

murder,—was, that the sword of justice was waved over the head of the culprit, the latter kneeling on the steps of the Court-house of the district. This served to intimate to the murderer, in the most delicate manner, that though the murder of a Hottentot or two was a small matter, the habit was a bad one, and that he might happen to murder a "Christian" next. Thus was the majesty of the Dutch law vindicated at the Cape of Good Hope!

It is obvious, moreover, how utterly impossible it is for a white criminal to be brought to justice, while the laws are administered by the whites exclusively, and when a crime has been committed against one of a despised race, whom it is their interest to keep in a state of slavish subjection.

Where slavery exists in an agricultural and thickly peopled country,—where the subjection of the colored race is continual and unqualified, they feel it less, because every semblance of liberty is removed from their sight, and their hopeless degradation produces a species of apathy and thoughtless levity, which mitigate, if they do not altogether drown, the sense of intolerable wrong. In South Africa, however, where the habits of the people are generally pastoral, in consequence of the arid nature of the country, it frequently happens that the Hottentots are far removed from the presence of their oppressors, either tending their flocks or shooting game for their use in the wilderness or "Karoo," as such tracts are called at the Cape. There the love of liberty revives in their hearts, and bitterly do they feel that they are no longer what they once were, when they see the "spring-boys" and ostriches scouring over the plains as if to twit them with their slavery. There the Hottentot feels his power, and who can blame him if he sometimes thinks that his unerring aim might be justly directed at the hearts of his oppressors? How can he forget his pristine liberty while he sees the very beasts of the field enjoying what he knows he can never hope to possess?

Numbers of the Hottentots find the greater part of their lives wandering from place to place with their families, subsisting on the game which they shoot by the way, and ranging round their fires on the bare ground at night. While on these excursions they seem to enjoy themselves greatly, and the notes of the "Ramki" are heard till the night is far spent. The Hottentots are passionately fond of music, and much of the happiness they enjoy, to compensate for their loss of liberty, is derived from this source. To the little hut or "pouduck" near our house at Groot Vader's Bosch, I often went of an evening to listen to their sweet native music. Several

of their tunes I noted down. Most of these tunes are of a lively character, and adapted to the dance. There was one sweetly wild and plaintive air, however, which was never played on the "Ramki" by an old Hottentot woman but it affected many of the hearers to tears, evidently from some association of ideas connected with their situation. On this point they were unusually reserved with me, and I was left to imagine what their feelings were by my own; for I could never hear this air, which was full of melancholy expression, but I felt myself similarly affected. In the following verses I have endeavored to pourtray the feelings of the poor Hottentots, and any merit they may possess may in a great measure be attributed to the wild melody to which they are adapted.

# THE HOTTENTOT'S LAMENT.

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

Our hearts beat high,  
As with glancing eye,  
At the fleet-footed tribes we level the roer,  
And think of the Boer,  
The cold-blooded Boer,  
And Liberty!

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

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

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

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

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

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