opposite side of the harbor.

Our only hope of preserving our lives or effecting our escape, depended on our being able to gain this little vessel. Already many had, by leaping first on one piece of ice and then on another, succeeded in getting on board the vessel, which they drew to the opposite side of the canal by the rope, and thus freed one obstruction; but immediately afterwards, being intercepted by the Waterpoort redoubt, they were compelled to surrender. The soldiers, in particular, when they found themselves inclosed by the enemy, seemed to lose the power of reflection, and leaped madly into the water, with their arms in their hands, without even waiting until a piece of ice should float within their reach. The air was rent with vain cries for help from the drowning soldiers, mixed with the exulting shouts of the enemy, who seemed determined to make us drain the bitter cup of defeat to the very dregs.

Among the rest I had scrambled down the face of the canal to a beam running horizontally along the brick work, from which other beams descended perpendicularly into the water, to prevent the sides from being injured by shipping. After sticking my sword into my belt (for I had thrown the scabbard away the previous night), I leaped from this beam, which was nine or ten feet above the water, on a piece of ice, but not judging my distance very well, it tilted up with me, and I sank to the bottom of the water. However, I soon came up again, and after swimming to the other side of the canal and to the vessel, I found nothing to catch hold of. I had therefore nothing for it but to hold on by the piece of ice I had at first leaped on, and swinging my body under it, I managed to keep my face out of the water. I had just caught hold of the ice in time, for encumbered as I was with a heavy great coat, now thoroughly soaked, I was in a fair way to share the fate of many a poor fellow now lying at the bottom of the water.

I did not, however, retain my slippery hold undisturbed, I was several times dragged under water by the convulsive grasp of the drowning soldiers, but by desperate efforts I managed to free myself and regain my hold. Even at this moment, I cannot think without horror of the means which the instinct of self-preservation suggested to save my own life, while some poor fellow clung to my clothes: I think I still see his agonized look, and hear his imploring cry, as he sunk for ever.

After a little time I remained undisturbed tenant of the piece of ice. I was not, however, the only survivor of those who had got into the water; several of them were still hanging on to other pieces of ice, but they one by one let go

their hold, and sank as their strength failed. At length only three or four besides myself remained.

All this time some of the enemy continued firing at us, and I saw one or two shot in the water near me. So intent was every one on effecting his escape, that though they sometimes cast a look of commiseration at their drowning comrades, no one thought for a moment of giving us any assistance. The very hope of it had at length so completely faded in our minds, that we had ceased to ask the aid of those that passed on the fragments of ice. But Providence had reserved one individual who possessed a heart to feel for the distress of his fellow creatures more than for his own personal safety. The very last person that reached the vessel in the manner I have already described, was Lieutenant McDougall, of the 91st regiment. I had attracted his attention in passing me, and he had promised his assistance when he should reach the vessel. He soon threw me a rope, but I was so weak, and benumbed with the intense cold, that it slipped through my fingers alongside of the vessel; he then gave me another, doubled, which I got under my arms, and he thus succeeded, with the assistance of a wounded man, in getting me on board.

I feel that it is quite out of my power to do justice to the humanity and contempt of danger displayed by our generous deliverer on this occasion. While I was assisting him in saving the two or three soldiers who still clung to pieces of ice, I got a musket-ball through my wrist; for all this time several of the enemy continued deliberately firing at us from the opposite rampart, which was not above sixty yards from the vessel.

Not content with what he had already done for me, my

kind-hearted friend insisted on helping me out of the vessel; but I could not consent to his remaining longer exposed to the fire of the enemy, who had already covered the deck with killed and wounded, and McDougall fortunately still remained unhurt. Finding that I would not encumber him, he left the vessel, and I went down to the cabin, where I found Lieutenant Briggs, of the 91st, sitting on one side, with a severe wound through his shoulder blade.

The floor of the cabin was covered with water, for the vessel had become leaky from the firing. I took my station on the opposite side, and taking off my neck cloth, with the assistance of my teeth, I managed to bind up my wound, so as to stop the bleeding in some measure. My companion suffered so much from his wound that little conversation passed betwixt us.

I fell, naturally, into gloomy reflections on the events of the night. I need hardly say how bitter and mortifying they were; after all our toils and sanguine anticipations of ultimate success, to be thus robbed of the prize which we already grasped, as we thought, with a firm hand. Absorbed in these melancholy ruminations, accompanied from time to time by a groan from my companion, several hours passed away, during which the water continued rising higher and higher in the cabin, until it reached my middle, and I was obliged to hold my arm above it, for the salt water made it smart. Fortunately, the vessel grounded from the receding of the tide.

Escape in our state, being now quite out of the question, my companion and I were glad, on the whole, to be relieved from our present disagreeable situation, by surrendering ourselves prisoners.

The firing had now entirely ceased, and the French seemed satiated with the ample vengeance they had taken on us. As there was no gate near us, we were hoisted with ropes over the ramparts, which were here faced with brick to the top.

A French soldier was ordered to show me the way to the hospital in the town. As we proceeded, however, my guide took a fancy to my canteen which still hung by my side, and laying hold of it without ceremony, was proceeding to empty its contents into his own throat. Though suffering with a burning thirst from loss of blood, I did not recollect till this moment that there was about two-thirds of a bottle of gin remaining in it. I immediately snatched it from the fellow's hand and clapping it to my mouth, finished every drop of it at a draught, while he vented his rage in oaths. I found it exceedingly refreshing, but it had no more effect on my nerves than small beer in my present state of exhaustion.

The scene as we passed through the streets, strewed here and there with the bodies of our fallen soldiers, intermixed with those of the enemy, was, indeed, melancholy; even if I could have forgotten for a moment how the account stood between the enemy and us, I was continually reminded of our failure, by the bodies of many of our people being already stripped of their upper garments.

When we arrived at the hospital, I found one of the officers of my regiment, who had been taken prisoner, standing at the door. My face was so plastered with blood from the prick of a bayonet I had got in the temple from one of our soldiers, that it was some time before he knew me. In passing along the beds in the hospital, the first

face I recognised was my friend Robertson, whom I had left for dead when our party retreated. Besides the wound he received in the head, he had received one in the wrist after he fell.

On lying down in the bed prepared for me, I was guilty of a piece of simplicity which I had ample occasion to repent before I left the place. I took all my clothes off, and sent them to be dried by the people of the hospital, but they were never returned to me. I was in consequence forced to keep my bed for the three days I remained prisoner in Bergen-op-Zoom.

The hospital was crowded with the wounded on both sides. On my right lay Ensign Marshall, of the 55th regiment, with a grape shot wound in his shoulder, of which and ague together, he afterwards died at Klundert.

On my left, in an adjoining room, lay poor General Skerret, with a desperate wound through the body, of which he died next night. It was said that he might have recovered, had it not been for the bruises he had received from the muskets of the enemy after he fell.

This story I can hardly credit. However that may be, there is no doubt we lost in him a most gallant, zealous, and active officer, and at a most unfortunate time for the success of the enterprise.

On the opposite side of the hospital lay Capt. Campbell, of the 55th regiment. He had a dreadful wound from a grape which entered at his shoulder and went out near the back bone. He was gifted with the most extraordinary flow of spirits of any man I have ever met with. He never ceased talking from sunrise till night, and afforded all of us who were in a condition to relish anything, an infinite deal of

amusement. I had told Campbell of the trick they had played me with my clothes, and it immediately became with him a constant theme for rating every Frenchman that passed him.

In the course of the next day a French sergeant came swaggering into the hospital, with an officer's sash tied round him, and stretched out to its utmost breadth. He boasted that he had killed the officer by whom it had been worn.

Twice a day, two of the attendants of the hospital went about with buckets in their hands, one containing small pieces of boiled meat, which was discovered to be horse flesh by the medical people, while another contained a miserable kind of stuff, which they called soup, and a third contained bits of bread. One of the pieces of meat was tossed on each bed with a fork in passing; but the patient had always to make his choice between flesh and bread, and soup and bread, it being thought too much to allow them soup and meat at the same time. I was never so much puzzled in my life as by this alternative. Constantly tormented with thirst, I usually asked for soup, but my hunger, with which I was no less tormented, made me often repent my choice.

While we lay here we were attended by our own surgeons, and had every attention paid us in this respect that we could desire.

In the meantime, arrangements were entered into with Gen. Bisanet, the French commander, for an exchange of prisoners, and in consequence the last of the wounded prisoners were removed in waggons to Rozendaal, on the third day after we had been taken.

On this occasion I was obliged to borrow a pair of trowsers from one of the soldiers, and a coat from my neighbour Mar-

shall of the 55th, who being a tall man and I rather little, it reached half way down my legs. Altogether, I cut rather an odd figure as I started from the hospital. My regimental cap and shoes had, however, escaped the fate of my other habiliments, so, considering circumstances, matters might have been worse. But one trial to my temper still remained which I did not expect: the old rascal, to whom I delivered my clothes when I sent them to be dried, had the unparalleled impudence to make a demand on me for the hospital shirt, with which, in place of my own wet one, I had been supplied on entering the hospital. I was so provoked at this unconscionable request, that I believe I should have answered him with a box on the ear, but my only available hand was too well employed at the time in supporting my trowsers. There was still another reason for my objecting to his demand: before I was taken prisoner, while lying in the vessel, I had managed to conceal some money which happened to be in my pockets on going to the attack; this I had carefully transferred, with due secrecy, to the inferior margin of the hospital shirt, in which it was tied with a garter, when we were preparing to leave the place.

This treasure, though not large, was of some importance to me, and I determined that nothing short of brute force should deprive me of it. My gentleman, however, pertinaciously urged his claim to the aforesaid garment, and a violent altercation ensued between us, in which I had an opportunity of shewing a proficiency in Dutch swearing, that I was not aware of myself till this moment.

My friend Campbell came up at last to my assistance, and discharged such a volley of oaths at the old vampire, that he was fairly beaten out of the field, and I carried away the shirt in triumph.

We were marched out of the town by the Breda Gate to Rozendaal, a distance of about fifteen miles, where we arrived the same night. The French soldiers who had fallen in the conflict had all been removed by this time, but as we proceeded escorted by the victors, many a ghastly corpse of our countrymen met our half averted eyes. They had all been more or less stripped of their clothing, and were turned on their faces. My heart rose at this humiliating spectacle, nor could I breathe freely until we reached the open fields beyond the fortifications.

All who were unable to march were crowded into the waggons which had been prepared for them, while those who were less disabled straggled along the road the best way they could. As may be supposed, there were no needless competitors for the waggon conveyance, for the roads were rough, and every jolt of the vehicles produced groans of agony from the wretched passengers.

On arriving at Wouw, which I took in my way, I explained my absence from the regiment to the satisfaction of the commanding officer. I soon heard of the fate of poor Bulteel (2nd lieutenant, 21st regiment), who fell during this ill-starred enterprise, by a cannon ball, which carried off the top of his head. Never was a comrade more sincerely lamented by his messmates than this most amiable young man. His brother, an officer in the Guards, whom he had met only a few days before, fell the same night.

The captain of my company, and kind friend, McKenzie, had his leg shattered by a shot on the same occasion, and I was informed that he bore the amputation without suffering a groan to escape from him. Four others were more slightly wounded. The dead had all been collected in the church,

and a long trench being dug by the soldiers, they were all next day deposited in the earth without parade, and in silence.

In a few days I proceeded to Rozendaal, where, for the present, the prisoners were to remain. At this place I had more cause than ever to feel grateful for the kindness of my Dutch landladies and landlords; the surgeon who attended me finding it necessary to put me on low diet, and to keep my bed, the sympathy of the good people of the house knew no bounds; not an hour passed but they came to enquire how I was. So disinterested was their unwearied attention, that on leaving them I could not induce them to accept the smallest remuneration.

After some time we went to Klundert, where we were to remain until our exchange should be effected.

Before concluding my narrative of the unfortunate attack on Bergen-op-Zoom, the reader may expect some observations relative to the plan of attack, and the causes of its ultimate failure; but it should be remembered, before venturing to give my opinions on the subject, that nothing is more difficult for an individual attached to any one of the different columns which composed the attacking force than to assign causes for such an unexpected result, particularly when the communication between them has been interrupted.

In a battle in the open field, where every occurrence takes place under the immediate observation of the General, or is speedily communicated to him, faults can be soon remedied, or, at least, it may be afterwards determined, with some degree of accuracy, where they existed. But in a night attack on a fortified place, the case is very different.

As the General of the army cannot be personally present in the attack, any blame which may attach to the undertaking can only affect him in so far as the original plan is concerned; and if this plan succeeds so far that the place is actually surprised, and the attacking force has actually effected a lodgment within it, and even been in possession of the greater part of the place, with a force nearly equal to that of the enemy, no candid observer can attribute the failure to any defect in the arrangements of the General. Nothing, certainly, can be easier than, *after* the event, to point out certain omissions which, had the General been gifted with the spirit of prophecy, *might possibly*, in the existing state of matters, have led to a happier result; but nothing, in my humble opinion, can be more unfair or more uncandid than to blame the unsuccessful commander, when every possible turn which things might take was not provided against, and while it still remains a doubt how far *the remedies proposed* by such critics would have succeeded in the execution.

According to the plan of operations, as stated in Sir Thomas Graham's dispatch, it was directed that the right column, under Major-General Skerret and Brig-General Gore, which entered at the mouth of the harbor, and the left column, under Lord Proby, which Major-Gen. Cooke accompanied in person, and which attacked between the Waterpoort and Antwerp Gates, should move along the ramparts and form a junction. This junction, however, did not take place, as General Cooke had been obliged to change the point of attack, which prevented his gaining the ramparts until half-past eleven o'clock, an hour after

General Skerret entered with the right column; a large detachment of which, under Colonel the Hon. George Carleton and General Gore, had, unknown to him (General Cooke), as it would appear, penetrated along the ramparts far beyond the point where he entered.

The centre column, under Lieut.-Colonel Morrice, which had attacked near the Steenberg lines, being repulsed with great loss, and a still longer delay occurring before they entered by the scaling ladders of General Cooke's column, the enemy had ample opportunity to concentrate their force near the points in most danger. However, notwithstanding all these delays and obstructions, we succeeded, as already stated, in establishing a force equal to that of the enemy along the ramparts.

But still without taking into account the advantage which the attacking force always possess in the alarm and distraction of the enemy (which, however, was more than counterbalanced by our entire ignorance of the place), we could not, in fact, be said to have gained any decided superiority over our adversaries. On the contrary, the chances were evidently against our being able to maintain our position through the night, or until reinforcements could come up. "But why," I have heard it often urged, "were we not made better acquainted with the place?" In answer to this question, it may be observed, that though there can be no doubt that the leaders of the different columns, at least, had seen plans of the place, yet there is a great difference between a personal knowledge of a place and that derived from the best plans, even by daylight: but, in the *night*, the enemy must possess a most decided advantage over their assailants, in their intimate knowledge of all the

communications through the town, as well as in their acquaintance with the bearings of the different works which surround it.

Another circumstance, which must have tended most materially to the unfortunate result of the attack, was, that the two parties, which had been detached from the right column, were deprived of their commanders in the very beginning of the night, by the fall of Generals Skerret and Gore, and Colonel Carleton.

The reader, were I inclined to account for our failure by these early calamities alone, need not go far to find instances in history where the fate of an army has been decided by the fall of its leader.

There are some statements, however, in the excellent account published by Colonel Jones (who must have had the best means of obtaining information on these points), which irresistibly lead the mind to certain conclusions, which, while they tend most directly to exonerate Sir Thomas Graham, as well as the General entrusted with the command of the enterprise, from the blame which has so unfairly been heaped on them, at the same time seem to imply some degree of misconduct on the part of the battalion detached by General Cooke to support the reserve of six hundred men under Lieut.-Colonel Muller, at the Waterpoort Gate.

This battalion, he (Colonel Jones) states, "perceiving the enemy preparing to attack them, after having got possession of the Waterpoort Gate, left the place by crossing the ice." No reason is given why this battalion did not fall back on General Cooke's force at the Orange bastion.

The surrender of the reserve at the Waterpoort Gate

seems to have arisen either from some mistake or from ignorance of the practicability of effecting their escape in another direction, for it does not appear that they were aware of General Cooke's situation. The loss of these two parties seems, therefore, to have been the more immediate cause of the failure of the enterprise; for had both these parties been enabled to form a junction with General Cooke, we should still, notwithstanding our former losses, have been nearly on an equality, in point of numbers, at least, with the enemy.

As matters now stood, after these two losses, which reduced our force in the place to less than half that of the French, General Cooke appears to have done all that could be expected of a prudent and humane commander in surrendering, to prevent a useless expenditure of life, after withdrawing all he could from the place. It would appear, in consequence of the delay that occurred before General Cooke entered the place, and the repulse of Col. Morrice's column, that the plan of the attack had been altered, otherwise it is difficult to account for the proceedings of General Skerret in his attempting to penetrate so far along the ramparts to the left of the entrance of the harbor with so small a force.

In Sir Thomas Graham's dispatch, (as I have already noticed), it is stated that the right column, under General Skerret, and the left under General Cooke, "were directed to form a junction as soon as possible," and "clear the rampart of opponents." From the latter words it is evident that he meant by the nearest way along the ramparts; consequently, according to this arrangement, General Skerret's column, after entering at the mouth of the harbour, should

have proceeded along the ramparts to its right. In this direction, Colonel Carleton had proceeded with 150 men, while General Skerret pushed along the ramparts in the opposite direction; from these circumstances, it is fair to conclude that General Skerret despaired of being able to form a junction with the left column, and therefore wished to force the Steenberg gate, and admit the 21st Fusileers, under Colonel Henry, while Colonel Carleton should form a junction with Colonel Jones.

It is stated in Colonel Jone's account, that General Skerret attempted to fall back on the reserve at the Waterpoort gate, but was prevented by the rising of the tide at the entrance of the harbour. Though it would be rash at this distance of time to venture to contradict this statement, I cannot help thinking that he has been misinformed on this point: for on my joining the party, after opening the Waterpoort gate, I heard nothing of such an attempt having been made; and if they had still entertained the idea of retiring from their position, I could have easily shown them the way by the foot bridge across the harbor, where Colonel Muller had sent a Company of the Royals from the Waterpoort gate. The party were when I came to them, at bastion 14,* to which they had just retired from bastion 13, where General Skerret had been wounded and taken prisoner, and they were now commanded by Captain Guthrie of the 33rd regiment.

It was under the orders of the last mentioned officer that we threw up the log parapet, which was of such use to us during the night. The admirable judgment and coolness

* See the plan at the end of the 2nd Vol. of Colonel Jones' Journals of Sieges, &c.

displayed by this gallant officer, upon whom the command so unexpectedly devolved, cannot be mentioned in too high terms of commendation.

In concluding my narrative, it will, I trust, be admitted, that however much we may deplore the unfortunate issue of the enterprise, and the unforeseen difficulties which tended to frustrate the best concerted plan of operations, there have been few occasions during the war in which the courage and energies of British Soldiers have been put to such a severe test, or have been met by a more gallant and successful resistance on the part of the enemy.

SOUTH AFRICA AND ITS INHABITANTS.

CHAPTER I.

Few subjects are more interesting and instructive than the peculiarities to be observed in those regions of the earth which greatly differ from those of the country we inhabit. From our natural self-love and egotism, we are extremely prone to indulge in a habit of despising all countries but our own, and to pique ourselves on the accidental circumstance of having been born in a locality which we fancy to be superior to all others. In this, as in many other matters, we are much inclined to value ourselves on a circumstance in which we can have no possible merit.

We sometimes hear people say, "Thank God, I am an Englishman:" "Thank God, I am a Scotchman:" "Thank God, I am an Irishman." None are less willing to admit any inferiority in their country than the hardy mountaineers of the North, and none feel more satisfaction in this comfortable prejudice, in spite of the sneer of the well-fed Englishman, who may tell them "that they thank God for a very small mercy."

We are by no means disposed to quarrel with a prejudice which produces, in a great measure that love of Country or patriotism, which is the prolific source of so many virtues, and which tends to make us contented with our lot. Without this happy prejudice in favor of our natal spot, we

should be wanderers over the face of the earth, and but little better than savages.

The first step towards civilization is, when a wandering people have been induced to abandon their migratory habits and when they have been induced to depend on the cultivation of the earth for their future subsistence. Then their numbers greatly increase, because they have more food than was formerly supplied by the destruction of the wild animals of the fields or forest, and with increased wants, the mechanical arts soon begin to take root, and to flourish among them. The Almighty has wisely implanted in our hearts this love of Country or patriotism, in order to promote our improvement and increase our happiness. Instead of indulging in that egotistical feeling which prompts us to treat other countries with contempt, we should rather thank God for giving us that love of country which can make a desert appear like a paradise.

We often despise the inhabitants of other countries, simply because their manners differ from ours. Perhaps none are more illiberal and prejudiced in this respect than the British. They pass through foreign Countries as if they were beings of a superior order,—Scarcely taking the trouble to conceal the contempt they feel for the people. As for associating with them, and adapting themselves to their manners and habits of thinking, in order to get an insight into their character, that is a thing rarely thought of.

On the contrary, they seem to wrap their prejudices around them like a comfortable cloak, as if their very existence depended on them:

In the accounts which every traveller gives of foreign

countries, a contrast or parallel is necessarily drawn between the manners and peculiarities of his own country, and of that which he is describing, and usually everything is considered bad or wrong, which differs from his assumed standard of excellence. In forming our opinions on such subjects, we should endeavour to establish in our own minds a standard of excellence, founded on the abstract idea of what is good in itself. It is only by such means that just ideas can be formed of foreign countries, or of our own.

It is almost unnecessary to make any remarks on the many advantages derived from travelling in different Countries. Every man who desires to understand his own Country and to divest his mind of illiberal prejudices, should travel. If the habit of travelling does not degenerate into a wandering propensity, there will be no danger of the feeling of patriotism being weakened in his mind. On the contrary, he will love his country the more for the excellencies which his more extended observation has brought more distinctly to his view, and his heart will burn with a desire to see those defects remedied, of which he has become sensible by a comparison of his own with other countries.

We generally find that the inhabitants of those countries are the most liberal and tolerant of the opinions of others, among whom there is the greatest amount of travelling. By means of the increased knowledge obtained in this manner, we soon perceive that many of those peculiarities, for which we have felt inclined to censure the inhabitants of other countries, are the inevitable effects of circumstances over which they have little control—for the very climate of a country exercises a powerful influence over the character of the inhabitants.

While treating of South Africa and its inhabitants, these circumstances should be borne in-mind. The climate, and other circumstances of that country, are so different from those of Canada, that there may be some difficulty in conveying intelligible ideas of its peculiarities. We shall, therefore, in the first place, endeavor to describe the climate and the surface of the country

Most of our readers know that the Cape of Good Hope, or South Africa, as it is now more commonly called, is situated within the thirty-fifth degree of south latitude. The situation of the country, in some measure, accounts for its climate. Lying to the south of the intertropical regions of the vast continent of Africa, its climate is necessarily arid, being beyond the influence of the tropical rains, which recur at regular periods every year. Independently of this cause of aridity, the structure of the country itself is unfavorable to the formation of rivers and springs of water.

Our intelligent readers need not be told that the idea, that water circulates through the veins of the earth like blood or sap in organized beings, has been long discarded. The earth may retain the moisture that falls from the clouds, and it may raise water a certain height by capillary attraction, as in a sponge, but no regular circulation of fluids can be maintained without organization and motion. The sea, in fact, is the true source of all our springs and rivers, which are supplied by the filtration of the rains and dews which the heat of the sun has drawn up from the great waters, as beautifully described in the Psalm:—

“Thou hast set their bounds which they shall not pass, neither turn again to cover the earth.

“He sendeth the springs into the rivers, which run among the hills. All beasts of the field drink thereof, and the wild asses quench their thirst.

“Beside them shall the fowls of the air have their habitation, and sing among the branches.

“He watereth the hills from above: the earth is filled with the fruit of thy works.”

The heat of the sun in South Africa, must draw up prodigious quantities of water from the ocean: but without the aid of extensive mountainous tracts of land to attract and retain the clouds and invisible vapour, their boundless supplies of fertilizing moisture will be borne away on the “viewless winds of heaven.”

In South Africa there are immense chains of mountains extending parallel to, and at distances of from ten to sixteen miles from the coast. These chains extend the whole length of the Colony, like immense walls; but they have no greater breadth than ten or fifteen miles, and, of course, their power of feeding springs and rivers is very limited. The clouds are arrested by the mountains as they are carried by the prevailing south-east winds from the sea, and the rain often descends on the mountains or on the south side of them; but it does not last long enough effectually to penetrate the hard clay soil, or it is rapidly carried off in torrents to the sea, without adding materially to the fertility of the soil.

On those parts of the East coast of the colony where the mountains nearly approach the sea, moisture is always most abundant. This observation applies more or less to all countries. It is a curious fact that while on the south side of these chains of mountains, or that next the sea,

there are frequent showers of rain; to the *north* of the same chain, rain sometimes does not fall for twelve or fifteen months together.

The prevailing south-east winds which come from the sea, has the effect of greatly lowering the temperature. The climate of the Cape of Good Hope is one of the most delightful in the world. Swamps, ague, and mosquitoes, and most of the other plagues of moist and warm climates, are almost unknown. The air is kept almost always in motion; which so greatly moderates the heat of the climate, that in the summer months the thermometer ranges only from 80 to 90, and in winter from 40 to 65.

There are very few extensive forests in South Africa, situated, however, between the first chain of mountains and the sea; but, generally speaking, the country is bare of wood, with the exception of small copses of low trees and bushes, scattered here and there over the open country, and small woods situated in the deep and sheltered ravines of the mountains. There are also extensive jungles of low trees and bushes, extending far into the interior, along the deep beds of the rivers. The dryness of the climate, and the violence of the winds, are both circumstances very unfavorable to the growth of timber.

Forests may be said to be both the cause and the effect of moisture, and it may be supposed by those unacquainted with South Africa, that the surface of the country, may at some former period, have been covered with woods. It is impossible to conjecture with any degree of probability, what the climate of South Africa may have been at some very remote period in the physical history of the world; but there are certainly no positive indications now remain-

ing on its surface, of the former existence of extensive forests, where they are not found at the present day. Forests in South Africa are now only found where the lofty mountains approach the sea, and in the deep ravines and fissures of the mountains.

Had the open country been formerly covered with wood, as in America, it is probable that some of those indications of ancient forests would still be visible, as in this country, particularly as but a very small portion of the surface has ever been broken up by the plough. In no instance have we observed those little cavities and hillocks which are formed by trees which have been thrown down by the winds. Had the country ever been entirely covered with forests, it is probable that by attracting the clouds and moisture from the sea, a perpetual humidity would have been preserved, and the soil have been rendered more generally susceptible of cultivation.

Another cause of the dryness of the climate, may be found in its very uneven surface, and the almost total absence of snow. In Canada, during the long winter, inexhaustible stores of moisture are laid up in the interior for summer use. The inclination or slope of the ground to the sea is extremely gradual, and consequently the escape of the waters is retarded. By this happy arrangement of Divine Providence, Canada is rendered one of the most favored countries in the world, by its capabilities of cultivation, and of supporting a dense and industrious population. In South Africa it has been ordered otherwise; and a number of circumstances conspire to render its soil arid and incapable, in its present state, of supporting a large population. To most of these causes we have already alluded,

and we need only further state, in elucidation of this part of our subject, that though rains are unfrequent, when they do fall they are in great quantity, and there would be, probably, no want of the moisture necessary for cultivation were it not for the hardness and impenetrability of the soil, and the facility for its escape to the rivers and ocean.

Among the peculiarities of South Africa, the wide and deep beds of the rivers are the most remarkable, when compared with the small quantity of water that runs in them. In travelling along the Eastern coast of the Colony in an open waggon—the usual mode of travelling—a whole day is sometimes spent in crossing one of these deep ravines. The extent and breadth of these ravines may be conceived, when you are informed that a waggon drawn by twelve of the long legged oxen of the country, usually travels at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles a day.

These river ravines are scooped out to a depth of 400 or 500 feet below the general level of the country; and the distance between their high banks, in a direct line, is often not less than ten or twelve miles. On reaching the base of one of these high banks, no river or stream of any kind is visible for many miles; but the traveller proceeds along a level and arid track of land thickly covered with copses of low wood and brushes, until he reaches what is called "the river," in its narrow channel, and in which, for the greater part of the year, there is scarcely sufficient water to turn the wheel of a mill! Sometimes—perhaps once in nine or ten years—heavy and long continued rains produce a flood in these rivers, when the whole of the flat ground, several miles in breadth, is overflowed.

It seems inconceivable that such rivers as are found in

South Africa, could ever have excavated such hollows. The mind is lost in doubt and perplexity, in the vain endeavor to reconcile such effects with such inadequate causes. It is observed that these plains, extending along the margin of the so-called rivers, and their mountainous banks, are elevated but a very few feet above the level of the sea. The rounded, water-worn stones and gravel, found on every part of those river flats, show, beyond a doubt, that they have for a long time been covered with water.

Taking these circumstances together, instead of attributing the formation of these vast channels or valleys to the action of the rivers, we are more inclined to believe that they were formed originally, by some grand convulsion of nature, and that the level surface of the plains along the rivers, was produced by the action of the sea, when it stood at a higher level than at present. In all probability the sea suddenly receded, or rather the land on these plains was suddenly raised above its level, and the rivers gradually formed the smaller channel they now occupy.

From what has been said the reader will readily perceive that the climate of South Africa is as different from that of Canada as it is possible to conceive.

With the exception of a lofty chain of mountains and a tract of elevated plains far in the interior of the country, snow is almost unknown on the high grounds. That tract, called the "Sniew Bergen," or snowy mountains, is occupied during the summer by the Dutch colonists, with their immense flocks of sheep and cattle; but in winter they remove to other farms in the low country, to avoid the cold, and the necessity of foddering their cattle, which is never required in other parts of the colony.

To give a general idea of the surface of the country, in as few words as possible, we shall endeavour to present to your minds a section of the colony, commencing at the seacoast at any point to the eastward of what is more properly called the Cape of Good Hope, which is the Southern extremity of South Africa, and proceeding inland.

All along the eastern as well as the western coast of the colony, extend huge chains of sand hills of dazzling whiteness, and in many places not less than three or four hundred feet high. The sand is generally of a calcareous nature, being formed of the comminuted particles of sea shells, ground into powder by the constant action of the surf, which breaks without intermission on the beach, and with a noise more stunning than that of the Falls of Niagara. The south-east wind throws up the sand in lofty irregular ridges—in some places extending for more than three miles in breadth from the beach to the nearest habitable land. The wind, blowing almost always in one direction from the sea, is continually adding to the extent of the land along the coast.

It is interesting to observe the progressive steps by which this moving sand is gradually rendered productive by the hand of nature.

For some time the sand hills attain but a moderate elevation; but gradually the action of the rain and air seems to decompose the sea shells a little below the surface, where the sand has been rendered more compact by the weight of the superincumbent matter, and thus several thin crusts of soft limestone are formed, which give consistency to the mass, and create a foundation for further augmentation, and a repetition of the same process.

While these operations are going on, a variety of creeping plants and shrubs take root in the loose sand on the surface, and binding it together form by their decay a more productive soil. In this manner high hills on several parts of the coast have originally been formed. They are now covered with grass and low woods, and often exceed five hundred or six hundred feet in height.

No one who has not closely examined their structure would suppose that the calcareous sand of which they are formed was originally supplied by a colony of shell fish on a narrow reef of rocks in the ocean. Yet such is nature. Still working stupendous changes on the face of the earth, by means almost imperceptible to our senses or reason.

Among the productions of these sandhills which are useful to man, the *berry wax* is most worthy of notice. The *berry wax* is much used by the Dutch colonists, when mixed with an equal quantity of tallow, for making candles, and it is sold in the Capetown market at the same price as tallow. The small tree which bears these useful berries seldom grows above eight or ten feet high. The berries are of the size of peas, of a dark green colour, and covered with a light blue flour. At the proper season skins are spread on the sand below the bushes, and they are then beaten with long sticks, and it appears that the more the bushes are broken and mangled in this way, the more the tree thrives. This puts one in mind of the ungallant English proverb carried down among the lower classes from a barbarous age—

“ A woman, a spaniel, a walnut tree,
The more you beat them the better they'll be.”

When a sufficient quantity of the berries has been gathered, they are boiled in large pots with water until the

wax is melted and rises to the surface, when it is skimmed off and put into vessels to cool. The berry wax, when it is cool, forms a hard cake, which rings like iron when struck. It is much more brittle than bee's wax, and it seems to be more of the nature of fat than wax, but its dusky green colour prevents it from being so generally used as it otherwise would be. We are not prepared to say whether this tree is the same as one of similar qualities found in the sandhills of the Southern States of America.

On leaving the sandhills, for forty or fifty miles, you pass through a country covered with hills of a moderate elevation. The country, in many places, between the sandhills on the coast and the first range of mountains, is entirely composed of ridgy hills, which are known by the expressive local appellation of "Ruggens" or "backs," without anything like a plain or level tract of ground between them. In some few places the part of this hilly country nearest to the sea is covered with luxuriant vegetation, or a grass two or three feet high, with a seed resembling oats. Where this is the case there is generally a much larger proportion of calcareous matter, or pulverized sea shells, mixed with silicious sand. The soil thus acquires the power of attracting a large portion of moisture from the atmosphere, and of thus resisting the natural dryness of the climate.

While we resided at the Cape, we had an opportunity of observing the extraordinary and almost incredible fertility of this kind of soil. Dutch farmers, who had resided for more than forty years on the coast, near Cape Padron, had sown wheat on the same ground every year for the whole of that time without using manure of any kind, and

without any other preparation than one ploughing, and yet they reaped crops yielding from forty to sixty fold, and no diminution of fertility was perceptible in the soil. In general, however, the country between the coast and the mountains, though naturally fertile, with the aid of artificial irrigation, is parched during the summer months, and the wheat crops fail, in consequence of drought, every four or five years.

There is generally a great scarcity of water throughout the belt of land between the mountain and the sea.

During the winter months small streams are found in many of the valleys, but in the dry season they are found standing in muddy pools, where the numerous flocks of the farmers are supplied with water. In this tract of country the colonists seldom cultivate anything but wheat, and, in many instances, they are supported entirely by the produce of their flocks. Their supplies of other articles of food—such as pumpkins, beans, peas, lentils, and other vegetables—are procured from the farmers who live along the base of the mountains, where the rains and springs are more abundant. In this tract of country there is little or no fruit, on account of the hardness and dryness of the soil. The land is ploughed for wheat, which, as we have already observed, is almost the only crop which the farmers attempt to raise, at the season when the ground has been softened by the rains. At other times ploughing would be impossible.

In passing through this hilly and undulating country, towards the mountains, you must not imagine that we are travelling along a well beaten road, fenced on each side, as in Canada, or that the road is traceable by means of the deep ruts of the waggon wheels. No; fences are almost

unknown in South Africa. Nothing there is fenced in but the gardens, orchards, and vineyards of the farmers. Their grain crops are left without fence of any kind, the farmers taking care to drive their cattle to a distance in the morning, and when they are brought home in the evening they are secured in an enclosure, formed by drawing mimosa trees, with their long sharp thorns in a circle. These enclosures are called "Kraals" by the Dutch; and here the manure of the cattle accumulates in a number of years, until it is often nine or ten feet high.

The surface of the ground is so hard that the wheels of a heavily laden waggon scarcely leave a mark behind them. Little clumps of low wood are seen scattered here and there with their dense dark green foliage, which the rays of the sun cannot penetrate, affording a grateful shade to the traveller who has been riding twenty or thirty miles in the scorching sun over these arid hills. Here, if there is no farm-house near, he unsaddles his horse, secures him by tying his neck to one of his fore legs, and turns him out to graze during the heat of the day.

The picture we have given of this part of the country may not, at first sight, appear very attractive, but still it has its charms. There is a delightful feeling of boundless freedom in galloping over the fields of South Africa, unconfined by fences and "improvements."

Nature, in her wildest scenes, is everywhere beautiful, and the heart, weary and tired of the artificial, feels a wild, indescribable pleasure in luxuriating on the face of the earth as God made it.

As you speed along over hill and dale, you see whole herds of antelopes quietly grazing, with their sentinel on

the look out, to warn them of approaching danger. There, a troop of quaggas are galloping along the slope of a hill; there a troop of ostriches, with outstretched wings, are scouring along like the wind. The number of these wild animals of the desert the traveller encounters, in a ride of thirty or forty miles, is truly wonderful. We have counted fifty or sixty antelopes in a troop, and of one species of antelopes—the "*spring bucks*"—troops of two or three hundred, and sometimes, in the remote interior, of thousands, are met with every day in some parts of the colony. But we shall not stop in this place to describe the wild animals of Africa.

On approaching the magnificent chain of mountains, which extend along the whole eastern coast of South Africa, the scene suddenly changes. Towering up to the height of 3500 or 4000 feet above the valley at their base, these mountains present a bold and precipitous face towards the sea coast on the south. They may be seen stretching away east and west to an immense distance, sometimes overhanging their base, and always presenting a clear and well defined outline against the deep blue and cloudless sky. These mountains are generally united in one continuous range, like a gigantic wall, but divided here and there by wide ravines, with woods and lofty perpendicular precipices rising one above another. Deep gorges often penetrate far into the mountain barrier, with perpendicular rocks on either hand, rising to the height of 700 or 800 feet, and filled with lofty trees.

From these arid ravines and gorges little rivulets pour their fertilizing streams into the valley beneath, where they are utilized for various purposes. In one place an overshot

mill may be seen, with the white water shining in the sun. In another the water is led out to irrigate a beautiful orchard or vineyard. There you may see rows of orange trees, with their brilliant dark green foliage studded with their golden fruit.

So productive are the orange trees in that country that we have seen a whole waggon load of ripe fruit gathered at one time from a single tree, leaving twice as much not yet ripe on the tree.

We shall not describe all the varieties of fruit trees found in the South African orchards. We may merely mention the great quantities of peaches, which are more plentiful than apples are with us in Canada, and are considered of so little value that the wandering Hottentots are often allowed to carry them away in their bags. A beautiful level valley from half a mile to two or three miles in width, watered by numerous rivulets, and studded with pretty white farm houses every two or three miles, extends along the base of the mountains.

It is along the base of these mountains that the most beautiful and picturesque scenery is to be found; and certainly we have seen nothing in any degree comparable to it in any other part of the world. The mountains are generally destitute of wood, with the exception of the small forests found in the deep and almost inaccessible ravines. They are, however, covered all the way up their sides to the very summits with lofty flowering shrubs and heaths, from six to ten feet high, and near the base the air is loaded with the rich and almost oppressive perfume of the luxuriant shrubs of geranium.

In ascending the mountains, the pedestrian is often

roused from his reveries amidst these wild solitudes of nature, by the hissing of some poisonous snake at his feet, or by the sudden harsh bark of a startled troop of baboons, as they scamper up the steep rocks with their fellows, stopping from time to time to survey, with grave and solemn aspect, the intruder on his savage domain.

As he approaches the rocks on the verge of the deep ravines, he may perceive the nimble "*Klip Springer*," or Rock Antelope, gliding along the face of the inaccessible precipice as if by magic, or the "*Rock Rabbit*" running up the smooth face of the rocks from cliff to cliff.

The conies, or "*rock rabbits*" of the Holy Scripture, there can be little doubt, are the rock rabbits found in Palestine, as well as in South Africa, and the wild goats were probably antelopes, similar to those we have been describing.

"The high hills are a refuge to the '*wild goats*,' and the *rocks* for the *conies*."

The rock rabbit is furnished by nature with a soft, fleshy foot, which enables it to ascend the steepest and narrowest rocks without slipping.

On crossing the first chain of mountains you descend into an elevated plain, many feet higher than the well watered valley on the side next the sea. This plain is nearly level, and of vast extent. The soil is a bright red clay, like burned brick, which is generally called "*Karoo*," being a Hottentot word adopted into the Dutch African dialect. The whole country to the north of the first chain of mountains is generally known by the name of "*The Karoo*."

Wherever springs can be obtained to water the land, the

soil of the "Karoo" is of extraordinary fertility. One bushel of wheat sown generally yields from eighty to one hundred fold, and it is curious to see waving crops of green corn and trees loaded with fruit on one small space of cultivated and well watered land, while all around it is a howling wilderness—all bleak and desolate.

Any one unacquainted with the country would not suppose, from the appearance of "*The Karroo*," that it was capable of furnishing nourishment for sheep and cattle. The grass is almost always withered and scorched by the drought and heat of the sun, and verdure is never seen during the summer or dry season, but for a few days after a thunder storm, when the rain has moistened the arid ground.

But Providence even here has supplied abundant nourishment to the wild animals of the desert as well as for cattle and sheep. The Karroo is plentifully sprinkled with a kind of low shrubby plant, which the Dutch call "*Spek-boom*" or "*fat tree*." This plant is covered with round, fleshy, succulent leaves of an agreeable acid taste, resembling that of the "*caper*."

"When the grass fails, the sheep and cattle subsist on these leaves, and even become fat. Sometimes, however, the drought is so great that even the "*Spek-boom*" fails to afford sufficient nourishment. Then the cattle die in great numbers, unless they are driven away to better pastures.

Many sheep farmers on the "Karoo" plains support their flocks by driving them about from place to place, resting for a few days or weeks, wherever a thunder shower has moistened the arid soil and made the grass to spring

up. These farmers, with their wives and children, live in their covered waggons, or sleep on the ground like the wandering Tartars. They mostly subsist entirely on animal food, eating fat mutton at every meal, and using goat's flesh with it by way of vegetables.

It is said that scanty fare sharpens the wits, as it does the appetite. It may very well be supposed that the soul cannot be very active or brilliant that goes to sleep every night and for two or three hours in the middle of the day on such substantial fare as fat mutton and goat's flesh, without a speck of care in the horizon to disturb its slumbers or rouse it from its torpor. We have often seen these huge farmers and their equally substantial "frows" grow to such an unweildy size, that they could not sit side by side in their waggons, but were compelled to sit one behind the other. They have not often the jocund, round shining faces and sparkling eyes of our countrymen, who seem to grow fat in spite of themselves.

The Cape Dutch farmer is a torpid sluggish being. He grows fat, because he knows no better amusement than eating, and conceives that obesity greatly adds to the dignity of his appearance, and raises him far above the level of the lean and despised Hottentot. Nothing seems capable of rousing these people from their phlegmatic indifference. If, by way of amusing them, you endeavour to describe to them some of the wonders of art in countries more advanced in the arts of civilization, they will, indeed, roll their great eyes in stupid wonderment, but they speedily relapse into their usual state of cold apathy.

While we cannot help feeling some degree of contempt for these lordly mountains of inanimate flesh, we must not

allow ourselves to blame them too much. The stock farmer of the "Karoo" is not much worse than the circumstances of the country have made him. He inhabits a country which cannot be cultivated by the plough, and which is incapable of supporting a dense population, and, of course, lacks those motives which should call forth his ingenuity and stimulate his industry.

It is a principle in human nature that men always endeavour to live with as little toil or manual labor as may be consistent with their habits or ideas of comfort. It is as vain to preach up industry to those who can live without toil as to tell a man to eat when he has no appetite.

Those countries are generally the most advanced in civilization where the greatest amount of energy and labor was *formerly* required to procure constant supply of food. England and France, for instance, owe the industry of their population to the bold and energetic races that poured into them from the rude North; and, in general, it may be observed, that the progress of a people in the arts of civilized life is invariably in proportion to the facility of obtaining food. We shall not, however, dwell longer on this subject in this place, but proceed with our description of the country.

"The Karroo," or great central plain of South Africa is traversed by several low ranges of hills, running, for the most part, parallel to the mountain ranges. In some quarters, however, a very singular appearance is presented, which has given rise to much interesting speculation among the geologists who have visited this remote region.

A number of hills arise on these plains quite detached from each other, with tops perfectly level, and all of

exactly the same height, so that horizontal lines drawn from the summit of any one of them, would rest on the flat tops of the others. An inspection of the summits of these hills leaves no doubt on the mind of the geologist that they form parts of what was once a great elevated plain on a level with their summits, but *how* the land between them has been removed is a question hard of solution.

The whole surface of these plains is covered with prodigious multitudes of the various species of antelopes found in the colony, with numerous herds of other animals. Some species of the antelopes are gregarious: others are only found in pairs. Most of them inhabit the open country, but two or three species of them live in the woods, and so well defined are their peculiar habits that it is almost impossible to drive some species of antelopes into the woods, or to drive others out of them. Another remarkable fact is, that several species of antelopes inhabit a particular tract of land, as between two rivers, and are never found beyond the range which nature or habit has assigned them. They seem to have been intended purposely to inhabit a particular locality. Several varieties of this numerous class of animals have been utterly extirpated by the colonists; and some others, in spite of their being protected by law, by severe penalties imposed on their destruction, seem destined to disappear from the earth in a few years.

The most numerous of the antelope tribe, are the *Spring bocks*, which roam over the "Karoo," in countless herds, despising every obstruction. It sometimes happens that a numerous herd of "*spring-bocks*" is intercepted in its course by a long string of farmers' waggons, drawn by twelve oxen each, journeying into the interior. When this hap-

pens, the "*spring-bocks*" do not deviate from their course, but leap and bound over the waggons and oxen like grass-hoppers, and the farmers have sometimes shot them while in the air. No dog, however swift, can catch the "*spring-bock*"; for though its speed is not very great, the moment a dog is about to seize it, it leaps up in the air to a great height, and his pursuer is thus constantly baffled.

On these plains are also found large flocks of Ostriches, Quaggas, and Zebras, and other animals, the names and description of which would be tiresome to our hearers.

Far in the interior, beyond the limits of the colony, the gentle cameleopard or giraffe is found browsing upon the leaves of the graceful thorny mimosa, from the rough bark of which the gum arabic exudes in considerable quantities. The climate of South Africa, however, is not sufficiently warm to enable the mimosa to produce this gum in great abundance. The gum senegal, or common gum arabic of commerce, being gathered from the trees by the natives of the intertropical regions of that continent.

The elephants and buffaloes of the Cape, are generally found in company with each other, near the coast, for water in abundance seems almost essential to their nature and habits. We have seen eighty or a hundred elephants in one troop browsing among the thick bushes on the banks of the Great Fish river and Bosjesman's river; and we have often seen more than four hundred or five hundred buffaloes grazing quietly near the edge of the high woods in the same part of the country. As the country becomes more settled or frequented by man, these animals retire sullenly into the dark shades of the high woods, where it is often very dangerous to attack them.

The Karroo is the native country of the lion, where he follows the steps of the "*Spring-bocks*" and other animals, or follows the track of the solitary Hottentot, urging on his scared horse, in the hope of reaching some place of safety before night-fall. The lion is rarely found now near the coast, but to make amends for his absence, we have the elephant, the buffalo, the wild boar, the leopard, the hyena, and jackall, all tolerably destructive in their way, and some of them, such as the elephant, buffalo and leopard, sufficiently dangerous to afford the excitement which is so fascinating to the sportsman.

The destructive locusts are generally found spreading desolation over some portions of the arid plains of the interior of the colony. They first appear in innumerable swarms, as thick as snow flakes, and darken the sun like a cloud. Wherever they alight, every trace of vegetation disappears in a few hours. They devour the grass into the very roots in the ground, and strip the leaves from every tree and bush. The first swarms are somewhat nice and epicurish in their tastes, selecting the tenderest and sweetest grasses for their repast. The next swarms that succeed them, leave nothing; but devour every green herb or leaf indiscriminately. Sometime after the mischief is done, they are followed by prodigious numbers of small birds of a particular species, who feast on these destructive insects and devour them in the air with such extraordinary avidity, that they are soon entirely destroyed. These birds take in the whole body of the locust at one snap of their bills. The extended wings of the locusts are cut off at the same time, and fall to the earth in a thick shower of glittering flakes, which has a most singular appearance, resembling a snow storm. We

have never, ourselves, witnessed the onslaught of these locust birds, but we have been told by those who have, that they have ridden for miles where the wings of the locusts had fallen so thick on the ground, that their horses hoofs were covered with them. These swarms of locusts once visited the sea-coast where we resided in South Africa, which they had not done for forty years before.

There, however, they were not followed by the birds, but they were at last swept into the sea by a violent wind, and we afterwards saw their bodies washed up along the shore, for many miles, two or three feet high. Whenever the sun sets, down drop the destroyers, wherever they may be at the time, and they may be seen thickly covering the branches of the trees and shrubs. One year they deposited their eggs in the ground, and the next season the young locusts, without wings, black, and about an inch long, commenced their destructive progress. On they went in myriads over every obstruction, devouring every thing before them.

When their route was intercepted by a small rivulet, the foremost ranks of the marauders were forced into the water, and their bodies formed a bridge for those that followed. In this respect, these insects resemble in no small degree the human race; for every one knows that the boldest and most enterprising in the race of invention and improvement seldom live to reap the fruit of their discoveries, but have to content themselves with having the honor to be used as a convenient bridge, by those who follow, but who are too dull, or too timid to lead the way themselves.

Before concluding our observations on the Karroo plains, we may mention the curious fact, that drawings of some animal, resembling the *unicorn*, which is looked upon as a

fabulous creation, are found in several cases, executed by the Bosjesman Hottentots, who are remarkable for possessing a great natural genius for drawing and imitation of every kind. The curiosity of the world has been frequently excited by accounts of the actual existence of the *unicorn* in the interior of India. Similar accounts have often reached the colonists of South Africa from individuals of some of the native tribes of the interior, but this wonderful animal has hitherto eluded the search of man, if it actually exists in any part of the world. When we reflect on the number of wild animals which have disappeared, or been destroyed by man since the creation of the world, it by no means seems incredible that such an animal as the *unicorn*, entirely distinct from the rhinoceros, *may* have existed in some remote age in the world.

The description of all the animals that are found in this colony would, we fear, be tiresome; and, to do justice to the subject, would require wider limits than would be admissible in a work of this nature. Before concluding, however, we shall venture to give a short account of the large natural Salt Lakes found in some parts of South Africa, but chiefly near the sea-coast.

These lakes are found generally within a few miles of the sea, with which, however, they have no visible connection. They are usually found on flat table-lands, several hundred feet above its level, and are supplied by salt springs running into or rising beneath their bottoms. The great evaporation occasioned by the heat of the sun forms a thick crust of salt over the whole surface of these lakes, which gives them exactly the appearance of being covered with ice and snow. The Salt Lakes are often three or four

miles in circumference, and they yield a large quantity of this necessary article, sufficient for the demands of a large portion of the colony. In most instances, they are the property of the Colonial Government, and a considerable revenue is raised by the sale of licences to gather salt to the farmers.

Abundance of strong, large-grained salt is found at all times of the year, excepting immediately after rains, when the surface of the lakes is covered with water, but which is soon evaporated by the sun. The farmers proceed to the lakes with spades and hoes, and a few hours' labor is sufficient to enable them to load their waggons. In the interior of the colony salt is a valuable article, as they are obliged to procure their supplies from the coast, and some of the tribes of the natives in the interior seem to have as great a relish for salt as our children have for sugar. This salt, however useful and necessary it may be for common domestic purposes, is not well adapted for curing meat which has to be kept a long time, as it extracts too much of its fat and nutritive juices. This is generally attributed to its containing too much nitre or saltpetre.

The whole of South Africa abounds in salt or brackish springs, and, in fact, almost all the small streams and rivulets in every part of the colony are, more or less, impregnated with common salt or with sulphate of magnesia. In no part of the colony, however far removed from the sea-coast, is it necessary to give salt to cattle, as in Canada. The reason of this is obvious, from what has been said.

In this part of my work I have endeavoured to give you a general idea of the country and its appearance, while

travelling from the coast to a central part of it, towards the stupendous chain of lofty mountains that bounds the most populous part of the colony to the north, and which follows a direction nearly parallel with the coast. As I proceeded, however, a variety of interesting matter presented itself to my mind, and I found I could not say all I desired without too much exhausting your patience. If, however, I have been so fortunate as to have in any degree excited your curiosity respecting a country which, from a long residence in my youthful days, has become as dear to me as my native country, I shall be happy, in another chapter, to continue my observations on South Africa, and give you a more particular account of its inhabitants, the Dutch, the Hottentots, and of the brave and intelligent Kaffirs, who are now maintaining a desperate and hopeless struggle with the colonists and the British forces.

On the present occasion, having brought you to the confines of the wild and desolate Karroo, beyond the lofty mountains, I cannot better conclude this chapter than by reading to you the beautiful and very original poem of my late lamented friend and fellow-colonist in South Africa—Thomas Pringle—which contains a most vivid picture of the South African Desert. I shall merely observe in this place that Mr. Pringle resided for many years in the interior of the Cape Colony, where he had settled with his whole family, after having for several years devoted himself to literary pursuits. He afterwards returned to England, where he became Secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society.

He devoted his whole life—and few lives have been more useful—to a manful and determined resistance of oppression, for which so many of his countrymen have been dis-

tinguished, and in zealously advocating the cause of humanity and justice.

His health failed him, in consequence of over-exertion; but he was so happy as to live to see the great work of emancipation completed. Supported by the noblest motives that can actuate the heart of a brave and truly benevolent man, he struggled on against the stream to the last, little regarding the puny attempt of the sordid and mercenary Satrap who would have crushed every noble effort to benefit a colony he then so shamefully misgoverned. He sacrificed his life to his principles. Would to God that all could give as good an account of their stewardship:—

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-Boy alone by my side:
 When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
 And sick of the present, I turn to the past;
 When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
 From the fond recollections of former years;
 And shadows of things that have long since fled,
 Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead;
 Bright visions of glory, that vanish too soon;
 Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's noon,
 Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft,
 Companions of early days, lost or left;
 And my native land, whose magical name
 Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
 The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime;
 All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
 When the feelings were young and the world was new,
 Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;

All, all now forsaken, forgotten, forgone!
 And I, a lone exile remembered of none:
 My high aims abandoned, my good acts undone;
 And weary of all that is under the sun:
 With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
 O, fly to the Desert afar from man!

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-Boy alone by my side;
 When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption and strife,
 The proud man's frown, the base man's fear,
 The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,
 And malice and meanness, and falsehood and folly,
 Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
 When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
 And my soul is sick with the bondsman's sigh,
 Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
 Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
 There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
 And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
 With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
 The only law of the Desert land!
 Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-Boy alone by my side!
 Away, away from the dwellings of men,
 By the wild Deer's haunt, by the Buffalo's glen;
 In valleys remote where the oribi plays,
 Where thegnu, the gazelle, and the harte-beast graze,
 And the Koodoo and Eland unhunted recline
 By the skirts of grey forests o'erhung with wild vine—
 Where the Elephant browses at peace in his wood,
 And the River-Horse gambols unscared in the flood,
 And the mighty Rhinoceros wallows at will
 In the fen where the Wild-Ass is drinking his fill.
 Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-Boy alone by my side:

O'er the brown Karroo, where the bleating cry
 Of the Spring-buck's fawn sounds plaintively ;
 And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
 Is heard by the fountain at twilight grey ;
 Where the Zebra wantonly tosses his mane
 With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain,
 And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
 Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
 Hieing away to the home of his rest ;
 Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
 Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
 In the pathless depths of the parched Karroo.
 Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-Boy alone by my side.
 Away, away, in the wilderness vast,
 Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
 And the quivered Coranna and Bechuan
 Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan :
 A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
 Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear ;
 Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
 With the twilight bat from the yawning stone,
 Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
 Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot ;
 And the bitter melon for food and drink,
 Is the pilgrim's fare by the Salt Lake's brink.
 A region of drought, where no river glides,
 Nor rippling brook with osiered sides :
 Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
 Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
 Appears to refresh the aching eye ;
 But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
 And the blank horizon, round and round,
 Spread—void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night-winds round one sigh,
 And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,

As I sit apart by the desert stone,
 Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
 A still small voice comes through the wild
 (Like a father consoling his fretful child),
 Which banishes bitterness, wrath and fear,
 Saying—man is distant, but God is near !

CHAPTER II.

In the last chapter I could only give you a slight sketch of the most remarkable features of South Africa. I shall now conduct you to Cape Town, the capital of the colony, and endeavour to give you such a description of that prosperous town and the surrounding country as my short residence in that locality will permit.

After a long voyage, of nearly three months, from England, it may be supposed that the sight of any land would be agreeable ; and when to this natural feeling is added that indescribable charm which is always associated with novelty to youthful and sanguine minds, you may readily conceive the unbounded delight with which we surveyed, for the first time, the celebrated "Cape of Storms."

Long before we came within sight of any other part of the coast of South Africa, Table Mountain, which rises to the height of 3582 feet, was distinctly visible from the deck of our vessel. As we neared the land, the mountain seemed to rise higher and higher out of the sea, and hill after hill became visible, until the whole magnificent panorama was stretched out and around us.

The first aspect of the country was somewhat wild and forbidding. The larger objects first attract our attention

as we approach the land, while the smaller, on which the beauty of a landscape so much depends, escape our notice. At a distance form and outlines are always well defined in the clear and unclouded sky of a warm southern latitude; but colours are not distinguishable until we are close to the shore.

As we sailed into Table Bay, we beheld the beautiful town, with its white flat-roofed houses, laid out in regular streets, on a sloping hill, at the base of the mountain, which towered up in all its grandeur almost immediately behind it. The face of the mountain was exceedingly steep, and terminated at the top in lofty perpendicular crags, with a deep fissure or "kloof" through the rocks near the centre. It is by climbing through this wild fissure among fallen rocks and bushes that travellers are enabled to reach the summit of the mountain.

Along the base, facing the town, Table Mountain is skirted with thick woods of the "silver tree." These woods are not lofty, but are very valuable for fire wood, which is scarce and dear in Cape Town. The "*silver tree*," in its native state, is found in no other part of the world than around Table Mountain, though it has been planted successfully in some other parts of the colony.

It is curious to observe, in the construction of Cape Town, that taste for canals and ditches, which seems to be as natural to Dutchmen as water to ducks. In every street there is a deep ditch on each side, wanting nothing but flat ground, stagnant water, and frogs, to render it an exact representation of a Dutch village. The houses are all built two stories high, of stone or brick, plastered smoothly over, and whitewashed with lime.

As I have already observed, the houses are almost all flat roofed, so that in the streets, near the sea, where there are no detached buildings, a person might walk along the whole length of a street on the top of the houses. Every house has its promenade or "stoop" along the whole of its front, with seats at each end, built of stone or brick, and neatly plastered and ornamented with lime or stucco.

The Dutch are all early risers; and if an Englishman in easy circumstances could persuade himself to get up at five in the morning, he would see most of the steady-going Dutchmen quietly seated on their "stoops" in their morning gowns and slippers, smoking their pipes, and drinking their cups of coffee or "tea water."

In proceeding along the streets towards the outskirts of the town, there are many beautiful houses and pretty cottages, with broad verandahs, shaded by luxuriant vines, with the rich and tempting fruit hanging in large bunches over head, yielding a delicious coolness.

Beyond the town, and all round the mountain, wherever cultivation is practicable, the land is covered with vines, growing without support, like currant bushes, and thickly studded with delightful cottages, covered with vines led along high frames.

Cape Town, even when I saw it in 1819, was fast losing its original Dutch character; and, instead of the vulgar "ginger bread" ornaments in plaster, to which they are so partial in their buildings, the English merchants were building a number of handsome residences in a pure and elegant style of architecture.

It was the month of September when I was at Cape Town, which season in that latitude and hemisphere cor-

been benefited by cruelty and intolerance. These persecuted Protestants first introduced the manufacture of silk into England; and wherever they went their industry and thrifty habits enriched the countries in which they settled, while their own country was proportionally impoverished by the loss of so much productive labor and capital.

In this manner a wise Providence inflicts a just punishment on the intolerant, even in this world.

My very short stay in Cape Town precludes me from giving a fuller account of their manners. My intercourse with the Dutch portion of the population, in particular, was very limited; but still some particulars relating to their character could hardly escape my observation.

The inhabitants of Cape Town were by no means remarkable for the strictness of their morals. Nor need we wonder at this, when we consider that "*slavery*" then prevailed among them, and that the moral education of youth was very much neglected.

In mentioning the existence of *slavery*—that blight and bane to all our best and finest feelings—I doubt not, that in every point of view in which it can be regarded by intelligent minds, its demoralizing tendency must be obvious, not only as respects the slaves themselves, but the owners also. Indeed, it is hard to say which are most corrupted by slavery. It confounds all our notions of what is right or wrong, just or unjust. Our very reason is poisoned, and our hearts become habitually callous and unfeeling.

It has been said that one crime begets another. If so, slavery has a very numerous progeny. When, by our godless and detestable sophistry, we have succeeded in partially

satisfying our minds that slavery is not inconsistent with the spirit of our religion, the dark regions of sin are opened up to us, and crime follows crime in rapid succession, until our very souls have become a living mass of corruption and iniquity.

The best moral instruction is utterly vain and useless while our children live under the same roof with slaves. It is a mockery and vile hypocrisy to speak of Christian benevolence and justice, while we dare, in the very presence of Almighty God, to hold our sable brethren in bondage.

There would be no end to the instances of cold-blooded cruelty and injustice, which might be given of colonists towards their slaves, before the colony fell into the hands of the British Government.

I well remember seeing a person at Cape Town, who held a respectable position in society, who, only a short time before the conquest of the Cape colony, had deliberately *roasted* a slave to death in an oven for presuming to smile at his master; yet this man was only subjected to some slight punishment for the deed, and was afterwards received into the society of his countrymen as if nothing of the kind had occurred.

Wherever slavery exists, it is almost impossible that the laws can be fairly administered.

I shall just give you a few instances, to show the truth of this observation, and how inconsistent slavery is, both with sound morality and good government.

Under the Dutch Government, when a slave murdered his master, no punishment was thought too severe for him. He was first tortured, and then put to death. This was done, not so much on any principle of abstract justice, but

responds with our winter, or rather spring. In the early morning the summit of the mountain at this time of the year was covered with a slight sprinkling of snow, and the small pools near the town were covered with thin ice, both of which disappeared as soon as the sun was above the mountains.

In my morning walks one of the first places I visited was the market place, where a number of farmers from the country were assembled, with their waggons covered with canvass, to protect them from the sun, and drawn by twelve, sixteen, or twenty oxen.

The farmers, or "Boors," as they are called in Dutch, are a tall race of men, and greatly inclined to corpulency, which takes place with them at an earlier period of life than in colder countries, where, from habits of labor and bodily exercise, the human frame becomes more compact, and the muscular system more rigid. The Cape Dutch are generally of a lax fibre, heavy, languid, and clumsy in their motions, and their whole appearance indicates that cold, phlegmatic temperament by which their whole race is more or less distinguished.

Their common dress, at that time, was a broad-brimmed white felt hat, of native manufacture; a loose round jacket, of coarse duffle cloth, of a light drab colour, and wide trowsers, made of tanned goat or sheep skins, sewed with sinews taken from their cattle, instead of thread. Stockings were worn by the farmers only on particular occasions, and, in the country, many of them, instead of shoes, only wore what they called "*Feldt-schoen*," or country shoes, which were made by cutting a square piece from a soft bullock's hide, and sowing up the corners over the feet,

There was altogether something strange and uncouth in these huge fellows as they stalked about, talking to each other in their harsh, guttural dialect, in the most solemn manner, on the most ordinary and commonplace subjects.

They are remarkable for a kind of solemn and formal politeness to their most intimate acquaintances and relatives. They never meet an acquaintance, or even a brother, after a short absence, without taking off their hats in the most formal manner, and holding out their huge hands like bowsprits before them. They do not greet each other heartily, in the British fashion, but their hands meet with the lifeless and clammy coldness of fishes' fins. It is a ceremony which they consider necessary between one white man and another, and nothing more.

It must not be supposed that the unpretending and homely dress of the Dutch "Boors" at the Cape, when I saw them, can be taken as an indication of their poverty. Far from it. Few colonists live more easily and enjoy more of the rude plenty of the country than the Cape Dutch; but they are a people who are habitually saving in their habits, who care little for empty show, and are, moreover, peculiarly slow in adopting the fashions of strangers. The Dutch, in fact, are everywhere essentially a domestic people, and to this disposition most of their sterling virtues may be attributed.

Many of the old colonists are the descendants of French Protestants, who settled in "Frenche Hock," or "French Corner," near Cape Town, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and who introduced the cultivation of the grape into their settlement.

This is not the only instance where other countries have

because it would be a dangerous precedent where the slaves were subjected to such intolerable wrong.

If, on the other hand, a *master* murdered his *slave*, which frequently happened, capital punishment was never inflicted at the Cape, until long after it became a British colony. It would appear that the loss of the labour of the slave in this case was considered a sufficient punishment for the master murderer.

About the year 1821 or 1822, the very first instance occurred of a master being executed for the murder of a slave. I distinctly remember the circumstances of this aggravated case, of which, however, it is not necessary to give a detailed account.

This occurrence is the more imprinted on my memory from the deep interest I took in the matter, in common with others, who wished to see equal justice done to all; and from the great indignation of the Dutch colonists at the daring proceedings, as they considered it, of putting a "Christian" to death for the murder of a black man.

It happened, singularly enough, that the murderer was the son of a Dutch clergyman, near Cape Town. He had always been a cruel master, and he had now actually flogged his slave to death.

But, for the increasing power of public feeling in the colony, consequent on the introduction of British settlers, unaccustomed to the demoralizing influence of slavery, the murder of slaves by their masters would have continued for many years longer to be regarded as a matter with which the public has little concern, or, at least, the murderers would have escaped with some slight punishment, totally insufficient to check a crime of such atrocity.

Before leaving this painful subject, I shall just mention another instance, to show what fiends of injustice and cruelty men become when, in consequence of the existence of any species of slavery, the evil passions, stimulated by pride and avarice, are allowed to exercise an uncontrolled sway over their minds.

I may here observe that though the Hottentotts in South Africa, under the Dutch law, were nominally free, they were still subjected to a species of qualified servitude—that is to say, the law allowed them a change of masters, which change, as you may suppose, was often from bad to worse.

In a state of absolute slavery, the mind of the slave is dead to hope, and sinks into a state of torpid indifference, if not contentment; but the slavery of the Hottentott was more intolerable, because his hopes were mocked and tantalized with the name of freedom. He struggled in his fetters, and they cut him to the bone.

Just after the conquest by the British, a Dutch farmer, having vainly endeavoured to induce a Hottentott woman to continue in his service after the expiration of her contract with him, he seized his long gun, and deliberately shot her through the heart, with the infant at her breast. What should you think would be the punishment for a crime of such cold-blooded and heartless cruelty? The criminal was tried at Cape Town, found guilty, sentenced to have "*the sword of justice*" waved over his head while he knelt on the steps of the court house.

I am sure my readers will excuse me for again quoting from the poetical works of my late friend, Thomas Pringle, a sonnet, than which there is nothing more powerfully expressed in the English language:—

SLAVERY.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

Oh, slavery ! thou art a bitter draught !
 And twice accursed is thy poisoned bowl,
 Which stains with leprosy the white man's soul,
 Not less than his by whom its dregs are quaffed.
 The slave sinks down, o'ercome by cruel craft,
 Like beast of burthen on the earth to roll,
 The master, though in luxury's lap he loll,
 Feels the foul venom, like a rankling shaft,
 Strike through his veins, as if a demon laughed ;
 He, laughing, treads his victim in the dust—
 The victim of his avarice, rage, or lust.
 But the poor captive's moan the whirlwinds waft
 To Heaven—not unavenged : the oppressor quakes
 With secret dread, and shares the hell he makes.

When one slave murdered another slave, the case was rather perplexing ; for, in this case, the Cape Dutch law would have considered the execution of the slave a punishment inflicted on the *owner* of the criminal rather than on the criminal himself. Consequently, the criminal slave generally escaped in such cases. It is obvious, therefore, that where, from any cause, public opinion leans, from self interest to injustice, it is utterly vain to expect that the laws, however just they may be in theory, will be fairly administered. In short, where slavery exists, justice is corrupted and polluted at its very source.

In these remarks, I should be sorry to have it supposed that I desire to throw any particular stigma on the character of the Dutch settlers in particular. Slavery every where produces similar effects. Slaveholders of all nations have the same character in a greater or less degree,

according to their particular circumstances ; and, on the whole, I am inclined to believe that in their *general system* of management, the Dutch at the Cape, while slavery existed there, were in no respect less humane than any other nation.

One peculiarity I remarked about them, which could hardly have been expected, was, that the habitual hardness of heart and cruelty which frequently marked their conduct towards their slaves, was rarely observable in their intercourse with each other, or with Europeans of their own colour. On the contrary, I generally found them kind and hospitable, and, on the whole, as just and kind to each other as in other countries where slavery does not exist.

It is difficult at first to conceive how this can be, but we must examine them a little more closely. Their injustice and cruelty to their slaves is just as much the effect of ignorance as religious and political persecution in other times and in other countries.

The religious or political bigot would punish his opponents for presuming to differ in opinion from himself in his creed or political principles. He is too ignorant and violent to reason, and, therefore, he does not attempt to persuade, or to win by gentleness and calm argument, and he looks upon heterodoxy in either as a wilful crime, deserving of punishment.

It is just so with the ignorant slaveholder. His reason is perverted by self interest, and his passions have become uncontrollable from the possession of arbitrary power. Inflated with pride, he fancies that his color gives him an immeasurable superiority over his swarthy brethren.

He crushes and debases his slaves, or treats them as if they were incapable of improvement.

The Dutch at the Cape almost universally consider the slaves as being of an inferior order. Most of them, indeed, believe that if they escape eternal perdition in a future state, they can never be permitted to inhabit a heavenly mansion in common with their masters.

They had, however, a certain degree of respect for their slaves—founded on the same regard they entertained for any other article of property. They like to have intelligent slaves, because they might become good mechanics, and would thus be more profitable.

The poor Hottentotts, however, who were free were looked upon with the most unmitigated contempt and scorn. They were constantly spoken of as no better than dogs or cattle; and it is curious that I never once heard the terms usually applied to human creatures used when speaking of Hottentotts.

When justice was habitually perverted with respect to the slaves and Hottentotts, it could hardly be expected that much justice would be done between one white man and another. Indeed, at the time I was at the Cape, the venality of the Dutch judges was notorious; and I have heard the Dutch farmers coolly reckoning up on their fingers the amount of bribes distributed to secure their favour by the friends of the criminals who were about to be tried. They were at that time entirely dependent for their situations on the Governor for the time being, who could remove them at pleasure. They thus became the ready tools of a tyrannical government.

At length, however, the British Government heard the

complaints of the colonists, and a complete change took place in the internal management of the colony. For some years slavery, also, has been abolished, but a generation or two will probably pass away before its demoralizing traces will be effaced.

In the country, where in each district there was a kind of little Pasha, called a "Landrost," this habitual injustice towards the slaves and Hottentotts was carried to the extreme; and when contrasted with the kind and benevolent feelings which often influenced the conduct of these local magistrates towards the Dutch settlers, it would sometimes take a ludicrous form.

In a certain district in the interior of the colony there was a Landrost of a remarkably mild and kindly character. This uniform kindness and urbanity, and a disposition to promote good will among neighbours, had made him very popular in his district. On all occasions, when quarrels took place, and when the matter was brought before him in his official capacity, his first endeavour was to bring about a reconciliation between the parties by any means in his power, for he thought it beneath the dignity of white men to quarrel and go to law, as it would tend to lower the feeling of respect towards them on the part of the colored races.

It happened that an old Dutchman, residing in the village, had quarrelled with his son-in-law, who occupied the adjoining lot. Hostile neighbours never wait long for subjects of contention. The son-in-law, by way of aggravating the old man, sent his slave into his garden to bring him some oranges from a tree, to the fruit of which he was partial. The old man vowed vengeance, and well knowing

that the slave of himself would not have dared to trespass on his premises, sallied out with his long gun and attempted to shoot his son-in-law.

The latter became seriously alarmed, and brought his complaint before the Landrost.

The kind old man was sadly puzzled, and did not well know what to do. He tried in vain to appease the wrath of the contending parties, each of whom considered himself the injured party. He knew the young man was to blame in the first instance, but then it would never do to say so, for fear of making matters worse between them.

Then the old man was a very respectable inhabitant of the village, in which he possessed considerable property and influence. Of course, he could not think of punishing him for his violent assault. The son-in-law was still urgent in his appeals for justice, and would not be satisfied unless the old man was punished. At length the worthy man, in his dilemma, fell on the following expedient:—

“My good friends,” said he, “I have done all in my power to settle the difference between you in a manner that would be satisfactory to both; but I am sorry to find it is impossible. All that now remains for me to do is to order the slave to be severely flogged for taking the fruit. I sincerely trust that you will both be well satisfied with this arrangement, and that you will be good friends for the future.”

In most cases the parties would have been fully satisfied in this way. In this instance, however, the young man, the master of the slave, had a much stronger sense of justice than the worthy magistrate; but his entreaties were all in vain. The poor slave was accordingly severely flogged at the jail, or “*Tromk*,” as it is called, in the presence of his

master, who repeatedly begged that the punishment should be inflicted on himself rather than on the slave, who had merely obeyed his commands.

As I have been led by my subject to speak of slavery at the Cape of Good Hope, as it existed when I was there, I have not confined my observations to slavery at Cape Town in particular. I shall now return to the Dutch at Cape Town, considered by themselves.

The Dutch officials at Cape Town were exceedingly pompous in their demeanour towards the other members of the community. The form of government at that period was all but absolute, and the pride and insolence of office descended in regular gradation to the very lowest steps in the ladder, and, in some instances, the pomposity and inflated pride of these officials was ludicrous and grotesque in the extreme.

On coming to Canada, in 1832, I was much struck with the difference between the manners of the highest officers under Government here, and of those of the officials at the Cape of Good Hope—a country so inferior to this colony in political and commercial importance. I could not but feel that I was now in a country where there were no slaves, and where, from the freedom of our institutions, servility is unknown, and where the poor industrious man can walk erect in the pride of conscious worth and independence.

Notwithstanding the severity of our climate, and the long years of toil which we must encounter before we can attain to independence, we have great reason to thank God that we live in a country where honesty and industry always bring their sure reward, and where no man is despised for his poverty. We have no debasing or demoralizing influ-

ences at work, such as slavery and despotism, to raise a barrier in the way of our future progress. Poverty is here robbed of half its attendant suffering, and the sky is already red with the promise of a long and bright day of happiness and prosperity.

I shall not attempt to draw a parallel between the state of morals at the Cape of Good Hope and in this colony. Were I so disposed, it would be difficult to come to any certain conclusion on the subject.

The character of a people in a great measure depends on their peculiar circumstances, and in all countries a change of certain circumstances produces corresponding changes in their national character. The great source of most of the evil that exists in the world is ignorance; because through ignorance we are incapacitated from looking forward to ultimate results, and from taking a comprehensive view of that line of conduct which would most conduce to our highest and most lasting happiness.

Climate has a powerful influence on the character of a people. In a country like Canada, where all must toil and struggle or starve, money or property is the great temptation, because by their means we escape bodily toil, which is always looked upon as an evil.

In a country, such as the Cape of Good Hope, on the contrary, in a luxurious and delightful climate, where there is no winter, and where the necessaries of life are obtained with little labour, sensuality is the strongest temptation.

A redundancy of food and many of the luxuries of life naturally lead to sloth and sensuality in all countries. Mankind, in their ignorance and weakness, seek the shortest road to enjoyment, which is too often eagerly embraced at

the expense of more lasting future happiness and comfort even in this world. No man can fairly weigh the moral culpability in either case. He alone who made the heart can decide this point.

Who made the heart—'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute—
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

One peculiarity in the manners of the Dutch at Cape Town, and which more strongly marks the low state of their morals, is—that it is generally after marriage that both sexes are most noticed for their levity of conduct.

At the period to which I allude, in 1819, a stranger, in perusing the Cape newspapers, could not help remarking the great number of separations between man and wife which were publicly announced in them. For instance A. B., after living several years with his wife C. D., discovers that their tempers are by no means suited to each other, so that they are in dread of proceeding to extremities, and, therefore, have petitioned the "Matrimonial Court" to grant them a separation. The "Matrimonial Court" established at the Cape takes exclusive cognizance of such matters, and the too great facility of obtaining divorces and separations is at once both the cause and effect of much profligacy. This peculiar evil—the frequency of divorces and separations—is, however, almost entirely confined to Cape Town and its immediate vicinity.

Slavery, however, as I have already observed, is the chief source of demoralization in that colony. While it existed, a slave man could be sold away from his wife, or the wife from the husband. The natural consequence has been a general laxity of manners among the slave population, who constituted a very large proportion of the lower orders in the colony, particularly in the capital. It need not, therefore, be matter of surprise that the children of the colonists, brought up with vice constantly before their eyes, should not escape contamination.

Though the Dutch have much of a cold and formal courtesy in their common intercourse with each other, they are generally exceedingly unrefined, and the conversation of both sexes, particularly in the country, is rather coarse.

On my arrival at Cape Town, I had delivered a letter of introduction from a merchant in London to his partner at Cape Town, who was married to a Dutch lady. The father of this lady had just died of gout in the stomach, and I was invited among others to attend the funeral, which took place after sunset, according to the custom of the place. The company were received at the street door by two portly personages, upwards of six feet high, whose full fed rubicund visages expressed anything but sorrow, and showed that they were thinking much more of the substantial supper which would follow than of the melancholy occasion of their meeting. These jolly looking personages were very unlike their brother undertakers in England, with whom a sad and lugubrious countenance constitutes a little fortune in their line of business.

After refreshments had been handed about to the company, we proceeded by torch light to the churchyard.

During the procession two young Dutchmen, who walked before me, were talking pretty loudly, discussing the character of the defunct, in no very measured terms, as well as the symptoms of his disease. At last one of them made some observation which excited a loud coarse laugh among the mourners near them. It would appear that the deceased was a pretty close calculator in money matters, and, on inquiring what the young man said, I was informed that he observed, "That the old gentleman, before he died, could chalk up his accounts on the table with his knuckles," alluding to the chalk which is formed in the knuckles by the gout.

Though many local causes have combined to modify the character of the Dutch at the Cape, yet they still retain a strong family likeness, both in their good and bad features, to their European progenitors. Like them, they are fond of money, but they lack their persevering industry and energy in pursuit of gain. To their friends and connections they are often liberal in helping them forward in the world when they are industrious; and generous in relieving their relatives when distressed through inevitable misfortunes.

The Dutch, wherever I have met them, I have ever observed to be kind, simple, and unaffected in their manners,—hospitable and compassionate. This is the favorable side of their character at the Cape; and I must say, that but for slavery and its demoralizing effects, this would be as fine a race of men as any I am acquainted with.

From the scattered state of the population, and other unfavorable circumstances, they are, of course, far inferior in general knowledge and intelligence to the yeomanry of Upper Canada. While the slave trade existed at the

Cape, the constant influx of this description of laborers kept their price low;—but as soon as that nefarious trade was abolished their price and value rose rapidly, and those who possessed a number of them became wealthy: many of the inhabitants of Cape Town, who possessed from 100 to 150 slaves, realized a handsome income from their labor. Several of them were taught trades, and their owners, in many cases, lived by the profits they received by hiring them out, without following any particular business themselves; leading an indolent, and often useless and profligate life.

The descendants of the French Protestant settlers, who came to the colony after the revocation of the "Edict of Nantes," located themselves on grants of land they obtained in the neighborhood of Cape Town. These farmers, as I have already observed, applied themselves to the cultivation of the vine. Their descendants, who have now entirely lost their original language and have become incorporated with the Dutch, own many slaves, and by means of their labor are enabled to make the cultivation of the vine profitable, which it could hardly be with free labor. They lived in great comfort and luxury, and many of them had complete bands of music, the performers being composed entirely of slaves. How these people live now, since the abolition of slavery, I have no means of knowing. One thing, however, is certain, that if they have suffered in their circumstances, they will be great gainers ultimately in the increased industry of the white population; for slave labor always tends to destroy the industry as well as the morals of their masters.

The population of Cape Town in 1820, was about 20,000,

of whom more than 6,000 were slaves, and probably about half that number free colored persons.

Many circumstances combine to render the climate of South Africa more salubrious than that of most other countries. The two prevailing winds, the south east and north west, passing over the ocean, or only partially over the land, preserve a great equality of temperature throughout the year; moderating the heat of summer, and tempering the cold of winter. The term winter, indeed, is not properly applicable to South Africa, for what is called winter there, resembles our fine early spring weather in Upper Canada. There are slight frosts at night, but through the day the sky is generally cloudless, and the air warm and pleasant. There are occasional cold rains with a little sleet; but snow is rarely seen but on the tops of some of the loftiest mountains. The dryness of the climate also, and the openness of the country, exempt it from diseases arising from the decay of vegetable matter, such as fevers and agues. The warm and dry state of the atmosphere gives an elasticity and cheerfulness to the spirits.

The diseases of the inhabitants are seldom dangerous. Pulmonary consumption is uncommon among the Dutch and English, but more frequent among the Hottentotts, from a scrofulous taint, and their custom of sleeping on the ground. Many of the Hottentotts have a pernicious habit of smoking a plant, called "daccha," a kind of wild hemp, which is well known, even to themselves, to occasion consumption, if the practice is long continued. This plant produces intoxication, or rather stupefaction, and in time weakens the intellect and destroys the nerves. The "daccha rookers," or hemp smokers, are held in great contempt

by the tobacco smokers of their race, who never fail, in their quarrels, to reproach them with this propensity.

The climate of the Cape is found to be beneficial to incipient consumption, but not in the more advanced stages of the disease. There is another very distressing, but not dangerous disease, which is very common among the farmers who live in the valleys at the base of the lofty ranges of mountains to the east-ward of Cape Town. This disease is called the "Zinkins," and affects one side of the face and head with pain and swelling. This complaint seldom affects the British settlers, and seems to be occasioned by the habit the Dutch have of sitting, during hot weather, between two open doors.

That dreadful disease, the leprosy, occurs sometimes among the natives of the colony; and in the district of Zwelendam, about 150 miles from Cape Town, there is an hospital for patients afflicted with this malady. It is remarkable, that the very few native Europeans who have been afflicted with this disease, have been addicted to the use of pork and other gross diet. It is worthy of observation that most of the natives of South Africa, the Dutch included, seem to have an inherent dislike to pork as an habitual diet. The Hottentotts have an aversion to it, and the Kaffirs will not touch it.

This aversion certainly does not arise from any religious prejudice or prohibition. I am strongly inclined to believe that pork, as an article of daily food, is not healthy in warm climates, particularly to those who do not work hard. In such matters, *instinct* is generally, if not always, our best guide; and where we have a choice of food, it appears to be unwise to despise the suggestions of natural instinct, when reason cannot readily be brought to our aid.

As I had only a few days to remain in Cape Town, I was anxious to avail myself of some opportunity of ascending Table Mountain, but it happened at the time that every one was rushing out of the town to see the *horse races* in the neighborhood, and I could get no one to accompany me. The owner of the house in which I lodged, who was an Englishman, would willingly have accompanied me, but unfortunately, he was fairly worn out with several long walks we had taken before, and was confined to his bed. I determined therefore, on going alone, notwithstanding the many friendly warnings I received to the contrary.

Choosing, therefore, this cool day I set off about twelve o'clock, taking what appeared to be the most direct road. After struggling through a thick wood or plantation of "*silver trees*," I emerged near the gorge of a wild ravine, with a narrow foot-path in the bottom, which led by an exceedingly steep ascent, to the summit of the mountain. As I advanced, the ravine became gradually narrower, until it appeared like a huge fissure, as if the mountain had been cloven asunder by an earthquake; the rocks rising in awful majesty and grandeur, perpendicularly on either side, like colossal walls. There was a solemn stillness in the scene, which was interrupted from time to time, by a hoarse roar from a troop of baboons, who were playing their gambols among the rocks above me.

The baboons inhabit all the rocky mountains in South Africa, and are large powerful animals. Curious stories are told of their feats of strength and sagacity. They are accused of throwing stones at people who venture to molest them, which I think not at all improbable, though I have never seen them act on the defensive in this manner.

John Shipp, in his amusing account of his adventures, tells a story of a baboon, who having managed to steal a soldier's jacket from the barracks at Cape Town, was immediately afterwards observed with the red coat on his back to take a lead in the military operations of his baboon comrades; and who in the capacity of generalissimo of their forces, showed a wonderful knowledge of military tactics, and gave a great deal of trouble to the garrison before he was conquered. This story is seriously quoted in several reviews of Shipp's book, forgetting that old soldiers have their "yarns" as well as old sailors.

But to return to my narrative:—Even the birds had nearly disappeared at the spot I had now reached, and the only living creatures to be seen along the rugged path were some black lizards running over the stones. It soon became necessary to use my hands as well as my feet, to make my way among the fragments of rock which had fallen from the side of the chasm, or been washed down by the torrents. The path had now become so steep, that, accustomed as I had been to rocks in my own country, I became almost giddy when I looked back on the road by which I had ascended and could not help feeling some degree of anxiety as to how I should get down again. The remaining part of the ascent, however, was not worse than what I had already overcome; and scrambling on with hands and feet or clinging to roots and bushes, I at last reached the summit of the mountain. The road I had taken was the only practicable approach on the side next the town. On reaching the top, I carefully marked the spot with some stones, to prevent any mistake in descending,—the neglect of which precaution having been the occasion of several persons

losing their lives by falling from the precipices which everywhere environ the top of the mountain.

On the approach of a south east wind, a small speck of a cloud is seen on the flat summit of the mountain by the people in the town, when they instantly close all their doors and windows to keep out the dust. Gradually this almost imperceptible cloud increases in size until at length it covers the whole summit of Table Mountain like a table cloth, as it is then called. It then rolls down the face of the mountain, and bursts on the town in a hurricane of wind of inconceivable violence, whirling clouds of dust through every street. Notwithstanding every precaution, a great quantity of the fine dust finds its way into all the houses. It is this cloud which is so dangerous to persons who have ascended the mountain, as they can no longer distinguish objects clearly, and are almost sure to lose their way. Where they are caught in this way it is usual to remain on the top of the mountain all night or until the storm is past.

From an adjoining platform of rock, I enjoyed a splendid view of Cape Town and Table Bay. The square flat-roofed houses of the town looked like little children's white toys under my feet, and the people in the streets like little insects creeping about. About forty miles inland rose the blue mountains of Hottentott's Holland, which intercepted the further prospect in that direction. On the other side nothing met the eye, but the wild and solitary magnificence of desolate rocks and mountains, and the wide expanse of the boundless ocean as far as the eye could reach.

I sat down on a rock and fell into a kind of reverie. I felt for a moment as if I did not belong to the busy hive

of men turmoiling below. Now, I tried to make out the farm-houses scattered at long intervals between Cape Town and the Blue Mountains. Then I watched the diminutive white sails of the ships, which dotted the vast expanse of the ocean. How little and insignificant everything human appears, when you are thus exalted above its petty objects and interests, and are permitted to hold converse with eternal nature in her wild and solemn grandeur. It was with a feeling of regret that I retraced my steps to Cape Town. As may be supposed, notwithstanding the danger, I descended from the mountain much more rapidly than I had ascended, and reached my lodgings by five o'clock, not at all fatigued with my excursion.

All around the base of Table Mountain, and the other mountains of the group that forms the peninsula at the southern extremity of Africa, are situated beautiful country residences and cottages, inhabited during the summer months by merchants and other residents of Cape Town. The whole southern side of these mountains, on their sloping base, is covered with huge rounded masses of rock, or boulders of immense size, frequently overhanging and threatening destruction to the habitations beneath them; and many of these masses of rock seemed to be so insecurely retained in their position that the slightest shock of an earthquake would detach them from their hold in the earth. Eight or nine miles from Cape Town, is situated the farm called "Constantia," where the rich sweet wine, so well known under that name, is produced. One or two other adjoining farms are now employed in the production of a similar wine, which is in no respect inferior to the original Constantia.

The country in the vicinity of Cape Town is generally inferior to the other parts of the colony along the Eastern coast, which gradually improves in verdure and fertility as you advance.

The whole Western coast of the colony is very thinly inhabited, and is in fact little better than a sandy desert. The soil of the country to the eastward of Cape Town, on the other hand, is generally a deep clay loam of great natural fertility, requiring only a sufficiency of water to render it exceedingly productive. The country between Cape Town and the "Blaawe Berg" (Blue Mountains) and the mountains of "Hottentott's Holland" at forty miles distance, is generally composed of sand, or sandy clay of a reddish color. This country is quite flat and has the appearance of having been formerly covered by the sea. It is, however, everywhere covered with luxuriant heaths sometimes ten or twelve feet high, and a variety of other singular and beautiful plants. Great quantities of trunks of trees are dug out of the sand and carried in waggons to Cape Town, where fuel is scarce and dear.

It is remarkable that a country so admirably adapted, both in soil and climate, for the production of fruits of all kinds, should produce, naturally, so little of a wild kind. The "Cape Gooseberry," as it is called, is almost the only wild fruit I have seen which is fit for use in its natural state. This fruit which is equal to the gooseberry in flavor, somewhat resembles the potato apple, in appearance, being enveloped in a leaf or cover which protects it from the heat of the sun. I have seen in Upper Canada a plant very much like it, but it is called a species of tomatoe.

In some parts of the colony there is a species of wild vine

found climbing over the most lofty of the forest trees, but the fruit is exceedingly acid, and only fit for making preserves. I have seen, also, a kind of wild fig in the woods, which, in appearance, greatly resembles the cultivated species, but the fruit is quite inferior in flavor and often full of small insects.

The soil of the Cape peninsula, with its lofty mountains, is a reddish clay or loam, and the scenery all round the base of the mountains is beautiful and picturesque in the extreme. On the margin of the road, elegant cottages are embosomed in bowring trees of the deepest and richest foliage, with the mountains towering up behind them, richly clothed with perpetual verdure. The breezes are laden with perfume of the orange trees, and it seems as if in this delightful climate, mankind had no care or anxiety to cast a gloom over the future; and had only to look forward to a succession of pleasures and perpetual enjoyment. Wherever a small stream can be led out from the mountains, gardens, orchards and fertile fields appear as by magic, presenting a delightful contrast with the aridity around them.

In such situations most of the fruits both of Asia and Europe grow luxuriantly. Oranges, peaches, figs, pomegranates, citrons, lemons, chesnuts, are the best and most abundant. Apples and pears are also abundant, but altogether inferior to those of England or of Canada. In some of the colder or more elevated situations, cherries grow tolerably well. In every part of the colony, the vine grows most luxuriantly, and in no country in the world are the grapes finer, though the wines produced from them are, for some reason, inferior in quality.

In proceeding along the Eastern coast, towards the Kaffir Frontier, along the ranges of lofty mountains, the scenery is almost everywhere grand and beautiful. It would be endless to describe all the varying beauties of a country of such vast extent, though many of its scenes are still vividly pictured before my mind's eye. I feel a degree of pleasure I cannot describe in recalling these scenes, but I am unable to paint them to your imagination, without using repetitions which would become tiresome.

CHAPTER III.

I shall therefore proceed to give you some account of the Dutch farmers of the interior; of their habits and mode of life;—and I may here observe that there is a great similarity in the manners of the Dutch inhabitants of South Africa. They are all related to each other, are constantly travelling to visit their friends; their education is nearly alike everywhere, and consequently we seldom meet with those instances of individual peculiarity and eccentricity so common in Great Britain. A novelist would therefore be greatly in want of material to give variety to his characters in describing South African society. Perhaps the best way to give an idea of a farmer of the interior, or “cattle farmer,” as he is called, is to describe his house with all its animate and inanimate furniture.

Most of the houses are built of burnt or raw brick, or wrought clay, plastered smoothly over with a mixture of cow dung and sand, and whitewashed afterwards with lime. Wooden houses are there unknown. Two buildings

40, 50, or 60 feet in length, and perhaps twenty feet high in the walls, are erected parallel to each other, about 18 or 20 feet apart, with their gable ends to the road. These buildings are well thatched with reeds, rushes, or wheat straw,—for there is no straight grained wood fit for shingles at the Cape,—and the gables are fancifully shaped out in the old Dutch fashion, and graced with sundry ornaments in stucco. Between these two buildings, beams are extended, which are covered with boards, brick and lime, to form a flat roof which will be water-tight. The two ends of this long passage are then built up, with a large door, and a small window on each side just at each end. This forms the hall which they occupy during the day; the farmer's family sit at the end next the front door, while the servants, in obedience to the shrill imperious commands of their mistress, are passing and repassing at the other end of the hall, from which a door leads to the kitchen outside.

Along each side of this long hall, which I have often seen 60 feet long, doors open at regular intervals leading to the bed rooms of the family. These bedrooms have often boarded floors, but the hall has invariably an earthen floor which is washed over once a week with fresh cow-dung to lay the dust,—and sometimes an excellent lasting floor is formed by a composition made by mixing lime and blood, or lime and milk. At regular intervals along each side of the hall, tables are placed with two or three plain cane-bottomed chairs, and against the wall are suspended small looking glasses in gilt frames.

But among the gorgeous furniture of these halls, I must not forget the "*Spittoons*," which are of bright

brass, fashioned in the form of funereal urns, and about eighteen inches high. One of these splendid articles is placed near each of the tables against the wall. As I have already stated, there is a little window on each side of the front door at one end of the hall. At one of those windows the lady of the house sits in great state in a high backed chair, before a little table, on which tea cups and saucers are ranged the whole day through, and a bright brass kettle of water is kept constantly boiling over a chafing dish of charcoal, to be ready for use on the shortest notice. The farmer keeps his own side of the house, and entertains his male friends at the little table on the other side of the front door, where he constantly wears his broad brimmed hat, as well as his guests, in the true Dutch fashion.

On approaching a farm house, the traveller is furiously assailed by some 20 or 30 dogs, who seem determined to tear him to pieces, before he can reach the door. The noise, however, soon brings the farmer to his aid, who ceremoniously lifting his hat with his left hand, and extending his right, to welcome his guest, proceeds to meet him, and invites him to unsaddle his horse. The neglect of this ceremony is considered a grievous affront by the traveller; and should a traveller pass his house without stopping to salute the family, it is considered an equal affront by the farmer. On entering the house after delivering his horse to the care of a slave or Hottentott, the Dutch traveller gravely nods his head to the lady of the house, who receives him with the stiff and cold grace of the marble statue in "*Il don Giovanni*," as she never rises from her seat, but in cases of the most urgent necessity. After the traveller is fairly seated, a cup of "tea water,"

without milk or sugar, is handed to him on a tray by a slave girl, and another carries round to him a saucer containing several small pieces of sugar candy, one of which he slips into his mouth where it remains to sweeten his "tea water," *in transitu* :

Tea, or rather "tea water" is the constant drink of the Dutch at all hours of the day, and the lady of the house has always a strong decoction of this beverage before her in a little tea-pot; a small portion of which is poured into a tea-cup and filled up with boiling water as it is required.

The science of medicine is almost entirely in the hands of the Dutch farmers' wives in South Africa, and in common cases, I really believe they are quite as successful in their practice as any other "old women." The country abounds in native plants which possess great medicinal virtue in the common and simple complaints of the country. Their knowledge of these plants has been obtained from the aboriginal inhabitants of the colony.

From the great value they attach to their slaves, and their indifference and contempt towards the poor Hottentotts, I have little doubt that these notable housewives perfect themselves in their knowledge of medicine by making experiments at the expense of the latter. Near the state chair of these portly ladies, who generally fill them with great dignity, is a small recess in the wall where a number of medicine bottles are ranged in order, and close by their right hand hangs a long tapering thong cut from the hide of the "hippopotamus" or "Sea Cow," with which for the slightest fault or negligence they administer chastisement to their young slaves or Hottentotts, without the trouble of rising from their seats, which might agitate or overheat them.

In speaking of the ladies' department, I must not forget the *fowls* and *ducks* which have always free access to the airy halls of the Dutch houses. A great deal of trouble is, no doubt, occasioned by the admittance of such visitors; but these are matters of little consideration to the Dutch ladies, whose delightfully shrill voices are heard ever and anon summoning their young slaves to remove any nuisance occasioned by their domestic pets, or to fill with water some holes in the floor, purposely formed for their convenience. The Dutch are utterly astonished at the English ladies bustling about the house and personally superintending the preparation of the meals. They cannot think how they can be such fools as to move about in this manner, when they could easily direct all the domestic operations without rising from their chairs.

The Dutch ladies are generally cold, proud, phlegmatic, and cruel to the colored races. I shall never forget an expression used by one of them, when I was saying something in favour of the Kaffirs.

"Mynheer M. — If I had a knife as long as *that*," exhibiting her arm to the elbow, as the measure of her indignation, "I would stick it into the heart of any Kaffir in Africa." I am sorry to be compelled by truth to speak thus of these ladies of the interior of South Africa.

I need not tell you that where a demoralizing influence is at work—such as slavery—that sex which the Almighty has made the most tender and the most beautiful, ever suffers most by the touch of sin. The sturdy tree may brave the blast, while the leaves of the tender and beautiful flower are scattered by the winds. Slavery is not an "air from Heaven," but it is a "blast from Hell." I look upon this

hardening effect of slavery upon the mind of woman as the severest punishment inflicted on those who uphold it. It is time, however, to turn to the other side of the house.

There the "Boor," or farmer, sits with his broad-brimmed hat on, and does the honours of the house with a kind of rude patriarchal grace. He, too, has his little recess in the wall over head, where, instead, of the medicine bottles of his wife, he keeps his brandy bottle—a dram or "*Soupee*" of which, from time to time, he distributes to his guests. His character is a curious compound of the native simplicity and bluntness of manners which distinguish the Dutch, and Cape Dutch cunning, with the callous feelings of the slaveholder. As I have already observed, he is habitually hospitable and kind, and often even generous.

The despotic and unjust Government under which the Dutch farmer then lived, naturally made him suspicious and servile to those placed in authority over him, while he, in his turn, lorded it over his slaves and dependents. Though generally tolerably honest, in remote and retired situations, the Dutch along the great roads were exceedingly roguish and over-reaching; and cunning in making bargains is accounted the highest accomplishment and the most unquestionable proof of talent; and when they can obtain any petty advantage over a neighbour, they do not scruple to boast about it in the most open manner, and rise in the hearer's estimation in proportion to their adroitness. No people can trick or lie with more apparent sincerity. There are few selfish men without some kind of cant to answer their purposes—that of the Dutch "Boor" was "*friendship*." All their letters begin with "*good friend and*

neighbour," and the word is never out of their mouths when they have any particular interest to serve by it.

Though the Dutch at the Cape are extremely ignorant, they are close observers of natural objects, and exhibit considerable intelligence on subjects connected with their particular mode of life. Though far from acute, they possess in a high degree a certain solidity of understanding, joined to a patient perseverance, which compensates in some measure for their constitutional sluggishness and the sloth engendered by the mildness of the climate.

The men are generally under a slavish subjection to their wives, and dare not make any arrangement regarding their common property without their consent.

Should a man make a good bargain, according to his wife's judgment, it is all well; but if otherwise, it is instantly annulled, her sanction being always considered indispensable to its completion. This is an admirable expedient for getting safely out of a bad bargain.

The early education of the children is well calculated to create a love of gain, and with this view they are encouraged to cheat and lie. Indeed, so little do they think this a vice, that nothing is more common among them than to give the lie direct whenever they doubt any statement in the course of conversation. This, moreover, is always taken in good part, the imputation being considered somewhat in the light of a compliment.

The "*Meester*" or schoolmaster is a person of some note in every Dutch household. He is, generally, some drunken or worthless vagabond, who is too lazy to work, and really too ignorant to teach. He would, however, be ignorant indeed, if he did not know more than the "Dutch Boors,"

who from their position are far removed from schools. They do not hold the "Meester" in any great respect, but consider him good enough to teach the children to read and write, and they occasionally appeal to him in any dispute about the situation of other countries. He is sole arbitrator in such matters, in the absence of better authority, and no one would presume to contradict him. However, in the presence of any guest of better education, the poor "Meester" has a difficult card to play to prevent his ignorance from being exposed before his employers. I remember being asked at a farm house, "whether Europe was not a part of England?" As this curious question was put to me, I observed the quick anxious eyes of the poor "Meester" fixed on me with an indescribable expression, and no sooner had I cleared up this point in geography, to the great wonderment of the farmer, than he instantly added, (addressing his employer), "Ya, ya, I always told you so, but you would not believe me."

The Dutch colonists, if they are without many of the enjoyments of a more refined state of existence, are in a great measure exempted from its passions and sufferings. Love—that passion to which, in the more refined acceptance of the term, we owe some of our most generous and delightful sentiments—is almost an entire stranger to their breasts. This passion cannot exist without a certain degree of sensibility of constitution and purity of manners: but these concomitant circumstances are not to be found in the interior of South Africa. Marriage is considered a matter of convenience, or a mere mercantile transaction, and matrimonial alliances are proposed and broken off again as it may suit their respective views, without occasioning any pain or disagreement between the parties.

In the course of my antelope shooting excursions towards the sea coast in the district of Zwelendam, where I resided with my brother when I first arrived in the colony, I had often stopped at the house of a poor farmer, who generally accompanied me with his long gun. One day on entering his dwelling, I found him looking more serious than usual, and was surprised at not seeing his wife sitting with her tea-pot before her at her little table. "How fares your Frow?" I asked in the Cape Dutch dialect.

"She is dead," answered Jan Niewkerk, shrugging his shoulders and heaving a profound sigh.

"Ya, mynheer M., she has been dead for two weeks," he continued, holding up two fingers of his right hand to assist my comprehension, "and has left me here with a whole household of young children." Then, after a pause, holding up two fingers again with another deep sigh, he continued: "Two fine riding horses, too, are dead. Oh! yea, ya, so it always goes in the world: One day you have a thing, and another day it is gone; and you have all your trouble for nothing."

About a week afterwards, Jan Niewkerk was seen galloping along the valley towards our house; and as he flung the bridle over his horse's head, and stalked into the hall where we were sitting, I observed that he was dressed out in his best clothes consisting of a new velvetine round jacket and trowsers, with mother of pearl buttons, and a broad-brimmed white felt hat, with a long pipe stuck through the band. His sorrow had disappeared, and he looked as fresh as if he was bound on his first matrimonial expedition. After the first salutations, he became exceedingly loquacious, and said to us.

"One frow is dead, I'm now looking out for another; I've been to ask two, but they won't have me; I don't know

where I'll try next." "Perhaps, mynheer M.," addressing my brother, "can give me some advice?"

"What do you think of the young widow La Rue," asked my brother, "won't she suit you?"

"Oh! ya, that's true, mynheer, she had slipped clean out of my mind; but it's not too late yet."

"That's just as you ride," answered my brother, "for she intended to start for Cape Town this morning in her waggon, and if you would catch her, you have not much time to lose."

"Then, I cannot stay any longer," says Niewkerk, jumping on his feet and shaking hands with us, and in a minute he was in his saddle, and was off as fast as he could. We saw no more of him till the sun was sinking behind the mountains, when he returned fatigued and somewhat dejected. While he was taking the saddle from his jaded beast, he said to us:

"It was too late; the widow was off in her waggon, and I followed her as far as the 'Buffel Yagts River;' but my horse was tired, and I was sorry for him, and so, I have come back again to mynheer M."

Notwithstanding this third disappointment, our friend Niewkerk persevered, and finally succeeded in matching himself to his taste; and for aught I know to the contrary, may be still living very contentedly with his new wife, and a fresh brood of young "Africans," eating fat messes, and hunting antelopes and ostriches as formerly.

In speaking of the South African farmers, it should be understood that they should rather be called "Cattle Breeders," or "Sheep Farmers," than cultivators of the soil. Wherever the land is not too dry for cultivation, abundance of wheat and other crops is raised. But their chief wealth consists in their large flocks of cattle and sheep.

The farms are necessarily very large in consequence of springs of water being often several miles apart, and the large range of pasture required for their stock. Most of their farms contain at least 3000 or 4000 acres, in which they keep flocks of from 300 to 600 head of cattle and horses, and 3000 or 4000 sheep. In the more arid parts of the country where cultivation is never attempted, several of such farms are often joined together, and there are farmers who own 15,000 or 20,000 sheep. Near the coast, where wheat is raised for the use of the farmers' family, and for sale, the mode of cultivating the soil and thrashing out the grain is exceedingly simple.

The ground is broken up with a huge antediluvian-looking plough with two clumsy wheels, and drawn by twelve oxen; and three persons are required to manage it. The farmer generally holds the plough handle, while a Hottentott or slave drives the oxen, with a long bamboo whip, and a little boy leads the foremost oxen with a thong, the ends of which are tied to each of the foremost oxen. This rude implement, however, performs its work very quickly, as it turns over a furrow from 12 to 15 inches in breadth. One ploughing is always sufficient; and generally without manure; the wheat is sown at the rate of about a bushel to one acre and a half; and a succession of annual crops of wheat is raised in this manner. The returns of wheat vary in different situations, from 40 to 90 fold.

The sowing season lasts four or five months, and the grain is trodden out by 18 or 20 horses, driven round a circular thrashing floor in the open air, according to the custom in several warm and dry climates. When sufficiently trodden out, the horses are removed from the floor, and the

wheat is cleaned by throwing it up in the air with wooden shovels, while a strong wind is blowing. It is subsequently freed from the knots of the straw and clods of clay by using an instrument made of strong rushes in the shape of a fan with a long handle. This is probably a similar instrument to that alluded to in the New Testament,—“ Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; and burn the chaff with unquenchable fire.” In those climates where the cattle can graze the whole year round, straw and chaff are of little or no value, and both are generally burnt up near the thrashing floor. It is necessary to have seen the operation in order to perceive the aptness of the scriptural illustration. In South Africa the wheat is generally stored in the garrets of the farm houses, where the remaining impurities are carefully picked out by the hand.

As I have already stated, the Dutch farmers principally rely on their cattle for their profits, and with their butter they purchase all the clothing of their families, as it is easily transported in their waggons to Cape Town, which is their chief market. For this purpose they often perform journeys of 200 or 300 miles with their ox waggons, for in that fine climate *time* is of little value. The Dutch do not take the trouble of skimming their milk, but throw it warm into their huge churns, and often when sleeping in a farmer's house I have been wakened up hours before daylight by the sound of these churns, with their pump handles;—and for a moment fancied myself at sea in a heavy gale of wind, until by the fitful blaze of the fire in the large chimney, I discovered two or three half

naked Hottentott women at work, instead of broad shouldered sailors. To give you a particular account of all the operations on a Dutch farm at the Cape, would be too tedious after having already sufficiently taxed your patience. I shall therefore, conclude by giving you a sketch of a farmer and his wife, which may possibly be more entertaining.

While I resided with my elder brother at “ *Groot Vader's Bosch*” or “Grandfather's wood” near Zwellendam, I frequently went alone with my dogs and gun in search of the wild boar, following some of the long woody ravines in the face of the mountain range in front of the house. During these solitary excursions I sometimes called at the house of a Prussian settler, who had married a Cape Dutch wife, the very opposite of everything elegant, feminine, or refined. She was, in fact, a sort of man-woman, with great sinewy arms, and a hard featured countenance, which was moreover well furnished with a bristly beard. She was not, however, altogether devoid of the milk of human kindness; and unamiable as she certainly was in most respects, her hospitality and civility made some amends for her other defects.

Our conversation often turned on hunting; a subject in which she took great interest; and she related with infinite delight, her feats in destroying the wild boars, baboons and other wild animals, that daily and nightly infested her garden. One moonlight night, she told me, when her husband was from home, her dogs had seized a huge wild boar, that was committing sad ravages among her Indian corn and pumpkins. She no sooner heard the screams of the animal, than she rushed to the scene of action, armed

with a long knife. When she came to the spot, she found her enemy secured by the ears between two of her powerful dogs, making the wild glen resound with his cries. Without stopping to reflect on her danger, she instantly sprang on the captive, and plunged the blade of the knife in his heart's blood. As she told her story, she flourished the knife in her hand in the most heroic manner, adapting the action to the word; I could not help recoiling from her during this recital, with a mixed feeling of horror and fear, as if she might have served me as she did the wild boar, on the slightest provocation. You may naturally wish to know what manner of man the husband of this virago might be. Probably you will picture him in your mind's eye as a weak timid pale faced man, yielding implicit obedience to his stronger half, for nature often seeks contrasts of this kind.

Heyn Mulder, or "old Heyn," as she called him, was not a person of this description. He stood six feet high, and was extremely athletic. "Old Heyn" had never known his master in man or woman; he was hard and unyielding in his nature, and cunning and tyrannical to his dependents. The ruling passion of Heyn and of his gentle partner was avarice. Every feeling was made to yield to this all-absorbing propensity, and the rest of mankind were only regarded as fitting subjects for its exercise.

A similarity of disposition, however, does not always secure tranquillity in the married state; and old Heyn's spouse could not at all times bring her manly disposition to yield due obedience to the stern dictates of her lord. On such occasions, Heyn never failed to make use of the all-persuasive powers of a trusty staff which he always carried

in his hand to quicken the motions of his refractory Hottentots. One day I surprised the couple in one of their toughest quarrels. Old Heyn was standing before his door, brandishing his sappling over his head, while the gentle dame was laughing and taunting him from the branches of an orange tree in front of the house, whither she had fled for security. As I approached, old Heyn put aside his wrath, and came forward to shake hands with me, observing, "that these rascally obstinate wives should be taught to know their master." He then turned to the offending fair one, who was now descending from her perch, and told her that the tree would not serve her turn again, for he would cut it down, rather than she should get the better of him, when he would pay her off for old scores. The wife received this declaration with a laugh of scorn, telling me that she knew the old rascal too well to believe that he would sacrifice one of his best orange trees on so slight a provocation.

The situation this loving couple had selected for their residence, besides commanding a fine spring to water their garden, was well suited to their unsocial and grasping habits. It lay in a sequestered wood between the mountains, and was barely accessible to wheel carriages by a steep and rugged path, up which no oxen but Heyn's could drag a waggon. He had originally come out to the colony as a servant to the Dutch East India Company, and had for many years been employed in felling timber for their use in this wild ravine, where he afterwards took up his abode when the term of his servitude had expired. Like his neighbours, the hyenas, Old Mulder was feared and hated by the Dutch colonists, who had often felt the

strength of his arm and knew his superior cunning; and moreover they regarded him as an interloper among them. They called him a "*Schelm*," which in their language means something more than a rogue. As Heyn's age increased, he gradually began to be sensible of his lone and friendless condition; and often lamented to us that after the death of his wife and himself, all his property, which had cost him so much toil to acquire, would be taken by the government! He often spoke of two nephews he had in Prussia, whom he wished to bring out to the colony to assist him in his old age, and to inherit his property after his death. Long, however, did his inclination contend with his avarice before he could summon resolution to part with a portion of his money to pay the expenses of their passage.

The crafty old Heyn, who had much exaggerated his wealth to induce his nephews to emigrate at their own expense, never dreamt that the young blades might have a spice of his own character. The young men thinking, that if their uncle was as wealthy as he represented himself, he might easily advance the necessary funds; and they steadily pleaded poverty as the only thing which prevented them from joining "their dear uncle."

At an unlucky moment, Heyn actually put his hand in his pocket, and the nephews made their appearance in the colony. For a few months, all parties were pleased; old Mulder looked several years younger, and the youths were elated with their prospects; but the ruling passions and inveterate habits were not thus suddenly to be overcome. Heyn could not help seeing that he had now acquired a couple of domestic slaves, bound to him by the strongest of

all ties—worldly interest—his avarice soon returned, and while he exacted more and more labor from his expecting nephews, his wife gradually reduced the quality of their fare.

For a time they bore all this patiently; but finding that their "dear uncle" was not likely to die as soon as they expected, and as the cunning old man had led them to believe, their wrath was kindled, and they made the country resound with their injuries.

Old Heyn discovered, when it was too late, that he had overbent the bow. It was now out of his power to retrace his steps, for the young men had found advisers to put them on a plan of being revenged on their uncle.

The Dutch laws, in those days, if they might be made an engine of oppression against the poor and helpless, were no less capable of being turned against the wealthy, with nearly equal effect. The young men were supposed to have nothing, and old Heyn was believed to be rich.

The nephews sued him for wages. Heyn resisted, for he was as obstinate as he was avaricious, and he had to pay the wages and the law expenses of a protracted law suit, and was ruined. His wealth, which, like a true worldling, he had exaggerated to increase his power, was not so great as supposed; and, as it often happens with men who think that learning is wisdom, the very engine which he had used against others was at last turned against himself with unerring effect.

CHAPTER IV.

In my last chapter I gave you some sketches of the character and habits of the aristocracy of South Africa—the lordly “Boors,” who think the colour of their skin affords them an unquestionable title to rank as the nobility of South Africa, and who believe that there is no situation and no room in Heaven for their swarthy brethren. I have now to speak of the despised Hottentotts who have been conquered by, and crushed under, the heavy tread of the ponderous Batavians.

I shall not attempt to determine, in this place, whether the character of these oppressed and despised races arises from an original defect in their mental or bodily conformation; or is simply the result of the treatment they have experienced.

This always has been, and will probably ever be, a subject for doubt and discussion. One thing is certain, that if the Dutchmen at the Cape had desired to degrade their character and blast their future prospects of improvement, they could hardly have fallen on a better plan than the one adopted by them—which has been so eminently successful in some other countries I could mention.

There is something so peculiarly flattering to human pride and vanity in the idea, that even Nature herself has marked us out by the colour of our skins as the lords of the earth—that it is no wonder that the white man in the colonies should not only desire to keep up this natural distinction, but even endeavour to make the black man *still blacker*.

There is this peculiarity in the treatment of the Hotten-

totts—that though they are but little darker in complexion than the Indians of this Continent, they have been actually more despised than the negroes of Central Africa. This contempt obviously arises from their inferiority as *laborers*, not from any deficiency in physical strength or energy, but from their being a *pastoral people*, drawing their subsistence exclusively from their flocks of cattle and sheep, and the produce of the chase. It will naturally be inquired, why the Hottentotts are less an *agricultural people* than the natives of Central Africa? This is my answer:

The central portions of Africa possessing the advantages of the *tropical rains*, which occur regularly at certain seasons, are better adapted for cultivation; and the population has, therefore, long ago passed from the pastoral into the agricultural state. The country is, therefore, enabled to support a more dense population, which, in its natural increase, has led to greater industry and ingenuity and progress in manufacture. This consideration shows how unjust it is to blame the Hottentotts too much for their want of industry. Their training under the Dutch settlers has been little calculated to improve them in this respect.

Hunger, and a fertile well watered soil, will soon induce men to cultivate the earth,—but driving them to work for the exclusive benefit of white men, is something like trying to make a horse drink when he is not thirsty. Moreover the Cape of Good Hope, as already stated, is a very arid country, and offers few inducements to cultivate the soil.

The general appearance of the Hottentotts is so well known that it is almost unnecessary to describe their persons very particularly. They possess some of the charac-

teristics, in a less degree, of the negro race, such as the flat nose and thick lips; but in general aspect and physical character, they seem, in other respects, to be quite distinct.

At the period of the first settlement of the colony, the Hottentotts appear to have been among the most barbarous of the savage tribes of Africa; and they do not appear to have had any regular form of government beyond the temporary authority of some petty chief in times of danger. We are not, however, too readily to believe all the accounts of them which are given by some of the early travellers, to whose credulity there seems to have been no bounds.

They have told so many stories of their filthy and disgusting habits, that by common consent, the Hottentotts have been considered by all civilized nations as a race sunk to the very lowest state of degradation of which human nature is susceptible. It is not altogether fair to judge of the character of a people from their external habits, and to conclude that they are as much debased in their minds, as they are repulsive in their persons. Were this the case, we should expect to find the Hottentotts of the present day, who are much improved with respect to cleanliness and clothing,—equally improved in morals and intelligence,—but quite the contrary is the fact.

It is not a little amusing to read some of the early accounts of these people, and the curious conclusions to which travellers have been led by their superficial mode of reasoning, as to their capability of being civilized. I think it is Kolben who relates an ingenious experiment made by a Dutch governor to ascertain whether a Hottentot "*could be tamed*," as he calls it. He mentions that the said learned governor, who seems to have regarded a "*wild*

Hottentott" in the light of a baboon or monkey, had seized upon one of these people when a child, and after sending him to Holland, where he made the most astonishing progress in acquiring the low Dutch language, and the art of wearing manufactured clothes in cold weather,—he brought him back to the Cape in order to persuade the rest of his countrymen to wear European clothing, and quietly place their necks under the yoke of the Hollanders.

The result of this curious experiment, which was intended to put the question at rest forever, as to the natural capabilities of this people, was, that the Hottentot, who seems to have been a very sensible fellow, saw quite enough of the character of the white people, to prefer the society of his countrymen, coupled with their *independence*, to the luxury and vices of the Dutch.

It would have been well for the rest of his countrymen had they been able to maintain their freedom, with all its accompanying privations, rather than submit their persons and lands to the arbitrary rule of such masters as European nations have proved to the original possessors of that colony. The truly Dutch experiment to which I have alluded is only calculated to excite a smile among sensible people of the present day; but the natural effects resulting from the shallow reasoning that gave rise to it, lead us to more serious reflections. The poor Hottentotts were looked upon by the ignorant colonists, as a people incapable of improvement, and were treated like horses or oxen, as a part of the property of their conquerors.

They were at first possessed of cattle and sheep in abundance, and the country teemed with game of all kinds, which together afforded them a subsistence proportional to

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their habits and necessities. They have gradually been robbed or cheated of their flocks and pasture grounds;—and what have they got in return? Three words answer the question, *vice, poverty, and oppression.*

I have now to describe the character of this people, as it existed about twenty years ago, when I knew them,—and it is difficult to distinguish between such peculiarities as are original and such as have been acquired from their masters.

The Hottentots are possessed of acute though not very powerful or durable feelings. Their character is one of singular weakness, in some respects joined to the most lively perceptions of external things. Their reasoning powers are of a mean order. They have but little cunning even when their suspicions are excited, and they are habitually honest, sincere, and confiding;—and if even dishonest, they are more inclined to steal than to cheat, for cheating is the refinement and perfection of dishonesty.

I should suppose that this honesty is an original trait in their character, for if otherwise it is impossible to imagine whence they borrowed it. Theft is very uncommon among them, and they may safely be entrusted with anything, but intoxicating liquors, a temptation which they are not able to resist.

I have been robbed of wine and brandy by them over and over again; but their want of art in concealing their depredations, showed clearly that dishonesty or deceit formed no part of their general character. Sometimes, indeed, they will steal articles of food to supply their half famished companions, who are travelling along the road, but hardly ever for themselves. I have left all other articles

completely at their mercy, when they might have helped themselves with little chance of discovery; but I do not recollect a single instance of their robbing me of any articles of clothing, which might have easily been changed for money or brandy.

The most amiable trait in the character of these people is their extraordinary sincerity. It is a well known fact, that a Hottentott, when examined before a court of justice, generally tells the whole truth without disguise, though he is certain that his own conviction and punishment will immediately follow his confession.

I now come to the vices of the Hottentotts. Though incapable of lasting resentment, they are passionate, and when under the influence of intoxicating liquor, savage and cruel to their women and children. The men rarely come to blows in their quarrels; but the unhappy wife generally has to suffer for every temporary resentment of the husband, whether or not she has been the cause of the quarrel. On these occasions, the brutal husband often beats his wife in the most cruel manner, and uses her in a way which would be death to a more delicate female.

It must not, however, be supposed, that the wife on her part shows any deficiency in the natural artillery of her sex, or surrenders without a gallant resistance. They scratch, bite and tear like wild cats until they sink with exhaustion; but the tongue still wags with unabated volubility in an overwhelming torrent of contumacious terms, which only aggravate still more the infuriated husband.

These scenes, however, are always occasioned by intoxication, to which they are exceedingly addicted. Intoxication has a more infuriating effect on savages than on

civilized men, because the former are less habituated to self-restraint. There is, however, nothing rude on ordinary occasions in the manners of the Hottentotts. They are affectionate, and very delicate in avoiding causes of offence, never contradicting or interrupting each other in conversation.

This observation applies generally to *barbarians and savages*.

Polygamy seems never to have been in use among them; and I have often been told by aged Hottentots that adultery was formerly very rare among them, and always punished with death by *their* laws. I am sorry to say that the almost superstitious respect which they formerly entertained for white men, has been made a powerful means of corruption among them; and European nations, have thus, instead of improving their morals, become the active agents of their debasement.

Most of the younger portion of the Hottentotts, within the bounds of the colony, are more or less of a mixed race. This clearly shows that the corruption has been progressive, and been increasing since the first settlement of the colonists.

Almost all nations possess some kind of intoxicating beverage. The Hottentotts have long been acquainted with the properties of a particular plant which grows in some of the most arid parts of the interior of the colony, and is only known to a few of them. This plant, as well as the intoxicating drink made from it, is called "*Karree*."

This root is dug up and dried in the sun; it is then pounded to a powder between stones, and kept in a bag, which is generally hung up in their huts. When they find any honey in the woods, they dilute it copiously with water

made a little warm, and put it into a pail, covered over with a thick cloth. A small quantity of this powder is then added to the liquid, which, in a few hours, it throws into a state of fermentation. So rapid is the process that I have often known them to commence the operation at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, and be "*well drunken*" before daylight next morning. A remarkable circumstance connected with this plant is, that the quantity of the powder is greatly increased at each brewing. When the liquid is sufficiently fermented, it is poured off; and the powder now quadrupled in quantity is taken out and washed in clean water, and then suspended in a small linen bag to dry.

It is thus that the Hottentotts keep up their supply of the powder. What they do not require they sell to the other Hottentotts, and I have known them to give a cow for half a cup full. I have myself tried to ferment sugar and water with this powder, but, though the fermentation took place, the virtue of the powder was destroyed. The Hottentotts who are acquainted with the *Karree* plant are so jealous of their secret that I could never prevail on them to point it out to me.

They are also acquainted with the properties of many medicinal herbs, which they have themselves discovered, and many of which have been found very useful by European practitioners in the colony. They have a variety of remedies for snake bites, among which a decoction from the leaves and root of the "*Mellitus*" may be mentioned. Another specific has been lately found, called the "*Slangen Wortel*," or snake root, "*Catula Capensis*," and "*Anthemoides*."

The account they gave of the discovery of the virtues of

this plant is curious. Two Hottentott girls were herding sheep at some distance from a farm house in the interior, when one of them was unfortunately bitten by a venomous snake. Her companion stayed some time with her to endeavor to get her to the Dutchman's house where they lived; but the effect of the poison was so rapid that she was obliged to leave her and run home for assistance. When she returned with some of the other servants, she was surprised to find the girl, whom she had left in great pain, sitting up and much better. It appeared that in her agony she had chewed a plant which grew by her side without knowing what she did, and that the juice had the effect of counteracting the poison. Thus, by the almost miraculous interference of a merciful Providence, the poor girl was saved from an agonizing death.

The Hottentotts often extract the poison from the most venomous snakes and swallow it, in the firm belief that it counteracts the effects of the poison mixed with the blood. Since the experiments of Spalanzani it is well known that snake poison may be taken into the stomach with impunity. The belief in the efficacy of this "*prophylactic*" is so general, both among the Dutch and Hottentots, that it would be unphilosophical to dismiss it at once from the mind as absurd. It does not seem improbable that by inuring the constitution to the action of the poison in this manner it will be rendered less liable to suffer from its injurious effects when received into the circulation—in the same way as inoculation diminishes the virulence of the small pox.

The Hottentotts have a great passion for music, which generally accompanies a constitutional sensibility of frame, and disposes the mind for the reception of kind and bene-

volent feelings. I have often listened, with great pleasure, to the wild and melancholy notes of the "*Gorah*" and "*Ramkee*," when sitting in the cool of a placid South African evening, on the "*Stoep*" or platform before our house, while the sun was sinking in unclouded beauty behind the chain of lofty serrated mountains, which formed one side of the picturesque valley in which we lived at "*Groote Vaders Bosch*." There is something peculiarly calm and soothing on a summer evening in that country, when the dazzling glare of noon is past, and the air is filled with the sparkling "*fire flies*," and the crickets open in full chorus with their drowsy unceasing din. At this delightful hour we every night heard some old Hottentott in the servants' hut, near the house, playing on the "*Gorah*," the sounds of which resembled the distant notes of the bugle.

This curious instrument is formed by stretching a piece of catgut along a thin round stick, about three feet long, in the manner of a bow and string. At one end the string is tied simply to the end of the stick, but at the other it is fixed to a piece of flattened quill, about an inch in length, but in an oval or lozenge shape, to suit the opening of the lips. The other end of the quill is then secured by a short bit of string to the other end of the stick. The instrument is played upon by introducing the quill between the lips and blowing in a particular way, holding the instrument in a horizontal position.

The peculiarity of the "*Gorah*" is that it naturally runs into the notes of the common bugle, which it also greatly resembles in sound.

The "*Ramkee*" is constructed on the same principle as

the guitar or negro "Banjo," which latter it almost exactly resembles.

The Hottentott women have naturally very sweet voices, and I have often been astonished at the facility and taste with which they pick up and select any tunes they may hear.

Sometimes, when our Hottentott servant girls happened to hear some air played on the flute, which struck their fancy, in a few days afterwards I could hear it sung all over the neighborhood, regularly harmonized by these natural musicians. In those places where the military bands are stationed, it is not uncommon to observe a group of young Hottentotts assembled in a circle performing some piece of music, and imitating every instrument in the band.

Some of their native airs are very beautiful, and I took the trouble to note several of them down, which were afterwards published in my work on the Cape, viz. : "*Ten Years in South Africa*," in 1835.

There was one sweetly, wild, and plaintive air, in particular, which was never played on the "Ramkee," by an old Hottentott woman, but it affected many of her hearers to tears, probably from some association of ideas connected with their oppressed condition. On this point they were unusually reserved with me, and I was left to imagine what their feelings were by my own, for whether it was from sympathy with their feelings, or the simple pathos of the air, I can hardly tell, but I could never hear this air, but I felt myself similarly affected. In the following verses in which I have closely followed the wild and irregular measure of the melody, I have attempted to portray the feelings of the poor Hottentotts.

Weary we traverse the boundless Karroo,
Where the spring-buck and zebra fly from our view,
With wild leap and bound
O'er the thirsty ground.
In countless herds they speed far away,
Far, far away
O'er the Ruggens gray
In liberty !

Our hearts beat high
As with glancing eye,
At the fleet-footed tribes, we level the "roer" (gun)
And think of the "Boer," (farmer,)
The cold-blooded "Boer"
And liberty !

But our numbers are few, our fond hopes are vain,
Our flocks and the land of our birth to regain ;
And the wrongs of our race
In the sands we trace
To be swept by the passing winds away.
Far, far away
With our liberty.
O ! liberty.

The lion we dare
In his savage lair,
And the elephant track through the long summer day :
They fall our prey
Yet we waste away
In slavery.

In the wild woods the lordly elephant reigns,
The ostrich and quagga sweep o'er the plains.
O ! not more free
Than once were we.
Till the "Christian" came and each free born soul
Was drowned in the bowl,
The maddening bowl
And slavery !

Of our lands bereft
 We have nothing left,
 But the burning heart, and the bitter sigh,
 As we waste away
 With our soul's decay
 And slavery !

Silent we crouch round our evening fire
 While our young maidens sing to the sweet " Chia " lyre,
 As each wild note rings
 O'er the trembling strings
 Our tears fall fast for times passed away.
 Far, far away
 With our liberty !
 O ! liberty .

We may sink to our graves
 As the white man's slaves ;
 But our spirits are free, and to bright realms of day
 They'll speed far away,
 Far, far away
 To liberty !

CHAPTER V.

From what I have already stated, you will be satisfied that so far from being of a rude and brutal character, the Hottentotts are possessed of sensibility, and even of a portion of what may be called refinement in their tastes. At the same time, however, they are exceedingly fickle ; quitting, on a sudden whim, a place where they have been well fed and kindly treated for months, for another where they know they will be treated in a very different manner. If you ask them, why they wish to leave you, their usual answer is, " Alamagtig !" mynheer, " I have been here for

a *whole year*." If they have liked their situation, they will readily return to you again after they have had their ramble out, and candidly admit that they were great fools to change it ; but that they were tired and wanted to roam a little.

The Hottentotts are generous in the extreme to their friends and acquaintances, and can refuse them a share of nothing they possess. This is one cause, with others, of their general poverty. Oppression has drawn the bonds of union closer between them, as is always the case in such circumstances.

A Cape Dutchman's sympathies are generally confined to his own family. He knows little of the feeling of friendship beyond the circle of his immediate relatives. But the Hottentotts are like one large family, bound together by common injuries, common interest, and common feelings. This brotherly union constitutes their happiness ; and of this comfort tyranny cannot deprive them.

The Hottentotts have many superstitions which resemble those of the Kaffirs ; but none of them of a gloomy or appalling description. They sometimes talk about *ghosts*, but have little fear of them or of any other spirits.

The superstitions of a country are generally tinged by the character of the inhabitants, or by that of the climate or natural scenery.

In half civilized regions, where despotism and priestcraft have reigned paramount, where the climate is changeable, and the scenery wild, inhospitable and gloomy, we find the people most prone to a belief in spirits and supernatural agency. In a country where every natural and artificial object reminds us of past generations, where ruined

edifices formerly inhabited by our ancestors, and the trees sighing in the wintry blast excite saddening reflections, it is natural for us to fancy that the spirits of the departed still hover round their original tenements, and watch over the actions of their descendants. Thus every ruined castle has its ghost to scare the benighted traveller, and every dark lane, where a murder has been committed, has its wailing spirit calling out for vengeance.

In a newly settled country, on the contrary, where everything is changing, and where the same house or district is rarely occupied by three succeeding generations, such superstitions can gain no resting place; and the injured spirits finding no one interested in their fate, and no suitable domicile on earth, remain quietly at home, leaving honest people to pursue their usual avocations undisturbed.

The Dutch are not without these gloomy phantasies of the brain, but they seem to be pretty exclusively of *European* origin.

I have thus given you an imperfect sketch of the character of the aborigines of the southern extremity of Africa.

While on this subject, it will not be out of place to make a few observations respecting the *complexion*, and some other peculiarities of the different races of men. Many persons entertain doubts of the common origin of mankind, founded on these peculiarities; and it must be confessed that but for the positive authority of the Holy Scriptures on this point, we have some apparent cause for scepticism.

Were this a mere subject of curious enquiry, it would not be worth while to say much on the subject. But unhappily this scepticism, however sincere it may be with many intelligent persons, is calculated to have a most per-

nicious effect on our own character as civilized and christianized men, while it tends immeasurably to widen the distance between the races, and to retard the improvement of our swarthy brethren.

Let us once really believe that we are not all sprung from one common father, and the sympathy between the whites and the colored races is, in a great measure, destroyed. The benevolent white man would still be humane on principle to the colored man, but it would be on the same principle that he was humane to his horse or his ox. Let him once consider the negro race as unsusceptible of improvement, and the moral obligation to ameliorate his moral condition is greatly weakened. It is on these grounds especially that I would combat this opinion. There may be doubts as to the correct interpretation of scripture on this head, and I shall therefore merely appeal to common observation, common sense and probability, to establish a fact which I think no candid person should doubt.

Some strong arguments drawn from the varieties in color and of the brute creation in different climates and situations, may be adduced in support of our position. The changes in color produced by domesticating wild animals of various kinds is commonly known to us all. The fact that wild animals become variegated in color, by change of climate or on being domesticated shows that this change depends on some natural cause. Is it not therefore probable that the same causes may produce similar effects on the human race?

If we cast a glance over the inhabitants of the globe, as a general rule we shall find that the darkness of the complexion corresponds to the heat of the climate. In the north

of Europe, we find the fairest complexions, and they gradually become darker as we advance to the south. The French are darker than the German races, and the Spaniards and Portuguese than the former. Then come the Moors or Arabs of Africa, who live in the latitude north of the equator, that the Hottentots inhabit south of it. The complexion of these two races is nearly alike. There may be some apparent deviations from the general rule in respect to regions of the north in the old world, as well as in America : such as the dark complexions of the Laplanders ; but these deviations may be accounted for by the probable supposition that these races came originally from warmer latitudes.

Ages may be required to change the complexion of a race, and the peculiar diet of these people may affect the color of their skin.

One fact is certain, that no negro race is found far to the south or north of the tropics. The conformity of these facts to the general rule is so remarkable, that it seems irrational to dispute the correctness of the theory, that *climate* is the primary cause, however remote, of the complexion of the different races of men.

We may justly consider the complexion of the Hottentots as the most unquestionable evidence that can be adduced on this head. Situated at the extremity of a vast continent, having no communication, until within the last few centuries, with any other race, and bounded on the North towards the equator, by darker races, how can we account for the difference of complexion, but by considering *climate* as the direct cause of it.

The Hottentots have the woolly hair of the negroes,

and also their flat noses, and that they came from the inter-tropical regions of Africa is proved by the number of Hottentott names of rivers which still remain in the country of the Kaffirs. The language of the two races is totally distinct, and the Hottentott language is peculiarly distinguished by the *cluck*, which abounds in it, and of which the Kaffir language is totally destitute.

A still more unanswerable argument for the effects of climate may be deduced from the fairness of the complexion of the Bosjesman Hottentots, when compared with the other Hottentots in the colony, who use the same language and are originally of the same race. The Bosjesmans live on an *elevated tract of country* in the same latitude, which produces a considerable difference in the temperature. Their fairness must therefore have been produced subsequent to the arrival of the Hottentott tribes in that part of the continent.

The peculiarities of *formation* in different races, may, at first sight, seem to present a greater difficulty connected with this question ; but if we take time to reflect on the subject, the inference drawn from conformation, will not appear to be better founded. Every day we observe, on a more limited scale, peculiarities of feature and complexion in particular families and individuals of our own race, without feeling disposed to question the possibility of their being the offspring of the same common parents.

In so far as my own observation has extended, though I have observed a great diversity in the mental faculties of different races of colored men, I must avow my entire conviction that these differences are totally unconnected with complexion. Some of the African races, such as the Mo-

zambiques, are remarkable for their stupidity, which at the Cape was so well known that it affected their value in the "*Slave Market*." Other colored races, again, are quick and intelligent. Every generous mind must feel indignant at the absurd argument we hear so often used by Americans in particular:—that *because* the negroes of Africa have never been civilized, they are therefore not susceptible of improvement and are only fit for being used as slaves to the whites. Such arguments are disgraceful to intelligent beings, and are the strongest proofs of a lamentable defect in the reasoning faculties of those who use them. They forget that our ancestors were once savages, and were not civilized until after the lapse of many centuries of barbarism. Such opinions can only proceed from gross ignorance and prejudice, or the base sophistry of self interest, and should be held in contempt and abhorrence by all who are actuated by just and benevolent feelings towards the human race.

I shall now endeavor to give you some account of the Kaffirs, who, when I knew them, lived in a state of independence beyond the bounds of the Cape colony. My two brothers and I resided for about a year at a semi-military settlement formed by the officers and discharged soldiers of the Royal African corps with the sanction of the colonial government. This settlement which occupied a portion of what was called "The Neutral Territory," was intended to protect the other colonists against the depredations of the Kaffirs,—but we were strictly forbidden to hold any intercourse with them excepting what might be absolutely necessary in the protection of our property or lives, both of which were often in great danger. My principal know-

ledge of their manner and character was picked up during my residence in the "Neutral Territory" and a short visit to some of the missionary stations in the Kaffir country. I was accompanied by a Scotch minister of the Dutch Calvinist church of Uitenhage and the District Schoolmaster, both of whom were appointed by the British Government,—the Presbyterian being the established religion in that colony. We penetrated about 100 miles into the Kaffir country and visited at the missionary stations.

My limits will not allow me to describe the country minutely. Suffice it to say that it was exceedingly picturesque, being situated near the base of lofty and well wooded mountains, and intersected by many fine streams, none of which, however, are navigable for more than five or six miles from their mouths, which are all obstructed with bars of sand.

As soon as we entered the Kaffir country a new and enlivening scene awaited us. The country, like most parts of the Cape Colony, was open, but sprinkled here and there with clumps of low evergreens, or the light and graceful "*mimosa*." Every few miles we came to little Kaffir villages, composed of round beehive huts, generally arranged in a circular form, for the protection of their cattle, according to the African fashion. Considerable patches of ground, enclosed with light palings, and cultivated with wooden spades by the women, surrounded these hamlets. Frequently we observed that clearings were made in the centre of small clumps of wood for the sake of the greater moisture in such places. They cultivate considerable quantities of millet, French beans, Indian corn, and pumpkins. Every Kaffir we met came up to us in the most frank and easy manner,

and shook us cordially by the hand, yet without the slightest appearance of vulgar confidence or forwardness.

They evidently showed by their demeanor, which was at once graceful and modest, that they considered us their superiors, but felt at the same time they were—*free men*—and entitled to address us on terms of equality. There was a smile on every swarthy face; they carried their heads aloft, and a proud joy danced in every eye. What a contrast to the poor oppressed and despised Hottentots! Verily we were now in a land of liberty—a blind man could have told it by the very tone of their voices.

None of the men we saw in the fields had any covering except the graceful "*carosse*," made of softened bullock's hide, which hung over their shoulders and depended half way down the leg, like the classic drapery of an ancient statue. Many had not even this covering in the fields. Their necks, wrists, and ankles were ornamented with bright brass rings of their own workmanship, which had a fine effect contrasted with their dark skins. Many of them also wore a narrow band of leather round their temples, vandyked with beads in a very tasteful manner, like a crown.

They all carried several "*assegays*," or light javelins in their hands. These elegant missiles are about five feet in length, and the iron points, or heads, are very neatly finished, when we consider that their only tools are Shore stones, of different shapes, for hammers, and a flat stone for an anvil.

The average stature of the Kaffirs is not much less than six feet, and many we met were over six feet six inches in height, and perfect models of symmetry.

Their legs, in particular, were beautifully turned, being

muscular without angularity; and there is a peculiar ease and dignity in the formation and carriage of the head and neck.

As we approached any of the villages or "*Kraals*," the head man, or petty chieftain, always came to meet us, accompanied by one of his attendants, carrying an earthen pot full of thick milk to regale us.

The Kaffirs seldom use sweet milk, but pour it into leathern bags, where it becomes very thick and sour, and in this state it is found to be more healthy and refreshing in warm weather. The earthen pots are formed of fine clay taken from ant-hills and hardened in the fire.

They also make baskets of a kind of grass or rush. These baskets are so close in their texture that they are often used for holding water or milk.

Millet, Indian corn, beans, pumpkins, and thick milk form their principal subsistence, for they are too economical to kill any of their cattle, but in cases of necessity, or on occasions of rejoicings, such as marriages, or when the youths are first admitted into the society of the men.

If we happened to give any beads away at the "*Kraals*," we were immediately assailed with the importunities of a number of women and children, who followed us, entreating us with their most winning graces for "*basella*" or presents. This annoyance, however, was confined to the immediate borders of the colony, where the Kaffirs have most intercourse with Europeans. At one place, towards evening, we came to a "*Kraal*" where a number of Kaffirs of both sexes were engaged in celebrating the marriage of their petty chieftain. To judge by the mirth and jollity of the assembly, one would have been led to suppose that they measured

the happiness of the bridegroom by the number of his wives, which now amounted to five. The men, who were nearly destitute of clothing, were arranged in several lines, like soldiers, with their assegays in their hands. At a given signal, they began jumping up in the air in succession, without quitting their ranks, shouting and humming a few wild notes in a deep voice. The women were drawn up at a hundred yards distance; they sang, clapped their hands, beat a kind of rude drum, formed of a calabash, and showed every token of the most extravagant joy. The chieftain as usual, came forward to welcome us with the thick milk, borne by his attendant, and invited us, with the grace and courtesy of a prince, to dismount and share in the feast which they were preparing from a bullock they had killed for the occasion.

The Kaffirs practise "*circumcision*," like the Jews and Mahometans, having probably received the custom from the latter. At one of the "*Kraals*" we saw a number of youths of 14 or 15 years of age penned up within a small enclosure surrounding a hut, where they were required to remain apart from the rest of the people for a certain time, until they should be considered as men, which takes place after a particular ceremony, which we afterwards witnessed at another place. Nothing could be more grotesque and hideous than the appearance of the youths on this occasion. Their faces and bodies were bedaubed all over with white and red clay, and they had huge bundles of rushes or water flags tied around their waists by a girdle and hanging half way down their legs. Each of them carried a long wand in his hand, and their heads were also ornamented with long flags which stuck out two or three

feet behind them. They waddled along in procession attended by crowds of children, teasing and taunting them continually, and whom they belabored with their wands, whenever they approached their line of march. The women were collected in a mass at a little distance, beating their drums and singing. We had not time to witness the conclusion of the ceremony.

My companion the Scotch minister seemed much shocked at the idea of five wives at one time, and began to put a number of questions through our Kaffir interpreter to the old chieftain. The old man who stood erect nearly seven feet high, answered these questions for some time with great candor and good humour. On being asked if he ever went to hear the missionaries he replied that he had been once or twice, but did not understand what they said, and therefore discontinued his visits,—though he believed them to be good kind of people, as they never did him any harm. Not satisfied with this answer, my companion assumed somewhat of a magisterial air, in the style of a master questioning a truant school boy. The Kaffir, now for the first time, appeared a little out of humour, and told the interpreter to tell his interrogator that he did not want to be bothered as he had other matters to attend to.

At one of the Missionary stations we went to see a native Kaffir smith at work.

He was busy making "*assegays*" or Javelins. The double portable bellows was the most curious portion of his apparatus. It was formed of two goat skins, which had been stripped from the carcasses of the goats in such a manner that they formed leathern bags open at each end. The neck openings of the bags were fixed into a common tube,

made of straightened bullock's horn. A hole is bored through one of the large ant-hills which are scattered everywhere over the country, and the horn tube placed therein; and the fire is kindled on the other side of the ant-hill. The openings at the other ends of the bags are contracted to narrow apertures and short pieces of stick sewed to them in such a manner that they may be opened or shut at pleasure by the fingers of each hand alternately. An assistant sits down on the ground between the two bags and seizes one of them in each hand. On drawing back the right hand with the bag and opening the fingers the air fills the skin. He then closes the orifice with the fingers of that hand and forces the air from the bag through the common tube by thrusting forward his clenched hand as if he were boxing. The same motions are then made by the left hand and arm, and so on alternately: by this means a constant blast may be kept up for hours. It would appear by the accounts of travellers that this simple but ingenious contrivance, so well adapted to the habits of a pastoral and migratory people, is in use all through the interior of Africa.

The "*assegays*" are fashioned in a variety of ways according to the uses to which they are applied, whether for hunting or for war, most of them are made with blades about twelve inches long and about two inches broad and neatly grooved on each side. These are the *assegays* used in war, or for killing small animals. Others are formed with long shanks for killing elephants or buffaloes; and some are notched or barbed in a very curious manner. The *assegays* are used generally as missiles, being projected from between the fingers and thumb to the distance of fifty or

sixty yards. Their other weapon is the "*Keerie*" which is a stick with a large round knob on one end of it. This they throw with great dexterity and force. When a chief wishes to have a hunt, he sends to all his people requiring them to assemble at a particular spot, when they spread themselves all over the country forming a large circle which is gradually contracted till the game is enclosed within a narrow space when they kill great numbers with their "*assegays*" and "*Keeries*."

In hunting the elephant they assemble in great numbers, and when they find one in the open country by himself, they set fire to the grass all round him, and pierce him with hundreds of "*assegays*" till he falls from exhaustion and loss of blood. The object of the fires is to save themselves from the enraged animal, by running through the smoke which destroys their scent. Notwithstanding these precautions two or three Kaffirs are generally killed on these occasions, before they can secure their prey.

The game had become so scarce in the Kaffir country at the time I am speaking of, that neither elephants nor buffaloes and very few leopards, antelopes or other wild animals were to be seen there. In the "Neutral Territory, however, which had been left without human inhabitants for several years after the expulsion of the Kaffirs, numbers of elephants were found by us around the semi-military settlement there, and so little did they fear man, that troops of them would pass within a few hundred yards of Fredericksburg, —the village we built:—or would turn round and look at us while we were working in our gardens. But to return to the Kaffirs. They believe in a Supreme Being, but their notions of a future state are of course vague and undefined.

They generally swear by the "spirit of their fathers," or by their chief. They sometimes pray also when they are sick, but when they are well, they think it best to "let well alone." They have a decided aversion to the flesh of swine, and can never be persuaded to partake of it. They also have a dislike to fish, except *shell fish*. This may account for their having no boats or canoes, nets or fishing tackle, which they do not want for skill to construct.

Polygamy is common among the Kaffirs, but the practice is confined to the more wealthy,—that is to those who possess the greatest number of cattle. It appears that it was not an original custom among them;—but adopted by them in consequence of the number of males who fell in their wars with other tribes. During these wars after many of the males of the conquered tribe had been killed, the women fell into the hands of the conquerors, which greatly added to the disproportion between the sexes. The women are generally treated kindly by their husbands, and in so far as I could ever learn are happy and contented with their lot,—strange as it may seem.

The form of government which prevails among them is simple and adapted to their habits and state of civilization. Their chiefs are hereditary but not absolute. No important measure can be undertaken without the advice of their counsellors. These counsellors are all inferior chieftains, who command the different subdivisions of the tribe in the "*Kraals*" or pastoral villages. These chieftains exercise a kind of patriarchal authority in the "*Kraals*," where they settle any disputes which may arise between individuals, and occasionally assist at the grand assemblies or rude Parliaments of the tribe,

The chief or king, by a kind of legal fiction well known in more civilized countries, is supposed to be the original or sole possessor of the lands and cattle within his territory. The inferior Kaffirs have no fixed right of property in the lands they occupy, except to the portions they have inclosed for cultivation, all the rest being held as common pasture ground by the different families of which the "*Kraal*" is composed. In the meantime the chiefs, who in all barbarous countries have more foresight than their people, are anxious to establish a right of property in the soil, while it is of too little value to be disputed.

This assumed or usurped right seems to be one of those steps necessary to the civilization of a barbarous people. Though they have no written laws, the Kaffirs have certain long established usages, which have almost equal authority among them, any infraction of which would be strenuously opposed by their subjects at large. Thus when the tyranny or avarice of a chief leads him to form any scheme of oppression against an individual, he is obliged to avail himself of the superstitions of the rest of the people in order to effect his object. The Kaffirs are great believers in sorcery and witchcraft, and when any one is seized with a malady which will not yield to the common medicines of the female doctors, it is usually attributed to the malice of some neighbour—and to sorcery. This horrible superstition is artfully encouraged by the chief, who is always a gainer by the conviction of the offender; in which case the latter is generally put to death, and his cattle confiscated and divided into two equal parts,—one half to the complainant, and the other half is taken by the chief by way of "*Court fees*." There are no lawyers to share the plunder. The business could not be

managed better in the most civilized country in Europe. Some of the chiefs, in order to increase their power, pretend to have the power of bringing rain to moisten the ground in dry seasons. If their predictions happen to be fulfilled, their character is established, and they are distinguished by the title of "Rain makers." But if they fail, the blame is thrown on the wickedness of the people.

In point of natural intellect the Kaffirs are a very superior race of barbarians. They are brave and faithful to their engagements. The softness and copiousness of their language indicate cultivation and reflection. I have been informed by the missionaries that they have no less than five or six names for the Supreme Being. Their reasoning faculties are powerful and active, and unlike the Hottentots, whose weakness of judgment and supine credulity incline them to believe every thing: the Kaffir will believe nothing that he is not fairly convinced of by argument. The following anecdote was told me by one of the missionaries to shew the natural shrewdness of the Kaffirs. One of the missionaries had long been attempting to persuade one of the principal chiefs to embrace the Christian religion. On one occasion he told the Kaffir that the Supreme Being was omnipotent, and that there were no bounds to his goodness; but that there was at the same time an adverse power who continually endeavored to counteract his gracious intentions towards man, by hardening his heart and filling his mind with evil thoughts and doubts; and he concluded by saying that he believed the difficulty the missionaries experienced in converting the Kaffirs was chiefly to be attributed to the influence of the *Devil*. The chief listened to what he said with great attention till he began to

speak of the *Devil*, when he raised his hand to his face to conceal a laugh, which might have hurt the feelings of the good missionary; but instantly resuming his gravity, he turned to the missionary and addressed him in words to the following effect. "You tell me that your God can do as he pleases, and that he is good. All this I can readily believe; but then you say that the Devil prevents us from being converted to your faith. Now it appears to me, that if you would first pray to God to convert the Devil, you would then have little difficulty in converting us."

The late war with the Kaffirs has attracted a considerable share of attention towards this interesting people, and I will now endeavor to give you a short account of their past state. Of their present condition I know little, but what is to be gathered from the public papers. The first accounts we have of the Kaffirs represent them as a simple inoffensive nation, subsisting by the produce of their numerous herds of cattle. They were honest and trustworthy in their dealings and remarkable for fidelity to their engagements. Though possessing little of that love of music and power of imitation by which the Hottentots are distinguished, their language, unlike that of the Hottentots is remarkably soft and musical, abounding in a melodious combination of vowels and consonants like the Italian. When first known to Europeans they do not appear to have been remarkable for their warlike character; and cruelty and treachery certainly formed no part of it. Their kindness and hospitality to strangers was unbounded, and they were confiding and unsuspecting. Alas! we are all the creatures of circumstances. However much our natural dispositions may lead us to benevolence,

temptations and provocations soon sow the seeds of malignity and vice in the virgin soil, and as we advance in knowledge we also advance in vice. The character of a savage race is necessarily uncertain and evanescent. They are the creatures of impulse, because they have no true religion to impose restraints on evil propensities, and to supply them with a code of moral laws; and they are, moreover, without that well constituted system of government which gives consistency and stability to the character of a nation.

When the Dutch colonists first became acquainted with the Kaffirs, the latter were scattered over that part of the country of the Hottentotts which bordered the Fish River, and from which they had expelled the original inhabitants. The Dutch government at Cape Town claimed the country as far as the Fish river, by virtue of a bargain with a Hottentott chief at the first settlement of the colony, who sold them a tract of country which did not belong to him for a *keg of brandy*. At first the Dutch settlers on the frontier were too weak to drive the Kaffirs beyond the Fish river, and besides they wanted servants to tend their cattle. There was plenty of pasture and an open country, and they, therefore, settled quietly among the Kaffirs, who received them kindly. Gradually, however, the Dutch became more numerous, and began to play the master to the Kaffirs, helping themselves to their cattle occasionally. All this the Kaffirs bore with great patience for a long time; as the Dutchmen studiously endeavored to give some color of justice to their proceedings, something in the style of the Indian traders, who used their hands and feet for weighing the furs bought from the natives.

One of their favorite devices was to allow some of the cattle of the Kaffirs to get into their wheat fields, and then seize them for the damage they had done. The cattle were abundant, and this proceeding did not seem unfair to this simple-hearted people; but, growing bolder from impunity, some of the Dutch "Boors" thought it would save trouble to drive the Kaffirs' cattle into their crops. This was a little too much for the patience of the Kaffirs, and finding that they were getting hemmed in, and their cattle gradually disappearing, they formed a conspiracy among themselves to kill all the Dutchmen and get back their cattle. I should tell you that I learned all these particulars from an honest old Dutch neighbor of mine on the frontier, who used to speak, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, of the kindness of a Kaffir chief who saved him and his helpless family from destruction, and never left them till they arrived at a place of safety. This Kaffir chief had been in the habit of coming to the Dutchman's house, where he was always kindly treated. The chief had taken a strong liking to the farmer's son, who was a little boy at the time, and used to bring him some little presents under his leopard's skin "*carosse*," or cloak, which all the chiefs wore, whenever he came to see them. The little boy loved the chief nearly as well as his father, and used to climb on his knee and clasp him round the neck whenever he made his appearance. Some time before the outbreak the Dutchmen had observed something strange in the manner of the Kaffirs, which made them somewhat suspicious, but still they had no idea of the fate that awaited many of them. The evening before the slaughter was to commence the Kaffir chief came into the farmer's house and sat down, and the little

boy sprang into his arms as usual. The chief looked sad, and soon the big tears gathered in his eyes as he pressed the little boy to his heart. The eyes of the anxious mother were fixed on the Kaffir, and she saw that something was wrong. She seized the swarthy hand of the Kaffir and implored him to tell her why he wept. The resolution of the chief, who had come to see his favorite child for the last time, gave way, and he told them of the conspiracy, and offered his assistance to enable them to make their escape in time.

There was little time for preparation. They were not even allowed to warn their neighbors, but set off on foot in the darkness of the night, through a forest towards the sea-coast, with a very scanty supply of provisions, leading some of their children, and carrying the younger ones on their backs.

Shunning all the Kaffir "Kraals," they reached the shore, which was skirted by lofty sandhills and beaten by the unceasing surf. They walked along with their feet washed by the surf, in order to prevent the possibility of being followed by their tracks on the sand. In this manner they travelled along for several days, proceeding on their journey after dark, and lying concealed in the bushes through the day. Their provisions being soon exhausted, the chief showed them how to find clams by scraping in the sand. The faithful chief never left them till they were safe among their friends in the more settled part of the colony. Several of the "Boors," or farmers, fell by the "assegays" of the Kaffirs, but the greater part of them were allowed to make their escape.

A "Commando," or military expedition, was called out,

supported by such portions of the regular troop bddolsas as spared from Cape Town, and the Kaffirs were driven beyo ne he Fish River, which, for many years afterwards, continued to be the eastern boundary of the colony.

The Fish River runs in a deep bed, with banks four or five hundred feet in height, with long sharp ridges, like ribs, running down to the river below. These banks are, on both sides, clothed with a thick jungle of small trees or bushes, through which wide paths are formed by the elephants, which I have seen in hundreds, browsing on the bushes. Along one of these paths a party of Dutch "Boors," forming part of the "commando," were threading their way, leading their horses by their bridles, for the path wau too steep to ride, and carrying their long clumsy guns on their shoulders. Suddenly they were stopped by a large tree, which had been thrown across their path, and before they had time to prepare for resistance, a number of Kaffirs, who had concealed themselves in pits dug for the purpose, sprang upon them with their "assegays." The Dutchmen, finding that resistance would be worse than useless, fell on their knees and begged for mercy. The Kaffirs generously allowed them to return to their friends with their arms, on condition that they would not fight against them during that war. The Dutchmen returned to the main body of the "commando," and immediately proceeded at the head of a strong reinforcement in pursuit of the noble-minded Kaffirs who had so generously spared their lives! The party of Kaffirs were, in their turn, surprised, and all who could not make their escape were shot without mercy.

From that fatal moment the Kaffir character was changed. They became cruel and merciless to the Dutch

in particular, and to the colonists in general, but never treacherous. Cruelty is one of the vices of savages and barbarians, but treachery belongs rather to the civilized or half civilized state. It is not so much a vice arising from impulse as from corruption and falsehood.

The Kaffirs have a noble and manly way of going to war. Before they attacked Graham's Town, during my residence in the colony, they sent a message to the commanding officer that they would attack the town "*on the first full moon,*" and they kept their word. This is a custom among several barbarous nations, and among the Kaffirs it was considered dishonorable to go to war, without making their enemies aware of their intention. Twenty years ago the Kaffirs were almost entirely unacquainted with the use of fire-arms, and only a few of their chiefs possessed horses. Then it was not uncommon to see a chief make his appearance at Graham's Town mounted on an ox. Sir John Barrow, in his excellent work on the Cape, written fifty or sixty years ago, describes his first meeting with the principal chief Gaika, mounted in this manner. In his youth, when Barrow met him, Gaika showed many noble traits of character but has since become distinguished by his low cunning and gross sensuality.

During one of my excursions into Kaffir land, about twenty years ago, we met Gaika, who was proceeding to one of the missionary stations in his country. The old man's appearance was far from being prepossessing, for there was an expression of moral debasement and cunning in his countenance which gave him more the air of a runaway slave than of an independent and high-spirited chief. He wore an old shabby white felt hat, and a pair of sheep-

skin trowsers, after the fashion of the Hottentotts, which seemed greatly to restrain the muscular action of his large limbs; and, to show his rank, he wore a leopard's skin "*carosse,*" thrown over his shoulder, which had no other covering.

This motley dress, which is often assumed by the Kaffir chiefs, almost completely destroys the native dignity of their appearance, and lowers them in the estimation of the colonists. Gaika, besides several attendants, was accompanied by his son, Makomo, a daring and intriguing young chief, who has lately distinguished himself in the wars with the colonists. Gaika was also accompanied by one of his favorite wives. He had, some years before, carried off this woman from a neighboring chief, which had occasioned a long war among the Kaffir tribes, in which Gaika was victorious, and retained the *fair* subject of contention. The appearance of this Kaffir Helen, whose features were of the most homely description, seemed by no means to justify the bloodshed she had occasioned. Beauty, however, is only a comparative term, and the difficulty of attainment of the object generally constitutes a large portion of what is usually termed love. We were informed that Gaika was in the habit of going his rounds occasionally among the Kaffir tribes, over whom he had gained considerable influence, and begging cattle from them. On the present occasion he had been particularly unsuccessful in levying his "*benevolences.*" He lamented his bad luck to us, and used it as an argument for our giving him some presents. This request we were by no means disposed to comply with, and he proceeded sulkily on his journey, followed by his attendants, driving a few miserable looking cattle which he had begged or extorted

from the unwilling Kaffirs. This will afford a pretty fair illustration of taxation in its infancy. What is first asked as a voluntary contribution is subsequently demanded as a right, until the patience of a people and the power of direct taxation is exhausted, and indirect taxation is resorted to in order to support extravagant expenditure on the part of a government.

All governments must be supported by some kind of taxation, and certainly that kind of taxation is the best which all men can understand and calculate, and which leaves the operations of trade and a healthy competition free and unshackled. This kind of taxation is the direct taxation of King Gaika, who would, no doubt, have had his indirect taxes on imports, like other potentates; but, unfortunately, his people wore their own manufactures, and drank milk and water, and sometimes honey beer or "*karree*," instead of tea, coffee, rum, gin, brandy and wine, and had, therefore, no imports to tax.

On all occasions the Kaffirs have shown great individual courage, even when opposed to British troops; but being without order and means of combined action, which distinguish civilized nations, their attacks were only a succession of vain efforts. Many instances of daring bravery occurred, but the masses, from want of discipline, were intractable and unwieldy, and soon thrown into confusion. Still, though fully sensible of their inability to cope with our troops, they showed no cowardice or panic. They would turn round in their flight and brandish their "*assegays*" at the soldiers, and tell them laughingly not to shoot them.

Many of them behaved in this way during the attack on Graham's Town, already alluded to, and when they were

shot through the body, they would pull a tuft of grass and stick it in the hole made by the ball, and laugh contemptuously at their enemies.

At that time they knew so little of fire-arms that, with all their natural bravery, many of them entertained a kind of superstitious dread of these weapons, which they fancied could be discharged as often as their owners pleased. Pistols, also, were then very uncommon, and were rarely used. One of our officers told me an amusing story connected with this dread of fire-arms.

A Kaffir, during one of their skirmishes, had come to close quarters with him, when, in self defence, he fired a pistol at him and wounded him in the arm. After the conclusion of the war the officer went to see his former opponents at their "*Kraal*." The people were all very friendly to him, and showed him great hospitality, with the exception of one Kaffir, who kept aloof and eyed him with a look of mingled dread and suspicion. The officer fancied that he had seen his face before, and his curiosity was excited by his behavior. Going up to the Kaffir he asked him, through his interpreter, why he shunned him now when they were at peace. The Kaffir replied that though they were now at peace, he could never like a man "*whose hand could shoot like a gun*."

I have already alluded to the melody and softness of the Kaffir language, which has been called the Italian of South Africa. The Kaffir has a deep sonorous voice, and their accent in speaking is pleasing to the ear, resembling that of some of the Highland districts in Scotland. The late Mr. Pringle used to tell an amusing story, which shows the dry humour of the Kaffirs.

Mr. Pringle, accompanied by his excellent wife, was travelling through some part of Kaffir land in a covered waggon, when they saw King Gaika approaching them, accompanied by four hundred warriors and his thirty wives in their "carosses," covered with a profusion of buttons, glass beads, and other ornaments. Mr. Pringle immediately stopped his waggon to shake hands with him. After some lively conversation with the old chief, his attention was attracted to one of his wives, who was full of animation and very pretty. Pringle, perceiving that the chief seemed not ways offended, but rather pleased with the attention he showed to his young wife, which he, no doubt, took as a compliment to his taste in womankind, asked him what he would take for her. Gaika replied that he could not think of selling his young wife even to a friend, but as he had already thirty wives, without a single white one among them, and was rather fond of variety, he would have no particular objection to exchange the wife in question for Mrs. Pringle. He accompanied this speech with an arch and knowing glance at poor Mrs. Pringle, who, feeling the helplessness of her situation, and knowing Gaika's lawless and libertine character, shrank in terror to the inmost recesses of the waggon. I will give you one more anecdote of the shrewdness and foresight of Gaika, and thus conclude my description of the Kaffirs.

In the year 1815 an insurrection of the Dutch "Boors" on the frontier took place, which was occasioned by the refusal of a farmer to allow a Hottentott to leave his service after the expiration of his contract with him, or to take away the property he had earned after several years' service. The Hottentott complained to the Landrost or District Magistrate, but the farmer refused to submit to his

decision, and, joined by several of his friends, they broke out into open rebellion against the Government. The farmers fought desperately for some time, until some of their leaders, including the farmer who was the cause of the revolt, were shot down by the military, when they submitted to the mercy of the Government. Before their surrender, however, and while the whole district was still in arms against the Government, the conspirators sent a deputation to Gaika to propose an alliance between him and the insurgents, for the purpose of expelling the English from the frontier districts. As a bait to tempt the cupidity of the chief, they offered, in the event of success, to leave in his possession the tract of territory now called Albany, to the west of the Great Fish River, from which the Kaffirs had been recently expelled by the British troops, whilst they (the Boors) would occupy the country on the Kat and Koonap rivers, to the eastward.

Gaika, however, showed himself too good a politician to be cajoled by his old antagonists. He told the deputies that he could not believe the colonists were serious in their proposal—that he suspected their design was merely to decoy the Kaffirs into the open plains, with the view of more effectually destroying them; but if they really meant what they said, he considered them to be very foolish men, as there was no probability of their succeeding in such an attempt; and that, finally, for his own part, he had no inclination to place himself, like a silly antelope, between a lion on the one side and a wolf on the other (the English and the Dutch.) He absolutely refused, therefore, to take any part in the quarrel.

My notices of the Kaffirs have extended to greater length

than I at first anticipated. I shall now, according to my original intention, proceed to give you some account of the wild animals of the country, with a few accounts of encounters with them.

CHAPTER V.

I shall begin with the elephant, which from his power and sagacity is fully entitled to precedence.

Many species of the wild animals of South Africa have been extirpated or driven from the older settlements near Cape Town. Their former existence in these localities is proved by the names of places:—as "*Rhinoster Fontein*" and "*Buffel Yaaght's Rivier*"—the Rhinoceros spring and the Buffalo hunt's river, and many others. In those older districts, however, I have never found any traces of the elephant. This is readily accounted for by the scarcity of extensive forests, which seem to be necessary to the existence of these large animals.

About twenty years ago great numbers of them were found in all the forests near the frontier, particularly in the low dense bushes along the Great Fish river. There I have often seen them in large troops of several hundreds together, browsing quietly on the tops and branches of the bushes. The scenery there is so wild and on such a grand scale, that at a distance they present much of the appearance of a flock of sheep among the low trees and bushes. They were so dangerous to travellers, particularly in the night time, when they are always on the move, that we had often great difficulty in keeping them at a respectful

distance from our waggons, by burning large fires, cracking our large whips and firing guns till daylight in the morning. People become inured, by habit, to dangers of this kind, until instead of producing alarm or discomfort, they at last only supply a kind of pleasing excitement.

My first personal acquaintance with the elephants commenced you will think, rather roughly, near the village of Fredericksburg, in the semi-military settlement beyond the Great Fish river, which I have already mentioned. After a tedious journey of nearly 600 miles I arrived at our new settlement, where one of my brothers had already established himself. Our conversation among other matters naturally turned upon elephant hunting, and my brother informed me that the party had already shot eight or nine of them. The elephants were generally shy of the habitations of man, keeping close in the woods and jungly ravines in the day time; but in this part of the country, which had remained without inhabitants ever since the Kaffirs had been driven beyond the Keiskamma, they had become bolder, and whole troops of them were often seen quietly browsing among the scattered "*mimosas*" in the open fields. The mode our settlers adopted of attacking these animals was borrowed from the Kaffirs.

Elephants are well known to be afraid of fire; so when our people discovered a troop of them in the open country, they set fire to the long grass in several places, so as to enclose them in a circle of flame and smoke, and after firing at them when they gave chase, they sought protection beyond the circle which the elephants will not venture to cross. Our people, however, were so little acquainted with the most vulnerable parts of the animals, that killing an

elephant was generally the work of several hours, though sometimes seventy or eighty were engaged in the hunt. I was of course greatly delighted with these accounts and impatient to take part in the exciting sport. I determined, however, to be cautious at first, until I had time to learn something of the manners of this dangerous animal.

An opportunity occurred sooner than I expected, for the very next day after my arrival at the village, we had hardly finished our breakfast, when we heard a succession of shots in the valley below the village, and all our people were instantly in motion, loading their firelocks and hurrying to the scene of action. My brother and I soon followed, accompanied by my two Hottentotts, who had never seen a wild elephant. We had scarcely taken our station on an eminence above the valley, when the huge animal, which was a female, was seen wading through the bushes, throwing up her trunk in the air and flapping her great ears, which in the African species are much larger than those of the Asiatic, and resemble immense fans, which in warm weather they use in the same manner to cool themselves. A general discharge was immediately opened on her from both sides of the valley,—when uttering a thrilling cry like the noisy brattle of a cracked trumpet, she plunged into the thickest part of the jungle;—where for a time she was partially protected by the trees. Some of the party, stationed on the rocks on the opposite side of the jungle succeeded in driving her into the open ground. My two Hottentotts, who were excellent marksmen, now managed to steal round a corner of the bushes unperceived by the harassed and enraged animal, and each of them taking a different aim, one of them shot her through the eyes while

the other put a ball through her trunk. The poor beast now thoroughly disabled, went on slowly over the plain, while the hunters poured whole volleys of balls into her body.

Not being aware of her being blinded at this moment, I was exceedingly alarmed for the safety of my brother, who advancing within thirty paces of the elephant, fired into her head, without any attempt being made on her part to chase him. He, himself, was not aware of her having been blinded, but was encouraged by her apparent stupidity to approach much nearer than any of the other hunters.

Shortly afterwards a well directed shot brought her to the ground, and we obtained an easy conquest over our enemy. This the first hunt I had witnessed was attended with less danger to the assailants than usual; but the one which succeeded it on the following day, was attended with much greater danger to all concerned in it, and ended in a tragical manner. As an account of this adventure was furnished by me to the "Library of Use and Entertaining Knowledge" in 1831, and also in my work "Ten years in South Africa," published by Richard Bentley in 1835, I shall give it in nearly similar terms.

One of our servants having come to inform us that a large troop of elephants had been discovered in the neighborhood of the settlement, and that several of our people were already on their way to attack them, I instantly set off to join the hunters. The beautiful stream called by the Kaffirs the Guabana, after passing the village, took its course through an extensive wood or "jungle," and again made its appearance in an open meadow, running close under the high hills on one side of the valley for several

hundred yards, when it again entered a long strip of jungle. In consequence of losing my way in my eagerness, in passing through the jungle, I could not overtake the hunters until they had driven the elephants from their fixed station. On getting out of the wood, I was proceeding through the meadow to a distant "Kloof" or ravine, when I heard the firing, and had nearly reached the carcass of the elephant which we shot the day before, when I was suddenly warned of approaching danger by loud cries of "pass op" (look out) coupled with my name in Dutch and English; and at the same moment, heard the crackling of broken branches, produced by the elephants bursting through the wood, and their angry screams resounding among the precipitous banks of the river. Immediately a large female, accompanied by three others of a smaller size, issued from the jungle which skirted the river margin. As they were not more than two hundred yards off, and were proceeding directly towards me, I had not much time to decide on my motions. Being alone, and in the middle of an open plain, I saw that I must be inevitably caught, should I fire in this position, and my shot not take effect. I, therefore, retreated hastily out of their direct path, thinking that they would not observe me, until I should find a better opportunity to attack them. But in this I was mistaken; for looking back, I perceived to my dismay, that they had left their former course and were rapidly pursuing and gaining ground on me.

Under these circumstances, I determined to reserve my fire as a last resource; and turning off at right angles in the opposite direction, I made for the banks of the small river, with the view to take refuge among the rocks on the

other side, where I should have been safe. Before I got within fifty yards of the river, the elephants were within twenty paces of me,—the large female in the middle, and the other three on either side of her, all of them screaming so tremendously that I was almost stunned with the noise. I immediately turned round, cocked my gun, and aimed at the head of the largest—the female. But the gun unfortunately hung fire and the ball merely grazed the side of her head. Halting only for an instant, the animal again rushed furiously forward. I fell—I cannot say whether struck down by the trunk or not. She then made a thrust at me with her tusk. Fortunately for me, she had but one, which still more luckily missed its mark. Seizing me with her trunk by the middle, she threw me beneath her fore feet, and knocked me about between them for a little space. I was scarcely in a condition to compute the time very accurately. Once she pressed her foot on my chest with such force that I felt the bones bending under her weight; and then she trod on the middle of my arm, which fortunately lay flat on the ground at the time. Strange as it may appear, during this rough handling, I never entirely lost my recollection, but owing to the roundness of her feet, I generally managed by twisting my body and limbs, to escape her direct tread.

While I was undergoing this buffeting, Lieutenant Chisholm, of the Royal African Corps, and Diederick, a Hottentott, fired several shots at her from the side of the neighboring hill, one of which hit her in the shoulder, and, at the same time, her companions, retiring and screaming to her from the edge of the forest, she reluctantly left me, giving me a cuff or two with her hind feet in passing.

I rose, picked up my gun, and staggered away as fast as my aching bones would allow me; but observing that she turned round, as if meditating a second attempt on my life before entering the bush, I lay down in the long grass, by which means I escaped her observation.

On reaching the top of the steep hill, on the opposite side of the valley, I met my brother, who had not been at this day's hunt, but had run out on being told by one of the men that he had seen me killed. He was, of course, not a little surprised at meeting me alive and in a whole skin, though plastered with mud from head to foot. My face was a little scratched, indeed, by the elephant's feet, which were none of the smoothest. My ribs ached, and my right arm was blackened with the squeeze it got, but these were trifling injuries, considering the ordeal I had gone through.

While he, Mr. Knight, of the Cape regiment, and I were yet talking of my adventure, an unlucky soldier of the Royal African Corps, of the name of McClare, attracted the attention of a large male elephant which had been driven towards the village. The ferocious animal gave chase, and caught him immediately, under the height where we were standing; carried him some distance in his trunk, then throwing him down, and bringing his feet together, trod and stamped upon him for a considerable time till he was quite dead. Leaving the body for a little, he returned again, as if to make quite sure of his destruction, and kneeling down, crushed and kneaded him with his fore legs. Then seizing the body again with his trunk, he carried it to the edge of the jungle, and threw it upon the top of a high bush. While this tragedy was going on, my brother and I scam-

bled down the bank as far as we could, and fired at the enraged animal, but we were at too great a distance to be of any service to the unfortunate man.

Shortly after this catastrophe a shot from one of the hunters broke the male elephant's left fore leg, which completely disabled him from running. On this occasion we witnessed a touching instance of affection and sagacity in the elephant. Seeing the danger of her mate, the female before-mentioned—my personal antagonist—regardless of her own danger, quitted her shelter in the bush, rushed out to his assistance, walked round and round him, chasing away his assailants, and still returning to his side and caressing him; and when he attempted to walk she placed her flank under his wounded side and supported him. This scene continued nearly half an hour, until the female received a severe wound from the rifle of Mr. Colin MacKenzie, of the Royal African Corps, which drove her again to the bush, where she speedily sank exhausted from the loss of blood, and the male soon after received a mortal wound from the same officer. Thus ended our elephant hunt, and I need hardly say that what we witnessed on this occasion of the ferocity of these powerful animals, rendered us more cautious in our dealings with them for the future.

This early lesson in elephant hunting pretty nearly cured me of any thoughtless rashness in attacking them. In fact, ever afterwards I generally acted rather on the defensive than the offensive with respect to them: though, without particularly courting adventures, I subsequently made many narrow escapes from them as well as from other dangerous animals, a few of which I shall relate to you.

After leaving the neutral territory, I settled with my brothers in another locality, at some distance from the frontier, where we were nearly surrounded by an extensive forest of lofty trees, and our farms, which consisted of a beautiful tract of rich pasturage, were almost entirely enclosed between this forest and the sea-coast. The forest swarmed with elephants and buffaloes, to say nothing of the smaller game, such as various species of antelopes. We were also annoyed with leopards, which, panting about our house at night, frequently carried off our young calves. Though we generally avoided the elephants, it was impossible to travel much through the woods without frequently meeting them, but my intimate acquaintance with their habits, and my frequent escapes, at last made me almost careless about them, so that I often led my horse six miles through the woods alone, and in the middle of the night, in returning home from Graham's Town to my place on the coast, near the mouth of the Bosjesman's River, in order to avoid the alternative of sleeping in a Dutchman's house, or of riding twenty miles round the end of the forest.

One evening I took one of my servants with me and went into the woods, in the hope of shooting a "bush buck," or wood antelope, as our provisions were nearly exhausted. We ascended a steep grassy ridge, near the sea, and proceeded through the forest for two or three miles, following a broad elephant's path, where we saw several of their fresh tracks, but without being able to get within shot of the game we were in search of. As we were returning home we missed our way by following the elephant's path too far, which led us past an open savanna on the top of the hill above my farm, where we should have emerged from the

forest. While we were deliberating how to proceed, we suddenly heard a thundering noise, and the branches of the trees breaking with reports like a running fire of musketry. Having only a small double-barrelled gun, and my companion's gun only loaded with small shot, we were in no condition for encountering a troop of elephants. We had, therefore, nothing for it but to make for the edge of the woods as fast as we could, when we hoped to make our escape. After a hard run, we succeeded in reaching the grass, and calling to my man to follow me, I turned off at right angles along the margin of the forest, in order to get out of their scent, for the wind was blowing directly towards them. After running about a hundred yards, we stopped to draw breath, and to listen for our pursuers; but hearing nothing, we concluded that they had turned off in another direction. Thinking the danger past, Darby Lanigan, whose name is an index to his country, broke out into an extravagant fit of exultation, and paid himself and me a hundred compliments on our presence of mind and address, and swearing by the "*Holy contingent*"—a sort of military oath—that "we had done them finely."

Darby's eulogiums were soon interrupted, for as we were crossing the little plain five elephants issued from the woods and gave chase to us. I succeeded in gaining a round clump of bush in the middle of the plain, and concealing myself behind it, watched the motions of our pursuers with both barrels of my gun cocked. Poor Darby, however, being short in the legs, was soon exhausted with his exertions, and fell down in the long grass, where he had the prudence to lie without motion. The elephants passed him within a few yards without perceiving him, and coming

within thirty or forty yards of my place of concealment, stood still for several minutes, during which time my sensations were far from being agreeable, after the hair-breadth escape I had formerly had from them. I was afraid to fire, for in the event of their not being scared away, my retreat would have been discovered. Fortunately the wind had fallen, so that they lost scent of me, and at last returned to the woods. I now discovered Darby's curly head slowly rising above the long grass, and looking round warily to see if the coast was clear. His face looked rather pale with his recent tribulation. At length he got sight of me, and knowing by the signal I made him that the danger was past, his round visage immediately brightened up, and sitting upright, he slapped his hands together and shouted to me, "By the holy, sir, we've done them fairly agin."

As we were descending into the valley, near our house, he turned round to me, with a knowing look, and said—"We'd better say nothing about this business to the Dutchmen, or they'll say we were afraid."

In dividing our common property with my brother Donald, who lived with me until his marriage, I took for my share of the land, a part of it which was surrounded on every side but one by the forest, and I was employed for several days cutting a waggon road, for the space of two miles, between the farms, preparatory to building a new house for myself.

With the help of my Hottentotts, a few days sufficed to erect a temporary hut of long reeds, like the roof of a house, and another close by for my servants. I had got my bed slung by thongs, like a hammock, to the roof of this primitive domicile, to escape the annoyance occasioned during the

night by certain small animals, more active than agreeable, that swarm in South Africa on new settlements.

It frequently happened that on getting up in the morning, we found the tracks of elephants within a few paces of our huts. When we considered the flimsy materials of which they were generally composed, we often wondered that these huge animals never took it into their heads to knock our houses about our ears, which a single elephant could easily do in a few minutes.

One night I had just fallen asleep, when I was awakened by a loud shriek from one of these troublesome neighbors, and jumping out of bed I saw by the moonlight a large elephant, not fifty paces off, standing near my cattle, which seemed to be in great alarm, snuffing and poking out their noses towards the intruder. My gun not being loaded at the time, I called to my Hottentott to fire off his gun to scare him away, as the creature, from the wind being in the wrong direction, might not be aware that his old haunts were now occupied, for the first time, by human beings.

On hearing my voice, our visitor retired slowly to the woods, where, contrary to my wish, the Hottentott followed him. The moon was at the full, and he did not like to fire his gun for nothing. Before he entered the margin of the forest, I again entreated him to return; but he was too intent on his sport to regard my caution. He had hardly disappeared among the trees when I heard a sudden crash, and the harsh discordant scream of the elephant; and the next moment Ruiter came running at full speed towards my hut, crying out, "O God! O God!" closely followed by the elephant, who seemed bent on his destruction. In-

stantly seizing my gun, which I had just loaded, I ran to his assistance. Getting within eighty yards of the animal I fired, and just at the same moment one of his dogs, which had followed the Hottentott, crossed between him and his pursuer. The elephant instantly wheeled round and pursued the dog, which ran towards the forest instead of following his master. A few seconds would have decided Ruiters' fate, for the elephant was within fifteen paces of him when I fired. "O God!" Ruiters exclaimed, as he sank exhausted on the ground near me, "I was almost caught. If it had not been for mynheer's shot and that good dog, I should have been trampled to pieces by this time. I have seen plenty of elephants before now, but this is the cunningest rascal I ever had to do with. He did not even give me time to fire my gun, for he stood dead still under the shadow of a large Kaffir tree; then whur-r-imitating the elephant's scream—the old rascal was after me. O God! Oh God! mynheer, I shall never go after an elephant in the night again; I'm fairly done up. I could not have run twenty paces farther if the 'Devil' had been after me."

I had determined to build a stone house at my new place, but the difficulty was to get a mason and carpenter down to my wild place. I at length succeeded in getting a mason from the distance of a hundred miles in one direction, and a carpenter from fifty miles distance in another direction. The mason was much afraid of elephants, and my place had got such a bad name on their account that I could hardly induce him to undertake his part of the job.

The Dutch farmers in the neighborhood used to call the place "*The Eye of the Elephant's Nest*," and when

my brother Donald and I went to live there they told us we should certainly be killed by them. However, when I once got my mason there, I was sure he would not leave me before his work was finished, as he would not dare to go alone through the woods.

While he was building the house his stock of tobacco being exhausted, he begged me one day as a particular favor, to accompany him through the woods to an old Kaffir "Kraal" where some wild tobacco was still growing.

Thinking there was little chance of meeting any elephants in the day time along the route of the waggon road I had recently cut through the woods, I did not take my gun, which was an incumbrance on horseback. Davie Hume, my mason, had found plenty of wild tobacco at the old "Kaffir Kraal" and had packed up a good supply of it in his pocket handkerchief and we were returning home through the forest, when on entering an open savanna, we saw a herd of three or four hundred buffaloes grazing on the side of a grassy hill at some distance. I asked Davie to stop a moment to observe their motions; but he instantly urged his old horse, which was not accustomed to take a *gentle* hint, into something like a gallop, exclaiming: "Ye'll no get *me* to gang and look at them, ae sight's eneugh for *me*." When I overtook him he had reached a deep woody ravine which lay between the savanna and my farm. Though he would see the grass on the other side of the ravine at only eight hundred yards distance, he was afraid to cross it alone for fear of falling in with more buffaloes, the dread of these animals being now uppermost in his mind. Going thirty or forty yards before him, I had descended nearly to the bottom of the ravine, when my attention was attracted by

some white objects, which were slowly proceeding from beneath the dark shade of the trees, and next moment two large elephants, whose white tusks had first attracted my attention, advanced into the middle of the road hardly thirty paces from me. I turned my horse as quietly as I could, and retreated up the path by which I had descended; telling my companion in a low voice of his danger as I passed him. On looking back, I perceived that he had succeeded in turning his horse's head half round, and was rising up and down in his saddle, and flogging him with all his might, but the obstinate brute tired with his late exertions would not move a step from the spot, for he was not aware of his own or his master's perilous situation. At length the poor mason threw himself from his immovable steed, but in his trepidation he got his foot entangled in a leathern thong which did duty for a stirrup, and he lay on his back on the ground kicking vigorously to extricate the imprisoned limb, still grasping unconsciously the bundle of tobacco leaves in his left hand. There was a curious contrast between the terror painted on the pallid countenance of the poor mason and the obstinate and phlegmatic indifference of the old horse, which still remained without motion, with his head turned towards his prostrate rider, regarding him with the most philosophic air imaginable. In the meantime the wind being in our favor, the two elephants did not observe us, and crossing the road entered the woods on the opposite side.

After several unsuccessful efforts, the mason freed his leg and came running up the road to the spot where I was standing, without venturing to look behind him. The sight of the elephant is imperfect, but nothing can exceed the keenness of his senses of smell and hearing.

With regard to the lion, the tiger, and leopard, and such animals, it is well known that they are generally intimidated by a calm resolute demeanour on the part of the person who encounters them. I could give many remarkable instances to prove this fact, but I have here confined myself to what I have myself seen. Of *lions* I have no personal knowledge, because they were not found in that part of the country where I chiefly resided. But during my residence near the Kaffir frontier, I shot several leopards, or destroyed them by setting guns in their haunts baited with meat. Shortly after I had established myself on a new farm near the under Bosjesman's River, with my brother Donald, we were nightly annoyed with the depredations of one of these leopards, who had killed two of our calves and dragged them into the woods.

One morning at dawn of day we took our guns and dogs and went into the forest in pursuit of him. The dogs soon got on the scent and treed him, when resting my gun on the shoulder of one of our men, I shot him through the body just behind the fore legs. He fell to the ground with a savage growl, and my brother Donald running up, at once discharged a pistol ball into his head.

Our farm was situated in a deep valley between high grassy hills opening out towards the sea coast. A small stream from the woods entered the valley at the top, and then disappeared in the sandy ground near the sea. A heavy flood of rain had swelled this little stream to a torrent and formed a small lake at the bottom of the valley. Here in the night or even day time, all kinds of wild animals came to drink. Elephants, buffaloes, antelopes,

wild boars, and leopards, payed it frequent visits to slake their thirst.

One evening, after leaving off work, I took a ride alone along this little lake. Proceeding some distance I saw a large leopard slaking his thirst in the water. I immediately dismounted, and sitting down on the grass to take a sure aim, fired and shot him through the body. He gave a growl and rolled over in the water, I attempted to give him a second shot with the other barrel of my gun, but it burned priming. The leopard now got on his legs, and came growling towards me, laying his ears back and writhing his tail. My first thought was to endeavor to make my escape; but my horse had taken fright and run away to a considerable distance. Not expecting to meet with so dangerous an antagonist, I had left my knife at home, and was thus left without any means of defence or escape. I therefore determined to try what impudence would do; and waiting till the enraged animal came within twenty paces of me, I ran furiously at him, shouting at the top of my voice, and brandishing my gun over my head.

This manœuvre was attended with complete success; for the leopard immediately altered his course, and ascended the steep side of the valley, and taking his station on a rock near the summit, sat down and watched my motions for some time, while I retreated slowly, still keeping my face towards him. Before I recovered my horse, it was too dark to renew the attack that night, but I contented myself with watching him until I saw him enter a thick clump of bush, where I expected to find him next morning.

As soon as it was daylight, taking one of my servants

with me, and my dogs, I went to pay him a second visit. When we came to the bush, into which he had crawled, the dogs attacked him, and he clambered into a tree for protection. At last I got a sight of his head among the thick foliage, his eyes glaring fiercely at me. Guessing at the position of his body, I fired at him, and he dropped to the ground. The dogs again closed with him, but he bit and tore them so with his powerful claws that none of them could be encouraged to return to the conflict. The bush was so thick that we could not get sight of him without great danger. At length, losing all patience, I crawled into the thicket on my hands and knees, but had no sooner got a view of my enemy than he crawled out at the opposite side, and fairly made his escape. My only comfort under my disappointment was, that he could not live long with the wounds he had received.

I could relate a great number of similar adventures with wild animals, but which, I am afraid, would become tiresome to the reader. In order, however, still more to illustrate the wild life of a frontier settler, I shall give you a short account of the settlement formed by the officers and discharged soldiers of the Royal African Corps at Fredericksburg, under the auspices of Sir Rufane S. Dunkin, the acting Governor at the Cape of Good Hope, in the absence of the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset. The intention of the acting Governor, in forming this settlement in the neutral territory, was to protect the rest of the colony from the incursions of the Kaffirs.

The Royal African Corps, who had just been disbanded, and the officers, were offered farms of four thousand acres each, on condition of employing a certain number of the

privates as farm servants, whose discharges from the service were made conditional on their serving the officers faithfully for three years. Their late commanding officer being unpopular, the officers set their minds on having my elder brother, Benjamin, who was a civilian, for their magistrate, and they invited my other brother, Donald, who was a half-pay lieutenant in the navy, and me, a half-pay officer in the army, to join them on the same conditions. The acting Governor, who was an intimate friend of my elder brother's, at once acceded to this request by the officers.

At first all parties were delighted with the new settlement, for we were all well armed, and accustomed to discipline, and in order, moreover, to allow us leisure to pursue our building and farming operations, a company of the Cape Corps was stationed at the village we built, and which we had called Fredericksburg, after the Duke of York. Our settlement, however, had some radical defects in its constitution, and it could hardly be expected to be very permanent without women, of whom we had not above five or six among us, who were married to soldiers.

On the return of the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset he looked with an evil eye on everything done by Sir R. Dunkin in his absence, and, by a series of annoyances, he at last succeeded in breaking up our little settlement. All the officers of the Royal African Corps were offered to be placed on full pay again, and this proceeding, of course, put the finishing stroke to the establishment.

All the men deserted us, excepting four or five men, who were persuaded to remain with my brother Donald and me. My elder brother had left us some time before.

As the Governor could not induce or compel us to relinquish our claim to grants of land, according to the terms made with the acting Governor, we determined to remain at all hazards.

The company of the Cape Corps had been removed, and we were, therefore, left nearly at the mercy of the Kaffirs, who were led to believe that we were intruders, with no right or title to the land we occupied. Seeing that the settlement was occupied by only six or seven men, the Kaffirs, who had been watching our motions from the hills above the village, determined, if possible, to drive us out. We, on our part, expecting no help from the government, were anxious to make friends with them. However, as they had several times attempted to steal our cattle, we had little expectation of coming to an understanding with them.

One day I had ridden out to see if any of them were in the neighbourhood, and was returning towards evening by a long steep ridge above the village, when I suddenly heard a rustle in a clump of bush I was passing. Thinking it was a leopard, I drew back a few paces, and alighting from my horse advanced towards the bush, when looking under the branches I saw three Kaffirs sitting on the ground observing the village. The moment they saw me one of them gave a whistle as a signal to his companions, and scrambled down the face of a precipice on one side, while another ran off in an opposite direction towards a thick jungle. The third, who had been asleep, was taken so unawares that he knew not what to do, and continued crouching under the bush looking at me, with a bundle of assegays in his hand. I cocked my gun and took aim at him; but though I well knew how he would have acted in a like case, I could not

bring myself to shoot a man so entirely in my power, and taking my gun from my shoulder I allowed him to make his escape in the bushes.

Notwithstanding my forbearance, that very night they set fire to several of the deserted houses in the village, and made several attempts to fire the house next to the one we occupied. However, by the glare from the flames of the burning cottages we continued to fire upon the assailants, and thus defeated their object. All our people conducted themselves exceedingly well, as old soldiers generally do in such cases, excepting one dastardly fellow. On one occasion, when we expected to be attacked in the house, he collected all his clothes in a large bundle, and, throwing it over his shoulders, swore that he would stay no longer with me, to be murdered by the Kaffirs, and he would rather take his chance of reaching the military post at Kaffir's Drift, which was about fifteen miles off.

Fearing this would be the signal for a general desertion, I told him that he was a cowardly rascal, and that I was sure the rest of his comrades, who knew how to behave like men, would be glad to get rid of him; but that I was certain, besides, that the Kaffirs would catch him on the way and would serve him as he deserved. This had the desired effect. The other men swore they would not desert me, and the fellow sulkily threw down his bundle and returned to his duty. The Kaffirs evidently expected to burn us out or to scare us from the village, when they might help themselves to whatever they wanted, but then being exceedingly afraid of the arms and seeing that we kept our ground, they at length desisted from further molestation.

The people now declared, that though they would not

have it said that they had deserted me, they would not remain another night at Fredericksburg for all the land in the neutral territory, unless I could get a party of soldiers from Kaffir's drift to protect us.

I accordingly set off on horseback, for the military post, some time before day light, in order to escape the observation of the Kaffirs, who might have intercepted me in some of the narrow paths between the bushes, and rode as hard as I could until I reached the high woody banks of the Great Fish River, opposite the military post.

In descending one of the grassy ridges towards the "drift" or ford, I observed on another ridge a number of black things in motion, which resembled men. It was not yet light enough to discern objects distinctly, and I fancied they were a party of Kaffirs making for the jungle along the river, through which the road passed, where they could easily intercept me. As I saw they would reach the woods before me, I hesitated whether I should proceed in this direction. Dismounting from my horse, therefore, I tied the bridle to a bush, and lying down behind an anthill, I reconnoitred the suspicious objects for some time as they descended the face of the hill.

At length they stopped and collected together for consultation, as I supposed.

Suddenly one of them uttered a hoarse cry like nothing human, and cutting a caper in the air which would have astonished the most expert tumbler in a circus, turned round and set off scampering up the steep bank like devils in the human form. I now began to breathe more freely, for I perceived that what had occasioned me so much anxiety, was a troop of huge baboons that frequent such

places in great numbers. I soon forded the river and in an hour or two returned to my men with a strong party of soldiers from the military post at Kaffir's drift.

I shall here conclude my reminiscences of South Africa and its inhabitants, and if I have failed in affording my readers any instruction or entertainment, I feel myself amply rewarded for my trouble in writing these pages, by the pleasure I have derived from recalling scenes and adventures which are still dear to my memory, coupled with the recollection of dear relatives and friends, most of whom have been called to a higher sphere of action in another and a better world.

TAMMY LINAY—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Who does not remember playing off some practical jokes in his youthful days. Boys love tricks, and men love theirs too; and neither seem to care much about hurting the feelings, or wounding the self love of the hapless wights they have selected as fitting subjects for this kind of amusement. These subjects are often either simple hearted, honest and credulous old men, or old maids who have reached that mature time of life when they are no longer to be joked with, and when everything is taken in sober seriousness.

One of the most inveterate practical jokers I ever met with, was an old soldier in the Orkney Islands, and well do I remember listening, with my brothers, when we were boys, to the wondrous tales of battles and sieges, which he told us with the gravest face imaginable—more than one-half pure inventions of his fertile brain—brought forth on the spur of the moment for our especial edification.

But I must give a slight sketch of the individual in question, who stands before me, now, after the lapse of more than half a century, as distinctly portrayed "in propria persona," as if I had seen him but yesterday.

His name was Thomas, or rather as he was universally called by the people of the island,—Tammy Linay.

Tammy was a capital specimen of the old soldier in his appearance and habits. He stood about six feet high, and every limb, and even his eyes, notwithstanding a certain

dry roguish twinkle which might occasionally be detected in them—seemed to have been tutored to obey the word of command.

Tammy was one of a band of fifty Orkney men, who volunteered from my father's estate, to accompany an uncle of mine to the East Indies, where forty-nine of them died either in battle, or by the climate—leaving our trusty friend, Tammy Linay, the sole survivor. Of course, he was kindly received on his return to his native island, which an Orkney man never forgets; and my father gave him a cottage and a piece of land, rent free, for the remainder of his days.

The manor farm was surrounded by several of these trusty retainers. On one side was John Cathal, the sixth in descent of family pipers, who held his little farm on condition of playing to the family whenever he was required. Then there was old Tom Nicholson, more than a hundred years old, whose wife had been my father's nurse, a service which was repaid in a similar manner, according to the custom of our family.

But Tammy Linay by his "long tough yarns," and his knowledge of foreign parts, was a person of considerable importance among the tenantry. Like most old soldiers, he was very fond of the bottle—that is to say, he got drunk for weeks together after receiving his pension.

His cottage stood in rather a lonely situation, between the deep bay which nearly divided the island, and a heathy hill from which his garden was separated by a sod wall or "feal dike."

When Tammy was in his cups, he shouldered a broom stick, by way of fire lock, and posted himself behind his

rude fence, where he would pace up and down like a sentry for hours together, challenging every one that happened to pass after sun down, in a loud and startling voice. This was alarming enough to these simple hearted folks;—but when Tammy would even threaten, with a great oath, to shoot them if they did not advance and give the counter-sign, the poor people were often frightened out of their wits, and would run as if the "muckle black De'il" was after them,—for they never dreamed in their simplicity, that Tammy was only armed with a harmless broom-stick.

All the work he had to do, was to cultivate his little garden, and a little field, where he sowed some oats and barley, manured with sea weed from the shore, which was just below his house.

Tammy was a favorite guest at all the weddings or dances in the island;—and woe be to those who neglected to ask him on these occasions, for among his natural or acquired accomplishments, he was a poet in his way, and never failed to compose some doggerel rhyme on those who failed in inviting him, turning them all into ridicule, which he would sing to them as they passed his cottage.

Though Tammy was an independent sort of a fellow, he never forgot his hereditary allegiance to our family, and was always ready to do any little job that was required, without fee or reward.

At this time a French invasion was expected, and the whole country was busy training in the local militia to be prepared for the dreaded enemy; my father was appointed colonel of a regiment of local militia, which he was to raise, and several chests of muskets had been sent down to him from the Tower to arm them.

Tammy was a great man now, and he was busy from morning to night at our house, cleaning and scouring the locks and barrels of the muskets with emery and oil;—and oh!—the marvelous tales he told my brothers and me, as we stood around him, drinking in his stories of hair-breadth escapes, and dreadful gun-shot wounds,—with ears and eyes open. He told us all about my uncle, Captain Donald Moodie's bravery at the storming of *Seringapatam*—how awfully and mysteriously grand that name sounded in our ears,—not by any means forgetting to tell us of his own acts of individual gallantry.

He showed a gun-shot wound in his leg, and a wound from a pike in his wrist;—and on being asked how many men he had killed with his own hand, he modestly told us he had killed about fifty that he had counted, to say nothing of numbers that he could not be quite certain about.

An invasion is not an every day occurrence in Great Britain, and of course, these were stirring times even in Orkney, when the good people, from the vanity natural to all men, thought they had just as good a right to be alarmed as the inhabitants of any other county in the United Kingdom. The tenantry came flocking up to the house, and were to be seen assembled on the green in front of it, all full of zeal and loyalty—while two or three carpenters, in one of the farm offices, were busy planing long strips of pine for pike handles, ready to be furnished with the deadly iron, as soon as the enemy should make his appearance. My father was picking out all the younger men for soldiers—to the great discontent of many of the old folks, who did not consider themselves past service.

I have still an amusing vision floating before me, of one of these tenants, a Highlander of the name of Hector McKay;—a little sinewy brisk old man, between seventy and eighty, in his bonnet and tartan "trews," who was excessively indignant when my father said he was too old for service. He threw himself down on the grass, and tumbled himself heels over head like a little boy, exclaiming ever and anon, between these feats of activity, "She's na ower auld, Colonel. She's is na ower auld—Cot tamn."

My father, of course, had the appointment of his officers; and their uniform was even provided for them. How we boys wished we were men! My elder brother was a captain, however, but as my father was a strict disciplinarian he could not think of placing him above our private tutor. The latter was, therefore, appointed major of the regiment. He was a tall, long legged, pedantic, middle-aged man, of the Dominie Sampson school. He wore black silk knee-breeches, and white stockings and shoes, and occasionally Hessian boots over the white stockings, in very muddy weather. It was delightful to see the airs and graces with which this long gaunt figure strutted about in his magpie costume on the lower members, while the upper part of his body was covered with a long tailed scarlet coat, with two epaulets, and with a cocked hat and feathers:—

"Oh! we'll never see the like again."

I do not remember whether Linay was Sergeant-Major, or Adjutant,—for I was too young to know which was the higher office in the military service. At all events, he was exceedingly active on the occasion, and in all probability performed the duty of both at once. He evidently felt an immeasurable superiority over these raw recruits, and

straightening himself up with a proud military air, and thundering forth the word of command, while he glanced along the line, with the bold fearless eye of the eagle—the country people looked up to him with a more than usual degree of awe, as if he were something more than human.

Orkney men, generally, take to the sea as naturally as ducks, and make cool, brave, and patient sailors, in all situations:—but they are by no means cut out for soldiers; and the fact of my uncle persuading 50 of them to go and join the army in India with him, always seemed to me little less than a miracle:

“For their home is on the deep:”

And they are melancholy, and pine away, when they are removed out of the sight of the sea, and without a hope of revisiting their native isles. I sometimes fancy,—though I may be doing injustice to a good and kind man, who was universally beloved by his tenantry,—that a little of my father's influence was exerted by way of strengthening my uncle's arguments, to induce so many fine young men to leave their homes for such a climate.

I suppose many of my readers have heard the story of the reply of the old Highlander who was employed by the wife of the laird, to get recruits on the estate, in order to procure a commission in the army for her son, when she asked one evening, what luck he had had during the day. “Oh! and please your ladyship, I have gotten four and twenty *volunteers*, ‘bounded hand and foot in the barn.’” Our volunteers, on this occasion, though loyal and true to the back bone, certainly did not look much like soldiers, notwithstanding Tammy Linay's repeated exhortations to hold up their heads like men, and to look straight before them.

Conspicuously preeminent among them was the old Highlander, Hector McKay, whom my father was obliged to admit to be “no ower auld.” He had placed himself on the right flank of the regiment, with a little “perky” Glengary bonnet cocked knowingly on the south-west corner of his head, with his long grey locks hanging in curls down the back of his neck. There he stood, sticking out his stomach and chest like a bent bow, and his heels drawn close together, while sparks of living fire flashed from his quick restless little grey eyes, beneath their shaggy eye brows.

While old John Cathae blew up his bagpipes, little Hector's limbs seemed to be affected with an universal twitching, and he could hardly be kept in the ranks. His enthusiasm and loyalty went beyond all bounds, and if at that moment the enemies of his king had been pointed out to him, and a good claymore put in his hand, I'll warrant you he would have

“Made it whistle
And arms and legs and heads he'd shred
Like taps o' thistle.”

Fortunately the loyal hearts of the North were not put to the test on this occasion. Those men who about half a century before this period were in arms against the Government, from a mistaken sense of duty, by kindness and by extending to them a generous confidence had been rendered loyal and devoted subjects of the Government.

But amidst these pleasing recollections, I am forgetting our trusty friend Tammy Linay. These exciting times passed away, with their vague and undefined alarms, and Tammy had settled down quietly into his every day mode

of life, after oiling and packing away the deadly fire arms in their chests.

He had now to find amusement for himself, by making doggerel rhymes, or telling wonderful stories to those who were always ready to listen to them.

I must now, however, introduce another character to the reader, who was an invaluable subject for swallowing down Tammy's most incredible stories, and bearing his constant practical jokes. This was a decent honest old man of the name of Benjie Moodie, who from a boy, had been a faithful servant to our family, whose name he bore, having been called after my grandfather. Benjie was a venerable looking old man with regular and handsome features. He wore a broad Scotch lowland bonnet, and his long white hair fell in wavy ringlets down his back. He was a truly excellent and worthy character, and devotedly attached to the family, from some one of whose ancestors he was, no doubt, descended.

Though by no means deficient in plain common sense, he possessed that simple confiding character so seldom seen now a-days, and believing every one to be as honest as himself, and having never travelled ten miles from the place of his birth, his credulity was almost boundless, for Benjie could not think he was justified in disbelieving what he could not possibly know to be false.

Benjie was generally employed in thrashing in the barn, where the strokes of his flail might be heard at regular intervals from early dawn until night-fall, when he returned to his little cottage, about half a mile from our house, to his supper of warm oatmeal bannocks and milk, with his wife Maggy.

Oh ! poor Benjie ; he is dead and gone many a day ago ; but if ever I could envy the happiness of any man, it was his ; for never did I see among rich or poor, a mind so quietly contented, or a heart more virtuous, pious, and benevolent. That tricky humbugging old soldier, Tammy, loved the old man too, in his way ; but he could not resist the temptation his extreme credulity offered for his practical jokes, and love of fun.

When Tammy had no other amusement in hand, he would come stalking up to the barn, and seating himself on a bag of grain, would commence telling Benjie some long rigmaroll story to while the time away. Benjie was right glad to see him, for in that out of the way place, he was as good if not better than a newspaper, for he always had something new to tell. Benjie had been often tricked by Tammy, but then the old soldier could put on such a grave and guileless face, that poor Benjie could never for the life of him believe that he was deceiving him. Benjie in the meantime, would keep on steadily at his work, till Tammy would tell him something particularly surprising, when he would suddenly stop thrashing, and resting his chin on the top of his flail, would give vent to some expression of wonderment, such as, "Eh ! man," and sometimes would shake his head doubtingly, and commence turning the half thrashed grain with the handle of his flail.

One day, Tammy was telling one of his long Seringapatam stories, something in the following strain : " Weel Benjie, o' a' the battles and scrimmages thou ever heard tell o' in thy born days, that yane at Seringapatam beats a'. By me saul, the cannon balls were hummin' aboot your lugs like bum bees frae a hive ; and the de'il take me if the bul-

lets were na whizzin' aboot as thick as midgies in a summer's evening. Ey Benjie, and then there was the pikes o' them Indians kittlin' you in the ribs, and their crooked skimitars flashin' aboot in the sun."

"Skimitars! what's *that* Tammy?" exclaimed Benjie!

"Now, you see, Benjie," replied Tammy, "thou does na ken naething aboot the warld; you're but a poor simple creater in the warld. A skimitar is a kind o' a sword, as crooked as the iron o' a sickle, and as braid as a scythe. Ey! an' it is as sharp in the edge as a razor, an' a wheen sharper too. By my saul! I cam near gettin' killed ae day with ane o' them skimitars. I had been fechtin' for aboot twa hours wi' ane o' them black Indian chaps o' Tip-poo Sultan's army, him pokin' at me wi' his lang pike, an' me jabbin' at him wi' my bagnet. We'el, Benjie, what thinks thou, the chiel does, but he oots wi' his skimitar, and makes a stroke at my head, that nearly took my lug off, but I just put my head on ae side, an' the de'il tak me if the edge o' his skimitar did na tak the whisker as clean an' smooth off my cheek, as if it had been weel lathered wi' soap, an' shaved by a barber."

"Eh! ma-a-n! I never heard the like o' that," exclaimed Benjie: "but hoo did thou get awa' frae him, Tam?"

"Get awa' frae him, sayst thou, Benjie. By my faith, I just gaed him a jab wi' my bagnet, that stuck so fast in his back bane, that I had to put my fut on his wame, an' tug wi' baith hands, before I could get her oot again. He was ane o' the twenty I killed at Seringapatam."

"Eh! ma-a-n," exclaimed Benjie again.

"Weel, Benjie, it was na long after that—but may be thou'll no believe me—but a cannon ball as big as your

head cam and dang oot ane o' the yackles in the back o' my jaw-bane."

"Eh! Tam, Tam, I doubt thou're leein' noo," said Benjie, for this was a little too much for his credulity to swallow.

"Na, by my saul, I'm no leein'," answered Tammy, "sure as death, it dang my yackle clean oot, an' the doctor put a cork yane in the place o' her. Na thou need it na shak thy head, Benjie; if thou does na believe me, thou can just put thy finger in my mouth, an' feel for thysel!"

Benjie came forward, with his mouth half open with wonder, and innocently placed his fore finger in the old soldier's mouth; but before he could feel the cork tooth, Tammy closed his powerful jaws on the unlucky finger, keeping poor credulous Benjie dancing for five minutes to his own music, and roaring, "Tam, Tam, Tammy, thou de'il for leein'; let go my finger: thou'lt tak my finger clean aff; oh! my finger: Tam! Tam! Tam!—Tammy!!!!

As may be supposed, the example of Tammy Linay, and the wicked tricks he played off on poor Benjie Moodie, were not thrown away on my brothers and me; and we found plenty of opportunities of tormenting the innocent old man.

The first of April, or "April fool's day" which it has been called from time immemorial, was the usual occasion selected for our "Practical Jokes."

The Island of Waes or Hoy, in which my father's estate was situated, was nearly separated into two unequal parts by a beautiful bay, about five miles deep, at the head of which our old house was seated, commanding a fine view of

the harbour of Long-hope at the outer part of the bay, which was a place of great resort during the war as a "rendez vous," for the fleets bound to westward and northward,—and round the perpendicular rocks to the southward and westward of our house, the Pentland Firth raged in all its fury, till the strength of its impetuous currents was lost in the wide expanse of the German or Atlantic Oceans.

The Southern portion of the Island was a peninsula, united to the rest of the Island at about a mile's distance from our house by an extremely narrow Isthmus, called the "air," over the lowest portion of which at spring tides the sea flowed. At these high tides a very curious phenomenon is observed at this place. While the ebb tide is still running to the westward in the middle of the Pentland Firth, it has already begun to flow along the shore and in the bays and, consequently, the flood has arrived at his full height on the side of the "air" next to the Pentland Firth.

At these times the sea rushes with great impetuosity over the "air," from the bay into the firth, and lives have been lost in attempting to ford this river-like current. My father was fond of making improvements on his property, not always, indeed, the most profitable: He had drained a fresh water lake,—a feat which his ancestors would have thought almost impious to attempt, and he had done other things which the poor simple folks of the Island thought little less than miraculous. My father, on his part, was amply rewarded, in his opinion, for the outlay, in finding several horns of the "elk" in the marl at the bottom of the lake.

Some time before "April fool's day," we had, with the

assistance of our friend, Tammy Linay, who entered into our schemes with great zest—circulated the report in the neighbourhood that my father intended to drain the bay, and convert it into a fine farm. Of course, this was too absurd an idea to be entertained by any of the people except by a few such simple souls as poor Benjie Moodie. Benjie's mind was filled with an habitual veneration for my father, and he could not think anything impossible to him, with all his "larnin."

When the first of April at length arrived, we informed him that my father had made up his mind to drain the bay, and had directed us to tell him to call the tenants together to cut through the "air" in one day, if possible. I shall never forget the look of blank wonderment which Benjie's face assumed at this announcement. His eyes and mouth wide open, while he industriously scratched his head with his right hand. Smile on his honest confiding countenance there was none. But his mind was evidently dilated for the first time with a grand idea.

At length he became more composed, and replacing his broad bonnet firmly on his head, he hitched up his trowsers, and assumed an air of great consequence;—well pleased no doubt, at being entrusted with a mission of such vast importance. He observed to us, with a look of great satisfaction, "I'm thinking I'd better warn a' the north side folk," and taking his long stick, which was a sort of staff of office, he trudged off on his errand. We stood watching him with boundless delight till he was fairly out of sight; and it was late in the day before he returned to the house,—some good natured person having at last reminded him that it was the "*first of April.*"

It was impossible to irritate the kind old man, and he

seemed almost as much pleased as ourselves, that he had been able to afford some merriment to the "gentles," as he called our family.

"Hallow'een" was another night set apart by common consent for "practical jokes" in Orkney.

We had two or three foster brothers among the tenantry, who were our constant companions in all our expeditions on Hallow'een. We laid our heads together and contrived all sorts of tricks. Sometimes we got a cow's horn, and filling it with tow, with a coal in it applied it quietly to the key holes of the cottages and soon filled them with smoke. At other times we pulled a lot of cabbages in their "kail yards" and flung them down their large chimneys into the porridge pot. These were, however, only vulgar tricks. The best trick I remember was one we played on Benjie Moodie.

Benjie had no children, and he led a quiet contented life with his old wife, who was called Maggy Mowat—married women in the lower ranks in Orkney being then always called by their maiden names. One Hallow night we had arrived at Benjie's cottage door without being observed. We were consulting together what new trick we would play them, when the idea suddenly struck me, that we would shut up their two little windows, which were merely holes in the rough stone wall about two feet square.

After listening some time to the clatter of spoons and plates, while the pair were at their simple supper; we heard them tumble into their box-bed in the wall, and soon after they were both snoring most harmoniously together.

All was safe now, and we immediately proceeded to stop up their little windows with sods from the "fail dike," hard by. Not contented with this, we stopped up every

chink about the door where light could be admitted. We then laid a large sod or "divit" over the top of the rude chimney.

This last proceeding, however, nearly occasioned a failure of our experiment; for we heard Maggy, who was a Caithness woman, complaining to Benjie of the smoke. They seemed to have awakened, half choked, and we heard her calling to her "gude man:"

"Benjie, Benjie, fat maks a e'reek, get up wi' ye an' see fat ails e' lum?"

We heard Benjie, crawling out of bed and flinging some water on the fire to put it out. They then settled themselves to sleep again, when we retired for the night, with the intention of paying them a very early visit in the morning. Long before day-light we were there again, listening at the door. As soon as the first dawn was visible over the sea, the cocks were crowing at all the cottages, but Benjie and his wife still lay in their bed, never dreaming that it was near sunrise. Some time before day break we heard sundry long groans from Benjie, and Maggy seemed somewhat restless, for she kept asking him if it was not near daylight, but poor Benjie had no clock, and trusting implicitly to the sun to regulate his motions, he quietly composed himself to sleep again.

"The De'il's in the cocks," says Maggy, "they have been crawin' the hale night." The sun was now far above the horizon, but there they lay in bed while all their neighbours were at their work.

Hour after hour passed by while Benjie and his wife were sometimes dozing, and sometimes talking of one thing or another. At last, about mid-day, Benjie gave a dreadful yawn. "*Och-hon-ee-got-I*" "the De'el's in it, Maggy,

but *this* is the langest night I ever seed." This was too much for us, and we all broke out in an uproarious fit of laughter, which no doubt alarmed the simple hearted Benjie and his wife, for as we scampered away home we saw Benjie peering out at the door in his shirt, and wondering, doubtless, how the sun had got so bright without his knowledge.

THE ORKNEY BOATMAN'S SONG.

BY J. W. DUNBAR MOODIE.

The foaming sea is dear to me
 It bears me on to thee, love!
 And what care I though the spume-drift fly
 It speeds me on to thee, love!
 The heart that's true, ne'er dreads the view
 Of stormy clouds or sea, love!
 The curling wave, may scare the slave
 It ne'er will scare the free, love!

The wintry blast may bend the mast,
 The sheet I'll ne'er let fly, love!
 Till the water o'er the gunwale pour,
 While the squall blows low and high, love!
 The waves may roar on the rocky shore
 And the sea-birds sadly wail, love!
 O'er the watery grave, of the storm-toned brave
 That sink mid the angry gale, love!

The tumbling tide, and the ocean wide
 Are blithesome sights to see, love!
 The grey gull's cry in the gathering sky,
 Is music sweet to me, love!
 Now, sun-beams smile on the dusky isle
 And the cot that shelters thee, love!
 Through the dashing spray I'll cleave my way,
 And hasten home to thee, love!

From the beetling cliff, our dancing skiff
 With throbbing heart thoul't see love!
 But your blushing cheek, will gladness speak
 When fondly pressed by me, love!
 With tale and song, we'll drive along
 The merry hours with thee, love!
 And the morning beams will chase sweet dreams,
 Of her that's dear to me, love!

THE OULD DHRAGOON.

A VISIT TO THE BEAVER MEADOW, A SKETCH FROM
THE BACKWOODS.

Behold that man with lanky locks,
That hang in strange confusion o'er his brow;
And nicely scan his garments, rent and patched,
In colors varied like a pictured map;
And watch his restless glance—now grave, now gay—
As saddening thought, or merry humours flash.
Sweeps o'er the deep marked lines, which care hath left
As when the world is steeped in blackest night,
The forked lightning flashes through the sky,
And all around leaps into life and light,
To sink again in darkness blacker still.

Yes! look upon that face, lugubrious, long,
As thoughtfully he stands with folded arms
Amid his realm of charred and spectral stumps,
Which once were trees—but now with sprawling roots,
Cling to the rocks that peep above the soil.

Aye! look again,
And say if you discern the faintest trace
Of warrior; bold, the gait erect and proud,
The steady glance that speaks the fearless soul,
Watchful and prompt to do what man can do
When duty calls? All wrecked and reckless now.

But let the trumpet's soul-inspiring sound
Wake up the brattling echoes of the woods,
Then watch his kindling eye, his eagle glance,
While thoughts of glorious fields, and battles won,
And visions bright, of joyous hopeful youth
Sweep o'er his soul. A soldier now once more
Touched by the magic sound, he rears his head,
Responsive to the well known martial note,
And stands again a hero 'mid his rags.

It is delightful to observe a feeling of contentment under adverse circumstances. We may smile at the rude and clumsy attempts of the remote and isolated backwoodsman to attain something like comfort, but happy he who with the buoyant spirits of the light hearted Irishman, contrives to make himself happy when all others would be miserable.

A certain degree of dissatisfaction with our present circumstances is necessary to stimulate us to secure future comfort; but where the delusive prospect of future happiness is too remote for any reasonable hope of ultimate attainment, then surely it is true wisdom to make the most of the present, and to cultivate a spirit of happy contentment with the lot assigned to us by Providence.

Ould Simpson, or the "Ould Dhragoon," as he was generally called, was a good sample of this happy character; and I shall proceed to give the reader a sketch of his history, and a description of his establishment. He was one of that unfortunate class of discharged soldiers, who are tempted to sell their pensions often far below their real value, for the sake of getting a lot of land in some remote settlement, where it is only rendered valuable by the labor of the settler, and where they will have the unenvied privilege of expending the last remains of their strength in clearing a patch of land for the benefit of some storekeeper who has given them credit while engaged in the work.

The Ould Dhragoon had fixed his abode on the verge of an extensive beaver-meadow, which was considered a sort of natural curiosity in the neighbourhood; and where he managed, by cutting the rank grass in the summer time, to support several cows, which afforded the chief subsistence

of his family. He had also managed, with the assistance of his devoted partner, Judy, to clear a few acres of poor rocky land on the sloping margin of the level meadow, which he planted year after year with potatoes.

Scattered over this small clearing, here and there might be seen the but-end of some half-burnt hemlock tree, which had escaped the general combustion of the log heaps, and now formed a striking contrast to the white limestone rocks which shewed their rounded surfaces above the meagre soil.

The Ould "Dhragoon" seemed, moreover, to have some taste for the picturesque; and by way of ornament, had left standing sundry tall pines and hemlocks neatly girdled to destroy their foliage, the shade of which would have been detrimental to the growth of the "blessed praties," which he designed to grow in his clearing, but which, in the meantime, like martyrs at the stake, stretched their naked branches imploringly to the smiling heavens.

As he was a kind of hermit from choice, and far removed from other settlers, whose assistance is so necessary in new settlements, old Simpson was compelled to resort to the most extraordinary contrivances while clearing his land. Thus after felling the trees, instead of chopping them into lengths, for the purpose of facilitating the operation of piling them preparatory to burning, which would have cost him too much labour, he resorted to the practice of "niggering," as it is called; which is simply laying light pieces of round timber across the trunks of the trees, and setting fire to them at the point of contact, by which means the trees are slowly burned through. It was while busily engaged in this interesting operation that I first became acquainted with the subject of this sketch.

Some twenty or thirty little fires were burning briskly in different parts of the blackened field, and the old fellow was watching the slow progress of his silent "niggers," and replacing them from time to time as they smouldered away.

After threading my way among the uncouth logs, blazing and smoking in all directions, I encountered the old man, attired in an old hood, or bonnet, of his wife Judy's, with his patched canvass trowsers rolled up to his knees; one foot bare, and the other furnished with an old boot, which from its appearance had once belonged to some more aristocratic foot. His person was long, straight and sinewy, and there was a light springiness and elasticity in his step, which would have suited a younger man, as he skipped along with a handspike over his shoulder. He was singing a stave from the "Eunskillen Dhragoon," when I came up with him.

"With his silver mounted pistols and his long carbine gun,
Long life to the brave Inniskillen Dragoon."

His face would have been one of the most lugubrious imaginable, with his long tangled hair hanging confusedly over it, in a manner which has happily been compared to a "bewitched haystack," had it not been for a certain humorous twitch or convulsive movement, which affected one side of his countenance, whenever any droll idea passed through his mind. It was with a twitch of this kind, and a certain indescribable twinkle of his somewhat melancholy eye, as he seemed intuitively to form a hasty conception of the oddity of his appearance to a stranger unused to the bush, that he welcomed me to his clearing. He instantly threw down his handspike, and leaving his "niggers," to finish their work at their leisure, insisted on our going to his cabin to get something to drink.

On my way, I explained to him the object of my visit, which was to mark out, or "blaze," the side lines of a lot of land I had received as part of a military grant, immediately adjoining the beaver meadow, and I asked him to accompany me, as he was well acquainted with the different lots.

"Och! by all manner of manes and welcome, the dhevil a foot of the way but I know as well as my own clearing; but come into the house and get a dhrink of milk, an' a bite of bread and butther, for sorrow a dhrop of the whisky has crossed my teeth for the last month; an' its' but poor intertainment for man or baste, I can offer you, but shure you're heartily welcome."

The precincts of the homestead were divided and subdivided into an infinity of enclosures, of all shapes and sizes. The outer enclosure was a bush fence, formed of trees felled on each other in a row, and the gaps filled up with brushwood. There was a large gate swung with wooden hinges, and a wooden latch to fasten it; the smaller enclosures were made with round poles, tied together with basswood bark. The house was of the rudest description of "shanty," with hollowed basswood logs, fitting into each other, somewhat in the manner of tiles for a roof, instead of shingles. No iron was to be seen, in the absence of which there were plenty of leathern hinges, wooden latches for locks, and bark strings instead of nails.

Here was a large fire place at one end of the shanty, with a chimney constructed of split laths, plastered with a mixture of clay and cow dung. As for windows, these were luxuries which could well be dispensed with; the

open door was an excellent substitute for them in the day time, and at night none were required; when I ventured to object to this arrangement, that he would have to keep the door shut in the winter time, the old man replied, in the style so characteristic of his country:

"Shure it will be time enough to think of that when the coud weather sets in."

Every thing about the house wore a Robinson Crusoe aspect, and though there was not any appearance of original plan or foresight, there was no lack of ingenious contrivance to meet every want as it arose. Judy dropped us a low curtsey as we entered, which was followed by a similar compliment from a stout girl of twelve, and two or three more of the children, who all seemed to share the pleasure of the parents of receiving strangers in their unpretending tenement.

Many were the apologies that poor Judy offered for the homely cheer she furnished us, and great was her delight at the notice we took of the "childer." She set little Biddy, who was the delight of her heart, to reading the Bible; and she took down a curious machine from a shelf, which she had "contrived out of her own head," as she said, for teaching the children to read. This was a flat box, or frame, filled with sand, which saved paper, pens and ink. Poor Judy had evidently seen better days, but, with a humble and contented spirit, she blessed God for the food and scanty raiment their labour afforded them. Her only sorrow was the want of "iddication" for the children.

She would have told us a long story about her trials and sufferings, before they had attained their present compara-

tive comfort and independence, but, as we had a tedious scramble before us, through cedar swamps, beaver meadows and piney ridges, the "Ould Dhragoon" cut her short, and we straightway started on our toilsome journey.

Simpson, in spite of a certain dash of melancholy in his composition, was one of those happy fellows of the "light heart and their pair of breeches" school, who, when they meet with difficulty and misfortune, never stop to measure its dimensions, but hold in their breath and run lightly over, as in crossing a bog, where to stand still is to sink.

Off then we went, with the "Ould Dhragoon" skipping and bounding on before us, over fallen trees and mossy rocks; now ducking under the low tangled branches of the white cedar, then carefully piloting us along rotten logs, covered with green moss, to save us from the discomfort of wet feet. All this time he still kept one of his feet safely ensconced in the boot while the other seemed to luxuriate in the water, as if there were something amphibious in his nature.

We soon reached the beaver meadow, which extended two or three miles; sometimes contracting into a narrow gorge, between wooded heights, then spreading out again into an ample field of verdure, and presenting everywhere the same unvarying level surface, surrounded with rising grounds, covered with the dense unbroken forest, as if its surface had formerly been covered by the waters of a lake, —which in all probability has been the case at some not very remote period.

In many places the meadow was so wet that it required a very large share of faith to support us in passing over its surface; but our friend the Dhragoon, soon brought us safe

through all dangers to a deep ditch, which he had dug to carry off the superfluous water from the part of the meadow which he owned. When we had obtained firm footing on the opposite side, we sat down to rest ourselves before commencing the operation of "blazing," or marking the trees with our axes, along the side-line of my lot. Here the mystery of the boot was explained. Simpson very coolly took it off from the hitherto favored foot, and drew it upon the other. He was not a bit ashamed of his poverty, and candidly owned that this was the only boot he possessed, and he was desirous of giving each of his feet fair play.

Nearly the whole of the day was occupied in completing our job, in which the "Dhragoon" assisted us, with hearty good will, enlivening us with his inexhaustible fund of good-humour and drollery.

It was nearly dark when we got back to his shanty, where the kind-hearted Judy was preparing a huge pot of potatoes and other "combustibles," as Simpson called the other eatables, for our entertainment.

Previous to starting on our surveying expedition, we had observed Judy very earnestly giving some important instructions to one of her little boys, on whom she seemed to be most seriously impressing the necessity of using the utmost diligence. The happy contentment which now beamed in poor Judy's still comely countenance bespoke the success of the messenger.

She could not "call up spirits from the vasty deep" of the cellar, but she had procured some whisky from her next door neighbour—some five or six miles off; and there it stood somewhat ostentatiously on the table in a "grey beard" with a "corn cob" or ear of Indian corn stripped of

its grain, for a cork, smiling most benevolently on the family circle, and looking a hundred welcomes to the strangers.

An indescribably enlivening influence seemed to exude from every pore of that homely earthen vessel, diffusing mirth and good-humour in all directions. The old man jumped and danced about on the rough floor of the "shanty," and the children sat giggling and nudging each other in a corner, casting a timid look from time to time, at their mother, for fear she might check them for being over "bould."

"Is it crazy ye are intirely, ye ould Omadhawn," said Judy, whose notions of propriety were somewhat shocked with the undignified levity of her partner: "the likes of ye I never seed; ye are too foolidge intirely. Have done wid yer divilties, and set the stools for the gentlemen, while I get the supper for ye's."

Our plentiful though homely meal was soon discussed, for hunger, like a good conscience, can laugh at luxury; and the "grey beard" made its appearance with the usual accompaniments of hot water and maple sugar, which Judy had scraped from the cake, and placed in a saucer on the table before us.

The Ould Dhragoon, despising his wife's admonitions, gave way freely to his feelings, and knew no bounds to his hilarity. He laughed and joked, and sung natches of old songs picked up in the course of his service at home and abroad.

At length Judy, who looked upon him as a "raal janius," begged him "to sing the gentlemens the song he made when he first came to the country." Of course we

ardently seconded the motion, and nothing loth, the old man throwing himself back on his stool, and stretching out his long neck, poured forth the following ditty, with which I shall conclude this hasty sketch of the "Ould Dhragoon."

DAN SIMPSON'S SONG.

Och! its here I'm intirely continted,
In the wild woods of swate Mericay.
God's blessing on him that invinted
Big ships for our crossing the say!

Here praties grow bigger nor turnips;
And though cruél hard is our work,
In ould Ireland we'd nothing but praties,
But here we have praties and pork.

I live on the banks of a meadow,
Now see that my maning you take;
It bates all the bogs of ould Ireland—
Six months in the year it's a lake.

Bad luck to the beavors that dammed it!
I wish them all kilt for their pains;
For shure though the craters are clever,
'Tis sartin they've drowned my domains.

I've built a log house of the timber,
That grows on my charmin estate;
And an illegant root-house erected,
Just facing the front of my gate.

And I've made me an illegant pig-sty,
Well littered wid straw an' wid hay;
And it's there free from noise of the childer,
I sleep in the heat of the day.

It's there I'm intirely at aise, Sir,
And enjoy all the comforts of home;
I stretch out my legs as I plase, Sir,
And dhrame of the pleasures to come.

Shure, 'tis pleasant to hear the frogs croakin'
When the suns going down in the sky,
And my Judy sits quietly smokin'
While the praties are boiled till they're dhry.

Och! thin if you love independence,
And have money your passage to pay:
You must quit the ould counthry intirely,
And start in the middle of May.

RELIGION AND LOYALTY—AN ESSAY.

No terms in the English language are more uncertain, indefinite, and circumscribed in the signification attached to them than Religion and Loyalty. They are terms which seem to have the peculiar property of exciting the worst passions of mankind, when they are distorted by the conflicting opinions of narrow-minded and intolerant men. It seems strange that two words which should convey the idea of something good and desirable should unhappily produce such discordant effects.

We are ready enough to admit that religious and loyal feelings are highly praiseworthy when directed towards what we consider the proper objects—that is, towards *our* religion and *our* government ; but very few can extend their liberality so far as to believe that there is any intrinsic merit in such feelings, irrespective of such limitations.

With regard to the first, what is considered religion by one set of men is considered as worse than none by another. The same may be said of loyalty. No one will deny that there must be one true religion, though, perhaps, no portion of the human race have yet professed it in its purity ; and there must be some one form of government superior to all others.

In forming our opinions on the religion professed by ourselves, and on that professed by others, we are placed in the perplexing position of being judges in our own cause, and, of course, the decision will be in conformity with our prejudices.

Our religion, in ninety nine cases in a hundred, has been stamped on our tender and passive minds by our parents long before we were capable of forming any opinion of our own.

The family seal was inherited by our parents from their ancestors, and we know not whether it bears the similitude of the Lamb or of the Devil.

With the wisest and best, the question is simply reduced to this :—We *believe* ourselves to be in the right path, and all others who profess a different faith to be in the wrong one. It may seem to some that we are treading on dangerous ground when we venture to discuss such exciting topics as these ; but, happily, we live in a country where rational and tolerant opinions pervade all classes of the community in a degree surpassed in no country in the world, and where, we may add, we are especially bound to respect the opinions and prejudices of others for the common good.

It is not our intention to dwell on the peculiar doctrines of any religious sect, or of any party in politics. Our object is simply to survey the common grounds on which all do or should agree for the good of all. We wish to promote peace, not stir up war.

In saying that the minds of men have passively adopted, in most cases, the opinions impressed on them in early infancy, whether true or false, we are far from looking on this as an evil. On the contrary, we hold that almost any religion is better than no religion, and the sooner the ideas of moral restraint are impressed on the mind the better.

Taking an extended view of all the different forms of faith professed by mankind, the members of each sect believing conscientiously that they are walking in the true

and only road to salvation, and using their utmost efforts to spread the doctrines which in their hearts they believe will lead to future happiness, the question naturally occurs to the reflective mind—is it possible that only one of these sects can receive the reward promised to those who faithfully follow the path of duty and rectitude, while all others shall be swallowed up in one common destruction? We say God forbid that we should entertain such an opinion of His mercy and justice.

Should such an exclusive idea continue as of old to hold possession of the minds of men, the consequence necessarily follows that each sect will be arrayed in permanent hostility to all others, and the more sincere the professor of any religion may be, the more will he be actuated by this repelling power in his intercourse with his fellow-man of another faith.

However secure they may feel in the saving nature of their own faith, they will dread any intercourse with those whom they consider as infidels, lest mayhap they should be drawn into the dark vortex of unbelief.

Should we continue to nurse our prejudices apart from those of a different faith, how, it may be asked, will truth ever penetrate the dark masses of the world? If *we* hold the true faith, are we selfishly to leave them in ignorance?—and if *they* hold the truth, how are we to find it out? What should we think of the missionary who, distrustful of the reasonableness of his own faith, would be unwilling to mix freely with the people he was sent to convert? Yet such is the conduct of those who obstinately refuse to meet their opponents on the common ground of reason. We are all missionaries; for, as Christians, it is our duty to do

all in our power to benefit others. If we think our faith will not benefit others, we are insincere in our profession of it. Many men seem to fancy that true religion is like a heap of gold which cannot be bestowed on others without impoverishing its owner. Religion, on the contrary, is more like the widow's cruse, which, the more it is used, the more it is replenished. We do not reflect that in thus selfishly hoarding our treasure, like misers, we impoverish ourselves.

In all its various forms, and however distorted, there is still one common feeling of religion which is peculiar to no sect. The genuine feeling of religion consists rather in the love of God, and in gratitude for all his mercies than in the groveling fear of future punishment, and in that intolerance towards other sects, which so often disgrace the professors of religion.

There is an exclusive feeling in all sects towards others, which partakes but too much of the interested jealousy observable in worldly pursuits, where gain is the main object. We are too much disposed to confine our sympathies and intercourse within the narrow limits of our own sects. It is, no doubt, no more than natural that we should give them the first place in our affections; but while we love our own particular friends, we should not forget that all men are our brothers, whether they be Christians or heathens; and we should endeavor to hold that friendly intercourse with them which will be most likely to produce that conformity of opinions which is so much to be desired. This can only be done by a direct appeal to that reason, which is the universal guide given to all men by the Author of our being. The jealousy, so commonly observed on the part of teachers and

parents of their flocks getting mingled with the sheep of another fold, is a proof or symptom of a latent distrust of the religion they profess, or at least it shows that they regard human reason as a dangerous opponent of their faith. There is a stage in the history of true religion when such fears are reasonable and justifiable; that is, when the mass of the people are extremely ignorant, and have received their religion by the means of a sincere but indiscriminating faith.

In the early days of Christianity it would have been in vain to have trusted to *reason* alone, as a means of establishing the new religion, a religion so unlike all others, in the face of such an impenetrable host of tangled prejudices as then existed in the minds of men. With the learned Jews, our Saviour appealed to their reason, and to the prophecies of the Old Testament, which they believed. Their want of faith was not in the prophecies themselves, but in the interpretation given of them by Christ. With the mass of the people, on the contrary, reason and history were less powerful, and *miracles* were more especially resorted to as the surest means of producing entire conviction on the minds of the ignorant multitude, of the divine mission of the Saviour. When miracles ceased, or whether they have entirely ceased, we have no positive testimony to inform us with any certainty. This much, however, is certain, that among civilized nations, to whom the leading doctrines of the Christian religion have long been preached, and who are capable of weighing the testimony of the Old Testament and of profane historians, where such testimony should fail to bring conviction to their minds, *miracles* would also fail.

When a certain amount of knowledge has taken root in a country, an enlightened reason takes the place of *miracles*; and when this is the case, it can no longer be overthrown by imposture. Religion is never so safe, or in so healthy and vigorous a condition, as when it is established in the hearts and minds of an educated and intelligent people. Should such a people by any means be induced to desert their old path, we should not think it improbable that they have found a better one.

Intolerance in every form is unjust and unwise. It is unjust because we may be persecuting those who hold the truth, and unwise because it prevents improvement without serving truth.

By nursing the narrow prejudices of sects, and declaiming against our opponents, we only confirm them in their errors, if they be in error—for the pride of the mind is aroused by every species of intolerance, and conversion becomes impossible.

When these things are duly considered, it appears sufficiently evident that *reason* is the best friend to religion, and can never be its enemy. Reason, certainly, will not explain those truths of religion, which are *above* human reason; but the Almighty has given it to us to direct us in our choice of a faith; and we are no where required to believe what is *contrary* to reason. When knowledge and reason exercise their full sway, and where the embankments of uncharitable prejudice are once swept away, it will be just as natural for truth to prevail as for water to find its level.

As religion is given us to produce certain effects, when our prejudices subside, we shall be in the most favorable

position to judge of each religion by its practical results. Sooner or later all religions will have to come to this test. In a country like Canada, where few of those artificial embankments have been raised to obstruct the free passage of truth between different sects, and a greater intermixture hath taken place, many uncharitable prejudices have already disappeared. Here, perhaps, more than in any country in the world, are we in a position to give our reason free play; and here, especially, is it our duty and our interest to promote free discussion, and to bear with the adverse but honest opinions of others.

In the present day, and among an intelligent people, no religious sect requires any peculiar support on the part of the state, which is not extended to others.

If we take upon ourselves to say that any particular religion is the only true one, and that all others are in error, and therefore require the state to uphold *our* religion alone, need we wonder that all other sects will be actuated by a covered hostility to us and to our institutions.

One of the strongest arguments for mutual forbearance and charitable feelings towards our opponents in religion in a country such as Canada, is the difficulties religious prejudices create in the civil government of the country. This will readily be admitted by all who have observed the influence such feelings have in aggravating the evils of political antagonism. In the fulness of their self-sufficiency, each sect may say, "Ours is the true religion, and let others conform to the faith which is taught by the Holy Scriptures." Yes! all Christians appeal to the Scriptures, but no two sects exactly agree as to their interpretation. The members of one great branch of Christians believe that their

clergy are divinely authorized to interpret Scripture, and thus a great degree of uniformity of faith is ensured.

All the other sects, again, disagree, in all manner of ways.

It is not for us to venture to say *which* sect is right; but it appears to us, that while the minds of men continue to differ in capacity and susceptibility of cultivation, it is vain to expect anything like *entire* uniformity in religious faith, without the soul-degrading sacrifice of all freedom of thought and action.

The state has a great duty to perform in these matters. It has no right, we contend, to make a selection of any particular sect or sects to the prejudice of others. All human governments are instituted for the protection of all their subjects alike in their lives and property, as well as in freedom of action in every direction, which may not be injurious to others.

If our lives and property are protected by the state, why should not our *religion*, whatever that may be, receive the same protection? Our choice of a religion is the result of our natural freedom of thought. It is a species of property to many dearer than life itself. Is it not then the sacred duty of all governments to protect all their subjects alike, in the free enjoyment of their religion? It is not easy to break through long established usages, and all governments have it not in their power to follow the dictates of untrammelled reason. In this respect new colonies enjoy a glorious privilege which they should guard as a sacred deposit. In old countries it frequently happens that acknowledged evils will have spread so wide and taken so firm a root, that they cannot be removed with safety to other

institutions; which are known by experience to be good;—that the weeds cannot be removed without uprooting the grain. In a new country which enjoys a liberal government, the interest of the rulers and of the governed should be identical. If the people do their duty to themselves and their posterity, the government, whatever party may be in power, will perform theirs.

A love of freedom, and a praiseworthy zeal for religion, will do a great deal. Each individual and sect will contend for its own interest in the benefits of freedom and toleration; but without Christian charity and brotherly love between differing sects, what are all the divided efforts of individuals and sects but a rope of sand. Instead of seeking out subjects of difference, and perpetuating the prejudices of a barbarous age, it is time that all sects should “agree to disagree,” and unite in the common cause of religious liberty to all. Happily every thing in the world now indicates a disposition in the minds of men to cast away the religious prejudices that have hitherto enslaved us, and the absurd and uncharitable opinion so prevalent among all sects, that imputed *insincerity* to their opponents, is now fast disappearing. It is a common remark that there is more hostility between sects whose doctrines are nearly similar than between religions whose doctrines have no resemblance to each other. On the other hand, when a heathen or Mahomedan stranger comes among us, all sects vie with each other in acts of hospitality and kindness towards him. His religion is forgotten, and next to the desire of pleasing him, each sect seems desirous of showing how amiable and liberal they can be when they choose.

Now let us suppose for the sake of illustration, that some

calm and philosophical traveller from some neighbouring planet should be permitted to visit our world, in order to observe the ways of its inhabitants, what a spectacle would be presented to his admiring eyes in civilized Europe and America? Sect arrayed against sect in bitter and unquenchable hostility, or like timid snails distrustfully stretching out their feelers in all directions, or hastily withdrawing themselves within their hard shells of invincible prejudice, lest their tenderly orthodox organs should be wounded. Yet all those sects professing to worship one God, who looks into the *hearts* of men; not endeavouring to sink their minor points of difference for the sake of the great and glorious cause in which they are engaged, but carping about trifles and quarrelling about straws:—each anxious to convert others to what they believe to be the truth—but afraid to stretch out their hands to save them from perdition, lest they themselves should lose their footing and be drawn into the same gulph. Minor differences will continue to exist we believe, while the world endures.

The harmony we contend for is the result of the vigorous exercise of reason and of Christian charity. It is the agreement in essentials, which will in time arise from conflicting opinions, maintained with temper and moderation, and enlightened by education. When mankind can be brought to regard such minor differences as are inseparable from our imperfect nature, with indulgence and charity, nominal distinctions of sects may still exist for a long time, but the limits of conformity will be greatly extended in all until no sufficient motive will remain for the separation and alienation of sects which now disgrace Christianity. This great result can only be brought about by a voluntary

sacrifice of illiberal prejudices by all sects. Let us then endeavour to raise our minds far above the summits of those mountains of disagreement which separate all religious communities by what now appear impenetrable barriers, to a height from whence all the inequalities and differences of the world beneath us will appear like one vast and smiling plain;—and above all, let us endeavor to realize the belief that the Great Creator of the Universe is always ready to receive the prayers and offerings of *all* sects which flow from pure and sincere hearts. What sincere Religion is to the Deity in this comprehensive sense—Loyalty may be said to be with respect to man and human institutions.

As religion has for its object the service of God and fills the heart with love and gratitude for His boundless goodness; so loyalty has for its object the faithful performance of the duties which are incumbent on us as good citizens, and should also warm our hearts with an ardent attachment to those institutions which guarantee the safety of our persons and property, and tend to develop the latent energies and resources of our minds. Loyalty is not a term invented by tyrants, to gild and rivet the chains by which they have bound us. No: it is a feeling which ennobles and exalts the soul, and awakens all its most generous emotions. It is founded on religion, because religion enjoins the performance of our duties to man as well as to God.

To that form of government which we believe to be the best—whether it be a republic or a monarchy, we are bound on every principle of morality and religion, to be faithful and to be loyal. A mere passive obedience to the laws, may make a good and quiet subject, but loyalty makes the hero. Loyalty is nearly allied to love of country, and may

exist independently of the respective natural advantages of the land of our birth, or of the freedom of our political institutions. Who does not sympathize with the glorious struggles of the Poles for a government which no enlightened nation would desire to rake from its ashes,—or with the ardent loyalty and intense love of country which burns in the heart of the hardy mountainer, or of the native of the bleak and stormy isles of the North?—the North—the birth-place of mental energy and freedom? Who can doubt the noble disinterested loyalty which clung round the expiring authority of the wrong-headed and misguided Charles, throwing a glorious halo round one, whose cause was that of irresponsible tyranny, upheld by narrow-minded bigotry. That was an age of intolerance, and he had to contend with those who were as intolerant as himself. Sincerity in political, as in religious faith, always deserves respect. Error in either may be corrected by calm reason,—never by force or persecution. In the heat of party contentions, in which antagonistic principles and powers are brought into action, it is too much the practice of the one party to arrogate to itself the exclusive possession of loyalty,—and of the other party to be involuntarily hurried into expressions or actions, which seem to countenance the supposition that they are destitute of a feeling which should be common to both. If we *believe* that the form of government under which we live is good in itself, or that it is the best which we can obtain, it is but natural that we should be loyal to it. If, on the contrary, we believe that the government is bad in principle, this loyalty founded on attachment is both unreasonable and impossible. The loyalty of a barbarous people to a bad and barbarous

government, is founded only on their belief that their government is good;—but it is no less sincere. At that period in the history of Europe when almost all governments were bad and arbitrary, the feeling of loyalty was perhaps more ardent and universal than at the present time. If any better form of government existed in some more fortunate country among them, the people, in general, were too ignorant to appreciate its advantages. The perpetual hostility which prevailed between-neighbouring countries, while it prevented the spread of knowledge, tended also to increase the strength of the social attachments and love of country. Common feelings and common danger increased the mutual attachment of man to man, and of the whole people to the Sovereign. Hence the feeling of loyalty became naturalized to their minds. When men become more enlightened, and when peace affords them leisure to *think* as well as to feel, they then begin to doubt. Loyalty then ceases to be considered a sort of political religion. An undoubting faith which before was so essential to the common weal, seems to lose its virtue. Men begin to consider that all governments and political power originally sprung from themselves; that for the sake of peace, and the administration of justice between man and man, they had deputed that power to one or more individuals among them which nature gave originally to themselves. There may be a people without a king or chief: a king or a chief cannot exist without subjects. The people must necessarily have existed before they had a king to rule over them.

The idea, therefore, of the divine right of kings is not founded on common sense or reason, and is only calculated to build up an arbitrary power on the ruins of a degraded

people. It may, therefore, be said that the loyalty of a barbarous people is chiefly founded on an indiscriminating faith, while that of an enlightened and civilized people, is, or should be, founded on reason. No form of Government, whether free or absolute, can be long sustained but by the sanction of the majority of the people. When a large number of the people in any country begin to doubt respecting the advantages of their peculiar form of Government, the age of *improvement* has commenced, and changes soon follow, which soon prove beneficial. The feeling of loyalty during such necessary and desirable changes, must, of course, be in some degree weakened: but when a certain degree of rational liberty has been attained, the sentiment of loyalty should be stronger and more lasting than ever, because it is constructed on the solid foundation of reason. Antagonistic powers seem to be a necessary condition of all free governments, whether these opposing powers, springing from the people, be a proof of progression in civil liberty, or whether, at a certain point, they will cease, we shall not in this place stop to enquire. Suffice it to say that such antagonism *does* exist in all free governments; and it seems to us to be a necessary consequence of the imperfections of our nature, and that it is best calculated to remedy the abuse of power by preserving a continual and reciprocal watchfulness by means of the conflicting interests of parties and individuals. When a people is first emerging from barbarism, when kings are despotic, and their subjects ignorant—the parties which spring up among them to contend for their rights, are necessarily violent and sanguinary, because the absence of all the limitations established by the usages of a free people, leave them no con-

stitutional means of obtaining redress of grievances. The patriot is then contending merely against a faction which has abused the confidence of the sovereign, and he may still be actuated by the most ardent loyalty,—but we are not now speaking of such contentions.

We are at present alluding to the struggles for freedom, on the part of a people, in opposition to despotic power, when they are beginning to perceive the radical defects of their political institutions.

For a long time these sanguinary struggles merely result in a change of tyrants, and the repetition of similar abuse of power. Gradually the ebullition subsides; new powers are formed—limited by circumstances, against which they cannot prevail, until parties have lost their character of ferocity, and much of the intolerance of opposition. The people have re-asserted their legitimate Powers, and what lately appeared usurpation or rebellion, has now become an acknowledged power, and is dignified with the name of a constitution.

The arbitrary and irresponsible power of the despotic sovereign, is as much the work of the people, or the result of their will, as the liberal constitution of an enlightened age. They originally chose that form of government which they then thought the best, and as long as they thought so, they were loyal to it.

The gradual progress of knowledge and liberty altered, their views, and what at first appeared a good government was now considered a detestable tyranny.

The unquestioned possession of arbitrary power for ages, came by habit to be considered as irrevocable, and the absurd theory of "*Divine Right*," was invented by slaves

to flatter tyrants. The *majority* of the people in all states and at all times determine the particular form of government which is best adapted to their condition.

The progress of liberty may be compared to a fluid in a state of fermentation ; at first it is slow, requiring certain circumstances to enable it to ferment at all. The process is then rapid, continuous and turbulent, until all the elementary substances have entered into new combinations and have found their proper place. At this stage it becomes calm and quiescent ; but still for a long time, a gentle and slow motion of the particles continues to agitate the fluid in an almost imperceptible manner.

This fermentation has already taken place in the British constitution, and nothing now remains but the gentle motion which is still necessary to prevent apathy and stagnation: The fermentation may, indeed, and will assuredly recommence at some period, to remedy certain defects which have descended from our barbarous ancestors ; but the opposition to the great mass of intelligent people will be feeble, and it will not be of long duration.

It is obvious that none but such governments as are just and free, can be safe or lasting. The unhappy antagonism between a government and the people, shews plainly—either, that the government is not good enough for the people, or that the people are not good enough for the government. In either case, we cannot expect to find *loyalty* among their virtues. A government should not only be just and good in itself, but also be suitable to the intellectual condition of the mass of the people, to ensure their attachment and loyalty.

In Great Britain where the constitution has been of slow

growth, all the parts of the beautiful machine have fallen into their proper places, and perform their proper functions with a wonderful harmony between all the apparently discordant members, and in a manner which no human reason could have produced. There, the contention is not really between the *government* and the people, but between different parties, or members of the great machine, who differ as to the proper place and power of each, without seeking to destroy or reconstruct what has preserved its existence through so many ages.

Is it credible that any party, or considerable portion of the people, could be so infatuated as to seek to overturn a government which so effectually secures the interests and liberty of all classes? In such a country, loyalty is monopolized by no party in particular. All parties are loyal to the established government, because it is superior to all governments with which they are acquainted.

Where the opposition of parties is confined to the discussion of minor principles, or matters of detail, and a deep conviction is entertained by both parties alike, that the principle of the constitution is good in itself, it is equally absurd and wicked to brand one party with the name of *tyrants*, and the other with that of traitors. A little reflection should show all men the utter absurdity of applying such or similar epithets to their opponents.

Can we for a moment believe, that any large portion of an intelligent people, who have thrown off the galling yoke of irresponsible power, can ever tamely submit to have the chain of the slave rivetted once more round their necks. The suicide, who rushes blindfold into eternity, at least hopes that he will sink into a state of unconsciousness

and oblivion. Not so, with the political suicide. He may sink into the grave of liberty, but he will feel the worms gnawing his vitals, while he struggles in vain to burst his cerements.

On the other hand, can we believe that any large portion of the other party can desire to rush headlong into the troubled sea of republicanism, to be borne helplessly along by the ever changing currents of popular excitement, they know not whither. It is likely that through the fear of falling under the power of one tyrant, they would madly trust their liberties to a thousand, who are infinitely more fickle, and infinitely more despotic; because the responsibility is infinitely more divided.

Let us then endeavor to entertain moderate and charitable views respecting the motives of our opponents; and let us never forget, that anger is a bad counsellor, and that we have everything to hope from the efforts of calm reason on the willing minds of an enlightened people.

MEMORY—AN ESSAY.

There is not one of the faculties of the human mind more important than memory. It seems to be almost necessary to our very existence. Without memory, the mind of man becomes in a manner isolated; it receives, but retains nothing that comes from without, and is cut off in a great degree from taking its proper share in that community of thought and in the progressive march of improvement, on which civilization is founded.

In many respects memory resembles the art of writing. It performs for the individual, what the other does for the human race at large; with this difference, that the uses of the latter, extend beyond the present generation, for it conveys the thoughts and discoveries of our ancestors and ourselves to the most remote posterity. But after all, what is the power of reading the thoughts of others, through the medium of the eye, to the unfortunate individual to whom nature has denied the faculty of retaining impressions or memory! He may read and he may listen, his eye and his ear may drink in the thoughts of others, but nothing remains to afford nourishment to his mind.

There are minds, indeed, but few in proportion to the mass, in which original ideas spring up spontaneously, as it were, which are continually forming new combinations, possessing most of the characteristics of originality of thought, or which are actively engaged in separating the pure metal from the dross of the world. Such naturally gifted minds

may long continue to feed on their own abundant resources and to enlighten the world of minds around them, but even to such minds memory is of vast importance, for sooner or later, their natural stores will be exhausted. Then a few imported ideas will set the machinery of their minds again in motion, and an endless variety of new combinations will be formed.

With the great mass of mankind, however, originality is not to be found; but though they may want the creative power of genius, they may still appropriate, compare, analyze and reduce to practice the conceptions of others, and thus prove their truth or falsity. Like the light from the sun, genius may shed its bright rays on dark, inanimate matter, but the masses are enlightened and reflect their borrowed light from world to world, and from age to age.

It is among this numerous class that most of the men of practical ability, the men of business talent, the clever men of the world, as they are called, are found. As in machinery, one man invents, but a thousand profit by the discovery which they would have turned into ridicule.

Memory is essential to the thousands who may learn, but not so necessary to the few who invent or originate ideas. If we could suppose for a moment, that the great mass of mankind were deprived of memory, or the power of adopting or reflecting the ideas of others, into what an inconceivable state of dullness and mental darkness would they sink? How many among them who soared proudly on borrowed pinions would drop to the earth?

Stop the inlets to knowledge, and there would be an end to all progress, and civilization would come to an eternal stand still.

Happily for mankind, extremely defective memories are very rare, much more rare we believe, than what are called *great memories*. It is very commonly supposed, particularly by those who have never felt the inconvenience of a defective memory, that memory is a thing to be acquired like anything else, and that in order to possess this advantage to its fullest extent, practice and system only are necessary.

No man of common sense, or common observation will deny that memory, like any other mental faculty, may in some degree be improved by exercise, but to suppose that a very defective memory may be so improved, as to become a good one, seems just as rational as to maintain, that a lame man might be so trained, as to enable him to equal the best runner in speed.

We are all sufficiently disposed to value ourselves unduly on the advantages we possess over others, and it seems to us, that in this instance, the favored possessors of a naturally retentive memory, would fain claim merit to themselves for that which is due to the Almighty "giver of all good gifts."

Nothing shews more clearly the difference between mind and matter than the faculty of memory. Whole reams of paper may be covered with writing, crossed and re-crossed, and but a faint idea is conveyed to the mind of the capacity of the tablets of memory. On these wonderful tablets, forms, ideas, colors, sounds, languages, are alike imprinted. A thousand things are thus retained in the mind of an individual, which no human ingenuity could enable him to transfer to another.

These "tablets," if we may continue to use a term ap-

plied to *matter*, to enable us to describe what is essentially immaterial, seem to possess an infinitely elastic property. Each character, or hieroglyphic inscribed on them is but the index to a vast train of ideas, mysteriously linked together, and connected more or less remotely, with the primary thought or idea.

The power of memory, with reference to the particular subjects on which it is exercised, is so various in different persons, that we can hardly form any idea of the extent of the faculty in each instance. It is impossible to ascertain the positive amount of matter, facts, or ideas retained by the memory. Then, again, memory is greatly influenced by the peculiar tastes of the individual and the consequent degree of attention he may be induced to give to each particular subject.

It has been remarked, that a person may be very forgetful on some subjects, while on others, his memory is retentive. This well known fact has led many superficial minds to believe that the power of memory is originally alike in all men, and that what is called a bad memory, simply arises from want of attention. This is one of those facts which have sufficient truth in them to satisfy such minds as are ever ready to jump at a conclusion which they find so near the surface, and are thus saved the trouble of further thought.

There can be no doubt that the habit of fixing the attention on any particular subject will tend to strengthen the memory, in so far as that particular subject is concerned; but it by no means follows that the memory is thus strengthened on other subjects.

It is well known that the arms of a blacksmith or of a

sailor are usually stronger than those of other men, because in such employments the muscles of the arms are brought more into action than those of other parts of the body. We believe it is just the same with memory. What is gained on one point is probably lost on another.

The power of body and the power of mind, in whatever they may consist, are drawn off from the other portions of the body or mind to be concentrated at one point, and thus that point is strengthened at the expense of other points. These facts only prove that the natural faculty or power may be directed to one or two particular points, where there is an object to be gained by so doing.

There are instances, without number, to prove that memory, in all cases, does not depend on attention or application. How often do we meet with people of the meanest intellect, and even with idiots, utterly incapable of application, who possess this faculty in the highest degree? Many years ago the writer remembers meeting with a blind man at Stirling Castle, in Scotland, who was almost an idiot, but who possessed the most extraordinary powers of memory. He knew the whole New Testament by heart, and would repeat any chapter that was given him word for word without making a single mistake. This we have often witnessed, and uniformly with the same result. Memory with him evidently cost no mental effort.

If we consider the subject for a moment, it becomes obvious that the greater the defect of natural memory, the greater will be the effort on the part of the individual to make up for the deficiency by increased attention, in the same manner that we make efforts to escape a quagmire in proportion to our apparent danger of sinking. This is a law

of nature, and it seems strange that any man of common sense or observation can suppose that memory depends entirely upon attention.

When this faculty is possessed in the highest degree by persons of the highest order of mind, it gives them an immeasurable superiority over their fellow-men, because they are thus enabled to collect, combine, and work up in the laboratory of their own minds the vast amount of treasured knowledge derived from books and men, and to add the results of their knowledge and experience to what they have themselves drawn from the rich mines of thought. Still we are inclined to think that natural memory is usually enjoyed in a larger degree by men of inferior intellect.

In support of this opinion, we shall quote a high authority—that of Plutarch—when speaking of Cato the younger. He says, in describing his character: “His apprehension was slow, and his learning came with difficulty; but what he had once learned he long retained. It is, indeed, a common case for persons of quick parts to have weak memories; but what is gained with labor and application is always retained the longest, for every hard-gained acquisition of science is a kind of annealing upon the mind.”

There is much good sense and truth in these observations, and it seems that the God of nature has gifted men of an inferior order of mind in a greater degree with a faculty which is calculated, in the absence of originality or genius, to make them useful to their kind.

Here, however, another reflection occurs to us. As the mind of a man of a great natural capacity necessarily embraces a greater variety of subjects of reflection than that of a man of inferior capacity, does it not, therefore, necessarily follow that his mind, being engaged upon reflecting

upon so many subjects, and in committing those reflections to memory, will lose the power of retaining as many mere facts as the inferior mind? So that, in reality, the memory of the latter may be more perfect, simply because it is employed upon a smaller number of subjects. This we merely offer as a conjecture.

A common mind is generally engaged in collecting and storing up facts, and reflections acquired from others, while a mind of a superior order is busy creating new ideas and indulging in endless speculations and reflections on pre-existing facts. There may in general be less difference in the actual amount of *matter*—we use the word for the want of a better—retained in the memory of different individuals than is commonly supposed. It frequently happens, as already observed, that persons of mean capacity have retentive memories for facts, numbers, and other matters which do not involve reflection, while persons of a higher order of intellect generally require some degree of reflection to aid their memory in recollecting the very facts which give rise to their reflections. Very often the reflections remain after the facts have faded from the mind.

It is frequently observed among boys at school that a very dull boy will easily remember everything which has been taught him, without effort or reflection, while a clever boy cannot remember anything without first being made to understand and reflect upon the matter to be committed to memory. Unfortunately, there are a vast number of dull teachers who do not observe or understand these mental peculiarities.

Every boy who has a good natural memory, and can learn his lessons mechanically, is considered by such teachers as

a clever, promising lad. The boy, on the other hand, who must understand before he can remember, gives the dull mechanical teacher a great deal of trouble, because he demands explanations and illustrations which the unfortunate master is incapable of giving him. He can only convey his knowledge in the way he received it. The ideas, or facts, have been chalked upon his empty mind, and he can only exhibit the board to the pupil. We need not, therefore, wonder that so many of those boys who were considered clever at school turn out dull "matter-of-fact men." Once on the great sea of the world, the man who *thinks* shoots a head of the man who only *learns* and *remembers*.

In early youth, everything that is seen, heard, or felt, makes a powerful impression on the mind—simply because the mind is unoccupied. The memory is then like a blank sheet of paper, and every character which is traced upon it is clear and legible, and often remains indelibly impressed upon our minds to the termination of our mortal lives.

What delightful memories—what sweetly sad recollections are treasured up there, often unknown to ourselves, until, as if by the spell of a wizard, some trifling circumstance or association of ideas wafts us back to those happy days of our youth. What blessed visions of departed joy again flit before us in all their dream-like sweetness, called forth by the notes of some plaintive air, treasured up in our memory, or by the smell of some simple flowers which we heedlessly crushed beneath our feet in our boyhood. These facts are familiar to every one who can reflect and feel. We need not attempt to reason upon them.

The powerful effect of dreams in recalling our past feelings and impressions seems to be deserving of particular

notice. How does it happen that *forms, sounds, and scenes* in particular, which appear to have utterly faded from our memory *while awake*, should be suddenly revived in all their reality and intensity of impression by sleep? How comes it that the memory should be more active while the thinking principle is for a time partially inactive?

In sleep we seem passively to yield to our feelings and passions which bear us helplessly along in their wild career, while our reason appears to have become feeble, and to have quitted the helm. When the head of the sleeper is laid on the pillow, the brain becomes partially paralyzed—one portion of its endless organs or convolutions retains some degree of vital activity while the rest has gone to sleep. All this time, the heart beats as freely as when awake, and the blood circulates through all its vessels with untiring energy. The head—the seat of reason, then is all but dead, while the heart, the seat of the affections and passions is freed from control. This is *our* theory of the matter, which may be taken until a better one is found.

It seems absurd to suppose that sleep brings back impressions which have been expunged from the tablets of the memory. It is more rational to suppose, that the impressions still remain entire, and that they have been overlaid and smothered, as it were, by newer impressions which occupy our whole thoughts while awake; so that for a time the early impressions seem to be lost. All our passions feelings and thoughts during sleep are concentrated for the time to one point. Our minds are not then distracted by external impressions, and therefore they act more powerfully in the particular direction they have taken. By this powerful action, the mind having turned towards the past, drags out these long neglected characters traced indelibly

on the tablets of memory from beneath the mass of newer impressions that had obscured them. The faces of the dead appear before us, and we wake with their very voices ringing in our ears.

We have hitherto considered the faculty of memory philosophically. It is now time before concluding our observations, that we should regard it steadily in a *moral* point of view.

Memory and *conscience* are nearly allied. They are always in company, and mutually act and react upon each other. If conscience goes to sleep—memory awakes her; and often when memory becomes oblivious she awakes with the stern searching eyes of conscience looking into her inmost soul. Amidst the bustle and turmoil of the world we may drown thought, conscience and memory for a time—but it is a fact as true, as it is worthy of remark, that however treacherous his memory may be, while reason remains, *a man can never forget* his crimes; and even his shattered reason is often but a wild dream of guilt and horrors unspeakable. There are two things peculiarly dreadful to the guilty man; these are sleep and the hour of death—we do not allude to the *future*. We leave that to divines—we speak of the *present*. Without exaggeration, we may say, that there are many unhappy men who suffer tenfold more tortures every day of their lives from the memory and consciousness of crimes, than the gallows could inflict.

The memory is a powerful moral agent in this world. How strange that it should be so much overlooked. It is not often usually, during the course of our lives, that immediate death seems to threaten us, while we are free from pain and in the full enjoyment of all our mental faculties;

but it has been stated from experience, by many persons, that in such circumstances the memory of all the sins they have committed during their lives is suddenly revived, and pass rapidly in review before them in all their natural deformity.

With the awful prospect of immediate death before our eyes, conscience is awakened, and the memory which had been obscured by the passing events of life is stimulated by her agency to bring before us those recollections in which we are for the time most deeply interested.

Sleep has the external semblance of death, and it is hardly possible for any thinking man to retire to his rest at night, without giving a passing thought to that long sleep which will terminate all his cares, joys and sorrows—all his sins *and his repentance* in this world.

At this period of our every-day life, the mind is naturally led to reflect on the acts of the past day, for night is no flatterer. The busy hum of life is hushed, and the clouds of darkness have fallen upon the bright and gay face of nature. Stillness—universal stillness reigns around, and the Almighty has appointed *this* as the peculiar hour for reflection, repentance and prayer—Memory is undisturbed by passing events, and faithfully performs her part.

The good man sinks peacefully to rest, and if he dreams—his imagination untrammelled by cold reason revels in visions of joy; or aided by memory lives over again the happy days that are past. Night for him is a time for serious reflection, but in the more immediate presence of his God, he casts the load of care from his shoulders, sinks quietly to sleep and rises refreshed and invigorated for the journey of life.

To the guilty and conscience stricken, on the contrary,

night is not the time for rest. The night to such, is like the every-day approach of death. Those dreadful sisters, conscience and memory, still haunt him with appalling visions, and banish sleep from his pillow. He may be said to die—and go to his torment at the close of every day of his life. Though for a time he may deceive the world—he cannot deceive himself—for *his* memory is but too good—misfortunes fall upon him, but he has no consolation. He cannot pray, for how could he approach his Maker with the fruits of his iniquity under his cloak—Memory, which to the good is a blessing, is to him a Hell. What is death to such a life? To such, the gallows would be a mercy; and if we may venture to indulge in conjecture as to the kind of punishment, prepared for the wicked in a future state—what tortures can we conceive more intolerable than such as are self-inflicted in this world by the memory and conscience of a bad man.

This subject recalls to our memory the powerful lines written by an unknown hand in the fly leaf of Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory," borrowed from a public library.

Pleasures of Memory!—Oh, supremely blest,
 And justly prized beyond the poet's praise,—
 If the pure confines of the author's breast,
 Contain indeed—the subject of his lays—
 By me how envied,—for to me
 The herald still of misery,
 Memory makes her influence known
 By sighs and tears, and grief alone,
 I greet her as the fiend to whom belong
 The vultures ravening beak, the raven's funeral song.

She tells of time misspent, of comfort gone,
 Of fair occasions passed for ever by,
 Of hopes too warmly nursed—too rudely torn,
 Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die,
 Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign
 And realize the Hell that priests and beldames feign!

THE
 ADVANTAGES OF BEING UGLY—A SKETCH.

How little do we poor short-sighted creatures know what is most for our own good; and were our individual happiness to be measured by the apparent happiness of others, how small a share would often fall to our lot, according to the estimation of the world.

There are a number of very excellent things in themselves, which we naturally suppose are admirably calculated to ensure our future happiness, but alas! it generally happens that without something else to give them actual value, these apparent advantages only tend to show us more clearly that everything in this world is but "vanity," and ends in "vexation of spirit." A handsome fortune, for instance, is, no doubt, a good thing in itself, but then we may not know how to enjoy it; for by a singular fatality it generally happens, that those who have the greatest facility in amassing money, are precisely the very persons who enjoy it the least. A handsome person is another advantage in itself, but others may not have the taste to admire us as much as we ourselves do. This is, indeed, unfortunate, for few can content themselves with this kind of solitary admiration.

The ugly man has this advantage, among many others, that while the handsome men are generally losing their good looks with age, he like an everlasting flower, remains still the same, or rather, he gains what the others lose by the lapse of time.

These preliminary considerations will prepare the mind of the reader for what may appear, at first sight, a somewhat startling assertion, that the possession of an ugly face and person, so far from being a disadvantage, is generally a positive advantage to a man. Were I inclined to deal in paradoxical phrases, I am so thoroughly convinced of the truth of my assertion, that I am strongly tempted to write an essay on the "*Beauty of Ugliness!*"

It is well known that the connoisseurs in dogs consider those dogs the handsomest which ordinary mortals would in their simplicity think the least comely. If this does not prove that there is no such thing as positive beauty, it shows that it is after all but a matter of opinion. Now I am one of those happy men whom nature has especially favored with—what shall I call it? *Ugliness* is the word! My complexion is what a milliner might call *whitey-brown*. Something between a dirty white and an unsuccessful attempt to white-wash a negro. I hope the reader will excuse me for not describing my person and features, for my natural vanity will not allow me to state what ill-natured people have pronounced decidedly ugly.

I have but a faint recollection of my boyhood. At this period of my life, I certainly was not happy. My parents were among those who fancied that their children should be handsomer than those of others; and they thought the possession of an ugly child entailed an indelible disgrace on the family.

I had the misfortune, as it then appeared, of having several handsome brothers. Of course, when strangers called at our home, I was never produced to excite their admiration. I have no recollection of any one being polite enough

to call me handsome, for it was evident that my parents would not believe it.

Among our visitors there was, however, one benevolent-looking, elderly gentleman, with spectacles, whose attention I happened to attract as I was skulking into some dark corner for concealment. He called me to him, and even patted me on the head. He gently reproached my father for not showing me to him before; and said that though I was not so "good-looking" (God bless him for the phrase!) as the other boys, I had a look of great intelligence. These few kind words sank deep into my heart. I drank them up as the parched soil absorbs the gentle shower from heaven. This little incident reconciled me, in some measure, to existence. I had been so frequently taunted with my ugliness, that I had begun to think that I had come into the world through some unhappy mistake, or that I had been sent to be a trial to my parents.

This kind old gentleman with the spectacles infused a new life into me, and from this time I began to look abroad for the sympathy I could not find at home. Whether he took a fancy to me through a spirit of contradiction, or that the spectacles, which in my imagination seemed to form a part of his face, enabled him to look deeper into my character, I could not determine. In either case there was kindness and generosity in his behavior towards me.

In spite of the opposition I met with on the part of my brothers, who seemed determined to keep me in the back ground, I managed to throw myself in his way, whenever he came to the house, in order that his notice might draw me out of my painful obscurity, and make me think better of myself. I dared not to express my gratitude to Mr.

Everard, for that was his name, but he no doubt saw *that in my face*, which told my feelings better than words; for now and then his mild penetrating eyes would rest on me for a few moments with a calm benignant look—he seldom spoke.

The idea about this time occurred to me that I might regulate my temper; which as may naturally be supposed, from my treatment, was none of the best; and that I might cultivate my natural intellect, and thus make amends for my bodily defects.

Formerly the preference shown to my brothers by my parents, and consequently by others, had filled my mind with a feeling of bitterness and envy I want words to express. I even dared to murmur in my heart at the injustice of Providence, as it appeared to me, which had made me so repulsive in my appearance, without any fault of my own. I *now* however began to reflect that I had a *mind* as well as a *body*. I knew that I could not blame myself for my ugliness, and I thought how much happier I was than those men who had become deformed in body and mind, through the indulgence of their own vices.

To attempt to improve my person was plainly a hopeless case; but might I not succeed in improving my *mind*? and if I could, how incomparably greater would that internal satisfaction be, arising from the knowledge of its being *my own work*, than the miserable satisfaction of having an attractive person, in the possession of which I could have no possible merit? These considerations gave me an ardent desire to excel, which had I been handsome, I should in all probability have never entertained.

There was something about Mr. Everard's manner which

showed plainly that he was in easy circumstances, if not affluent. He was never in a hurry, and seemed to use no effort to make himself agreeable. He was evidently accustomed to be treated with deference and respect, and took it as a matter of course. Still he had none of that suspicious distrustful manner towards strangers, which gentlemen who are well-to-do in the world are so apt to exhibit, as if the thought of their money was always uppermost, and they fancied every one had some design upon them, or would rob them of their dearly beloved treasure.

The isolated life I had been compelled to lead had made me observant of the character and peculiarities of others, and I had thus almost instinctively acquired a considerable knowledge of human nature. It is true, I knew as little of the ways of the world, and of its conventional usages, as a mere child; but a knowledge of the world and of human nature are very different things. Those who know the most of the one often know the least of the other.

Though I could, in some measure, penetrate Mr. Everard's character, and could perceive his position in society, I never dreamt of ingratiating myself into his favour from any selfish motive. I was simply grateful for the kind notice he bestowed on me, and I valued it according to the estimate I had formed of his character. A man who could discover anything good under such a homely exterior, must necessarily, I thought, be a man of great penetration or of great benevolence, and I at once determined to make the best use I could of his favorable opinion.

I could not bear the thought of dependence. I was too *proud*, as the world calls it, or rather too sincere to fawn

or flatter. No; but I now, for the first time in my life, formed the great design of *deserving* to be great, and all I hoped to obtain from my worthy patron was his countenance and approval. My heart swelled with this idea; it was almost too vast for my young frame, and I felt like a mole-hill with a volcano labouring in my bosom to break forth.

Whether nature, in compensation for my external defects, had given me talents superior to those of my brothers, or whether in consequence of my being despised at home I had been led to rely more on my own native resources, and to cultivate my natural faculties, I cannot say, but I am inclined to think that my natural abilities were in no respect superior to theirs, but that any superiority I now possessed was simply the natural effect of my peculiar position.

Adversity, contempt, and, I will add, a homely exterior, have a tendency to rouse the energies of man from their torpor, and it is, indeed, a poor soil that cannot be rendered productive by careful cultivation. I would and could have loved my brothers, and I could have forgiven any injuries they might have heaped upon me—anything but *contempt*. The Christian can forgive common injuries, but for a mind, painfully conscious of personal defects, to forgive contempt, requires that that mind should be something more than human. Need we, therefore, wonder that Christ himself says, "But whosoever shall say 'Thou Fool,' shall be in danger of Hell fire."

I felt that my mind was as much despised as my person in my own family. I, therefore, became a solitary being, wrapped up in my own thoughts and day-dreams, and, from

the habit of watching the manners and characters of others, as I have already said, I had acquired a kind of preternatural acuteness. I had neither studied Lavater nor Spurzim; but I could read what was passing in the minds of my brothers nearly as easily as I could read a book.

The expression of the countenance was to me like a Chinese character or a hieroglyphic; a look often conveyed a whole sentence at once to my mind, which was morbidly sensitive to all impressions. I had every motive a person could have to improve his mind, and I devoted my mind to my books with an ardor which can hardly be comprehended without this key to my character. I was an ugly and despised boy. Glorious privilege I can *now* exclaim—the body was but crumbling clay—the soul expanded, and became like a giant within its humble tenement.

I had learned to commune with nature, for I loved nature, and revelled in her charms. I felt that I had poetry in my soul, and would have poured it out in thrilling numbers—but words were *wanting*. My mind was full of beautiful pictures, which no human creature could see. I was ambitious, and I panted for an opportunity to rescue myself from contempt. In short, I determined to become an artist—a painter. I had grand conceptions—I had studied the expression of human passions—I felt them boiling in my own heart. I had but the mechanical difficulties to contend with, and these I resolved to conquer.

Without any instructions from a master, I began to draw the outlines of every object that came in my way, but *figures* and *faces* were my especial study, and I soon

learned to take accurate likenesses, in which nature had given me a great facility. From taking likenesses of every one I knew, I proceeded to make the same faces represent all the different passions I had observed or could conceive.

My protector, Mr. Everard, naturally became a frequent subject of my pencil. I loved to look on his calm, lofty brow, his elegantly formed nose, not forgetting the spectacles, which seemed to have a distinct expression of their own—his finely chiselled mouth and chin, which expressed so much of refinement and good nature and so little of sensuality. Mr. Everard came frequently in the evening to play at chess with my father, and I often tried to catch his likeness, unobserved, while engaged in his favourite amusement.

My brothers, who lived only for the *present* time, could feel no sympathy with one whom their unjust prejudices had compelled to live for the *future*. The solitary habits into which they had driven me by their unkindness had roused a spirit in my soul which they could not comprehend; and, from being an object of contempt, I had now become an object of hatred, because I had struggled against the stream, and shown a vigour of mind and of volition which made me their superior.

My propensity for drawing faces had, of course, been observed by them, and they may have fancied that I was gratifying my ill-nature, as many in my *place* would have done, by caricaturing those around me. One of them, William, who had always been particularly jealous of the affection Mr. Everard had shown towards me, was glad of an opportunity to lower me in his estimation.

As I have already said, I had been taking a likeness of Mr. Everard unobserved, as I thought. My father had just checkmated him, and I had often observed the good-natured expression of my protector's countenance on these occasions, which are so mortifying to the vanity of men, and I wished to represent him in the most amiable light. My father had just exclaimed, "Checkmate," with a look of undisguised triumph, and Mr. Everard had just discovered his position when it was too late to be retrieved. A quiet, good-natured smile passed over his countenance as he said, "Ah, it is all over with me; I am beaten—fairly beaten." This was the moment I had chosen to catch his expression. I was suddenly roused from my reverie by William seizing my half-finished sketch and carrying it to Mr. Everard. "Mr. Everard, are you fond of caricatures? Here is one of my brother John's; I am sure you will discover the likeness." I was so overwhelmed with confusion at this cruel misrepresentation of my brother's that I could not utter a word in my own defence.

Mr. Everard and I were both placed in the most trying situation. Notwithstanding my knowledge of his character, I could not hope that he would not be offended with me. For him to imagine that I would deliberately caricature the man whom in reality I admired and loved beyond any other human creature, was to me worse than death—my heart throbbed violently—I was deprived of the power of speech, and the tears rushed to my eyes. Mr. Everard quietly took the drawing in his hand and examined it very attentively. He first turned to William, and said, surveying him with a look of calm reproof.

"Mr. William, if you thought that your brother meant

to caricature me; *you* should not have been the first to show it to me—but I am inclined to think"—he continued, turning to me with a look I shall never forget, "your brother John, has produced a most flattering likeness of me; and there is a freedom and truth about the drawing, which convinces me that nature has designed him for an artist. I hope he will allow me to retain this excellent sketch for a keepsake."

This was too much for me. The man whom I thought I had made my irreconcilable enemy, had become my steady friend and patron. I made my escape from the room, and was relieved by a flood of tears, the sweetest tears I ever shed.

I was about fourteen years of age when this incident occurred,—an incident on which so much of my future life and prospects depended. I had now an other definite object in view, and all my energies were permanently directed to that point. "Nature had designed me for a painter."

It is wonderful with what rapidity and facility we learn as soon as we can fully appreciate the important uses to which knowledge can be applied, and when we have a favorite taste to gratify. How much time is lost at school in consequence of the learner being without such a powerful motive for application. He learns as the slave toils, because he is compelled to do so. He is sent to school to learn Greek and Latin before he has acquired a taste for reading in his own language. There is something more of true philosophy and humanity in the device of the poor Irishman—who placed a sheaf of oats before the nose of his horse, to encourage him to draw, than in the stupid

pedagogue who would drive a boy to learn by means of the lash. The slave thus acquires a distaste for labour, and the boy for learning, which in both cases remain a long time after they have obtained their liberty; and perceive the advantages to be obtained by persevering industry.

In consequence of the favorable opinion of Mr. Everard there was a perceptible change in my father's manner towards me. He seemed to listen with more attention when I spoke to him. Now, when I happened to make what he called a sensible observation, it appeared to him as if something supernatural had occurred—that a miracle had been wrought beneath his roof. It was not so much what I said, that drew his attention; but that anything rational should come from such an ugly and contemptible being.

My father, though a well disposed and kind man, in the main, was one of that very numerous class in the world, who cluster around their particular oracle, who does all the thinking for them; and to whose opinions they listen with implicit faith—Mr. Everard from his calm self-possession and considerate manner had acquired this ascendancy over my father's mind; without any effort or intention on his part. He was in fact, my father's oracle.

Mr. Everard's kind expressions in my favor, had therefore their full effect, and had wrought a revolution in my father's mind, of which I now began to reap the benefits. My brother William's indignation, however, hardly knew any bounds;—but my father would no longer allow him, or any of the rest of my brothers, to ridicule or treat me with the contempt that had become habitual to them.

My mother had been dead for many years—had she been living, I am satisfied that my position would have been

very different; for so strong is the sentiment of pity in the heart of woman, that with the mother, especially, the deformed child is usually the favorite. The reader, therefore, may readily conceive the relief I experienced in consequence of the change in my father's sentiments. Still, a great deal more than this negative kindness, was necessary to restore me to my true position in society.

I was oppressed with a painful diffidence in the company of strangers, which I could not overcome by any effort or reflection. I knew that I was not inferior in mental powers, to most of those I encountered of my own age; but I know not wherefore, I generally felt this diffidence more in the presence of those boys whose talents were of a lower order, but who were superior to me in good looks and manners. In consequence of this shyness, as well as from taste, I greatly preferred the company of those older than myself.

The young are engaged in a perpetual struggle for their position in society; and as they cannot all agree on this point, rivalries and jealousies are of constant occurrence; and to me they were always particularly painful—for boys seldom reflect that they have no merit in their personal advantages.

Mr. Everard, was one of those happy old men, who enjoy a perpetual freshness of mind—whose hearts unchilled by age, still delight in the beauties of nature; who take a lively interest in anything of good they can discover in the characters of those around them.

Whenever an opportunity occurred, he would now endeavour to engage me in conversation, and took the greatest pleasure in reasoning with me; and sometimes he would

appear to take the weak side of the argument; and seemed greatly pleased when I refuted him.

I was nearly eighteen years of age before I left school; having made sufficient progress in my studies to fit me for applying myself to a profession. The vacation had commenced, and my brothers and I were generally allowed to spend a few weeks, with any of our friends or relations of the family who might ask us to their country houses.

Mr. Everard, had taken a handsome house, with several acres of ground attached to it, about six miles from E——. I cannot describe the joy I felt, when one evening after a long game of chess with my father he asked me to come out and spend a few weeks with him, to which my father made no objection,

“You love nature, and you are fond of drawing, John; while you remain with me, you will see some of the most beautiful scenery in the country, and you will have time to make some fine landscapes; and I hope you will enjoy yourself.”

My face flushed up with pleasure; and I stammered out my heartfelt thanks for his kindness.

Next morning I was in the stage coach on my way to Harrington House, the name of Mr. Everard's country residence, with a little trunk containing a few clothes and changes of linen. As we dashed along over hill and dale, and between beautiful hedgerows and shady trees, with glimpses of the well cultivated fields with the labourers busy getting in the harvest; my imagination was employed in drawing pictures of the inmates of Harrington House.

As usual on such occasions, the whole scene of my reception was represented before me as on a stage. Mr.

Everard was the only member of the family with whom I was acquainted; of course, he was the most important character of the Drama, but all the other actors were purely imaginary. There was Mrs. Everard, still possessing the remains of a very pleasing countenance. What we desire, we love to imagine. Of course Mrs. Everard had several very beautiful daughters, whom I arranged in very picturesque groups; as I entered the drawing room, I fancied, that in common courtesy, they all received me kindly; but then, from the painful consciousness of my natural ugliness, I fancied I could trace a lurking feeling of disappointment and contempt in their faces. These imaginary pictures were, as usual, in such cases, partly true and partly false.

My mind was running wild in these exciting dreams from which I was roused by a sudden shock. The coach had stopped at a light elegant gateway embowered in dense shrubbery. Large spreading trees extended their cooling shade on either side of the winding gravel walk that led to the house.

The mansion, though modern, was so well planned that it harmonized finely with the surrounding scenery. A beautiful green sward extended from the front of the building, which was seated at the base of a thickly wooded hill, that sloped down to a small, dark, glassy lake, fringed with shady trees and brushwood. The lake was in a deep hollow between swelling hills; and far down beneath the branches of the trees, at a point where it contracted to the breadth of a small stream, I could see a light rustic bridge extending across it.

The birds sang among the branches, and all nature

seemed to rejoice; and the effect was greatly heightened by the appearance of several ladies crossing the bridge. The slow rate at which they sauntered along, shewed that they were enjoying the fresh beauties that met their eyes at every step; -and were loath to tear themselves away from them.

For a moment I fancied myself in a terrestrial paradise, and these were some of the blest inhabitants. My most lively conceptions of the joys of a future state have always been associated with such scenes of rural beauty. A bitter thought suddenly penetrated my heart, what right had an ugly fellow like me, to think of enjoyment such as this; the very sight of whom compelled nature to recoil as from an adder hidden under gaily tinted flowers.

It is hard for any one to be brought to believe that they are ugly. They still cling to the hope, that though they are not so handsome as others, they are not utterly destitute of some attraction which may atone for a bad complexion and the want of regular features. The face may be defective, but the figure is good; the hands and feet unexceptionable, they may pass in a crowd as well as their neighbours. Plutarch has somewhere remarked, "that there never was a man, however ugly and deformed, that would like to exchange the identity of his person with another, still less that of his mind. That to be one self and no other, is the first principle in our nature, and is recognized by all men alike, whether in a civilized or savage condition."

There is much truth in this. I did not wish to exchange identity with either of my brothers, though both were considered handsome young men; especially if the mind, the real *I am*, had to go with the body. I was contented with

that, at any rate, and consoled myself with the thought, that the soul if good would find in a better state a body to harmonize with it.

I should, perhaps, have been equally satisfied with my homely features, had they not been made so constantly a subject of ridicule to others, who had dragged me before the glass so often to contemplate *my beauty*! In the depths of my humiliation, I had been wont to exaggerate the facts of the case, and to think my appearance more repulsive than it really was.

After spending a few minutes in admiring the beautiful scenery, and in trying to calm down the agitation into which I had been thrown by these painful reflections, I proceeded up the broad gravel walk that led to the house, and rang the bell. During the awful pause between the ringing and the appearance of the footman, I felt my heart beat violently, for I dreaded the effect of my first appearance on those of the family who had not seen me before. I was greatly relieved, however, by the reflection that the female figures I had seen crossing the rustic bridge, could be no other than Miss Everard and her sister.

An old respectable footman in a plain livery opened the door, and shewed me into the parlour, where Mr. Everard was sitting, reading the newspaper. Throwing down the paper, he rose and shook me warmly by the hand; and bringing me up to Mrs. Everard, said in his kindest manner:

"Here is my young friend, John Selby—my dear—whose beautiful sketches you have heard me mention so often. He is come to spend a few weeks with us."

Unlike her husband, Mrs. Everard, so far from res-

embling the picture I had drawn of her in imagination, would have been pronounced by most people, as a decidedly plain woman. She had not, in fact, one good feature in her face. I could hardly conceal my surprise and disappointment; and could not conceive how a person with the taste and love for the beautiful that Mr. Everard possessed, could connect himself with one apparently so unsuited to him.

The easy grace, however, with which Mrs. Everard extended her hand to me, and the expression of unaffected kindness that beamed in her eyes, greatly reconciled me to the homeliness of her features.

Mr. Everard soon left the room, saying, "I shall leave you, my dear, to entertain my young friend, until I come back."

Unaccustomed to society, and awed by Mrs. Everard's calm air of superiority, I felt somewhat embarrassed, and sat silently before her, not knowing how to commence the conversation, but Mrs. Everard had that happy manner of putting young men at their ease, in which well-bred women so greatly excel our own sex, that I soon found myself deeply engaged in a most interesting conversation. Every instant the homeliness of her features seemed more and more to disappear, and at last I began to ask myself in my own mind, how I could ever have thought her plain. Her graceful and accomplished mind shone through her features, and lent a harmony to them which they did not naturally possess.

How little do the cold sensualists of the world know of beauty, when they fancy that a set of regular and faultless features can give it. What is such beauty but that of the

cold senseless marble which can be hewn into the most exquisite proportions by the hands of a master—but is without a soul! that immortal portion of earthly beauty which gives grace and dignity to the most homely features, and still lives after they are in dust. Such was Mrs. Everard, and I wondered no longer that she was the wife of my patron.

We had not been above an hour in conversation when Miss Everard and her sister returned from their walk, accompanied by a young man about my own age, the son and heir of a gentleman who possessed a fine estate in the neighbourhood.

The young man cast his eyes towards me with a look of ridicule and contempt, and I fancied the elder Miss Everard seemed to join in the same feeling, from the rapid lance she exchanged with him, but she was evidently restrained by good feeling and politeness from showing it so as to wound my feelings. As if to make amends for this passing feeling, which indeed was nothing more than natural,—when my name was mentioned, she came forward and shook hands with me with an amiable frankness that sent a thrill of delight through my frame.

How shall I describe Laura Everard as she then appeared to me? To say that she was beautiful would convey but a faint idea of her attractions. I have seen more regular features, and which as an artist, I should say were more perfect, but language cannot paint that bewitching expression which is a combination of all the passing emotions of a graceful and intellectual mind. There was a harmony of motion also which it is difficult, or rather impossible, to pourtray; but which forms an essential ingredient in that

beauty which fascinates the imagination and wins the heart. Laura Everard possessed all these attractions in the highest degree, because she was natural and unaffected. She was evidently conscious of her beauty, and pleased with the admiration which it excited. The attentions of young Mr. Davenant were especially directed to her, but his common-place and unmeaning compliments showed that he was incapable of appreciating her mental graces. He was handsome, however, and had the easy confident manner of one who seemed assured of pleasing. Then he had the prospect of being rich. These were advantages which few women can resist, and I could perceive from Miss Everard's manner, as I then thought, that he had made some progress in gaining her affections.

I might have possibly liked young Davenant, if he had not shown by the glance he gave me that he despised me. Even this I could have forgiven him, but I could not forgive the easy familiarity of his manner to Miss Everard, and my dislike was increased by the apparent pleasure she took in his society. I knew at once, by his manner, that he could not love her as she deserved to be loved. To such a person as him, any other pretty girl with equal personal attractions would have been as agreeable. How absurd did it appear for such an one as I, to be jealous of the affections of Miss Everard. With a homely person and without fortune, and depending for my future support on talents which the world might never appreciate. What right had I to indulge in such aspiring dreams? But true love seldom travels along smooth roads. It is one of those powerful passions which either rouse the latent energies of man, or sink him in hopeless despondency. Such a passion, like the tor-

rent which overwhelms all obstructions, only grows stronger with the difficulties it encounters.

I have often heard love at first sight spoken of as something absurd and ridiculous. I am, however, inclined to think that true love is as sudden and involuntary in its advent, as it differs from that cold compound of prudence and liking which leads to most of the matrimonial alliances in the world. There is a secret sympathy between minds naturally attuned to each other, which it does not require time to develope. This sympathy may be shot through the loop-hole of the expressive eye with the rapidity of lightning. Love has been well represented by the ancients under the figure of a boy with his bow and arrow. The boy is the emblem of innocence and youth, without which love can hardly exist, and the arrow of the rapidity of the impression.

Little did I think that Laura Everard could ever look upon *me* with anything but aversion, or at least indifference. But I wished her to be loved by one who was worthy of her, and who could value her for the sterling qualities of her mind.

At this time her manner towards me, though invariably kind, seemed to be prompted by that amiability of disposition and politeness of the heart, which would make all happy around her, and which would in some measure compensate for what nature had denied me.

To any one who understands human nature, I need not say how much I felt her kindness. I could have loved her out of pure gratitude, had I not already felt a stronger passion than mere gratitude can occasion.

Miss Everard's sister, Emily, was one of those girls we

meet every day. She seemed to have no opinions of her own, and was governed by the prejudices of the world. What the world thought good, *that* Emily thought *must* be good, as a matter of course. The last visitor, like the last new novel, was always the most agreeable, provided the world approved of them, and effaced any impression left on her mind by her very dear friends and novels of a former period. Her mind was like a stagnant pool, without any perceptible current of its own, but always ready to show a slight ruffle on the surface, the effect of a pebble thrown into it, and a most faithful mirror of surrounding objects. She possessed neither wit nor satire, but she thought it the safest course to join in the laugh of the satirical around her. If her opinion were asked respecting the merits of a new acquaintance or a new book, her ingenuity was immediately set to work to find out some defects or peculiarities. This showed her observation and discrimination. As for *beauties* she could not perceive them, or if she did and the world did not join in her approbation, she would be ruined forever in public estimation.

What Mr. Davenant said was law to Emily, for he was rich, and it would be imprudent in Emily to differ in opinion with *him*. In natural good looks, Emily was not much inferior to her sister, but she wanted her mind and her *heart*.

Mr. Davenant's attentions were at first pretty equally divided between the sisters, for he was incapable of perceiving much difference in their characters. But he soon found the influence he had gained over the mind of Emily, for she took no pains to conceal it. There was something about Laura, however, which he could not understand. His qualifications, irresistible as they seemed to himself,

failed to make that impression which he naturally expected, and of course Laura became an object of great interest to him. His attentions to her became of a more decided character; and increased from day to day.

Laura could not be altogether insensible to the attentions of a handsome man who *seemed* at least to admire her. She was young, and her powers of observation, that were by no means deficient, had as yet been little exercised.

With all the natural tact possessed by women in discovering character, they are easily deceived by the flimsy pretences and superficial show of good qualities in the other sex, and the reader need not, therefore, be surprised that a girl of scarcely seventeen years of age, like Laura Everard, should at first be deceived by Mr. Davenant. Devoid of selfishness herself, she could not perceive that his attentions had only *self* for their object. His love sought not the good of the objects of his attentions, but merely the gratification of his own vanity; and if it were possible for him really to love Laura Everard, it would be simply because she enabled him to love himself still more than he had previously done.

Perfectly satisfied with himself, his manners, for so young a man, were quite easy and unembarrassed; having few ideas, he never was at a loss for words to express them. This is the true cause of the easy manners so often observed with shallow men.

Whenever, in the course of conversation, any little argument occurred, he had a very summary manner of disposing of the matter either by bold assertion, or by quoting some authority which he thought would be quite unanswerable. To *my* objections he seldom deigned to reply, but

by a contemptuous look, or by some decided assertion in which he was invariably backed by the amiable Emily, with her ready "of course," and of course he generally appealed to *her* when hard pressed. With Laura, he found greater difficulty in obtaining her assent, for she had opinions of her own, and wished to know something of the reasons on which his opinions were founded.

Notwithstanding Laura's apparent partiality for Mr. Davenant, I found that my opinions had more weight with her, not merely in matters of taste, but when other subjects were discussed. This evidently annoyed him, but instead of mending the matter, as it might have done with Emily, his contemptuous manner towards me, only inclined her the more to take my part. Little did he suppose that he could not have taken a more certain way to raise me in her estimation.

Knowing that bad temper or irritability would only add to my natural disadvantages, I had acquired the habit—a very useful one—of never taking, or at least *appearing* to take, offence at anything. This conduct I had found by experience was the surest way to disarm those who would treat me with contempt. Laura could not but observe the provocations I met with, and gave me full credit for my forbearance.

If people would only believe how little they gain by resenting personal insults and injuries, they would not be so ready to take offence at what others say or do to them. There is a secret impulse in the human heart, to take part with the injured,—and the man who resents his own injury, only neutralizes this feeling, or raises a sympathy with the opposite party.

I remember on one occasion overhearing a few words of a conversation between Mr. Davenant and the two Miss Everards, of which I was the subject. I had just turned the corner of the house where they were talking, when I heard Mr. Davenant say :

“Well, this Mr. Selby is certainly, without exception, the ugliest man I ever set my eyes on,”

The words were hardly said when they all perceived my proximity to them, leaving not a shadow of a doubt that I had overheard them. I really felt for poor Laura, who seemed vexed with the idea that my feelings must have been deeply wounded. Mr. Davenant and Emily to whom the observation had been particularly addressed, were overwhelmed with confusion.

In other circumstances, I might have been tempted to appear, as if I had not overheard the observation ; but in the present instance, as in many others of a similar kind, I merely smiled good naturedly on the offending parties and took no further notice of the matter.

This little incident had a considerable effect upon the mind of Laura, for I felt by her manner towards me, that I had risen in her estimation. There was something in it, more than of mere kindness, flowing from the justice and benevolence of her character. There was also a mixture of respect which I had never observed before. My ugliness after a few days had become familiar to her and had lost much of its repulsive effect ; while she found that I had some good qualities to make amends for it.

Much consequence is attached to first impressions in the world, but this advantage is greatly exaggerated. First impressions, where the party possesses a handsome exterior,

are in most cases a decreasing stock. One of the many advantages an ugly person has over a handsome one is—that the first impression created by his appearance is so unfavourable that it is almost sure to fade away or disappear on further acquaintance.

Custom reconciles people to such defects, while every good quality which is afterwards discovered is unexpected and therefore the more valued. From being at first deceived by appearances, there is a strong tendency in the mind to believe in the existence of a number of good qualities and talents which the ugly man never possessed.

So it was with me, for I became more and more conscious every day of a growing partiality towards me on the part of Laura.

The unkindness of her sister, and of that handsome coxcomb, Mr. Davenant, and the habit of taking my part when I was attacked or sneered at ; had given me an interest in her eyes which gradually increased to that lasting attachment, to which I have been indebted for the greatest happiness I have enjoyed in the world. Let not the reader suppose that I was vain enough to believe in this partiality on her part, without what appeared to me as convincing proofs.

It is said that ugly people are always vain. People fancy this, because they seem to be inordinately pleased with any little attention paid to them, which a handsome person would receive with the utmost indifference. On the contrary, as one of the fortunate fraternity of ugly persons, I trust I will be believed when I assure the reader, that with very few exceptions, we are perfectly aware of our natural defects, and we are grateful for a little flattery, because it

relieves us for the time, from the painful consciousness of personal inferiority by which we are often tormented. A compliment to an ugly person becomes an act of Christian charity which is often repaid by life-long gratitude.

What then must my feeling have been to Laura? The beautiful and amiable Laura!

Before I could bring myself to believe in the reality of her affections for me, I admired her ardently as a being of a superior order—but a certain degree of reciprocity is absolutely essential to what may truly be called *love*!—My love was a mixture of that admiration, which beauty, modesty, and simplicity of manners, joined to high moral and intellectual qualities, never fails to excite in the minds of all not utterly destitute of taste and sensibility—and the deep gratitude which the ugly man alone can feel, towards one who could overlook his defects, and even return his passion.

Ye lovely and amiable ones of the other sex, I plead for my ugly brethren in the world; spurn us not from you, because we are uncomely to the eye, for the vain popinjays who only admire themselves.

Among the pictures by the first masters at Harrington House, there was one, which during the incipient stage of my passion for Laura Everard, seemed to exercise an extraordinary power over my mind. The picture was one by Murillo. There the virgin was represented in a standing position, holding the infant Jesus by the hand. The faces were faultless, and the attitude of the virgin was natural and graceful; but there appeared to be nothing very remarkable in the picture at first sight. Still, by some strange fascination, I found myself day after day before it. I dis-

covered new beauties every time I examined it. In what at first appeared but the face of a comely country girl, with bare feet and flowing auburn locks parted on the forehead, there was a look of virgin purity and angelic sweetness which was like nothing I had ever seen on earth; and an expression of calm dignity which had in it something more than mortal. I am an imaginative and excitable being, and I felt I could almost have worshipped the picture of that pure being. There were some adjuncts to this picture, in the shape of little cherubs with sweet and smiling faces and wings, rolling about on the ground without necks or bodies, with which the painter might have easily despatched, notwithstanding the ingenious manner in which he managed to conceal the part of the heads where the neck should have commenced.

I was not then acquainted with the fact, that the finest pictures seldom disclose their perfections at first sight. When the faces in a picture are pleasing, the colors well harmonized and the lights and shades properly distributed, we are pleased at first sight; because it looks like nature; but time is required to enable us to discover and *feel* all its beauties.

I am now talking as an artist—but there was something about that beautiful virgin of Murillo's creation, which interested my feelings, and fascinated my imagination in a manner I could not account for on rational principles.—Could I have seen any human face resembling the picture? I thought of Laura,—there was a similarity in the expression, though the features were different; it seemed as if the painter had taken the features of the virgin from some simple artless peasant, and thrown into them the expression, I might almost say, the soul of an angel.

Much as I loved Laura, and though I felt conscious from her manner, that she was not indifferent to me, I dared not allow her to suppose that I entertained a passion for her.

Being a younger son, and having no hopes of independence, or even of obtaining a bare subsistence, but by means of my attainments, and the name I hoped to acquire as a painter, I felt that it would be dishonorable on my part to hazard a declaration of my passion. In my present circumstances to engage her affections, appeared to me to be an act of ingratitude to her father, to whom I was under so many obligations. Then I dreaded a premature disclosure of my feelings to herself.

My innate pride, and the painful consciousness of my defects of person made me dread ridicule more than death itself. An involuntary, or contemptuous smile at my presumption, would have stabbed me to the heart. I could suffer anything rather than that. Then again, I could not bear the idea of parting with her, and perhaps losing for ever that hold I had obtained on her affections, on which I felt that my future happiness depended.

While at Harrington House, I spent several hours every day in making pencil sketches of the surrounding country, and of groups of rustic figures. Latterly, however, the graces of Murillo's virgin, had engrossed my thoughts along with Laura; for there seemed to be a mysterious connection between them.

The idea occurred to me, that I would attempt to make a copy in oil of the virgin and child I had made some attempts in oil painting before—in which, however I had not been successful; for in the absence of all instruction,

I did not know how to conquer some of the mechanical difficulties of the art.

The idea of pleasing Laura, and my intense admiration, stirred up my enthusiasm anew, and I resolved to persevere until my efforts should be crowned with success.—I had only to mention my wish to my kind patron, to meet with every encouragement. He immediately sent to town for all the materials I wanted, and I commenced my work with an ardent enthusiasm before which all difficulties seemed to vanish.

I worked myself into a kind of conviction that all my future prospects in life depended on my success in the work I had undertaken. Laura was constantly before me, and my whole soul was filled with her image.

The idea occurred to me, of my making my picture of the virgin an exact likeness of her whom I loved. Here was something delightful in the thought; and how could I more gracefully declare my passion than by making her the subject of my pencil. I carefully guarded my secret, and worked with untiring zeal at the picture.

Laura wore her hair, that had the warm, soft tinge of auburn, just visible amid the rich brown, in the simple fashion of the virgin in the picture. It was confined with a simple fillet round the brow, and falling in wavy natural curls, down her shoulder. This favored my design. In a few weeks, my picture was finished.

Mr. Everard, had kindly given me a small room to myself, where I could work undisturbed; and I allowed no one to enter my studio until I had given the last finishing touches to my picture. I succeeded beyond my expectation.

The reader may wonder how I could succeed in taking an accurate likeness, without having the original before me;—I wonder too; but so it was. The likeness of the beautiful original was engraven on my heart, where it still remains in all the freshness of youth and beauty; and though the sombre tints of autumn have fallen upon her graceful form, and her cheek has lost its smoothness, her bright eyes still beam with the mild light of affection, which then fascinated my youthful imagination.

Of course I could no longer conceal my picture, and the pious fraud I had committed, from the knowledge of the family. Early one morning I placed it in the drawing room. My patron was the first to observe the striking likeness, and the speaking looks of Laura told me more sensibly than words, how deeply she felt the compliment I had paid her.

Mr. Davenant after pointing out some of the faults from which the picture of one, so little practised in the art, could hardly be free, with a patronizing air admitted on the whole, that I had made a very creditable attempt.

When I look at that picture *now* after so many years of close application to my profession, and think of the labor and anxiety it cost me to produce a tolerable picture, I cannot help wondering that I did not succeed better.

The practice of my art, and a close observation of nature, and the effects of light and shade, have quickened my perceptions to a degree that is only intelligible to an artist. I now see a hundred little faults and imperfections in my picture, which then I did not even suspect. In the *likeness*, however, of that loved one, I was entirely successful. Upon *this* I could not now improve with all my

knowledge; even if I could step back forty years, and place the blooming Laura once more before me.

Mr. Everard doated upon Laura; and I had no sooner finished the picture, than I began to repent in my heart, than I had allowed him to see it; as I knew he would wish to have it; and I could not refuse it to one who had been so kind to me. Mr. Everard had often urged my father to send me abroad to study the works of the great masters; which he considered essential to my future success in the art,—but my father could hardly be brought to believe that I possessed that degree of natural talent which, with his limited means and large family, would justify such an additional expense. Mr. Everard, however, now redoubled his entreaties that he would allow me to go abroad, offering to be at the whole expense of my education himself, until I should be able to support myself, and repay him from the profits arising out of my profession. This was an argument that my father could no longer withstand, as it shewed Mr. Everard's entire faith in my talents, and he gave his consent, placing me entirely under his directions and control.

As an adequate knowledge of anatomy was considered necessary to enable me to draw the human figure correctly in all its positions, after my return to my father's house, I attended a course of lectures during the winter at E—— for this purpose. I procured a complete skeleton, and took measurements of all the limbs and bones: and, by an assiduous attention to this science, my eye soon became familiarized with all the different proportions of the human figure. To this elementary study I attribute the correctness of my figures in painting, for which I subsequently received such commendation.

The following spring, Mr. Everard sent me on my travels, furnishing me with ample means to enable me to prosecute my studies.

I need not say with what joy I embarked on board a vessel bound for Helvoet Sluys, in Holland (from whence I proceeded on my way to Italy), to examine the paintings of the Dutch and Flemish masters.

I had been furnished with numerous letters of introduction, and as soon as my object was known, I met with the greatest kindness from all the artists, and obtained access to every collection of note in the cities through which I passed.

Not unfrequently I overheard satirical remarks on my ugliness—which were not quite agreeable to my taste; but I invariably took them in good part, and even made jokes on my own personal defects. This conduct made every one my friend, for they took it for granted that I was a good tempered, sensible fellow, whom nothing could irritate, and who was not ashamed of hearing the truth spoken of himself. No one could be jealous of me, and in short, I became a general favorite, because I neither excited envy, nor courted praise.

Strange to say, in spite of my homely appearance, I was a particular favourite with the ladies. At first, they laughed at my ugliness, then they thought that there could be no danger in a harmless flirtation with such a plain, unpretending individual, and gave me their friendship without any reserve, often confiding to me their secrets. By degrees, I obtained such an influence over the minds of even the young and beautiful, that nothing could be done without my advice and assistance.

I had observed that flattery to handsome women is so exceedingly common, and so much a matter of course; that though they seemed pleased with it, they infinitely preferred an honest appeal to truth and common sense. I did not flatter them, and they liked me all the better for it. They thought my good opinion worth having, and I could do and say just what I pleased.

A handsome woman knows the fact too well to be gratified by compliments to her beauty, she expects such homage from the other sex; and the plain woman would be highly gratified with them, if she could believe in their sincerity. I am now speaking of women of sense. As for silly women, the handsome ones think that no compliment, however extravagant, can come up to the level of their perfections; and the plain ones, who have the misfortune to be silly also, can never get enough flattery to satisfy them. It is only women of very superior intellect who can look beyond the exterior, and tolerate the company of an ugly, sensible man.

Now I took a pride in pleasing in spite of my ugliness. Everything I gained in this way, seemed a triumph over my physical imperfections. I hated flattery besides—and I was too proud—I should say, possessed too much self-respect, to gain by that base means, what I could obtain by plain dealing.

This behaviour was something new, and it took amazingly. I always spoke sincerely what I thought, whenever my opinion or advice was asked by any of my fair friends. I never obtruded my opinion, it is true, and I never spoke harshly. I verily believe that many of the charming women I met with in Italy, after they became

familiarized with my appearance, preferred the society of the ugly John Selby, to nine-tenths of their handsome and flattering admirers.

Now and then, I observed envious looks cast towards me by the men, when they observed the easy and confidential manner in which I was received by the ladies. These were not looks of downright jealousy, for that with the deep and serious vanity of handsome young men, would be quite out of the question with an ugly fellow like me. These looks merely hinted what they would do in my place.

My sincerity and good natured bluntness had obtained for me the character for eccentricity, which was of the greatest use to me. Eccentricity is generally regarded as an almost necessary concomitant of genius, and affords a convenient excuse for a hundred things, which, without this qualification, might be offensive.

An eccentric man walks through the world with a charmed life. He may play all kinds of antics and cantrips, and no one minds him. He seems to turn everything into gold he touches. I never wished to be very singular, or to be remarked for peculiarities which would distinguish me from others; but so false are the professions and the manners of the world, that I was considered *eccentric*, merely because I was *honest* and *sincere*.

I spent two years most agreeably improving myself in my profession by studying the works of the great masters in painting and sculpture, or wandering through the beautiful vallies of the Apennines, with their ancient castles, the seats of the robber chiefs who had formerly spread desolation around, or carried fire and sword into the territories of their enemies.

It was curious to contrast the rugged ancient fortress, with its lofty turrets suspended in the air, to which the peasantry and hardy retainers of those despotic princes so often fled for safety, with the now fertile and peaceful vallies—the steep sides of the hills clothed with vineyards and olive trees, and instead of the startling blast of the trumpet, now resounding only to the gentle tinkling of the sheep bells. There, far from the temptations and luxuries of the city, the simple peasants pass their lives of toil and poverty with a contented spirit, blessing God for the gracious gift of health, and for being enabled to eat their bread and olives in peace and safety.

We sometimes wonder why we feel such delight in witnessing scenes like these. Is it not to the contrast formed in our minds, between rude war and holy peace, between the baronial castle and the fruitful vineyard, that we owe the greater part of this pleasure? There may be mental pleasures derived from agreeable contrasts similar to the pleasing effects of light and shade in a picture.

During my sojourn in Italy, absence had in no degree weakened my attachment to Laura. The beauties of nature and art that surrounded me on all sides but tended to keep her image ever present to my mind. I would have given all my hopes of fame for the picture I had painted at Harrington House. All my hopes of obtaining her hand depended on my success, and I could have toiled on for years with such a blessed result in view. I was often tortured with jealous fears, lest I should be supplanted in her affections by some handsome rival.

I did not reflect, or did not know at that time, that when a woman gives her heart to an ugly man she gives it

because he possesses some quality which time seldom changes, and she gives it, therefore, *for ever*.

Every object seemed to recal her to my mind. If I roamed amid the ruins of Roman grandeur, or amid the fresh beauties of eternal nature, I longed to pour out my feelings of rapture and delight to one whose heart could respond to every sentiment that filled my soul. If I sat by the sea-shore while the sun sunk in unclouded splendor beneath the rippling waves of the Mediterranean, I only thought that these placid waters laved the shores of my native land, where dwelt my chief treasure on earth. What was Italy to me, with her soft, luxurious, dark-eyed syrens, when compared with my generous, noble-minded Laura?

Before leaving Rome, I had devoted much of my time to painting an historical picture, by which my reputation, on my return to England, would be permanently established. The subject I chose was one from sacred history, drawn from the beautiful story of Joseph and his brethren—the steward of Joseph finding the silver divining cup in the sack of Benjamin. The subject was a fine one. I endeavoured to pourtray the deep indignation succeeding the honest confidence of Benjamin's brothers when the cup was discovered in his sack. Then the astonishment and despair of Benjamin, almost *believing* himself guilty, when all his protestations of innocence are unheeded in the presence of such damning proof of his guilt.

When this picture was finished, its exhibition procured for me considerable celebrity.

As usual with me, I had contrived to make the principal figures in the picture correct likenesses of living characters. This answered the double purpose of giving a life-like

reality to the picture, and also served to establish my character, and procure me employment as a portrait painter. The likenesses were so perfect, that Cardinal A——, whom I represented as the steward of Joseph, came one morning into my studio and insisted on presenting me to His Holiness the Pope.—After bestowing many commendations on my picture; his Holiness honored me, by condescending to sit for his portrait.

Soon after completing this portrait, which gave entire satisfaction, I sailed for England. After a very pleasant voyage I was landed on my native shore, and with a throbbing heart took the mail coach to E——, leaving my luggage to follow at a slower rate.

After a short visit to my father and brothers, who received me very kindly, I hurried off to the house of my friend and patron, Mr. Everard. He had expected my arrival from my letters. His greeting was warm and cordial. Laura did not at first appear, probably from a fear of betraying her feelings in her father's presence.

Impatient as I was to see her, after such a long absence, it was a relief to me, that the meeting I had so eagerly anticipated would not take place before witnesses.

I met her soon afterwards alone in the drawing room, looking as lovely as ever, though I could observe in her features, a certain expression of pensiveness and anxiety, which greatly enhanced the deep interest I already felt for her.

When she gave me her hand, I observed the tears gathering in her beautiful eyes; and fancied, that I felt a slight tremulous pressure that went thrilling to my heart. My heart was so full that I could hardly speak. I felt

happy beyond my powers of expression, to think that the amiable Laura loved me still. I made no declaration of my attachment, nor did I seek any confession on her part, for our eyes had already told their secret too plainly to be mistaken.

“ We felt that our love lived and loathed idle sound.”

Soon after my arrival in England, my great picture was exhibited in Somerset House, and I became a member of the Royal Academy; and met with my full share of envy and detraction, on the part of other less successful artists, —but the public voice conferred upon me a solid reputation.

My pictures sold for large sums of money; and fortune's favors were showered down upon me with no sparing hand. The excellence of my paintings, and the homeliness of my person, were often themes of public conversation. Blest with the affections of one of the best and most beautiful of women, I gloried in my ugliness. It helped materially, with a little dash of eccentricity, to attract public attention, which was everything to me.

I took a handsome house at the west end of the town; and with the cordial approbation and blessings of my friend and patron, Mr. Everard, Laura became mine for ever.

Years have rolled on in peace and happiness, and Laura and I are both growing old. She has lost the fresh tints of buoyant youth, while I am only changed from an ugly young man, to a less ugly old one. The very disparity between us in point of appearance, has been the chief source of our happiness; ours is an affection, which, being necessarily founded on the strong sympathy of our souls, is imperishable in its nature, and incapable of decrease.

The turbulent passions of youth have subsided into a calm peaceful contentment of mind. Our intellectual faculties are enlarged and strengthened, while our minds are still as keenly alive to the beauties of nature, as in early youth, when we first met amid the rural scenery of Harrington House.

In these tranquil and intellectual enjoyments of age, we should recognize that progressive state of mind, which gives us the victory over the imperfections of our physical nature, and best fits us for the pure enjoyments of another and a better world.



THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES

OF THE BIRD AND SHIP

BY

THE REV. JOHN MOORE

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THE

EMIGRANT'S MANUAL;

PARTICULARLY ADDRESSED TO

THE INDUSTRIOUS CLASSES AND OTHERS

WHO INTEND SETTLING ABROAD;

TOGETHER WITH

“THE MEMORANDA OF A SETTLER IN CANADA.”

BEING

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST SETTLEMENT, DAILY OCCUPATIONS,
PRICES OF LABOUR, PROVISIONS, TRAVELLING, &c.

BY

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“CANADA V. AUSTRALIA;” ETC.

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LOSS THROUGH POPULAR SITES FOR IMMIGRATION TO ALONG AGAINST THEM

BRITAIN - TRENCH CLIMBERS DIMBERS
CENTRAL AMERICA

TEXAS - USLOW EGRAL

NO SLAVERY STATES - IMMIGRAL TO LIVE THERE B/C OF SLAVERY

PRESENT MENTION INDIANS B/C DON'T WANT TO REHIND POTENTIAL
IMMIGRANTS OF DIMBERS

AUSTRALIA CRIMINALS THE CONVICTS