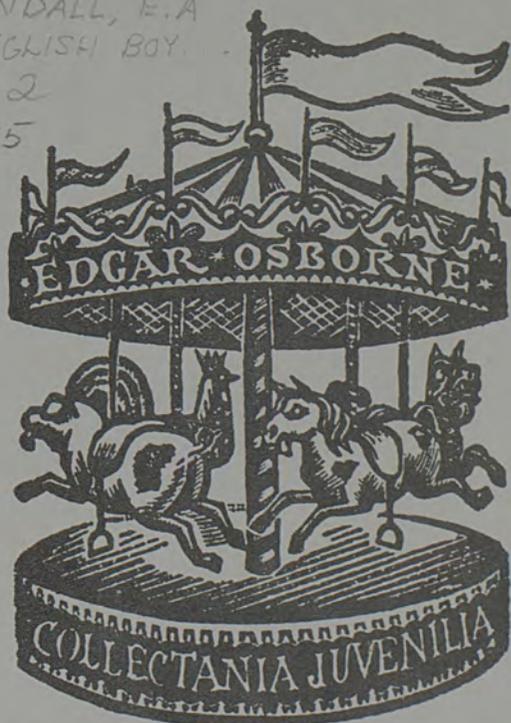
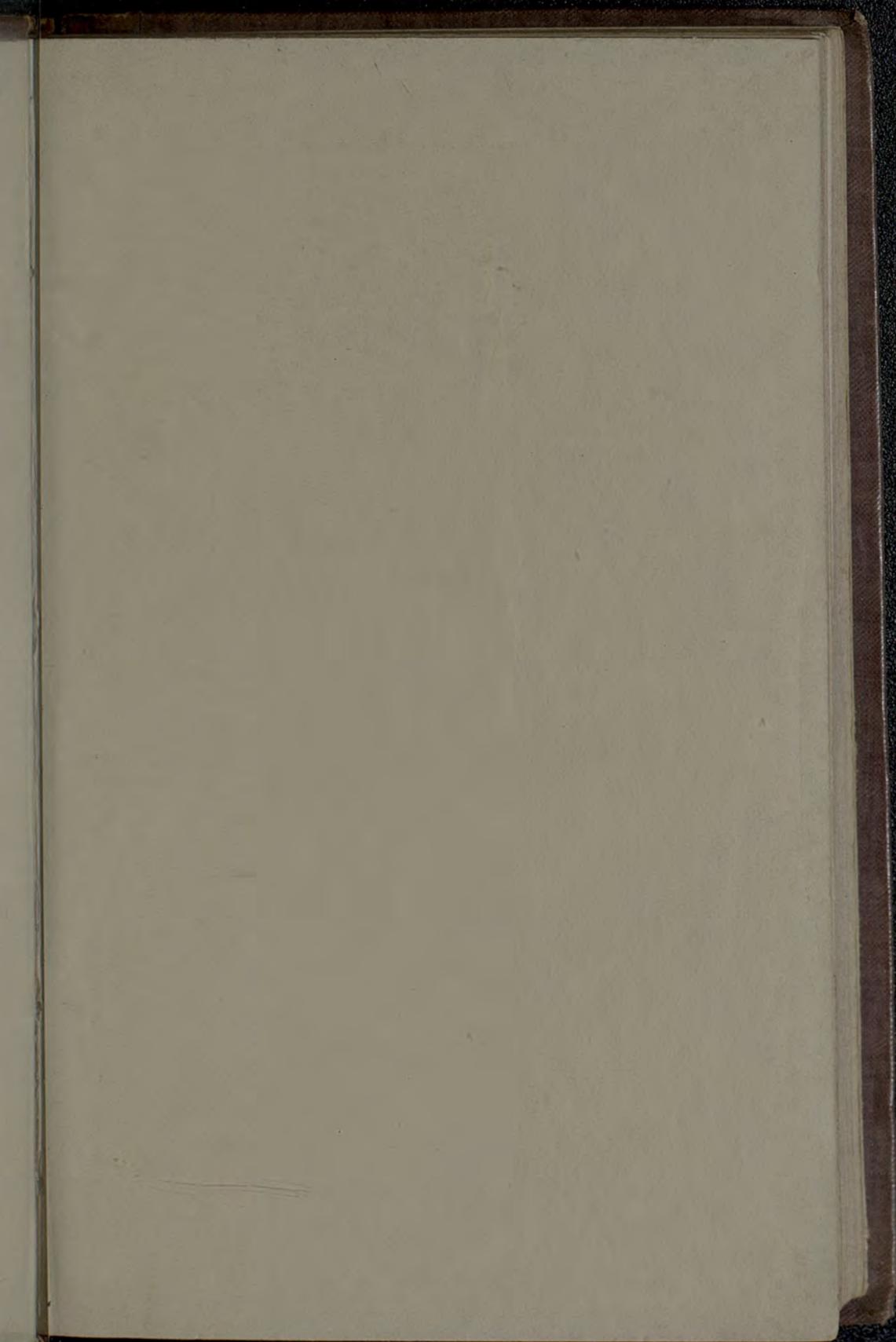
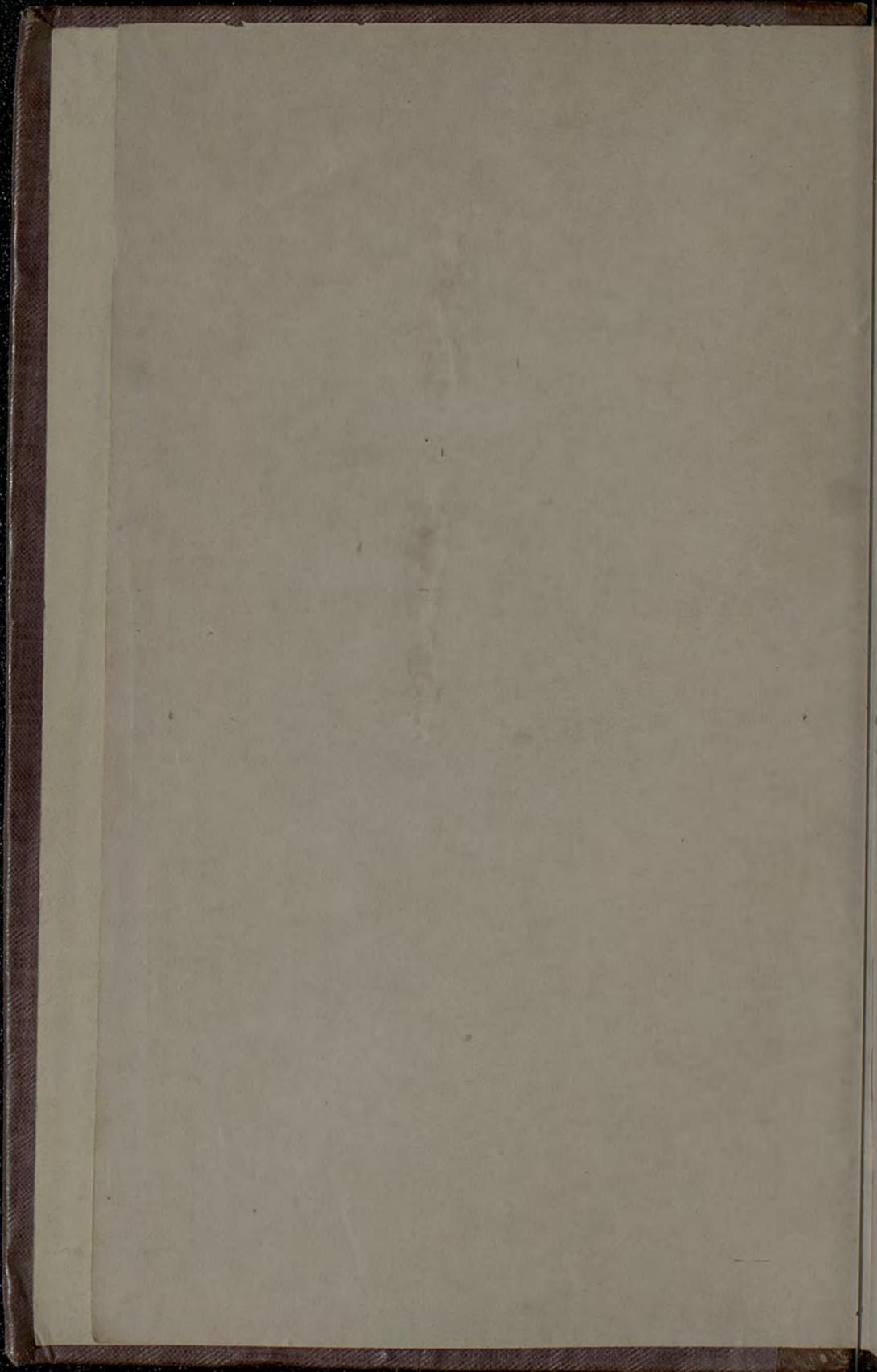


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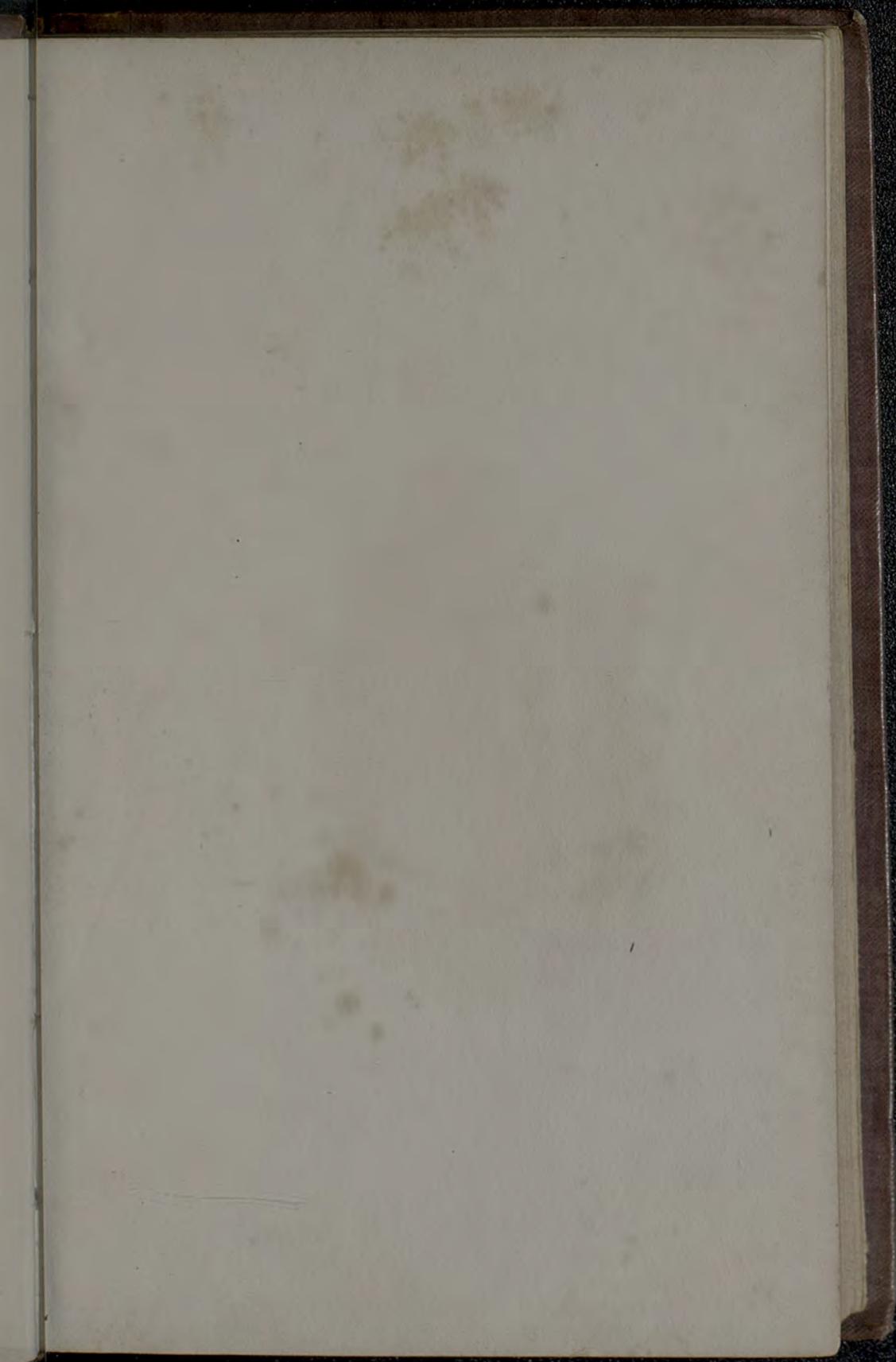


THE ENGLISH BOY

AT

THE CAPE.

LONDON:
GILBERT & RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.





— She contrived to make him understand
that the distance was not very great.

VOL. II page 194.

LONDON,
PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER & C^O AVE MARIA LANE
1835.

THE
ENGLISH BOY

AT
THE CAPE:

AN ANGLO-AFRICAN STORY.

BY THE
AUTHOR OF KEEPER'S TRAVELS.

"The world my country, and my friend mankind!"

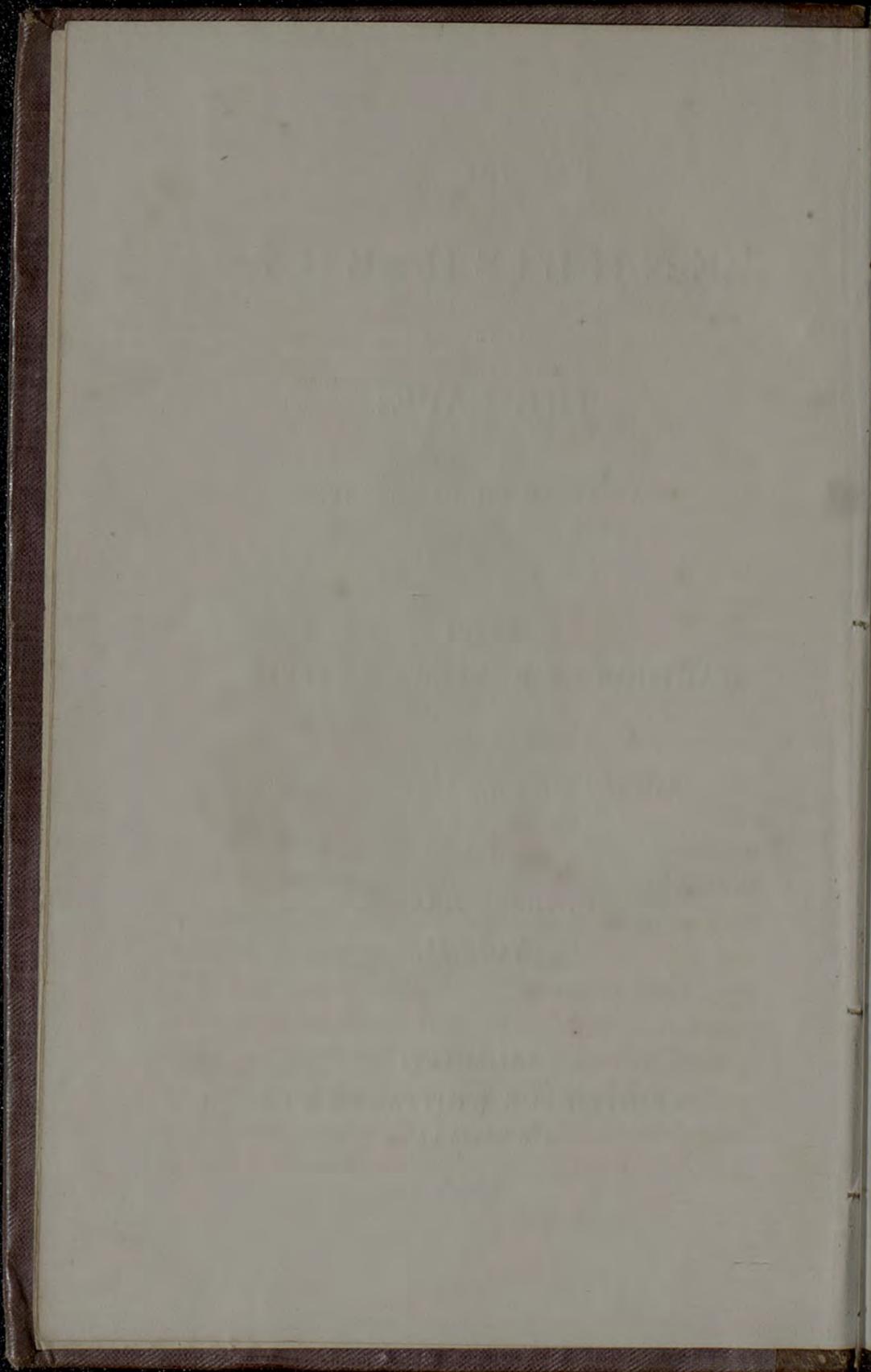
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR WHITTAKER & Co.

AVE MARIA LANE.

1835.



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THE
ENGLISH BOY
AT
THE CAPE.

CHAPTER XIV.

— An eye for pity; and a hand
Open as day to melting charity!

SHAKSPEARE.

CHARLES could not but *like* every individual at the Government House, from the young Aide-de-Camp, his first acquaintance in it, and from the Noble hostess, who had been so truly kind to him, down to the least distinguished of the servants, that, either by order, or from their own good-will, had ministered to his wants or to his wishes. But, if the plain truth must be acknowledged, he had formed no attachment there, such as he had difficulty in breaking, through the pro-

posed departure with Mynheer Van Hooff, except to the little green monkey, named Charley, like himself, upon which, in Lady Pontefract's boudoir, his eyes had been so early cast, and which, ever since, had almost engrossed his entire attention. The Aide-de-Camp, as we have said, was his first acquaintance among the grandees of Cape Town; and the *first* acquaintance, even by an hour's date, has an advantage, in all similar circumstances, such as it is difficult for even the most superior pretensions successfully to counter-vail. That *first* acquaintance seems to us, comparatively, to wear an old familiar face—enjoys our confidence—and makes all the rest appear but *strangers*. The Aide-de-Camp, it must be confessed, was also the youngest, among the superior persons with whom Charles had now been brought into contact; and that circumstance, no doubt, contributed to the greater familiarity, and consequent approach to fondness, which Charles could feel toward that amiable member of the Noble Governor's household: but still, not even this, nor the kindness evinced by him at the first meeting at Messrs. M'Cormac & Co., nor the condescension with which he had continued to treat the somewhat sheepish stranger, had half so much to do with the difference, as the accident of *first* acquaintance. Of the

Aide-de-Camp he could ask all questions—to the Aid-de-Camp he could communicate all wants—through the Aide-de-Camp it was his wish to breathe all petitions. Of Lady Pontefract, a stranger, and a stranger so dressed and so surrounded, not even all her gifts, nor all her invitations, nor all her personal ease of manner, could persuade him to do otherwise than stand in some degree of awe; and at the occasional presence of the Viscount, a man, an older man, still more a stranger, decorated with honours, and surrounded, still more than his lady, with the marks of wealth, of state, and of authority, Charles, in spite of the most encouraging words and actions, was little short of trembling. All this, however, would have worn off, or moderated, in a little space of time, had he remained so long with his exalted friends; but, still, it is uncertain whether anything could have easily led him to give to any of them so secure a place in his heart, as that already possessed by the green monkey! The little animal was scarcely a man's hand in length, from the crown of its head to the insertion of the tail; but its tail was at least three times that measure, and, (besides enabling it to take the most distant leap, and to direct its force,) served it for a fifth hand, whether to lay hold of objects as it leaped, or, (when crooked into a ring or hook at the end,) to

draw to it what might be otherwise beyond its reach. Charles, at the first, had viewed the little monkey, also, with some degree of apprehension; he had been somewhat fearful of its teeth; and, above all things, he had been loth to touch it. But Charley had so courted his acquaintance—he had so solicited to be played with—he had clenched his little, cold, black, naked hand so eagerly round Charles's finger;—he had so laid himself upon his side, like a kitten, which, at the same time, he so much resembled in size—on purpose to invite a romp;—he had nibbled the finger so gently and so playfully, when, at length, it was entrusted to his mouth;—and he had looked up, so resigned, but yet so sadly, (his cheek still upon the carpet,) when all his efforts to be played with failed him;—moreover, he had taken food so willingly when it was offered to him—had eaten it with so many knowing airs of tasting and satisfaction; and had cracked nuts, and picked leaves, and thrown shells and leaves to the right and left with so much style, and ease, and discrimination; that Charles had become never weary of watching him, and of obliging him with his company.

There was, therefore, this particular drawback, and this only, to the pleasure which Charles promised himself from his journey with the worthy

Land-drost of Graaf Reynet. Many a moment, in short, was passed by the departing orphan, in gazing with fixed and almost tearful eye upon the equally fixed and equally grave countenance of Charley, whom his admirer was quite willing to believe in the same despair at losing himself, the new visitor to the Government House; and presently Charles's passionate longing to take the green monkey with him, became so intense, and his hope of being indulged so vivid, that though he could by no means find courage to venture the request directly to Lady Pontefract, he absolutely resolved on making trial of the assistance of the young Aid-de-Camp. After drawing, therefore to the knee of the latter, at a time when Lady Pontefract had left the room; and after being long silent, and yet visibly unwilling to leave his station, and not to be diverted from his close adherence to the Aide, he began, at last, to put forth, syllable by syllable, and by various phrases, one after each other, to approach by gradual steps, toward the full avowal of his ambition. "The lady," he said "was so very good to him; she had given him so many things to please him;—but—she—had not given him what would please him most of all! Did not the Aide think that she would give it to him, if she knew what it was?"

Was not the monkey the prettiest thing in all the house? And" (to make the shortest story which the case admits) "would the Aide-de-Camp ask the lady to give him Charley, his own namesake, to take with him to Graham's Town?"

The Aide-de-Camp knew, at the instant, that Charley was too old and too great a favourite with the Governor's lady, to allow of any such idea; but he felt no difficulty, at the same time, in assuring even so bold a petitioner, that he would report the case before long; and he immediately thought of what actually came to pass, that Lady Pontefract, though she could never part with Charley, would find another green monkey for her young traveller, and that therewith the latter must be content. Soon afterward, therefore, with a laugh, and promising that, at length, the little English boy had made a request beyond all bounds—and even set his heart upon carrying with him, to the new settlements, the *greatest beauty* at the Cape—nay, in the Government House—which, however, was not herself, but her chief favourite—the monkey Charley—the Aide actually performed his arduous mission! Lady Pontefract was somewhat amused at the boldness of childhood, which could venture upon such a petition, even at second-hand; but, calling Charles to her side, who, however, was

now all fright, and could not look from the carpet—and at once blushed at the request he had made, and inwardly dwelt upon the hope of its success;—Lady Pontefract, calling him to her side, softened the declaration, that she could not possibly part with the valued Charley, by an assurance that she would that evening buy him just such another, of a dealer in monkeys, and other natural curiosities, in one of the streets of the town. Charles uttered some such syllable, as a “thank-ye,” from the depth of a bosom swelling with despair and disappointment; but neither more nor less than what Lady Pontefract promised him, was all that he had now to hope for; unless we add, that it was some further alleviation of his disappointment, that her ladyship told him she would take him with her to the shop, were he should see several sorts of monkeys, and that he should choose a monkey for himself. Upon the observation, also, of the Aide-de-Camp, that after dinner, that is, toward sun-set—the monkeys and all the birds and beasts at the menagerie would be getting sleepy—her ladyship ordered her carriage, though it was now the heat of the day, and fulfilled all her promise without further loss of time; so that Charles returned to the Govern-

ment House transported with the possession of a little green monkey, which was absolutely made his own—which was so like the favourite, that it could hardly be distinguished from it—and to which he had already given the favourite's name and his own! On their way, too, under the shade of a large building, they had beheld a sight which was not unworthy of the attention, as well of Lady Pontefract and her company, as of even Charles himself. This was a boy, of the diminutive Bushman nation, of about twelve years of age, but no more than thirty-six inches in height; and who, while the features of his face were startlingly ugly, had hands and feet as beautifully formed, as they were wonderfully small. But this diminutive child had in his sole possession, and under his sole command, three lion's cubs, each of the size of an English mastiff, and each of which, by turns, he was riding and beating in a manner which made the spectators tremble for him, though it was soon evident that they were accustomed to him, and took all patiently and in good part. A moment after, he released, for a time, the lions from immediate duty; and, it was strange, indeed, to see the young, but somewhat well-grown lions, crouched around the dwarfish savage, with their eyes and

ears intently fixed upon him, while he changed the exhibition to a performance of his own, of the wild song and dance of his countrymen¹. //

In the morning, Mynheer Van Hooff dined again with the Governor; and, departing early, because himself and his waggons were fixed to be moving by day-break the next morning, received in charge the English orphan, with a letter from Lady Pontefract to Martha Hoyland; with the Governor's complimentary assurance, that he was sure the child could be in no better hands than Mynheer's, the Land-drost of Graaf Reynet; and with a full attendance, to carry the various presents of clothes, toys, cakes, fruit, and sweetmeats, not at all forgetting the green monkey, with which the Governor and his lady, and several other ladies and colonists, (nor the least, the good-natured Aide-de-Camp,) had heaped upon the desolate little boy. With the latter, in particular, Charles had an affectionate parting; and then, half tears, half smiles, half pleasure, and half sobs, trusted his hand to the worthy Mynheer, who led him the short distance across the square in the front of the Government House, to his old accustomed lodgings, at the sign of the Prinz Van Oranje, the respectable inn of the excellent Mynheer Van Voorst.

¹ See Rose's Four Years in Southern Africa.

Mynheer Jan Van Hooff found it indispensable, both for the satisfaction of his own kind dispositions, and for a loyal return of the confidence reposed in him by persons so exalted as the King of England's Governor-General, and the noble lady his Vrouw, not to let Charles sleep out of his own chamber for the night. But Charles, also, had feelings and determinations somewhat of kin, forbidding him, in like manner, not to let the green monkey sleep any where out of his own sight and hearing. The worthy Landdrost, indeed, in his own idea, had consigned Charley and his cage to other quarters; but, as Charles seemed almost heart-broken at the suggestion, and as the monkey had no disposition but to sleep, Mynheer conceded the point, and the whole three found comfortable lodgings in one chamber. If there was an exception, it consisted in Charles, who, while the moon shone through the uncurtained window, sat up, every now and then, in his bed, to make himself sure of the well-being of his sleeping monkey; and who, thus disturbed and agitated, wandered, first in thought, and then in dreams, from the menagerie to the Government House; and from the journey before him to Martha Hoyland's, to that from the Cape to home; and from his mother,

whom he saw feeding the chickens, to his father, whom he saw struggling in the ocean !

The moon had sunk behind the hills, darkness had supervened, and Charles, at length, had fallen into a sound sleep ; when, at the approach of day-break, the Land-drost's Hottentots and Negroes were busy in the stables, putting, by the light of their lanthorns, the yokes upon the oxen, and the saddles upon the horses, and giving to all the morning feed ; nor was it long before Mynheer himself, diligent, active, and punctual, was stirring, without the need of being awake ; and had descended the stairs of his inn, taking care, all the while, not to disturb the child, whom he wished to sleep the full time that his travelling arrangements should allow. The green monkey, in the meantime, whose cage stood close to Charles's bed, was now broad awake, but motionless and silent, and apparently surveying the proceedings of Mynheer with the most curious and thoughtful attention.

But, when now, the sun was up, and Mynheer Van Hooff, with the assistance of his attentive host, and of the whole household of the Prinz Van Oranje, had gotten all things in forwardness, and especially a smoking and substantial breakfast ; the good old man returned once more to the common dormitory of himself and his guest,

and his guest's monkey; where, gently putting his hand upon Charles's shoulder, "Mine son," said he, "it is time for de to be rising, and to be eating dine breakfast, and making ready for dine jorney; and here is dine littel monkey, what has been waiting dis hour for de to speak to him! Come along, mine son; art thou ready for to go?"

The thought of contemplating his monkey once more, roused Charles from his slumbers much more readily than might otherwise have been the case; and, what with that particular inducement, and the story of the breakfast and its dainties, the urgency of Mynheer's entreaties, and the helps given for putting on his clothes, he obeyed the summons with as much speed as was consistent with occasional snatches of fixed devotion to the monkey; and, breakfast being finished, the reckoning paid, and Mynheer and his charge, and his charge's charge, seated and deposited in the waggons which had been awaiting them in the street; the long whips of the Hottentot waggoners gave their first crack, and the slow procession began to move. Every window and door in Cape Town, except the doors of the Prinz Van Oranje, and its stables, and yards, were still closed; nothing living was visible in the streets, from the Prinz Van Oranje,

except the dogs that, here and there, lay sleeping in the front of the houses. All was the stillness, and the dew, and the coolness of morning; the sky was an interrupted blue; and the sun gilded every object upon which it fell.

But the waggon in which, as we have said, was seated Mynheer himself, and which was the second in the train, had advanced no further than the shop of the dealer in natural curiosities, when an important packet was remembered to have been left behind, in the special care of the *Vrouw Van Voorst*, and a messenger sent back to fetch it. Moreover, because it might have been mislaid, and some difficulty, therefore, might occur before it was found, and Mynheer might have occasion to assist; the waggons were ordered to halt, till the messenger should reappear with the packet. But the moment was fortunate for Charles. Though pretty well occupied and diverted with all the wonders of the occasion; with the bustle of preparation and departure; and with the green monkey, which, now, secured by a collar and chain, was released, to its own infinite satisfaction, from other confinement; the door of the dealer in monkeys by wholesale, had extraordinary attractions for his eyes! The house was still closed up, even as if it had been midnight; but, in the open space before it, were

grouped several of the purveyors upon whom the dealer depended for the supply, both of his museum and his counter; that is, Hottentots, Bushmen, and Negroes, of whom it was his trade to purchase the birds, beasts, butterflies, and various other specimens and productions of nature, for which, in his own turn, he found customers among the strangers and passengers of ships passing between India and Europe; as if to perpetuate in the modern world the remark of ancient Rome—"Always, from Africa, something new!" Here were Hottentots with crystals, and pebbles, shells, and plants, and specimens of rocks; here were Negroes, with parrots and lizards, and a large guana, and the head of a hippopotamus, and bell-birds, and sugar-birds, and honey-birds, and the bird which, with a plaintive note, calls for assistance at the sight of a snake; and even a pair of the beautiful harvest-birds, from Central Africa; all either alive or dead. Here, too, was one with the horns of an antelope, and another with horns of rhinoceroses, and the skins of the zebra and giraffe, and of the spotted hyena of the country, so often, by amazing error, called a *tiger*. A prominent merchant had with him, in a trap, a *ratel*, or what may be called the honey-weazel, rather than *badger*, of the Cape; and

several, upon their arms and shoulders, bore monkeys of various species, sizes, and colours, but all remarkable for the diversified expression of countenance,—of apparent doubt, perplexity, and curiosity,—with which each surveyed his brother monkey, the other objects, and several persons of the group, the streets and houses, and not omitting Mynheer Van Hooff's oxen and waggons. All these were patiently awaiting, in the morning sun, the moment when the Herr Von Glimmerheimer, the German naturalist and man of science of all Cape Town and the Colony, should leave his bed, and light his pipe, and open his door, to drive bargains among the motley and outlandish assemblage!

Charles had far from overcome or exhausted all his astonishment at a spectacle like this, though careful neither to offend or to disturb the gravity, nor interfere with the anxiety of Mynheer Van Hooff, by endless questions in its regard; when the Hottentot messenger returned, holding the important packet high above his head, and shouting and cackling to his master, that it had been in danger of staying behind, only because, from the earnest charge which he had given the Vrouw, to be sure about his taking it, she had put it out of sight, and under her pillow, and never thought of it again! The long whips were now cracked once

more; the sounds echoed in the empty streets; and the waggons of the Landdrost of Graaf Reynet went forward at a steady pace, leaving Cape Town in their rear, and crossing the wide plain of sand-hills, known as the Cape Flats, beyond it; till they began to ascend the mountains which hide the inland country, and to approach the great and tremendous pass and precipices of Hottentot-Holland's-Kloof.

CHAPTER XV.

Of chance, or change, O let not man complain,
Else shall he never, never cease to grieve!

BEATTIE.

AFTER reaching the highest parts of Hottentot-Holland's-Kloof, glimpses of fertile and even luxuriant landscape began to revive the heart of the little traveller Charles; who, in spite of the thoughtlessness of his age, and the numberless sources of diversion which travelled with him, had been somewhat depressed, as well as somewhat terrified, during parts of the slow journey from the plain, in which the oxen dragged up the barren steeps the heavy waggons that they were yoked to, along roads often abruptly winding round rugged and stupendous rocks; and in which, while, upon the one side, every thing towered high above their heads, upon the other, at the distance of a few feet, the precipice looked

almost perpendicularly downward; and every thing, in the far distant bottom, was wholly out of view. Among these naked heights, upon which the clouds often rested, but upon which there grew neither trees nor herbage, the vulture, with its broad and heavy wing, was sometimes to be seen sailing over the wide abyss; and, over the summits of the opposite mountains, the heavens, at this time, showed the sweetest blue; but here, for a space, all was grey and barren upon the earth, and silent on the earth and in the air. The change, therefore, was but so much the more transporting, when the train began its descent into the eastern country; when the rocks began to be solaced with springs, and decorated with plants and trees; when the springs enlarged themselves into mountain pools and waterfalls; when the torrents began to make themselves heard beneath, and when the sunny mists, the rainbows, and the white foam, began to glitter and to glow above them; when the depths became lined with verdant slopes, and when the pomp of forests, and the carpeting of wide grassy breadths, began to discover themselves, at first at intervals, and afterward in continued expansion, over all the soil below. Then it was that the little eyes of Charles, as if in an enchanted world, (and such it is, to northern imaginations!)

beheld, for the first time, some of the higher glories of African scenery; the deep green of a tropical vegetation, the deep blue of a tropical sky; and all the terrible, and all the golden, and all the effulgent lustre, of the tropical star of day! By degrees, their road, upon every side, became surrounded by the most splendid of African heaths, by the brightest geraniums, by spreading aloes, with their majestic spikes of flowers; by amaryllises and proteas; and by all the richness of dark and lofty forests, which, even in this part of the Cape Colony, boast sixty varieties of trees. Among the latter, the wheels of the wag-gons sometimes crushed the projecting foliage of what, as to its leaves and acorns, resembled the oak of Europe; but which, instead of gnarled and twisted branches, stretched stiffly into the sky, spread out its long, yielding, and trailing branches over the ground, at great distances from its body; or else grazed against the tall reed-like stems of the Cape bamboos, or against the trunks of euphorbias, or Cape palm-trees. At other times, they rolled over aloes and geraniums together, and over those strange unnatural-looking, snake-like and spotted plants, which lie upon the ground, and are now seen in our English conservatories. "By the way," said Mynheer Van Hooff, to one of the most con-

versible of his attendants, as they once walked together, after the waggons, "I think it must be one of our African snake-like plants which has given rise to a story lately told, as I hear, in Europe, and in respect of which questions were asked me by some of the curious at Cape Town; about a *vegetable snake*, that, as they say, we have, in some parts of Africa (though far enough, perhaps, from us), a vegetable snake, forsooth, that has a flower for its head and its mouth; that bears blossoms, and yet eats; that is a plant, and yet creeps from place to place!"—"There is no end," returned the youthful Dutchman whom he addressed, "of the stories that they tell us of new things in the world, some real, I suppose, and some fantastical; and, if we were to live in Cape Town, where they believe every thing they hear, we should never know what the world does contain, and what it does not! Why, there was Mynheer Von Glimmerheimer, the other day, told me, (as he was smoking his pipe, and beseeching me to bring him curiosities, next year, from Graaf Reynet,) that folk have lately discovered a *singing-fish*—a true *syren*¹—or, as it has

¹ The name of *syren* has long since been appropriated, by naturalists, to a sort of fish, or sort of aquatic reptile, of the least beautiful of forms.

been named, a *triton*¹—though not quite so large as a mermaid or merman ;—for that the singing fish is of small size. Now, we always thought, before, that fish, at the least, were really *dumb creatures!*”

Day went after day, and night went after night, and still the journey continued without appearance of approaching to its end; but Charles, and, indeed, the entire party, seemed wholly content with their actual situation. The waggons were their moving homes; and, twice in every twenty-four hours, that is, at noon and evening, they encamped by the way side, to rest, to eat, and to listen to Negro and Hottentot stories, alternately of adventures of the chase, and of wild African tradition². Though Charles thought always of his promised meeting with Martha Hoyland, and of the restoration which, sooner or

¹ Singing-fish, or arborescent *tritonica*.

² The African Negroes have carried with them, to the West Indies, numberless stories from their country, which, in the latter places, are called “Nancy Stories,” or nursery tales; and which bear a general resemblance to the same description of stories in all other parts of the world. Like other tales of local popularity, and for all of which we are indebted to the antique world, they teach a lofty morality, or else a profound worldly wisdom, or lively picture of nature; in the midst of the thickest covering, and almost interminable tissue, of wild and extravagant adventure.

later, and in whatever way it was to be effected, that meeting was to afford him to his mother; yet the ceaseless succession of pleasures and diversions in which he was now engaged, lulled every feeling of impatience. The life of himself and those around him was the life of roving Tartars, except that they had neither flocks nor herds, in numbers, to tend or to defend. All the luxuries of the town were in their waggons, including arms and ammunition for the chase; and all that could be afforded by the country, (as sheep, oxen, horses, dogs, and men accustomed to their use,) made up the body of the train. Often, at break of day, the Lland-drost and his servants preceded the waggons on the chase, or suffered them to advance in front; or else, throughout the day, shot or hunted as they kept their way. At these times, Charles either slept or amused himself with his monkey in one of the waggons; or gathered flowers, or ran after birds or butterflies till he was tired, or picked up a land-tortoise, which, after introducing it to Charley, and giving it a ride for a few miles, he would return to a state of freedom by the roadside. Sometimes, also, he rode upon a small pony which was part of the Land-drost's troop; or either walked or rode by the side of the Hottentot who moved along with the foremost pair of oxen of

the team; a steady servant, whom his master could rely upon for the care of Charles, and whom Charles greatly revered for the broad straw hat which shaded his face, and from which depended a long black ostrich feather; and for the picturesque but scanty sheep-skin cloak which was his principal attire. Upon these occasions, Charley, instead of being always carried by Charles, or of being left to sleep or play his antics in the waggon by himself, was often accommodated with a seat upon the cross-bar which joined the yoke of the first pair of oxen, from which he could observe his friends, and study every thing that passed. At noon, when there was a general halt, and when, if practicable, everything drew or was drawn into the shade; when the fires were lighted, and the game, or fish, or beef, or mutton dressed; Charles was not the least ready among the partakers of the meal; nor the least willing, when the meal was over, to stretch himself upon his back, and to fall fast asleep. The sun having declined, Charles enjoyed, for a few hours, the placid journey of the evening; after which came the halt for the night; the preparations and enjoyment of the supper; and the gathering of the well-fed cattle and horses round the waggons; and the repose in the same waggons, and beneath their tarpaulins, of the whole variegated group.

Under one view, it might be said, that the adventures of each day were daily similar; but, under others, it is to be confessed, that almost each day had something to distinguish it from others. The moon-light nights, with which the journey commenced, had come gradually to a close; the sky, by day or by night, was not always serene; black clouds, loud thunder, and violent hail and rain, sometimes lessened, for an hour or two, the ease and comfort of the travellers; while, at the same instant, they refreshed the earth, purified the atmosphere, mitigated the heat, and provided for the health of the creature, and the abundance of the supplies of food. Upon other days, there was the comparatively rare occurrence of some of the larger beasts or birds appearing in view; and sometimes the excitement of a promised chase, or that of threatened danger. At times, also, though rarely, they met, or overtook, or were overtaken, by travellers like themselves; by small parties of Hottentot soldiers, in their light equipments and their dark green jackets; by a Hottentot postman, who, on horseback, passed from Cape Town to Graham's Town in nine days; by English settlers; and by Dutch or Africander boors like themselves, with whom they exchanged the civility of "Goeden dæg"—"Good day!" and inquired and heard the news of prices and demand at Cape Town;

—of rains and droughts to the eastward; of Caffre *schelms* or robbers, and of drivings of Caffre cattle. Among the diversities, too, were those of the character of the landscape, and of the accommodation which the soil afforded; for, if it was luxuriant on one spot, or for one or two or three days' continuance, here, it was at least as desolate there; wide tracts were without water, and therefore without verdure, and without animal life; and nothing was more frequent, among the widely-scattered farms, than lands of two or three thousand acres by measure, upon all which there was but a single watering-place for the cattle, and which could therefore be fed and cultivated only upon that extensive, and yet not always profitable scale. The surface of the Cape Colony, or of the great southern extremity of Africa, is a table-land of vast elevation above the level of the sea. Upon the south, or upon the right hand of all the road which our travellers were passing, the sea is the continuous boundary; and upon the north, or left hand, running from west to east, are ranges of mountains, whose feet, again, are upon the summit of the table-land, and from which descend the rivers of the country, all directed southward to the sea. But these rivers have worn for themselves those channels which give its variety to the whole country. Their

depth is often such, that from the brink to the level land above, an elephant, browsing upon the trees and shrubs by the side of the stream at the bottom, loses the appearance of much magnitude, and that the streams, dashing over the rocks that lie in their channel, are no longer heard. Further, the breadth of these channels is so great, that from brink to brink of the opposite banks, the same diminutions of sounds and sights occur; and that the descending slopes, or abrupt precipices, which form the sides, afford space for the thickest as well as oldest growths of forest-trees, and for enormous rocks, solid or detached, and consisting of the granite stone that forms, in general, the basis of all this wide and lofty projection with which terminates the continent of Africa. It is the prevailing height of all this table-land, above the levels of the sea and rivers, which so much exposes the country to drought, and renders *rain* the prevailing object of solicitude with its men and beasts; and it is up and down, at favourable places, the banks of these deep glens or channels, and across the stony *drifts*, or fords of the rivers, that, so often, the waggons have to be drawn. Sometimes, by night, also, and in these varied situations, the party was more alarmed, or at least disturbed, than commonly, by the near approach of

hyenas, howling in tones that, but for its numbers, might have made it anxious, at least for its sheep; and by the sharp shrill cries of the small but ravening jackals. But why do we dwell upon petty and ordinary events and particulars like these, considering the great, and unusual, and melancholy catastrophe which will be found to have distinguished the present journey, and to have given a conclusion in grief and terror, to that which was begun in peace and joy?

Beasts of prey, or even beasts of magnitude and strength and violence, form, as these pages have more than once represented, the least of the dangers, either of residence or travel, in this or any other part of Africa, all which country, not the less, abounds in their production. They fly, under every ordinary circumstance, from the abode and approach of man; and it requires all the enterprise, the daring, the fatigue, and even the skill and experience of the hunter, so much as to find them, and to court an exposure to those dangers which, with all this exertion, are confessedly to be at last arrived at; and from which source alone we derive, for the most part, all the histories of destruction or injury, from such natives of wild, or of thinly peopled countries. It is true that, already, upon this journey, Charles had ob-

tained a glimpse of a hyena, seen the tail and hinder legs of a lion, and been shown, from the tilt of the waggon, the curved and dark grey back of an elephant, standing somewhat higher than the low wood of spek-boom trees, among which it was feeding; nay, the entire party had been scared, for a moment, by the rustling of the leaves and the snapping of the dry branches, which preceded the appearance of an angry rhinoceros, which, pursuing a hunter, and unawed by the flames of their fires, rushed past their dining-place, one day, on the border of the woods, grunting after the manner of a hog, and rooting up the earth with the horn upon his nose, which he carried close to the ground, as if smelling out the footsteps of his enemy. But the rhinoceros passed the party without heeding them, and at as quick a pace as those that least welcomed him could wish. The colonists of the Cape have other and less timid of its native inhabitants to be afraid of. Habits of alternate plunder and massacre have long prevailed between the Dutch boors and the Caffres—both of them keepers of cattle, and accustomed to ride on *forays*, as formerly the bordering Scotch and English. Traffic, too, has given a share of fire-arms to each; and the state of things now mentioned, has even produced the existence of bands

of armed cattle-stealers, composed of mixed Caffres and Hottentots; the latter, the domesticated, or the civilized descendants of the Bosjesmanns, or Bushmen, already spoken of, and who are so called, as being the wild natives, or natives of the *bush* or forest¹.

It was not, however, from the Caffres, any more than from the wild beasts, nor even from

¹ It is sometimes said, by English visitors to the Cape, that the name of *bush* has been given with peculiar propriety by its Dutch settlers to the woods or forests of the country, because a great part of the growth upon them (that of the high and open country) is really composed of *bushes*, more than of what can be truly described as either forest-trees or underwood. But that distinction has had no share in determining the appellation given by the Dutch, from whom whatever is *wood* or *forest* with the English, receives the name of *bush*. In all the Anglo-Dutch colonies we possess, (the tall and heavily-timbered wilds of New York—the Dutch Nieuw Nedderlandes—among the rest), the “*wood-runner*” of the English is the “*bush-loper*” of the Dutch; and so of all other things and objects with respect to which the terms *wood* or *bush* are to be employed. In reality, the *bush* of the Dutch, (the English orthography and employment of which word is peculiar to ourselves,) comes from a Celtic root, of wide ramification, but always importing whatever is meant by the English *wood* or *forest*. It furnishes, in contraction, to the French, their word *bois*; and, with less remove from the original, their word *bosquet*, a “little wood,” or “little grove,” or “thicket;” and it is, perhaps, from this French diminutive, *bosquet*, that the English have derived their peculiar employment of the word *bush*—“a little tree,” and their adjective *bosky*; which, literally, is “bushy.”

the *schelm* or robber Caffres and Hottentots together, that came the calamity which, at this point, darkens anew our story ! The Bushmen, or proper inhabitants of the western side of the Cape Colony, have been mentioned, in preceding chapters, as of exceedingly diminutive size ; while the Hottentots, or civilized descendants of their race, enjoy a larger growth. But these dwarfish hunters and warriors, who, with their small bows and arrows (their only weapon), though they can seriously wound neither their enemies nor the larger game by the exercise of strength, have found an aid, in the use of that poison with which they tip their arrows ! The Bushmen, too, have many present, and still more traditionary wrongs, to resent against the Dutch settlers generally. The time has but lately passed away, since the latter, whether under Dutch or English dominion, were accustomed to hunt and destroy the Bushmen, precisely as they also hunted and destroyed wild beasts and vermin. They made hunting-parties for this purpose ; and, when they surprised the *craals*, or circles of bee-hive cabins in which these people preferably live, or broke into the caves, or into the holes in the rocks, to which they fled for concealment and security ; they killed the grown Bushmen, male and female, and brought away the children, or *young ones*, just as they would have treated old and young

lions, or old and young jackals or hyenas. From these Bushmen *young ones*, have been bred the Hottentots, who are the general servants at the Cape; and who, without being slaves, are yet not free; for, if they are found out of service, they are put into prison till they can obtain a master and mistress; a regulation not, perhaps, to be condemned, since it prevents them from becoming a race of houseless vagrants. The Bushmen, in many parts, are almost wholly extirpated; but, driven from the west, they still subsist, rather in numbers, to the eastward; that is, toward the vicinity of Graaf Reynet, and toward the borders of the Caffres. The Bushmen, therefore, constitute a danger to be somewhat thought of, by every Africander boor, in these parts of the country.

The party was now within some eight or ten days of arriving at Graaf Reynet, and the worthy Land-drost had begun to talk more to Charles of what he would see at his farm—of the kind reception and good eating which he would receive from the Vrouw Van Hooff—and of his intended arrangements for first ascertaining the place of residence, and state of prosperity, of Martha Hoyland and her husband, and afterward consigning him to their hands: “But we shall be sorry to part with you, mine

child," said he, again and again; "and when you are settled, you must often come and see us, and get some good sheep's-head, and sheep's-tail fat; for they know nothing about such things at Graham's Town, and there is nobody that properly understands them, in all Graaf Reynet, saving and excepting mine dear Vrouw.—Mine poor boy, too," he would add, "de shall see dine moder again, and soon, and comfort the poor Vrouw for de loss of dine dear fader; and we must see what dine friends at Graham's Town can do for de; for who knows, poor dings, but dey may be starving demselves, like so many of all dem English; and de must not want, mine dear child, nor must de be left alone in dis wide and scorched-up country, where God has placed us, and where he expects us to take care of one anoder;—and besides, mine child, I must give a good account of de, and of what I have done wi de, when I get back, next year, or two, or tree, to Cape Town, and see the Noble Governor, and the Noble Vrouw, the Governor's Lady, what kissed de when de came away, and bade de be a good boy, and pray for dine moder, and dine broder and sister, and trust to mine poor zelf, and to mine Vrouw, to see de safe and well!"

It was night, and the sky was dark and cloudy,

and the wind was whistling through the trees, and the red embers of the fires were gradually dying away; and Mynheer Van Hooff, after dismissing to the waggons all his attendants, except those which were about to bring fresh fuel, for keeping off the hyenas during the night, was leading Charles from the seat which they occupied, to his bed in the waggon, and talking to him, with caresses, somewhat in the foregoing manner; when, on a sudden, the ears of all were assailed by a shrill discordant shriek, as of many voices, accompanied, at the same instant, by the flight of many arrows. The party knew but too well that the attack came from the Bushmen; and two or three of the slaves and servants had their arms sufficiently near, to fire in the direction of the enemy, at with little more than a moment's loss of time. The fire was followed by new shrieks, of which some sounded like shrieks of those that were hurt; by the flight of a small number of arrows; and then by the noise of feet hastily retreating amid the underwood and branches. Alas! the next moment sufficed to discover to the whole party, that their kind-hearted master had received a Bushman's arrow deep within the muscles of his neck!

The wound was no sooner known, and its source no sooner ascertained, than all was dismay and

phrenzy among the slaves and servants of the Landdrost. Effective remedy for the poison of a Bushman's arrow the colony had none; and that this arrow was indeed poisoned, the sufferings which it could inflict rapidly made manifest. No other person of the party was injured; but, of the Bushmen, one had been killed upon the spot, and another mortally wounded, by the fire which they had provoked. The dying Bushman was brought into the presence of the equally dying Landdrost, and questioned as to the motives of himself and countrymen for the attack: "Could your pigmy crew," said one, "expect to overpower our party?"—"No!"—"Could you hope even, like Caffres, to reap the plunder?"—"No!"—"Did you fight, then, for all our blood?"—"No!" "What did you want, then, vermin?"—"We wanted to kill, hyenas!"—"To kill whom or what, blood-sucker?"—"To kill the great, the strong-limbed Landdrost, whose father killed the chief of our people, and killed his wife, and stole away their little ones! But I see that our arrows have prospered, and I die content. If the Dutch fiends cannot be just, at least let them be fearful!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Nothing in the world is single!
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's beings mingle.

BYSCHÉ SHELLEY.

THE fever, with which the poison filled the veins of the hapless though worthy Land-drost, mounted speedily into his brain, and produced a strong delirium. In that state, he gazed, first upon Charles, and then upon the dying Bushman, and from the lips of the Hottentots, who knew and repeated to each other what the latter had said, he appeared to catch at the word "father;" and, from all that he saw and heard, to run into a current of ideas belonging to time past, and not the present: "Father," he exclaimed, "don't go to hurt the Bushmen! Pray don't kill any more of those little men! Father, they

are not wild beasts, but men! Father, if they are not Christians, at least they are men; at least, they are God's children! Let me put away the rifle! Let me take the powder-horn! Oh! if you will not think of yourself, think of us and our mother! God is just! Blood for blood! Widow for widow! Orphan for orphan! Have mercy, father! Children suffer for their fathers! Oh! what? you will go? Oh stop! stop! stop!"—and, here, he stretched forth his arms, and lifted his body, as if he thought that he had hold upon his deceased father; and immediately afterward, fell back, as if he had lost his hold, and his father had left him unrelenting! The effort had overcome his strength; and, now, he lay, for some few minutes, silent and tranquil, and his reason was soon seen to have returned.

The fright, the amazement, and the loud cries and sobs, with which Charles had beheld and accompanied all these scenes, and the fearful aspect with which he stood a little apart, may well be imagined by the reader. But the mental agony of the Land-drost, while the latter supposed himself to be addressing his father, and while he poured forth, with the utmost vehemence with which even his fever could endow him, the piercing cries through which, and even through the efforts of his arms, he hoped to

arrest the purpose of his imaginary parent, then, as it were, getting upon his very horse, to join in the murders of his brother boors;—this mental agony of the Land-drost at least equalled that of Charles, and (united with the spectacle of his bodily violence) awed the unhappy young spectator into a temporary but perfect silence;—a silence which he became still more disposed to maintain, when, as it seemed to him, his unfortunate benefactor, and new father, fell into a momentary sleep. But the latter, presently recovering, with his reason, the power to utter a few faint words, lived long enough only to call Charles to his side, and, taking his hand, and drawing his face near to his own, as if he wished to kiss him, to say, “Mine child, mine Vrouw will take care of de. God bless her, and—God bless de! God”—But the Land-drost could utter no more, and what followed was only his last sigh!

Charles, when the word “dead” had been once spoken by those around, lost all restraint upon his feelings. When drawn toward the dying man, still lying upon the ground, by that tender hand which still enclosed his own, he had fallen upon his knees, at his shoulder; and, now, after looking, for an instant, with quivering in-

credulity, into his face, the tears came afresh, in torrents, from his eyes, and he burst into a loud scream of the most unsoothable anguish; but even this the passionate excitement of his mind arrested, for, in the frantic notion of a possible change of the event, he speedily found words to address to the dead ears: "Oh! don't die! Oh father! (for, in this manner, the good man had taught him to address him,) oh father! don't die; don't go; don't leave me;—Oh! what *shall* I do?" And, when he had renounced all hope, he piteously looked up to the dark heavens, and next rubbed his fingers in his eyes, complaining that his first father was drowned in the sea, and now his new father was killed in the wilderness; that the Dutchman, too, who brought him from the wreck, was drowned; that his mother was far away; and that thus all that were good to him were either gone from him, or he removed from them!

The slaves and Hottentots, and the other members of the party, were partakers in the consternation and the grief. After the death of the master of the convoy had become irrevocably certain, their first anxiety regarded the disposal of his body; and as, according to the heavy progress of the waggons, they were still many days from home, their first thought

was to give it temporary burial in the woods, covering the spot with masses of rock. But, it was soon adjudged, that even if, with that precaution, it were made secure against the hyenas, its exposure to triumphant removal by the Bushmen was nevertheless certain; and, from that consideration, it was resolved to send it forward with horsemen and a litter; two of the Hottentots being accompanied by one of the boors, and a cousin of the widowed Vrouw, the better, at once, to secure respect to the remains of the dead, and to convey the tale of his decease. A momentary suggestion followed, to forward little Charles (the common care of the whole party) by the same expeditious opportunity; but the conclusion, that there was no way of enabling him to travel with so little fatigue as by his continuing with the waggons; and that, upon the whole, it might be better he should not reach the farm until after the funeral, which would take place almost immediately upon the arrival of the body, —sufficed to prevent its adoption. The body, therefore, was carried forward, and Charles continued with the waggons; where Negro, Hottentot, and Dutchmen united to provide for all his wants and wishes, and to divert him from the

recollection of his loss, and from his despair as to the future.

The party were unanimous in extolling the virtues of the unfortunate deceased; but the slaves and servants possessed, in truth, a double motive for weeping at his end! They dreaded, under the effect of that calamity, the approach of home. They dreaded their subjection to the undivided sway of the *Vrouw Van Hooff*. They recalled to each other's recollection, examples of the violence of her temper, of the rigour of her commands, and of the brutality of her punishments. They recounted, at the same time, the instances in which their just and tender master had interposed between her severities and their heads and bones; the maxims of forbearance he would utter; the decrees of punishment which he would annul; and the acts of bounty and indulgence with which he would often endeavour to compensate for acts of cruelty or harshness executed by the *Vrouw* in his absence, or against his unavailing entreaties. These conversations, however, were pursued chiefly by stealth; because another cousin of the *Vrouw* was still with the party; and because they seldom proceeded far, without the accompaniment of threats, upon the side of the servants and slaves, the one to quit the service,

and the other to fly from the authority, of the barbarous Vrouw. Nothing, in short as to the demeanour of all composing it, could less resemble the march of the party, from Cape Town to the place of the death of the Land-drost, than that which the same party was now performing. Instead of the songs of the Negroes and Hottentots, with which they had encouraged the steps of the oxen, across the wide and lofty plains, and the cheerful or soothing cries and expressions with which they urged them to caution in the descent of the precipices, or encouraged or animated them in the arduous labour of the steep ascents; instead of the lively stories, the ceaseless jest, and the loud laughter, the smacking of the whiplashes, and the caperings and mimicries of the unemployed, and all of which had made the passage of the waggons a little jubilee, for the moment, in the breadths of the desert; everything was now grave and silent, save for the necessary calls of the drivers, and other words of business; and for the low, muttered, and occasional interchange of complaint, apprehension, and menace, in respect of the dreaded home!

The cousin of the Vrouw, though feared, upon this occasion, by the slaves and servants, for the precise reason that he was her cousin; enjoyed, in other respects, their esteem, as a man free from

any remarkable defects of character or conduct; besides which, he was not an Africander or Creole, or Dutch native of the Cape, but a real Dutchman of "the old country,"—born in the good town of Blinkendorp, and schooled in the city of Amsterdam; and upon all those accounts ever looked up to invidiously by the Negroes and Hottentots, in contrast with their immediate masters, the Cape Dutchmen;—while, to little Charles, Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer was by no means the last of those who seemed to make it their hourly endeavour to prevent his feeling the privation of his patron, by means of all words and deeds of kindness, as well toward himself, as toward the great consolation of his bosom, the green monkey Charley! With this new guardian, therefore, Charles walked or rode many a pleasant, though generally sorrowing mile, or sat upon the rail or upon the floor of the waggon; and, when so much of the words of the slaves and servants came to their joint ears, as related to the rigour of the living Vrouw, and the mercifulness of her late husband, Van Dunderblouwer was earnest in persuading his charge, that he, at least had nothing to fear; particularly as, though he could not deny that the Vrouw was a little hard in her temper, he must soon be out of her reach, because her house would only

be his resting-place until inquiry could be made after the exact abode of the Hoylands, and until an opportunity should offer of putting him safely among his English friends.

Partly tranquillized by these discourses, and continually invited to attention by fresh objects and small occurrences along the road, the child resumed, at length, a portion of his cheerfulness; found delight, once more, in the tricks and marvellous understanding of Charley; gathered bunches of flowers, and gave them to Charley to pick to pieces, or else threw them, fading, by the way side; and asked the same succession of questions as before, either of the slaves, or of the Hottentots, or of Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer, who was now the successor of the Land-drost in his affections. But some of the arrows of the "pigmy but dreaded Bushmen," and the bows of the two of the slain, had been brought from the spot where they were used with so much sad effect; and the structure and figure of these, together with the cause of the speedy and appalling death which he had seen them able to inflict, were among the earliest subjects of Charles's intensest curiosity and fearful interest. The bow and arrow of the Bushmen, as already described, are of sizes which an English child of very moderate years might carry and find strength to

use, and, so far, Charles would willingly have appropriated the entire spoil to himself; but the dreaded points were of too serious a sort to be either trusted in his hands, or even reluctantly resigned. He was very earnest, however, to learn the whole history of the poisoning, and also of the mechanism of the point, which differed widely from the ordinary structure. His Dutch friend made him take notice, that the arrow consisted in a slight reed; and showed him, that into the mouth of this a small sharpened bone (said to be of the ostrich) is thrust, but left unfastened. This bone, which is poisoned, remains in the wound when the arrow is taken away; because, by means of a small hook or barb, it is prevented from leaving the flesh at the same time with the reed. He told him, that these arrows were sometimes pointed with a thin, triangular, sharp piece of iron, instead of bone, which former is always black from the colour of its covering of the gluey poisonous substance. Concerning the nature of that substance, Charles was importunately curious; but his friend confessed the extraordinary fact, that the Colonists knew nothing, either of its nature or of its antidote, but only of its quick fatality; and that some called it mineral or metallic; others believed it the juice or juices of plants; and others, an

animal poison, derived from the venom of serpents.

When Charles had exhausted inquiry concerning the arrows and their poison, he next turned to the cause that the little ugly men should have wished to kill his benefactor; or, rather, to the cause of the reciprocal injuries, the practice of which he had sufficiently heard to prevail between the Bushmen and the boors?

“In the first place, my dear little fellow,” said Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer, “the Dutchmen came to this country, (which was then the country of the Bushmen,) and built farmhouses, and enclosed farms, upon the lands from which the Bushmen and their fathers before them had derived subsistence, either in game, or in fruits, seeds, roots, reptiles, and even *locusts*. Certain bargains were originally made with them for portions of their land; and, so far, all was peaceable and fair. But neighbours like these will seldom long continue without beginning injustice upon one side or the other; and when injustice has once begun upon either side, there is no saying where it will stop. Blow follows after blow; and every thing that is done upon one part, becomes an excuse, or at least a pretext, for every thing that is done upon the other.”

“But why could not the Dutchmen and the

Bushmen," said Charles, "agree to be good people upon both sides, and so to do no harm to either?"

"My dear child," answered the Dutchman, "do you not know that even little boys and girls are very apt to be covetous and violent, and to take from each other what does not belong to them, and to use all their strength against each other; the big against the little, and the little against the big?"

"Yes, for I remember that once, when I was standing at our gate, Dick Barefoot snatched my new top-string out of my hand, as he went by; and when I ran after him, and caught him, he beat me for asking for what was my own, and went away with it at last! And, one day, Sally Muggins—"

"Well, then," resumed Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer, "you can partly understand, I see, how the big Dutchmen and the little Bushmen, though a little older than either you, or Dick Barefoot, or Sally Muggins, may have happened to be so foolish, or so wicked, as to begin the injury of each other; but, whichever was in fault in the beginning, I am afraid, for many reasons, that my countrymen, the big Dutchmen, have been the worst of the two in the end."

“Then, you think it possible that the little Bushmen may have been the first in fault?”

“I think it possible, and I am willing to hope so; that is, they may have committed some pilferings or trespasses which gave the excuse, or at least the pretext, for the first attack; and then the Dutchmen, being the strongest, and by no means the least wicked, lost no time, I dare say, in taking more than vengeance upon the unhappy Bushmen!”

“What a pity,” returned Charles, “that they could not have lived in peace, in this large country, and with all these fruits and flowers!”

“Many causes of discontent and quarrel,” said the Dutchman, “are apt to arise between European colonists and the natives of the countries to which they go; and as the Europeans are commonly the strongest, and have at least their full share of vice and wickedness, the natives generally suffer in all forms. After this, the party which is the sufferer at one moment, becomes, in taking vengeance, or in making reprisal, itself the cause of suffering at another. It is, thus, you see, with the death of our poor Landdrost. His father killed the Bushmen; and, now, the Bushmen have killed him. You see, friend Charles, the use of laws and government. In proportion as those have power, people live in

safety; while, in countries where it is difficult to bring them into full operation, and everywhere in proportion as they fail in their object, such scenes as that which you have witnessed but too commonly occur. The natives of a country like this, and living as these natives live, suffer, from the extension of agriculture, in the loss of game, and are thus tempted to do injury to the colonists, even where the colonists are not in immediate fault; and the colonists, at a distance from their government, and able to oppress the natives, are apt to listen but little either to law or conscience. To all appeals, either to law or religion, it has been said, that they are too apt to answer, that "God is far above, and the king is far away, and we are masters here!" But, even where there is any direct fault, there is often infinite provocation. At present, in the English Australian colonies, a war is carrying on against the natives, because they steal sheep in the back settlements. But what is the plea of the natives? They say, that the colonists are extirpating their kangaroos, and that therefore, not to starve, they take the colonists' sheep!

"Yes; but there is one thing," said Charles, "that puzzles me;" for he had almost ceased to hear what Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer advanced, having fallen into one of those reveries, con-

cerning right and wrong, in which children so frequently indulge, and whence they are prompted to ask questions that are said to be "beyond their years," though anything but entitled to that name. Children, whose minds, whose principles, and whose affections, should naturally open, strengthen, and become ripe, along with all the faculties of their bodies, are eminent and often clear-sighted casuists; and among the other things of which they desire to be informed, or to have their doubts removed, are all those which any way appear to trench upon natural right and wrong. A sort of premature understanding has often been described as belonging to the children of the East, while its equal prevalence in the West has seemed to pass unnoticed; and while it is really premature, neither in the West nor in the East. The acuteness of children's reasonings everywhere continually presents itself; and though it is easy, at least for a time, to deceive children, as well as grown persons, with false facts, it is commonly difficult to satisfy them with false arguments; and there are, perhaps, in very many situations, abundant causes why children's mental acquirements, and even mental faculties, should not keep pace, in after life, with early promise: and the acuteness and understanding, let it

be added, of which we are now speaking, are not peculiar to any rank in society, nor to any superiority of school education; but belong to that natural good sense which is as little artificial as the colour of a child's skin, or as the rose upon its cheeks:

“ Good sense—which only is the gift of Heaven;
And, though no science, fairly worth the seven! ”

“ Yes,” said Charles, (awaking from his reverie, when Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer ceased to talk, as the miller wakes from his sleep, when his mill ceases to go;) “ Yes, but there is one thing that puzzles me. You talk of justice; and I heard the Land-drost say, just before he died, that ‘ God is just;’ and then, he said, that children suffer for their fathers; and then, you say, that the Land-drost never killed any of the Bushmen; and you say that what he cried out so violently against killing them, was like what he used to say when he was but a boy, and his father was a man. Now, how is it just, that the Land-drost, who, as you say, never did harm to the Bushmen, should be killed by the Bushmen, and that, as you say, his father, who killed so many of the Bushmen, and of their wives, and of their children, should have died peaceably in his bed? If *I* were to shoot

a Bushman with one of these arrows, would it be just that *I* should escape, and that *you* should be killed?"

"My dear little Englishman," cried Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer, really delighted with the child's very reasonable question, and fully put to his skill to give an equally reasonable reply: "My dear little Englishman," said he, (and indulging in a reflection before he proceeded,) "I see that there are many points of resemblance between the early stage of human society, and the early stage of human life; and that, among the rest, want of natural quickness belongs to neither. A learned Jesuit¹ has left upon record, that while preaching to the *savages* in Canada, he was met by questions and objections the most subtle, and often the very same with which the learned of Greece, and Rome, and Carthage, had perplexed the Fathers of the Church; and to reply to which, in the wigwams and in the forests, he was obliged to recollect and make use of all his early reading of those Fathers, in the schools; and here am I called upon, by a little boy like you, to explain one of the gravest subjects that can be mentioned! I shall attempt, however, the task; and I am very glad of your second question, as to the justice with which *I*

¹ Father Charlevoix.

might suffer for *your* killing a Bushman; because this will greatly help the lesson that I propose to offer.

“ You heard the poor dying Land-drost exclaim, ‘ Blood for blood;’ and that children suffer for their fathers ! Now, that there should be blood for blood is just, because punishment tends to prevent offence; and that the same individual who commits the offence, should not always be the one to suffer for it, offers only another security against crime, by making it every one’s interest to prevent, as much as possible, all other persons from becoming guilty. Because, if *you* were to shoot a Bushman, *I* might be the person killed in return; therefore I have an additional reason for preventing you from so doing, were you so wickedly inclined. It is the same with our whole party, the mischief committed by any one of which, might be injurious to all, or to one or more of the most innocent. It is the same with a whole colony, and with a whole state; and, again, with a whole family: and hence the interest which every body has, that every body else should abstain from wrong, even where the injury seems the least likely to be returned upon himself. Good comes out of good, and evil out of evil; and this is just. But, upon which particular person either will light, may be uncertain;

and hence the interest of all, that all should perform good, and all abstain from evil.

‘ Nothing in the world is single ;
 All things, by a law divine,
 In one another’s beings mingle ;’—

so says an English poet ; and that truth, while it shows the foundation of the *right* of all men to insist upon the just conduct of all men, ought to be of great force in keeping all of us, old or young, to the voluntary performance of our duty, and voluntary abstinence from wrong. I have a *right* to prevent you from shooting a Bushman, not only for other reasons, but because the consequence might happen to be my own death ; and it is your *duty* to abstain from shooting a Bushman, because the revenge might not only kill you, but kill me also ; and so of a whole party, a whole colony, a whole kingdom, and a whole family. Numberless are the examples in the history of the world, where the evil or the good done by one person, or by one set of persons, at one place, or at one time, has been returned upon other persons, and in remote places, and in very distant times. The good or the evil that we do, is most likely to be returned upon those who are nearest to us, either in place, or by connection—though it may happen otherwise ; and

thus children are to do good, and to abstain from evil, out of consideration for their fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, as well as for themselves; and fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, out of consideration for the children. Good will follow from good, and evil from evil; and this is the 'justice;' and upon whom either will fall is uncertain, this is the motive for all to do good, and to abstain from evil, and to insist upon all others doing the same. Our dear, and innocent, and tender-hearted friend, the Landdrost, has been killed, only because his father was wicked, merciless, and a killer! But justice has been done to nature, whatever may have befallen the individual, because there has been 'blood for blood.' God, therefore, is just; he takes vengeance on injustice, and man has every motive, and every *right*, to do justice, and to restrain injustice, both in himself and others. We are never to consider ourselves as living in the world alone, but as part of a family, a neighbourhood, a nation, a continent, a globe; and as affecting and affected by all things, through words, thoughts, and deeds, and consequences, and examples."

CHAPTER XVII. X

Oh the hard bosoms of despotic power !
All, all but she, the author of his shame ;
All, all but she, regret this mournful hour !

SHENSTONE.

WHEN, at length, the waggons reached the farm at Graaf Reynet, everything in the yards, in the barns, and in the whole outside, wore, at least to those who knew and felt the circumstances of the arrival, a cheerless and melancholy aspect; and it was not without a beating heart and dejected eyelid, that Charles surrendered his hand to Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer, to be led into the presence of the mistress of the place. Upon entering the house-door, he found himself in a large room, darkened by the closing of the shutters to keep out the sun, and noisy with the barking of a dozen dogs, and with the cries and quarrels of five or six Dutch and half-naked slave-children, who were rolling together upon the floor. The

Vrouw was a large woman of some beauty of face and figure, but obviously gross, indolent, and absorbed in sensual and selfish indulgence. She sat in an easy, cushioned chair, with her naked feet thrust into slippers, and supported by a stool; her simple employment being to make *tea-water*, the whole day long, in an old Dutch teapot, which was then standing upon a table before her. At another table sat a young Dutch-woman at needle-work; and at a third, in another part of the room, were two slave-girls ironing.

After condoling with his cousin upon the death of the Land-drost, since whose funeral, as we have anticipated, many days had already past, (and all the history of which, together with that of the English orphan, she had already heard from the cousin who accompanied the body;) Mynheer Van Dunderblower put the child forward to her knee, mentioned the zeal which the Land-drost had entertained for his welfare, till he could be sent, with perfect certainty of finding his English friends, to the neighbourhood of Graham's Town; and added, that he should himself lose no time in making the needful inquiries. The Vrouw had not one kiss to give the trembling Charles, but she told him that he would soon be sent on to his friends; that he should stay at her house till he

could go; and that, in the meantime, she expected he would be a very good boy. Some little time afterward, she told him to sit down upon a stool which she pushed in his way; bade one of the slave-girls to give him a piece of water-melon; and then left him disregarded upon her part, while the children upon the floor ceased their cries and their quarrels, to collect around him, and to gaze at him.

Charles, in the meantime, had given in charge of his favourite Hottentot, the fellow-traveller of which the reader has so often heard, and which occupied so large a space in his heart. When he found himself thus coldly and even austere received by the Vrouw, pinned to the stool, and surrounded by the troop of dirty children, the water-melon remained untasted in his hand; his eyes gradually filled with tears; and, venturing, at length, to rise from his seat, he slowly and silently sidled toward Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer, to whom, after many efforts to speak, he whispered, at last, the question, whether he might go and see Charley?

“And who is Charley,” said the Vrouw, with an appearance of equal surprise and dissatisfaction? “What! did my poor husband burden himself with *two* of these good-for-nothing English brats?”

“Oh no, my dear and worthy cousin!” said Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer; “but perhaps I ought to have told you before, that the child has got a little monkey, which he calls Charley, and which was given to him by the Lady of His Excellency the Governor; and that he and his monkey have never been separated a moment from each other. So, you will give him leave, I dare say, to fetch it. It is a very pretty and good-natured creature, and he has left it in care of Cupid, the driver of the fore-team.”

“*I* let him fetch his nasty monkey into my sitting-room, and among Christians,” cried the Vrouw; “no, cousin Van Dunderblouwer, I thought you had known me, and my notions of domestic propriety, a little better! But really, you people from the old country come to Africa with such ideas!”

“Well, then, cousin,” returned, soothingly, Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer, “the child wishes to go to his monkey; and to that, I suppose, you have no objection?”

“Not I, indeed,” answered the Vrouw; “the brat may go where he pleases for me; and I only wish that he and his monkey were away from Blouw-veldt’s farm together! Off with you, brat,” said she, to Charles; “off with you, if you want to go; and never let me see your nasty monkey,

or I shall knock its head off for it! Poor dear Mynheer Jan Martin Van Hooff," added she, as Charles left the door, "was always troubling himself (God forgive me!) with what did not belong to him! Nobody could be in trouble, but (God forgive me!) the poor dear foolish man must always be trying to help them out; as if one had not work enough to do, (God forgive me!) to take care of oneself, in such a place as this is, and with so many mouths to feed! Flora, you dirty ugly little wretch," cried she in conclusion, to one of the children on the floor; "get out of my sight this instant, or I will break every bone in your skin; or serve you again, as I served you only yesterday;—you know how, (God forgive me!) you yellow-faced, wide-mouthed, little devil's own wretch, you do!"

It would be idle, after this specimen and commencement, to relate more of the general course of life of Charles and Charley at Blouwveldt's farm, so far, at least, as its interior and the Vrouw were concerned, during the long month's time which followed, without any tidings from the English settlements, to ascertain the abode or existence of the Hoylands. It was a new misfortune, also, for Charles, that after the first fortnight, he lost both the society and the protection of Mynheer Van

Dunderblouwer, who had been commissioned by the Vrouw to return to Cape Town expeditiously, that is, upon horseback, to transact certain business in her name, rendered necessary by the unforeseen calamity of the late Land-drost's death; and, though the remaining cousin of the amiable widow was not to be charged with adding anything to the harshness or else neglect which the child was now condemned to experience; yet this person, who was an Africander born, and one of the ordinary description of Cape boors—tall, stout, coarse, phlegmatic, indifferent; a large lump of apathy, in short, whose hat scarcely ever left his head, or whose pipe his mouth;—this person took no notice, day after day, of anything that Charles did, or anything that he suffered.

Charles, till the time of Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer's departure, spent uniformly, with that estimable young man, among the cattle, and in the fields, with his monkey upon his shoulder, or at play or asleep upon the ground, a large part of his time: for he entered the house as little as possible; quitted it as soon as he rose in the morning; returned to it only at meals, and to go to bed; and never met the eye, nor heard the voice of the Vrouw, without a sense of terror. When Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer

went, new tears ran in streams from his eyes; new assurances, that he must soon hear of Martha Hoyland, and would be carried to her, or at the worst, that his companion and protector would soon return, were requisite for soothing his breaking heart;—a point, at length, so far gained, that, as the latter mounted his horse, he was able, with watery cheeks, and sobbing interrupted words, to look up, and take what turned out to be his last farewell; charging him, at the same time, to carry his prayers and praises to Lady Pontefract, and to the Aide-de-Camp, and to the maid that used to put him to bed, and to the footman that lifted him into the carriage; and to tell them all, that he had not found Martha Hoyland, nor heard of his mother, yet; but that the monkey was quite well, and that he loved him dearly; and that he hoped Charley at the Government House, and the golden pigeons, and even the fine man, the Governor himself, that wore a star upon his breast, was well also; and to tell them how sorry he was that the wicked Bushmen had killed the large gentleman that had been so kind to him, and had carried him in his waggon, and how much he cried every day because he was not still alive; “and be sure,” repeated he, in conclusion, (the sobs coming still quicker, as Mynheer Van Dun-

derblouwer gave him the last kiss, and let him drop into the Negro's arms, pressing the spur, at the same time, against his horse's side;) "be sure to tell them all, that my Charley is quite well, and that he liked his journey very much, though we are none of us quite so happy now, and shall all be very unhappy after you have left us; and that it was very good of the Lady to buy Charley for me; and that I love him dearly, and love her too!"

Charles, after this lamented departure, still kept away, to his utmost, from the mansion; and this without occasioning any offence to the Vrouw, who merely tolerated his presence, and his abode at the farm; and never occupied herself with him for a moment, except to scold him every night at going to bed, and at every meal to which he still continued to come. His companions, now, were the Negroes and Hottentots in the barns, the stables, the cow-houses, the fields, and the huts in which they resided; and among whom, in particular, a Hottentot woman showed so much attention to his little wants, that he speedily singled her out as his refuge in every sorrow, and nurse and friend for every wish; so, that in a great degree, her hut became his home, her table his table; and, though her own habits were less cleanly than her whole

heart was good, it was chiefly through her care that either his shirt or his face was washed, or that his shoes or stockings were mended, or that he continued in the enjoyment of a comb. Among his Negro and Hottentot friends, however, and with the cows, the oxen, the horses, the dogs, and his own monkey, which, now, lived entirely in the Hottentot woman's hut, and apart, as well from the Vrouw and her African-cousin, as from the slaves and children of the house, Charles had many contented hours; but yet his forebodings of new griefs, from the departure of Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer, were not long in being fulfilled. There are tempers and dispositions, (and the Vrouw's were of the number,) under the influence of which even the occasions of joy become altered into occasions of mourning; and which, from the melancholy workings of their malignant natures, often produce annoyance and distress around them, while their owners are actually planning to make compensation, by some occasional effort, for the hours and days of woe which it is their customary performance to create! Upon a beautiful African evening, while the slanting sunbeams lay upon the golden fruit, and snowy flowers, and dark glossy leaves of the orange-trees that grew in the court yard; while the

spreading geraniums glowed with a more dazzling scarlet; while the Ceylon-roses beamed their beauty upon every side, and while the mellow cries of the birds retiring to the woods, and the lowing of the cattle returning from the pastures, made every external object delicious to the sense, and could even soften, for a moment, the rugged temper of the Vrouw, seated as she was in the verandah which overhung the door of her dark but spacious family room; at this moment, though at a reverential distance, Charles happened to cross the ground below, his head covered with a broad Hottentot hat, and his monkey clinging to the crown of his hat, and with its grave looks, appearing in the full enjoyment of an evening promenade;—and, at this moment, also, the softened bosom of the Vrouw, respiring only the odours of jasmin, and stung by the view of a pleasing light, cast by the descending sun upon the little grotesque figure of the monkey, was induced to call Charles to her, even by name, and in the sweetest cadence of her voice.

Charles obeyed upon the instant, and even with but a moderate emotion of fear; so powerful was the effect of almost the first accent of peace that he had ever listened to from her tongue! When he had approached her, she told him that

he had been a good boy that day, and inquired whether the monkey would scratch or bite? He assured her that it would do neither, and, then, after several attempts to bring herself to touch it, she at length, put a finger so close to it, that Charley, with playful quickness, caught it in his own little cold, black-skinned hand, and clasped it with his fingers. Upon this movement, the Vrouw, at the first, was a little frightened; but, as no mischief ensued, she listened to Charles's further declarations in favour of his companion's perpetual gentleness; so that, in the course of a very few minutes, her apprehensions were entirely removed, and the monkey appeared to have become as great a favourite, as, before, both the monkey and its master had been her strong aversion. In the end, she gave to each of them a choice morsel of cake, with sugar; and bade Charles to take the monkey to its lodging for the night.

But the aspect of this adventure was as deceitful as it was uncommon; and, to add to our former reflections, there are those whom it is more unfortunate to please than to offend! From this time, the Vrouw was often desirous of having the monkey brought into her sitting-room, and among Christians, to exhibit all his whimsical ways, and to receive her caresses; and the

Vrouw's will, upon this, as upon all other subjects at the Blouw-veldt's farm, and much to the new affliction of Charles, as well as concern of his Hottentot nurse, was a law not to be withstood; so that, now, for many a long hour, and even day, either Charles was obliged to sit or stand by the Vrouw's tea-table, in company with his monkey; or, to be at large himself, he was compelled to leave Charley, fastened by his chain to the easy chair of the admiring Vrouw, but in which situation, though many luxuries of the palate were at his service, and even forced upon him, not a few cuffs, and blows, and angry words, were mixed.

Nor was this by any means the worst, nor even the finish, of all the results of the Vrouw's soft humour upon the sunny evening! A day arrived which was the anniversary of that upon which the Vrouw was born; and though, upon account of the recent widowhood of the Vrouw, there was to be no entertainment for its celebration, given to the families of cousins, from their farms for thirty miles around; yet, because she had no objection to festival dainties, nor to a festival which did homage to herself, and because, as she said, she always studied the happiness of every thing about her; a small domestic feast was provided, at which the entire household, with

one or two of the nearest and dearest neighbours, were to make moderately merry, and where Charles and his monkey, more especially, were to be present, for their presentation to the curiosity and amusement of the company. Alas! the applause which, after some conquests of contempt and dislike, little Charley obtained for himself this hapless day, insured a succession of repining days and nights for himself, and plunged his master into the last despair! The selfish Vrouw, more than ever in love with the little green monkey, and stimulated by the praises bestowed upon it by her neighbours, came to a resolution within herself to take it for ever from Charles; and, even that very night, at the end of the festival, she insisted on keeping it in the house, then, and till Charles should go to Graham's Town; but falsely declaring that she only wanted the pleasure of having it with her till he went, when she would faithfully deliver it up!

Charles celebrated, therefore, the Vrouw's birth-day with plentiful showers of tears; passed a restless night; and rose, at the crowing of the cock, to hasten to his Hottentot hut, and tell his grief to the poor widow there! It was afflicting enough, that he was robbed of all his pleasure with Charley for the present; that they could go no longer into the fields and woods to-

gether, nor sit together at the Hottentot woman's door; and even that he could only see him, by seeing also the hated Vrouw. But Charles carried his misery further; for he made himself sure that he was never to have his monkey again! The monkey, in the meantime, had his full share of the sorrow to himself. Once, or twice in the day perhaps, he had the consolation of seeing Charles, and of leaping upon his neck, and putting his arms closely round his throat, when the latter came within reach of the chain which fastened him to the Vrouw's easy chair; but for all the rest of the four-and-twenty hours, he sat dull and motionless, save when the Vrouw herself, or rather some one at her command, dragged him up and down the room by the same chain, and beat and scolded him, to force him to be merry!

Nor could things stop here. From the very beginning of the Vrouw's unfortunate attachment to the green monkey, Charles's life had lost the remnants of its comfort. By avoiding the presence of the Vrouw, he had escaped the occasions for ill usage. Now, brought into contact by irresistible visits to Charley, not only she had continual faults to find, as to all else that he said and did; but there was the jealousy of the monkey's display of that affection for Charles

which was wholly wanting toward herself! Sometimes, too, she commanded Charles to make the monkey display fondness for her; and as this was more than all Charles's influence with his little favourite could ever accomplish, the attempt usually ended with Charles's being driven out of the room, with hard words, and at least a slap on the face or a punch on the back; while the monkey, screaming and chattering with wrath and terror, hid himself under the easy chair; or, being dragged from his retreat, received his own portion of menaces and slaps!

It happened, at length, one day, that Charley's chain was so ill-fastened to the rail of the Vrouw's chair, that the prisoner, always intent upon his liberty, had scarcely been ten minutes in that situation before he contrived to effect his release; and, chain and all, was seen running rapidly from under the great table, and out of the great door which opened upon the verandah. Happily, Charles was absent, at the Hottentot woman's, where he had breakfasted, and where he had grown to make his principal abode. No sooner was the monkey's escape perceived, than every thing in the mansion-house was tumult and confusion. Even the Vrouw was in full activity; and every slave and Hottentot, man, woman, and child, received

twenty different and contradictory orders, to be aiding in the recovery of the runaway. Charley in a moment after his reaching the verandah, had climbed up one of its posts, and gained its roof. By this time his pursuers were at his heels; but, passing swiftly to the end of the verandah, he took a leap almost beyond his utmost ability, and caught hold of so slender a spray, at the extremity of a branch of the nearest tree, that, even from his insignificant blow, it danced up and down in the air; till, still keeping his hold, he moved his little hands rapidly towards the thicker part of the branch, and, getting swiftly upon it, leaped to a more distant one; always, however, encumbered with his chain. A Hottentot had ascended the tree with motions almost as quick as his own; but he set the latter, thus far, at defiance, by taking a quiet seat upon the extremity of a branch nearly as slender as that upon which he had commenced his flight by springing. Surrounded, however, by pursuers, by some of whom the branch was shaken so violently that he lost his balance, he was obliged to make another leap, and this time, was not quick enough, in drawing up his chain, as in the former instance he had been; and the latter, hanging some feet below his branch, was caught by the Hottentot, and thus

his capture was complete. Charles, apprised, by the general clamour, of the event, had run breathless towards the spot; but he arrived in time only to see his darling carried back, frightened and with beating heart, to the dungeon of the cruel detainer!

An effort that fails, draws down upon the undertaker a worse lot than that which he had attempted to escape; and yet that failure and its consequences may also lead to final success. In all efforts there must be perseverance; and always, out of the least fortunate results, there may come the greatest benefit.

“ He, that after ten denials,
Dares attempt no further trials,
Hath no warrant to acquire ;”—

thus pronounces the poet, and thus happens the course of things. The Vrouw, besides beating and scolding Charley once more, not forgetting to slap and scold Charles also, as well as two or three others of those about her, all of whom she contrived to implicate in the affair;—the Vrouw bethought her of a new mode of assuring herself against a similar disaster, by consigning Charley, for the future, to an old parrot-cage, of which she was lucky enough to recollect the deposit in

the great cockloft in the roof of the house, and for which she immediately sent. The cage had seen the best of its days, and was not so thoroughly in repair as might have been wished; but the Vrouw, having first caused it to be well dusted, proceeded to put Charley within it with her own hands. Upon this occasion, the latter resisted as powerfully and as ingeniously as he was able. He screamed and chattered; and Charles, who stood by, answered scream for scream, and even ventured to lay hold of the hands of the Vrouw, and attempt the rescue of the monkey. The latter tried to bite; and, seizing upon the wires on the outside of the door of the cage with each of his fore-hands and feet, sustained five successive trials of skill to detach him from his defences. These failed; and a last resource was his long tail, the end of which he still curled round a couple of wires on the outside of the cage. But that position was not long maintainable. His whole body being within, his tail was soon dislodged, and sent to keep company with his body. To secure all, the Vrouw took the chain from his collar, and wound it about the wires of the door, and those which might be called the door-posts, where the fastenings were not the most complete. Charley was in disgrace, and he was known to delight in

company ; so, to make his punishment, as well as his confinement, complete, he was sent into a solitary chamber, not, however, without the peace-offering of a good supply of food.

CHAPTER XVIII.

—— Sympathies

Aloft ascending, and descending deep,
Even to the inferior kinds.

WORDSWORTH.

UPON the consummation of all these horrors, Charles had retired, inconsolable, and, for the time, wholly forgotten at the troubled mansion, to the hut of the Hottentot woman, to whom belonged the care of the poultry, and whom he had learned to assist, by collecting the eggs, and fetching the corn, and sometimes mending the wooden coops; while she, in exchange, mended or washed his stockings, or cooked some Hottentot dainty which he had learned to prefer to all the cates which could be offered to him under the lowering eye of the widow of the Land-drost. For the remainder of this day, he kept entirely apart from her, refusing to appear, either at dinner, or at any other time. The Hottentot woman, after finishing the day's work, had called to her aid two or three of her country girls of

the farm, and done her utmost to dry the still flowing tears, and calm the inward perturbations, of her unhappy guest, by singing, in chorus, and to the sweetest melodies, some of the hymns which she and they had learned at Guadenthal, the Cape mission of the Moravians; and which they executed with all that solemn beauty which African travellers remark in the music and voices of the female natives, whether Hottentot or Negro, and whether Christian or Pagan; and which, without communication with each other, they agree in comparing only with the finest of European church music, and with the most enchanting of the Romish services in worship of the Virgin; such, perhaps, as when, in England, those who have gone before us used to sing—

“ Mary Moder! well thou bee;
Mary Moder! thenke on me;”

and—

“ Sweetè Lady, Mayden milde,
From all foemen thou me schilde ¹;
That the feendè ² me not dere ³,
Sweetè Lady, thou me weere ⁴:
Both be dayè and be night,
Help me, Lady, with all thy might ⁵!”

¹ Shield.

² Fiend, enemy, or devil.

³ Hurt.

⁴ Guard.

⁵ English Hymn to the Virgin, of the thirteenth century, or earlier.

Charley, in his solitary confinement, had been visited two or three times, to see that all was safe; and at every visit he was reported to be crouched down at the bottom of his cage, silent and sulky. Toward evening, however, and when, by order of the Vrouw, two servants went into the room to carry the cage to her own chamber, the cage-door was found open—the cage empty—and the chain unwound as far as was necessary, and dangling from the door! The luckless servant-girls knew their fate, and screamed aloud accordingly. The Vrouw, and every one else, hastened to the side of the cage. No search about the room discovered the monkey. There was, indeed, a broken feather-board upon its side next the farm-yard, which afforded a hole sufficient for the passage of Charley; and through which, after unchaining his cage door, it was but too plain that he had gone!

The Vrouw was not a moment in discovering that the two servant-girls, whom she had sent to carry the cage, were at least sufficiently to blame in the escape, to lose their suppers for the night; which sentence, giving them, also, a few blows while she pronounced it, she irrevocably decreed. But it was upon Charles that the greater weight of her fury fell; and for him she now loudly called. The little English viper, she said, had

kept out of sight all day; and, at last, what he had been at was manifest to all the world!

That the poultry-woman's hut was the place where he was to be found, was what no one had any doubt; and messengers were sent accordingly, but without accomplishing their errand. The hut was closed, and nobody answered from within. The Vrouw received this information with the most unbounded rage. To break the door of the hut open; to pull the hut down; to bring Charles and the Hottentot woman together; to draw them through the horse-pond; to tie them hand and foot; all these orders were uttered nearly in a breath; and the breaking open the door of the hut was actually performed. But the hut was as empty as the parrot's cage, or as the room in which it had stood. At the first threats of the Vrouw, a Negro slave had made three leaps to gain the hut; warned the woman and the child of the coming storm; pulled both of them outside; fastened the door to delay the chase; and lifted them over a bar-gate, into an adjacent field. But the Vrouw herself came forth in the pursuit; and from the gate over which they had been lifted, caught sight of Charles and the Hottentot woman, hurrying, with long shadows, and broken steps, across the expanded stubble. Upon dis-

covering her prey she raised a tremendous shout, and ordered men and dogs to follow. The latter, as will be supposed, had little difficulty in gaining upon the fugitives; but Charles, who knew that he alone was the principal object of pursuit, prayed his mammy (so he called her) to leave him; to conceal herself for the night; and trust to his procuring her pardon from the Vrouw before the morning: "Charley," said he, "will come back; he will come back to look for me; and when the Vrouw has got him again, she will not be angry any longer." The poultry-woman refused to listen to this reasoning: "I have lost too many children of my own," said she, "already; thus to see thee lost!" But Charles generously broke away from her; and crying out to her to go on, ran back into the hands of those whom the Vrouw sent to take him. The latter ceased to pursue the woman; and, saying all that they could to increase his courage, and persuade him that the Vrouw's rage would soon be over, a stout Negro, followed by his fellows, carried him back upon his shoulders to the gate!

Darting forward to meet the group, the Vrouw seized upon Charles from the arms of the Negro, shook him, and loaded him with fearful names; a poisonous little English viper; an ungrateful

little villain, who, after all the kindness she had shown him, and for which she had been to blame from the first day she saw him, had been wicked enough to get the monkey out of his cage, only because he saw that it pleased her to see it sometimes, and because she was taking care of it for him while he staid at her house, into which he ought never to have set a foot! Moreover, he had been wicked enough to engage her own servant, the Hottentot woman, to join in plot with himself and his nasty, dirty, ugly, good-for-nothing monkey! It was in vain that Charles, blubbering and screaming, either denied all the accusations, or cried out piteously for mercy; but, dragging and shaking him, by one arm, along the ground, and up the steps of the verandah, she threw him, at length, upon the floor of the room; where, while he lay crying upon the boards, she betook herself to her easy chair, at once to obtain breath after her exertions, and to meditate upon the kind of torture which it best pleased her to inflict leisurely upon the little English wretch and vagabond.

The Vrouw was ingenious in her cruelties; that is, she was what she called systematically just, and especially, she was careful that those upon whom she inflicted pain, should never feel too little. It would have grieved her, in any

case, to stop short of enough; and, as she was always what she called just, (that is, sufficiently severe,) even in her own estimate; so she was never what she called *cruel*. But, as this was a charge against her by no means uncommonly made, and as it rather frequently reached even her own ears, it was her custom to be eloquent in denying its foundation, and in declaring that those who called her *cruel*, did not know what *cruelty* was! Like too many other offending persons, she justified herself to herself by collecting histories of actions that were still worse than her own, instead of submitting to the better though self-humiliating task of comparing her own actions with the actions of the virtuous; but wretched, indeed, would be the prospects and condition of humanity, if it were permitted us to run a race with evil-doers, and see who could do the most; instead of making none but the best our patterns, and none but the performance of the best our prize; and bending all our strength to be equal with the good, instead of tolerating in ourselves the smallest imitation of the evil! To what depths of vice and barbarity would not human creatures progressively sink, if once the misconduct of others, either to the world, or to ourselves, were admitted as the justification of their own! But

the Vrouw, as we have said, to justify herself to herself, and to indulge, at greater inward ease, the hard and barbarous disposition to which she was accustomed to give loose, collected eagerly the histories of human cruelty in its most aggravated forms, and then as eagerly related them upon any occasion when her own tenderness was disputed; drawing the inferences, first, that what she did herself was nothing to what had been done by others; and secondly, that those who presumed to censure her, knew nothing of what *cruelty* was! In how different a light, then, would she have placed herself, had the contrast undertaken been one with those incessant acts of mercy, tenderness, and love, which adorn and have adorned the species, instead of those far rarer ones of deep atrocity which sometimes disfigure it, and mark the perpetrators, not as of the ordinary character of their species, but as its interlopers and its monsters; and thus it is, too, that we see, how, by the indulgence of a depraved taste, rather than a pure one, either in our company, our conversation, or any other means of knowledge, we may daily harden our hearts, and mislead our understandings, and disgrace our conduct, through the influence of bad example, the familiarity with evil, the false persuasion of its predominance; and, then, the fatal belief, that

it is permitted to us to be no better than those evil neighbours by whom we have persuaded ourselves that we are surrounded, or even to excuse in ourselves any approach to their resemblance! How different a course of study, and of mental education, and how different an influence upon conduct, must not be the result, where our acquaintance and our inquiries, as to the history of mankind, is directed to the virtues, and not to the vices, of which it is capable of affording us so many daily, and hourly, and generous, and heroic, and affecting examples;—examples which show us, not only what mankind esteems to be right, but what, to a large extent, it practises;—examples which show us, not to what depths we may descend, but to what heights we must attain, before we can presume to place ourselves upon any level with the virtuous—upon any level with the best and larger part of mankind;—heights to which we must attain before we can deservedly enjoy, either the esteem of the world, or the calm of our internal conscience! But such are, sometimes, the differences of moral tastes, and such the lives that follow them! For purity, and delicacy, and elevation of moral life, pursue a purity, and delicacy, and elevation of taste.

The Vrouw had imported from Cape Town, where Indian news and stories are the frequent talk,

the anecdote, true or false, of a certain Begum, or Mohammedan princess,¹ in India, who, filled with wrath against a female slave in the Zenana, caused her to be enclosed in a wooden coffin, of which the lid was bored with holes; then, killed her unfortunate victim by the pouring of boiling water into the coffin; and, then, to indulge and demonstrate her satisfaction, ate her dinner from off the lid; and this was one of the examples to which she was fond of referring, as proof, both that greater cruelties had been committed upon the globe than any yet in her own power, and that those who talked of cruelty in herself, knew nothing of what cruelty really was! She built, or pretended to build, the whole of her own cruelty upon her love of justice; without understanding, that even when justice leans to extreme rigour, in matters of censorship and punishment, it is itself unjust and cruel; and that even none

¹ Since the melancholy anecdote here recorded, and which has long been current in India, received its place in our manuscript, it has appeared, or reappeared, in a very recent work upon that country. It is but just, in the meantime, toward Mogul history, and even toward human history, to add, that the Begum, (Beg-um, or Beg-oom,) spoken of, (and who is known to have been the Begum Sumeroo,) though enjoying a Mogul station and title, was a woman of French original, and by birth (as will be supposed) only of ordinary rank; and moreover, that she stands accused of other atrocious crimes, besides this murder of her slave.

are so unjust as the extremely just, because justice, in itself, is an abstract and undeviating rule, while the creatures to the actions of which it is to be applied, are naturally deviating creatures. In religion itself she found an excuse for cruelty. The fingers of a faulty child she had been known to hold for minutes in the flame of a candle, alleging that to be a lenient way of warning the offender of the punishment that waits on sin. From all these conjunctive sources the Vrouw continually hardened her heart, and carried to a melancholy pitch the practice of domestic tyranny; and it was into the hands of such a dispenser of his fate as this, that Charles, for the moment, had now fallen. May the description of her vices contribute to the diminution of their existence universally! Exclusive of right principles, we must have also a right temper; for truth is fierce with the fierce, and gentle with the gentle: and it is to be remembered, of all creatures, that they were made to err, to confess their error, and to be forgiven. This, which is the system of nature, ought therefore to be the system of man. Forgiveness follows error as light darkness, and as summer winter; and, to be forgiven ourselves, we should know to forgive others:

“Taught by that Power which pities me,
I learn to pity them!”

The Vrouw had taken time, in her easy chair, to recover, in part, from the fatigue which she had encountered, and to consider of the manner in which she should gratify her rage against the presumed accomplice of the absconded monkey ; and Charles, during the interval, had lain upon the floor, where, however, his sobs had terminated, along with the bodily pain which drew them forth, and nothing occupied him now, but anxious and woeful thoughts, as to what had become of Charley, and what would become of the Hottentot woman ! Calling him, now, before her, and making him go upon his knees, to beg her pardon for all the misdeeds which she imputed to him, and to answer, as long as her temper permitted, all her questions concerning his taking away the monkey—his connivance at the flight—and his knowledge of the retreat ;—her plans, at length, were suddenly and completely formed. She promised herself the pleasure of administering to poor Charles a severe bodily chastisement, but, resolving, also to defer that exertion till the morning, her immediate object was to place him in torture for the night. Somewhat detached from the remainder of the farm buildings and yards, there stood a large barn, of the Dutch fashion, little resorted to but at certain seasons, and out of the common track

of all the respective labourers. Thither she proposed to herself to convey Charles; and in order to do so without difficulty or interference, and even without the knowledge of any one of the household, she cleared, for an instant her brow; pretended to be satisfied that no blame attached itself to Charles; assured him that she had quite forgiven him; called herself sorry for having suspected him of being the cause of the monkey's departure; and only requested him to go along with her, about the premises, a little, before supper, in order that they might see whether Charley was anywhere enjoying himself, or whether, at the sound of Charles's voice, and at Charles's invitation, he might not be prevailed upon to appear. That proposition was so consistent with Charles's own wish and hopes, that he received it with delight, dried away all his tears, and cheerfully gave his hand to the Vrouw, to be led by her wherever she pleased. The Vrouw told the same story to her servants and slaves; and desired that nobody should think of following herself and Charles, particularly as any addition to the party might only frighten Charley, and prevent his coming forward, should he really be still about the house or out-buildings, and chance to see them.

The Vrouw, leading the deluded child, affected

to look scrupulously into the different barns and similar buildings as she passed them, and to make Charles call upon his monkey by name withinside of them, as likely places where he would hide, or seek to pass the night. At length, she took him into the large and distant barn; where, observing, at the same time, that this was the most likely place of all for his concealment, and that here they must have a thorough hunt, she closed the door as soon as they were both inside; bidding him to look carefully about, as well as the dim light of the interior would permit, and to call for Charley, but only in a whisper, and in the soft manner in which he was accustomed to speak to him. This she did, both to engage Charles's attention, and lest any one by the extremest chance, should overhear them in the barn.

But, while Charles was thus peering in all directions for Charley, and calling to him, over and over, in the most inviting terms, though with little expectation that, even if he were in the barn, he would show himself in the presence of the Vrouw; the latter suddenly seized him from behind, as he passed near a great post, almost in the centre, and one of the supports of the wide roof; and, with a cord which she had secretly brought with her, instantaneously pinioned him to the post

or pillar. Fastening a first knot, which secured him where he stood, and kept both his arms, she immediately abandoned all further deceit; and, while Charles screamed with terror, and struggled with all his might, her tongue was as busy in reviling him, and in telling him her whole mind, as her hands in employing the cord for his still further confinement. She professed her entire belief that he had taken away the monkey, or at least knew where it was concealed; and vowed that he should remain alone and fastened to the post all night, and till he acknowledged where the monkey was. To all his cries and prayers she replied only with cruel words and blows; and, having passed the cord round his feet, so as to fasten him to the post near to the ground, and again round his neck and shoulders, fastening him there also to the post, she moved a wheelbarrow to the spot, and, standing upon it, fixed the end of the long cord upon a hook at the highest part of the post which she could herself reach. Frightening him, at length, into silence, while she remained, and threatening to come back and kill him, if he made the least noise after she was gone; she finally left him, with the assurance that he should remain there, and have nothing to eat, till the morning, when, if he did not then confess about

the monkey, she would beat him in the most unmerciful manner, and put him into even a worse prison than his present !

So saying, she left him, and, going out of the barn, shut the door after her ; but the door was without a fastening, and she did not care whether it had one or not. In a Tropical climate, like that of the Cape, there is little or no twilight ; so, that the sun having been nearly set when the Vrouw took Charles into the barn, it was full dark by the time of her departure ; and besides, the barn was lighted only by the chinks in the sides, and under the eaves, and by the great doorway, when this latter was unclosed. Here, therefore, in the large, dark, and empty barn, Charles, tied hand, foot, neck, and shoulders to the solid pillar ; unable even to sit ; assured that he should pass the whole night in that manner ; threatened with worse treatment in the morning ; and wholly in the power of the hands that inflicted all this suffering ;—here, Charles remained, half stupified with surprise and fear, and half distracted with his agonies of mind. As time went on, as he grew weary in the limbs, faint with hunger, and exhausted with crying, sometimes, hanging forward, and with bended knees, as far as the cord allowed, he fell into a sort of doze ; from which awaking, he burst, again and

again, into the most violent fits of grief. Sometimes, in the extremity of his anguish, his teeth chattered, and he uttered sets of unintelligible words, but such as were intended to express the depth of his sufferings and the intolerable description of his wrongs. At one moment, he stamped his feet with rage, at the wickedness of his enemy, and at the immovable thongs which confined him; and, at the next, his strength and spirits forsaking him, he sunk in hopeless affliction, and felt more of suffering than resentment. But oh! to be without all help! To be helpless in himself, and to have none to help him! To be suffering unjustly, and to be in the sole power of the unjust! That the Vrouw, a single monster in the whole world, could thus torture him, and bind him; and that the whole world should contain nothing to come to the rescue of a helpless child, and to the overthrow of wickedness by goodness! A Pagan, in such circumstances, might have called upon every god; a Greek or Romish Christian, upon every saint; but Charles, with those primitive ideas which lurk in every mind, and come up, like unknown seeds, when the ploughshare of affliction furrows deep into the soul;—Charles, in the intensity of his infant grief, went back to that which is the apparent beginning of the whole, the cry to the spirits of

the family dead;—for, of the dead, in situations like these, more is expected than of the living: “Oh, my mother, my poor mother,” he had begun by exclaiming, “if she did but know what the wicked Vrouw is doing to me!” But his mother was out of reach, and no fancy could deceive him with the hope that his living mother might be brought from England into Africa, to take his part against the Vrouw, and release him from the binding cords and dismal barn. It is different, however, with the powers which the imagination knows how to bestow upon the dead. The dead are free, it believes, from the incumbrances and accidents which palsy and detain the living: “Oh father! father!” he cried out, “come from the bottom of the sea, to help your lilley Charley boy! Oh little sister Martha, come down from heaven, to save your own brother Charles from this wicked Vrouw!” In this manner he gibbered out the fondling terms of infancy, and called for help from the dead of his mother’s hearth; for, in the midst of his passionate grief, and prayers for aid, it was the language of the cradle that returned to him, and he thought only of the earliest and most domestic faces; and not at all of his later friends, the dead Mynheer Vanderhuysen, that saved him from the wreck, nor the dead Land-drost, who cherished him along the

road, and would have saved him, if still living, from all ill. More than once, however, he called upon his Hottentot mammy, and even upon the names of several of the Vrouw's slaves and other servants, his kind and earnest friends ; and upon all equally in vain !

But the barn continued dark and silent ; except that, at intervals, he heard, and trembled while he heard, the chatter and frightful laugh of a hyena, apparently prowling round ; or the long shrill cry of the jackal ; or even roar of the not distant lion ; and Charles, after listening breathless till these had ceased, was now hanging heavily and sleepily in the cords which bound him to the pillar, when, suddenly, he was aroused by the least amid inconsiderable noises, at the top of one of the sides of the barn, or beneath the eaves. The poor prisoner, though startled for an instant, almost as instantly concluded that this was only the noise of some night-bird, coming home to roost. The noise, however, beneath the eaves, was almost immediately followed by a similar noise upon the rafter above his head ; and the next moment, he heard the hands and feet of Charley, who, while he slid swiftly down the post, uttered, also, his well-known cry of love ! Charley's arms were now around his neck, his head was rubbed against his throat, or beneath

his ears, or pressed to both, in warm endearment. But Charles, transported at this meeting, burst into fresh tears; and the tears trickled down his cheeks, and fell upon Charley's nose. The latter, by the dim light of a cloudy moon, which was now rising, gazed at Charles's swollen eyes, and put up one of his little hands to feel what might be the tears? His fingers plentifully wetted, he carried them to his mouth to taste; then, finding the water salt, shook them from his hand, and once more devoted himself only to caressing his most unhappy master!

Charley, upon escaping from the cage in the solitary chamber at the Vrouw's, had gone directly, though by a cautious route, toward the hut of the Hottentot poultry-woman, where, as it will be recollected, just before his being taken into favour at the mansion, he had become accustomed to pass all his nights and days; but, several persons being about the hut at the time, he had ascended an adjacent tree, from which he very speedily beheld all the bustle which supervened there upon the discovery of his flight. From his hiding-place in the tree, he saw the closing of the door, and the hurried departure of Charles and his faithful friend. From the same place he had long watched the door of the hut, expecting to see both return, and the door opened.

As night advanced, he had fallen asleep; and it was only as the time of daybreak drew near, that, awakened by the coldness of the air, and seeing the hut still closed, he bethought himself of seeking a place of greater comfort and security, in which to sleep out his next nap, and prepare himself for looking after his master in the morning. But it happened that the large and distant barn in which Charles was now confined, had been precisely that in which the waggons, upon their first coming home, and before they were unloaded, had been secured; and in which Charley, till long after the departure of Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer for Cape Town, had been chained up every night, upon the retirement of his master to his bed-room at the mansion. Here, therefore, Charley, upon determining to change his lodging, had come straight from the distant tree which stood opposite to the hut; and it was not till he had approached very near to the barn, that, during the whole night, he had heard the least of all his master's cries. The Hottentot woman, in the meantime, would not have been absent but for an uncontrollable occurrence. She would have returned at night-fall, and, either from the lips of the servants or slaves, or by indefatigable search over the premises, have satisfied herself of the fate of her English

foster-child; but the poor woman, after Charles would no longer expose her to her mistress's rage by staying with her, had fled into a woody glen, thinking to hide herself for a time; and there, after a few steps, had caught the glaring eyes of a lioness, couching as if to spring to her destruction. With the quick, and, as it were, instinctive preparation of her country people, she had instantly climbed a tree, up which the lioness had no power to follow her, and in a fork of the branches, therefore, for the time at least, she was perfectly safe; but the lioness came to the foot of the tree, where she lay down, watching the woman with her eyes, and thus leaving her no hope of escape till the morning, when some one might possibly pass that way, and so alarm the lioness, or at least the latter would slink off to her lair.

“Ah! my poor Charley,” said Charles, to that dear friend in the barn, whose presence had once more enlivened his bosom; “little did you think to find me here, and to see me used as I am by that wicked Vrouw:” and, while he so spoke, he struggled afresh with the twistings of the cord, in doing which he sufficiently discovered to the sagacious little beast, so much of the restraint as depended upon the fixture of the cord upon the hook some feet above his head.

Having lifted his eyes along the cord as far as the hook, it cost him but a single spring, accompanied with two or three short cries of pleasure and determination, to reach that point, and begin fingering the knot.

The same hands which wound his own chain about the door and wires of his cage, had tied the cord to the hook; and, in neither instance, had they displayed any extraordinary share of the requisite skill. The moon, from the midst of a clear sky, was now shining through all those crevices of the barn which faced the lustre of her silver lamp; and Charley could see the little monkey alternately examining the knot curiously with his eyes, and applying his little teeth and fingers in the attempt, either to pull out its end, or else to gnaw it into pieces. But the cord was new and strong, and of moderate size; and Charley's teeth and fingers were truly little! The mouse, however, nibbled through many a mesh of the lion's net; and why should not Charley overcome a single knot? The dog, when his master wished to reach the water-lily in the pond—

“He set his puppy brains to work,
To comprehend the case¹ ;”

and why should not little Charley's brains comprehend a case with the same ease as a puppy's?

¹ Cowper's poem of the Dog and the Water Lily.

In short, though much time was spent, during which many hopes and fears had passed through his master's head and heart, at length the latest yarn of the cord was torn to shreds, or the last twist of the knot unravelled; and down came Charley, as swift as lightning, the end of the cord between his teeth, and his two hands, as well as his two feet, engaged in managing his descent along the post! The rest was in Charles's power. The hasty and careless manner in which all the lower applications of the cord had been executed, left him free to disengage, without much difficulty, (now that the tie at the hook was removed,) all that confined his neck, his shoulders and his arms; and, his hands once disengaged, he quickly released his feet. Bestowing, next, a hundred kisses upon Charley, and almost believing that his little sister, in heaven, had sent him, and endowed him, for his relief; he placed him in his bosom as he opened the lesser door of the barn, and then fearfully crept out, stealing, at first, along its darker side. But, soon, he trod with a bolder step. Everything around him was solitary, and at rest; and, above him, only the wide-spread heaven. The vast circle alone confined him; and nature, once more, to him, was but the

——“Magnificent prison, enclosing the free!”

CHAPTER XIX.

How, like a trumpet, over all the skies
Blown to convene all things that love its beams,
Light speaks in splendour! ELLIOTT.

CHARLES and his deliverer having once more the whole horizon open around them, the first movement of the former would have been toward the hut of the Hottentot poultry-woman, but that he feared to make even that degree of approach toward the farm-house, which, beside other possible accidents, might expose him to the view of some chance early stirrer, and especially to the barking of the dogs, who might thus betray him before they should see who he was. His plan was, to escape, at any risk, from the further persecutions of the Vrouw; but he had every motive whatever for wishing, in the first place, to see his Hottentot mammy. He was hungry and thirsty, and, if she was returned to her hut, she alone could feed him; and, in the same case, too, she might aid his

immediate departure, or she might know how to conceal him till a more convenient opportunity: and above all, he burned with impatience to know what had become of her since they mutually parted in the presence of their pursuers, and to find room to hope that she would become no sufferer for any of the benefits she had conferred upon himself. But, besides that his going toward the hut was, at this moment, too hazardous, he hardly believed that she would have returned to it so soon, while the wrath of the *Vrouw* was still vivid, and before any mediation for her forgiveness could have been attempted by the slaves, or by the woman's fellow-servants. All that seemed advisable, therefore, for the moment, was, to make his way, beneath the guardian moon—blessing “its useful light”—far from the buildings, the yards, and even the enclosures, which owned the dominion of the *Vrouw*; and to find some nook, where, till the morning, at least, he could lie down in safety, to indulge that sleep which, after the first moment of re-animation, consequent upon the acquisition of his liberty, pressed, not upon his eyelids alone, but upon all his limbs; insomuch that he could even have slept while he stopped to think, for an instant, whether the right or the left should be his road!

It would have been in vain for him, at such a crisis, to indulge in fears of any of those beasts of prey, to some of whose cries, during his late dreary hours, he had but too fearfully listened. His race must now be through the wilderness, and his lodging the hollow of some rock, or under the branches of some tree; sheltered from the heavy dew, which lay upon every open space, and which, as he struck through the luxuriant herbage, had already wetted him to the skin, from the feet upward to the waist. But he had the less reason to terrify himself about anything belonging to the beasts of night, that already, in the eastern heaven, the dawn was beginning to struggle with the moonlight;—a struggle of brief moments, because, in the climate to which we are referring, the light of the morning springs as rapidly upon the darkness of the night, as the darkness of the night upon the splendours of the ripened day. At the approach of day, as Charles had been sufficiently made acquainted, the greater part of the beasts of rapine retire to their rest, and leave at least the neighbourhood of man at ease from their invasion; and, on one of the Sundays which he had spent in the waggons of the deceased Land-drost, during the journey from Cape Town, the latter had strongly impressed that part of the economy

of nature upon his mind, by telling him how closely Southern Africa, natural and artificial—its agriculture and its wilds—might be compared with ancient Syria, under the same aspects, as appeared from the description of the Hebrew Psalmist: “Thou makest darkness, that it may be night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do move. The lions, roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, and they get them away together, and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour, until the evening.”

But who shall describe, in any place, the beauty and the glory of the rising of the sun; and least of all in Southern Africa, and in corresponding climates? Who is it shall find words to paint the glory of that golden globe the sun, when first it ascends above the level horizon, vast in magnitude, effulgent in light, and glowing with the rich red-yellow of its majestic disk? Who shall speak, at the same time, of the beauty of all heaven and earth, while the moon and stars, with softened lustre, still remain in the great canopy, and vie with the great ascending luminary, to people the whole with forms and brightnesses that delight the spirits, and enchant the eye, and overpower the imagination? Who shall add, then, (to the description of all the

gorgeous circle,) the ever-varying colours of the light clouds that rise as the sun advances, and as the fading moon recedes—the sapphire, the ruby, the emerald, the topaz, and the pearl, which float across the celestial way, and change incessantly their delicious hues, as the triumphant star mounts higher? Who, in the meantime, shall contrive expression to tell of the sparkling of the dew-drops, rubies, sapphires, chrystals, topazes, upon every leaf, which repeat upon the earth the riches of the skies; and, combining with those, the whitened mists upon the streams and the valleys, and the gilding of the lofty trees, and the gilding of the loftier hills, and the shining coats of the cattle; the reflected lustre in their eyes, the fresh gems upon the hairs of their dewy lips and moistened nostrils; and the long shadows of hills, trees, and cattle, over hills, and along plains, and upon the glistening herbage? Who shall breathe into the same living picture, the odours of the flowers still covered with the dew, and the freshness of the breeze, now rising, to fan, as it were, the toiling sun; and resound, at the same instant, the songs of the awakening birds, and the lowing of the oxen, and the bleatings of the sheep and goats? But this, and more than this, and, again, ten thousand times ten thousand times more than all of this,

adorned the track along which Charles, with Charley still lodged in his bosom, fled from the terrors of Blouwveldt's farm, and sought a retreat, at least for the morning, where none of the few human feet that traversed the lone region should be likely to chance upon him, and either carry him back at once, or spread the tale of his discovery. And oh! the subject for sublime and grateful thought, that a scene so profusely decorated as this, so sweet, so gay, so stupendous as a whole, so stupendous and so beautiful in its minutest details, should be open to the enjoyment of the little fugitive of our story; should spread and move itself daily and hourly, punctually, tranquilly, and without apparent effort, over the entire world of living creatures; that the sun should rise, and the stars should set, while so many races of creatures which enjoy them, are sleeping, or busy, or thoughtless; and more than all, that such an hour, and such an aspect, as those we have described, are each but one of many; and that, whether it be day or night, or summer or winter; or whether earth be traversed north or south, or east or west; everything is found to be crowded with beauties, and with glories, and with pleasures, and with gifts, and with fruitfulness and luxury! It is not without reason, for example, that a living, but any-

mous English poet, divides his praises of the heavenly prospect between the opposing charms of day and night; though all, perhaps, will by no means find it easy to give the preference upon either side, with the decision here expressed:

“ Oh heaven ! how beauteous is the glow
Which morning on thy face doth show,
When sky, and earth, and air, and sea,
Breathe incense and divinity !
But far more beauteous is the tint
Which midnight on thy face doth print,
When moon and stars, divinely fair,
Glitter in all their grandeur there ;
And earth, beneath thy face, lies spread,
Tranquil as thou art—overhead !”

Charles's steps had been toward the east, and he had stopped, almost involuntarily, more than once, to gaze upon the mighty day-star, while still blazing in the line of the horizon, or upon some of the other captivating phenomena of the first minutes of the morning; and then, skipping forward, a few feet, again, and almost breaking into his own song of joy, and ever talking to Charley of all that he beheld and felt, he hastened to reach the asylum he needed, in some spot to which his previous roamings in part directed him; but, so much did his apprehensions give

him strength and will, that it was an hour after his leaving the barn, before he struck into a lofty wood, through the remote depths of which, and beneath the low depending branches of the outermost trees, a sunny opening again presented itself; the road, too, through which was tolerably clear, as well of fallen timber and scattered rocks, as of underwood and intertwining plants. As he entered, indeed, a large snake, whom his entrance disturbed, glided swiftly from him, toward a new harbour; but this was an incident of the forest with which he had now become familiar enough to meet without the smallest discomposure; and forward, without a thought about it, he went, toward the glade, in some part of which, hidden from human sight—or, as that thought intended, reasonably secure against the Vrouw's pursuit—and resigned to almost exhausted nature,—he now promised himself and Charley to lie down and sleep, let every other consideration go how it might!

Emerging, then, from the wood, and traversing the sunny grass to a short distance, Charles, still wet from the dew, which, however, was now rapidly evaporating, discovered a projecting rock, of which the hollow underneath lay open to the sun, and upon the dry and sandy flooring of which he threw himself down, and almost

fell asleep, though not without first settling Charley, who chose to curl himself up, upon the warm sand by his side; and to whom he confessed that the place was rather dangerous, in respect both of snakes and four-footed visitors, so that, (as he needlessly recommended to his companion,) it would be proper for the latter not to sleep so soundly, but that upon the most distant approach of a stranger, he might both awake himself, and awaken his master. This done, Charles, for his own part, resigned himself to the soundest of sleeps, except that the cravings of an empty stomach made him dream of eating, and of adventures connected with the enjoyment of food; but which sleep, in spite of that degree of disturbance, lasted the whole day. Only the cooling of the air, as the sun sunk into the west, had, in reality, awakened him; and marvellous was the change of scene, which but the change of the sun's position now offered to his opening eyes! The cave, which had glowed and glittered when he lay down in it, was now dark, and, to his feelings, cold; and, from its overhanging rocky roof, projected a deep and lengthened shadow over the sward before it. The opposite trees, which, in the morning, had presented but a wall of the coolest verdure, and thrown a shade that stretched within a few yards of the mouth

of the cave, now reflected the brightest greens, and richest gold and crimson, in the rays of the descending sun. It had been long before Charles could recollect the place where he was, or the manner in which he came there. In slowly moving his eyes from object to object, and while he was yet without a wish for any further activity, they met, at last, the eyes of Charley; who, crouched, for warmth, into the hollow between his arm and shoulder, and laid next his breast, appeared to be himself engaged in the quietest and deepest meditation. A second afterward, Charles felt a faint chill run rapidly over him, and was about to rise, and to take the hand of Charley; but, at that moment, the lightest imaginable sound of feet drew near the mouth of the cave, and the hearts, both of Charles and Charley, palpitated. But the feet were none but those of a spring-buck, the most agile, and one of the most beautiful, of the South African antelopes, and of which the graceful form was the next instant before their eyes. Scarcely an instant more, having discovered them, the timid creature sprang rather than leaped into the air; came down again, with the lightness of wool, upon the distant grass; and vanished like a vision. But its departure was followed by the light trampling of a thousand whispering feet; for it

had been the leader of a whole herd, that, on its alarm, followed it, alternately cantering and springing, up the steep side of an adjacent hill.

Charles, by this time, thoroughly awakened, and awakened, too, to the cares of his situation, rose, and taking Charley in his arms, stepped out beyond the projection of the rock. His hunger was his first concern, and the swift coming of the night the second. A supper and a bed, and a bed secure from harm; these were his pressing wants. There remained time for no distant change of place, nor for no dispensable undertaking; and besides, he was still weary, and could still sleep. He had looked, as he travelled, in the morning, for some wild seeds or berries, and even for one or two of those roots of the country of which he knew the value. But he could, then, see none; and he recollected how many leagues of natural vegetation may be often ranged along, without the offer of any thing better than the green leaves or stringy bark. The change, however, of the place of the sun, had now brought within his view a more inviting table. Some ripe, rich fruits, no longer in shadow, but exposed to a strong and ruddy light, glowed from between the leaves which surrounded and hung half over them, and displayed themselves as if to be gathered. Charles, who had already seen

and tasted the same fruits, seized, as may be believed, upon the banquet; neither was he remiss in sharing it with Charley, nor in searching further for what he supposed Charley would more approve. But Charley was less eager than himself. During the day, though he had never gone far from the side of his sleeping master, he had indulged only in short sleeps; while, in the intervals, without ever waking the latter, he had looked well about him, and found, in this place and that, various commodities to relieve his appetite; and some of the shells, and the clipped stalks, and discarded stems and leaves of which, his master might have seen in the cave, at his first waking, had his attention been less anxiously engaged. Fortunately, the fruit which Charles first discovered was not so relishing to his palate as to encourage him in any excess; so that, content with only a moderate repast, he had speedily changed the direction of his efforts toward the second and not less important object of the night; that of a safe, if not also a soft and a warm lodging. On the following day, as he proposed to himself, he would either engage in some cautious attempt to discover the abode, or at least the fate, of the Hottentot poultry-woman; or else leave the neigh-

bourhood in the direction which he should then determine.

Charles looked about him but a short time, before he was satisfied that he could not pass the night better than in the exact place where he was; and that all which remained was to gather fuel, and to be able to kindle a fire, so as to defend himself till morning against the hyenas and other beasts of prey. With this practice of fire-lighting at night, and with the art of procuring fire by rubbing together two dry sticks, his journey from Cape Town had made him familiar; so that he well knew the chief difficulty, or chief labour, consisted in fetching to his lodging fuel enough to maintain a fire sufficiently large, during a space of so many hours; especially as, with his own unassisted strength, it was no light task to bring together a quantity of the largest wood he could find, because that would be the longest in burning. In the course of his search after fuel, he found too some edible roots; which, when his fire was lighted, he roasted, and shared with Charley, for their supper, joining the fruits with them, to assuage his thirst. The fire, placed in front of the hollow under the rock, in which he had slept during the day, had no sooner kindled, than Charley testified

his satisfaction, by seating himself pretty close to it; and, when the supper was over, and both himself and his master were thoroughly warmed, a game at play succeeded, in which Charley displayed his usual antics of a kitten, but chattering, from time to time, in the highest parts of the jest; and Charles often laughed aloud, at the droll ways of his companion. Thus amused, however, he suffered much of his fire to go down; but, being speedily warned of the negligence by the cries and howls of prowling enemies around, he arose, heaped up fresh fuel from the stock in reserve; and, while the blaze was strongest, busily employed himself in collecting the fallen branches from beneath the neighbouring trees. Satisfied, at length, with his labour, he now lay himself down under the rock, with his feet toward the fire; and, taking Charley to his bosom, fell, once more, fast asleep. Every hour, or less, he was awoke, upon the decay of his fire, by the cries of the wild animals, seconded by the application of Charley's little hands to his face; for Charley was quite as fearful as himself, and more easily awakened; and perfectly well comprehended a certain connection between the decay of the fire, and the approach of the beasts. Upon these occasions, Charles arose, applied fresh fuel, had the satisfaction of hearing no more of the beasts;

and, recomposing himself and Charley, fell again asleep. In this manner passed the night till daybreak; after which both the tenants of the rock enjoyed an uninterrupted nap of so many hours' continuance, that when Charles, at length, really awoke for the day, the sun was well nigh in the meridian.

Both Charles and Charley, by this time, felt themselves thoroughly refreshed and joyous. The sleepless hours of the barn, and their accompanying distresses, were now atoned for, as far as respected all the renovation of the body and the mind; and Charles sprung from his sylvan bed with the liveliest spirits, and ran down the neighbouring ravine with a song, which he repeated as he ran up again, and then sat himself down upon the grass, to think what next to do? Upon entering the wood, through which he had penetrated to his present retreat, Charles had carefully looked to the right and left of the open country, as well as observed with some attention the way that he took; and he believed that, whenever he pleased, he could retrace his steps, and turn according to the course that might seem best. It was the least of all his troubles, that out of the whole of the treasures with which he had been supplied at Cape Town, clothes, pictures, toys, books for his present and

future instruction, and sweetmeats, and other eatables that would keep, he had left every thing in the custody of the Vrouw, except Charley, and the clothes which he now wore; but, as we have said, he longed earnestly to see his poor Hottentot woman, and to know that she was safe, and restored to her hut and poultry, and also to obtain her advice and assistance for his future projects;—his return to the farm being wholly out of his ideas. But the dangers of such an undertaking seemed too great to be encountered. If, then, he was to depend exclusively upon himself, and to take his present course, at least, without any one's help; in which direction was he to turn? To the eastward, but at a very considerable distance, lay the English settlements; and, even among those widely scattered districts, he had ample reason to believe, that persons older and better provided than himself, would have much difficulty in finding Martha Hoyland and her husband, till the strict information, which had been so long delayed, should, at length, arrive. To the westward, lay Cape Town, and all the road, of hundreds of miles, along which he had already travelled; and which, because he had seen it, seemed to him the only traversable part of the whole colony! Even to aim at returning to Cape Town was out of his

thoughts ; but he knew not his way to the English settlements ; if he knew it, how was he to travel it ? and, besides, in that direction, it was very likely that the Vrouw would send after himself and Charley, thinking to discover them, perhaps, within half a mile ! But the return of his friend Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer from Cape Town had begun to be daily expected at the farm. The Hottentot postman, on horseback, travelled from Cape Town, even beyond the English settlements, in nine days ; wherefore Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer, on horseback also, might very possibly be soon at Graaf Reynet ; so that, if Charles took the westward road, he might meet him, and obtain his protection ; or, if he could only meet the Hottentot postman, perhaps that functionary would find the means of putting him forward to the house of his mother's dear friend and school-fellow, Martha Hoyland !

Charles, as soon as his mind was pretty well fixed upon the westward road, had jumped up from his seat, and then sauntered, along with Charley, among the trees and bushes, where he had found fruit, and had also dug up a few roots ; and, with Charley's assistance, had added some seeds and berries to his bill of fare of the preceding evening. Lighting his fire afresh, he roasted

the roots as before; and the whole breakfast would have given every satisfaction but for the want of water. The bed of the torrent which, at times, flowed down the ravine, was dry; and he had slept till too late in the day, to suck the dew from off the leaves and herbage!

The sun, indeed, was, now, an hour past its zenith, and Charles judged that it would be best for him to lose no more time, before commencing his journey out of the wood. Putting Charley, therefore, upon his shoulder, he hopped some paces from the cave; then turned, and made a bow to it, saying, "Good bye, Mr. Cave; much obliged to you for my lodging; and, now, if you have a mind to let a lion, or a hyena, or a jackal, or a spring-buck, have a lodging there next; or, even a snake, or a lizard; why, you are very welcome! Good bye, Mr. Cave; Charley and I are much obliged to you; so, good bye!" After this, he skipped and sung, and looked after the birds upon the branches, and peered into the holes in the ground, and into the hollow trees; and sometimes stopped to look at the uplifted head of a snake, of a harmless kind, but meeting him with eyes that seemed to have sense in them as well as his own. In this manner, another hour was whiled away; Charles confidently thinking, that, however slow his progress, he was advan-

cing upon the right road, and that he could have done with play, and get on as quickly as he pleased, whenever he should think proper.

But, suddenly, every thing appeared strange to him. The hollows and risings of the ground, the hues of some of the woodland flowers, the trunks of some of the standing trees, and the size and positions, and overgrowing mosses, of some of the fallen, had been imaginarily recognized by him, as he danced heedlessly along; but, at length, every thing appeared new, and, turning himself all around, he could discover nothing which he recollected ever to have seen before! At that moment, the colour forsook his cheeks; but relying still, as in other instances, upon his sagacity, and taking the sun-beams, as they pierced through the brown shade in which he wandered, as guides for his direction, he ran, for sometime, to and fro, and every moment, more desponding and more terrified; in the vain hope of finding again some tree or bush which he had passed on entering, or at least of tracing his way out again, into the open country! But, every thing which he had seen upon entering was now reversed in prospect. The trees and bushes which he had seen upon one side, or, as it were, their faces, as he entered, he saw only upon the other side, or, as it were, their backs,

as he now moved; and it would have been difficult, even for an older and more practised eye than his own, to re-discover such acquaintances at that disadvantage! But, in truth, he had straggled wide away from the line of yesterday, and was hurrying more and more from that border of the wood of which he was in search. His spirits sunk within him; he hugged Charley to his bosom; he prayed to God to save him; hunger, thirst, and weariness came anew upon him; his feet were incessantly entangled among the creeping plants, and his face struck by the branches and the climbers; he lay down, at a smooth spot, upon his face, to cry; and, in a few minutes, a sound sleep delivered him from all the afflictions of the moment.

CHAPTER XX.

How lonesome! how wild! yet the desert is rife
With the stir of enjoyment, the spirit of life!

WILSON.

His sleep, however, was of short duration. A song, which, while he yet dreamed, he thought to come from the voice of his mother; and which, in an instant, and by the rapid association of ideas, placed before the eyes of his imagination the old farmyard in Derbyshire, with his father, fork in hand, and the cart standing by; but which, the next instant, he distinguished as that of some Dutch Negro-man, tripping gaily through the wood, and which resounded, at a little distance, in his ears, and came nearer and nearer, and grew louder and louder as he listened.

“Ting, tinger-ring,
Ting, tinger-ring;
Ting, tinger-ring,
Ting-ti-no!”

was the buoyant and gladsome strain of the merry passenger, plainly advancing in his

direction ; and whose music was occasionally interrupted only to reply, with some passing Negro witticism, to the scream or whistle of a parrot on the boughs ; and the progress of whose feet delayed but by an occasional pirouette to the music of his tongue, or leap over the plants or bushes. A moment more, and the song terminated by a sudden shout, and cry of "Holloa, piccanini ! Backra Charley piccanini ! Oh ! how Hottentot-him will jump, when him hear dis !" — answered by a chirrup of pleasure and recognition, from Charles's little grave-faced and long-tailed companion ! It was no other than one of the Vrouw's best and steadiest Negro slaves, who, by the pleasure of his late master, and in conformity with the Dutch style of naming their slaves, bore the name of Zephyr.

Charles, at his first waking knowledge of a human voice, and still more upon finding it to be Zephyr's, was half pleased and half alarmed. "Oh ! Zephyr," said Charles, "I am so glad you are come ; for I am quite lost, and cannot find my way out of the wood. But, did the Vrouw send you to look for me ; and are you come to carry me back ? And what did you say about Hottentot mammy ? Is she at home, and will the Vrouw forgive her ?"

"Well done, backra piccanini ! You tink

Negro-man not'ing else to do, but answer plenty piccanini questions! Vrouw no send Negro-man; Negro-man no come look after you. Negro-man come please himself. Negro-man come look after spring-buck and wild honey. Hottentot-him be safe at home; where should him be? But Vrouw make great noise; cold Hottentot-him; cold Negro-man; cold every body; and send every body, except Negro-man, dis way and dat. And all about backra piccanini, and piccanini monkey, what tink you dat?

“Ting, tinger-ing,
Ting—”

“But you won't take me back to the Vrouw, Zephyr?”

“Me take you back to de Vrouw! No, no; not unless you want go. But what you do here? How you get eat, drink? How lion no eat you?”

“But you won't tell the Vrouw,” said Charles?

“Me tell Vrouw?” cried again Zephyr: “No, no; me tell Vrouw not'ing me can help! Me make Vrouw wise like Negro-man? Me tell Vrouw where find backra piccanini, for him tie him gain in barn? No, no!”—After saying which, he replied to all Charles's still anxious

questions concerning his Hottentot mammy, relating her siege by the lioness, who had looked at her, and roared and growled at intervals, till the morning, after which, with a roar at parting, she had stalked away among the trees. Further than this, he gave Charles an account, how the poor woman, almost as much frightened to see the Vrouw as to see the lioness, had crept home at daylight, to look after the chickens, but kept her door shut, as if she had been absent; and how the Vrouw had sent for her, and beat her; and how she was still in disgrace with the Vrouw, and crying for her piccanini¹.

It was seldom that Zephyr's pockets were unstored with something useful for the stomach; and upon the present occasion, it had been one of his first cares to put into Charles's hands, (and not wholly forgetting Charley,) a large ear of maize or Turkey-corn, the breast of a cold roast bird, and a piece of honey-comb, three times as big as one of Charles's hands; and, acquainted with a run of water near the place, and quickly manufacturing a cup out of the bark of a tree, he had soon supplied him with drink. Meantime, Charles, in return for all the news of Zephyr, related the whole of his own adventures, from the

¹ "Piccanini," the Negro term for a child.

time that the Vrouw seized him from the arms of the Negro to whom he surrendered himself, after quitting his Hottentot mammy; and consulted with him as to what was now best to be done, his determination not to go back to the farm being first fully understood. In the end, it was resolved between them, that Zephyr should carry him and Charley to the border of the wood, and there leave them concealed while he ran to the Hottentot woman with the happy news of his discovery; when, even if, for fear of the Vrouw, she should not be able to come herself, she would at least send himself back, with provisions, and, perhaps, with some advice, as to where he should go for the night, and where and how he should be hidden, till either Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer returned from his journey, or some means could be found for conveying him with certainty to Martha Hoyland's.

Their plans settled, the stout and good-natured Zephyr lost no time in taking Charles into his arms, as did Charles his monkey-epitome; and, recommencing a song, to enliven his march, and govern its steps, hastened, with an unerring exactitude, toward that edge of the wood which lay nearest to the farm, where, behind a few of the outermost trees, and near to a great and remarkable stone, he deposited

his burden. Round about that stone, he made Charles promise to remain till he or Hottentot mammy should come, which could not be in less than two hours; but even that would be an hour before the sun went down. So saying, and having fixed Charles, with the seal of caresses, to the required promise, he went forward himself, with dance and with song, calling back, while within hearing, still to encourage and bind his piccanini; and sometimes, in the further exuberance of his spirits, and warmth of universal fellowship, exchanging a word, as he called it, with the parrots, or with anything else that was alive among the trees, or by the road-side: "Aha! massa parrot," said he, "what you cream so for? For get you supper? Get you supper yourself, massa parrot! Negro-man nough to do, get supper for piccanini, not for qualling parrot! Good bye, massa parrot; good bye, me tell you!

"Ting, tinger-ring,
Ting, tinger-ring;
Ting tinger-ring,
Ting-ti-no!"

Charles, left at his post, sat down, for a little time, by the side of the stone, and talked joyfully to his monkey: "Don't you think, Charley," said he, "that it was very lucky,

for you and I, that Zephyr came our way, to look for spring-bucks and wild honey?" And Charley, winking his eyes, and putting on one of his gravest looks, seemed to agree with him that Zephyr's visit had been most lucky!

Many minutes, however, had not been passed after this manner, before the silent and repeated motions of a bird, of splendid plumage, from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, awakened the curiosity of Charles, and induced him, at length, to rise from his seat, and follow, a few steps at a time, the beautiful inhabitant of the grove! Still, as he advanced, he often looked behind him at the appointed stone, and took care, at this stage of the pursuit, not to lose his view of the important monument. Progressively, the trunks and foliage of trees took their places between him and the stone; but, still, he knew that the stone was behind them, and that, therefore, all was safe. Progressively, also, other trees hid the first that had hid the stone; but, still, at partial openings, he could see the light, and the sunny herbage, of the country without the wood, beneath the feathering branches of the last of the trees; so that, as soon as he pleased, he could return. Progressively, however, the bird flitted, from branch to branch, down the sloping side of a dell within the forest; and

Charles, looking over his shoulder, saw the ground rising behind him, and shutting out from his sight the whole landscape that he had left. He knew, nevertheless, that he needed but to tread backward a very few feet, to regain the level from which he had descended, and the view of all that could be seen from it; so that he sprung downward without fear, hoping to obtain, at length, a close inspection of the pretty colours of a bird so gentle in its manners, and apparently so tame, that he thought, very soon, it would let him stroke the feathers of its neck, and receive, perhaps, some seeds out of his hand!

In this manner, he did not stop till he had reached the very bottom of the dell, still overgrown with wood; and where, above his head, the side of the hill which he had descended, impressed him with a sudden feeling of awe, as resembling the foot of a great mountain, running up to an unknown height. He had lost, too, all certainty as to the direction which he ought to take in reascending; and he had begun to think of renouncing the further chase of the pretty bird, when a slight rustle, among some of the neighbouring branches, occasioned it to take an effectual flight up the hill which it had descended. If Charles had turned at the same moment, and cautiously followed the short flights of the bird,

which was probably at no great distance from its nest, and now returning to it; it is possible that he might easily have regained his former ground, and arrived at the stone which was his "trysting-place," either with Zephyr, or with his mammy. But the rustling of the branches had been occasioned by the leap in the thicket of one of the largest of the antelope species, a superb and stately *codoo*, with spiral horns; which, alighting upon a small and elevated carpet of grass, at the distance of a few yards before him, now gazed upon him with its large, dark, and gentle eyes, and seemed in no haste to take its departure from its hillock. Charles, terrified at first, soon found his new visitant so little disposed to injure him; so gentle, yet so sprightly in all its motions; so easily itself alarmed; so beautiful, yet so grand to look upon: that, forgetting the bird, the stone, and every thing in the world, except the *codoo*, he stood, with breathless attention, to watch and wonder at its most trivial movements. Grace, in rivalry with vigour, gave an aërial loveliness to all it did; while every form and outline of its head, neck, shoulders, haunches, and limbs, rendered it, while at rest, a captivating statue! Charley, indeed, at the abrupt appearance of the stranger, had taken a new hold upon the collar of his master's jacket, and was now

clinging about his neck with more than usual fervour. To Charles, in the meantime, the animal appeared so tame, and to feel so kindly toward himself, that, with the same feeling, but with a prouder object, he now thought of approaching and playing with the codoo, as before with the little bird of splendid plumage. At the first motion even of Charles's hand, the antelope started, and took up a new position; but this was only at a few yards from the spot he left; and, still, he turned his face toward Charles, and seemed neither fierce nor wild. Charles advanced, therefore, a few feet, and the animal did not move. He advanced even a few feet more; and the antelope seemed to be without all fear of him. It was delightful thus to hold communion with a creature so beautiful, so noble, and so new to his apprehension. Even in his infant mind, he felt the sentiment through which man seeks to attach to himself, and acquire a property in, some express part or parts of universal nature; and thought of the antelope of the woods and mountains, as the poet thought of an object still more kindred:

“Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood!”

In a word, the antelope suffered him to approach within a couple of yards; but, now, tossing his head, and kicking up his heels, he leaped, in an instant, four times the space, and then trotted away ten times further. Again, however, he stood still; again he gazed mildly upon Charles and his companion; and again a renewed effort was made to arrive at his very feet, and offer him a handful of sweet grass. Charles judged that it was still long before his friends could arrive at the stone; and though he believed that it would cost him some pains to retrace his way, yet he doubted not of success when he should try it!

But the antelope was still so gentle, and apparently so playful and confiding, and so little anxious to remove to any considerable distance at a time; that, little by little, Charles followed him far into the dell, which descended deeper and deeper all the way, and wound about the bottoms of several high points of land, on turning each of which the whole landscape was entirely changed, and nothing of the backward view remained to assist a return. The chase, however, continued; and, now, a sound, to which Charles, in his rambles of the two days, had been a stranger, came gratefully upon his ears. It was the sound of running water, gurgling its way through a stony and shallow channel; and it came from a small

river, of which the course crossed the mouth of the ravine or dell, from which, at times of rain, it received an addition to its flood. The sound and the sight were alike grateful to Charles, except that both spoke of a strange scene;—of a scene any one but that in which he ought to have remained, and any where near to which there was no sight nor sound of water! The antelope, however, stopped at the edge of the water, to drink; and he was still so near; and his action and his attitude were so beautiful; and, when no longer thirsty, perhaps he would no longer withdraw at all; that on continued Charles, in spite of the marshy ground at which he now slightly sunk at every step, and at least soaked his feet in water. But Charles got swiftly over the wet ground, and was, now, along with the antelope, upon the dry border of the river. The antelope, refreshed by his draught, was so far from being less inclined to stand still, that he sported along the bank; and though, at his frequent pauses, he always turned himself round, with his face toward Charles, yet the latter began to find it difficult to recover, from time to time, the ground which he lost at every flight. The river winded as it went; and its border, which was here almost on its level, and bare, or covered with aquatic plants, was there raised into high banks, and

thickly grown with wood. Behind one of its loftiest points, the antelope, to Charles's momentary dismay, took the stream, and, walking through it, was swiftly upon the other side, where, standing again to gaze upon Charles, its figure was deliciously relieved by the foliage of the trees, and reflected upon the surface of the water. But Charles, in a transport of joy, found, upon reaching the place at which it had crossed, that the water was here spread over a bed of the smallest pebbles, and was no more than a few inches deep. Charles forded the water, therefore, with the same ease as the antelope; and, now, the frolic, or the chase, whichever it was, continued upon the opposite bank. But, shortly after, the antelope quitted the side of the river, and struck into the thicket. Charles followed, as before, though half wearied of his task, and resolving very soon to give up the pursuit, unless more successful than it had yet been. There was here a little brook, which ran, no doubt, into the adjacent river. The antelope, walking into the stream, stopped again to drink; and Charles, at the shortest distance, stopped also, to admire. In an instant, however, there was a noise behind him; and, almost at the same instant, the antelope, as it were like lightning, had vanished, and so had vanished also a lion and

lioness, which, passing behind Charles, were in hottest chase of the antelope! Charles saw no more of any of them; in short, he had scarcely seen lion or lioness, or known whether the antelope had moved with his feet, or sunk into the earth, or into the water; such was the quickness of all that happened! But he stood amazed and terrified beyond all that can be described. He was only aroused by a scream of terror from Charley; who, nevertheless, had waited till the foes were gone, and had seemed in no hurry to return, before he ventured to trust himself with the sound of his own voice!

Charles had certainly lost the end of all this patient enterprize; but it had happened, he believed, only through the unfortunate appearance of the lion and lioness at the very moment, when, at last, he was getting close up with the poor antelope; and this was an accident which was nothing but what might easily happen, in a country where lions and lionesses are far more common than foxes are in England. Then, as to what would now become of the antelope, Charles thought, that as he had known how to keep himself from coming up with him just as long as he pleased, there was hope that he might do the same with the lion and the lioness. Charles had his doubts, however, whether the swift of foot would

stop so often on the new race, and gaze and wait for the approach of its new pursuers, as it had gazed and waited while only he had followed?

Nothing remained but that Charles, disappointed but not despairing, mournful for the misfortune of the poor antelope, sanguine as to his escape, and pleased with his acquaintance with the spiral horns, though still a little scared at the glimpse which had been inflicted upon him, of the black mane and tawny body of a South African lion;—nothing remained but that Charles should re-cross the river, re-ascend the ravine, and re-seat himself by the side of the stone upon the border of the forest! The distance, upon recollection of the multitude of objects and changes of scene which he had passed, appeared to him to be rather great; but the sun, even yet, was high; and he was resolved, that neither bird, nor flower, nor curious stone, nor coloured lizard, nor speckled snake,—nor disappointing antelope—should impede his steady course. Alas! he had not gone a rood from the fatal brook, before he took his road to the left, instead of the right, of a thick entangled mass of trees and underwood, of climbers, and of creepers; and, thenceforward, carried his face in any direction but that which led to the spot where

he had forded the river. Utterly confused, indeed, and after running backward and forward, the tears filling his eyes, his breath almost forsaking him, the sun descending low, and his feet and knees beginning to refuse their support; he once more, and at length, heard, or believed he heard, the sound of rushing water. But it was water really rushing! He reached the river at a place where, after receiving a tributary equal to itself, and where it ran among lofty rocks, it flowed at great depth along the higher level, and boiled and thundered on its race below. Supposing this to be the same river which he had forded, but even of which fact itself there was but little appearance, he rightly judged that his passage must have been higher up, not lower down its stream. That way, therefore, he hurried; but every where the water was deep; no where, even in its less foaming parts, was there the appearance of a ford; and, least of all, of the ford which lay near to the bottom of that ravine or dell by which he had come! Every hope of regaining the stone by the time of the arrival of Zephyr or Hottentot woman, and even of regaining it that night at all, soon after fled from his bosom; and, once more, not alone in his affliction, but yet in helpless weariness, and telling Charley that they were lost, and that he could

carry him no further, he lay down upon the earth, and cried himself to sleep.

The situation, however, was fearfully damp, as well as exposed to all the ordinary perils from wild beasts, as the adventure of the antelope had sufficiently made appear; and Charles's sleep, disturbed by a hungry stomach, if by nothing else, (the pains of which his imagination converted into the grip of lions,) was speedily, and perhaps fortunately interrupted. Awaking, then, by the side of the river, and under the thick foliage of a Cape oak, which increased tenfold the darkness of the night, Charles, at the first, was about to renew his lamentations, in the loudest manner; but the speedy recollection that the noise into which he should be betrayed, might draw upon him some creature not less hungry than himself, had the effect of stopping a weakness which would also have made him still more weak; and of directing all the strength and wakefulness of which he was still master, to the choice of a better sleeping-place, and to the making and maintaining of a large fire, as upon the preceding night. To go any further before the morning he felt to be entirely impossible; but, though he had now no shelter from the dew, except the branches of the trees, and must make his fire cautiously, lest it should

communicate to those branches; and though, to-night, he was more hungry and fatigued than at any time before, since his departure from the barn; still, refreshed by his short sleep, and enlivened by the ample blaze which he soon kindled, his spirits rallied; and, ignorant how widely and irrecoverably he had wandered; how completely, amidst his ignorance of the face of the country, the forest and the river precluded the possibility of his return, even to the neighbourhood of Blouwveldt's farm; he lay down to sleep, confident that he needed but the repose of the night, and the return of day upon the world, to follow the river up its banks; to find again the shoal pebbly ford; to retrace the mouth of the ravine; to ascend into the wood, to thread his way to the stone; and to make his breakfast along the road: "And who knows," said he, to Charley, just before he fell asleep, "but we shall find Zephyr or mammy still there, sleeping by the stone all night, and waking and wondering that we do not come; or else, plenty of something nice to eat, hid in a basket, underneath some stones, to keep it from the weasels, and enough to last us till they come again, even if it should be all the day! Dear Hottentot mammy, and dear black Zephyr, how good they are to us, and how much we will love them!"

CHAPTER XXI.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I.

SHAKSPEARE.

MORNING rose again in beauty ; and Charles awoke with the same feeling of confidence in which he closed the preceding evening. He could find but a scanty supply of fruit for his breakfast, and even this of a description which was not relished by Charley, who had some difficulty in collecting, in other quarters, the few kernels that satisfied his palate.

Charles pursued, however, with ardour, his search along the upward bank of the river, undoubting of his discovery, sooner or later, of the passage which would restore him to the dell. He was restored by his night's sleep, and invigorated by the morning air ; and he went forward, for almost an hour, singing as he scrambled among the brush-wood, or over the occasional masses of rock, or fallen and rotten trees, into

which his feet sunk as he leaped upon them; and, thus far, he struggled with the discomfort, if not the pain, which he suffered in his feet, confined as they were within the laced boots that had been so often soaked in water, and worn out of shape in the wet clay, and various roads of his yesterday's ramble. By degrees, nevertheless, his spirits declined; he ceased to sing; the patience of his search was severely tried; his feet began to distress him; a tract, without the shelter of trees, was to be passed; the heat of the sun grew stronger; his boots, which had gradually yielded to the motion of his feet, and become so much the easier, now dried and hardened upon the same feet; he was ready for a better meal than he had yet made; and there was no appearance, either of any spot that he knew, or of any passage of the river! Arriving, once more, under the covert of trees, all the ground adjacent to the river became marshy; and, to move along a higher surface, he was obliged to make a circuit which speedily led him wholly away from the river, leaving him, after a time, in considerable fear that he should never again behold its margin!

It was of no avail to him, at present, to look up to the sun, and think, in respect of its position, where either the stone in the wood, or even

Blouwveldt's farm might lie. His path was governed by the windings of the river, and the practicability of the ground, and not by the situation of the sun. He must go where the land and the water would let him, and this was the limit of his power. Happily, the drier surface, and different soil, upon which he was now drien, afforded nuts and juicy fruits which enabled him to satisfy his hunger; and, here, the sunny banks and rocks were gay with geraniums and other flowering shrubs, with beautiful birds, shining and innumerable insects, and with basking lizards. Choosing, in this place, a spot upon the shady side of a tree, he sat down to eat the fruit which he gathered, but with no easy mind as to his situation. Bitterly did he begin to lament that he had not submitted himself to the precise directions of Zephyr, by waiting close to the stone; and, in part, he now admitted to his conscience, that it had been a very foolish act, in one so young as himself, so ignorant of the country, and so thoughtless of the ease with which he might presently lose his way, to have done anything but what Zephyr, who meant him so well, and who knew so much better what he was about, had kindly advised and insisted upon his performing! Bitterly, too, did he lament, (and with some notions of

shame,) that he had wandered in this manner, breaking, too, his positive promise to Zephyr, sealed with a kiss;—that, with certainty, the good-natured Negro-man had undertaken much trouble upon his account, and upon the faith of his remaining; that probably his Hottentot mammy also, had given herself trouble, and perhaps trudged all the way to the stone—and perhaps at the risk of being discovered by her mistress—and perhaps had been discovered, and scolded and beaten—all upon his account;—and yet that he had broken his promise, and rendered every thing of no use;—and all this, too, because he had been so silly as to follow, first a bird, and then an antelope, both of which, in the country where he was, he might easily have promised himself to see at any other time. In a word, the dejected penitent, moralizing under the thick evergreen which overshadowed him, obtained at least half a vision of the folly, as well as the ingratitude, of a headstrong, or at least, heedless child¹, who neglects the advice, disobeys the orders, and frustrates the care, of those upon whom he depends for his well-being, who are anxious to promote it, and who best know how to bring it to pass! “But why,” said he to

¹ “Heedless” means *head-less*.

Charley, "did you let me be so foolish? Why did not you tell me to stay at the stone? I know that you looked very serious when we came away, and when we were following the antelope; but, then, you always look serious, and as if you thought that there were two sides to a story!" Charley chirruped his reply; but what he meant, neither Charles knew, nor can his historian give account.

Wiping, at length, his tears, (for Charles was not one of those hard natures which never think themselves in the wrong, nor never feel as that thought should make them,) he rose up with an equal resolution to bend all his present strength and judgment toward a final return to the stone, and all his future to a better resistance of the temptations which should fall in his way; and to a more careful and tractable regard to the necessary commands, and useful advice, which, hereafter, should be given him. Having, first, taken off his boots, and stretched them, and replaced them in the best manner he could; he took Charley upon his arm, and travelled hastily along, anxiously keeping to that line of ground which promised best to restore him to the river. It was noon, before, in spite of all his efforts, he regained the sight of water, and ran to it, to assuage his thirst. The place which he had now

reached was lovely in its aspect, and doubtless a part of the course of the river, by the side of which he had slept during the night. But it resembled no ground he had ever seen before; and, except that the water, here, was a smaller and more placid stream than that which he had left below, it offered no encouragement to the hope of a return to his only place of rest! The water was still much too deep to yield a ford, and Charles had no ability to swim. He could only sit down, therefore, upon its low bank, and gaze upon the lilies that covered, with their broad leaves, and flowers of white and pink, the still parts of the current, and were the resort of a thousand splendid insects. Charles could behold from the bank only a limited bend of the river, which came from amidst the woods above, and ended in the woods below. The river, however, was not so narrow, nor the trees on either side so lofty, but that, (especially with the sun at noon, while those under which Charles was seated, afforded a shade,) every thing upon the opposite side was in full light, and all reflected, leaf for leaf, the perfect mirror of the smooth gentle stream. No breeze was stirring, and the whole nook was an enclosure; the blue sky its canopy, the crystal wave its floor, and the trees its verdant walls. Within, and, as far as

the ear could distinguish, without also, was nothing but the silence of the hour of the day; except when, once or twice while Charles remained, a fish leaped from the water, and falling into it again, left it to spread wider and wider its unbroken rings. Once, at some distance downward; a rose-coloured flamingo, with slender body, and long legs and neck, sailed slowly through the air, from the bank upon this side to the opposite, its rose-coloured reflection in the water accompanying all its flight. Nearly opposite to where Charles sat, three or four white pelicans were washing and pluming themselves in the shallow water at the foot of the bank, attended by their young ones; but they were not feeding the latter with the blood from their breasts; neither were they of that species (the grey) which is said to be found in Central Africa, and in East Florida, in North America; and of which, as to those in the former country at least, an animal phenomenon is related, that seems to have been the origin of the ancient exaggerated story, and among other mistakes, to have been attributed to the white pelican, (or "Pelican of the Wilderness,") while it belongs only to the grey. Along the banks of the river, also, a few smaller animals, in part land, and in part aquatic, were in motion; but with so little noise as

scarcely to break, in the faintest manner, the soothing quiet of the scene. The scene was for the eye, and not for the ear; and its water, and its sky, and its motionless foliage and branches, and its flowers, and even its occasional birds, spoke to the heart through the eye only, and exercised, in proportion to its objects, the unassisted influence of the sense of vision; except that it had, in reality, that accompaniment of the softest sound, or sounds, which the ear mistakes for silence, and enjoys because of their softness. It was a living picture, and, to a certain extent, therefore, a moving and a breathing picture; and hence the transcendency of its charm over all the beauty of a painted canvass. Canvass, (and it is the same with marble,) to complete its power, must seem to breathe, as well as to have substance; or to reach that height which the old Italian poet ascribes to some exquisite sculptures of figures in ivory: "They were so beautiful," says he, "that they wanted nothing but to speak; and they would not have wanted even that, if you could have believed your *eyes*!"

In the privacy of this seclusion, and with the example of so many things before him, enjoying the blessing of water, Charles, heated, fatigued, and feverish from the effects of so many incidents by night and day, would have been

tempted, here, to strip, and bathe in the clear stream, which, for a considerable distance from a part of the bank, adjacent to where he sat, was shallow, and displayed a gravelly bottom. But he had only lately resolved upon being prudent; and he therefore refrained, exactly because he was really heated by his morning's efforts to reach the ford, and by the vexation of repeated disappointments; and because it was now the hottest part of the day, or that in which the water was the coldest in comparison with the air above. At his first quitting his bed under the Cape oak, he had washed his hands and face in the river there; and, before quitting his present resting place, he repeated the same salutary work, and received from it that refreshment which may well be expected, if we remember how much the whole mass of the blood in our bodies, incessantly and rapidly circulating through every part, is capable of being affected by the application of water, either hotter or colder than itself, as it repeatedly passes, even in a very short space of time, as well as that the heating or cooling of any portion of that mass, contributes to heat or cool the whole remainder; so that, for example, the application of cold water to the hands or face, may be compared to the breathing of cold air by the lungs; the whole

of the blood continually passing, again and again, through the hands and face, as it also passes through the lungs; and parting with its caloric or matter of heat, as it flows under the surfaces cooled by the cold water, in the same manner as it parts with its hydrogen, or matter of impurity, as it passes under the surfaces of the foldings of the lungs, cooled by the breathing of cold air. Charles had drunk, however, of the water of the river, on his arrival at its bank; but he had already learned, in the brief course of his adventures, the greater safety with which, in such circumstances, he might drink river-water than spring, as being less cold than the latter; and also that even in drinking river-water, it was safer to drink the water of the warmed surface, than that of the colder depths; and, again, the water which flowed over a shallow surface, or warm, earthy bottom, rather than that of greater depth. How skilful were the cattle, as physicians for themselves, had been pointed out to him, for his imitation, by the companions of his rural life. He had been made to remark, for instance, how the horse, slowly, and, as it were, tediously, sucks through his teeth, (when left to himself, or when not otherwise guided by the different temperature of the water,) the merest surface of the fluid of which he drinks; and how

much, when there is a run of water on his road, he will prefer to suck his draught from the warmed portion which runs the shallowest, instead of that deeper channel to which his cockney rider would direct him, as the best adapted to afford him a copious and speedy potation! How different, too, it had been suggested to him, was this mode of drinking, observed to be natural to the horse, to the too frequent artificial one of giving him a pailful, newly drawn from a cold well, or even deep river or pond! Charles had been lucky enough to receive the early lesson, urgently impressed, though of which, (now or even ever,) he could know but a small share of the value; to observe the ways of nature, and of natural life—*and think*.

Resuming, at length, his pilgrimage, Charles, after the heat of the day was somewhat passed, and he had slept, for a little time, unmolested on the river's bank, rushed upward, in further search of the ford which he had originally crossed, or of any other that could restore him to the opposite side of the stream; but, after an hour's progress, instead of reaching any spot where the lowness of the shores might let the river spread wide and shallow, he found the banks rising, till, in the end, the river was shut up between hills, over one of which he pursued his way. Having

passed its summit, the opposite side became rocky, and comparatively bare of trees; so that, here, the panting and almost despairing little traveller allowed himself, for a moment, to expect that from the height and openness of the situation, it would afford him, as upon a map, such a view of the course of the river as might enable him quickly to discover the ford, or some other course of arrival at the place he wanted. For this purpose he ascended one of the highest of the rocks; but the performance of that task brought with it nothing but the deepest dejection, and almost the loss of every remaining hope! From the top of the rock, he could perceive, upon the one hand, no feature, in all the landscape, that he knew, nor any from which he could promise himself relief; and, upon the other, the windings of the river were displayed to him with so melancholy a clearness, that he saw with certainty, that all the labours of the day had not advanced him a foot upon his desired track! The river, as he could plainly distinguish, from the figure of a tall and remarkable rock, and peculiar tufts of trees, which he remembered he had passed the evening before, was winding round from where he now was, almost to where he had first risen in the morning; and, shortly after arriving in that region, in a bold

and continuous stretch, (far toward the opposite point of the compass that he wanted, and, from the trees of the forest in which he was,) into a wide, open plain, which it traversed further than his eye could reach! Charles, at that appalling view, in the entire circle of which he could perceive nothing that offered to him even the most fanciful prospect of escape, now burst into a new flood of tears, crying to the loudest of his voice, and sitting down upon the rock in an agony of grief!

The sun was beginning to lower its place in the heavens, and Charles, with scarcely a reason why, thought that, at least, it would be best for him to leave the rock, and go forward, somewhere or other before night: "When I thought myself lost," said he, (as his spirits began again to support him,) "on the first day after my release from the barn; and when I believed that no body could find me, nor befriend me, Zephyr came soon by, and comforted me, and gave me an ear of maize, and the breast of a cold roasted bird, and a large piece of honey-comb; and, if I had done as he bade me, he or mammy would have given me plenty of every thing, and found some way to lodge me, and take care of me: why, therefore, should not something happen again, to help me; and, then, if I do not do

something against myself, as I did after Zephyr left me, why should I not get safe at last? No; this is no time for me to despair; and I should be foolish and wicked if I did despair; for good, as well as evil, may always happen; and we never know how near good may be to us, any more than evil. However, we must put ourselves into the way of good, at least as earnestly as ever we put ourselves into the way of evil; and, perhaps, with half the activity with which I rambled away from the stone where Zephyr told me to stay, I shall be able to get to some place where good is waiting for me! At any rate, the top of this rock, in the midst of this wood, is the least likely place for any body to see me, or afford me the means to help myself; so, down I go;—that's fixed! Come along, Charley!"

Descended into the wood, and without the suggestion of a clue to govern his steps, Charles thought, for one moment, of trying to get back to the Cape oak under which he slept, as apparently nearer to whence he came than his present position; and, at the next, was half inclined still to pursue the bend of the river upward, as probably leading to some fordable place or other. Again, in the complete indecision of his purpose, he sometimes thought a short road out of the wood, and to the open

country which he had seen, might furnish his best chance; but while he balanced all these plans, and alternately began to execute each, by turning or intending to turn, in the directions they impelled, or sometimes following the allurements of the new paths that offered; while thus running to and fro, he soon lost all idea of the road to be taken, toward either the Cape oak, or any other point whatever. One advantage, in the meantime occurred; for, as he advanced he knew not whither, he arrived at a rich cluster of bushes, laden with a country fruit which he well knew, and the grateful flavour of which recommended it, in the fullest manner, both to Charley and himself. Here, therefore, they made, both of them, a pleasant and abundant meal. The bushes grew upon an eastern exposure, and had thus mellowed their fruit into a luscious sweetness.

A beautiful glade, which, from the feet of the bushes, opened itself before him in the forest, and stretched, even in his present view, to a considerable length, here afforded him at once an easy path and tempting prospect. He travelled through it with mingled hope and fear; with mingled doubt and expectation; till it led him again, into the midst of tall trees, and upon a rocky and uneven surface. He penetrated the belt of trees, and came upon the banks of a

rivulet strewn with flowers of various colour and odour. The sun had sometime left the meridian; and Charles was beginning to look with a hopeless eye upon all around him, and to think where, and in what manner he was to rest, for a third night, in the solitude and wilderness; when, from the branches of a shrub upon the opposite side of the little stream, he heard the repeated cry of a Honey-bird¹, inviting him, (as he had sufficiently learned, on his journey from Cape Town, and at Blouwveldts,) to rob some one of those nests of bees in which the Cape, like all the rest of Africa, from Egypt and Morocco in the north, to Simon's Bay and Caffre-land in the south, so liberally abounds. The pleasures attendant upon pursuit of any kind, and the occasional reward of honey, which follows an acceptance of the invitation of the bird, make it a habit with the rural residents of the Cape to seize with alacrity upon these occasions; and Charles, with a boy's usual spirit of adventure, and gay with his recent repast of fruit, eagerly stepped over the stones which supplied a natural causeway through the narrow and shallow water that separated him from the Honey-bird, which, after waiting his arrival, flitted to a short distance in the wood, still calling to Charles to

¹ *Cuculus Indicator*, or Cuckoo Guide; also called Honey Cuckoo, Honey Guide, and Honey Bird.

come on, in the instinctive way so intelligible to the ear, and which experience has shown to be so infallibly employed with the design of leading its follower to a real deposit of honey ! Charles very well knew, that though the bird had certainly discovered a bee's nest, or natural hive, and would faithfully lead him to its situation ; yet it was always a matter of chance, whether or not the situation was accessible to anything but the bird itself ; for that, to the discrimination in this latter particular, the instinct of the Honey-bird made no pretence. Besides this, also, Charles had duly in his recollection, that to attack a bee's nest, even when faithfully led to it, and even when most accessible, was a task of some danger to the strongest, the boldest, and the most skilful, and might, therefore, be much more so to himself ; add to which, that he was without axe, pickaxe, or any other of those tools which are sometimes needed for breaking up the dwellings of the bees, in the trunks of trees, or in the crevices of rocks. Charles, in reality, was little better prepared than the bird itself, whose difficulty, in coming, unaided, at the honey, is its motive for inviting a guest to share the prey, contented, itself, with the fragments and gleanings that are sure to remain. Charles was upon no par even with the *ratel*, an animal of the Cape that

has been erroneously called a badger, and especially "the Indian badger," from which it is essentially distinguished; and which, if it must be a badger at all, may be called the Honey Badger of the Cape. The ratel, equally or still more than the human species, the Honey-bird invites to the stores of honey; and this creature (two feet, or so, in length, and as fond of honey as the bird) is provided with claws of prodigious size and strength, as well as with tremendous teeth, all of which it can and does apply, as far as it is able, to the overcoming of the rocky, earthy, or woody defences of the bees. But the rocks yield themselves but little to the assaults of the ratel, any more than to those of the Honey-bird; and the ratel, like the lion and tiger, cannot ascend a tree. Like the lion and the tiger, the ratel can go no further than its foot, though, as high as it reaches, it can use its teeth almost with the might and efficacy of the beaver; but upon the whole, the ratel, not less than the Honey-bird, is often glad to feast upon the fragments remaining after a human attack; while the Honey-bird, no doubt, uses its instinct to obtain the assistance of the ratel, more frequently by far than in calling upon man. It has found, however, that man, like himself, and like the ratel, is fond

of the sugary treasure; and, where it cannot itself get at it alone, it has the wisdom to seek more powerful auxiliaries, and to be satisfied with what is given to it, or left for it, or unavoidably scattered and forsaken at the spoliation of the nest¹.

Charles leaped over hillock and hollow, and climbed the banks and fallen trees, as the Honey-bird, repeating its call, led him, successively, stage by stage, toward the secret store. Louder and more frequent, more earnest and more encouraging, were the calls of the Honey-bird, as he proceeded; till, at length, his anxious and sprightly feathered guide, intent, we may well believe, upon its own evening meal, fled, in full view, across another and deeper

¹ The Ratel, named also the Honey Weasel, follows the call of the Honey-bird. The bird calls it, as it calls mankind, and profits by the powerful operations of the Ratel, in the same manner as by those of men. The bird attends it, too, because, like men, it can sometimes find the honey without the bird's assistance, which shares, nevertheless, the spoil. The Ratel sleeps a good part of the day in its earth; but, toward sunset, (the bees being then returning home,) it comes to the surface, and there sits upright, holding, if needful, one of its paws before its eyes, to screen them from the rays of the sun, while it watches the flights of the bees. It is sensible that, at this hour, whichever way they fly, is their way home; and thus it ascertains how to follow them, and ultimately where to find their nests!

water, and alighted upon a lofty rock. At that station it remained, eagerly calling to its assistant honey-hunter, and fluttering and chirruping about a particular crevice in the rock; but alas! the whole was out of the reach of Charles, who sat down, as disappointed as the Honey-bird, but upon his own rock, on the hither side of the water, wearied with the chase, and pouting at its result!

But the bird, stretching a little further the exercise of that sagacity with which its species is endowed, understood, or even itself perceived, when upon the spot, the incapacity of the friend whom it had brought, to effect anything against the store, however sweet, established in such a fastness as this in question; and, after calling for some time in vain, suddenly, with a fresh call, very intelligibly varied in tone, flew again, at an angle, toward the same side of the water upon which Charles continued sitting; where, entering to a little depth into the woods, it called again, in its most inviting mode, and such as, to the ears of Charles, distinctly said, "Come this way, then! Come, here is another nest!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

And smiles a link in thee, to find,
That joins him still to living kind!

JOHANNA BAILLIE.

THE Honey-bird led Charles to a greater distance than before; but when, at the last, it stopped, it was at a bee's nest entirely within reach as to its situation, but open only through so narrow a fissure, in a firm and unmouldering rock, that Charles, who could threaten its security by no means but his fingers, or else a stick, soon renounced even this second citadel, as too strong, and too well guarded, for every thing that he could attempt! The bird, it was evident, was as disappointed as himself; but, whether, because it had no further adventure in reserve, or because the sun, by this time, stood low in the heavens, and the air was cooling, and no space remained but for the best supper that could still be found, before his retiring to his

roost; so it happened that it now silently departed, leaving Charles where it had brought him, and to such arrangements for the evening and night as the poor boy, with a heart once more sinking, could find wit, and skill, and strength, and spirits to adopt! The four o'clock flowers¹, every where along his route, had now been long shut up; the bees themselves were ceasing their toils, and returning to the very homes which, in their total or partial absence, he had promised himself to violate; and, in a short interval more, the forest, left to the darkness that would follow, on the instant, the descent of the sun below the horizon, would have no light but from the sparks and lanthorns of the various and innumerable fire-flies; some flashing their small, and bright, and momentary trails; and some sailing with red, and large, and steady glare, like the red ends of lighted sticks, waved by children in the dark.

Whatever, therefore, the day which was to follow should produce, it was now too late for

¹ Native flowers of the Cape, which, like the convolvulus and so many others in Europe, open and shut, morning and evening; and which are thus called, because their time of shutting is regularly that of four o'clock in the afternoon; a phenomenon which will be so much the better understood, because, in the climate of the Cape, the hour of sunset, though long after four, is invariable also.

Charles and Charley to do anything but encamp, either exactly where they were, or at a small distance; and Charles, satisfied of this, set to work, and collected wood, and made a fire, as hitherto. But, if the reader can look, either with pleasure, or with interest, on these struggles for existence, and for restoration to human society and protecting friends, upon the part of our young adventurer; and with any of these feelings contemplate the picture of his journeyings, his expectations, his disappointments, and his occasional helps, during the day, and his fatigues, his anxieties, his frequent watchings, and sometimes his fears, during the night; it would have increased the warmth of all those feelings, to have seen him, as he might have been seen, night and morning upon his knees, beside his forest bed, in the same manner that his mother had taught him, while under the security of an English cottage roof, and thanking God for his divine protection till that hour, and praying for its continuance; and praying, also, for blessings upon his mother, and his sister, and his brother, and his friends in Africa and in England, and upon all the world beside; prayer, too, in which he never forgot, either his Hottentot mammy, or his tried friend Zephyr! By the former of these, as well as by the worthy Land-drost, during the

journey, he had been habituated, he had been steadily maintained, in the same practice which he had brought with him from his mother's knee; and to the poor Hottentot poultry-woman, perhaps, he further owed it, that he never found and ate the fruit of the wilderness, nor drank of its water, nor reposed under its shade, nor warmed nor protected himself by the fire of its wood, without thanking and praising the God that made, and God that gave him either! The Hottentot lessons of his mammy, derived from her ancestral Bushmen, were punctilious in the highest degree upon these heads. To her, universal nature, in all its forms—"the vast and the minute"—was but one endless object of devoutest reverence; and the smallest enjoyment or acquisition derived from that source, a theme for the devoutest praise. It is not amid the beauty and majesty of the plains and forests; it is not in the presence of the swelling floods and over-spreading skies; it is not amid the terrors of the storm, or glory of the sunbeams; it is not amid the ever-varying aspects of earth and heaven; it is not amid the smiles of ten thousand flowers, nor amid the peculiarities which mark and make mysterious every pebble of the brook; it is not, finally, amid the wants, the sufferings, the vicissitudes, the compensations,

the enjoyments, the dangers, the apprehensions, the conscious ignorance, the unexplained appearances, the doubts, the vague conjectures, the limited topics of thought, and subjects of feeling, which belong to savage life, that (whatever may be conceived of it amid the ignorance of cities and civilization, and however erroneous many of the ideas thus embraced and cherished) men learn to forget or to neglect, and still less to deny, the Almighty power which presides in all, and to which all owe their being and preservation! The savage may and does err upon the side of superstition, but never upon that of irreligion. Among savages, as among others, there are men of different tempers and turns of thought; but, speaking of savages collectively, with them almost every incident of the day, and of their lives, connects itself with an act of worship, or invites a religious sentiment either of love or fear. With feelings, opinions, and practices, then, derived from those primitive sources to which we refer, (the innate and strong affections of the human heart, and the conclusions of the human understanding,) Charles had already become deeply familiar, since his short abode in Africa; and they heightened, or at least extended, everything he had acquired from his earlier education,

under his dear, dear mother, Margaret. Her little son, therefore, though, for the moment, he was a suffering orphan,—an exile,—in the wilds of Africa, still retained and followed at least all that he had learned in the “free, fair homes” in which, in England,

— “first the child’s glad spirit loves
Its country and its God ¹!”

On the morning, nevertheless, of which we have now to speak, Charles’s motions were more hurried than to admit of his usual staid observances. Wearied with all his wanderings, and both his honey-chaces, of the preceding day, and with toils and watchings of the night, during which, however, he heard only once, and that afar off, the howl of the hyena, Charles slept late, and was awoke, at last, but by the agreeable and earnest cry of a Honey-bird, and, as he persuaded himself, of the identical bird that had become his acquaintance upon the afternoon before! Aroused by the call, which, less sharp, and further off, had been repeated many times without piercing his ear sufficiently to interrupt his sleep, Charles, after an imperfect sense of the sound in two or three instances, recognised it fully in the end, and sat up, and

¹ The Homes of England. By Mrs. Hemans.

rubbed his eyes: "What!" cried he, "are you there, my little bird? Charley! do you hear him too? Come along, Charley, we shall get some honey at last; and, perhaps, we shall find some nuts by the way, and some water, for there is none here, to wash us, or to quench our thirst!" Charles had slept a rod or two from the second bees' nest of the evening; and he was glad to hear the Honey-bird call him quite in another direction, where there was a chance, at least, of his being able to get the honey!

When he stood upon his feet, however, he found them very sore, and painful and difficult to move, both from the condition of his boots, and the many miles which they had trod. The voice of the Honey-bird won him along, and cheered his spirits; but it was not without frequent wincings, and even occasional feelings of despair, that he answered with his legs to the impatient solicitations of his winged guide; and glad was he to hear, after a very short pursuit, that intelligible and welcome note which said, "Here, here it is; come, take the honey!"

The sun wanted two hours of the meridian; the sky was clear; and the bees were everywhere abroad, visiting the flowers of the region; and, this time, their betrayer had led Charles to a nest, both within his reach, and not so strong

in its entrenchments but that he might hope to force it. The task, indeed, was a little perilous; for there were a small number of bees still going and returning; and the bees of Africa, like those of Europe, are anything but of that stingless kind which is found in Mexico, and from whose hives the ancient emperors of that country used to receive their tributary honey-pots. But Charles had learned some of the resources and precautions of the Hottentots and Negroes upon those occasions; and, by the double aid of his activity and knowledge, was fortunate enough to make prize of a portion of the treasure of the rock. That it was really fortunate is so much the more true, because his expectation of finding either fruit or water by the way had failed him; so that the honey, and the honey only, was all that either himself or Charley obtained this morning for the refreshment of their stomachs.

Quitting, as soon as ever he could, the home and neighbourhood of the injured bees, where, however, he left the Honey-bird in full feed upon the bird's share of the plunder, he hastened, with a burden of honey-comb, toward a distant spot, which he chose for its barrenness, as being therefore the less likely resort even of stranger-bees, whom the sweet product would bring about him; and here, too, he had the happiness to find

a small pool of water, from which, after feasting for a short time upon the cloying honey, he was well pleased to drink. The treat indulged, he was, next, glad, both to leave his barren and exposed retreat, and to throw away what was left of the drained and undrained honey-comb; the first because of the burning sun which raged upon it, and the second, because he had no means of covering it against the bees who did not fail to accompany him, and torment him by their presence, and by swarming upon the honey-comb in his hand, as soon as he moved into the shade, and among the trees and flowers. Washing his hands and face in the pool, he left it, and its scorching bank, as soon as he had finished eating; and, in spite of all his plans for carrying the remains of the honey-comb, he threw them, as we have said, away, almost as soon as he was under the shade: "There," said he, "is another share for the Honey-bird, or for any of the Honey-birds that are here. It will be of use to them, if not to me¹!"

¹ The Indians of the Prairies, or open country, in North America, when, in the riot of abundance, they kill the wild oxen, (called erroneously, by Europeans, buffaloes,) and, after cutting away the tongue, and the fat lump upon the shoulders, leave the whole remainder of the carcass where it is; justify the apparent waste of animal life, by saying, "The wolves must live, as well as we!"

It was not yet noon, when, in the centre of a grove of acacia-trees, he laid himself down upon a fallen trunk, spent with the fatigue and heat, and failing vigour of his body. The continued want of his accustomed and more substantial food, to say nothing of his incessant marchings and untranquil nights, nor of the fluctuating condition of his spirits, had begun, at length, materially to affect his strength; and the wearing out of the soles of his boots, and their general destruction by alternate sunshine and wet and miry marshes, was not the smallest, nor the least unconquerable, of the occasions of his pain and inward sinkings. From time to time, his little mind, continually at work, had roved over the most dissimilar thoughts; at one moment building castles, or enjoying visions, near or remote, the brightest and most encouraging; and, at the next, surrendering himself to the most gloomy prospects, and terrifying himself with the most hideous fears. Sometimes, he counted upon a speedy recovery of his road; sometimes, upon a speedy meeting with Zephyr or the kind Hottentot; and sometimes, too, he fancied that he was upon the point of gaining the track where he should meet Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer, with a train of Hottentot sportsmen, hunting for subsistence along the route, and with whom he

should soon sit down to a steak of hippopotamus beef, or to an elephant's foot, richly roasted in the hot ashes; or, missing young Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer, that he should at least meet with some benevolent stranger, perhaps another Land-drost, with waggons, oxen, and sheep, who would carry him, perhaps, to Martha Hoyland's, or, at the worst, to Blouwveldt's farm, where he promised himself to creep unobserved into the poultry-woman's hut. But it was not always the immediate present, neither as to its fears nor hopes, which occupied his fancy! Sometimes, he thought of nothing but his English home, and his mother's garden and fire-side; at others, he supposed his mother arrived in Africa in search of him, and acted, as he went, the transports of the meeting; and poured forth, amid sobs and shouts and tears, and eyes which the latter blinded, the things he should say, the stories he should tell; and in what words he should bid her cry no more for the loss of his father, for that he was himself growing a man, and should soon be a rich one; and that he would take care of her, and his brother, and his sister. "Father told me," said he, "while we were in the storm upon the sea, and when the good Dutchman was striving to save us all from the wreck, to be good to mother, and to brother, and to sister;

and so I shall and will!" Sometimes, he placed the scene of his future prosperity upon one of the wide table-lands of the Cape, and in such a farm as that of the late Land-drost, and of the present unworthy Vrouw; and sometimes in the more romantic vales, such as those which he was now traversing, and with such trees, and such a stream as the sun had gilded, and the flamingo crossed, where he had lain yesterday at noon. But far other thoughts than these at intervals possessed him. At times he renounced every hope, and believed himself upon the brink of only every evil. He despaired of all recovery of his track; he gave up the expectation of Zephyr and Hot-tentot mammy; he reckoned upon no Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer, nor upon any Samaritan of the way-side; he thought that he was never to see Martha Hoyland, nor her husband's farm; he thought that he should be starved or devoured in the woods; or that he should faint in the sun; or that his feet would no longer carry him, and that he should lie down never to rise up, and never to be seen; and, finally, as a consequence of one or other of these deaths, he threw from him, but with agony and tears not to be stopped, the possibility that he should ever see his mother, or brother, or sister again: "Oh my mother!" he exclaimed, (and this was the conclusion of his reverie upon the acacia-trunk,) "how little do

you think where Charles is now, and how little do you think that you will never see him, nor father, any more! Oh mother, mother! how could you let father come away, and bring me from you? Oh! why did we not all stay together at home, and love each other, and never come in the great ship, either to be drowned in the sea, or to die with heat and want upon the land? Oh mother, mother! you will never see me again, and I shall never see you any more, nor brother, nor sister either! You will cry, mother, (that you will!) when you know that poor Charles is dead; but you will never know how often poor Charles has cried for you!"

But, while he was uttering the words of this distressing plaint, the call of the Honey-bird visited him again, awakening fresh though trivial expectation; and it changed, at once, the current of his thoughts, and revived his drooping spirits. He had tasted nothing, except the honey, all this day; so that it was not a small inducement to obey the call, that it implied the possibility of an acquisition of food for the evening. But a still more valuable end was answered by these invitations of the Honey-birds, from the real though vague support which they gave to his mind and body, not only through the excitement, but also through the confidence, which, upon

however little foundation, they inspired. A human creature, without other than natural resources, feels and knows itself to be so helpless, (or, at least, to have no help but in the things of nature,) that it may easily come to look for all help in all things, each in its specific way; and, if the honey, upon a natural principle, or by a natural or divine ordination, affords nourishment to the human stomach, why may not the Honey-bird, upon a similarly natural principle, or by a similarly natural or divine ordination, lead the human creature to that which is an appointed nourishment of its life; and why may not its office be held as still more dignified,—that of the divine, or natural, or appointed guardian, in matters even beyond mere food, of the life of which its superintendance yields the nourishment? This argument, and others, (however purely fanciful, or however capable of exaggerated application,) are among the many which, in imagination at least, link humanity with all surrounding nature; and which, however indefensible, or however pervertible, sustain us in the delightful faith or fancy, that we can never be wholly alone, never utterly forsaken, under any circumstances, or in any place, within the circuit of the universe! But, that faith acknowledged, through which of the things of nature—through

which of the visible things of the earth or skies, or natural or artificial, (for, in this view, all are natural,) may not the divine or natural power exert itself, or be exerted, for our sustenance, for our direction, for our deliverance from evil, or for the consummation of our highest wishes? Wild as may often be made the deductions from the doctrine here assumed, and in itself the faith of all mankind, the deductions are themselves as universal; and lie deep, either in real or in fanciful configurations, within every bosom. But to the distressed, but to the solitary, but to the unhappy, but to the forlorn; but to the seemingly helpless and deserted, what an anchor of hope, what a beacon in the sky, what a source of consolation, what a help against despair! And there are a thousand fables or little tales afloat, the long-lived offspring of the ancient feelings of human bosoms upon this point, which assist the innate feelings of the bosoms still on earth, by strengthening the belief! These are the tales or stories of fruits and gardens and fountains and flowers; of beasts and fishes, (and if last, not least,) of *birds*, which, by *enchantment*, as it is called, or otherwise, have been the instruments or harbingers of good or evil to mankind; and false, (as matters of fact,) as all these tales or stories are, how often do they not teach truths as

matters of reason, and convey to us the sweetest of moral aids, as to the imagination,—in which (that is, in spirit or in mind) it is our express lot to live, as much as in reality—that is, in substance, or in body? Charles, among the hills of Derbyshire, and since in Africa, had heard, like other children, in other places, many of those fables, tales, or stories—

“Strange tales whose power had charmed a Spenser’s ear ;”

and they had contributed, with him, as with others, to give to Nature new charms, and a new interest—a more exalted *Nature* ;—a Nature of the imagination, along with a Nature of reality, and sometimes as true as its companion. We are not always to treat the imaginary as false, and the real as the only true ; for man was made to acquire knowledge partly by experience, and partly by reflection ; and sometimes to observe what he sees, and sometimes to *imagine* what he does not see ! But, besides the fables which treat of enchantment, Charles, in his native village, and now in Africa, had heard many which have sprung from *superstition*, or from mystical and mistaken notions of the nature of *birds* and other natural objects ; such as those that are told of owls, ravens, magpies, swallows, wrens and Robin

Red-breasts; and all these helped him to fancy something supernatural in the movements of his Honey-birds. He had heard, for example, in the engaging ballad of the Children in the Wood, how the Red-breasts covered the dead bodies of the little orphans with leaves¹; and he thought it quite as possible, that the kind birds of the wood in which he was, might feed another little orphan with honey, and set him safe toward his restoration to his mother!

But, as Charles needed not the assistance of tales of enchantment, so also, he needed not

¹ This incident, in the ballad of the Children in the Wood, appears to have been drawn, by its unknown author, from a piece of popular natural history, much more ancient than the ballad, and much more comprehensive than the incident only might lead us to infer. It may seem that the pious office was not performed in peculiar consideration of the orphans, but in conformity with the natural habits of the Robin Red-breast; so that, since the orphans died alone in the wood, their covering with leaves by the tender-hearted birds was matter of course, and no more than consistent with their constant charity toward the human species. In a very old English almanac, the writer has met with a statement, that "The Robin Red-breast, if he findeth the dead body of a man or woman, useth to cover it with leaves."—Can it be, that some particular instance, of a Red-breast seen descending, in a wood, in that soft and silent leaf-like manner, which is usual with the bird, and with a leaf in its bill, which might have been intended for its nest, upon some deserted human body, gave the first rise to so singular an idea; or, is it that

those of superstition, or of popular imagination and credulity, to encourage the thoughts to which we have adverted; because faint and glimmering ideas, and individual dispositions to belief, that every thing around us is related to us, and has influence upon us, are the natural growth of every mind, and require more to be regulated and chastened, by art, than to be originally taught; and so it was, that Charles, whether because he had heard, or only because he felt and reasoned within himself, began to have a strong persuasion, that these repeated visits of the Honey-bird, or of different Honey-birds, (and he wished to believe the former,) had for their purpose, on the one hand to defend him from starving, and on the other, to lead him out of the labyrinths of the forest: nor were there wanting two circumstances which joined to assist a delusion so innocent in itself, so encouraging to his own efforts, and so well adapted to fill and swell his heart with thankfulness toward the sole Disposer of all the diffusive power or powers in universal nature!

In the first place, this Honey-bird, or these

the bird has a general instinct for the *burial of the dead*, of a nature more frequent among the inferior animals than is ordinarily thought? See further remarks upon these questions, in the author's *Burford Cottage*, and its Robin Red-breast:

“The pensive warbler with the ruddy breast.”

Honey-birds, happened uniformly to invite him forward in the same general direction which, rightly or wrongly, he himself believed to be his true road to deliverance and safety; and this particularity, so simple in itself, appeared to him as something marvellous, and as proving the good and careful purpose of his guides, whom, therefore, he readily followed, even when they deviated rather considerably to the right or to the left of his supposed right road. In the second place, it was only now, and when he was thus completely lost, and widely separated, as he had just reason to think, from all that, in Africa, he could call his home, that these birds were thus attending him; thus calling him, early and late, to find honey, just where fruit had failed, as well as led him always on one general route, toward that quarter of the heavens to which he looked for succour! Charles did not know, that all this apparent mystery was produced by the very natural cause, entirely unconnected with himself, that his later wanderings, in a lower and better watered part of the country than that with which he was best acquainted, had brought him, at length, into a region of flowers and bees, and therefore of Honey-birds; the birds which subsist and thrive, and multiply, only where there is honey for their principal food. Charles, as must seem

very likely, had not yet acquired the slightest knowledge of the limitations to which every part of the organic creation is subject; vegetables to the soils, and climates, and surfaces, and elevations which favour their growth; and animals, one after another, and especially from insects up to birds, according to the vegetables which grow, and which supply food, in their respective roots, and leaves, and stalks, and flowers, and fruits, and seeds. Charles, therefore, followed the Honey-birds with a sustaining confidence in the present, and a still more sustaining hope in the future, built upon the persuasion that they came where he was, precisely because he was there; and that, through the aid they gave him, he should neither absolutely starve, nor finally be cut off, either from Zephyr, or Hottentot mammy, or Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer, or from Martha Hoyland, or from his dear mother, or his brother, or his sister; and, had all these graver thoughts been wanting, still it was delightful anywhere, and most of all in the wilderness, to be sought by any living thing: to have a companionship solicited; to have a sympathy established; to have a creature—and so pretty and innocent a creature, too, as this¹,—speaking a language which

¹ The Honey-bird is rather larger than a sparrow, and is covered, like the sparrow, with brown feathers. Besides making its call understood by men, as an invitation to men to

a less than Pythagoras (one of the fabled interpreters of birds) could so easily understand; and which, equally to English as to African ears, could so plainly speak, with so much varied tone and time of utterance, all that belonged to the adventurous but cheering undertaking; as, "Come! come! there is honey to be found!"—"Come! come! the honey is very near!"—"Come! come! come! this is the bees' nest; here is the honey itself!" After the chirrup of Charley, the cry of the Honey-bird, merely as the voice of a companion, was the sweetest of music to his ears; for, even if it deceived him as to the certainties arriving; it talked to him of a certainty for at least the present: he was not deserted, even by a stranger, and that stranger a little bird!

look for honey, it understands the call of men for the same purpose. When Hottentots are in search of wild honey, and come to a place at which they think it likely to be found, they make a whistling call to the sound and meaning of which the bird is accustomed, and immediately the little creature shows itself, chirruping loudly, hovering about them, and alternately flying forward, and again stopping, to see whether it is followed. If the Hottentots disapprove of the direction, but still whistle, the bird will fly back, and lead another way. After the nest is found, and more or less of its honey taken, a Hottentot is very mindful to leave a good supply for the bird; because, as he says, it will then remember him, and lead him, another time, in preference to a stranger, or to one that has been less attentive.

CHAPTER XXIV.

We do and know
The things we owe
To father, son, and brother.

MASON.

A FIRST attempt, by Charles and the Honey-bird, was unsuccessful. The bees' nest was beyond Charles's power to rifle; and both, after the short but conclusive trial which he made, left it to its repose. But the bird, while Charles was seated by it, lamenting the disappointment, and fearful that the night would come upon him supperless, suddenly returned to a neighbouring tree, and began inviting him again to adventure. Charles, overjoyed at the summons, arose, though painfully and wearily, and followed his guide as hitherto. The second nest was at a short distance, and in the hollow of a tree, not very high above the ground; and Charles, having climbed

up to the insertion of a decayed branch, at which insertion the nest was placed, and through a hole near to which the bees were able to pass in and out, discovered that, by breaking away the branch, which he accomplished, he could lay open the hive to view. Upon doing this, he first threw a piece of the comb from the tree, for the benefit of his guide, and then took out a sufficient portion for his own consumption for the night. This done, he came down; and, after a few words of thanks to the bird for its assistance, and wishing it a good afternoon, he pursued his way toward a distant opening of which the appearance pleased his fancy or encouraged his hopes as he went; refreshing himself and Charley at the same time, as far as was practicable for either, with the contents of the plundered comb.

But the honey, which, at two separate intervals, was all the food that he had been able to acquire to-day, and even the roots and fruits which he had gathered on the days before, while passing over a different soil, had furnished him with no more than a small share of his accustomed nutriment; and, while his feet became sore with his daily travel, and with their increasing injuries from his decaying boots, and while his limbs grew weary with his toil and

scanty rest; at the same time, the general strength of his body was decaying, and his capacity to exert himself becoming hourly less and less. At night, it was with difficulty that he brought together but a moderate supply of wood for the fire which was so necessary for his protection; and when, a long time before morning, Charley, as usual, awoke him, by putting his hands to his face, when what he had lighted was nearly extinguished, he raised his head, and saw the effort that was needed; but, sinking again, spiritless and weak, he fell asleep as before, and left his security from danger to the discretion of events.

Two additional days passed on, nearly in the same manner as the foregoing. The Honey-birds were his guides and purveyors; and he travelled, partly as those led him, and partly as his best judgment, and sometimes his sole fancy, pointed. But his strength continued to fail, and his feet, aching, and wounded, and bleeding, were almost become useless to him; and thus his condition and his prospects grew worse and worse, though the second of the two days had been productive of an occurrence remarkable in the history of his progress. The repetition of a solely vegetable food diet, and still more, its deficient quantity, had excited strongly

in him the natural human appetite for animal food; and, though he had never thought of such an attempt during the earlier periods of his exile, notwithstanding the various though small animals by which he was surrounded; he had become, now, ravenous as it were, for the change, and for the increase of the solidity and amount of his daily provision. He had seen the larger lizards of the country boiled for broth, and even roasted, but, even yet, he felt a repugnance to that novel food; and, such is the power of want over inclination and invention, that though, not many hours before, he would have thought that he had neither the heart nor the skill to perform the one task or the other, he contrived both to knock down with a stone a small bird before him, and, after kindling a fire, to pluck it, and to roast it! To have found out this resource, and this ability to avail himself of it, might have proved the means, even now, of opening to him much further enterprize, invited by new strength; but that his feet were still becoming worse, and even his whole frame disordered, and his pulse feverish and irregular. How much, at the moment, he wished to be the possessor of a Bushman's little bow; and, though without the poison, of a Bushman's little sheaf of arrows!

After the night which closed the second day,

he knew not, upon arising in the morning, which would most impede the slow and painful steps that he was to take; namely, to keep his worn-out boots upon his feet, or to tread naked over the sands and rocks, and among the thorns and venomous insects of the way? He resolved upon the former, and proceeded from his place of lodging, at which there was no water, with burning head and feet, and with black, and parched, and chapped, and bleeding lips, and bended knees; and scarcely able to carry Charley any further, toward what appeared to him a very distant opening in the wood. As he advanced, the Honey-birds, from time to time, still called for his assistance, and invited him to the feast. But, with the tears streaming down his face, and blinding his eyes, he turned toward them, and sometimes told them, in accents piteous and feeble, that "he could not come;" that he could follow only those that led him toward the opening in the wood, upon which, at present, indeed, his last, and most expiring hope was built! "Oh father," and "oh mother," said he, "if that opening should be the road, and if Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer should be going along, what a happy child I shall be! And even if any body else were to come, and were to see my poor feet, and to feel how hot I am, I

know that they would take me up, and carry me with them; and then God would bless them, and you would bless them, and I should not die here, where I think I am going to die, hid under a tree, or shrivelled in the scorching sun!"

Charles bent all his remaining strength to reach the opening in the wood. His inattention to all other external objects, and almost to this, kept pace with his declining strength. He took no notice that the calls of the Honey-birds had become, at first less frequent, and at last entirely relinquished. He frequently lay down; and Charley, weakened like himself, lay listless, motionless, and silent. When he arose, he could see, again and again, no water, nor any animal that needed water for its thirst. Every thing was silent. Gradually the trees became thinner, and lower, and less spreading. The sun poured down its heat upon his head. The herbage was withered and scalding under his feet. Ridges of rock peeped out of the ground. Lizards and snakes basked in the heat, though the day was now beginning to lose the fiercest of its strength. At last, with mingled pain and trembling, he put forth the footstep which was to clear him of the wood!

As he had approached that point, however, the prospect, little by little, had displayed itself

to him, sufficiently to banish, one by one, all his remaining dreams of a happy issue. There was before him but an interminable plain of rock and sand, upon which, only at wide intervals, had grown a stunted vegetation, now withered, and almost blown away by the winds that had passed over it. Charles, upon the shady side of the last meagre tree, sat down once more, and cried and sobbed for anguish. Placing, after a time, his arms upon his knees, and his forehead upon his arms, he enjoyed, at length, a fleeting slumber; but such as did not leave him, save in some small degree, refreshed and strengthened.

Again upon his feet, he took another look at the appalling desert, and his eyes, which, before his slumber, had almost lost, from fatigue, and famine, the power of sight, now discovered to him, that at no considerable distance, the plain was interrupted by a hollow, which, from the appearance of the side opposite to him, he knew to be the upper part of a ravine, but of what depth or length, or whether likely to be furnished with any wood or water in its bottom, there was nothing, from where he stood, to convey a certainty, either yes or no. The possibility, and even the probability, that down the hollow, if he could reach its brink, new and more cheering prospects might offer themselves

to view, was an idea too stirring not to call forth even his last powers of action. He measured with his eyes, the distance, in the manner the most favourable to his wishes; and, walking, sometimes almost upon one foot, and starting, and often shrieking, as well as weeping, at the pain which he endured, but with Charley upon his shoulder, and clinging to the collar of his jacket, he proceeded toward the place. More than once, however, he lay down on the way, half resting, and half despairing. As to the distance, not only had he almost chosen to deceive himself, but he had been in reality deceived. Upon the blank surface over which he gazed, there was no succession of prominent objects, to mark so many successions of spaces, and thus assist the mind in that instantaneous calculation which it is accustomed to make of the total amount of all. It was a space without a measure, and he had mismeasured it. In truth, it was about a quarter of a mile, but he had scarcely believed it a quarter of that length, and, in the weakness, weariness, and woe and want; in which he was, it seemed to him as if he had plunged, unaware, into a region such as the poet speaks of—

“ Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go !”

He arrived, at length, however, upon the brink of the ravine, and the spot was nearly its head; or, where the hollow of the surface first began to descend from the level of the table-land. But the ravine, for some distance, ran, nearly in a straight line, toward the south, though after this, it turned more or less to the westward, and concealed therefore, its further as well as lower course. Within the space, nevertheless, that presented itself to Charles's view, he could see, that as it descended, it became verdant; and that its bottom grew gradually enriched with shrubs, and trees and grassy patches—and even with water, that “diamond of the desert!” There was joy—joy never to be described—to the poor, trembling, solitary, suffering, exhausted, and perishing English child, at such a sight as this! But all that was beautiful, as well as all that was fruitful, lay—lay at what a distance! and his feet could go no further, and night was near at hand! In a word, his descent into the ravine, or into the valley, was, for the time, at least, impracticable. It was a vision upon which to count; it was a hope, even for the hopeless, when the morning should re-appear; when sleep should have partially restored him, and if he should be permitted to re-awake! But if he could not descend into the ravine, where, then, was he to pass the night;

or where, even, to find the little food which might sustain life until the breaking of the day? Upon the open table-land he knew of no food; and there, too, unsheltered, the heavy dew was beginning to fall upon his shoulders. He proposed, therefore, to return, if he should be able, for the night, into the border of the wood which he had left, and there put all his trust in him whom savages call the Master of Life¹, for all safety and all succour; for the light of the returning day, and for the healing of his wounds, and for the cooling of his fever. But, while he formed his plan, his eyes appeared to fail him; all the features of the distant verdure became obscure; he saw nothing but the confused mass, and even that appeared to him to fade; and when, after pointing out the scene to Charley, and telling him not to mind their present sorrows, and that thither they would go in the morning;—when he turned, and set about to re-ascend the few yards of barren bank which he had come down, he found his sight still leaving him, and his head swimming; and, for an instant, he feared lest he should fall into the

¹ That designation of God is continually in the mouths of the Indians of North America; but this, or its equivalents, is also continually in the mouths of all nations similarly circumstanced.

ravine. He gained, however, the level ground, and set his face, as well as feet, toward the stunted trees upon the border of the forest; but presently his head swam still more; the sweats which had attended his weakness increased; his pale and sunken cheeks grew paler and more sunken; his sight, from time to time, was wholly gone; and the staggering and reeling steps, with many of which he had advanced to the ravine, more frequently than ever distinguished his return. Once and again, better resolved upon a movement, than capable of performing it, he sunk down upon his hands and knees; and in that position, attempted to creep along the ground. His weakness every way increased, and even his mind wandered. His outward eyes discovered, now, in all the landscape, nothing but a colourless and shapeless mist; but, better to his inward eyes, arose, in place of this, the meadows of his native England, and their willows, and their aspens, and their brooks, and the little wooden bridges which lay across them. All the verdure, and all the coolness of the imagined prospect, brought neither breath nor coolness to his stifled lungs; but, as a counterpoise to the drear reality, upon the brow of a little, near, and daisy-covered hill, which, nevertheless, he confounded with the opposite bank of the dry ravine that descended

at his back, what did he seem to see, but the figure of his mother, stretching her arms to receive him; and what did he seem to hear, but the voice of his mother, calling to him to come across, and rejoicing in his restoration to her bosom! Transported with the vision, he lifted his own arms as well, and lifted also, once more, his feet toward the rising hill; but, at the moment of doing these things, he fell, with his face upon the ground, and then lay there, half insensible, and half believing himself in his mother's opened arms!

He had lain in this manner more than half an hour, released, at the worst, for all that period, from his sufferings, and wrapt, during a great part of it, in imaginary delight and consolation; when, in the end, he was aroused, rather than awakened, by the sudden cry of Charley, either angry, or alarmed, or both. An instant afterward, he felt that two hands were endeavouring to raise his head, and the arms upon which it reposed; and a voice accompanied the action, soothing, though strange, in its tones; and speaking comfort to his heart, though in words unintelligible to his ear! The nervous failure of his eyes withdrew, at music like to this; and the equilibrium of his pulse in part returned, at the touch of the fingers of compassion. Upon looking up, however, he discovered

a sight which, though not wholly unreconciled to him by the tenderness that he had experienced from his Hottentot mammy, and others of her description; yet, for various reasons, startled him at the beginning. The hands that he had felt, and the voice that he had heard, were those of a girl of the Bushman or wild Hottentot race, the female counterpart of the boy that, at Cape Town, he had seen governing and dancing with the three lion's cubs of the size of mastiffs. It might be judged from her figure only, (for her stature but little surpassed Charles's,) that the girl was about sixteen years of age; and her proportions were all of that unquestioned beauty which is the general dower of the younger females of the Bushman, or wild Hottentot people. But, while her small and delicate feet and hands were cast, as we might say, in the most exquisite moulds; and while the form and motion of her arms satisfied every idea of grace; her head and features, instead of worthily finishing an image in other respects so pleasing, were so truly Bushman, as to agree with all that has ever been said, of

“The wonderous hideousness of these small men!”

—“the pigmy wretches of unearthly ugliness.” In place of hair, the Bushman-girl had tufted wool;

and beneath a high forehead, sunken in the middle, and two high and obtruded cheek bones, lay the small and deep-set eyes; to which was to be added a mouth of immeasurable width, and a nose, or rather a skin stretched over the broad nostrils. She had no clothing, except an unfashioned sheepskin, in its wool, and laden with dirt and vermin; and, in addition to all the momentary feelings at least, which the presence of a human figure like this, before Charles, and in his local situation, and present condition, might inspire; it is to be also remembered, that this was a female copy of the figures of those men whose poisoned arrows, shot in ambush, and in the dark, Charles had seen destroy, by the wayside, his beloved friend and benefactor of Graaf Reynet!

But the Bushman-girl was alone, and all around herself and Charles was nothing to be seen, but the wide and bare and solitary desert. Then, the features of her face, too, (so repulsive, at a first view, to a stranger,) were filled with every mark of pity; and the tones of her uncouth voice spoke the hallowed and universal tongue of interest and kindness! At her earlier sight of the sufferer upon the ground, her emotions had been those of astonishment and wonder. But all was now sufficiently explained to her. She had found a human creature, an infant, in distress; and her

whole soul was but a single burst of charity. Charles's confidence grew hastily entire. He felt that she was his friend, and that he had need of her; that he had been helpless, and that she was come to help him: and he believed, as readily as the foregoing, that he had been sinking, and that she would save him. With her assistance, he seated himself; and, then, she sat down beside him, and made him lean his head upon her shoulder. She had been carrying, in her hand, when she came where he was, a small basket, worked and ornamented in the finest manner, out of slender and coloured rushes; and within it were two or three handfuls of roots, the gathering of which had led her so far from the *craal*, or camp, to which she belonged; together with a few leaves, and a piece of water-melon. Her first conjecture, concerning Charles, had been, that he was dead or dying of some wound or wounds, inflicted, perhaps, by the arrows of her own nation, and the victim of an unfortunate encounter between the Umlaoes (Bushmen) and a party of Colonists; by whom, in their flight, the little innocent, either dead or dying, might have been left behind, in so wild and solitary a place, removed so far from any colonial settlement, and where it was otherwise unaccountable how he could have come. But, upon a closer view of

his condition, and aided by his feeble, though otherwise unintelligible expressions, she speedily understood, that in whatever manner he had reached the spot, not wounds from any human weapon, but weariness and famine, were the afflictions under which he laboured. Taking from her basket, therefore, a few of the green leaves which it contained, she put, first, a part of them into her own mouth, and, chewing them, made the customary signs of all mankind, that their juice was agreeable and cheering; which done, she put a part also into the mouth of Charles, who found them mildly acid in their taste, and quite correspondent with her signs. In reality, under this kind treatment and purveyance, it took but a very little time to restore much of Charles's spirits and strength; and now, bringing out of her basket the piece of water-melon, (her own provision upon her errand,) she broke it in half, and gave him the larger half, without forgetting a piece of the smaller for the pining Charley, who, no longer angry nor alarmed at her presence and dealings with his master, had sat by, dejected, and shaking through all his frame, from his long want of food, and the whole series of his master's griefs. What remained, even yet, of the water-melon, she returned into her basket.

But Charles was still in agony with his feet;

nor was it long before, as he sat by her side, he pointed out their condition to the general healer of his calamities. Before he had so done, her signs had made him understand, that when he should be a little refreshed with the scanty food she was able to offer him, she wished to lead him down the ravine to the craal of her tribe, where he should first eat freely, and then sleep at his pleasure; but, upon looking at his feet, she instantly displayed, by her actions, countenance, and tone of voice, her lively sorrow at the swollen, foul, and bleeding state in which they were. No sooner had she looked upon them, than, with her pigmy fingers, she went to work, to unlace the boots that confined them; which, taking off, she immediately threw away. She had no water with which to wash them; but she wiped them, as well as she was able, with her sheepskin; and even moistened them, in some small degree with the tears which the sight of them drew forth. She was clad, herself, in shoes of dressed, though untanned sheepskin, with the wool, as upon her only other garment; and these, whole, though none of the neatest, she put, with some difficulty as to size, upon the feet of Charles. Where they confined him most, she cut, with a sharpened bone, small openings; and some of these, again, she fastened, with large stitches,

made with grass thread, and a bone needle; so that they should not tear out too much as he walked. Her own feet, thus robbed, continued bare; but she braved the sand, and the pebbles, and the points of the rocks, and the prickly plants they must come in contact with, in that descent of the ravine, which, after Charles was a little more recovered, she urged him to undertake. She contrived to make him understand that the distance was not very great; and, even that when they had moved a short way down the ravine, she should be able to find sticks enough to light a fire, and roast some of the roots in her basket, which he should eat upon the road, rather than fast till his arrival, and rather than eat more of the water-melon, which, if not less safe, was at least less heartening. When he had risen upon his feet, and when she saw with what difficulty (in spite of his new shoes) he lifted one foot after the other, and also the whole weakness of his body; she made him put his hands upon her shoulders, and tried to carry him upon her back, after the usage of the women of her country. But the burden was far too heavy for her; so, relieving, with Charley's own consent, the groaning child of the weight of his companion, whom she placed upon her own shoulder, she led Charles gently and patiently

along, and guided him carefully down the steep; whence, as they went, and as, with one hand, she held and supported him, with the other she pointed cheerfully, for his encouragement, to the faint lights and distant smoke, in the vale below; which, as the sun drew near the horizon, and was already hidden from themselves, began to be perceptible from the *craal*, or circular row of small and beehive-shaped huts, it was their aim to reach, and where she promised him a welcome. So great a fulness of sweet feelings was not lost upon the heart of Charles, which, now heaving with thanks, as it had lately heaved with sorrow, and denied its expression by the tongue;—prompted its little owner, more than once, as he and his Bushman-angel went further and further into the ravine, to stop, and turn to her, and lift up his two hands to her small ill-coloured and ill-featured face; and with sobs and endearing accents to kiss it; and this as fervently as if, besides being the tenderest, she had likewise been the prettiest of nurses! Already the whole deformity of her countenance had become invisible to Charles. The beams of goodness shone through it, so that it was impossible not to love it. Like the “King’s daughter” in the Canticles, the Bushman-girl was “beautiful altogether *inwardly*.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

— Labours of good to man ;
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith.

BRYANT.

JUST as she had led him to expect, so soon as they reached that part of the descent at which the wood began to grow, she gathered a sufficiency of dry branches to make rather a considerable fire, the quicker to roast a few of the roots out of her basket; which, being cooked and cooled, she gave to Charles and Charley, and then resumed her progress, losing as little time by the way as the state of her patient would permit. The sun had been some time departed; and it was now by the light of a young moon, which had been previously risen, that she led him lower and lower toward the *craal*¹, in the

¹ The word "*craal*," (written "*kraal*" by the Dutch, who always use the letter *k* for the English *c*,) is a contraction of

bottom. It was fortunate for Charles that the way was adown the hill; for that circumstance much assisted his march, and greatly alleviated the difficulties which would otherwise have attended it, from his weakness, weariness, and pain.

But the Bushman-girl, in the performance of her work of charity, had expended an interval of at least two hours; and, when she found how slowly, notwithstanding the refreshment of his meal, Charles was able to accompany her, she

“coral,” and this, again, of the compound term, “a coral necklace;” and is in this sense applied, in all the Dutch or ancient Dutch settlements, in Africa, South America, and elsewhere; first, to the usual *circular* arrangement of the native beehive-like huts, which they thus compare with the beads of a necklace; and, next, to any domestic enclosure, or to any assemblage of dwellings: and, after the Dutch settlers, the natives, and even European foreigners, use the word in the same manner, and with the same considerable latitude. It is thus that at the Cape, even a cattle-yard is called a “craal;” and that a Caffre chief, looking down, (from an eminence, upon Graham’s Town,) against which, in its infancy, he had led a party, confessed, that “the *craal* was now too large to be attacked.” A “craal,” therefore, in the Dutch colonial sense, is, now, any town, village, or enclosure, or even house or dwelling-place; but originally supposed a circular arrangement of little domes, or dome-like dwellings, to be compared with the beads of necklaces. In the Dutch and Anglo-Dutch settlements of South America, the word, with less contraction, is pronounced and written “corral,” or “corraal.”

secretly began to feel pain, mingled with fear, at the immediate consequences of what she had done. She knew that, in their little matted hut, her father and mother could not but have been long expecting her, and were, perhaps, alternately giving way to anger at her delay, or grief at the persuasion that some accident, probably fatal, from man or beast, must have befallen her. She had not reflected, however, upon the additional consternation that must follow at the craal, from the appearance of her fire upon the side of the ravine! Up the long, long sides of that ravine, the eyes of her father and mother, and of whole families from the other huts of the craal, had been anxiously cast, from at least an hour before sun-down, in expectation of her return from the woods to which she had been sent to gather roots. But, when in the midst of all their anxiety, they discerned, near the head of the ravine, the light and smoke of a fire, they no longer doubted of something disastrous, whether it might be that the beloved daughter, escaping from the teeth of a lion or hyena, and unable to reach further, had lighted a fire, either to pass the night there, or to alarm her friends; or that some of the Dutch hunters, or bands of Caffre and Hottentot robbers, were encamping upon the spot, after having killed or made pri-

soner of the unprotected gatherer of roots! They had believed the country around so clear, and the chance of any kind of misfortune so remote, that they had not hesitated to let her go out, in company with other girls of the craal, but from whom she had afterward separated, and who had long since come home, and begun to enjoy the evening dance; but, first from the delay, and now from the appearance of the fire, every terror was awakened! The craal had been thrown into confusion; the dance had been abandoned; and, while the generality of the aged and the children, with some others, contented themselves with sitting at the opening of their huts, or upon adjacent eminences, gazing anxiously in the direction of the fire, or bewailing the fate of their neighbours' child; those more able to take part in the adventure, or attached to the girl, or to her father and mother, set out with the latter to ascend the ravine, or at least approach the anxious spot, or meet the object of their care. It was not in a craal of Bushmen, that any member of a family, or of the tribe, could perish, or could suffer, unsought for, or unwept¹!

¹ "I believe," says a Cape traveller, "that the *sensibilities* ('tis a pretty word) of the civilized are frittered away upon trifles—that it is [they are] the circle which loses itself by expansion; but, in savage life, they have their children, and

It was hence that Charles, and the kind creature who had now appeared to deliver him from death, were but a little further on their way, before, winding up the ravine, they caught, faintly at first, but louder and louder at each moment, the sound of human voices, clamorous and lamenting. The girl, at the first whisper, perceived that all her fears were realized, at the same moment that she rejoiced in the speedy and happy meeting which must now take place; and, upon distinguishing, at length, the cries of her mother, and the exhortations to patience and to hope, which, with all the click and clatter of a Bushman's throat, came from the lips of her father, she felt, both that the consolation of her friends was near, and that the afflicted charge which she

only their children, and they love them with an undivided love."—So, also, Wordsworth, in the person of a sojourner with the Cherokees:—

“ For *there*,” said he, “ are spun
 Around the heart such tender ties,
 That our own children to our eyes
 Are dearer than the sun !”

Occasional bad examples, in the meantime, might be cited from the countries and state of society referred to; and this, because, (as was recently observed by a Caffre chief, as one among more subtle apologies for Caffre cattle-stealing,) “ there will be bad people in all countries.” The error would be, if we thought that there are *any* countries without good people!

was bringing with her would plead her whole excuse. In short, first making him listen to the sounds, and then, by intelligible signs, giving him assurances that she would almost instantly return, she caused Charles to sit down, and to take Charley out of her hands; and then sprang, like the fleetest of the antelopes, down the windings of the bank, and was speedily in her parents' arms. Charles was sensible, at the very moment, that some event, and even a joyful one, had happened; for immediately there arose in the ravine a tumult of rapid and discordant voices, as when flocks of ducks are hurrying to their food, and when the hindermost scream with eagerness to get to the first rank. A moment after, Charles beheld his protector returning up to his seat, accompanied by her mother, and followed by three or four girls like herself. To her mother, she was relating, in the most rapid and animated mode of speech, all that she had seen and done with Charles; adding, to words of which Charles knew nothing, a vehement and pantomimic gesticulation, enough, by itself, to communicate the whole story. While she talked, and acted, and danced, her father and all the rest came into sight; and it seemed to Charles as if an entire village were poured forth, and were surrounding him.

The girl's mother, as he saw her by the imperfect light of the moon, presented a face, and even figure, which, for the moment, were new trials to his courage; but, perceiving readily the terms on which his own ugly spirit of all beneficence was with the new dwarf and demon, he made himself sure, almost without a thought, that this female, likewise, as well as all behind her, were but so many ministers of pity, and friends of the distressed, and guardians of the orphan! He was quite prepared, therefore, for the caresses, and for every tender tone and gesture, with which the yellow, skinny-faced, frightful little woman approached and fondled him, and even for those of all the troop; and felt more confidence than ever, in his safety for the night, and in the turn of his precarious fortunes! It was something, for a child of eight years old, after spending five days alone in the woods, without a bed, without change of clothes, with little or no food, with aching limbs, and throbbing, smarting feet; with fears of beasts by night and day; with none to help him, and with sickness seizing upon him; and the whole, too, a flight from a tyrant or an enemy, the cruel mistress of Blouwveldt's farm; it was something, for such a child, and in such circumstances, to find himself once more among men and women, and among herds of friends;

to hear and see the marks of kindness ; to gaze upon the flames of their torches, formed of the branches of resinous trees ; to listen to the songs which they sung extemporarily upon the recovery of the girl of their tribe, and the saving of an orphan stranger ; to feel assured of a safe and warm and tranquil lodging for the night ; and, finally, to be placed, by a dozen tiny boys and girls, upon a litter of branches, and carried toward the craal, a troop of dancers,—dancing to the music of their own song, and that song a history of the event, leading the way ;—and the elders of the party following behind, to cover all the procession with their care !

Other children have wandered in wild countries, and struggled to live, and to return home, or to find friends ; but with less luck than Charles. Some have been starved, some have been poisoned by wrong food ; some have been killed by heat, or by cold, or by rain, or by snow, or by piercing winds ; some have been devoured by wild beasts ; some have been drowned ; some have fallen down precipices ; some have sunk into swamps ; some have expired of fatigue ;—and happy, therefore, might Charles most justly account himself, and incapable of feeling too much gratefulness, thus far to be delivered from the consequences of that rashness

and want of care of himself, through which he lost his way, a first time and a second, in an African solitude and forest! Happy, also, and never able to be too thankful, did he feel himself, to have, once more, guardian hands around him, and that supply of all his wants for which childhood necessarily depends upon those who are grown up; upon whose daily and hourly attention it constantly depends; and to whose love and tenderness it owes so tender and so loving a return! Happy, still further, and even at his early age did he feel himself, to be once more within the pale of human society; to have the defence of human hands; to dwell amidst human dwellings; to reap the benefits of human industry and art; for, if the Bushman's craal could promise him but little of comfort or accommodation, while compared with an English village; he had discovered, even through his own short and gentle lesson, how even the Bushman's craal was to be longed after, in comparison with woods and caves and rocks, and tracks apart from human feet! "I see, now," said he, to himself, "how much we owe, to father and mother, and to friends, and to companions, and to neighbours, and to all people; and to the place in which we live; and to the country, too, in which we may only have been born; and how much we ought to

pay to all of them, by doing all the good in our power to those who do so much good to us, and to so many others likewise." As for Charley, he shared in the conveyance of the litter upon which his master lay at his length, pondering, in this manner, as he went; the sapient-looking little-one impressed, in his own turn, with lively feelings, (and betraying them by his countenance,) of utter amazement at the scene; and being, at the same time, not the least pleased assistant or spectator. Sharing, in the late instance, the troubles of a human life in a forest, he as well, as his master, had tasted sufficiently of the adventure; and, with that instinct so natural to all animals, in proportion to their faculties, and so readily cultivated under the smallest experience, to fly, in their fears and afflictions, to human aid, and shelter; Charley promised himself the better days, the greater number of Umlaoes, male and female, he saw about him; from the compassionate girl who first found them amid the withered grass and sand, to the entire bustling troop that now attended them to the craal. Charley had been a monkey Sancho Panza, bound up in the fate of a young English Don Quixote; and he had seen the difficulties which followed upon the wandering fancies of his master. He rejoiced, therefore, at their common

restoration to the "hum of men;" and, though he said nothing, went forward with satisfaction. He disturbed not the bliss of the moment by calling to recollection, that human society has its dangers as well as its comforts; and that among his new acquaintances, he might suffer as well as luxuriate; for, in truth, monkeys, no more than men, have much thought about what is to befall them!

As the procession approached the craal, group by group, of those without it and within it, became, successively acquainted with all that had passed; with the safety of their female friend; with the dissipation of present fears for the safety of the whole craal from enemy or robber; and with the discovery of the foreign solitary child, and its pitiable estate. At every thing but the last, the harmless craal rejoiced; and, while the mother of Charles's first acquaintance boiled a kettle, in order to bathe and cleanse his feet, and undressed him, and laid him in the hollow of the saucer-like earthen floor of her hut, beside the fire; and prepared roots, and honey, and locusts, to offer him for supper; all the young people, and many of the older, joined in a general dance and song, partly to finish the evening, and partly to give vent to their pleasure; continuing it till past midnight, and till all the fires were burnt

out, after which the craal subsided into an unbroken slumber.

It was not at a very early hour in the morning, that with the exception of such of the men as went abroad to hunt, any of the Bushman people shook off the sleep which had been deferred till the conclusion of the revels; and it was still later before Charles either felt any disposition to move, or even awoke, and beheld the vault of boughs and rush-formed mats, which rose to so small a height above his head. The smoky and foul air of the crowded hut, and the dirty garments of skin, and dirty figures which he saw around him, took little from the sense of delight with which he found himself still curled up, after the fashion of his bed-fellows, upon the sandy soil in which had been scooped the floor of the dwelling, and in the middle and deepest part of which were the red embers of a fire. Not to have felt the dews, nor to have performed the watchings of the night; to be laid upon a warm bed; to have no breakfast to seek for; to have no journey to resume for the day; to feel his feet relieved, already, of half their anguish; to meet eyes, when he opened his own, eager to see him ready to accept of some sort of service, and to partake of food that had been preparing for him; to feel and to see all this; and to feel and to see Charley

also at his side; were pleasures, in contrast with his late condition, from which even the evils of a Bushman's hut could take but a small part! "Bless God that I am here," said he to himself; "but I wonder how I shall get away! Will that good ugly little girl take me to Martha Hoyland, or what else is going to become of me?"

As Charles had shrunk, the night before, not less than upon former occasions, from eating the roasted locusts that were offered to him, though those about him picked and relished them like prawns; his kind friends of the hut had then supplied their place with the legs of a parrot, shot in the morning of the same day, and hospitably contributed by a neighbour; and this morning, the girl and her mother had made a broth of all the rest of the bird, and kept it hot, along with some roots, till Charles should awake.

To that dish, without knowing or thinking anything about its particular composition, Charles found no reason to object; and, since it was as nourishing as it was savoury, it joined with his long refreshing sleep of the night, to render him back a large proportion of his strength and natural cheerfulness. The girl's father, in the meantime, had taken his little bow and arrows, and gone into the woods, and to the side of an

adjacent stream, to see if he could shoot small birds, or four-footed things, for provision for the day, and to make a return for the present of the parrot from his neighbour, which had been so acceptable the night before.

While the men of the craal in general were either hunting or fishing, or else sleeping in or about their huts, or sometimes plaiting grass or rushes, or assisting, by stealth, and with saving of dignity, in various branches of the women's work; the women, through the different hours of the day, were engaged in making baskets and kettles, and in building and repairing the slight and diminutive huts, and in making and mending the few clothes which they either make or mend, or in digging wild roots, or in cultivating a few melons and other plants, or else sleeping during the heat, or preparing the evening meal. From time to time, however, these latter assembled in groups, for gossip; and much had they to say concerning Charles. Neither understood by him, nor able to understand anything from him, except as concerning the time present, they were all entirely at a loss to imagine, either whence, or by what means, he had come into the place and condition in which he had been found; and their perplexity was so much the greater, because they saw and heard that he neither

looked nor spoke like a child of the Africaners, the only European inhabitants of all that part of the country: "The place," they said, "is wide away from any of the Dutchmen's craals, and equally so from any of their roads!" Among their conjectures, it was one, that he might have been seized, at a distance, and then abandoned, either from a ruined farm or routed travelling party, by some *schelm*, or Caffre and Hottentot robbers; a fate which would account for his wandering and starvation, and which seemed the more probable as it might also account for his odd companion, the monkey; but, whatever was the explanation, they rejoiced that, not being the child of a Dutchman, they could cherish an orphan without nourishing a beast of prey; or that the feelings of universal charity suffered no conflict with those of love for their country, their kindred, the dead, the living; and their fathers, their brothers, and their husbands! "Poor little fellow," therefore, they said, in tones of unqualified compassion, "we must feed him, and take care of him, and see what can be done for him; for he has no mother to pray for him¹,

¹ The Negro-women, who sang their lament over the sleeping Mungo Parke, pitied him, because, in the foreign country where he was, he had "no mother to bring him milk, and no sister to grind his corn;" but the equally Negro, and also

and no father to bring him roots nor locusts!" But this was the language of the majority, rather than of the whole; for a small number of the women were not so thoroughly satisfied of his being no Africaner child, and among these, the feeling toward him was less cordial, and, in some few instances, even positively unkind.

When the evening at length approached, the craal began to fill with the return of its population from the chase, and from external labour; and the huts with smoke and business, from the fires and cookery for the suppers. Charles had lain upon his bed the whole of the day, and mother and daughter had bathed and salved his feet anew, and cleansed the sores, and freed them from the maggots which had bred in them, through the heat of the climate, and the burrowing of insects in the woods, and on the sands, and the want of the use of *salt*, since his flight from Blouwveldt's. They supplied him, also,

equally Pagan Queen of Houssa, pitied Richard Lander because he had "no mother to *make fetish* for him;" that is, to put up prayers for him; to be present where he was, and to know his immediate wants, and to pray for him accordingly. For the question, with the Queen of Houssa, appears to have been, not whether or no he had a mother alive, and in England, to "*make fetish* for him;" but only, that he had no mother in Houssa.—See *Lander's Records*, &c. &c.

with a new pair of sheep-skin shoes, made on purpose for his feet, to be ready when the wounds were cured; and which enormous pair of shoes, for so young a child, was the sight and wonder of the craal. To have washed his shirt, was the last thing in which their charitable hands would have been employed, had he not petitioned them by signs; for, according to their custom in respect of their own clothes, it might sooner have been worn to shreds, than tormented with water. At his request, however, the extraordinary task was cheerfully performed; and, while all these things were going forward, Charles, vainly, but incessantly, laboured to tell them, by more than kisses and extended hands; that God would bless them, and that his mother would love them, if she did but know, as he would one day relate to her, how good they were to him, and from what affliction they had relieved him!

Among those who, at this time of the day, returned from the chace to their respective huts, was the father of Charles's deliverer from the wilds, who arrived laden with an unusual quantity of game, and in the most cheerful spirits. The figure of this good man was even smaller than that of the generality of his countrymen, while the features of his face were nothing better than the usual sort; but, along with this, there

was in his countenance a kindness of expression, in his voice a sweetness, and in his whole manner a gentleness, such as were really superior to those of most about him. He produced his load of game with as much an air of thankfulness, as air of joy; and, after inquiring carefully, of his wife and daughter, what they had done for Charles, and how their little guest was going on, expressed his satisfaction at all he heard with the fullest appearance of pleasure and benevolence that, in the eyes at least of Charles, so uncouth a personage could display. His wife and daughter shared in the gay and grateful feelings of the good little man, as they also shared in the viands the produce of his bow.

In all the huts of the craal, the supper was at one hour; and, when the meal was everywhere finished, the neighbours, one by one, began to show themselves in the circular space which the huts surrounded, the young commenced their preparations for the general evening dance. A coral tree, at a hundred paces from the outside of the craal, overhung, with its branches, their place of evening resort; and thither the boys and girls were quickly employed in carrying a store of wood to begin with, in order to their defence, during the dance, by means of a large fire, from the visits of ravenous beasts. But, while these things were in progress,

Charles's pious and benevolent host, in the front of his hut, where the beams of the setting sun fell full and gloriously upon the group, engaged in talk with three or four of the other men of the craal; among which was one, a perfect contrast to himself, as to every moral quality that could soften savage life, and throw a veil over its deformity. This man was acute, but selfish, pitiless, rapacious, inaccessible to every mild, and to every noble feeling. This man lived for himself, and saw nothing to admire but himself; and, in himself, he admired nothing but his dexterity;—but the ability with which he could seize or overreach; but his pre-eminence either in force or fraud. In nature, he saw nothing to pause upon for its beauty; in man, nothing to admire for virtue or capacity. All things were his prey, and it was only as his prey that he esteemed them. He had understanding, but he had neither sentiment nor fancy—nothing to interrupt the continual application of his capabilities to his own sordid indulgence; nothing to divert him, at any time, from the thought of self, into sympathy or love abroad. Under a certain aspect, he was not malignant, for he did not evil for the mere sake of injury, but only for his individual gain. Once more, he was rapacious; he was selfish; he was regardless of others; and, in pursuing his own advantage, he cared not who or what it was

that suffered on his road. Nothing sorrowful touched him; nothing beautiful attracted him.

That such a man must have been the common nuisance of the craal, there is no reader who will doubt. He was himself in no small degree miserable, from the ill opinion which he knew to be entertained of him, and which, even upon a bosom so hard as his own, inflicted its share of pain. It troubled him, also, that his habitual ill-nature toward all around him, led to his frequent denial of kind offices from others, and to their still more frequent reproaches, from the justice of which he had no appeal. But, in a nature so stubborn as his own, all these results of his vices served only to increase them. Because his selfishness made him disliked, he added hatred to his selfishness. He was waspish in his temper, unforgiving when offended, and perpetually giving offence. In short, besides being miserable in himself, he was the misery of his hut, the disturber of the interior of the craal, and even the provoker or the creator of its enemies abroad. Often, while his neighbours were grieving under his turbulence or injustice within, they were trembling also at the vengeance which his rapacity and wilfulness was drawing upon them without. But, with all this, he was clever; he had ability; he had a quickness of

thought, and clearness of judgment; and it was upon the possession of those qualities alone, (so little valuable, because so little beneficent when they *are* alone,) that he presumed to dispense with the cultivation of all that was wanting to make him happy in himself, or the means of happiness to others! He cultivated only a proud estimation of himself, for want of cultivating, at the same time, those virtues which would have forced upon him a just estimation of other men, and shown his due, though not abject place, in the comparison; for he that abounds in self-esteem, without, at the same time, commanding the ability, and enjoying the habit, to feel strongly all external merit;—that is, he who does not humbly and justly compare the merits and the dues of other things and other persons with his own, will be a coxcomb in small matters, and a tyrant in great. The wise and the good man will have self-esteem, but with the esteem of others for its companion; and such in his small station, was not the unworthy neighbour of Charles's meek and merciful protectors, with whom the father of the family fell into an evening argument, arising out of Charles's presence, and of whom we shall have more to say hereafter.

CHAPTER XXV.

To build a household fire and find
A home in every glade!

WORDSWORTH.

THE song, the dance, the tales, the games, the disputations, came, at length, to an end, around and under the great tree beside the craal; and all the Bushmen, young and old, withdrew to their bee-hives for the remainder of the night. Charles and Charley, led back by their kind entertainers, enjoyed, for the second time, their repose, under the large leaves of the little roof; and the second morning found them so entirely refreshed from all their fatigues, and satisfied as to all their wants, that every pain and sorrow of the past grew faded from their memory.

Upon the third evening, too, the dance went forward gaily. It was led by one of the liveliest of the girls, who commenced a song, of

which the words related to present circumstances, in the manner of that *improvisation* which so many persons imagine to be peculiarly Italian; and to the music of whose voice the feet of all her companions moved. As to the manner of the dance, it had a general resemblance to that of the whole of Africa, Negro, Bushman, Caffre, and the rest; and some of the movements in which the dancers twist themselves beneath each other's arms, while their feet keep the truest time to the air, would do credit, by the common consent of travellers, to an European ball-room. The figures of the young females, it will be remembered, as in the case of Charles's acquaintance, are generally good; their walk easy and elastic; and they possess, in common with the Africans in general, a quick and accurate ear for music. In this diversion of the dance, frequently renewing their fires against the wild beasts, the youth of the craal continued engaged till a late hour of the night.

While song and dance proceeded as we have described, a great number of the members of the craal, by the light of the dancers' fires, or elsewhere, were occupied, not less to their own satisfaction, either in repeating or listening to tales, in the relation of adventures, in disputes about their skill in the chase, or their warlike

stratagems ; or in playing, watching, and betting upon games of chance ; and in the midst of all these, Charles, who understood nothing that was said, but had eyes for every thing that was to be seen, had been led by his two nurses, and was now merrily seated. As the amusement of a group upon his left, one of the party had a small piece of twig or grass, which he shifted quickly from one hand to another ; the person with whom he played undertaking, at some moment which he might think favourable, to say which hand contained it ; and for which purpose he had a right, at what moment he pleased, to tell his opponent to stop. This done, if he guessed truly he won, and if otherwise he lost ; while the opponent, if he had the skill, and if his adversary had guessed rightly, might throw the grass or twig into his other hand, at the moment of stopping. The game pleased Charles exceedingly ; and he fancied, at the first, that he could play it as well as they. But when he saw the frequent mistakes or defeats of the most experienced, with the wild gesticulations of surprise, ridicule, pleasure, and disappointment ; and heard the strange singing, and loud bursts of laughter, which accompanied the scene ; he began to judge better of the strong feelings, and needful

practice, attendant upon even so trivial a game; and to think less of his own pretensions to perform a part in it! In the midst of this and similar occupations of a part of the Bush-people, young and old, others amused themselves, and a part of those around them, with those exhibitions of mimicry, of men, birds, and beasts, to which the whole of them are much given, and which included, to night, every peculiarity they observed in Charles and Charley, with dramatic displays of the finding and bringing them to the craal; and there were a few that found their mirth in mischievous tricks, the common nuisance of rude society, civilized or savage. Charles, however, was highly diverted with the greater part of the whole scene, which included fresh eating and drinking; and often laughed aloud, as the time drew on, to the great satisfaction of his worthy hosts, who were glad, and even prided themselves, to see him at his ease, and so well restored from all his pain and weakness. Charley, upon his knee, seemed to survey the whole with interest and content.

A third description of the company was engaged, however, while all this proceeded, in a manner still different from what we have been speaking of. They were discussing the merits

of opinions entertained by themselves and others, and appealing to their respective experience, and exercising all the powers of their logic; in some instances to determine what was true or false in point of fact, and in others, what was wise or unwise, or morally right or wrong, in the general or particular conduct of themselves, or of those about them, or of mankind at large. Much of their conversation, however, as usual, turned upon marvellous tales, or otherwise upon matters of superstitious belief. Their hunger had been wholly satisfied; for, till this is done, the Bushmen never speak; and now, one after another, they held forth, in monotonous tones, while those about listened to each speaker for the time, never interrupting him. In this manner, the tales of the night, always uttered in one dull unchanging voice, continued till a late hour. They talked of charms which either preserved them amidst dangers, or accomplished all their wishes, or brought upon them the most unexpected good fortune; for the Bushmen, like all the other nations of Africa, are inferior to no men in their devotion to charms, consisting either of natural or artificial objects; and which, among some nations, and by certain individuals, and for certain occasions of peril, are hung all over their bodies,

like crowds of trinkets¹. They had instances of unlucky days—of sure presages of evil—of tokens of good luck; of beasts and birds which no arrows could wound; of fishes which were safe from bait and spear; or at least of days and circumstances in which fishes, birds, and beasts, enjoyed this general security, or when particular individuals, at least, were condemned to fish, hunt, or shoot, with equal ill success; and with the addition of being wounded by thorns, or tumbled over stones, or scared by wild beasts, or harassed by various other misfortunes. Happily for the welfare of their society, they attributed a great part of all these calamities, and even the defeat of the virtues of their charms, to the commission, recent or remote, of one offence or other against good principles, either by the sufferer himself, or by some others of the craal, or by the craal at large; for goodness, they thought, was always rewarded with good, and wickedness with evil! As to wonders, they talked of the great serpent, which, as all believed, though none had ever seen, lived upon a neighbouring mountain, and had lived there from the beginning of the world; which had long legs, and a body as thick

¹ Among the different Negro nations, these charms are variously called obeah, gris-gris, and fetishes, or feteeshes (fêti-ches, Fr.)

as the largest tree; and this kind of history being begun, a venerable Bushman proceeded to give an account of the great white elephant, which once was a man, and which, covered all over with arrows, stands, for ever, in a deep wood, in a country he could not tell where, far to the northward of the Cape, and inhabited by large black men, or Negroes. He had heard, as he said, of this marvel, while he was once the prisoner of a mixed band of Caffre and Hottentot robbers, including a Negro, who came from the very country, and had been a hundred years in travelling from it, all over the sea, in a waggon with a hundred oxen, after the manner of the Dutchmen's waggons in the colony; though with this difference, that the oxen were never unyoked from it, neither night nor day¹. He spoke, also, of the tremendous *dassic*².

¹ A Caffre, who had been taken to Cape Town by an English officer, returned to his countrymen, (says a tourist at the Cape,) to whom he described many of the strange things which he had seen; and among others, the wonders of a *ship*. This, he called "a waggon that moved upon the waters, and that never *uitspanned*;" that is, in English, "unyoked." A *spann* (Dutch) of oxen, is a *yoke*.

² *Das* (as our readers will hereafter more particularly see) is the Hottentot name of the Cape rabbit; while *dassic*, with the same people, describes a fearful but wholly imaginary animal, much of the history of which appears to agree with that

The simple-hearted Bushman believed all that he said, and so did the greater part of those to whom he related it; but not so the sharp-sighted and critical Dassick, who, after listening to the tale of the great serpent with legs, and many similar ones, stopped at nothing when the man-elephant was brought upon the scene, but applied to the venerable relator the most annoying mixture of light and heavy ridicule. To turn his satire upon the unfortunate historian, he broke off the wrangling talk in which, as we have given our readers occasion to suppose, (first at the door of the hut, and now around the circle of the dancers,) he had long been engaged with Charles's benevolent little host; and, without satisfying himself, (as a more amiable savage would certainly

of the *basilisk*. It is a serpent with a rabbit's head, or a *rabbit-adder*; or at least, its body is short and thick, after the manner of a viper's, and its head hairy, and somewhat like the *das's*. But there is every thing so terrible in even its countenance, that, as the fable adds, he that beholds it dies. A missionary at Betheldsdorf gave a minute relation to the author of a late account of the Cape, of a Hottentot at the institution, who, while hunting in a thick wood close by, fancied that he saw one of these dreadful creatures, and died of the fright a few days afterwards.

It will be seen that we have taken the liberty to name our *odious* Bushman after this imaginary beast or reptile; not that it is to be understood as his true name, but only as that which his evil character provoked.

have done,) with expressing his disbelief of the narrative, or arguing against its possible or probable foundation, he lavished the hardest and most painful expressions upon the unfortunate old man; one who, in all things, was better than himself, and in essential things far wiser, though somewhat given to credulity. But the old man was the friend, and even crony of Charles's host, and in great esteem with all the hut, and even with the craal; neither did it want these motives to induce the good Carree to come to the defence of the ancient story-teller, both because he had himself a distinguished reverence for all stories of that sort, and because his feelings were offended with the rough language, and little respect in the manner of Dassick, be the person that was exposed to them whom he might.

Time advanced, and still another evening brought again with it its dance and the other recreations; and it was the same upon all the succeeding days. In one instance, however, the gaiety of the whole assemblage was interrupted, and, indeed overthrown for the night, by the arrival of a thunder-storm. The lightning was fierce, and seemed, from time to time, to blast the eyes of the beholder, and enwrap all things in its blaze. The thunder broke from the clouds

in peals so loud and long, that at first they seemed to stun, and afterward to shake, through every nerve, the mortal frame; and the rain poured down in sheets of water, washing away whatever it could move. But Charles was already familiarized with these commotions of the African atmosphere; and, after being carried, with the flying party, into the shelter of a cave, he would have heard and seen all that was to happen with only a tranquil awe, had it not been for a peculiar usage, of which he was now to be a witness, among the hospitable people with whom he was dwelling. The whole of these latter, without excluding the pious Carree, or the motherly mistress of his hut, or the small-limbed and tender-hearted daughter of both, had no sooner found a dry standing beneath the rocks, than they united in the most vehement and appalling tones of rage and defiance, accompanied by corresponding gestures and actions, the most extravagant and hideous; sometimes rushing forward, to spit, to menace with their hands or their feet, or else to throw stones,—all directed against the dark and threatening sky; just as if they intended to answer it, threat with threat, and peal with peal; and (with their shrieks and hoarse upbraidings, with their yells, their screams, their groans, and bellowings, joined to the

shaking of their fists and weapons, and to the knitting of their brows, and flashing of their eyes) to out-roar the thunder, and out-strike the lightning, and even to overpower and out-fight the whole storm, and drive it from them with the double force of blows and execrations, and laden with the double shame of overthrow and guilt! And thus, in truth, it was; for though, upon Charles, the impression of the scene was that of all the two-fold terror of alarm and wickedness; though, in the whole of his Bushmen friends, and even in the good souls whose bed he shared, he beheld but, for the moment, a drove of demons, blaspheming and defying the equal Master of the sunshine and the storm; yet, under a national persuasion of the very opposite character, the rude, inflamed, and daring combatants, were but fighting, in their imaginary way, with the great enemy of themselves and heaven; and pouring forth a holy rage upon the bold and impious hand and heart that dared to cover with clouds, and shake with tempests, and alarm with fires and thunders, that fair sky which a beneficent Divinity had spread over their hills and dwellings, and made his own bright and calm abode! They were engaged, as they believed, in repelling the assault, in driving from the contest, in resisting the injury, and in reproving

and avenging the insult which a foul and audacious demon was thus accustomed to perpetrate against a bountiful and glorious divinity, and against the creatures of his feeding and protection. But alas! in all this mistaken struggle, and warlike devotion, the troop of feeble, little, squalid, and frightful Bushmen, seemed to take upon them the figure and manners of demons themselves, rather than what they both called and imagined their persons,—warriors against the demon, and champions of the Most Highest and his creation! But have we not, here, a new example of the affinity of all general African paganism, and especially the Bushman, with the ancient Egyptian theology; and showing that, in the demon of the storm, of the south of Africa, we have but the Typhon of ancient Egypt in the north; Typhon, the mythological enemy of the mythological Osiris; and with whose name, in all the eastern world, that of a storm, *tiffaun*, *tiffoon*, or *typhon*, is still synonymous?

The Bush-people continued thus employed, both till their voices were hoarse and their sinews powerless, and till the subsiding storm seemed to betray the conquest of which, from all past experience, they had made themselves sure, and which held out encouragement to every future corresponding effort! Never yet was

there a storm, but it was succeeded by a calm; never yet was there an evil, but it ultimately disappeared; never yet was there a sorrow, but it was ultimately soothed; and thus there is always an ultimate victory for Osiris and his enduring followers! Charles, in the meantime, terrified, and driven once more into tears, had early thrown himself upon his knees, and his arms round the waist of his whole favourite dependence, the good and simple Bushman-girl, making his weight an obstacle to her repeated rushings to the mouth of the cave; and, dragging her back, supplicated her at each moment, in expressive tones and gestures, to desist, and to occupy herself only in comforting him and his own charge, the equally affrighted Charley. Nor was it long before she compassionately yielded; and, retiring with Charles toward the interior of the cave, sat down to cherish him, and calm his apprehensions, instead of scolding and pelting any longer at the malignant spirit of the time. But, this done, Charles, amid all the uproar of the cave and of the wilderness, of the earth and of the skies,—Charles was presently asleep upon her lap; and it was not till near the time when the sun was to rise, that, the thunder having finally ceased, and the rain having partially held up, his little nurse awoke him, or

rather procured her father and mother to join in bearing him, in their arms, to the craal; whither, exulting in the hard-earned and long delayed success, all were now bending their steps. They believed that they had overpowered the storm!

At a late hour in the morning, but not earlier, the yellow community were once more in motion; the roots and locusts (and, in some of the huts, more heartening viands) were roasted; the sun shone scorchingly in the clear blue sky; the men and boys went forth, over the greenly-springing grass, and through the leafy woods, where the rain-water still sparkled in the hollows of the leaves; the women, girls, and children were working and singing, and playing in or about the huts; and Charles, after wishing it, from the opening of his eyes, found himself, at last, alone, with his first acquaintance of the craal. The scene of the night that was past continued in his ears and before his sight; and, while he forgot the thunder-storm, his memory and his imagination remained impressed with the proceedings, either furious, or frantic, or even worse, of all whom he had seen exposed to it; and, with respect to his beloved deliverers from the perils of the desert, his heart was full of fear, sorrow, and perplexity. Charles,

in his native English village, along with more substantial truths, had learned the amiable and reverential superstition, that it is wicked so much as to point at the sky, because "God Almighty is there;" and it had therefore been with no common feelings of horror and distress, that he saw and heard, not only the craal in general, but even his own hosts, and most of all their daughter, join in thrusting against that sky,—not an idle or rudely-directed finger, but a stretched-out arm, and impotent but heavy fist; or in lifting an insolent foot, or in launching a poisoned arrow, or in brandishing a bared weapon; accompanied by the shooting of the lip, the scowling of an eye, the distortion of the face, the showing of the teeth, as well as those sounds of varying contempt and execration which we have related. Charles was still ignorant of the language of his patrons, and they of his, excepting always a few words of mutual endearment, and a few others which either expressed his wants, or invited their communication. It was difficult for him, with this defect upon both sides, to convey his present meaning, or to obtain the answers that he sought: but his breast was anxious, and nature, striving to be understood, finds, to a large extent, the means. He could talk to the girl at least as well as to a cat, or to a dog, and perhaps

a cat or a dog might have been made conversant with much of what he wanted to say ; while human intelligence came assisting for the rest. Taking the hand of the Bushman-girl into one of his own, he gently drew her sufficiently toward the door or opening of the hut, while, with the other, he pointed once, for the first time, (and not without fear,) to the bright sky above; and then proceeded to imitate some of the cries and gestures, and actions of herself and her companions, upon the night before. Having thus drawn her attention to the subject of his thoughts, he, then, readily discovered his sentiments upon them, by shaking his head, and by moulding his features into various forms of displeasure, accompanied by the utterance of such English words as “wicked!” “naughty!” and a few others of that kind; which, though not understood as words by the Bushman-girl, had the effect of leading Charles himself to “suit the action” and the tone to the speech, both of which were of that universal language which all human, and some inferior creatures, equally understand! In this manner, he would have made even a puppy or a kitten comprehend that it had done something which he deeply disapproved; and the Bushman-girl, thus assisted, was not slow in finding out, that it was the voices and gestures which had been directed

against the sky, that were the subjects at once of his reproach and grief. To make, indeed his story clearer, he contrasted, with the same expressive helps, his own feelings, or his own sense of duty, toward that sky, with the behaviour which he had witnessed. He knelt at the opening of the hut; and, looking up into the blue vault, as into the face of a smiling parent, smiled also, and joined, and spread out his hands, and bowed his head, and kissed the ground. But, now, the Bushman-girl discovered a failure in his *argument*, and believed that she could vindicate all that had happened. She pointed to the blue sky, and smiled, and knelt, and joined and spread out her hands, and bowed, and kissed the ground, like himself; but next, with dramatic art, she reversed the entire picture. She threw the clouds of darkness into her face; she imitated, with her breath, the hollow roaring of the wind; and, with her voice and hands together, the crash of the thunder, the rending of the trees, the rush of the torrents, and the whole hurly of the storm. With the quick crossing of her hands, attended with wild and open eyes, she almost made the flashes of the lightning pass again before those of Charles; and, then, she threw herself upon the ground, and hung her head, and closed her eyes, so

that Charles could read in what she did, the destruction of man and beast ! But, again, she smiled, and, as it were, personated the sunny landscape, and gave, even to a brow and eyes like her's, the aspect of an indulgent heaven ! To these, at the same instant, she showed her joy and her thanksgivings ; but, changing, still, from moment to moment, from bright to dark, and dark to bright ; imitating Charles in his adorations, and herself and her fellow craal's-men in their curses ; she sufficiently made appear, that of the blue sky she was as pleased and devout a worshipper as himself, while, in the tempestuous one, she no longer acknowledged the same power, and would have judged it profanation to see it the object of the same earthly incense. Charles comprehended her in his own turn ; and, perceived that she had the most entire belief in an evil deity, as well as in a good one ; and that all the enormities at which he had shuddered were to express an abhorrence and hatred toward the evil, as counteracting and presuming over the good ! He was unable to find the meaning of ideas so different from those in which he had been bred, and which had taught him God is supreme in all ; but he became satisfied with the intentions of the heart, in the Bushman-girl and her people, and relinquished every

further display of reproof, and even all further inquiry; and testified warmly to her bosom the full return of his contentment!

It would leave the reader, in the meantime, exceedingly misled, if, by this part of our narrative, we should cause him to suppose, that human errors, of the kind that we have been describing, either are or have been peculiar to such races as the Bushmen, or to a state so very low in the scale of society as that in which Charles was now finding his shelter. The great doctrine of the unity of the threefold God, or of the sameness of that Triune Divinity which sends forth, with equal hand, the darkness and the light, the sunshine and the storm, has always been the faith of the learned and well-instructed, but never of the ignorant and mis-taught, in every age and country of the world. The poet Horace professed it in Pagan Rome; as, when (in the ninth ode of his first book, and as translated by Dryden) he tells us—

“ At his command the storms invade,
The winds at his commission blow;
Till, with a nod, he bids them cease,
And then the calm returns, and all is peace!”

Indeed, the Roman view of thunder and lightning was altogether opposite. It was not the war of Typhon, or Typhoeus, against Jupiter,

but of Jupiter against Typhœus; and Jupiter's very symbol was the thunderbolt. It is Jupiter that, as sung by Ovid,

“Quo centimanum dejecerat igne Typhœa ¹.”

Can it be that this is the real Bushman and Getic view as well; and that the cries, gestures and “menaces” (see the note) are intended rather for co-operations with the beneficent Divinity, and sympathies and imitations as to *his* wrath, than as feeble, solitary, and human efforts against the source of evil?

¹ Much more might be added here, concerning the same or corresponding practices as these of the Bushmen, among all nations, in the ruder stages of society. The virtue of the noise of church bells, to drive away storms, (that is, the supposed *demons of storms*,) is a kindred tale, and was not very long since of universal belief in Europe, nor is it even now wholly forgotten or rejected. In France, very lately, a respectable parishioner was killed by lightning in a country belfry, whither he had run to ring the church bell, for the purpose of allaying the storm. Lord Bacon believed in the efficacy of the act, but attempted an explanation upon natural principles; and Herodotus says, of the Getæ, or Dacians, in Europe, “that whenever it thunders or lightens, they throw their weapons into the air, as if menacing their god:” but adds, “and they seriously believe that there is no other deity;”—a concluding proposition which is obviously erroneous. The god which they thus “menaced” was not Zamolxis, the principle of good; but the supposed adversary of Zamolxis; that is, the principle of evil.

Many days passed away after the thunderstorm. Charles's feet became completely restored from the effects of their hard usage; and he was every way, in health and strength, as sound as ever. He went out with the hunters and their parties; and sometimes searched, either in company with the Bushman-girl, or alone, or along with some of the other young people, for roots, or fruits, or flowers; or at his old trade of honey-finding, and listening willingly to the Honey-birds. He joined with his favourite and her companions, in rising, occasionally, before the sun, and gathering sweet-smelling flowers while the dew was still heavy upon their cups, and still confined their easily-dispersed aroma. With a complexion still English; with red cheeks, and with his bright and curling hair, you might have seen him at the head of a troop of girls, not so beautiful, but as eager for flowers, as Proserpine on the fair field of Enna; as any modern nymphs of the South Sea Islands; as rural English girls of the past and present ages; as Dowsabel¹, the daughter and heiress of the valorous knight, "bright Cassamen," when the "maiden, in a morn betime"—far in the country of Arden, in Warwickshire—

¹ "Douce et belle," soft and beautiful?

“Went forth, when May was in the prime,
 To get sweet setywall¹,
 The honey-suckle, the harlock,
 The lily, and the lady-smock,
 To deck her summer-hall² ;”

or, finally, as Queen Bess and her Court, when they “rode a-maying,” on May morning; or, as the good citizens of London and so many other cities, when they went out at cockcrow on the same morning, or on the morning of St. John³, still to gather flowers while the dew confined their odours;—at the head, then, of such a troop, laden with flowers, and, not seldom, the leader (and always the loudest,) in the song, you might sometimes have discovered Charles, returning, with the first rays of the sun, to the silent and still drowsy craal. He attained, too, to the last

¹ “Sit o’ th’ wall,” “sit-on-the-wall,”—the wall-flower?

² Drayton’s ballad of Dowsabel.

³ St. John’s wort is a plant bearing a gold-coloured flower, well-known in England as a weed. In New England, its seeds are said to have been first brought thither among corn for sowing; and it was hailed, on its appearance in the fields, by its ancient and honourable name of Saint John’s wort. It spread, however, so fast, and with so little welcome, that the addition of *saint* was soon dropped, and its only name was “*John’s wort*.” Spreading still more, and getting into very bad repute, it is now (say the new England jesters) known by no other name than “*Devil’s wort*.”

summit of his ambition, the enjoyment of a Bushman's little bow and quiver, and learned even the odious art and secret of empoisoning his arrows. With the boys, and even with the men of the craal, so little taller than himself, he could go abroad, and bring down birds and quadrupeds too large and strong to have yielded to his arrows but for their fatal charge; and, as to the smaller birds and beasts, it was only the degree of rarity of meeting with them that limited his booty. Added to this, there was the spearing of fish, and the hunting for iguanas, tortoises, locusts, caterpillars, and ants; and Charles, dexterous, and delighted with the employments, and alive to all the amusements of his friends, may be imagined on the high road to become himself a Bushman! Upon all his excursions, Charley travelled too; and at home, Charley, at least with the master of the hut, was even in greater favour than himself. The good, credulous little man never forsook the idea that there was something mysterious in the office and presence of Charley, but still believed him the tutelary power that befriended the orphan stranger, and (among other things) warmed the hearts of himself and family in his behalf; and all this he credited so much the more, because, carefully looking out, as he went abroad, and as he came home, he

rarely missed to discern his *fly*, seated upon some chandelier-aloe, or euphorbia, or scarlet cotyledon, or palma-christi, or golden tassel of some gorgeous climber. Between the monkey, therefore, at home, and the *fly* abroad, he inferred an inevitable correspondence; and, while he laboured to satisfy the monkey in his hut, found his reward in the cheering aspect of the *fly* upon his path. At home, he had often his eye upon Charley, who, in return, had often both his eyes upon the Bushman; and each seemed to survey the other with mingled inquiry and satisfaction. If Charley slept, the good Bushman could never allow himself the presumption to disturb his slumber. Wherever Charley was, the Bushman observed a respectful distance; and if, as not unfrequently occurred, he made a brisk motion, or uttered a sharp cry, or suddenly lifted even his black fingers, or whisked or extended his long tail, the Bushman started or changed countenance, and was some moments before he became reassured that he had given no offence, and that Charley still tolerated his presence. But, punctilious in the performance of all that he could fancy or discover Charley to wish, and equally careful in wholly avoiding his displeasure; and crowned, when he went abroad, with the continued appearance of the *fly*, his heart was gay,

and his hand sure, and never had his bow nor his spear seen such a succession of unfailing hits! His low roof was hung with game; and he slept and woke in the happy belief of discharged and rewarded duty¹!

But, while everything, thus far, was prosperous with Charles, none of his main objects were at all advancing. No pleasure of the craal, no attachment to the individuals who deserved so well of him, and to whom he gave a real share of his heart, induced him to think of his stay among the Bushmen as anything but a sojourn, and one which he wished to make as short as possible. Though, amid his various enjoyments, he was often cool, for two or three days together, upon the thought of a speedy return to the set-

¹ It would be easy to increase the list of Bushman or Hottentot superstitions; and we must at least say something of the *fly*, or "Hottentot's god," of which mention is here made; and which is a small insect of the beetle kind, and of a brown colour.

The probable connection of the Hottentot esteem for his fly or beetle, with that of ancient Egypt for its beetle or scarabæus, and with the "fly-god of Ekron," of the Bible, has been remarked upon in the author's "Burford Cottage," chapter twenty-second; and the very ancient and philosophical, though fantastic origin, of a divine character, ascribed both to insects and birds, is explained in the same chapter. We have something to subjoin in still another place.

lements of the Cape; and though he could sometimes cheerfully look forward to a promised hunt, or removal of the craal, involving the idea of a protracted stay; still, the means of reaching Martha Hoyland and her husband, and through them, of hearing soon of his mother, and ultimately meeting her, either in England or in Africa, were the steady subjects of his thoughts by day, and of his dreams, as heretofore, by night! But these, in his present circumstances, were subjects of dismay and melancholy. All his substitutes for language were unavailing, to convey to the Bush-people the particulars of his wish upon these heads. He often pointed, indeed, toward the rising of the sun, accompanying his gesture by repeating the name of Hoyland, and sometimes even that of the dreaded Vrouw; but, though his friends sufficiently understood, from this, that he wished to go from them, and to go toward the east; the sound of the word "Hoyland" conveyed to them no idea of the name, either of that of a person or a place; and that of the name of the Vrouw, though they were unacquainted with it, yet, because they could distinguish it as Dutch, filled them with horror, and made them shake their heads, and look displeased. They had a project, in the meantime, upon his behalf, framed by themselves, and the

most natural that they could come to; and this they often attempted, (particularly his youthful patroness,) without full effect, to make him understand. The entire craal, in pursuance of its wandering scheme of life, was shortly to remove to a situation which, from itself and from the approaching season, insured a supply of particular kinds of food; and, at least, on that migration, and till it arrived, they proposed that he should accompany and stay with them. They saw that he wished to return to the settlements, to some one of which they never doubted that he belonged; and their only wish was, to preserve him safe, till, so far, his wishes could be gratified. Their route, it was certain, did not lay to the eastward, whither, upon account of the Dutch, and also of the Caffres, who occupied the wild country in that direction, and whom the Dutch always encouraged to make war upon them, they were afraid to go; but to the south-west, and for a distance which would carry Charles still further from the region where it was plain to them that he came from, and that he wished to be. But the south-western track which they designed pursuing, while it would lead them further from the Caffres, and from the dread of their surprises, would also lead them toward Dutch settlements, from which they had less than their usual appre-

hensions, both because the farmers themselves, of that part of the country, have never been known to join in the extermination of the Bushmen; and because there were no Caffres upon that side, to pursue their own animosities, or to be spurred on by Dutchmen against the little craal. They thought, then, that upon reaching their new hunting-ground, they should be near enough to the Dutch settlements in its neighbourhood, to let their daughter (with a guard in ambush, and with due precautions, and with no more risk than they were willing to run in so good a work) take Charles at least within sight of a farmhouse, and there, with their blessings, leave him. They argued, that ferocious and little to be trusted as were Europeans, and untaught in the virtues and points of conscience which regulate the steps of Bushmen, they would surely show as much mercy toward a young one of their brood, as might be expected from even hyenas; they knew the readiness and facilities of the farmers, and their oxen and waggons, for communicating with neighbours hundreds of miles apart; they presumed, therefore, that the Dutchmen would both understand the child's wishes and comply with them; and, at any rate, they judged, that pursuing the plan now mentioned, they should best gratify their

guest, and best, in all respects, discharge their incumbent duties of hospitality. Charles had knowledge of their projected movement, and that, in some manner, his restoration to the settlements was to be connected with it; but he was at a loss for all the rest. The hope, however, gave him new spirits; he was curious to learn all that was attainable; and when, recollecting how easily, and how irrecoverably he had lost himself, in his own journey through woods and over plains, he made the Bushman-girl understand his uneasiness, lest they should mistake the track, prepared as it was with no road nor finger-post; the little adept at all the resources of her nation, laughed merrily at his fears, and enabled him to see, that beside the sun, and the face of the country, and the species of trees and flowers, and the colours of the grasses, and twenty other guides upon the earth, they should have the stars above, of several of which she rapidly repeated her names; pointing out, at the same time, the places of their rising and setting, the order of their appearance, and their courses through the heavens; concluding all by a delineation, upon her hand, of the phasis of the moon at the time of the projected departure, and the share of its duration which would be occupied in travelling to the new station they were to reach.

CHAPTER XXVI.

So much of earth—so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood!

WORDSWORTH.

THE migration, however, was still but an approaching prospect, when an event broke in upon the daily sameness of the craal, and, as time afterward showed, was itself but the prologue of many others. It is, indeed, the frequent lot of human life, to be variegated, at one interval with lengths of calms, and at another with hurrying occurrences, each upon the shoulders of the other; and such an order of things, so common in civilized life, and in the hearts of cities, presents itself also in the wilderness, and in the craals of Bushmen. The event, not, in reality, unforeseen nor undesired, was the return of four Bushman spies, deputed long before the arrival of Charles, to penetrate to the

skirts of the nearest Caffre craals, and observe, as much as might be possible, their present temper, whether peaceable or warlike; and, if warlike, against whom their assagays were in more immediate danger of being lifted? The relative interests and positions of the two nations, or of such of their tribes and craals as bordered upon each other, may need to be now explained.

The Bushmen, as we have seen, are a wandering people, possessing neither herds nor cultivated grounds, and living generally upon the free gifts of nature, upon the earth, and in the air, and in the water. They have no property but in their lives, in their weapons of war and hunting; in the huts which they build, and in the lands over which, to and fro, they roam. With these exceptions, there is nothing which they can lose; nothing which either enemy or thief can rob them of. It is different with respect to the Caffres, (so called by the Moors or Arabians, who are Mohammedans, and signifying heathens, infidels, or unbelievers.) The Caffres are a pastoral and agricultural people; their abodes, therefore, are stationary. Their herds, or their cattle, are oxen; and they have cattle-craals, or cattle-folds, as well as craals or folds for their own dwelling. The Bushman's natural prey is the wild beast and herb; and it

is, we may believe, the ancient and long-continued exclusion of the Bushmen (whom the Caffres call Umlaoes, while to themselves, they give the name of Amacosas) from the more fertile lands, and general confinement to such upon which even nature is comparatively barren, that has gradually starved the growth of the Bushmen, driven them more into the desert, and into its narrow intervals of fruitfulness, and rendered them, in this manner, less and less capable of providing for themselves in a more liberal manner. But the arrival, upon the western side of South Africa, of the Europeans, a people still more agricultural and pastoral than the Caffres, and armed, too, with rifle-guns, weapons still more terrible than the spear or assagay, and between whom and the Caffres, both the country and the bodies of the Bushmen are now compressed, as, in Asia, the antelope in the folds of the boa-constrictor;—it is this occurrence of the last two centuries that has completed the ruin, and must ensure the ultimate extinction, as Bushmen, of the suffering tribes of Bushmen.

Depressed as these pitiable people are, and resigned as the general disposition and procedure of the nation may have been, or may be; there must, at all times, be found among them a certain number of more active spirits,

which, either indignant at the wrongs, or discontented with the denials of their situation, pursue, in that case a glorious war, or in the other case an inglorious thievery, against the European settlers upon the one side, and the Caffre nations upon the other. The Bushmen, however diminutive, and however bodily unequal to many things within the means of larger and stronger men, are indomitably brave; and have found, in the use of poisoned arms, a degree of compensation for the want of sinew to wield and carry heavier weapons. They do not wholly leave, then, their ancient and present foes, and at the same time richer neighbours, free from occasional despoiling and annoyance. With their poisoned arrows, they can level with the earth the largest ox, if they can meet with it unprotected, or if they can hunt it out of its safe pasture; and, with the same poisoned arrows, they can also level its herdsman, if he hastens rashly to its aid, or if he attempts, without due precaution, to avenge its loss, or to extirpate the spoilers.

The settlers and the Caffres, thus far, have a common interest, and an interest adverse to the Bushmen. It is true that the Caffres may sometimes drive off the cattle of the settlers, by herds together, while the Bushmen are content to shoot and revel upon a single beast; and it is true that

the settlers may sometimes make free with the cattle, as well as with the lands, of the pastoral Caffres, in like manner as with both the lands and the lives of the Bushmen; but, against the enormities of the Bushmen, practised upon Caffres and settlers, both the latter have the same indignant and self-considerate feeling as the renowned wolf in the fable. The Dutch settlers, therefore, encourage the Caffres to co-operate with themselves in the destruction, or (as, perhaps, they call it) the chastisement of the Bushmen; and the Caffres are strongly inclined to the same object, without the encouragement of the Dutch settlers.

But, in the midst of all these opposing motives, and of all these mutual wrongs, it cannot but happen that there will subsist among the Bushmen a two-fold *political* party. Of the one, the principle will be fear; of the other, the principle will be boldness: of the one, the principle will be submission, abstinence, and peace, having for their end safety; of the other, the principle will be resistance, robbery, and war, defended upon the ground of vengeance, succour, and even safety also. It is, then, the grief of the abstinent and peaceful party of the yellow craal, that there should be any of its members to make spoliation, whether as thieves

or as patriots, upon either enemy or neighbour ; and it is more or less the terror, or the prudent anticipation, of both parties, that the hour of attack may be always approaching, upon the one side or the other, from their black or their white enemies or pursuers. Thus it is, that for the simplest interests of human life, and from the least complicated conditions of human affairs, wars and contests, and all their crimes and sorrows, will spring up ; a condition of existence, in the meantime, from which nothing that grows or lives is exempt, for so infixed is war and contest in the entire scheme of nature ! Plants, in the struggle for soil and air, incessantly overgrow and stifle each other ; and every thing that breathes, from the insect up to man, has struggles, and mortal struggles too, with its neighbour, and with its hordes of neighbours, for possession and for power ; for the retention, or for the acquirement, either of something essential to the existence, or prized by the ambition or the appetite, of both parties alike. In the midst, too, of all these wars, and strifes, and contests, and all their crimes, and all their evils, and their sorrows ; there is nothing that stamps either of the combatants or rivals with an abstract or fundamental character of evil ; but all possess their virtues, while all are perpetrating

their violences. The fairest flowers can strangle or oppress each other; the innocent locusts can devour the whole together; the industrious ants, and the industrious bees, can slaughter each other; the harmless linnets and thrushes can fiercely depopulate contested bushes; the fish can dart against their brother fish; the lovely herds of antelopes and deer can drive herds as lovely as themselves from off the otherwise Elysian pastures; the majestic bull, or horse, can seize the grass from his fellow bull, or horse, or deny it to the intruder; the Caffres and the Bushmen have each their virtues and their humanities; and yet both of them can afflict and spill the blood of one another! In all this, we have taken no notice of the reciprocal destruction of things for the immediate purposes of food; but only of the sway of the angry passions, and of the dictates of the desire of possession or acquisition, justly or unjustly followed, or received into the ear; so inseparable as this are the principles of war and contest from the ordained condition of the world, and so insusceptible of mitigation in their effects, save from the restraining and moderating influences of natural and moral and intellectual culture; and with so much charity and discrimination are we to survey the total or essential characters of even

those things and creatures which we behold most in violence, or contest, or injustice towards each other; and so difficult it often is, to say, upon which side the injustice has first begun, or to which the balance of injustice now remains!

The little craal, in the meantime, which was the present shelter of Charles Laleham, had a special reason for fearing an attack from some bordering Caffres, upon account of excesses, which it was beyond its power to restrain, endlessly committed by Dassick, that adroit but wicked member of its else unoffending body, to whom the reader has been already introduced. This man, indeed, was the public calamity, not less than the private disturber and annoyance; and there was no law of the craal, in its actual imperfect state of civilization, which so far restrained the liberty of individuals, as to make it penal to endanger the welfare of the whole, by provoking foreign aggression or revenge. While the entire remainder of the craal, amid whatever unjust privation, contented themselves to eat the bread of peacefulness, or, literally, to feed upon their poor meals of roots and roasted ants and locusts, with only the occasional attainment of better meat; that bold and reckless man, despising peace, and indifferent to all that he might bring upon his companions, was for ever

committing robberies,—upon the Caffres, when the Caffre craals were the nearest, and upon those of the settlers, when the craals of the settlers suited best his purpose. It is true, that (besides the impunity with which, by the laws and customs of the craal, he could always commit these foreign injuries) he purchased a share of popularity, if it did not amount to commendation, in the craal, by partial distributions of the beef which his violent hands acquired; and which many of the Bushmen consented to eat, even while they reproached the means which gave it them, and trembled for the consequences. It is true, also, he had other grounds of favour with the craal, tending to induce and strengthen the toleration of his crimes. He possessed, as we have given reason to suppose, a natural sharpness of understanding, which at once awed, and pleased, and often availed his comrades. The irresistible superiority of his intellect bowed the entire circle, and, in matters of amusement, ministered to its gratification: while, if dangers or difficulties arose, and straits were to be conquered; if forced marches, or hasty retreats, were to be accomplished; or, if famine stared all the huts together in the face; this was the man, the soonest of all others, to achieve or to relieve the whole. From these causes, too, he had a small avowed

party, and a wider general inclination toward him, struggling with the dislike, which greatly weakened the authority of the chief and of his council; consisting, as these did, of less showy though more prudent men, under whom the craal enjoyed the even but less noticed tenour of its comforts; while Dassick seized upon those temporary and sudden occasions of display, and of service upon partial emergencies, which were the best adapted to win the applause of the more thoughtless number. By some, so great a diversity of talent and character, as displaying itself in a Bushman's craal, may little have been expected; but no two men, any more than two kittens, are wholly alike: and, in even a very small number, and in circumstances apparently the least favourable to variety, a marvellous diversity will manifest itself. Our craal contained its wits and its dullards, its poets, its philosophers, and its hard-working labourers; and its ingenious mechanics, skilful hunters, patient watchers, ardent pursuers, quick conceivers, and profound deliberators. One had the smartest jests, and another the most attractive stories; one challenged the loudest laughter; another invited the deepest thoughts, or moved with surest touch the bosom: one was the best polisher of a bow; another the best

trimmer of an arrow; and a third, the best preparer of a poison. One could best construct a hut; another was celebrated for his fish-spears; one could follow the track of a beast with what seemed a superior instinct, or find fish or birds where others would have reported a solitude, and died for want of a supper. One had a genius for a single art; to others nothing came amiss; and many ate and slept, and wondered, and had little to say, and only ordinary ability to perform. Of such various human materials was the *craal* composed; and so conspicuous, so able, and so mischievous, and so rapacious, was the notorious *Dassick*. It was greatly upon account of that man's fearful practices, as against the cattle of the *Caffres*, that the chief had dispatched the spies, and that chief and people so anxiously awaited their return; for, were the *Caffres* preparing an inroad, and, if so, against what men or country? The *Caffres* were often in the field; but, then, their plans happen to menace more the Dutch, or the English, or, more than all, their own *Caffre* neighbours, than the suffering and feeble *Bushmen*; among whom were no cattle or other booty to invite an enemy, and who could be stripped of nothing beside the sticks and rushes of their huts, which the next forest would restore; a few bows and arrows, and spears, and

baskets, and kettles, which a few hours' labour would give them again; and their lives, and their wives, and their children, all of which they would sell as dearly as they could, and lose only in exchange for many a writhing agony, and mortal wound, among any that might assail them!

The news reported by the spies was not without its features of anxiety. They had approached the Caffre craals with infinite precaution, and the most patient yielding to long delays from almost endless difficulties and disappointments. They had crept upon their bellies, through the high grass, and with a motion no swifter than the sloth's. They had climbed into trees, and waited, at the cruelest risks of famine, for distant opportunities of descent. They had hid themselves in bushes, and waited for dark nights; and the result of the whole was, that they had seen preparations for war, and heard vows of vengeance against the Bushmen, and observed the arms of the speakers raised in the direction of the craal; but that yet, equal complaints and threats against Dutchmen and Caffres had reached their ears, and they were quite unable to determine upon which the impending blow might fall. The most calming of their conclusions was only this, that they did not think the Caffres ready for any

speedy enterprise; and, upon the whole case, the chief and council came to the consequent decision, that the craal, as a body, could do nothing advantageous, unless to expedite its removal to the new ground, setting forward, now that their brethren, the spies, were returned, as speedily as possible; due regard being had to the supply of provisions, to be secured before their departure, or expected from the woods, the rivers, the marshes, or the sands, at the times at which they were to be passed during the important migration. One additional step, however, was taken, and upon its value great stress was laid. The chief, and many of the council, made long and earnest speeches, partly addressed to Dassick, (himself one of the number,) counselling, entreating, threatening, conjuring, that he should desist, at least for the present, from any fresh maraudings against the cattle of the Caffres. So deeply, indeed, did the councillors feel that subject, and so much did they threaten, and reason, and petition with Dassick; that in the end, he gave the word of a Bushman, and, even the oath of his country, that he would not shoot an ox for a month to come; pledging himself, further, that, to place his forbearance beyond a doubt, and wholly soothe the fears of his fellow-craalsmen, he would, during the whole remainder of the stay

of the craal in the neighbourhood of the injured Caffres, go such short distances daily, either to hunt or fish, that he would return night by night, or day by day; and thus satisfy all the craal, that he was upon no Caffre-robbing undertaking.

But the evil man (as it too often happens) will assuredly be evil in one shape or another; and this promise and its observance, upon the part of Dassick, so satisfactory to the craal at large, seems (at least,) to have been the source of a cruel and most unexpected misfortune to poor Charles! We have not yet mentioned, (what was yet a second event connected with that of the return of the spies, and a second illustration, also, of that mixture of balms and woes, and of deeds of wrong and ruth, which chequer all the surface, and penetrate into all the substance, of the world;) that upon the appearance of the spies, after the completion of their faithful and perilous undertaking, a great part of the mystery under which the craal had previously laboured, in respect of the person and history of Charles, was become cleared up. One of the spies had also been one of the Bushman-party that surprised the waggons, and took away the life, of the tall and worthy Land-drost! He was even the man who discharged the poisoned arrow

that lodged so fatally in the worthy Dutchman's neck, at the moment when he was leading Charles, by his little hand, from the fire at which they had supped, toward the waggon in which they were to sleep! He was even the brother of the Bushman who, being wounded, was brought to die by the side of the dying Land-drost. He had a perfect recollection of Charles, but he had fled precipitately, with the whole of his surviving companions, at the appearance of danger from the Land-drost's attendants; so that he could give no account of what became of the waggons and their drivers after the attack, any more than he could suggest a probable cause or explanation how it was, that Charles, after so much lapse of time, and in so different a part of the country, should have been found by the young Bushman-girl, lame and starving and dying, upon the barren soil at the head of the ravine, and where he was separated by hills, and woods, and floods, from every settler's habitation! But the whole craal talked at one time upon this discovery. The clacking throats broke into indescribable commotion. Children, women, and men, spoke all together; some asserting one thing, some another. The dispute was the renewal of the former one, concerning the parentage of Charles! Was he, at last, the brat

of a Dutch Vrouw? Had the craal sheltered, at last, a cub hyena? Was it a viper, which, in truth, had crept into their bed, and by their fire? Was this (now that the truth was out,) a cobra-de-capello—a hooded snake—which the silly and credulous old man's silly and credulous daughter had brought, one evening, into her father's hut, and set down by her mother's kettle, to lick the meat out of their own mouths, and to bite, and slaver, and poison, and swell, and turn black, and toss into their graves, all the dear, beautiful, yellow little children of all the huts of the craal? Charles was fully sensible of the unkind feelings that were now expressed toward him, without having the smallest idea of the occasion! Terrified at the gestures and tones that were directed toward him, (worse, as they were, than any which he had experienced even from the Vrouw, and almost as vehement and grating and appalling as those with which the craal had attacked and overcome the demon of the storm,) he was glad to be torn into the shelter of his protectors, by the still sustaining hand of the good Bushman-girl, who drew him hastily into the hut where sat her father and mother in dismay; and where, for some time, she joined Charles in shedding floods of tears! Regaining her courage, however, she returned, soon afterward, to the

angry group, where, finding, that some still were positive that Charles was no Dutch hyena, and even still disposed to defend and praise the charity and hospitality with which she had herself borne him from the desert, and her father and mother covered him, and fed him, in their hut;—thus emboldened and supported, she once more asserted the innocence of his birth, and his claims to the succours of humanity. The whole case, however, was a case of fact; and, as to the fact, there was nothing, upon either side, but assertion and opinion, and the balancing of probabilities and of appearances. No one condemned, if Charles was not a Dutchman; and no one was hardy enough to excuse, if a Dutchman he really was! At that very moment, another of the spies, returned from rifling a bees'-nest, and carrying the honey-combs with both hands, entered the craal, and became a most important witness. This man, like the former, had been one of the murderous party which destroyed the Land-drost; and he bore equal testimony to the companionship of Charles with that Dutch son of a Dutch murderer of Bushmen. But he knew enough of the Land-drost's history to be able to affirm, that this latter had left no son; and, moreover, that acquaintance with the ways of the Dutch and English settlers, which had stung his

heart to the revenge of the former, had also made him acquainted, in a slight degree, with both their languages. It was a new light to the *craal*, that there really were in the country any white men who were not Dutch, and who yet considerably resembled Dutchmen; and, now, the honey-hunter, for the common good of all parties, undertook to talk with the child, and to try to find out his history, and especially his country. The Bushman-girl, well aware of her *craalsman's* foreign learning, and confident that the foundling could stand the test, was overjoyed at this turn of affairs; and, leaping like one frantic, with delight, she hastened to the hut, where, doing her best to make Charles understand that all the danger was gone by, she led him forth, and brought him to the linguist, himself a good-natured man, and who now joined with the girl in re-assuring Charles.

The greatest danger which Charles afterward ran, sprung from his real, though very small, acquaintance with a few Dutch words and phrases, such as he could not fail to have acquired during even his short residence in the colony; for, to prove whether or not he was Dutch, it was to be tried whether he could speak or understand the language. His judge addressed a few words to him, in broken Dutch

and Bushman, to some of which he was the better able to reply, because his ear had grown accustomed to the Dutch as spoken by the Hot-tentots; but, in attempting to give Dutch answers, he soon convinced the Bushman that he had nothing Dutch in his origin; and this, not so much from his deficiency in Dutch words, as from his mode of pronunciation. The latter now changed his speech to a sort in his skill in which he took a particular pride; namely, a broken or Bushman-English. It was so long since Charles had heard one syllable of anything approaching to the English tongue, that at the sound an extasy almost seized his mind; his heart beat, and his eyes glistened, and he scarcely knew how to contain himself; while the Bushman, (who, here and there, had a rival among his countrymen, as to the purity of his Dutch,) stood an inch higher than he had ever before stood in his life, conscious that, in speaking what he called English, he stood absolutely alone! Suffice it that the little man was instantly satisfied within himself, and as instantly pronounced it oracularly to the craal, that the child was English, and not Dutch; a declaration which was received with one general shout of joy. The poor Bush-girl and her parents, so lately the malediction of at least half the craal, were now recompensed

for their temporary sufferings by the warmest congratulations. As to Charles, he was loaded with caresses, and even with crowns and garlands. The multitude danced round him, and sang in chorus. They hung his neck, and even the envied buttons of his jacket, with strings of fish and jackals' teeth, and birds' feathers, and hyenas' claws, and scarlet berries, and with charms against all evils; charms against lightning, and against drowning; against the Bushman's poison, and against the Caffre's assagay; against powder and shot; against hyenas, lions, elephants, and rhinoceroses; against evil spirits and wicked men; against diseases, against the evil eye; and, in short, against all the troubles which they held life exposed to! They made a litter of green boughs and flowers, far different from that hasty one on which he was first brought; and, having placed him in it, with all his flowers, teeth, and claws, and feathers, and berries, and charms, they carried him round the craal, within side and without, making long halts at the hut of his original benefactors. In the evening, every Bushman *improvisator* and *improvisatrice* gave a song for the dance, the topic of which was the history of the English boy, and even the honours of the English name!

For the honey-finder (very little as he knew or could in any manner pronounce of the English language, and much more accomplished, as he confessed himself to be, in the speaking of "baboon,") was able to discover from Charles the few essential particulars which still remained to be learned of him; that is, his arrival at the house of the late Land-drost, after the melancholy death; his escape from the Vrouw; his wanderings in the woods; and his aim and his impatience to reach Martha Hoyland, and to be restored to his mother. He communicated, also, to Charles, the impossibility under which the Bushmen laboured, to assist him by any movement toward Blouwveldt's, or reaching, even in the most clandestine manner, either his Hottentot mammy, or the gay black Zephyr, or the well disposed young Mynheer Van Dunderblouwer; and, in fine, he told him what plan was pursuing for him, and with which he must fain be contented. All this, too, he reported to the craal; but, besides all this, he enlarged upon matters with which his friends had but small previous acquaintance, but to which they listened with the most eager interest. He told them that the foreign mastership of the country had now been passed some years from the people called Dutch, to another people, called English. He told them

that the English were the friends of the Bushmen, and that this was the reason that the Africans, whatever they still felt from them, now persecuted them less than formerly. He told them that the English had a great king, whose dominions were twice as large as all the country of the Bushmen, and who punished wicked men, and supported the weak and the oppressed, in all the quarters of the world; and that, in particular, he would not let the Dutchmen hunt and kill the Bushmen any more! He told them (for he grew warm, and did not stop at trifles) that England was the oldest country in the world, and full of the greatest wonders; and that Englishmen were the wisest and the best of all mankind, and even as merciful as Bushmen! His travels had extended to Cape Town, and he had seen the English King and Queen at that place; who, after all, were but the servants of the Great King, and yet were magnificent beyond belief! But, more, it was his own sister's child that was the Bush-boy who danced in the streets of Cape Town, and who led about with him three lion's cubs; and, one day, when some ragged inhabitant of the town, whom he did not fail to call a Dutchman, meeting the boy without his cubs, (for he had been else afraid,) gave him a slap on

the face, and rolled him in the dust; then, two Englishmen and a lady (one of the former in scarlet and gold, from head to foot) picked up the Bush-boy, and scolded him that ill-used him, and wiped his face, and comforted him, and gave him money to buy bread! The enthusiasm, at these recitals, was intense; it redoubled all the kindness of the craal for Charles, and urged forward the songs of which we have spoken. An English ear would have been enraptured, could it have known what was passing; an English heart would have been opened; English virtue would have been warmed and fortified; an Englishman would have learned what he owes to the reputation already won for his country, and what to the welfare of his countrymen, through whatever countries dispersed. He would have seen the value of the private charities, and the glory of a public name. He would have stood erect and glowing, proud, and yet alive to all the burden thus imposed upon him; and he would have believed, at least while listening to the songs of the grateful and admiring Bush-people, that, in the words of his own English poetry—

“The dust of heroes is his native soil!”

CHAPTER XXVII.

“And all the while,” said he, “to know,
That we are in a world of woe,
On such an earth as this!”

WORDSWORTH.

BUT the event of the return of the spies, with all its mixture of joys and sorrows, thus far related, was no part of that heavier and less remediable misfortune, befalling Charles, of which we warned the reader, in the middle of our foregoing chapter. It did but prepare the way.

We have called to mind that, as it but too often happens, evil persons will be evil, in some form or other; so that, if they are checked in one career of injury, they forthwith turn into another. It was thus, at least, with that troublesome Bushman of whom we have spoken as the disgrace and odium of the craal. Because he had stopped, for an interval, from ranging afar, to provoke mischief upon his fellows by shooting the Caffre cattle, he now loitered in the woods

and hollows round about, continually doing something or other for which his neighbours suffered.

Charles, in the meantime, had now acquired, in English Bushman, (as, since the day of explanations, his valuable champion had come to be generally called,) a companion, with whom, as he could partially talk, so he loved to ramble, or join in fishing, or in honey-finding, at greater distances from the craal than he had been accustomed to go, while his chief guide had been his female friend. He had indulged in these new excursions during parts of four or five days, always carrying Charley abroad with him; when, one morning, as himself and English Bushman were at the foot of a high irregular bank in the woods, they met the evil but active Dassick, well provided with bows and arrows, and in full pursuit of game.

“Morning! morning!” said the sneering huntsman, “what are you, and your English imp, about to-day?”

“Looking for our supper, worthy master,” answered English Bushman: “Do you think that there is much game about?”

“Game about!” cried Dassick; “why, that is a droll question, from such people as you!—Game about! Why, what do you want with

game, that have gotten your game already, and yet would beat all the woods up, and prevent a poor hungry fellow, like me, from getting a mouthful?"

"Game!" said English Bushman; "we gotten game?"

"Why, yes," returned Dassick; "have you not gotten that monkey, and what would you have more? Some people come abroad because they want to shoot a monkey; but you, to be sure, bring your monkey with you, into the woods! By the way, tell that youngster to let me have a shot at his monkey! I'll give him fair play; but I want a bit of roast monkey; I have had none for some time!"

As, while he said this, he made a show of fitting his arrow to its string, and otherwise looked in conformity with his words, Charles plainly knew that he was repeating a joke, (if joke it was,) with which he had always been accustomed to tease him; so, he turned his back to Dassick, holding Charley to his bosom. "For shame! why do you vex the child?" was all the answer of English Bushman; and forward he passed, with Charles.

It was not, however, entirely without discomfort, that, in half an hour more, they again caught sight of Dassick, who, this time, was nearly

hidden by the trunk of a tree; and who, upon seeing that he was observed, turned silently away from them, and struck (with some difficulty from the rattan-reeds, interlaced along the ground, and the climbers hanging low from the branches) into the recesses of the woods. They continued their way, however, without discovering him again; and arrived, in the afternoon, at the rocky top of a narrow hollow.

English Bushman, at this spot, looked down, with the eye of a lynx, into the bottom beneath them; and was not long in descrying a small tortoise, which sat sleeping in the sun, upon a black stone, among the herbage. The descent toward the stone was difficult, consisting in crumbling projections of the rock, and in wood brittle with decay; wherefore, desiring Charles to lie down at the edge, with Charley, till he came up again, he proceeded downward, foot by foot, and hand by hand, and finally, to Charles's great satisfaction, safely reached the bottom. Charles looked eagerly after him, and saw him approach within a yard of the stone, and put out his hand to lift the tortoise; but, at that instant, a shriek, and, at the same time, a spring from Charley, to clasp his knee, recalled his attention. He turned, and beheld Charley struck down, and an arrow in his side; and, an instant after, Dassick had seized

him into his hand, and was returning into the thicket! Charles had leaped upon his feet at the alarm; but the whole was over! The rapacious Bushman gave him a blow which levelled him to the earth again; he held Charley tightly in the opposite hand; the latter was even unable to repeat its cries; and the robber, carrying away his booty, made a precipitate retreat! Charles could only scream aloud; and call, but vainly, to his friend at the bottom of the ravine!

English Bushman, without knowing what was the cause of Charles's distress, had run, at his first cry, toward the difficult ascent, dropping, in his hasty efforts to reach him, the tortoise of which he had already made himself master; and he gained, almost at the next minute, the summit of the bank. Nothing was left for him to find, but the solitary Charles, beating the ground in his despair, and roaring out his complaint against the murderer of Charley, whom, though he scarcely saw, he yet had known to be the only person likely to commit the outrage. It was fortunate, perhaps, for all parties, that English Bushman had been placed so incapably of interfering, while either Dassick or his track were yet discoverable. Had the assassin approached or fled at a time when the ground would have permitted interference, or even sight, he would

certainly have let fly his poisoned arrows at the breast or back of his fellow-craalsman; and the issue of those arrows, whether they had struck or missed, might have been retaliation, either from himself or his friends; and, perhaps, ensured the death, not only of English Bushman, but of many others of the craal, including, by no improbability, that of Charles himself. As it was, there remained only for Charles to weep, and for his friend to endeavour to console him; and, as each gave way to their respective shares in that scene of feeling, they gradually found themselves nearer the craal, to which, upon account of their misfortune, they were content to return with no more than a small part of the provision that they had set out promising themselves for the day. Charley was seen by neither of them again, except skinned and roasted;—for the barbarous Dassick, when he had cooked his morsel to his mind, did not even omit calling to Charles, with a grin, and mimic hospitality, from the door of his hut, at which he was lying; and, while he was tearing limb from limb, and chewing the rags of the overdone flesh from one of the leg bones, holding out the other toward Charles, and inviting him to eat also; adding, that it was well known he was not greedy, and could always share his dainties with his friends!

The whole craal condemned the cruelty which had taken from Charles the little companion of his pilgrimage. The good man, and his wife and daughter, to whom both had been so long indebted for food and shelter, were outrageous, as well in grief as in anger; and there were not a few of their neighbours who agreed with them in the apprehension, that so great an enormity would have its consequences. The *fly*, they said, was the friend of the stranger; and the duties of hospitality were sacred, and not to be violated without vengeance. The old man (and he was by no means alone) went further, and believed that the outraged monkey, taking some other form of being, and looking on, even now, upon the hideous meal made of its monkey body, would yet be its own avenger, and involve, perhaps, the entire craal in dreadful punishment! The lament was general, that charms had not been hung round the monkey's neck, and about his legs and tail, at the time when they had been so liberally bestowed on Charles. As to the young people of the craal, their dance was a slow dance that night, and its song told of the death of Charley. It told also of the grief and of the wrongs of Charles, and of the inhumanity of their craalsman. Charles, sighing and sobbing, at times, by himself, on this and the following days,

murmured, that he would rather the wicked Vrouw should have had Charley all for her own, than that he should have been roasted and eaten by the gluttonous and insulting Bushman; and half repented that he had run away from Blouwveldt's, and exposed himself to so many griefs, only to bring a sacrilegious supper to an unfeeling savage¹!

¹ On the page where we finally part with the green monkey, we are tempted, as in two former instances, to fortify our narrative by means of an extract or two from a work which has fallen in our way only long since our chapters were written; previous, however, to offering which, we may now make the confession, that for much of our portrait of Charles's little Charley, we are indebted to the visits which, while it was living, we used sometimes to pay to a "little Charley" at the Museum of the Zoological Society, in Bruton-street.—"That animals," says the author before quoted, "have feelings and passions very analogous to our own, appears from many instances. Our rugged or oppressive conduct towards them more usually puts their resentful emotions into action, than their better capabilities; and this has caused their angry humours to be most frequently noticed. But many species show what must be called kind affections: *monkeys* evince them to each other. Captain Crowe had several monkeys in his ship, of which one became sick: 'It had been always a favourite with the others; and from the moment it was taken ill, they tended and nursed it with anxiety and tenderness. A struggle frequently ensued among them for priority in these offices of affection. Some would steal one thing, others another, to carry to it, untasted by themselves, however tempting. They would take it (the sick monkey) up gently, in their fore paws;

Two other days succeeded to the foregoing; and, now, the thoughts and preparations for the migratory movement were the entire occupation of the craal. The season was fitting, the line of march resolved upon, arms and charms were fashioned and compounded, omens were favourable,

hug it to their breasts; and *cry* over it, as a mother would, over her suffering child. The little creature seemed sensible of their assiduities. It would sometimes come to me, and look me pitifully in the face, and *cry*, as if asking me to give it relief.—Crowe's Memoirs, 1830. 'Many of the *ape* species, when beaten, will sigh, groan, and *weep* like children.' Bingley, vol. ii. p. 93.—Turner's Sacred History.

With these facts before the reader, as to the general character of the *monkey* genus, the particular circumstances under which our little green monkey has been displayed, can hardly, in any case, very seriously shock his notions!

As to *skill*, in the same class of animals, and even in matters belonging to the ways and inventions of mankind, (at least if we ascend, from the *monkey*, to the *baboon* and *ape*,) there are many extraordinary relations. Vosmaer's Oran Otang, seeing others open its chain padlock with a key, put a bit of stick into the key-hole, and turned it about, in all directions, to unlock it itself. Kolben mentions, of the baboons at the Cape, that if brought up with milk, when young, they become as watchful over their master's goods as any house-dog. Vaillant declares that one of these, in his own possession, was more watchful than any of his dogs, and frequently warned him of the approach of predatory animals, when the dogs seemed unconscious that they were near. Father Carli, in his History of Angola, relates, that he had taught monkeys to attend upon him; to guard him, while sleeping, against thieves and rats; to comb his head; and fetch him water.

and the soothsayers promised safety and success. On the evening of the second of the two days, the sun (such was the serenity of the atmosphere) descended with even more than common of its glorious beauty; the flowers glowed with surpassing lustre; the birds, in their varied flocks, displayed the gaudiest of all their splendid plumage; and the air grew tempered into a delicious coolness. The night was without a moon, but resplendent with its stars. The craal prolonged its dances and multiplied diversions; but it became weary at last, and everything was peace, and sleep, and silence.

Every thing was silent till almost the hour of the returning sun. The deepest darkness was still upon earth and sky. The craal was in the heaviest of its slumber, and not an ear listened to the retiring roar of the lion, nor *gurr* of the leopard, nor howl of the hyena. But the moment following, hark! the fearfulest of war-cries, and groans, and shrieks, and yells; and the crashing of broken roofs of sticks and mats, and the crackling of their flames; the screams of children, the barking of dogs, and the yelping of such of those sharers of human joys and sorrows as were already struck, or stabbed, or trodden under foot, by the invader; and, along with sounds like these, those of the supplications of the sufferers,

and the execrations of the foe; but speedily mingled, however, with bursts of defiance, and bold, though almost impotent threats, of vengeance and retaliated destruction! The Caffres were in the craal. They had chosen, according to usage, the hour which precedes the morning, for their attack. They came mercilessly to kill, and only to kill; to burn, and only to burn; to destroy, to root out, to sweep from the soil, as far as they should be able, the unhappy Bushmen whom, after all the precautions taken, they had thus reached. Prize nor prisoner were desired or expected in the poor encampment of the despised Bushmen. The purpose was to destroy them and their burrows, like rats and rats'-nests. At every stride the Caffres broke down a hut; at every blow their assagays pinned to the earth a Bushman, or his wife or child. But the massacre was soon a combat. The waking Bushmen, and their wives, and their children, grasped their little bows, and sheaves of poisoned arrows. All their huts were armories; and, cautious from their perpetual fears, all the inmates might be said to sleep upon their arms. With cries for pity were mixed threats of overthrow and assurances of death; and the arrows, crossing the assagays, were sent with as swift a hand, and as true an aim; and performed, for a few minutes, as fierce an execution.

The tall, black, vigorous Caffres, with their heavy spears and sinewy arms, did not every where escape the poisonous deaths delivered to them by the small, sharply-pointed, and smeared arrow-blades. Two or three of them were stretched within the craal, three or four without; and some continued to wound, or slaughter, or disperse the Bush-people, though already wounded, and shortly to fall down themselves upon the bodies of their victims. Upon both sides, it was felt as a battle for life, for subsistence, for safety, and for wives and children. Upon both sides, was the recollection of former wrongs, and the persuasion of habitual injury. Upon both, was the thought, that only in the destruction of the other, was, as well future, as present safety. Added to this were the mutual national or personal antipathies; the differences of language, stature, feature, and complexion; the variation of usage, modes of life, and ways of thinking. Upon both sides, therefore, raged the deadliest rancour between antagonist and adversary!

The hut in which Charles awoke from the softest of sleeps to all this crowd of fearful terrors, was not the slowest to take part in the unequal fray. This last had not yet absolutely come to them. The war was at the opposite end of the craal; and, though the distance was very

little, still it endued them with a vantage-ground. The father, the mother, and the daughter, all seized up bows and arrows; and, as it was upon the dexterity of the shot, and the subtlety of the poison, and not upon the force of the weapon, that their effect almost entirely depended, the female warriors were not the least important. Even Charles armed himself with his accustomed bow and quiver, and launched, from the opening of the hut, the flying death upon the tremendous enemy. A few seconds, and only flight remained for the survivors of the craal. The Caffre assagays struck their pigmy victims upon every side. They pierced the roofs of such huts as were not already trampled upon, broken down, or given over to the flames. Then, women, and children, lay bleeding throughout the inner space. Charles's host had shot his arrows from behind his hut, and his wife and daughter were cowered behind himself, and shooting at moments that best promised. But a Caffre rushed upon their little castle, and put all to flight. The father and his wife sprang toward the woods, calling upon their daughter to keep up with them. She made an effort to draw Charles with her; but her hand was scarcely upon his, before the wide step of an enemy brought him to less than a few feet of her, and Charles fell upon

the earth, wounded in the shoulder by the edge of the blade of an assagay, thrown at random from afar behind them. Her attempt to remove him was now hopeless. She shrieked, let go his hand, and vanished, like the wind, or like an antelope, in the direction of her parents. Charles beheld none of them again. The Caffre lifted up Charles by the collar of his jacket, and looked at his face and hands with wonder and a laugh, as if he had said, "How came *you* here?" Perceiving the wound upon his shoulder, which, though slight, was bleeding, he made an effort to stanch the blood, threw him upon his left arm, and ran across the craal to the Caffre side, to a place where no assagays were flying; and, even there, put him behind a tree, and told him, by tones and gestures, to keep himself safe, and not to move. Charles, though more dead than alive, at such a scene, and amid such dangers, had still the misfortune to behold, as the Caffre carried him across the craal, his friend, English Bushman, in leaping through a burning hut, fall down, entangled amid the fragments of the roof. The poor man's leg was broken by the fall; and, at the next instant, a Caffre, overtaking him, struck an assagay through his heart. This was the only Bushman, whom Charles particularly knew, that he had the affliction to see killed.