



1901

Attractive South African Stories

BETA

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Attractive

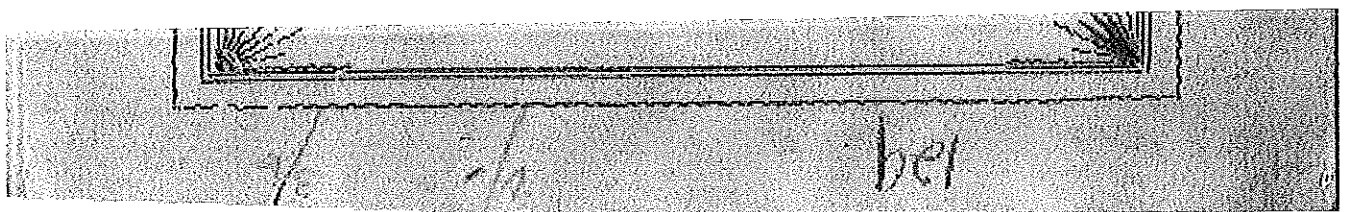
SOUTH AFRICAN STORIES.

By BETA.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

CAPE TOWN:

S.A. CITADEL PRINTING WORKS, LOOP STREET.



Preface.

In placing this booklet before the public, we feel that we are doing something to counteract the poison imbibed by so many, especially the young of both sexes, in reading those "Penny Dreadfuls." We lay before our readers something of a more healthy tone, and we have no doubt they will find something in these pages both instructive and amusing. Should our little venture meet with the success we confidently anticipate, we may possibly launch out on something larger at no distant date.

BETA.

Cape Town.

1901.

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THE LOST CHILD.

A SOUTH AFRICAN THRILLING TRUE NARRATIVE.

THE writer knew the father of the lost child personally. He lived on a farm quite close to his father's farm.

About twenty years ago a German family resided in the district of W——, in the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony. One morning, a boy of the family, six years of age, played in the wagon road, all by himself, a good distance from the dwelling of his parents. After some hours the child was missed, and the anxious parents sought for their darling in vain. The alarm was given, and nearly all the farmers in the neighbourhood assembled to aid in the search. The sympathy was great with the distressed father and mother, and every neighbour was but too willing to do the utmost that could be done, if perchance the poor child could be found. The whole night was spent in an active search. Some of the neighbours were mounted, others drove in carts, and others again travelled on foot. The search, however, proved fruitless.

On the following day it was continued, and all that was possible to be done to attain the object was done. Near the spot where the child was last seen were some deep ponds of water. Could it be possible that the poor boy is drowned? This question was asked by one of the company. Shots of dynamite were accordingly sent into these ponds, but no corpse came to the top. The harassed feelings of the distressed parents can be better conceived than described. They were in despair. The sympathising neighbours, however, continued the search, even to a great distance. Eventually it became

clear that the task is hopeless. The parents then inserted a notice in several newspapers, offering a large reward to anyone finding their lost child, whether alive or dead. But in vain.

Years passed, and war broke out in Basutoland. Many Dutch farmers were accordingly sent to that region for the purpose of chastising the revolting Basutos.

One evening several of these farmers sat round the camp fire, and, for pastime, related in turn the history of their lives.

Afterwards it came to the turn of a young man, aged twenty-one, who gave his experience thus:—

“My name is Hattingh, at least so I am called. This, however, is not my correct name, for I am of German parentage. I can well remember that I have been *stolen*. I must have been about six years old. There was much grass in the district where my parents resided, and the climate very cold. I have forgotten the name of my father. I remember that a good way from our dwelling there were some deep ponds full of water.

“One day I was playing by the roadside, in the vicinity of these pools, when a European, who spoke in Dutch, came riding past in a cart, drawn by two frisky horses. He asked me, in a friendly manner, whether I would not like to drive a little way with him. This was an attractive invitation, for the only vehicle my father possessed was an ox wagon. I therefore joyfully accepted the invitation, and we drove on. After travelling for some distance, I asked the man to rein in and let me return home, as I had gone far enough. But he pretended not to hear. I then became alarmed, and began to weep through anxiety. My captor thereupon turned upon me angrily, and threatened that if I did not instantly desist from crying he would give me a good whipping with his cart whip.

“In great fear, and in entire despair, I then slid down between the two seats of the cart, and wept in silence, till eventually, through sorrow and fatigue, I was overpowered by sleep. O, I still remember how tenderly I thought of my dear mother in that dark hour.

“Afterwards it became dark, and we halted. My captor

unharnessed the horses and fed them. He then spoke kindly to me, and said if I would be a good boy it would be to my interest. He also gave me as much coffee as I cared to take, and as much bread as I desired to eat. I can still remember how much I enjoyed the repast.

“After an hour's rest we resumed our journey, and travelled all night, excepting two halts of an hour's duration. On the following morning the farm of my warden's relative was reached. After we had finished breakfast, the farmer asked his kinsman, in my presence: ‘How did you come by this boy?’ The wicked liar replied that I was his sister's child, whom he had adopted, as she is very poor. Hereupon the relative said that he in his turn had better give me to him. A bargain was forthwith concluded, and for a sum of two pounds stg. I passed out of his possession, and became the serf of the farmer.

“Great fear had fallen upon me, and for that reason I dared not utter a single word. However, when the robber had left, I told my master the whole truth, and beseeched him, with tears, to restore me to my parents. He thereupon brought out a heavy cart whip, enjoined perfect silence on the matter upon me, and threatened to chastise me severely with the whip he had brought to view, if I ever breathed a syllable of what had taken place to any mortal in the world. Furthermore, I was well treated.

“My first labour was to herd ewes and lambs. Afterwards I was placed in charge of a large flock of sheep. After a time my master employed a teacher, to instruct his children. As I was a little servant, I did not share that privilege. However, the teacher, being a humane man, invited me to his room some evenings in the winter, and instructed me in reading and writing. Were it not for that good man, whom God sent to that farm, I would to-day have been quite ignorant. As it is, I can at least read fairly well, and write a letter, imperfect though it be. I am still in the service of the same man, and here you find me in Basutoland this evening. Next month, if spared, I will be twenty-one years old, and then will be my own master. In that event, I intend to leave, and begin life on my

own account. My first business will be to try and find my parents, in case they are still in the land of the living."

Whilst this life history was being related, one of the audience was most attentively eyeing the narrator. The moment he had finished speaking, this man started up, and excitedly called out loudly, to the astonishment of all present : "Yes, truly, your name is Schroeder. I know the whole history just given by you. I was one of the company that searched for you during that fearful night. I have been noticing how much you resemble your father."

The speaker now went up to the astonished young man, and shook him heartily by the hand.

A great interest was taken in the camp in this matter of the lost and found child.

Naturally, the young man was exceedingly anxious to hear all about his parents from his new friend, and he was only too happy to impart the desired information. Amongst other things, he informed the joyful son that his father had moved to another district, adjoining the one in which he formerly lived.

By the first mail the father received a letter, in which the friend wrote : "I have found your long lost son !" Soon a reply came to hand from the overjoyed parent, glowing with delight, and urgently requesting the recipient to get a fortnight's leave for himself and his son, from the commander of the forces, and bring him down to the town of the district where he now resides.

When the commander learned the interesting circumstances, he readily granted the desired leave of absence. The friend, aforementioned, wrote to the father that he must be in the town of his district on a certain day, where he would experience the joy of meeting his lost boy.

He accordingly started from his home, early in the morning of the day appointed. The mother, anxious as she was to meet her son, remained at home to prepare a great feast, to which many of the neighbours were invited, so that they could share in the joy.

The moment the father saw his son, he recognised his

features at once, fell on his neck, and wept for joy, calling out : "My Carl, my Carl, do I see you again in this world !"

To be quite sure that there should be no mistake, he examined one of the young man's ears closely, and found the peculiar mark that he had borne since childhood.

The father and son, with their friend, then went to dine at the hotel where they were staying. First named cautioned his son against partaking of too hearty a meal, "For," said he, "mother has prepared an ample feast, and it would be disappointing to her if you could not enjoy a good share of it."

Half an hour later Carl brought his father into his bedroom for the purpose of showing him his rifle, of which he was very proud, and which he prized much. How it happened no one knows ; but, as he was handling the weapon, the gun went off, the bullet entered into the forehead of the unfortunate young man, and he fell dead at the feet of the agonised parent.

How the distressed father returned home with a heart full of sorrow, what his feelings were when he had to convey the awful tidings to his expectant wife, and how a day of feasting was turned into a day of mourning, is beyond description. After some days, however, when the excessive grief had somewhat abated, the parents said that however terrible this new trial is to them, they now, at all events, know that their beloved child is dead and buried, a circumstance that is a sweet drop in a bitter cup. The absence of this consolation made the first trial, when they did not know what had become of their boy, much harder to endure.

Dear reader, how mysterious are the ways of Providence ! Why did God permit it that this young man should die after meeting his father, and even before he had had the pleasure of meeting his mother ? Who is able to answer such questions ?

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How a Missionary in South Africa was Rescued from the Savages.

THE Rev. Mr. Ayliff, Wesleyan Missionary, was labouring in Kafirland, amongst a tribe called the Amaxosa. The name of the chief of the country was Hintza. For no reason whatever this man had purposed to kill the Missionary. This wicked plot was secretly revealed to Mr. Ayliff by Hintza's "great wife," Nomsa. All the trails and roads were guarded by spies, so that there was no possibility of his escape, but he managed to get a letter conveyed, about fifty miles distant, to a brother missionary, Mr. Davis, resident at Clarkebury. This gentleman thereupon sent to Morley Station, thirty-five miles distant, and induced the missionary resident there, Mr. Palmer, to join him in a trip to Butterworth, to try and rescue their brother missionary from the murderous designs of Hintza. On their arrival at Butterworth, after consultation with Mr. Ayliff, it was boldly resolved to go and call upon the evil disposed Kafir chief, and thus take the "bull by the horns" at once.

Runners were immediately sent out, who collected a number of men to act as guides and guards. In company with these, the three missionaries set out without delay for Hintza's "Great Place," distant about sixty miles. They rode boldly into the kraal (camp or residence) of the fiendish chief, and found him seated in council, surrounded by his "Amapakati."

THE INTERVIEW.

Having gone through all the ceremony common in approaching such a dignitary, Mr. Davis, addressing the chief, said :—

"Hintza, we have come to talk to you about your missionary. We have heard that you have given orders to kill Ayliff, and now he has come, and we have come with him to see what you have against him. We know that you are at war with the English, but we are missionaries, we have nothing to do with the war. If Ayliff has done anything worthy of death, he does not refuse to die. You can try him, and put him to death in an honourable way, but it does not become a great chief like you to waylay him like an assassin, and kill him behind a bush. He is your missionary. He came into your country with your consent, and placed himself under your protection. Consequently, you should deal honourably with him. If he has done wrong, then tell him so to his face ; if guilty of anything worthy of death, convict him, and kill him. Or, if you want to get rid of him, give him a pass out of your country, and he will at once go away and leave you. But it would be a great injustice, and a disgrace to you as a great chief, to kill your missionary behind a bush."

THE RESULT OF THE INTERVIEW.

Hintza seemed greatly agitated while Mr. Davis was speaking, and was silent for some time. Then he ordered food for the missionaries, and told them to "sit down" for the night, and he would meet them in council the next day.

A NOCTURNAL VISITOR.

That night, after the missionary party had sung and prayed in their hut, Nomsa, the chief's "great wite," came in, and said : "Sing again."

"Why should we sing again? We have just had singing and prayer."

"I have a word to say to you, and I do not wish anybody

but you to hear it. If you sing, the people around will think that after the singing you will pray, and they will not come near." So they sang again. Then she said :—

"You have done well to come to the chief. It will be all right to-morrow. Ayliff will be allowed to remain, and he will get promise of protection. But if he remains, he might tramp on a snake in the grass. He had better not remain."

THE NEXT DAY IN COUNCIL.

The next day they met the chief in council, and Hintza said : "You have done well to come to me. Some miscreant might have done Ayliff harm, but it will be all right now. Ayliff may go back to Butterworth, and sit down in peace, and it will be all right.

THE RETURN TO BUTTERWORTH.

The party returned, and soon ascertained that there were no more conspirators in the way seeking Mr. Ayliff's life. As the way was now open, the missionaries unanimously agreed that it was better, in view of the war troubles, and all the circumstances in the case, that Mr. Ayliff should take Nomsa's advice. He accordingly made arrangements as early as possible, and, with his mission people, left Hintza's country.

The Chief afterwards complained of Mr. Ayliff's want of confidence in him, but his own subsequent record proved the wisdom of the missionary's departure. Soon after, the mission premises and the village were destroyed, and, before the war was over, Hintza himself was killed.

The mission was re-established after the war. Kreli, the son, and successor of Hintza, was anxious for the re-building of the mission house and chapel, and gave for the purpose as many cattle, as when sold, realised a sum sufficient to cover the greater part of the expense, as well as to compensate for the personal loss of the missionary.

TWO MEN IN A LION'S DEN.

THE following thrilling narrative is quite true, and the circumstances took place in South Africa :—

We had pitched our camp at a bend of the Tonga River, near the great desert of the Hottentot country. One morning we received intelligence that a huge lion had fallen into a pit, made for the purpose of entrapping game. Amongst the natives who marched out in front were two men, who were at bitter enmity, ever since we had crossed the Vaal River. Both were tall, strapping fellows, and, as is usual also in civilised communities, the quarrel was espoused on both sides. The pugnacious men were, however, held in check by the Colonel, who threatened to discharge them if they attempted to fight. These two natives met at the pit, and, by chance or otherwise, one rubbed against the other. In consequence of this a fight between them immediately ensued. After a few blows, Tom seized his antagonist Joe, and, after a severe tussle, pitched him headlong into the pit. This was an awful deed, and neither the Colonel nor I thought that Tom really meant to be guilty of such a horrid act, although we were aware that he would not have hesitated to make use of a knife or a hatchet.

The natives were now in a state of great excitement. Tom was taken to camp, and the demand was made that he should be sentenced to death. We hoped to be able to save Joe by drawing him out of the pit, but in vain. The lion was not only hungry, but extremely savage, on account of having been entrapped, and the unfortunate native was torn to pieces in an instant. If the victim had lost his life in a fight, not much would have been said about it, or, if the man had been stabbed in camp, the murderer would have been compelled to make

some monetary compensation to the widow, and there the matter would have ended. Under the aggravated circumstances of the case, however, the natives demanded that he must die.

The following morning we did all in our power to persuade the excited men to withdraw their demand, but as they grew more and more determined and excited, we resolved to hand Tom over to them.

Tom kept calm, and when the announcement was made that he must die, his tranquility was in no wise disturbed. The doomed man was in the prime of life, and had a wife and three children at home, but was too proud to evince any regret. A fearful choice was left to the murderer. He could choose whether to be bound, and laid in a nude state on a nest of ants, to be eaten by these insects, or to be cast into the pit to be devoured by the lion. He replied that he preferred to be shot, or beaten to death with clubs, but this punishment was refused, on the ground of not being severe enough.

After having thought this very important matter well over, Tom said : " I have seen men consigned to the ants, and, in some instances, they did not die for a whole day. In case I am cast into the pit, the lion will despatch me in a minute, without much suffering. And, what is more, a man that is killed by a lion dies bravely, and his wife and children need not be ashamed to say in what manner he died. Yes ; I will die by means of the lion. The brute will not be hungry till to-morrow, but my desire is that he should be made as savage as possible, so that I can soon be killed. This would also make it easier for you to secure the lion afterwards." Tom spoke as calmly and deliberately as if he spoke about an ox that had strayed.

We again pleaded hard for the life of the unfortunate man, but in vain. The hard hearted natives took their prisoner to the pit. They had armed themselves with poles, sticks, and stones, with which the lion was made desperately savage. Tom was then led to the pit by his keepers, and all afterwards acknowledged that he was much calmer than his executioners.

Two very powerful men were told off for the fearful duty of casting him into the pit, but the doomed man said : " I must die because I have caused the death of a man who desired to kill me. I do not complain about that, but I wish to die like a man. Loosen me, and stand back ! I know what a lion can do. He can kill an ox by striking with his claw, and he can munch the largest bone into atoms. He will have killed me before you count twenty, but the beast will afterwards feel ashamed if he has killed a defenceless man. Tease him now with your sticks, and make the animal desperately angry. That is right ; hark how the lion roars ! See what leaps are made in hopes of an escape ! Now you will behold how a brave man dies. Mark it well, for you will never see it again, When you return home, tell the world that I cast Joe to the lion, but also narrate that the same beast devoured me. Now I am prepared. Farewell ! " He then went to the edge of the pit and leaped in. The savage brute tore poor Tom to pieces in a few seconds.

When the lion had been secured, we looked into the pit, but not a trace of the two victims was to be seen. The king of animals looked as if quite ready for another similar meal.



THE MINISTER OF THE DUTCH CHURCH AND THE SCHOLAR.

=====
A TRUE STORY.
=====

SOME years ago a Dutch minister was preparing a class of young people for confirmation as members of his church.

Some of them were lamentably ignorant and dense, and eventually the pastor lost patience, and remarked severely on the stupidity of the candidates. One young man, however, nothing daunted, spoke up :—

“It is easy enough, sir, for you to be satirical as long as you have to question and I have to answer, but may I ask you a question ?”

Minister (in surprise) : “Yes, go on.”

Candidate : “Can you tell me, sir, how many spokes there are in the hind wheel of a wagon ?”

The minister was unable to answer the question, to the great glee of the entire class.

“Well,” continued the interrogator, “as you are not able to answer, perhaps this question will be easier. I know you are very clever (banja slim). How many toes has an ostrich ?”

Now the minister had seen hundreds of these birds, but it had never entered into his mind to count the toes, and, of course, he was again at fault, and had to confess his ignorance.

“Ah, sir, you see,” said the youth triumphantly, “every man in his own department.”

By this time the faces of the former crest-fallen candidates were beaming with delight, and the class was dismissed for the day.

KORANNA FOLK LORE.

THERE is a charm about the hunter's fire, says a sportsman, when the western red has faded against the sky, when the oxen are slumbering quietly beside their yokes, when the jackal's shrill voice is heard from the hill, and the coffee kettle is singing above the cheerful blaze, while the hunters, resting from the chase, are grouped around, and relating many an exciting and interesting tale. Much folk lore is then told, and many a hearty laugh wakes up the surrounding darkness, over “yarns” that are narrated with a freshness and a zest that is entirely lost during the calmer hours of the day. The natives of this country have a gift that way, almost equal to that of an Eastern story-teller, and even their popular tales that are told for a hundredth time, calls up a ready laugh.

The following is a specimen of Koranna folk lore :—

THE LION AND THE KORANNA.

For years past the lion had been the sworn foe of the Korannas—in fact, their deadly enemy. Many a raid had he made upon their kraals and villages, carrying off their children and their stock, and now and then a stray man or woman who happened to cross his path. The Korannas were very much afraid of him, and upon all occasions were only too glad to give him a “wide berth.”

It happened that one day the Korannas were hunting elephants. It was warm work ; shot after shot had followed each other in quick succession ; the chase was exciting in the extreme ; but still, for all that, the day was going against the Korannas ; they were evidently getting the worst of it. Some of the huge brutes were badly wounded, and, consequently

much exasperated on account of which the hunters were out

ERROR: undefined
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much exasperated, on account of which the hunters were put to flight. Away they sped for dear life, with the infuriated creatures following closely on their heels. In this hour of peril how could they think of lions? To escape from the elephants was their sole care, and their track lay right across the lion's den. They had forgotten this; they were fleeing for their lives. At length, however, one of the Korannas became aware that his old enemy, the lion, was by his side. He, too, was fleeing from the elephants for his life, with the rest of them. Then the Koranna became brave, so up with his sjambok, he gave the lion a good whack across the back, saying: "Jij moet nie zoo wijs wees! van dag is ons almal maters." (You must not be so savage, to-day we are all comrades.)



Piet, the Trumpeter, Saved from the Jaws of a Lion in South Africa.

A TRUE STORY.

MANY years ago a detachment of the Cape Corps (soldiers of coloured men, namely Hottentots) were stationed near a forest at Knysna, in the Western Province of South Africa. These men were under European officers, and stationed in different parts of the country, as a protection against the marauding natives, who frequently made serious depredations among the stock of the farmers.

Amongst the men was a young fellow of seventeen years of age, called Piet. Being an active youth, he was promoted to be the trumpeter of the Corps, a duty which he proudly performed. But Piet had one fault, a fault of which the officers were not cognisant; he was very fond of brandy, and often drank to excess on the quiet.

PIET'S MOTHER VISITS THE CAMP.

One day Piet's mother paid a visit to the camp, and expressed a wish to see the Chief Officer in command. The officer received the woman very kindly. After a few minutes conversation, she said: "Sir, I have come to see you about my son Piet. He is a good boy, but he has one fault that grieves me exceedingly, and that is, he drinks brandy, and often gets drunk. When he gets leave from you to visit me, he invariably goes on the "spree." I have also been informed that he sometimes brings liquor into the camp, and gets intoxicated in the evenings. Now, my dear sir, I would beg of you, as a

great favour, to keep a strict eye on the lad, and not allow him to have any spirituous liquor of any kind, as he is in great danger of falling into the hands of the Devil entirely, and becoming a miserable drunkard. His father, sir, descended into a drunkard's grave, and that will be *his* end if he is allowed to persist in his present ruinous course." Here the poor woman burst into tears.

The officer sympathised deeply with the distressed mother, and, after she had become somewhat calmer, addressed her as follows :—

"I am very glad you have paid me a visit, and I am thankful for what you have told me. I had no idea whatever that your son is addicted to strong drink. It is a shocking thing, especially for one so young. With reference to the bringing of liquor into camp, that is against the rules entirely, and I will most certainly have a strict investigation into the matter. And I do promise you that I will not permit Piet to have any liquor of a hurtful nature." The delighted mother thanked the officer warmly.

PIET IS SENT FOR.

The officer now sent for Piet. He appeared almost immediately, and seemed much surprised to see his mother having an interview with his superior.

"Piet," said the gentleman, "here is your mother. She came to see me upon a very important matter, and that is, to complain about you. She gives me the assurance that you drink brandy, and often go to excess. Is it so?" Piet hung his head, but made no reply. "Come," continued the officer, "I must know the truth, and you may as well own up now, as later, for I mean to get to the bottom of this matter. Are you guilty or not?" The culprit now faltered out "Yes."

"Then, Piet," continued the enquirer, "your mother also says that she has been informed that you are in the habit of bringing liquor into camp." Upon hearing this, the youth opened his eyes wide, and turned pale. He felt that verily he

had got himself into a fine scrape this time. "And, what is more, she hears that you get intoxicated in the evenings. Is it so?" Piet saw no alternative but to admit the truth.

The officer then proceeded: "Now, Piet, you know very well that your conduct in bringing strong drink into the camp is distinctly against the camp rules, and merits severe punishment."

The lecture was continued at length, and Piet got off without punishment, as this was the first complaint that had been lodged against him. He was, however, told in his mother's presence, that on no account in future was he to touch intoxicating liquor, on pain of dismissal from the Corps.

PIET AND TWO OTHERS SENT TO FETCH FIREWOOD.

About a fortnight after the above conversation, Piet and two other men were told off to inspan a bullock wagon, and fetch a load of firewood from the forest, distant about six miles from the station. This order was accordingly carried out. For some unknown reason, Piet took his trumpet with him. Without the knowledge of his companions, he concealed a bottle of brandy in his inside coat pocket. On the way he offered some of the liquor to his companions, but they refused to touch the horrid stuff. These good men, moreover, remonstrated with the wayward youth, and asked the brandy loving young man whether he had so soon forgotten the lecture of his superior. Piet, nothing daunted, imbibed freely, all by himself, and by the time the party had reached the forest, the trumpeter was quite unfit for labour, and so entirely under the influence of alcohol, that the misguided worshipper of Bacchus simply turned aside, and lay down, face downwards, in the soft sand, behind a bush.

Meanwhile the two other men loaded the wagon with firewood, after which they kindled a fire, roasted some meat, and enjoyed a dinner.

THE RETURN HOME, AND WHAT BECAME OF PIET.

After dinner, a homeward start was made. When the men of the wagon had travelled more than half the distance back to the camp, the driver suddenly recollected that Piet was left behind. A council was now held, and it was decided to send some one in search of the missing lad, immediately on arrival.

The day wore on, and afterwards it was four o'clock in the afternoon. Piet was still in a heavy slumber. Presently a huge lion comes upon the scene, and sniffs among the bones, the remains of the late dinner. These were disdained by the lord of the forest. Not long after, however, the lion comes upon the prostrate form of the intoxicated young Hottentot, who was lying in the same position, with his face to the ground. The savage brute smelled at him, and finding his prey to be animate, the king of beasts opened his strong jaws, and took up the sleeper partly by the leathern belt that he wore round his body, from which the trumpet was suspended, and partly by his shirt. In this way his victim was partly dragged and carried. Piet now woke up, and feeling the point of the lion's tooth in the small of his back, thought for the moment that his companions were playing him a trick. So he called out: "Look out, don't be so rough, you are hurting me in the back!" Soon, however, he noticed the huge feet of the lion. This discovery, as may be supposed, made the unfortunate young fellow quite sober. "Ah," he thought, "this is my last day; no more will I see the sun set. And what a death! To be eaten alive by a lion!" After a little while Piet bethought himself that he had the trumpet. In despair, and in great trepidation, he seized the instrument, and gave a long and loud blast. The lion was so startled by this unexpected and strange sound, that the brute dropped his victim immediately, and disappeared in the densest part of the forest. The lad, thus released from his great jeopardy, lost no time in his endeavours to reach the camp. Here he arrived in breath-

less haste, and reported his adventure. The officer did not, however, credit his story, till on the following morning they took Piet with them to point out the spot. Sure enough, there were the marks of the animal's large feet, and the trail where his prey had been dragged along. Piet said he would part from strong drink for ever, for the Lord had delivered him from the jaws of the lion. And he kept his word.



THE "DOPPERS."

THE "Doppers." Who are they? They are Dutch-speaking Afrikanders, born in South Africa. The name "Dopper" is an epithet applied to this portion of Dutch farmers. Their fellow colonists do not like to call them by that name. For preference they are named "members of the Secession Church." They themselves prefer to be distinguished as "members of the Reformed Church," in contradistinction of the Dutch Reformed Church.

More than thirty years ago the late Rev. D. Postma was sent out from Holland to South Africa by the Christian Secession Church, for the purpose of ministering to these people. He was received with open arms, and in a very short time established several churches.

Before his arrival there had been dissatisfaction in ecclesiastical matters among the Doppers. One grievance was that the hymns in use in the Dutch Reformed Church was forced upon them, as they averred. The contention was that these hymns are only the "work of man." The Psalms, it was argued, are of divine origin, and consequently there could be no objection to their use in the public assemblies of worship. It is said that before the secession took place, the Doppers used to put their hymn books under the seats with frowns, the moment a hymn, and not a psalm, was given out by the minister conducting the meetings.

Under these circumstances it was difficult for the clergy of the Dutch Reformed Church to retain their influence among the disaffected. Consequently a secession took place immediately on the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Postma.

This clergyman was fiercely attacked in the newspapers, and in other ways, and hard names were given to him, such as "covenant breaker," "schismatic," "misleader of the simple," and so on.

And yet, here was a matter of conscience. These people were disaffected, and could not serve God conscientiously in the church to which they belonged. Was it not therefore to be preferred that a separation should take place? The Rev. Mr. Postma evidently took this view of the matter, for he brought about the secession, notwithstanding the fierce opposition of the Dutch Reformed Church.

Many anecdotes of that time are related. One of them is to the following effect: An old clergyman, of the Dutch Reformed Church, preached one Sunday in an Eastern Province town. His text was: John x., vs. 1-5. In the course of the sermon the preacher asked: "Who is it that climbeth up some other way? Would that not be Postma?" On the gallery sat an old man, who was very sensitive regarding the secession. He called out to the minister: "Certainly, sir, it can be no one else but Postma!" The aged preacher took no notice, but continued: "And he that entereth by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. This cannot be Postma, can it be?" he queried. Again the voice from the gallery answered: "No, certainly not, sir, certainly not!" The congregation now gave signs of restlessness on account of such an unusual occurrence, and the minister kindly requested our friend to keep silence. Once more the enthusiastic old gentleman spoke out: "Very well, my dear sir, I will not interrupt you again, but you expressed my feelings so thoroughly that I could not help giving a response!"

Another reason for the secession was that the discipline in the Dutch Reformed Church is not strict enough, and that the ministers do not adhere to the old doctrines of the Church.

In later years a union of the two churches was attempted on the part of the Dutch Reformed, but in vain. The plan laid down was not amalgamation, but a closer union, such as exchange of pulpits, etc., by the ministers.

The Doppers support their churches and schools by voluntary contributions, holding that the State may not financially support the Church. A few years ago, however,

this principle was sacrificed on the altar of necessity, and a grant of £3,000 per annum has been accepted from the late Government of the Orange Free State, for the Dopper churches within her borders. It is worthy of observation that no Dopper has ever settled in the Western Province of the Cape Colony. All are resident in the Eastern Province and in the Republics.

Many funny things are told about the Doppers. It is, however, questionable, whether all is true. It is said that some years ago a belief prevailed among these people that on a certain night the world would come to an end. One of them was so certain of the occurrence, that on the day before the expected night he and his wife came into the town of his district, "For," said the scared farmer, "it will be too dreadful to be on a lonely farm when such an awful event takes place." That night, at 12 o'clock, the post arrived, and when the horn was heard, he hastily woke his wife, saying, in great trepidation: "Antje, Antje, get up, hark, there is the trump of the archangel!"

Another anecdote. Divine service was held in a newly established village. In the middle of the sermon a boy of twelve years old came running into the church with a broken halter in his hand. Excitedly he called out to his father, holding the halter up: "Father, father, Tempest (a horse) has broken loose, and has gone to Jericho!"

A young man, of the Dopper persuasion, was apparently intently listening to a sermon, preached by one of their clergy. After a while, however, he looked through the window, got up, and was about to leave the building. The preacher did not like such conduct, and said: "My young friend, sit down." The youth turned about, and, facing the minister fully, thus expressed himself: "Sir, I cannot stay longer, for father told me to bring the oxen home when it is getting late!"

The Doppers are very clannish, and have many queer ways, but education is bringing about a great improvement in this particular. The Boers and Doppers are quite a distinct class, and rarely fraternise.

A Remarkable Circumstance in South Africa, Showing the Power of Prayer.

A SHORT time ago two young Dutch Evangelists were residents in a remote part of South Africa, on a farm bordering on the territory of Magato, a fierce barbarian. These young servants of Christ had occasionally visited the natives, and had won their confidence and affection to some extent. Eventually they were wont to repair to a village of these people every Sunday morning, and conducted divine service there. Everything went on well for some weeks, and the people were apparently getting interested in the Gospel message.

One Sunday morning, on arrival at the village, the preachers were curtly informed by the chief in charge of the place, that he had received instructions from the Great Chief not to allow any more services to be held. The young men endeavoured to reason with him, but he replied that they were aware of the fact that he had no alternative but to carry out the instructions of his superior. They hereupon retired to a forest at a short distance to pray. Here the matter was earnestly laid before the Lord, and His leading sought. On rising from their knees, the preachers felt that the Almighty had directed them to proceed with their service as usual. This decision was at once made known to the chief.

"Well," said the barbarian, "if you do this, it is entirely at your own risk and on your own responsibility. Moreover, I must plainly warn you that your lives will be at stake. It will be my duty to inform the head chief of your disobedience without a moment's delay, for if I neglect to do it my own

head is in jeopardy. I must likewise inform you that there is a great gathering to-day for a beer drink at the Great Place, and by this time the people are half intoxicated. As certain as the sun is shining in the heavens this morning, so certain it is that when the Chief receives my message he will send a band of armed men, and you will be clubbed to death." The fearless youths replied that they had asked God to protect them, and felt sure He would do so.

A messenger was now sent to the Chief, the message being given in their presence. The Great Place was about three miles distant.

The service was held, and when near the close the preachers observed a dense mass approaching. This proved to be the savages sent by the chief with a murderous design. On they came, shouting and cursing, and singing a war song. The young men then left off preaching, fell on their knees, and called upon God for protection. Remarkable to relate, that when this drunken crowd had advanced to within ten yards of the youths, the men suddenly stopped, laid down their clubs, and sat down. In a few minutes' time all rose and went their way, and the young men returned to their homes unmolested. After that time the services were continued without any trouble.



BUSHMAN PAINTINGS.

IN the year 1878, the late Mr. Faure, at that time the Dutch Minister at Clanwilliam, wrote as follows :—

"Not long ago we had a visit from Mr. Bain. He was on his return from a tour of inspection of a road over Parkhuis Berg. There he heard of pictures drawn by Bushmen on some rocks near Betjes Fontein. He showed me some that he had copied into his pocket-book, which, I afterwards learned, he sent to England. This roused my curiosity, and I paid a visit to the spot. I found the pictures as represented by Mr. Bain.

"The colours were tolerably clear. Some figures are red, others black. The paint is apparently made from 'klip zweet' (damp adhering to stones), which is still to be found at the bottom of the rocks. Two lionesses, with their whelps, stand out very clear. Another picture of a Bushman shooting some partridges whilst flying, and killing one, indicates what good marksmen there were among this people.

"For the information of those who take an interest in what is left of an almost extinct people, I may mention that on the farm Biedouw, the property of Mr. Barend Lubbe, a splendid grotto is to be seen, and also a fine waterfall. In the vicinity, many paintings by Bushmen of men and animals, are to be found, amongst which is one of a unicorn ('een hoorn.') The latter is a very ancient painting.

"Last month I travelled through the Cederbergen, and I was much interested to learn from Mr. Ernst Nieuwoudt that here also some 'Bushmen Portraits,' as he puts it, are to be seen.

“About an hour’s ride from Krom River, this gentleman brought me to a ‘kopje’ (hillock), and here I saw paintings of men and elephants much larger and much more clear than those copied by Mr. Bain, yea, three times as large. In this place there is also a remarkable cave, supported by six pillars, as uniform as if made by hands.

“Another particular, worth recording, is that on the farm of Mr. Jan Nieuwoudt, in the Cederbergen, is a mountain full of fossils, consisting principally of sea shells.”

NOTE BY THE WRITER.

The above account once more proves the veracity of the Bible, that man (however wild) is created in the image of God. If this were not so, from whence did these barbarous Bushmen derive the knowledge to paint these ingenious pictures?



AN ELOQUENT TURK.

MR. VINE HALL, Congregational Minister at Claremont, a suburb of Cape Town, South Africa, spent six weeks in the desert of Sinai. The following incident has been told to the writer by the gentleman aforesaid, and he has obtained his permission for its publication.

He says one evening he sat round the camp fire listening to accounts of battles and exploits, as related by his fellow travellers. In these accounts the weird superstitions that haunt the Oriental mind came to the foreground. Afterwards a gaunt and fierce-eyed Turk began to tell a tale of Plevna’s field. It was not long before this man was pale with passion. There he stood, grim and tall, with quivering lips, and bare blade in his hand. The crimson flashes of the camp fire called the horrid scene more vividly to mind, than even the marks on the weapon.

As soon as he began to tell how Islam’s men fell back, he raised his sabre, paused, and then the warrior broke forth as follows, in impetuous speech :—

“Do you think that eagles swooping down upon the dead are wont to flee unfed before the kites? Do you think the lordly panther will quit his prey because scared by a yelping fox? Will the lion, parched with thirst, take notice of a pack of poodles? Will such as these rouse his rage? What but life’s hot ebbing stream can assuage his thirst? Do you then suppose that one son of Allah is not a match for ten dogs of idolators? The Moscovite may well remember many a famous fight, for when, and wherever, we of old lit the battle-clouds with our blades, the sun of victory has ever blazed; yes, as surely as the silver lightnings of the dawn, interlacing the darkness, are the heralds of the morning.

“Osmali Pashas! if ye had been but true, good Mussulmans, we would have stood for ever proudly victorious, with foes fleeing before, and smoking villages and stores of plunder strewing the way behind! This would have been a feast for the eyes on the homeward march! The cries of the captive^s would have been sweet music! But alas! a vain, vain dream!

“Though followers of the Prophet muster in great force beneath the bannered tails (horse tails)—Pashas are of degree according to the tails—one, two, or three), with hearts of fire, it is in vain! Yes, in vain! for it avails naught when the leaders of the hosts of Mahomet never need to whet their dainty jewelled swords! They are sunken in lazy luxury and vice! They are the friends of those who pay most money! All martial spirit has fled from their bosoms! How can the bravest conquer when led by cowards? Led, did I say? Can that be called leading when standing behind and directing their men, whilst they themselves are safe, to danger and to death? How then could we, born to be led by free spirits, free from cowardice and greed, how, I ask, could we know our power that would have hurled us on the foe till they had fled like the yellow sand before the whirlwind?

“Oh, that in the day of battle, Englishmen had been our officers! By heaven! not ‘Go,’ but ‘Forward,’ would have been the word; yea, ‘Follow me!’ Then what a shout there would have been! By Allah! forward we would have dashed, swift as the flaming lightning gleaming aloft in the Almighty’s hand, cleaves the black thunder cloud. Then, as of old, it would be told in the world to-day how resistlessly we swept along, even though more than earthly forces barred the way.

“But now, O glorious Prophet, whom we trust, behold your sons smitten in the dust! Allah! will thou yet teach the heathen dogs to fear? Let the faithful again hear the clash of arms, and see the crescent floating free from shambles slain on the plain of battle. As our fathers of yore sought on the western shore for deathless fame, for such fame likewise will we seek.”

THE MISSIONARY AND THE INTERPRETER.

A TRUE STORY.

A Missionary in South Africa once undertook to preach to the natives, through an interpreter. He was accustomed to use long, hard words, that would sound well to English ears, but rather too abstract and lengthy for a Kafir interpreter.

When he delivered his first sentence, the interpreter said, in effect: “Friends, I don’t understand what he says.”

Then came another sentence: “Friends, I have no doubt that it is very good, but I don’t understand it.”

Then came another deliverance, long and loud: “Friends, that is extraordinary, but it is all dark to me.”

By this time the eyes of the whole audience glistened, and the natives began to show their irony freely. The speaker seemed to think that he was doing splendidly, for he could not understand a word said by the interpreter, and he waxed eloquent in the flow of his great words. The interpreter went on to the close, replying to each sentence, and closing with: “Friends, if you have understood any of that, you have done more than I have. It is a grand discourse, no doubt.”