AN

ALBANY SETTLER'S

REMINISCENCES.

THE

Reminiscences

OF

AN ALBANY SETTLER.

A Lecture

DELIVERED IN

GRAHAM'S TOWN,

AT THE

BRITISH SETTLERS' JUBILEE,

MAY, 1870,

BY

REV. H. H. DUGMORE.

Graham's Town:

RICHARDS, GLANVILLE & CO., CHURCH SQUARE.

1871.

LONDON:
RICHARDS, WHITE & CO., PRINTERS, 4, BROWN'S BUILDINGS,
ST. MARY AXE, E.C.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following Lecture offers to his Brother Settlers the "REMINISCENCES" it contains as *his* contribution towards a "Jubilee Memorial." It will be a great satisfaction to him should they prove the means of awakening many other recollections of our first half-century of Colonial life, and of inducing those in whose memories they are stored to place them on record, before the possibility of doing so passes away for ever. It is in the hope that what he has written may become a nucleus around which such recollections may cluster, that he now submits it to the consideration of the Sons and Daughters of the British Settlers of 1820.

CONTENTS.

LECTURE.

APPENDIX.

AN

ALBANY SETTLER'S REMINISCENCES.

INTRODUCTION:

Choral March, see Appendix No. 1.

"'TIS fifty years since!" Descendants of the Pioneers of 1820, we are looking back over the lapse of half a century! Few and feeble are the genuine Fathers and Mothers of the Settlement that still linger among us; yet even of *these* there are some with us in this Jubilee gathering. Men and women who headed their families from the home beyond the waters; and who have lived in this sunny clime to see their children's children, even down to the fourth generation. These are they who really "bore the burden and heat of the day" in the work of colonizing South-Eastern Africa, for their anxieties on behalf of their offspring doubled their care and toil. And now those *Children* stand, themselves grey-headed and almost patriarchal, the link between the old country and the land of their adoption:—born in the one, naturalized in the other. It is for the information of *their* children that I would on this occasion call up some reminiscences of the past, and hold up to their view a few of memory's pictures of what their fathers' fathers, and their mothers' mothers did and bore in the olden time.

But little *more* than fifty years ago, when the few surviving hoary-headed Fathers of the Albany Settlement were yet dwellers

in "The dear Old Land," the word "Africa" was suggestive of little but waterless wilds, burning suns, the death-wind of the desert, and the slave trade. In many minds the distinctions of South, East, and West coasts were little recognised, and their differences—physical, climatic, or social—hardly known. But despite the appalling, which is so often associated with the unknown, and despite the gloomy pictures drawn by those who would fain have detained them, there was courage enough in the breasts of these pioneers, and of their life-companions, to brave the dangers, real or imaginary, of a voyage *to*, and a settlement *on*, the shores of *South* Africa, although that was the point remotest of all from the land of their birth. Some *four thousand* British Settlers sailed from the Island Home of their fathers, in the year 1820, to found the Anglo-African Community which now exists in the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony.

It is hardly to be supposed that a child of nine years old could enter into full sympathy with the feelings of those who were rending the ties of home and kindred, and launching the boat of life upon an unknown sea. But the picture of the last parting which I myself beheld has never faded from my memory. It has rather become more vivid with the lapse of years, as growing faculties enabled me the better to appreciate what I remembered—the last wish and blessing of neighbours and friends, mingling hopes and fears for us—the last clasp of brothers' hands—the last falling upon sisters' necks by those who were never to look into each other's eyes again. I see them still! The faint hope of one day returning to visit once more the old home was never realised by those who then ventured to give utterance to it. Every one of them lies in an African grave.

I affect no Statesman's view of the expediency of settling our Eastern frontier with an English colony, though the subject is one that invites some political reflections. Nor will I, just now, attempt any estimate, or hazard any prophecy as to its results—present or future. My task is the humbler one of "reminis-

cence." I am trying to gather up some of the fragments that memory has saved from oblivion.

Long delays interfered with the departure of the Sir George Osborn, the ship in which our party were to sail. We chafed under them, but they, perhaps, saved our lives, for a few days before our expected time of starting, one of those January gales, for which the coast of England is so fearfully noted, burst upon us as we lay moored in the Thames. Whole tiers of vessels were driven from their moorings, and drifted in the darkness down the river. Lads sleep soundly, and so the first effects of the storm did not disturb me; but I remember being awakened by a crashing noise soon after daybreak, and looking up through the hatchway just in time to see the rigging of our ship torn away like cobwebs by the yards of another that had come foul of us. This first and involuntary stage of our voyage ended in our running aground just opposite Greenwich Hospital, and having all the women and children landed, lest the ship should heel over and capsize with the ebb tide. Had the gale (which was said to be the severest that had been known for forty years,) caught us while going down the channel, we should, perhaps, have foundered, as many others did.

I would apologise for adverting to these *personal* matters, did I not know that such references are among the best means of calling up kindred reminiscences in the minds of those who passed through experiences more or less similar. I have no doubt that what I have just said has recalled to the recollection of some present the circumstances of their own embarkation.

The sailing day did arrive at last, and "the last glimpse," not "of Erin," but of "Old England," was obtained through many an eye dimmed with tears, as the Land's End faded finally from view, and then the wide shoreless ocean spread around us.

I know nothing about the regular emigrant ships of the present day; that is, so far as respects the quality of the food, or the accommodation they supply; but I remember the close packing "between decks," the "banyan days," and the hard

salt junk and *harder* biscuit of 1820. I have not forgotten how salt the outside of the puddings used to taste which the old weather-beaten cook had boiled with sea water in the general "copper;" nor how the passengers sometimes quarrelled with the steward for cheating them out of the supplies. I remember, too, how the little fellows, who were too young to see danger, having got over the sea-sickness in the channel, would climb into the long boat amidships, or cling to the "main shrouds," singing in chorus to the rocking of the vessel—

"There she lay,
All that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!"

as the rough seas were rolling around us. And I remember the steep vine-clad hills, and the grapes and oranges of Madeira; where the boats with their tempting freight, and their dark-looking rowers, swarmed around the ships. Then came the tantalizing "variables,"—the calms of the "line,"—the rough shaving operations of old Father Neptune, the lather of whose brush, and the edge of whose razor stuck, the one to the chin and the other to the memory, for some time afterwards. Nor have I forgotten the one or two fearful storms we encountered, when the hatches were battened down, the heavy seas were shipped, and while the torrents poured down among us in the midnight darkness, the mothers clasped their children to their bosoms, exclaiming, "We'll all go together!"

But, thanks to Him who "holds the waters in the hollow of His hand," the storms were weathered, the perils passed; and after many a weary day, the welcome cry of "Land!" rang through the ship, gladdened every heart, and made young and old start to their feet, and strain every eye to catch a first glimpse of what they had long been pining to see. And the scene was repeated as ship after ship made the coast. The Chapman, and the Nautilus, the Northampton, the Garland, the Kennersly Castle, the Ocean, the Amphitrite, the John, the Stenton, the Weymouth, the Canada, Brilliant, Aurora, Zowaster, Belle

Alliance, and all the rest, as they ranged along the coast, with its high blue mountains full in view, had their decks thronged with anxious gazers on the new strange land in which their future lot was to be cast. At length Cape Recife was rounded, Algoa Bay spread its broad bosom, and ship after ship bore its living freight to the last anchorage.

"Over the waters wide and deep,
Where the storm-waves roll, and the storm-winds sweep,
Over the waters see them come!
Breasting the billows' curling foam;
Fathers for children seeking a home
In Afric's Southern wilds."

The desolate sand-hills and salt-marshes of their then *solitary* landing place were not calculated to raise the spirits of the new comers, or realize the visions which had probably flitted before the eyes of the sanguine when the Mountains of George first loomed into view. The "Liverpool of the Cape" was not yet in existence, and a dreary barren looking waste met many a disappointed eye. A few, indeed, landed only to die; and, as in the case of Dr. Cotton, the "Head" of the Nottingham party, Dr. Caldecott, and some others, ended their emigrant's career before it had well begun. I can well believe that many a doubt and fear were exchanged by the anxious elders of the new colony, as they first made each other's acquaintance among the tents of "Settler's Town" behind the sand hills. But the adventurers had bidden a long "Farewell" to the land of their fathers, and for weal or for woe they had come to dwell in the wilds of Africa. They must e'en make the best of it. There was little prospect of seeing waving corn-fields where they first pitched their tents, and some of the agriculturists might look back despondingly on the golden harvests of old England. But this was not to be their resting place. A journey of a hundred miles "up the country" might give brighter prospects to their eyes; and so they braced themselves for action. And then began to arrive the strange-looking conveyances that were to carry them inland,—the light loosely-made waggons,—the long "spans" of long-horned

oxen,—the drivers with their monster whips and strange speech,—the little impish-looking leaders with dark skins and scanty clothing, and with stranger speech than their masters. We have long since become used to all these things; but they were wonders *then*. Next came the visit to the stores provided by the government; and the picks and spades, the axes and hammers, the ploughs and harrows, that were to "subdue the earth" for its new occupants, were added to their miscellaneous luggage. And so the trains of pilgrims began to wend their way towards a centre of attraction, where the hope of bettering their condition was the only shrine—for there were, as yet, no temples in the wilderness.

We "little ones" of those days felt none of the care that weighed on the hearts of our fathers and mothers. The gipsy-looking camp-fires of the first night's outspanning at the Zwaart-kops—the ringing echo of the whips among the hills, as driver assisted driver up the steep bush-paths—the scarlet blossoms and the honey-dew of the aloes, that stood like soldiers on the mountain sides—the wild flowers of the wilderness, so new and strange—the bounding of the springboks over the plains—these were excitements for *us* that banished both care and fear, and made the journey a happy and beguiling one.

And now the Sunday's River is crossed, and the terrible old Ado Hill is climbed, and Quaggas Flat is passed, and the Bushman's River heights are scaled. The points of divergence are reached, and the long column breaks into divisions. Baillie's party made their way to the mouth of the Fish River, where, it was said, the "Head" had been allowed to choose a territory, and where he hoped to realize imaginations of commercial wealth by founding a seaport town. And the Duke of Newcastle's protegés from Nottingham took possession of the beautiful vale of Clumber, naming it in honour of their noble patron. And Wilson's party settled between the plains of Waay-plaats and the Kowie bush, right across the path of the elephants, some of which they tried to shoot with fowling-pieces. And Sefton's party, after an un-

ceremonious ousting from their first location at Reed Fountain, founded the village of Salem, the religious importance of which to the early progress of the Settlement is not to be estimated by its present size and population. These four were the *large* parties. The smaller ones filled up the intervening spaces between them. Behind the thicket-clad sand hills of the Kowie and Green Fountain, and extending over the low plains beyond Bathurst, were the locations of Cock's, Thornhill's, Osler's, Smith's, and Richardson's parties. Skirting the wooded kloofs from Bathurst towards the banks of the Klienemonden, were ranged the parties of James and Hyman. It was the latter who gravely announced to Captain Trapps, the Bathurst Magistrate, the discovery of "precious stones" on his location; and which the irascible gentleman, jealous of the reserved rights of Government, found on farther enquiry were only "precious big ones." The rich valley of Lushington afforded a resting place to Dyason's party. Holder's people called their location New Bristol; which never, however, acquired any resemblance to *old* Bristol. Passing on towards the front, there were Mouncey's party, Hayhurst's party, Bradshaw's party, Southey's party, stretching along the edge of the wide plains of the Round Hill, and drinking their Western waters. The post of honour and danger was the line of the Kap River. This was occupied by the party of Scott below Kaffer Drift, and by the Irish party above it. The Forlorn Hope of the entire settlement was Mahoney's party at the Clay pits, who had to bear the first brunt of every Kaffer depredation in the Lower Albany direction. Names thicken as we proceed from Waay-plaats towards Graham's Town. Passing Greathead's location, we come among the men of Dalgairns at Blauw Krantz. Then those of Liversage, about Manley's Flat. John Stanley, "Head of all Parties," as he styled himself, belonged to the same neighbourhood. Turvey's party were in Grobblaar's Kloof; William Smith's at Stony Vale; Dr. Clarke's at Collingham. Howard's, Morgan's, and Carlisle's bring us by successive steps to the neighbourhood of Graham's

Town; the suburbs of which were indicated by the painted pigeon-house at Burnett's. To the South-westward, the valley of the Kareiga was occupied by Menzies', Mills', and Gardner's parties. The rear-guard of the Settlement may be said to have been formed by the men of Norman's and Captain Butler's parties, who occupied Seven Fountains, and the upper end of the Assegai Bush River.

Besides these "parties," there were other companies of a more select and exclusive kind. Elderly gentlemen of upper-class connections, and retired officers from various departments of the king's service, came with small numbers of men under special conditions, and engaged for a term of years. The names of Bowker, Campbell, Philips, Piggott, and others, will suggest themselves; and such designations as Piggott Park and Barville Park, given to their domains, indicate the social position assumed by their owners.

My "reminiscences" are those of an *Albany* settler; but I do not forget that there was another party, who, though locally separated from the main body, occupied a position, the importance of which developed itself in the after-history of the Settlement. I refer to the Scotch party, who were located on the Baviaan's River, among mountains and glens that have been rendered classic by the poetry of their leader, and historic by the gallant deeds and indomitable endurance of his compatriots, in the after-struggles of the frontier. I need make no particular reference, however, to the early circumstances of that body of men, as in Pringle's "African Sketches" they have a most graphically-written history of their own.

Of the many "Heads of Parties" whose names I have mentioned, I know of but *one* who still survives. That one is a man who surely must, when first located near the mouth of the Kowie, have had some prophetic instinct that looked on into the future; and, true to that instinct, though half a century has elapsed, there he is now, white with the snows of age, but with energy unexhausted; destined, I trust, to reap the reward of

long years of labour in the realization of his wish to give Albany a free and safe port of her own. If ever man *deserved* success for perseverance in the face of multiplied discouragements, and for bearing up against that "deferring of hope" which "maketh the heart sick," WILLIAM COCK deserves it. *Finis coronat opus;* and most heartily do I hope, that before the last of our old leaders passes from amongst us, he may see *his* "work crowned" with a result that shall carry its benefits down to future generations.

As to the rest of the "Heads," some of them soon found that

"'Twas distance lent enchantment to the view"

of manorial dignities and immunities to which they had looked forward across the broad waters. These soon left their parties to shift for themselves, and sought their own fortunes elsewhere. Others manfully stood by those whom they represented till their early struggles were over. All have passed away, and even the *names* of some of them are almost forgotten.

But now to return to the first arrival "on the location." It was a forlorn-looking plight in which we found ourselves, when the Dutch waggoners had emptied us and our luggage on to the green-sward, and left us sitting on our boxes and bundles "under the open firmament of heaven." Our roughly-kind carriers seemed, as they wished us good-bye, to wonder what would become of us. There we were in the wilderness; and when they were gone we had no means of following, had we wished to do so. Towns, villages, inns, hostelries, there were none. We must take root and grow, or die where we stood. But we were standing *on our own ground*, and it was the first time many could say so. This thought roused to action,—the tents were pitched—the night-fires kindled around them to scare away the wild beasts, and the life of a settler was begun.*

Thus was the land overspread by a new race of occupiers; sanguine in their hopes, and eager to develope its capabilities. Tribes of barbarians *had* dwelt in it—had hunted in the forests of Oliphant's Hoek and made their *Vee places* along the banks of

* See Appendix, No. II., "A Reminiscence of 1820."

the Kareiga. But they had gone before the British Settlers came, and the new occupants had to dispute the possession of the soil with inhabitants of other kinds.

> "Wilderness lands of brake and glen,—
> The wolf's and the leopard's gloomy den;
> Wilderness plains where the springbok bounds,
> And the lion's voice from the hills resounds,
> And the vulture circles in airy rounds—
> Are Afric's southern wilds."

Elephants in hundreds roamed leisurely from the Kooms to the Kowie, and from thence to the Ado. The rhinoceros crushed at will the thickets of the Fish River ravines. The lion stalked in undisputed sovereignty on the slopes of the Winterberg, and his roar was occasionally heard in the lower districts. The howl and laugh of the hyena, and the shrill yell of the jackall; were the regular nightly serenade of the new settlers, to which the little ones listened and trembled. By *day* even, the tiger's deep bass sounded for hours together among the krantzes, and the ominous responsive call of the wild dog to his fellow, too often sent its melancholy sound on the breeze, as the pack ranged ravenously over the pasture grounds; while from every high ridge whole armies of baboons shouted their defiance, and demanded what business we had on their domains. And then, over the plains of Mount Donkin, and the Salem flats, springboks in thousands bounded playfully, as their snowy backs shone in the sunlight, while the ostriches ruffled their plumes, the hartebeeste raised their horned crests, and the quaggas galloped heavily among them. We must go far from Albany to see such sights now, but the long-range rifles of Ayton and Bowker had not then arrived.

A bird's-eye view of Albany, at the earliest stage of the Settlement, would have shown a widely-spread camp of many divisions. The tents supplied by the government studded the locations in all directions, and marked the *first* phase of life there. And then came the selection of sites, and the preparation of material for more permanent dwellings. The nervous looked out for defensible positions. The men of sentiment sought picturesque

spots, where the beauties of nature might be seen to advantage, forgetting, however, sometimes to enquire whether they were within the reach of water or not. More practically, the sober father of a family of healthy lads from the rural districts examined the soils, and fixed on a homestead in the midst of his prospective corn-fields. As to the first dwellings themselves, they were of very various, and very original orders of architecture. A young brotherhood of bachelors built for themselves a booth of leafy branches, after the manner of the Israelites of old. An economist of materials dug his house out of the bank of a river. The wattled framework of two or three square rooms looked, in the eyes of some, like the founding of a mansion. Many a father and son, with axe on shoulder, ranged the wooded kloofs in search of door-posts and rafters; and many a mother and daughter cut wattles and thatch nearer home for walls and roof; aye, and many a back ached under successive loads, borne toilsomely from tangled thicket and rushy swamp. Stone and brick were among the visions of an advanced order of things belonging to the future. Even the Devonshire Cot was rarely ventured upon at first.

The "Great Flood" of 1823 made strange work with many of these primitive dwellings. The bachelors' booths did not keep out the rain like Roman cement. The underground residence in the river's bank presented a remarkable appearance when the flood had subsided. One man was heard asking his neighbour if he had seen anything of his *house* passing that way.

The Settlers were earnest and energetic in their first attempts to make Albany an agricultural district. When they took their first survey of their new possessions, the language of many a father was, in substance—

> "Hand to the labour! *heart* and hand!
> Our sons shall inherit an alter'd land.
> Harvests shall wave o'er the virgin soil;
> Cottages stand, and gardens smile,
> And the songs of our children the hours beguile
> 'Midst Afric's Southern Wilds."

But there were days of trial and privation before them. The romance of first impressions had to give place to the stern realities that followed. Crops failed. The terrible "rust" blighted the hopes of season after season, and the hearts of many began to sink within them. Want stared them in the face, and the extension of the period of Government rationing became an absolute necessity. They were pinching times when one, though not a Spartan boy, had to fast in the morning till he could shoot a wild pigeon for his breakfast; and another, being somewhat less of a sportsman, waited anxiously for the noisy signal from his solitary barn-door fowl that there was a fresh egg ready for boiling—which, like a true husband, he divided equally with his wife; and another, leaving his family to a "dinner of herbs," with as much of "love" as there might be to give it a relish, trudged a twenty miles' journey through the rain for a back-load of meal, which he managed to lose at midnight in the flooded river at his own door on his return. These are little specimens of the "hungry days," which I dare say could be easily multiplied from the memories of some of my hearers. They have served to laugh over many a time since, but they were hardly laughing matters then.

I may here introduce a little episode that belongs to the same period of our history, and presents one of the phases of early settler life. Three men went from Salem to Graham's Town to look for work. It so happened that their wives wanted a supply of meat while their husbands were away. One of the future members of parliament was then the shepherd of the ration flock, little dreaming of the distant honours in store for him. A sheep was procured. But the good women had no one with them who would undertake to slaughter it for them. What was to be done? They had no compunction about eating the sheep; but they all seemed to have qualms of conscience about reducing it to a state in which it *could* be eaten. They managed to tie its feet together, and then tried to "screw up" each *other's* "courage to the sticking point." While they were in animated discussion, however, on a subject which threatened to require the drawing of

lots, the sheep whose bonds were by no means as indissoluble as their own, suddenly started to its feet, and ran for its life, pursued of course by all three ladies. The "situation" was by no means an ordinary one, and a view of the chase must have been very interesting. The result was, that the sheep was so hard pressed as to be obliged to take to the water, and there was nothing left for the amateur lady butchers but to take to the water after it. I do not mean to say that they might have been seen *swimming* in chase of the fugitive mutton, but I believe that a step or two more would have set them floating, or sinking, as the case might be. However, they gained possession of their prize once more; and this time they *secured* it. And then, with averted heads, the fatal stroke, or rather succession of strokes, was struck. Poor sheep! had the good creatures been less tender-hearted it would have suffered less. But now the sheep was dead, they were still in the midst of their difficulties. They knew no more about skinning than slaughtering; and as little about cutting up as skinning. But the indomitable "three" were not to be beaten. The skin came off at last—I rather think by piecemeal —the meat was carried home in most extraordinary joints, and the ladies ate their dinner in triumph, with appetites sharpened, no doubt, by the labour of procuring it. The skin became literally the "crowning" trophy of the exploit, for it was cut up into *hats* for the children.

To the *material* wants of the people the Government were as attentive and considerate as could have been expected; but the supplies they had provided were not always easy to be got at. The little flocks of ration sheep used to play sad pranks with the inexperienced English drivers, and the wolves and wild dogs used to play sad pranks with *them.* As one sample out of many, take the following:—One of our old Queenstown Field-cornets, in the days of his youth, took charge of the party's ration sheep from Bathurst to Green Fountain. The sheep numbered, probably, twelve or fifteen. Those who know that part of the country know what an excellent field it is for a sheep chase; and

how a dozen of startled hamels, just separated from a large flock, would be likely to try a driver's legs, and lungs too, in crossing it. If the course of the journey could have been afterwards traced on a chart, it would have looked like the working out of some intricate geometrical problem. Such a succession of zig-zags, angles, and arcs of circles, no ship, beating up against contrary winds, ever described. To mend matters, after miles of open plain had been traversed, there lay a tract of "enchanted ground" in the shape of a belt of thick mimosa woodland, right across the way home. By dint of unconquerable perseverance the sheep were brought thus far; and then! one starting this way, two in that, three in the other; a rent in the coat in stopping these; face scratched and eyes endangered in turning those; a shout to his two companions to ascertain where the rest were; an impenetrable barrier of bush stopping all access to them. Before giving up all for lost, our friend declared he had run the sheep so hard that, though they had large tails at starting, they had melted away to half the size by the time he had done with them! Driven to desperation, he at length exclaimed, "Dead or alive I'll secure *one* of you at any rate!" as a discharge from his fowling-piece stretched it on the ground before him. But he was still miles away from home. Of his two companions one couldn't and the other *wouldn't* take his share in carrying the dead sheep. There was nothing left for it but to shoulder it himself; and sturdy JOHN STAPLES shewed that if his own staple was not very *long* it was very good, for he carried his load *home*. It was the only sheep of the lot that reached its intended destination—the wild dogs, wolves, and jackals got all the rest.

A fate equally tragical, though different, overtook another little flock. The drivers, when five miles on the road, had to turn back for something they had forgotten. Rather than drive the sheep back with them, they left them in charge of a little boy of their company. They had taken certain precautions to prevent their running away; and so they left them at the edge of

the Kowie bush, tying their legs together to keep them from straying. It was not long, however, before the spectacle of the disabled sheep attracted the notice of some keen-sighted ass-vogel far up in the sky. The vulture telegraph was at once put in motion, and, appearing on all sides, as they are wont to do, like ghosts, from nobody can see where, a whole flight swooped down on their helpless victims, terrified the little shepherd from his charge, and devoured them all alive before his eyes.

Such were some of the difficulties in the way of getting the government meat. Then, as to the bread. Twenty or thirty miles was a long way to carry a sack of flour on one's shoulders; especially in the early state of the roads through Howison's and Brookhuisen's poorts, and about Cadell's hill and Blauw Krantz. The days of buck-waggons were still far off—even the block-wheeled trucks without tiers or bushings, that wore out of the circular and jolted limpingly along, taking fire as they rolled, were to be seen only here and there. These were indeed a step or two in advance of the sledges made of forked branches, that used to stick fast in every mudhole and sanddrift. As to the pack-oxen, they were stiff-necked in more senses than one, and managed now and then to leave both riders and loads behind them on their way home. I can testify, from the best of all knowledge, that a seat on the loose back of a fresh young pack-ox in full trot is neither easy nor safe, and it certainly puts a load of crockery in great peril, as I imagine old Wm. Lee could have testified when *his* ox shook of its burden on the Salem flats. Mrs. Lee had been assisting her husband either by leading or driving, I don't know which—wives can occasionally do *both*. He now left her to look after the load, while he set off to look after the ox that had left *him*. She in due time, feeling solitary, set off to look after the husband who had left *her*, and the load was left,—to look after itself.

The early struggles and privations of the settlers appealed to the heart of British humanity—*never appealed to in vain*. Contributions generous and hearty came from east and west. India

joined the Mother country in subscriptions which amounted to several thousand pounds. "Boards of Relief" sat, and many cases of painful interest came before them, which it would be invidious to specify now, but which stand recorded in the "Reports" and "Official Correspondence" of those days. Of course, as is usual in such cases, there were heart-burnings caused by the distribution, and some were accused of receiving most who needed least. It is not, however, to be questioned, that to many the aid was most seasonable. In some instances, like the raising of the long-winged swallow to

"The level of the daisy's head,"

it proved the starting point in life to those who received it.

The testing time enabled the settlers to ascertain how far they were fitted for the work of bringing the wilderness into cultivation; and taught some of them that it was not their vocation to till from year to year ground which refused to yield them the bread they had been accustomed to eat in the old country. The trades and professions of many had done little towards training them for agricultural life. I heard of some who sowed carrot seed at the bottom of trenches two spades deep, filling up the trenches with soil as soon as it was done. The remark of one who saw them was, "It will come up, most likely, in England about the time it does here." In another case, a man wishing to get some mealies for seed, applied to his neighbour who had obtained a supply just before, but found he had planted the whole without knocking it off the cobs! A third person planted out a lot of young onions, roots upwards. The results of these blunders rather disgusted some of the "cockney gardners," as the wags called them. And then they did not take kindly to mealie bread and pumpkin fritters, even when fried in sheeps-tail. The engraver and the copper-plate printer found little to do "on the location." Cutting initials on the bark of the wild fig-tree might look sentimental, but it yielded a poor return, and was hardly enough to keep the hand in. The coach-painter did

not get much to do in the valley of the Kareiga, or on the borders of the Kowie bush. Armorial bearings on the pannels of their carriages were not required by the settlers in those days. Some of them indeed had not yet found out the family crest. Even the tailor was obliged to come down from the manufacture of broadcloth swallowtails to that of leathern jackets with no tails at all. The young bucks had to dress in sheepskin. If, indeed, they could afford to sport cuffs and facings of jackal's or tiger's fur, so much the better, they might then calculate on making quite a sensation among the fair sex; especially if the *Zumin* had done its Saturday duty, and had given the proper bright yellow to the "crackers." *Velschoen* usurped the place of Wellingtons in many quarters, and the beaver gave way to the home-made palmiet, or coffee straw, and the tiger-skin cap, flat-crowned generally, though not of the Oxford university cut. So were the hatter's and shoemaker's occupation either "gone" or greatly modified. Take an illustrative incident on this point. A "ladies' shoemaker," who had worn out his own shoes, wished to take a walk from Wilson's party to Graham's Town. A neighbour suggested that it would be easy for *him* to supply himself by making a pair of the material which the hides and skins of the ration cattle provided. He did so, and remembering his own neat style of workmanship in the "ladies' line," he seems to have applied it in his own case. The shoes, put on damp and soft, fitted "like a glove," and he started on his journey. But the farther he walked the tighter the fit grew, and the harder the green hide, now becoming dry very fast from the heat of the dusty road. His plight soon became as bad as that of the poor fellow who was sent for penance to Loretto with peas in his shoes, and hadn't the wit to boil them before starting. In fact our settler's case was the worse of the two, for when he wished to relieve himself from torture by walking barefoot, he couldn't get his shoes off again. He had to endure his misery as far as Cadell's Hill, where a friend assisted him with his knife in the eel-skinning process of getting rid of his close-fitting appendages,

and lent him a pair of his own for the rest of the journey. The ladies' shoemaker never forgot his walk, and perhaps never repeated it, for he took up his residence in Graham's Town. Bricklayers and carpenters, and men of kindred trades, were very soon attracted in the same direction. The infant metropolis gave them more remunerative employment than the "location." Indeed the tradesmen soon built a distinct "quarter" for themselves in the embryo city, and thus "Settlers' Hill" and "Artificers' Square" received their inhabitants and their names.

But there were adventurous spirits among the settlers—men with souls above shopboards, carpenters' benches, or ploughtails. There was *ivory* in the kloofs of the Kooms and the Fish River, and a bold shot from a daring hunter might put him in possession of five hundred dollars worth at once, without any labour but such as would give zest to the achievement;—for what are toil, and exposure, and even half-starvation to the man who is bent on bringing home half a score of elephant's tusks as his trophy?

And there was a more adventurous career still for such as had courage to enter upon it. There was, among the Kaffers "over the border," ivory ready collected, as well as cattle ready reared. And for those who did not mind risking "the penalty of death," which governmental unwisdom had attached to a trade it had made contraband, there seemed to be the chance of getting rich rapidly.

Then began the romantic period of the Frontier Settlers' history, the formation of elephant-hunting parties, the wild life in the woods, the cautious tracking of the noble game, the daring venture among the monster herds, the sudden report waking the echoes of the hills, the fall of the victim, the terrific rush and ringing scream of the startled troop of giants, the crash of the trodden down forest in all directions, the hair-breadth escapes of the hunters, sometimes within a trunk's length of their infuriated pursuers—the whole crowned by the triumphant contemplation of success as the party of hunters

gathered around the prostrate game, and calculated the worth of the tusks which had been the perilous attraction. Nor must the other class of adventurers be forgotten—the stealthy crossing of the border, the appointed meeting place beyond it, the life-in-hand venture into the power of the Kaffers, the perilous return when dark nights and difficult ways had to be selected, and quick-sighted patrols of mounted riflemen dodged in the bushpaths.

The Scotch party in the highland had their share of frontier adventure life. They had not only the elephants as occasional visitors, but also the lions as standing neighbours, and it was not long before they came into contact with them. Pringle, in his sketches, gives a graphic description of their first lion hunt, the spirit of which is well embodied in the poetic picture of it by the same hand.

THE LION HUNT.

Mount—mount for the hunting—with musket and spear!
Call our friends to the field—for the Lion is near!
Call Arend and Ekhard and Groepe to the spoor;
Call Muller and Coetzer and Lucas Van Vurr.

Side up Eildon-Cleugh, and blow loudly the bugle:
Call Slinger and Allie and Dikkop and Dugal;
And George with the Elephant-gun on his shoulder—
In a perilous pinch none is better or bolder.

In the gorge of the glen lie the bones of my steed,
And the hoofs of a heifer of fatherland's breed:
But mount, my brave boys! if our rifles prove true,
We'll soon make the spoiler his ravages rue.

Ho! the Hottentot lads have discovered the track—
To his den in the desert we'll follow him back;
But tighten your girths, and look well to your flints,
For heavy and fresh are the villain's foot-prints.

Through the rough rocky kloof into grey Huntly-Glen,
Past the wild-olive clump where the wolf has his den,
By the black-eagle's rock at the foot of the fell,
We have tracked him at length to the buffalo's well.

Now mark yonder brake where the blood-hounds are howling;
And hark that hoarse sound—like the deep thunder growling;

'Tis his lair—'tis his voice!—from your saddles alight;
He's at bay in the brushwood preparing for fight.

Leave the horses behind—and be still every man:
Let the Mullers and Rennies advance in the van:
Keep fast in your ranks;—by the yell of yon hound,
The savage, I guess, will be out—with a bound.

He comes! the tall jungle before him loud crashing,
His mane bristled fiercely, his fiery eyes flashing;
With a roar of disdain, he leaps forth in his wrath,
To challenge the foe that dare 'leaguer his path.

He couches—ay now we'll see mischief, I dread:
Quick—level your rifles—and aim at his head:
Thrust forward the spears, and unsheath every knife—
St. George! he's upon us! now, fire, lads, for life!

He's wounded—but yet he'll draw blood ere he falls—
Ha! under his paw see Bezuidenhout sprawls—
Now Diederik! Christian! right in the brain
Plant each man his bullet—Hurra! he is slain!

Bezuidenhout—up, man!—'tis only a scratch—
(You were always a scamp and have met with your match!)
What a glorious lion!—what sinews—what claws—
And seven-feet-ten from the rump to the jaws!

His hide, with the paws and the bones of his skull,
With the spoils of the leopard and buffalo bull,
We'll send to Sir Walter.—Now, boys, let us dine,
And talk of our deeds over a flask of old wine.

What was begun from necessity was afterwards continued from choice. George Rennie seemed resolved to avenge on the whole race the insult his brother received when the lion put his paw upon him, looked round in contemptuous majesty, and then turned away as if he did not think him worth killing. Lion hunting parties crossed the Winterberg range, and the plains and valleys which the Queenstown grantees are now quietly cultivating became the theatre of many a scene of adventure which ought to have been chronicled for future generations.

Most of the leaders in these exploits of byegone days have passed away. Poor old Harry Stirraker, and the cool-headed and steady-handed William Gradwell, and little John Thackwray,

who engaged to write his own initials on the haunches of an elephant and shoot him afterwards, and who died the victim of his own daring. George Rennie, too, the lion hunter,—I saw the white head and broad shoulders of the solitary old bachelor not many years since. These are gone, but others remain. The elder Cawood, William Hartley, and *especially* the old veteran EDWARD DRIVER, should be induced to write the story of their early adventures, or one of the most exciting chapters of Frontier history will be lost.

I had another name on my list of survivors, and I little expected to have to transfer it to the sadder one of those that are gone. Of the romance of early settler life there was one who could have told much ten days ago. The outspoken, open-handed, generous-hearted Carey Hobson had his full share of perilous adventure in the early days, and stirring to the younger spirits of the present would a recital of them from his own lips have been.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

Bold as a lion in spirit and bearing, he was full to overflowing of the milk of human kindness. With an energy and perseverance that never wearied, he created an oasis of civilization in what was at once a physical and a moral desert. His untimely death, while hastening to share in our festivities, has changed a time of gladness into one of mourning to every member of his family, and to all his friends has shorn the Jubilee joy of not a few of its rays.*

PART II.

There was another class, less daring indeed, but of great importance to the formation of the future character of the province. The young men of mercantile tastes soon tired of "the location," and soon found that money was to be made by becoming commercial travellers on their own account; and so, rising from shoulder bundle to horse-pack, from horse-pack to

* Pause for Music (see Appendix No. 3).

cart-load, and from cart to waggon, did our incipient merchants carry their wares through the upper districts, and among the old established Dutch farmers, their devoted young wives being, in some instances, the companions and cheerers of their toilsome journeyings. Then was found the benefit of a London or Manchester training, when powers of persuasion had to be employed with oude Tanta Nieuwkerk, as she sat by the ever simmering brass kettle, or with Oom Dederik, as he puffed away his summer evenings on the stoep. The qualities of the *linebayi* and the wolkombersen were elaborately discussed—the recommendations of the material for *onderbaatge oordentlyk voor nachtmaal's tyd** cautiously listened to. As for Nechi Sanna, she needed no persuasion to admire the *mooi handschoen* and *halsdocken*† ; while Neef Gert, when the *nieuwe Engelsche zadel* was exhibited, was prompt with his "*Ja! als vader maar ook ja zegt, dan neem ik dat zoomaar.*"‡

So were the hamels and kapaters gradually gathered together for the return journey, sometimes (it has been waggishly asserted) under the idea that they would make excellent breeding stock! and occasionally a few of the hoarded *rix-daalders* were added as *kontante geldt*, when the goods were specially attractive. And so were laid the foundations of an internal trade, which did very much towards breaking up the phlegmatic stagnation of rural life among the Dutch Afrikanders of the frontier, and introduced new currents of thought and feeling which have carried the present generation to a social condition greatly in advance of that of their fathers half a century ago.

There was another opportunity afforded for the exercise of the commercial talents of the new colonists. The Government, yielding at length to representations that were made to it on the subject, permitted, under certain restrictions, the opening

* Waistcoats suitable for sacramental occasions.

† Pretty gloves and neckerchiefs.

‡ Yes! if father will only say "Yes" too, then I'll take it at once.

of trade with the Kaffers. A periodical "fair" was established at Fort Wilshire, where the colonial traders by scores, and the Kaffers by hundreds or thousands, met to exchange wares. The old post, long ago deserted, was a place of note in those days as the chief defence of the frontier. It has been silent and desolate enough since. Many years have elapsed since its stables were occupied by troop horses—since its officers' quarters were scenes of jollity, or the reveille and "tattoo" sounded in the square; but it was a place of some animation, and that of a strange and wild character when "fair-day" arrived. The traders were there with their beads, buttons, and brass wire; and the Kaffers were there from mountain range and seacoast lowland, from the Kieskamma to the Kye. Long files of women, headed by their lords and masters, and laden with ox-hides, horns, and gum, and here and there the more precious merchandize of an elephant's tusk among them, threaded the bush-paths in single file, or converged down the hill sides towards the centre of attraction under the guns of the Fort. The trees that fringed the banks of the Kieskamma below the post gave shelter to hundreds of swarthy groups of eager barbarians, wondering at the newly-acquired value of articles they had formerly deemed worthless. Kaffers have since gleefully told me what diligent search they used to make for the horns that had long been thrown away; and how the troops of children swarmed among the thorn-tree thickets, gathering gum for the new market.

There were no photographers in those days, nor had Mr. Ions begun his Kaffer sketches, or we might have had some amusing scenes from life fixed for us to contemplate. The grim old fort, with its wild scenery around it, would have formed the centre of a very characteristic picture. The motley throng of black, and white, and brown, varied by the red, green, and blue uniforms of "Line," Rifles and Artillery; the groups of women with their crushing loads gladly laid upon the ground before them; the men, seated on their heels, *kerrie* in hand, jealously watching

their property, or chaffering with the traders who were making them rival offers for the coveted merchandise; the greedy chiefs, headed by Gaika himself, laying seignorial taxation on their own people, or pestering the white man for bribes and brandy. Strange Kaffer was spoken on these occasions; and strange Dutch and English too. Interpreters were at a premium; and sadly perplexed were the traders now and then by the changes in the Kaffer fashions. Beads that were worth seventy dollars the pound, and buttons that were in universal demand one month, might be worth almost nothing the next. Speculators even in the Fort Wilshire market sometimes burnt their fingers. There was little to do in brocades or artificial flowers, and as little in *thin steel;* but the Kaffer men were as particular about their necklaces, and the women about their turban covers and kaross back-stripes, as the leaders of the *mode* in London or Paris are about their bonnets and ball dresses.

The Fort Wilshire Fair gave a fresh impulse to the young commerce of Graham's Town, and it formed the commencement of an international trade with the Kaffer tribes that acquired great importance in a short time; and, but for the ruinous wars which followed, the result of barbarian cupidity, stimulated by civilized smugglers of guns and gunpowder, would have aided more than it has done in promoting their civilization.

I have said that the Government was considerate and kind in reference to the early material wants of the people. But there was a strong disposition to keep them under civil and political disabilities, against which the freeborn British spirit soon began to revolt. To have no "paper" to read but one, which a jealous and despotic Governor had first revised, did not suit the notions of men who had come from a land where every form and phase of opinion received public expression. To be obliged to procure a "pass," in order to go merely from the location to Graham's Town, without incurring the risk of getting a night's lodging in the "tronk" on arriving there;—and even when applying for one, to be flouted by petty official insolence, which

had been fostered by the passiveness of slaves and Hottentots, was a state of things that might accord with Russian serfdom, but it chafed the minds of Englishmen in a manner that soon gave a pledge of the downfall of the system. The voice of the people became too powerful to be silenced; and in answer to reiterated representations of abuse, Commissioners of Enquiry were appointed, who arrived in Graham's Town during the year 1823. I remember well, young as I was at the time, what enthusiasm their arrival excited. The general illumination of the town was not thought sufficient. The signal for an African welcome was given by a volley fired from the house where I was living. It was taken up at once, and the example spreading like wild fire, the hills soon resounded on all sides with a noise that might have been mistaken for the storming of the town, only that the importers of Kaffer muskets had not yet supplied the frontier tribes with firearms. As it was, however, this was a demonstration the authorities could not brook. The necessary orders were given, and we soon heard the bugles of the garrison sound the "assembly" at Scott's barracks, while the trumpets of the Mounted Rifles at Fort England sent squadrons of horse thundering up Bathurst-street through the darkness, to assist in the terrible emergency, caused by blank cartridges and joyous hurrahs. Serjeants' parties of infantry patrolled the streets, making prisoners in all directions, among whom was my old master,—then *young*, and just married. The people, assembled in Church-square to see the illumination, were surrounded by troops; while the leading men among them, foreseeing the triumphant issue to their own cause that would be the result of such a style of repressing public opinion, bade them to be true to their principles and fear nothing. Of course the prisoners were set at liberty the next morning—the young bridegroom among the rest,—and the Commissioners of Enquiry were furnished with an additional and unforeseen item in the list of complaints.

Of the political reforms which resulted from the enquiries and report of the Commissioners, I was too young to know much. I

believe that the recognition of certain civil rights highly prized by Englishmen took place—trial by jury, and the modification of magisterial powers being among the changes introduced. Various recommendations were made to the Home Government by the Commissioners of Enquiry. Some of them were adopted. Some *half* adopted and thus spoiled, and others rejected to be striven for again and again down to the present time.

While adverting to this subject it is but an act of bare justice to remember the public labours of one who has grown grey in the service of the Eastern frontier inhabitants; and who, from the first day of his appearance as a Journalist, has, with a perseverance unwearied, though often single-handed, maintained the rights, and urged redress for the wrongs of his fellow settlers. This is not the place for a review of the editorial career of my honoured friend, the *truly* "Honourable" ROBERT GODLONTON; but even in "a *glance* at the early history" of our settlement it would be unpardonable to forget that the *Graham's Town Journal*, from the date of its first number, has been the British Settler's Advocate; and that the example of its Editor has taught many a man the value of the old motto, "Never despair!" I say this without any disparagement of the labours of others in the same field, because the scope of my lecture confines me chiefly to the period during which the *Graham's Town Journal* stood *alone*.

I hardly consider this a digression. If it be so, however, let me return to my subject. The visit of His Majesty's Commissioners seemed to have removed an incubus from many minds. The dawn of a brighter day seemed approaching, and men took heart. The settlement began to grow and prosper in spite of its drawbacks. If *wheat* could not be raised in Lower Albany, other grain could. The mealies did not take the rust, and they made very good porridge, and puddings too. If we had had in those days a few "American notions" on the subject, they might have been made more palatable still. And there were other things on which the children throve and grew fat. Bradfield's Clumber

potatoes were renowned for their floury quality, and there was plenty of stuff to make good bacon of. And then by ones, and twos, and threes, the milch cows began to show themselves on the locations, and the fat hamels came with them, brought down by the young "Smouses" from the inner districts. Some of the cows were, it is true, sad unmanageable creatures, and made awkward work, not only with the milking pails and their contents, but with those who carried them as well. Horns and heels were often plied with perfect fury, and the astonished milkman was chased round the kraal till he tumbled as he might over the thorn hedge out of it. It was believed, and apparently with some reason, that the Boers had purposely weeded their milking kraals of the refuse, and palmed upon the ignorant Englishmen the most vicious brutes they had. "*Ach! hy's maar een stomme Setlaar, gy kan hem zoomaar kulle, karl.** But perseverance overcomes all difficulties. The cows were in due time either conquered or better understood. Lower Albany was found to be a noble pasture ground for cattle; the little herds grew larger every year, and Mrs. James' Green Fountain cheese became far-famed. It was not long before a span of oxen, large enough to plough with, could be made up by three or four uniting their cattle, each taking his turn in the lands of his neighbour. And it was not much longer before many a one had a little team of his own, and began to think that after all it was more pleasant to plough his own fields, with his own cattle, than to work as a labourer on a *Vaarm down along in Zommersetszhire.* Home comforts gradually grew around them. The October rains taught the necessity for building more substantial houses, and the people built them. The furniture was both scanty and rough, it is true. Those were not the days of horse-hair chairs, brass bedsteads and mirrored side-boards;—still less of pianofortes and harmoniums. But the Fathers of the settlement, and the mothers too, worked hard enough to enjoy their plain dinners and hearty suppers, although served up in tin dishes on yellow wood

* O he's only a stupid Settler, you can gull *him*, mate, easily.

benches; and were weary enough at night to sleep soundly on their reim-bottomed kaatles without either feather beds or curtains.

And then the children were growing up, acclimatised and naturalised; and it was soon found that the pure air, and the out-door exercise of South Africa, were making them bigger if they did not make them better men than their fathers. Sires of five feet six wondered to see sons of six feet five rising around them, and mothers had to look up to their daughters, even while their daughters were still looking up to *them.*

If longevity affords any test of the salubrity of a country's climate, we can bear the application of that test here. The fathers of the settlement have, I think, reached an average of nearly eighty years. The fathers of the Bowker, Biddulph, and Wainwright families were between eighty and ninety when they died. The patriarch of Glen Avon was not of the 1820 band, having come with the army in *pre*-settler times. But his family blended with the emigrant countrymen of their father, and when the iron-framed ROBERT HART sank into an honoured grave at the age of ninety, he left more than two hundred descendants behind him. Then there are the names of Norman, Kestel, Warner, George Clayton, and others, averaging eighty-five. On the tombstones in some of our cemeteries, and in retired family burial-places, are names more hoary still. The venerable and venerated Mrs. Dold died at the age of ninety-three. Overy, Purdon, Foxcroft, Cooper, are names that will occur to the memory of many present. Father Purdon had served old King George the Third in the India wars of the last century, and had nearly completed his centenary when he passed away. The Foxcrofts, husband and wife, were old people when they arrived; but the climate seemed to "renew their youth like the eagle's." They lived through the troubles of three Kaffer wars, and were both nearly, if not quite, an hundred years old when they sank quietly to rest, leaving behind them their children's *great* grandchildren. Cooper of Bluekrantz walked Graham's Town streets,

and planned a voyage to England at a hundred. And just now, old Frank Allison, ("Old Frank" he was called when I was a boy) and Forbes of the Irish party have gone, the one in his hundredth, the other in his hundred and first year.

The Jubilee year has proved the last to several who were hoping to see its completion. My old friend Joseph Walker among the number. Identified with the fortunes of the Settler's city for the best portion of his life, energetic and active in many a work conducive to the highest interests of his fellow townsmen, he has left to a goodly array of young representatives a name respected and honoured by men of all classes.

On the roll-call of names belonging to them that have departed there is another which I would not willingly let die, although I cannot place it on the centenarian list. It is something to be a man whose character *individualises* him amidst the general sameness of contemporaries. And dear little "Dr. WEBB" was such a man. I see his slight figure now, "as straight," though not "as *tall* as a poplar tree," his short quick step, his prim keen look. And who does not remember his talent for mimicry and personification, his quaint humour, his power of acute observation, and quiet sarcastic retort?—always good natured, but sharp enough to cut nevertheless. There is many a characteristic anecdote told of him which will keep him in remembrance. Let me put on record two, the genuineness of which I will vouch for:

Working one day in his own line at a broken window, he saw Dr. Atherstone, (the Dr. Atherstone of former days) coming by. Dr. Webb—I am not sure that he then had his diploma—turned round on his heel with his characteristic abruptness, and said, "Doctor, do you know I think your profession and mine are very much alike." "Indeed!" said the physician, eyeing the putty and the paint pot, "I don't see the resemblance." "Well, you know, it's your business to take out old *pains*; and you see I am doing the same." "Excellent!" said Dr. A., "I never saw the similarity before." "But then," rejoined the other, "We

always put *new* ones in their place you know." The replication is not on record.

The other anecdote is of a different kind. A young couple just married, had come to live in Bathurst-street, directly facing his own house. It so happened that the position of the parlour windows, the back one being opposite the front, made it easy to see what was taking place inside. One day the bridegroom received a note in the little Doctor's hand-writing, and read the following lines:—

"Example is better than precept in life;
"The maxim I own very fine:
"I saw you kissing your own dear wife,
"I immediately ran and kiss'd mine."

* * * * *

But the old settlers are not all gone. There was a muster of them on Monday; feeble and tottering some of them were,* but others seemed to have years of life in them yet. The number might have been much greater, could we have brought together those who are at a distance. I hope no pains will be spared to complete the list of their names, not forgetting the wives and widows; and that a marble tablet bearing them all will stand conspicuously in the grand hall of the Jubilee Memorial, to tell succeeding generations who, among the fathers of the settlement, lived to see the Jubilee of 1870.

But I must go back again to resume my narrative. Health, long life, and growing prosperity make existence pleasant. But growing prosperity brought growing peril. The little flocks and herds of the settlers were at first tended by the sons and daughters of their owners; for Kafferland was not yet thrown open, and the time for hiring native farm servants had scarcely arrived. The rapidly increasing stock, grazing in sight of the Kaffers over the border, soon began to tempt their cupidity; and depredators from the tribes of Eno, Botuman, Slambi and Gaika, began to make herding hazardous along the frontier.

* Several have died since the lecture was delivered.

Some of the children of the settlers were murdered while herding their parents' cattle:—Garbutt and Sloman for instance. Nor did the fathers themselves escape the frontier risks of the times. The "Forlorn Hope" at the clay pits had its victims in Stubbs, and the Freemantles, father and son; and the Irish party, with the rest of the frontier line, shared in its perils and its sacrifices, and added other names to the list of those who died for their adopted country in the early days of its history.

But all this was training a race of young frontier warriors, familiarizing the sons of the settlers with the dangers that a frontier life necessarily involves, and teaching them to unite African woodcraft with English courage. The men who were learning to cut off pauws' heads with rifle bullets at two hundred yards distance, "that the body feathers might not be soiled," were likely to become dangerous to other heads as well, in a case of emergency. And frequent practice was training young English eyes to trace a spoor with the keen-sightedness of a Kaffer or a Hottentot. The youth of the border were thus unconsciously preparing themselves for the crisis that was approaching, when,—

> "The war cry echoing wild and loud,
> "The war of the savage, fierce and proud,
> "Would burst like the storm from the thunder cloud,
> "Over Afric's southern wilds."

It must not be forgotten, however, that the first essay of the settlers in arms was not *against* the Kaffers, but in their defence. In the year 1828, a savage and very formidable horde under the chief Matinawa—an offshoot of the Zulu nation, entered the Tembuki country from the north east, having skirted the Kwahlamba mountains, and crossed the upper sources of the Umzimvubu. They struck terror throughout the frontier tribes; for their warfare was an exterminating one that spared neither man, woman, nor child; while the tiger-roar of their onslaught with the short stabbing spear, and the horrible "Tah! Tah!" which accompanied their death-dealing strokes in their hand-to-hand combats, were paralysing to the courage of men used only

to the light-shafted and easily-evaded assegai of the frontier tribes.

The alarm they inspired threatened to drive the frontier Kaffers in upon the colony for refuge, or substitute for them, if destroyed, a more savage set of neighbours in their stead. To prevent general confusion, the Colonial Government deemed it best to help the Kaffers to repel their enemies. A body of troops was accordingly sent under the command of Major Somerset, to prevent the nearer approach of the *Fetcani*, as they were called. A commando of Burghers was joined in the expedition with the regular troops, and numbers of active young men from among the English settlers eagerly came forward to swell their ranks, and share for the first time the excitements of a Kaffer campaign. The tribes of Hintsa and Vusani (the paramount chiefs of the Amaxosa and Abatembu tribes) mustered in force, and the young men of Albany obtained their first views of a Kaffer army,—in those days armed only with assegais, and carrying great lumbering shields of ox hide, five feet by three. I believe it was while awaiting the tardy gathering of these auxiliaries, that Major Somerset performed the feat of riding from the heights of the Umtata into Graham's Town in forty-eight hours.

The Fetcani army was met among the upper waters of the Umtata, and the Matiwana mountains, (as they have been called ever since) resounded for the first time with the musketry and cannon of the white men. Of course the Fetcani, though very numerous, were defeated. They had never seen fire-arms before. The Kaffer auxiliaries did little but look on till the fight was over; but an impression of British prowess was made upon the minds of the Tembukis, which the old men remember to this day.

Matiwana collected his scattered forces behind the mountains after the battle, and gave them a comforting harangue. "When we have fought with *men*," he said, "we have beaten them; but to-day we have had to battle with the thunder and lightning. It is no disgrace to be conquered by *them*."

When the commander returned, as many of the pressed horses

as had survived the expedition were brought back to their owners by the men to whom they had been supplied. My old master, I remember, had contributed one, as he did not go himself. It was an ugly old mare, a "pas-ganger," that used to waddle along in most ungainly fashion. There were many handsome, high-fed horses on the commando, taken from the Graham's Town stables; and many a youth "spogh'd" dashingly enough upon them at starting. But long after their curvettings had been exchanged for drooping ears and a footsore pace, and the carcases of some of them had been left for the aasvogels, old Bess waddled on as she had done at starting, and active Jerry Goldswain* (there's life in the old boy yet, I see!) brought back the old mare in triumph; and brought back this moral with her, that beauty, though lovely to look upon, is not *always* associated with strength of character, and that under a very plain exterior may exist *very sterling qualities.*

In looking back over the past of the Eastern Province, I have thus far confined myself to the *Secular* aspects of the subject. But it would imply a very unthankful heart not to recollect the means that were employed to keep alive, in the minds of the British Settlers, the Christianity of the Fatherland. The Sabbath bells of Old England were heard no longer. No steeple, rising from the midst of clustering elms, rocked to the joyous peal which invited high and low, far and near, to assemble in the sacred place where all meet on equal ground. There was much of secularising influence in the circumstances of the people. A new start in life in a wild country was likely to absorb the mind in the cares and enterprises relating to the present state of being, and there was danger of their forgetting "the life to come." This danger was none the less from the fact that their lot was cast in close contact with barbarism. The reports that some of our own travellers bring us from the far North serve to prove

* Jerry, forty-two years after the occurrence, started up in the audience when his name was mentioned, exclaiming, amidst great cheering—"Here he is still!"

that the families of a civilized race may go down fearfully in social condition, where the elevating influences of Christianity are superseded by those of Heathenism.

To counteract these dangers on *our* frontier, *one man* organized an extensive scheme of religious visitation, reaching throughout nearly the whole Settlement. WILLIAM SHAW had an eye and a heart that embraced all Albany, and gladly combined and guided the elements of usefulness wherever he could find them. The "locations" of the various "parties" had Sabbath Services, conducted by men who proved their own disinterested sincerity and earnestness by the long journeys they took (often on foot), without any remuneration but the satisfaction of knowing that they were conserving the christianity of their fellow colonists, and enjoying a gladdening sense of the smile of God upon their labours. The names of Ayliff, Shepstone, Walker, Pike, Miller, Dukesbury, Gush, Oates, Roberts, Aldum, Sargeant, Booth, and others, are not all connected with *one* section of the Church of Christ; but they are all associated more or less with services that began fifty years ago, and have never ceased. They fed and fanned the flame of piety where it would have died out but for them; and they kindled it in many places where otherwise its light might never have appeared. They are remembered, as they ought to be, with gratitude; but all, with one venerable exception,* have passed away from this scene of things.

It was in a very primitive style that worship was first solemnized among the Albany Settlers. The shade of a spreading tree, cleared of its underwood, formed in many instances the first place of public devotion for the population of its neighbourhood. Very plain sermons were preached by very plain men; but they were men who had the advantage of speaking from experience. What they had felt themselves they could tell with confidence to others. And what they *had* to tell related to those foundation principles of religion on the faithful application of which the christianizing effect of all preaching depends.

* The Rev. W. Shepstone.

As the circumstances of the people allowed, they began to build more substantial places of worship, here and there, in central situations. And so Green Fountain Chapel made its appearance on its little mount behind the sand-hills in Smith's party. And Reed Fountain had its house of prayer on the slope of one of its grassy hills. And Port Frances had one among the darkwoods on the banks of the Kowie. And Clumber's little knoll, that seemed as if raised by its CREATOR for the purpose in the midst of its beautiful vale, was crowned with *its* rustic temple for GOD, around which not a few of the fathers and mothers of the settlement were to find their last earthly resting-place. "James' Party" Chapel, conspicuous on its high ridge, overlooked the woodlands of the upper Klein Monden. That of Bathurst stood in one of Nature's parks, where the capital of the settlement *was* to have been. It is needless to go on enumerating. Later times have seen many others rise, to be means of blessing to both parents and children, amidst the population around them. And thus the original Mother Chapel at Salem has had a large and overgrowing family, that is still spreading on all sides.

Let it not be supposed that in this enumeration I wish to ignore what has been done for the religious benefit of the Eastern Province by other denominations than my own. *Much* has been done by various branches of the Church Catholic, Roman and Anglican, Episcopalian and Nonconformist; but their exertions, and the results of those exertions, belong to a later period of Colonial history than that on which I am chiefly dwelling. Though a Wesleyan myself, only a spurious modesty could induce me to hide the truth that for years the Wesleyans stood virtually *alone* in the work of preaching the Gospel among the rural population; while even in the towns and villages the Church of England did not disdain to avail herself of the proffered use of Wesleyan and Dissenting places of worship, which had anticipated her own. Zealously and energetically has that Church laboured since, to atone for the tardiness which

some of her prelates and dignitaries have acknowledged and lamented. But all this leaves the honour of priority where the GOD of Providence saw fit to place it.

The dedication and anniversaries of these primitive places of worship were pleasant times. Gatherings of friends and neighbours from far and near made them occasions of hearty greetings and generous hospitality. Reminiscences of the "Dear Old Land" and its religious privileges were awakened in many a breast; and many a little group sat under the trees, talking of days of old, and scenes beyond the wide waters—called up afresh in the memory, though never to be visited again. All classes joined heart and hand to welcome the guests, and contribute to the general table, which was literally "spread in the Wilderness." For those were not the days of spacious dining-halls, and the absence of pavilions was made up for by the shade of the wildwoods in which the dedicatory feasts were held. No boisterous mirth was needed to heighten the enjoyment. Hearty songs of praise, as befitted the occasions, ascended to God, both in the newly raised houses of prayer, and around the general board, which the green trees sheltered from the sun's rays. The people were refreshed in heart and mind at once, by the reunion of those occasions, and by the gladdening religious services which hallowed them. From *these* days of more advanced, though perhaps less *natural* social condition, many of the present generation look back with deep interest and glowing gratitude to those long gone by, in which the foundations of christian character were laid in many a heart, and *to* which the colonial christianity of the present day is deeply and lastingly indebted.

The circumstances of the Albany Settlers, in relation to *Education*, were very unfavourable during the early years of the settlement. The children were almost entirely dependent on the time, ability, and disposition of the parents to instruct them; and, situated as they were, "the pursuit of knowledge" was emphatically "under difficulties." Day schools were, as a rule, out of the question. With the exception of the Rev. Mr.

Boardman, who, I believe, took a few private pupils for a short time before leaving Wilson's party, I do not remember to have heard of any person who was engaged in the work of teaching in any part of the Settlement between Salem and the mouth of the Fish river. Little Sunday Schools were begun, as circumstances admitted, in connection with the small congregations that assembled in the country chapels; and these, in many instances, supplied the only means of instruction within the reach of the children. The solitary Public School was at Salem, under the care of Mr. William Henry Matthews; and in that precursor of our later Academies, Seminaries, Institutes, and Colleges, not a few of the men who have since filled important public situations received their preparation for them. The teacher himself (the *Father of Albany Education*, as he deserves to be called) transferred his work in due time to other hands; but, a *genuine* "Settler," remained himself, rooted to the spot where he began his labours. And after living to a venerable age,—the Magistrate, Doctor, Adviser, Peacemaker, and Universal Referee of all the country round,—passed suddenly and painlessly away, not very long since, leaving a name as fragrant with true honour as any in the Colony besides.

Pause for Music (See Appendix No. 4).

PART III.

So the years rolled smilingly round. Despite of rust in the wheat, and occasional devastations from locust armies, such as we have seen again amongst us of late years, the people prospered. Rural comfort and plenty were found in the country districts; commercial wealth was growing in the towns. The necessaries of life cost but little. The butcher who slaughtered an ox that weighed 1100 lbs., thought he had done a generous thing for his Christmas customers when he ventured to give thirty dollars for it. There seemed before the whole community a gradually but constantly brightening prospect of growing prosperity.

Meanwhile, however, a dark thunder-cloud was gathering among the Amatole mountains. From a course of reprisals, rendered necessary by incessant depredations along the border, had arisen a state of feeling among the frontier Kaffer tribes which needed but a spark to kindle it into a war-flame; especially as the acquisition of fire-arms had greatly raised their notions of their own prowess. That spark was struck in the wounding of a chief by a military patrol when recapturing stolen cattle; and the tribes of Eno, Botumane, Dushani, and Gaika, rushed over the frontier in a line of flame,—like one of our Queenstown grass-fires before an August wind—burning and blackening as they went.

The Christmas day of 1834 was a day never to be forgotten in the annals of Albany. Hundreds of families were preparing to spend it in the usual festive style, and were anticipating a brighter day of social gladness than in previous years, as their growing prosperity had raised them higher in the scale of comfort than they had ever been before. Friends were assembling for the brotherly-kindnesses of the season. Heads of families were calling in their scattered members for a Christmas gathering, that the dear old customs of the dear old Fatherland might not be forgotten in their African homes. If they had not the bracing frost and snow of an English Christmas to exhilarate them,—if the holly with its bright berries was not there to deck the walls,—if the heat of an African December made the yule log needless;—there was at least the *beef* to roast, and no stint of it either, for they could roast the sirloins of their own fat oxen, and there were plenty of materials for the plum-pudding, for there were plenty of Graaf-Reinet raisins in the land.

Ah! only the grey-headed ones of the present time, looking back over the interval of six and thirty years, can remember their terrific revulsion of feeling, when a burst of barbarians, without an hour's warning, wrapped the whole frontier line in the fire and smoke of their own homesteads, and brought the unknown realities of savage war, with lightning suddenness, into the midst

of their astonished family groups, met together for so different a purpose. Husbands, fathers, and brothers fell, while mothers, wives, and sisters looked helplessly and phrenziedly on. The frontier, utterly unprepared, was utterly defenceless. The families of the Settlers fled, as they could, to temporary rallying points, which had to be abandoned in succession for stronger places of refuge. Some three or four hundred men formed the military garrison of the frontier; and before any plan of resistance could be organized, or the Burgher force of the inner districts brought up, the plains of Albany had become a solitude. "The cattle upon a thousand hills" had disappeared. The inhabitants first concentrated at Bathurst, moved in a body to Graham's Town as the only place of safety, and the smoked walls of the abandoned dwellings stood desolate. A sudden plunge from affluence into the depths of poverty was the lot of numbers of families, and some of them never rose again.

The aspect of Graham's Town, when made the central refuge, was such as it has never, in the same degree, presented since. Every tenement of every class was thronged with families of white, brown, or black, who had pressed in from every side for protection. The portions of the flocks and herds that had been saved from the Kaffers, crowded the vacant spaces in yards and gardens at nights, and covered the slopes of the hills around the town by day, exhausting very speedily the pasturage of the neighbourhood. Sad confusion and paralyzing depression prevailed at first, and strange scenes, combining the pathetic and the ludicrous in about equal proportions, were presented, especially when St. George's Church, the present Cathedral, was occupied at night as the place of greatest safety by the women and children.

At length, however, the fire-eating Sir Harry (then Colonel) Smith made his sudden appearance, having galloped overland from Cape Town in either five or six days. Breathing something of his own resolution into the desponding spirits around him, he speedily changed the face of things. He had come armed with

plenary power from Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the new Governor, and instantly set about measures for arousing the people from their dejection. The change of feeling, when the attention of the people was diverted from themselves was, I heard, quite electric. Order soon sprang from confusion under the wave of Sir Harry's magic wand. Organizing right and left, with the energy of will, and the unforgotten energy of language for which he was distinguished, the adult population soon became a warlike-looking garrison. Gentlemen who had never dreamt of such honours before were placed in command of companies or battalions, and Major Wood, Captain Godlonton, Captain Wright, Captain Thompson, and Captains I know not who besides, marshalled their men and gave the word of command with newly inspired vigour; while old serjeants of *pre*-settler days—the Raffertys, Prices, Lucases, McDonalds, Featherstones—became prized acquisitions, and rose into quarter-masters and adjutants at a bound. Barricades were built across the streets, cannon planted in commanding positions; for the people remembered that in 1819, the same hordes who were now devastating the frontier, had boldly marched in thousands from the sugar-loaf hill, across what are now the cricket grounds and cemeteries, to attack the infant town, while the war prophet Makanna stood invoking the promised thunder and lightning, that would not "come when they were called." A repetition of the old attempt on a more formidable scale was apprehended. In a short time, however, Sir Harry, ridiculing the idea of being "afraid of a lot of black fellows, armed with nothing but a knife stuck on the end of a long stick," had placed the town in a state of defence, which *he* said made it proof against the assault of seven thousand Frenchmen.

It soon became needful to clear the town of the refugee flocks and herds that were endangering the health of the crowded population. The open country at the head of the Meule river was selected as the safest place for them, and a cattle guard was formed of the men least qualified for active operations.

This was not deemed the most honourable branch of the service, for Colonel Smith was planning a grand combined attack on the fastness of the Fish River, and the Settlers, whose blood was now thoroughly up, were eager to turn the tables upon their enemies. The attack proved a great success, and it was noted that some of the quiet Methodists, who because they did not curse and swear had been thought to have but little courage in them, could, when the war was *pro aris et focis*, (as Sir Benjamin said) bear themselves in action quite as coolly, and yet fight "for hearths and altars" quite as warmly, as their more blustering comrades.

I was not in the Colony, but in Kafferland, when the war of '35 broke out. All our first tidings were from Kaffers. The plundering of the traders' stations was, to us, the first intimation of what was going forwards. The arrival at the Mount Coke Mission of such of the traders themselves as could effect their escape confirmed our worst fears. Some of them had barely saved their lives, and scarcely knew how they had done it. One of them (as he told me himself) had, while the Kaffers were discussing the subject of putting him to death, given some of them lessons in shooting, that they might kill him with as little pain as possible. The climax of triumph seemed to have been reached when the news was spread far and near that Fort Wilshire (the *impregnable*, as the Kaffers had deemed it) was abandoned by the English garrison, and had fallen into the possession of Tyali and Macoma. And then return parties of warriors, laden with the spoils of the Settlers' dwellings, passed through the station, taunting us with our helpless condition, and telling us they could afford to let us alone for awhile, as they intended to finish us at leisure. The suspense, arising from the cutting off of all intelligence from the colony, was horrible. The burning homesteads of Lower Albany lighted up the horizon night after night, and imagination was left to paint its most fearful pictures. Where the end was to be we knew not. Days seemed to grow into weeks; and week after week

elapsed without any sign of aggressive movement from the Colony; till old Zetu, the chief who was protecting us, impatiently exclaimed, "*Akuseko 'm lungu! inkomande ingavelinje, bapelile bonke!*" *

The first gleam of relief appeared in an extraordinary commotion that surprised us one morning. Herds of cattle suddenly made their appearance, driven in eager haste past the station, and towards the Kye, followed by troops of women and children, carrying loads of pots, mats, and baskets, and keeping company with the old pack-oxen that brought up the rear, laden with heavy milk sacks. A party of us at once mounted on horseback, and proceeded towards Wesleyville to find out the cause of the movement. We saw that a sudden panic had seized the tribes which occupied the country between us and the Fish River. The whole upper basin of the Chalumna seemed alive with cattle, streaming down every bush-path from the ridges beyond, and all urged on in one direction—Eastward ho! A night attack (as we learned afterwards), planned and carried out successfully under the command of the rosy-faced veteran, Major Cox, had surprised and destroyed the "Great Place" of the notorious old chief Eno, who himself narrowly and ignobly escaped disguised in the kaross of one of his wives. The frontier Kaffers, who were securely revelling in the plunder of the colony, were confounded by the unlooked-for exploit. My escort, armed, and looking like a cavalry patrol, might have captured the flying cattle by hundreds; for the few men in charge of them, mistaking us for a part of the invading force, abandoned them, and took shelter in the bush as we crossed the path of their flight. If that attack had been at once followed up, it would have confirmed on the side of peace the coast tribes who were then wavering, and it would have shortened the war.

I have no intention, on this occasion, of bringing down my "Settler's Reminiscences" any farther than to this point.

* "There are no white men left! No commando makes its appearance,—they must be all finished up!"

Those who were old enough to shoulder their rifles in the wars of '46 and '51, have their own remembrancers, and do not need mine. Such as were not, can ask their fathers and mothers to tell them of the struggles of those times, as *their* fathers told *them* of the struggles of the times before them.

But I have a word or two to say, before concluding, on the wondrous self-recovering *elasticity* displayed again and again by this Eastern Province of ours. The tide of war was rolled back, the homesteads were re-occupied, the houses rebuilt, and the fields cultivated anew. The old Anglo-Saxon energy had been stirred after a new style, and was not going to sleep again. The men had found that though, like the Guards at Waterloo, it was the first time they had "seen service," there was stuff in them of the right sort; and the women had developed powers of endurance and fortitude unknown to themselves. They *conquered* prosperity a second time; and in a very few years most of the traces of war had disappeared. Struck by the energy they displayed, a keen observer said of them, "Why the Albany Settlers can afford to be ruined every ten years."

A more desperate conflict awaited them in '46, when both parties were stronger, and neither was taken by surprise. The inhabitants of the frontier districts, instead of abandoning them again to the enemy, formed themselves into camps, and defended their positions, often against fearful odds, in many an open day fight. Not a few of the settlers' sons made in those camps their first essay in arms, shoulder to shoulder with their fathers.

Had *ten* years, instead of *three*, intervened between that and the war of '51, it would have been seen that the self-recovering power of the Settlement had raised it from its *second* struggle to a firmer position than before. But the people had scarcely recovered breath when, for the *third* time, war without, aggravated now by rebellion within, tasked their energies to the utmost. It was hard to be hit again before they were fairly on their feet; but they stood the blow, and hit harder than ever back again. The storming of Fort Armstrong, the defeat of Hermanus, the

battle of the Imvane, and, better than any of them, the herostand at Whittlesea, isolated, beleagured, and assaulted week after week, till they had reached their last charge of powder, and were preparing to stake the last issue on the strength of their home-made battle-axes, when the welcome apparition of the "Cradock Bricks," suddenly dashing in to their aid, replenished their powder flasks, and turned despondency into triumph. These were the tests which determined into what kind of men the little boys of '35 had grown.

I do not forget that in these successive war struggles the Colonists had the aid of British troops; or that, without their aid, the issue might have been—probably *would* in those days have been—different from what it was. But it is only just to remember, that in many of the fiercest local conflicts there was not a single soldier present. And now that the troops are taking leave of us with the tune of "Paddle your own Canoe," it is not out of place to remind my young auditors that what their fathers did before them may be done again by themselves, if they are not degenerate scions of the old stock.

What have been the results of the '51 war? One result has been, that eighteen years have elapsed, and the Kaffers have not ventured to make war again, although the previous eighteen years saw *three* of them. Another result has been, that the seeds of a civilizing community have been sown broadcast over British Kaffraria. And a third result is, the formation of the Queenstown Division (formed, I have heard, by Holden Bowker), and its settlement by men of youthful fire or middle age energy. The feeble and the old are the very rare exceptions—the few venerable fathers and mothers whom the stalwart sons have brought with them to cherish in their old age. The staple of the community consists of men with strength for the present day, and the prospect of life for coming years in which to develope the resources of the inheritance they have won. They occupy the post of honour. They are the advanced guard of the Colony. God make them worthy of their position!

These results scarcely look like retrogression. And yet there are some who take gloomy views, and utter dark prophecies. They bid us think of our *commercial depression,*—as if there were no such thing as commercial depression at times even in wealthy England;—and forgetting how often in the history of a country the failure of superficial resources has led to the developement of others, whose springs lie deeper indeed, and therefore require digging for, but which rise from permanent and exhaustless reservoirs. They point to misgovernment as an incubus on our progress;—not remembering that with Englishmen misgovernment is an evil that has always wrought its own cure, and resulted in the establishment of rights fully proportioned to the wrongs they have overturned, though the process by which they have been established may not always have been a rapid one. They tell us again of *drought,* and *locusts*; of *rust* in the corn, and *murrain* among the cattle. But locust clouds darkened the skies of Albany before the war of '35, and yet the people prospered. And corn has been "rusted" ever since '21, but there are districts nevertheless, without going into the West, that might be made to supply a whole province with wheaten bread. The elevated regions of the North-East know little or nothing of rust. Tell me not of *droughts.* They are the rod which the God of Providence sends to punish our reckless destruction of the wood we cut down without replacement, and our wilful waste of water;—and to teach us to take care of the water when it comes,—for come it does, (this season for instance) in quantities which might silver the surface of our landscapes with a thousand lakes, fringe their borders with groves of evergreen, and modify the climate of the whole land. The first grand thunderstorm of the Queenstown district last season would have given us half-a-dozen square miles of water, if we had had a reservoir large enough to have received it. There are individual farmers in the inner districts, who have made dams which render droughts a matter of comparative indifference to their crops, and have given them artificial lakes

large enough for African college boat races. Why should not reservoirs such as those of Kidger Tucker, Carey Hobson, the Parkes', and others in the Albert and Colesberg districts, be multiplied a hundredfold, instead of allowing the water to run idly to the sea, sweeping with it the richest of our soils? Or why (to come nearer home *) should we not see from the summit of Mount Tylden fifty sheets of water sparkling in the sun, fertilizing the fields below them, fostering the growth of wild fowl, and providing future sport for our duck shooters, like that which our energetic fellow-townsman, Mr. Ella, has spread before our eyes at Ashby Manor? I know but of one reason why, and that is the want of fifty Ellas to resolve that the work shall be done.

"But there are Kaffer depredations." So there are, though fewer than of old; but have those who tell us so forgotten "The Blue Bonnets over the border" of the Old Country? Has Cumberland no tales to tell of Donald Beans, and Moss troopers, and black mail? Are the frontiers of our Indian empire free from depredators? Is the Indian border of the United States never disturbed by the Red Man? And yet British India flourishes, and the Great Republic grows greater and grander every year.

Give all the weight you will to the obstacles, the trials, the disadvantages of our position. It will only place in bolder relief the progress that has been made despite those obstacles, and the energy and perseverance that have achieved it. We look back to 1820. Where then were the towns of Port Elizabeth, Colesberg, Somerset, Burghersdorp, Fort Beaufort, Aliwal, Hopetown, Murraysburg, Richmond, Middleburg, Bedford, Alice, Adelaide, Queenstown, King William's Town, Bathurst, Port Alfred, East London? Must I go on to ask the same question in reference to Humansdorp, Alexandria, Pearston, Aberdeen, Hanover, Whittlesea, Dordrecht, Peddie, Seymour, Tarkastadt? There were none of them in existence. Even

* The rest of the paragraph was a local application to Queenstown, at which place also the lecture was delivered.

Graham's Town was not born—it was only in embryo. Some of us remember the transparency of it which we had at the half jubilee, some eighteen small thatched cottages!

I say nothing about the increase of towns and villages in the Western Province; though British immigration has had much to do with that. And I say nothing of the towns that are rising beyond the Orange river, though their commercial life owes itself to the presence of British energy, and the residence of not a few of the sons and daughters of the old settlers. Does any one ask for the rate of increase in these sons and daughters? Take a couple of specimens. It is not very long since old Joseph Trollip died. There live among us to-day of his lineal descendants *two hundred and seventy*. The Cawoods came, a family of *nine*. The present number of the united generations living is *three hundred* and *fifty-six*. I wish I had the number belonging to the Hartley, Usher, Hart, and Bowker families. They would supply figures quite as expressive, although the father of the Bowkers did not marry till he was forty, and said in after life that he had even then committed a juvenile indiscretion in doing so; for his sons increased till he had to name them by Roman numerals. Does any one ask again, what sort of social positions are occupied by the old settlers' sons? They occupy magistracies and mayoralties; they fill seats in our Legislative Council and House of Assembly. There are settlers' sons members of the Government at Natal. A settler's son fills the second position in the government of the Cape. A settler's son ranks with the generals of the British army. The son of a British settler, knighted for his gallant deeds by our gracious QUEEN (GOD bless her!) has for years headed a force which might well bear the motto "Ubique" on its banners, for its detachments are seen *everywhere*; and if Sir Walter Currie's career has prematurely ended, it has been in his adopted country's service that he has wrecked his strength. Honour, all honour to the Brave! May they never lack successors worthy of themselves!

But to return to the question of difficulties and discouragements. The fact is, that, in our impatience of personal evils, we are apt to forget the inevitable conditions of a residence on the frontiers of barbarism, ignoring all past history; and in our estimate of progress, we are too prone to limit our view to the times we live in ourselves; forgetting that in all national prosperity, the safety, wealth and happiness of one generation, have been the fruit of the labours and struggles of the generations before it.

There was a little city in ancient Italy. It possessed a few square miles of territory—a territory, by the way, compared with which the Cradock, Colesberg, or Queenstown Division would be a *kingdom*. Its inhabitants, however, embodied the spirit of progress. But they were hemmed in by enemies on every side. Year after year, decade after decade, they battled for existence—now winning a few miles more—then driven back to their city gates. At length in the vicissitudes of the strife, the city itself was taken and ravaged—the citadel alone remaining uncaptured. Yes, and even that was saved by the cackling of a few geese! And yet that band of indomitable spirits held their own, beat back their foes, wrested city after city from them, won their way from strength to strength through the struggles of five hundred years, till Europe, Asia, and Africa crouched at their feet, and ROME, Imperial ROME, gave laws to the *world!*

But there is another lesson of later date. There was a time when Anglo-Saxon England was struggling for life with foreign foes; when the black ships of the Northmen brought their warrior swarms, that carried the Raven banner in desolating triumph over the land. And there was *one* Man who resolved that England should not be conquered. He wrestled with adverse fortune again and again, till, driven a solitary refugee to the shelter of his own wildwoods, the cause of his country seemed lost for ever. And what became of him? Every schoolboy knows; and every schoolboy can tell that the lad who let the woodman's cake burn, and got his ears boxed for it; and the

harper that wandered through the Danish camp, noting all its weak points; and the young King who rallied the scattered strength of England, and crushed the Danish power at Ethandune, were *one*, and that one the Royal ALFRED, whose courage, wisdom, and piety combined, laid the foundations of England's constitutional liberty, and of England's naval greatness.

Are the lessons of the past to be lost upon us? Are the trials of a single generation to darken all the future to our view? A generation is but a step in the history of a people. And the history of *advance*. Every storm has left the English oak that has been transplanted to this Southern clime more deeply rooted. As necessity forces our sluggish attention to fresh resources, they open up to our view. Mohair, Cotton, Silk, Coffee, Sugar, Coal, Iron, Copper, Ostrich farming, are offering themselves in succession for our acceptance, and asking only enterprise and perseverance. Look at our Jubilee Exhibition! Planned and carried out by men whose words are *actions*,—whose "silence" is eloquent. See what the Colony *can* do—*is* doing! If, with such a display before our eyes of Colonial products, incipient Colonial manufactures, and Colonial artistic taste and skill, my young fellow-colonists do not go home with hopes brightened, energies new strung, and a fixed purpose to make the Jubilee a fresh starting point in an onward career, I shall only have to say that I have mistaken the character of the sons of the British Settlers.

The spirit of observation is at *last* shewing signs of waking up, and is finding treasures in the vegetable and the mineral worlds before unthought of. "New fibres" are challenging attention one after another; and now the *diamonds* that have so long been reproaching the eyes which have been blind to their brilliancy, and the feet that have trodden heedlessly over them for so many years, are beginning a social revolution which will reach to the heart of the African continent. Nor do we know what is yet behind. When the work of research begins in thorough earnest, it opens many a hidden spring. I have long believed that the

old "back-bone" of South Africa—the Stormberg and Quahlamba range—contains a spinal marrow which will yet send a new nerve-force bounding through our social and commercial life-system.

An old party war-cry in the world of politics was, "Agitate! Agitate! Agitate!" A better watch-word for us would be, "Organize! Organize! Organize!" Organize for self-defence, and preserve peace by a readiness for war. Organize in the field of industry, and bring combined power to develope the resources of the country. Organize to increase our commercial facilities, and open safe harbours. Organize for the settlement of the wide fertile regions that would sustain in comfort the starving thousands of the Fatherland, and increase the wealth and strength of the colony at the same time. We have plenty of room for them. Our territory increases whether we will or no. Every war has added to it. The exceptions have been but the short waves of the flowing tide. Long ones rolled in when Queenstown and British Kaffraria were settled. And the destiny of Japhet is *still* "Enlargement." The Eastern slopes of the Quahlamba will not always be a mere hunting ground. Waving corn-fields will yet be seen among the uplands where the Eland roams, and the head waters of the Umzimvubu will yet turn mills to grind their harvests. A "New England" is rising on the Eastern borders of the Aliwal district. An "Alfredia" is hailing it from the colony of Natal. A belt of civilization is fast encircling the tribes of Kaffraria. They may benefit by it, and rise in the social scale; or they may resist its influences and take the consequence. The might of civilization *must* absorb or annihilate all that comes into hostile contact with it. A solemn responsibility rests upon civilized nations as to *how* the process of annexation or absorption is carried forwards; but the destiny itself is providential and inevitable. Away then with the feebleness of despondency! And away with the short-sighted selfishness that narrows the horizon and fixes the eye on the present only. What was the song of our fathers?

"NEVER DESPAIR! tho' the harvests fail;
Tho' the hosts of a savage foe assail.
Never despair! We shall conquer yet!
And the toils of our earlier years forget.
In hope's bright glory our sun shall set,
'Midst Afric's Southern Wilds."

Such was our *Father's* song, and what is *Ours?*—

"Our toilworn fathers have sunk to their rest,
But their sons shall inherit their hope's bequest.
Vallies are smiling in harvest pride;
There are fleecy flocks on the mountain side;
Cities are rising to stud the plains;
The life-blood of commerce is coursing the veins
Of a new-born EMPIRE, that grows, and reigns
O'er Afric's Southern Wilds."

APPENDIX.

I.

Choral March.

"God save the Queen!" let all the people sing,
Loyally, joyfully, hearty homage bring,
Long may she reign, a nation's heart her throne,
Late may she rise to higher bliss unknown!
Fam'd in story, pure in glory,
Heav'n all her griefs redressing,
Children her counsels blessing;
People loving, God approving,—
Gilding with Heav'n's own brightness
Her pathway to the skies.
Thus ever, thus ever, may our Victoria reign!

II.

A Reminiscence of 1820.

In the lone wilderness behold them stand,
Gazing with new strange feelings on the scenes
Now spread around them in a foreign clime,
Far from the sea-girt home that gave them birth.

They had been landed on a cheerless shore,
Dreary and solitary; and the hope
That erst had brighten'd all their visions, when,
O'er the blue waters looming from afar,
They had seen Afric's mountains rise to view,
Had nigh been quench'd again. But they had left
The barren strand, and over hill and dale
Had slowly toil'd to reach a place of rest,
And give their children once again a home.

Men roughly kind, of speech and manners strange,
Had guided them; and bidding them farewell,
Had left them houseless in the wilderness,
Pitying and wondering what their fate might be.
Fathers and mothers, with their children round them,

Stand on the green sward, while the sunny skies,
Fleck'd with bright clouds, bend o'er them from above,
And thoughts are far away o'er the wide waters.
The parting scene comes back to memory's view,—
The last embrace of lov'd ones left behind,
The fears, and hopes, and prayers of that sad hour.

And now the little ones in thoughtless glee
Chase the bright butterflies of this strange land,—
Their new and untried home. Ah! 'twas for *them*
The fathers brav'd the storm-toss'd waters, and
The mothers hush'd their own alarms to peace,
When the loud tempest howl'd around the bark
That bore them onwards o'er the surging waves.
These gave the spring to their great enterprise,
And broke the bonds that else had held them still
In th' old home circle of the Fatherland.

Dark days had been in England. Darker still
Seem'd coming fast, and o'er the crowded throngs
Of Britain's cities, stern Adversity
Was frowning. Then the cry arose,
"What of our *children?* What awaits *them* here?
"Must we look on, and see their budding life,
"*Before* it blossoms, wither in our sight?
"Are there not other lands where pining want
"Shall cease to mock at honest industry,
"That asks but leave to labour? Will no star
"Of hope arise to point to happier climes
"Where skies are not *all* dark? Be it to rend
"The ties of kindred, we must venture forth
"Over the unknown seas, and seek a home
"On foreign shores, where there is room to live,
"And light to see a Future for our children
"Happy and bright when *we* have sunk to rest."

And this is now their home.
'Tis lone and wild;
But there is beauty in its wildness. See!
Yonder are mountains; in their deep ravines
Dark woods are waving, whence in noisy flight
While parrots issue forth, while loories hide
Amidst their deep recesses. Water springs
Send limpid streamlets down the mountain side,
Fring'd with bright evergreens, and brighter flowers.

Issuing from yonder dark and craggy gorge,
Where lurks the stealthy leopard, and where shouts

With loudly echoing voice the bold baboon,
Kareiga winds its devious course along
Between its willow'd banks; while here and there
The dark leav'd yellow wood lifts its proud head

In stately dignity. Along the vale
The wildwood's sheltering covert stretches, where
The bushbok barks; the duiker, sudden, springs;
The timid bluebok through the moonlight glides;
And monkey mimics chatter saucily.
And there are feather'd songsters in the groves;
Not with the thrush's or the blackbird's notes,
That flood Old England's woods with melody;
But short, and sharp, and ringing in their tones,
Responsive to each other from afar,
While telling of a life of light and joy.

In the green pastures on the sunny slopes,
Where the mimosa's golden blossoms shed
Gales of perfume around; and fertile soils
Promise the husbandman a rich return
To cheer him in his toil.

"This is our Home!
"A spot on earth we now call *our own*;
"A starting point for a new life's career.
"Wake all our energies afresh! A brighter day
"Has dawn'd at last upon us. Let us raise
"A song of gratitude to Heaven,
"And gird us for our duties."

III.

"Prospect and Retrospect."

A Glee for the Sons of the Settlers.

Hail to the day that's dawning
In gladness o'er the land!
The clouds that dimn'd the morning
Break off on every hand;
But with bright suns shining o'er us,
And with happy days before us,—
With our children round us smiling,
And the hours with love beguiling:

Let us think on those who passed away
Ere the low'ring clouds had parted;
Who toils and dangers braved *for us,*
Tho' sad and weary-hearted.
Our fathers bore the heat and the burden of the day:
O never from our hearts shall their memory fade away.

"The Sunny Land."

We had heard from afar of a Sunny Land,
Of its greenwoods waving, its mountains grand;
Its bright starry skies, and its moonlit dales,
Its balmy air and its verdant vales;
And we long'd for the Sunny Land.

And we came o'er the waters wide and deep,
Where the storm waves roll, and the storm winds sweep,
To the land of our fathers we bade farewell;
And for weal or for woe we have come to dwell
In the vales of the Sunny Land.

There were toils to be borne, there were foes to fight,
But with hearts of hope, and with arms of might,
And the blessing of heaven we have won our way;
And our sons with the triumph of victory survey
Their homes in the Sunny Land.

IV.

"The Dear Old Land."

A GLORIOUS land is the "Dear Old Land,"
Our father's island home;
Tho' its moorlands are cold when the snow lies deep,
And the mists round the sides of its mountains creep,
And the waves are white, when the March winds sweep,
As they dash on its cliffs in foam.
A story of fame has the "Dear Old Land,"
And it dates from the days gone by;
When Right with Might the strife began,
And Freedom's voice with the Fire-cross ran,
And the waken'd serf rose up,—A MAN,
To conquer his rights or DIE!

And tell me the realms o'er the earth's broad face,
Where her "Braves" have not been found;
Wherever the sea's wild waves have curl'd,
Her fleets proudly sail with flag unfurl'd
And her evening drum through the wide, wide world,
Is rolling its ceaseless round.
Then hail! all hail; thou "Dear Old Land,"
Where our Fathers' ashes lie;
There are sunbeams bright on this far off shore,
There are starlit skies when the day is o'er—
And we never shall tread thy greensward more;
But we'll love thee,—TILL WE DIE.

V.

"Jubilee Ode."

Sound ye the trumpet and raise the glad song;
Let Afric's wild mountains the echo prolong.
Albania's daughters raise high their glad voices;
Her sons join the chorus and swell the loud strain:
With JUBILEE joy every spirit rejoices,
And the welkin is ringing again and again.
Sound ye the trumpet, sound loudly and long;
Let hearts join with voices, and burst into song.
Praise we Jehovah! our Fortress and Tower;
His Hand guides our footsteps, our shield is His Power,
From Albion, light beaming Star of the nations,
Bright rays chase the darkness where savage feet trod;
And the wilderness smiles with our glad habitations,
Our children's new homes, and our temples for God.
Praise we the God of our fathers! 'twas He,
JEHOVAH, who brought us, O Afric! to thee.

FINIS.

Printed by Richards, White & Co., 4, Brown's Buildings, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.