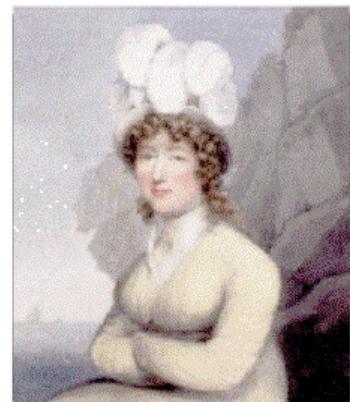


Lady Anne Lindsay

Most of our ancestors are fairly obscure, and we know little about them. A few are famous lords and monarchs, and you can find their stories in any library. There are, however, one or two fascinating ancestors, who are obscure enough that you won't find books about them in your library, but whom left writings which enable us to piece together their fascinating lives in great detail, mostly using their own words.



One of these is the remarkable Lady Anne Barnard (née Lindsay). A contemporary of Jane Austen, she was a prolific letter writer and artist, and from her lively letters, journals, and many sketches and paintings, we can get a vivid picture of her remarkable life.

She grew up in a decaying Scottish castle, then moved to London, where she became a noted socialite. Most famously, she travelled to South Africa in 1797, and her records of her time at the Cape are apparently an important resource for historians. She is commemorated in South Africa by an outdoor bath in the Kirstenbosch botanic gardens, in which it is said she bathed naked (unlikely, as it wasn't built until she had moved back to England).

Her letters were first published in 1910 as "South Africa a Century Ago, Letters Written from the Cape of Good Hope (1797-1801)", with an introduction by W H Wilkins, and I'll let him introduce Lady Barnard.

"Lady Anne Lindsay (by marriage Barnard) was the eldest child of James, fifth Earl of Balcarres, by his wife Anne Dalrymple, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple, of Castletown. Both her parents were remarkable. Her father was a brave soldier and a learned and courteous gentleman. He had drawn his sword in the Stuart cause in the rising of 1715, but as the House of Hanover settled itself upon the throne he was too good a patriot not to sink faction for the good of his country, and he fought against its enemies under King George II at the battle of Dettingen. He lived through troublous times. Born the year after the abdication of King James II, he survived for about twenty years the last effort of the Stuarts to regain their hereditary kingdom in 1745. Branch after branch had been shorn away from his family, until at the time of his marriage Lord Balcarres was the chief of his clan and the last of his race. He was sixty years of age when he married Miss Dalrymple, a lady nearly forty years his junior, beautiful, clever, and endowed with an almost masculine strength of mind, though somewhat lacking in the feminine virtues of softness and charity.

Lady Anne, the first issue of this union, was born December 12, 1750, at Balcarres. Prince Charles Edward and the rising of '45 were still fresh in men's minds ; and when it was known that Lady Balcarres was like to be brought to bed, great things were expected of the probable heir of this ancient house. To quote Lady Anne's own words : There long existed a prophecy that the first child of the last descendant of the House of Balcarres was to restore the family of Stuart to those

hereditary rights which the bigotry of James had deprived them of. The Jacobites seemed to have gained new life on the occasion; the wizards and witches of the period found it in their books; the devil had mentioned it to one or two of his particular friends; old ladies had read it from the grounds of their coffee — no wonder that the event was welcomed with the gasp of expiring hope. Songs were made by exulting Tories, masses were offered up by good Catholics, who longed to see the Pope's bull once more tossing his horns in the country. ... In due course of time the partisans of the "Pretender," the soothsayers, wizards, witches, the bards, fortune-tellers, and old ladies, were all in a group dismayed, disconcerted, and enraged to learn that Lady Balcarres was brought to bed of a daughter after all, absolutely but a daughter. . . . That child was the Anne Lindsay who now addresses you.'

Lady Anne was not destined to be for long the sole representative of the younger generation of the House of Balcarres, for within the next twelve years the Countess presented her lord with ten other children. To again quote Lady Anne : "Our excellent parents, having nothing else to do in the country, desisted not from their laudable aim of populating the castle of Balcarres, till their family consisted of eight boys and three girls. Such are the wonders (I speak to all old bachelors) produced by a life of temperance, with the blessing of God.'

I will now let Lady Anne take up the story of her upbringing in an isolated Fifeshire castle, in the 1750s. This account was written for her nieces and nephews when she was an old lady.

"To my mother Lord Balcarres gave up the entire management of the family and the children ; he knew her prudence, and rarely interfered in her jurisdiction, except when he found little misdemeanours punished as crimes, and then I have heard him say, ' Odsfish, Madam ! you will break the spirits of my young troops, —I will not have it so !'—But while the tearing of clothes or fracturing of tea-cups might be too rigorously chastised, or while needless privations might be imposed on us to fit us ' for the hardships of life,' let us not forget that from Lady Balcarres' conversation and practice we learnt those general rules of equity and honour, of independence of mind and truth, which have through life, I am convinced, governed the mind of many a brother.

"Had she but accompanied this sometimes with a little of a mother's fondness, what a foundation of tenderness as well as veneration would have been laid in our hearts ! But unfortunately for the contents of our nursery, it was not the system of that century (1700) to treat children with gentleness ; everything was done by authority and by correction. I have been told (by my grandmother) that this was in a still greater degree the case with the former generation, when no child was permitted to speak before or sit down in the company of its parents. This I well remember, that a mother who influenced her children to be right through their affections was at Balcarres reckoned to be unprincipled and careless, accused of a willingness to save herself trouble if she abolished the rod, and of forgetfulness of the laws of nature by allowing children to look on their parents as their friends and companions.

"This manner of thinking confused and vexed me. I felt that kindness would have led on our little troop to every excellent purpose by a single hair; but as Lady Balcarres saw that we were all cheerful and tolerably good, she imputed whatever was right in us to the wisdom of her own government, convinced that as a mother no one could surpass her, while paying all reasonable attention to the point of health, taking the weekly account of our progress in the first rudiments of learning from the tutor, and chastising us with her own little white hand, which, though soft, was no slight species of flagellation. Had she only endeavoured to prevent our errors instead of correcting them, by the judicious advice which the early knowledge of our various dispositions might have suggested, how much better would it not have been !

"Something of grief, almost like self-reproach, tugs at my heart while I find myself condemning on any point whatever a mother to whom we all owe so much, and whom I love so well; but there would be an end of all Memoirs, of all benefit arising from the experience we treasure up in infancy, as well as distribute in old age, if things were not to be mentioned as they were, and the rocks pointed out, on which the best people may split, to those who have to make the same voyage. Sure I am that the pilot meant to steer us all triumphantly into port, and sure I am that, when remarking to the succeeding pilots of the rising generation how we might have been rather more judiciously navigated, I do not mean it unkindly to her.

"Pardon this digression, and let us go on.'

"As two unproductive years of my mother's had made the family grow up in divisions, my brother Cumberland, Margaret, Robert, Colin, along with Anne, formed the first battalion, to which I, as being the eldest, generally elected myself Captain. Whether we stole tarts, robbed the garden, or possessed ourselves of the spoils of the sugar-box, all was common stock, and we held a feast of those delicacies in a temple sacred to the goddess who expected to reap the residuary benefit of them,—perhaps it may be suspected that the five senses were not equally regaled during this repast; I shall not reply to any such conjectures—it is enough if I declare upon my honour that tarts have never tasted so sweet since.—And let me not forget, in justice to the Presbyterian principles of our old housekeeper, Mammy Bell, that this sanctuary was named by her the Pope's House, to inspire us with an early contempt for his Holiness,—but as all our first indulgences were enjoyed in it, I do not believe the triple crown loses by the recollection.

"As we conceived that the tasks of languages, geography, arithmetic, under which we laboured, were harder than those laid on the children of Israel which produced a revolt, Margaret, who had a taste for public speaking, taking the lead, assembled us one day in our favourite temple, and, mounting the sacred fane, proposed an insurrection.

"She complained of hard laws and little play, and assured us, if we would be ruled by her, that she would carry us to a family where she had once spent a week after the whooping-cough very agreeably indeed. She was certain they would receive us kindly, and, as they had no children of their own, they would make us welcome to live with them, which would be much better than the 'horrious' life we lived at home.

"This being the only word in the course of Margaret's life that she was ever known to slip-slop, I am glad to transmit it against her to posterity.

"The proposal was agreed to with acclamations of joy, and we instantly set out on the journey, intending by forced marches to reach the neighbour's house that night, as it was but three miles distant and by the side of the sea ; but as we could not think of leaving little James behind, who had not yet got into breeches, it considerably retarded us, as we had to carry him by turns. Our flight was discovered by old Robin Gray, the shepherd—' All the young gentlemen and the young ladies, and all the dogs, are run away, my lady !'—A messenger being despatched, not to negotiate but to bring us back nolens volens, the six criminals were carried before the Countess, who declared that on this occasion whipping was too good for us, and that we should each have a dose of tincture of rhubarb to teach us to stay at home—a punishment classically just in its degrees, as the eldest, consequently the most guilty, had the last and most offensive glass of the bottle.

"In spite of this, we were not without our pleasures. We often paddled in a glen at some little distance from the chateau, and were half-way up the legs in water, along with our three esquires. Margaret's dress and mine perhaps were not exactly calculated for bathing in; we wore yellow and silver silks, which had been made into slips out of an old wedding-gown of Lady Balcarres'; the pattern which had done for one being scanty for two, it had been flounced with blue gauze, which tucking up, with our trains of capacious silver flowers, and jumping in, Pharaoh's daughter made not a more splendid appearance when pulling Moses out from the bullrushes. Between the hours of twelve and one, while the tutor took his walk, we generally galloped down in squadron to visit the fat oxen in the farm-yard, partook of their turnips uninvited, and sat down on their lazy sirloins, paid our compliments to the swine, fed our pigeons, and played at swing,— but there was in each week one whole day which I may call a happy one, and that was Sunday; on it, along with the man-servant and the maid, the ox and the ass, we all enjoyed the privilege derived from the fourth commandment, of ' doing no manner of work,' save getting by rote twelve verses of a psalm, which we repeated to our tutor before breakfast, and in which I was always deficient unless I said my lesson the moment I had learnt it. We then walked to church, which was two miles distant, and listened with reverence to all we understood, and with smiles to the horrid discords with which a Presbyterian congregation assails the ears, —a discord to me now more pious in its sound of willing praise than all the organs or hired choir-singers in the world, and exceeded by nothing in the sensations it awakens but by a congregation of converted Hottentots joining in one hymn.

"We then returned to dinner, at which we all appeared, and after it received my father's Sunday bounty, viz. eleven heaps of sweetmeats of all sorts and shapes, piled up by one of us according to my mother's order, to teach us to calculate well, the compiler having the last heap, to ensure justice being properly administered in the distribution. It was then remarkable that each child invariably chose the portion most out of his reach,—whether this may not go into something beyond the age of sugar-plums, I leave you to say. The rest of the week was devoted to acquirements, as I have mentioned; but, alas! our house was not merely a school of acquirements, it was

often a sort of little Bastile, in every closet of which was to be found a culprit,—some were sobbing and repeating verbs, others eating their bread and water—some preparing themselves to be whipped, and here and there a fat little Cupid, who, having been flogged by Venus, was enjoying a most enviable nap.

"' O my Lady, my Lady!' said little Robert, ' whip me and let me go, if you please !—Excellent Robert ! let me be pardoned here for a digression quite out of the date ; but can a better time ever arrive to prove how thoroughly good minds pardon severity arising from right meanings, when I mention that it is now at the chateau of Balcarres, inhabited by Robert, who well remembers the closet of his imprisonment, that our dear old mother, encompassed by her grandchildren, derives from him and his excellent wife all the solaces of her extreme old age, eighty-five ?

"It is wrong to tell this so soon; but I may die, so it shall be told now.—A few words more on our various wickednesses, and then we will close the subject. Cummerland's crime was obstinacy—I mean his imputed crime, for which he was generally confined in a room where there chanced to be a scarlet curtain, which he tells me so strongly associates the crime and the colour together, that he is never in a room with scarlet curtains without thinking, ' What an obstinate dog must have been confined here!'

"But obstinacy was no part of Cummerland's disposition. The fact was, that from an anxiety to have the young Lord do wonders, his capacities were overloaded,—excellent they were, deep but sound, his heart good, and even tender, his affections sincere, and efforts generous; but abilities, affections, and feelings, all were alike so veiled and marred by that self-diffidence, which, to use a vulgar but an apposite term, I must call false shame, that he shrunk behind himself when it was necessary in the great world for him to assert his powers, in order to obtain what he was more than worthy of, with a figure so distinguished, manners so simple, and abilities as a soldier and a statesman so considerable. But we must at present leave him behind the scarlet curtain, and proceed to the next cell.

"Poor Lady Anne! she of all her children, Lady Balcarres said, was the most difficult to punish; for the faults she committed were not atrocious enough to deserve whipping, and, if she ordered her to have bread and water, she ate it up so contentedly that it could be no punishment,—nay, she had even heard her whisper the butler one day to give her a bit of oaten-cake by way of variety.

"Margaret was more easily made unhappy, though her mind was stronger than mine. She had an inherent pride of reason, without the ostentation of it, which revolted at all laws and punishments which were either, as she said, 'nonsensical or unjust.' A contempt of orders was her usual sin, and being sent away from the company in consequence was its punishment, to her no small evil,—but she was more frequently whipped for 'pining,' as the nursery-maid called it. This pining was taking fits of supposing that no one loved her,—she wished to be the favourite child in the nursery and of Deborah, and, mortified with the number of her rivals without being angry at them, she fretted and wept till it became necessary for her to be carried to the Countess to be whipped, who said it was a sovereign specific, and so it was,—' But the cold bath would have been a better one,' said Margaret.

" Robert and Colin were light and shade to each other,—though we talk of them as children, their characters will do for life. Robert was less handsome than his younger brother, but his countenance had much of the bon ami in it. He possessed sound sense without quick abilities, kind attachments and benevolence without parade, bluntness and sweetness, with a natural mercantile genius for improving the twopence per week which was allowed him for his menus plaisirs,—but when improved, it was at anybody's service who needed it more than himself. Colin, on the other hand, had an elegant person and accomplished mind; he had oratory, dignity, and prodigality. Robert bought a knife for sixpence, used it for three months, and sold it to Colin for a shilling—Colin discovered this, and complained of his brother in terms so judicious and pathetic, that the whole family pronounced that Robert must be a merchant, and Colin my Lord Chancellor. Robert was forthwith destined to go to India as a writer to the Company, and Colin was bred to the bar. 'Tis by trifles such as this that the destinies of mankind are generally decided.*

" Meantime I am leaving Robert in durance vile for stupidity, and Colin, the very soul and true knight of honour, with a pinafore on his breast, disgraced for exaggeration. I find among my papers a curious anecdote of my dear Margaret, which I am sorry to have omitted.

" Our governess, Henrietta C , amidst many faults, was passionately fond of her, but did not spare her when she was wrong. On a certain occasion, I forget what, ' If you do so again,' said she, ' Lady Margaret, devil take me if I do not whip you severely,'—adding, ' You do not mind what I say, and therefore I swear to it.' Margaret at no great distance of time committed the same sin,—' I see now how you have attended to what I told you,' said Henrietta; ' if this happens once more, I positively must whip you.'—'I do remember what you told me,' said Margaret, 'and you are bound to whip me.'—' I certainly shall the very first time you do so.'—' No, Miss C , you must whip me now ; you swore to it and said, Devil take you if you would not whip me severely.'—Henrietta acknowledged it, but said this once she would excuse her. ' And will God excuse you? No'—said Margaret, ' I insist upon it that you whip me directly.' Henrietta remonstrated ; Margaret cried, expecting every moment to see the devil take away the governess. At last she carried the point, and was laid on her knee; but Henrietta, feeling no anger and being full of admiration of the culprit, who was insisting on a flogging to save her soul, instead of inflicting the punishment quietly, bellowed so loud herself at every stroke as to bring my mother into the room, who soon settled the business. Margaret was to receive four lashes only; for though Henrietta had sworn to whip her severely, she had not said 'what number of lashes she was to give her. Henrietta might have learnt from this not to take oaths without more consideration, and we are learnt the upright worth of Margaret's nature even at the age of six years, which I think was all she had then seen.

"To give you an idea of our ancient mansion, we must begin by supposing a very elevated and extensive prospect, and the part of the country before the house enriched with a beautiful lake, which resembled a fine clear basin of water,—a few gentlemen's houses, and around them a good many trees, which on our side of the Tweed should always be acknowledged as a piece of singular good fortune. The sea

girt in the landscape all round in a semicircular form, and, as it was there but fourteen miles in breadth, the opposite shore on a clear day seemed to invite those who were tired of t'other side to pay it a visit—an invitation I have often wished to accept. A huge rock, like a great whale,* rose perpendicular out of the water between the two shores, and exactly opposite to the castle, which commanded the whole. Tall trees encompassed the dwelling, inhabited by faithful rooks, to whom those trees had appertained for ages in a direct line from crow to crowling,—their melancholy note is still in my ear, as is the bubbling of 'jet d'eau in the garden, in which Venus presided.

"Poor Venus had, in the days of my grandfather Earl Colin's virtu, arrived from Italy with all the Allot of a Medicean beauty; but, during her residence in this pond, she had had the misfortune to lose her arm by one accident and her nose by another, which nose and arm were replaced by the stone-cutter of the village nearest us, who gave her a stout arm, and a nose which, he said, was 'made after the fashion of the Countess's,'—but it was such as made an old gentleman laugh and say, ' Ah, my poor friend Venus! you and I are sadly changed since we knew each other first!'

"Such was our abode, and such the still-life charms around us; nothing was wanting to render it a noble place but money,—and that we were so little accustomed to see or to hear talked of with respect, that we rather affected to despise the improvements it could produce, piquing ourselves on the beauties of Nature, which we reckoned to be most pleasing when unassisted by Art. I must however confess that in the chateau of Balcarres we were completely secluded from the rest of the world; though our prison was a cheerful one, yet still it was a prison,—the sea all around was our zone, and, if we had supposed ourselves islanders, we should not have been much mistaken.

"I think I see the ghosts of my ancestry frowning over my shoulder as I write this sentence. Every man reckons his own estate to be the point of sight to which all eyes are directed, and perhaps some of my living friends may reckon it the point most worth looking at, and by no means out of the world,—but of what value was the beautiful country except to a painter, or the vicinity to Edinburgh except to a crow?—we beheld it sweetly smoking at a distance, but then it was impossible to get at it! Though twenty miles to the ferry of Kinghorn does not sound terrible, yet the difficulties of winds, tides, the bad roads, and all the inconveniences of leaving home to those who unfortunately are not rich enough to have money to spare easily on extraordinary occasions, rendered every planned excursion so difficult to settle and so productive of dispute, that it was generally given up in a pet by the proposer.

"Indeed it was a sort of creed in our family (and by no means an injudicious one), that it was impossible anybody at Balcarres could wish to be anywhere else.

"My mother said that we saw more company than anybody, and we were convinced of it. The parson—an excellent bust of Homer, and his wife of Seneca—with their daughter, came frequently to see us,—a few neighbours did so too, but seldom; they were honest country gentlemen, living on the produce of grounds they cultivated themselves, but we were told they were as genteel as people ought to be. However, the society at home was so numerous that we did not much feel the want of any other.

"This consisted of my father, my mother, my grandmother, Lady Dalrymple—a placid, quiet, pleasing old woman, whose indolence had benevolence in it, and whose sense was replete with indolence, as she was at all times of the party for letting things alone,—of Miss Sophy Johnstone, an original whom I shall mention by and by,—of the Miss Keiths, three maiden cousins of my mother,—of Mrs. Cockburn, an intimate friend of Lady Balcarres', who had goodness, genius, Utopianism, and a decided passion for making of matches, for which reason she was the confidante of all lovesick hearts,—of the eleven children, who made no inconsiderable addition to the society,—of my brother's tutor, who occupied a chair,—and of a young woman, or rather a young lady, to whom I dare hardly, even at this moment, give the title of our governess.

"This was a being so perfectly fantastic, unlike to others, and wild, that, when Nature made her, sure she ' broke the mould.'

"My mother had found her weeping and painting butterflies in the garret of a house where she lodged for a few days in Edinburgh. The mistress of it, who was her aunt, treated her with a severity which she said 'was good for her proud little ridiculous niece,'—and Henrietta C , indifferent about her good or bad treatment, wept because she was not 'placed (she said) in the sphere of life for which she was formed. She boasted that in her veins descended the blood of an old Highland chief—I forget who; pride had sailed down with the stream, and Henrietta reckoned herself more highly born than if she had been one of the House of Austria.

"She sang sweetly, wrote and worked well; my mother was amused with the variety of her uncultivated talents, and, as we are all fond of the discoveries we make ourselves, she formed the plan of carrying her to Balcarres in a sort of nondescript situation, till she saw how she liked her, and, if she did, to put into her hands, as governess, the care of the persons, manners, accomplishments, and morals of her daughters.

"At first Henrietta had her mess with my mother's maid in her own room,—tears flowed, she starved herself; and in order to make Henrietta happy, she was permitted to dine with the family. This indulgence was repaid by her teaching us such things for her own amusement as Margaret and I were then capable of learning. By degrees she rendered herself of use, while she maintained her independence. The ascendancy she acquired over the mind of Lady Balcarres, while bending to her in nothing, became evident, and my mother, satisfied that her project was ready to answer, proposed to her to accept the office directly, and a salary of twenty pounds per annum,—which, being all she could afford to give to a person possessing nothing, was not contemptible. This proposal nearly cost Henrietta her life,—she said, it was ' so haughty and unprovoked; as an act of friendship, she was ready to take care of us, but her soul spurned emolument.' Three bottles of laudanum and some quieting draughts put matters to rights. Ill could my mother's spirit brook to make concessions, but she was obliged to do it, and Henrietta gained upon the whole more than twenty pounds per annum of consideration, together with a little pension of fifteen pounds from government, which my father procured for her.

"Behold her then settled at Balcarres—the least little woman that ever was seen for nothing. Fantastic in her dress, and na'ive in her manners beyond what was

natural at her time of life, her countenance was pretty, her shape neat and nice; but in that casket was lodged more than Pandora's box contained, not only of sorrows and of ills to demolish mankind, but of powers of every kind, good as well as bad—powers of attaching, powers of injuring, powers of mind, powers of genius—magnanimity, obstinacy, prejudice, romance, and occasionally enthusiastic devotion.

"In everything we must take the evil with the good, but in this case, had we had no governess and been less accomplished at a period when talents were more uncultivated than they are now, we should have been less the objects of envy, and probably more fortunate.—For many years she had treated my sister and me with nearly equal affection, though she was her favourite; but the attachment and partiality to me of Miss Sophy Johnstone, whom she hated, riveted in her that aversion to me which met me in every turn of my progress through the early stages of life, like the malediction of an evil spirit rather than a common ill-will which injures and desists.

"This Miss Sophy Johnstone was, as I have before mentioned, an original in her way not less extraordinary. Her father was what is commonly called 'an odd dog;' her mother that unencroaching sort of existence, so universally termed 'a good sort of woman.' One day after dinner, the squire, having a mind to reason over his bottle, turned the conversation on the 'folly of education.' The wife said, she had always understood it was a good thing for young people to know a little, to keep them out of harm's way. The husband said, education was all nonsense, for that a child who was left to Nature had ten times more sense, and all that sort of thing, when it grew up, than those whose heads were filled full of gimcracks and learning out of books.

"Like Mrs. Shandy, she gave up the point, and, as he stoutly maintained his argument, they both agreed to make the experiment on the child she was ready to produce, and mutually swore an oath that it never should be taught anything from the hour of its birth, or ever have its spirit broken by contradiction.

"This child proved to be Miss Sophy Johnstone,—the dispute and covenant were known in the country, and the neighbours, in jest, calling her 'Hilton's Natural Daughter,' in a few years she passed bona fide for his illegitimate child.

"I scarce think that any system of education could have made this woman one of the fair sex. Nature seemed to have entered into the jest, and hesitated to the last whether to make her a boy or a girl. Her taste led her to hunt with her brothers, to wrestle with the stable-boys, and to saw wood with the carpenter. She worked well in iron, could shoe a horse quicker than the smith, made excellent trunks, played well on the fiddle, sung a man's song in a bass voice, and was by many people suspected of being one. She learnt to write of the butler at her own request, and had a taste for reading which she greatly improved. She was a droll ingenious fellow; her talents for mimicry made her enemies, and the violence of her attachments to those she called her favourites secured her a few warm friends. She came to spend a few months with my mother soon after her marriage, and, at the time I am speaking of, had been with her thirteen years, making Balcarres her head-quarters, devoting herself to the youngest child, whichever it was, deserting him when he got into breeches, and regularly constant to no one but me. She had a little forge fitted up in her closet, to which I was very often invited.

"To see this masculine bravo equally considered with herself (Henrietta) by Lady Balcarres,—nay, more, to see her endeavouring to undermine her in the affections of one of her pupils, was not to be borne. The other perceived this, and repaid her resentment with ridicule, and, young as I was, I saw enough of both to perceive that, though I could have easily soothed both, the only way to maintain a lasting peace was to make them think better of each other. Both I loved—but Henrietta best, because I felt that I owed her most.

"Margaret and I had begun to see with our eyes and reason on what we saw with our minds, which is the first step out of childhood. We knew that Henrietta's care of us could have been prompted by affection only; her refusal of pecuniary emolument proved this, and stamped so high a value on the act, that it planted in our young hearts exactly the sentiment she wished to inspire. With such a foundation laid, no reproaches she could make us, no trouble her bad state of health could give us, no solicitude of watching every turn of her countenance, and sailing between the dangers of offending her pride on the one side, or hurting her sensibility on the other, was minded by us, if we could make ' poor Henrietta happy, who had nothing to trust to in life but our affection.'—There is one obligation we owe to her—the early strong sense of gratitude.

"Placed among such a diversity of characters, all to be studied, I was in a school where I could hardly fail to learn something of my own. I thought I had,—at least I learnt that great dislike of making others unhappy, which is a negative virtue, and that peace of mind from self-command, which in every situation of life is a solid blessing."

We'll let W H Wilkins continue her story:

"Lady Anne was given a good education in keeping with her social position—in fact, rather in advance of it, as education for women was understood in that day—and as she grew up she showed signs that she had inherited a full share of the family talents. Her childhood was spent at Balcarres, but as she became older visits were frequently paid to Edinburgh, to the house of her grandmother, Lady Dalrymple, or to Sir Thomas Oughton's country house outside the city. Lady Dalrymple, a clever old lady, was intimate with many of the most eminent Scotsmen of her time. Among her friends was David Hume, the historian, whom she had known from a child.

When Lady Anne was in her twenty-first year her sister, Lady Margaret, was married to Mr. Alexander Fordyce, of Roehampton. Lady Margaret's charms and mental accomplishments were recorded by many of her admiring contemporaries. Her beauty inspired Sheridan with the well-known lines :

*Mark'd you her eye of heavenly blue,
Mark'd you her cheek of rosy hue ;
That eye in liquid circles roving,
That cheek abashed at man's approving.
The one love's arrows darting round,
The other blushing at the wound.*

It was soon after her sister's marriage, in 1771, that Lady Anne wrote the ballad which will ever remain her title to fame. Bereft of the companionship of her sister, she was driven back on her own resources, and her literary talents began to make themselves manifest. 'Residing,' she says, 'in the solitude of the country, without other sources of entertainment but what I could draw from myself, I used to mount up to my little closet in the high winding staircase, which commanded the sea, the lake, the rocks, the birds, the beach, and with my pen in my hand and a few envelopes of old letters, which too often vanished afterwards, scribbled away poetically and in prose.' It was on one of these occasions that 'Auld Robin Gray' was written. For some unaccountable reason she never publicly acknowledged the authorship until 1823, two years before her death.

Auld Robin Gray

*When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the wairld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.*

*Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a croun he had naething else beside:
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.*

*He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown awa;
My mother she fell sick,—and my Jamie at the sea—
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.*

*My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e
Said, 'Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me!'*

*My heart it said nay; I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
His ship it was a wrack—Why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to cry, Wae 's me?*

*My father urged me sair: my mother didna speak;
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break:
They gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea;
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.*

*I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith,—for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, 'I'm come hame to marry thee.'*

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;

*We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
And why was I born to say, Wae 's me!*

*I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.*

A few years after Lord Balcarres died Lady Anne left Balcarres and went to live in Edinburgh with her mother, the Dowager-Countess, who had taken a house there. In Edinburgh she mixed freely in the literary society for which the northern capital was famous. When Johnson came to Edinburgh in 1773 he was introduced to Lady Anne, who had gathered round her a numerous company of friends, including Hume, McKenzie, and Monboddo. It was probably about this time that she made the acquaintance of Henry Dundas, then a rising young Scottish politician, who had been appointed, at the age of twenty-four, Solicitor-General for Scotland, and for whom his Edinburgh friends already predicted a brilliant career. Lady Anne had a great respect and affection for her mother, but she was not particularly happy with her, and after the death of Mr. Fordyce she went to London to reside with her widowed sister, Lady Margaret Fordyce, who had taken one of the smaller houses in Berkeley Square. There the two sisters lived together for many years. The beauty of Lady Margaret, and the charm and lively conversation of Lady Anne, 'one of the most fascinating women of her time,' as a contemporary describes her, made them very popular, and their house became a social centre, and a favourite resort of some of the most famous literary and political men of the day. Pitt, Burke, Sheridan, Windham, and Dundas are a few of those who were wont to avail themselves of the sisters' simple yet charming hospitality; the Prince of Wales was also one of their frequent guests, and his friendship with Lady Anne lasted all his life. They also enjoyed a considerable share of Court favour from King George and Queen Charlotte.

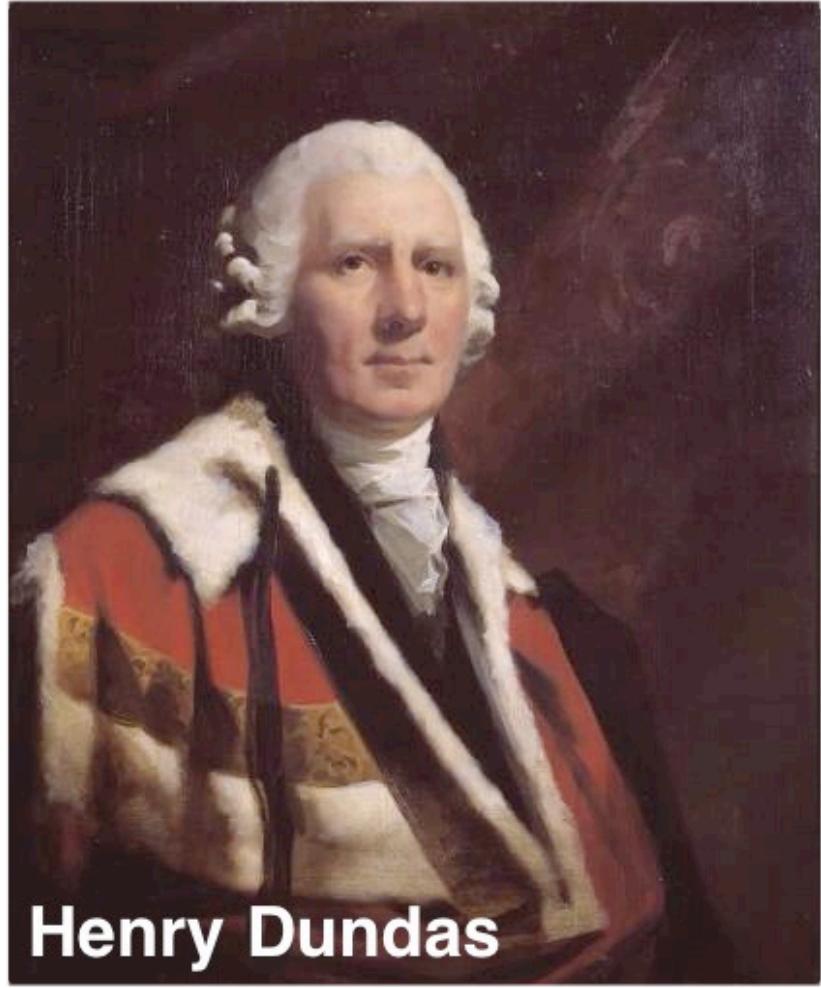
'The Lindsay sisters,' as they were called, occupied a unique position in the London society of their day. With such opportunities Lady Anne, it may readily be believed, had many offers, some of them exceptionally good, but she refused them all. The reason that she remained unwed all these years is ascribed by her nephew, Colonel Lindsay, to indecision (in other matters it seems to have formed no part of her character) and to a reluctance to leave her sister. But the 'Melville Letters,' hitherto unpublished, afford, I think, a clue to the mystery. Lady Anne's heart was really given to Henry Dundas, with whom, to the day of his death, she remained on terms of intimate friendship. Dundas was now one of the first statesmen of the day, the most powerful man in Scotland, the intimate friend and trusted lieutenant of Pitt, a great Parliamentary debater, and a successful Minister. His career excited the admiration of his friends, and of none more than Lady Anne. But though Dundas attained public greatness, he was unfortunate in his private relations. His beautiful first wife, daughter and heiress of David Rennie, of Melville Castle, deserted him for another man ; a divorce followed, and it was some years before Dundas took to

himself another wife. In private life he was of a free and genial disposition, fond of ladies' society, and during those years when his public career was at its zenith, but his domestic happiness broken up, he was a frequent and welcome guest at the sisters' house in Berkeley Square. He sought eagerly the society of Lady Anne, taking



LADY ANNE LINDSAY

her into his confidence, and talking to her unreservedly about political and private matters. Whether he ever contemplated marriage with her, or led her to believe that he did, it is impossible to say; but it is certain that Lady Anne became very much



Henry Dundas

attached to him. The news that he was going to marry Lady Jane Hope, the daughter of the second Earl of Hopetoun, must have come to her as a blow.

Whatever Lady Anne suffered, she kept her feelings to herself. She showed no disposition to wear the willow, and in 1793 astonished her friends by marrying Mr. Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick. The marriage, from a worldly point of view, could hardly be considered other than imprudent. Lady Anne was forty-three years of age, her husband was fifteen years her junior; he had been in the Army; he was good-looking, well-mannered, of moderate ability and amiable disposition. It is only fair to say that, despite the disparity of age, he made Lady Anne a very good husband, and she grew to be much attached to him. The problem of ways and means early presented itself. Barnard had a small patrimony and many debts ; Lady Anne had little or nothing. But she was always of a sanguine disposition, and she looked forward to obtaining for her husband a Government appointment of some kind through the influence of her highly placed friends. Her most intimate friend was Dundas, now Secretary for War, Treasurer of the Navy, and President of the Board of Control in Pitt's First Administration, and to him she applied. A few months after her marriage she went to Ireland with her husband to make the acquaintance of his relatives, and from there we find her writing to Dundas :

'I have not forgotten, my dear friend, what you hinted to me in confidence respecting the possibility of Mr. Barnard deriving a benefit from a situation ostensibly given to another, and to be sure this would be a very eligible favour for our interests, and one I should most gratefully thank you for. But until this occurs, will you contrive to place him in any office, with no matter how little salary, where he might have something to do and prove himself useful? He was pleased with your manner to him, and said he had never talked to a great man



Andrew Barnard

who had so much the power of making a man, who was asking a favour, feel at ease with him as yourself. If you could place him on your own Board, or anywhere where he might gain your friendship by deserving it, and by being connected with yourself, he would be glad. But I put the matter into your hands and leave it. You will find a mode of serving us; the sooner you can do so in any shape the better.

I prefer owing to you than to any other person, because I can never cease to have for you sentiments which make the feeling of gratitude sit easy in my heart.'

But good appointments, real or sinecure, even in those days, were not to be had for the asking, and though Dundas renewed his promise, no suitable vacancy occurred. In 1794, in consequence of a rumour that her powerful friend was about to retire from the Government, Lady Anne again wrote from Ireland to renew her request :

'On an occasion so important as this, I think it right for me to remind you of myself, depending on your kindness, so many proofs of which I have experienced on former occasions, and almost certain that distance would not make you forget the hearty assurance you gave me of assisting my husband. I have never teased you about it, because I committed my interests wholly into your hands, while I formed all my counsels here on the confidence I have in you, in consequence of what passed between you and me the last time I saw you, which I naturally repeated to Mr. Barnard. I prevailed on him to give up the Army, though considerable advantages were offered him by the Lord Lieutenant, as he has been seventeen years in the Army, and has served many years abroad. I have also prevailed on him and his family to consent to our letting St. Wolstan's for a term of years, almost the prettiest place in Ireland, but one which our income did not render it eligible to keep, and to have a house in London also. To indulge me these things have been done. Am I not therefore doubly bound, my dear friend, to use every exertion which zeal, duty, and gratitude can give, with a friend who has long been mine, who knows our situation, and who, I trust, will not on this occasion desert me, to replace to my husband the pleasures of which I have deprived him, to secure my own comfort amongst my own friends? I throw myself on you with earnestness and hope; you owe me some happiness, in truth you do. Pay me by making me the means of serving a man who has rebuilt in a considerable degree what tumbled to its foundation, who makes my happiness his study, and whose prospects in this country (Ireland) have been given up for me.'

Still nothing was forthcoming, though Dundas remained in office. In truth, Barnard, who had few qualifications, was not an easy man to fit with a suitable appointment. After waiting another year, Lady Anne came over to England to see what pleading in person would do. She saw the powerful Minister; Dundas had not forgotten, and renewed his promises. Lady Anne followed up the interview by writing him a still more strongly worded letter :

'Do not let me, my dear friend, return to Ireland dispirited, and have to tell the Bishop and Mrs. Barnard that the flattering hopes I gave them for their son, from the kind promises you made me previous to our marriage three years ago, have not been realised. I have explained myself fully to you, and refer to our conversation once again to implore you to ask your own heart whether you ought not to feel yourself doubly bound to make my situation comfortable, more than you are bound to any other woman in this world. To a man like you, generous as well as just, how many motives are there not in the strong, though defeated regards which have subsisted between us, for you to take my husband by the hand, and make me, through him, as happy as you can? To pay me all you have owed, and still owe me, you never can. But what you can you should do, and you have got before you the pleasure of obliging me. I have paid you tears of gratitude for the hearty manner in which you pledged yourself to serve us, and while I have any memory I must depend on your doing so, but hope deferred maketh the heart sick.'

This last appeal had its effect. On the conquest of the Cape of Good Hope, the Home Government determined to send out Lord Macartney as Governor, and Dundas offered the appointment of Secretary of the Colony to Mr. Barnard, with a

salary of 3,500 pounds a year. Barnard was delighted with the appointment, as he ought to have been, but Lady Anne demurred somewhat. The idea of banishment to an unknown land, as the Cape then was, rather frightened her; she would have preferred, she told Dundas, a situation with less emolument nearer home, and she was not quite sure whether the post of Secretary was not one beneath Mr. Barnard's acceptance; or, rather, whether the position of Secretary's wife was one suitable for her rank. All these doubts and fears she communicated by letter. Dundas answered her shortly, saying that it was the 'prettiest appointment in the world for any young fellow,' and telling her that she must take that or nothing. He had some reason to be hurt, for he had given this appointment to Barnard, a young and untried man, solely because of his goodwill for his wife. He had thoughtfully chosen it also because (as Lady Macartney was not going out to the Cape) Lady Anne would be able to play the part of first lady in the Colony and represent the Government, which he knew she would like. Lady Anne, fearing that she had offended her powerful friend, apologised with tears, and a reconciliation was effected between them. In March 1797 she and her husband left England with Lord Macartney for the Cape, where they arrived, on board the 'Trusty,' on May 4, 1797, and took over the Government of the Colony.

Throughout the eighteenth century, South Africa was under the rule, or rather the misrule, of the Dutch East India Company. They seized the territory of the Hottentots, broke their so-called contracts with them, and reduced those whom they did not kill to the position of serfs. They introduced a number of Malays and negroes into the colony as slaves — a measure absolutely indefensible, as there was no need of negro labour ; they established a narrow and tyrannical policy, needlessly harassing the settlers with petty restrictions and extortionate taxes. They specified to the farmers the nature of the crops they were to grow, and exacted from them a large portion of their produce. This naturally led to false statements, bribery, cheating, and all kinds of corruption. Again and again were complaints made by the settlers to the Government in Holland against the Dutch East India Company, but without result. The Boers, or wandering farmers, were especially insubordinate, and not without reason; indeed, much of their dislike to orderly government may be traced back to this misgovernment. They made several attempts to throw off the rule of the Dutch East India Company, until at last, in 1795, their discontent culminated in active rebellion, and they endeavoured to form a republic of their own in the district of Graaff-Beinet. At this time European politics had extended even to the Cape, and the French Revolution made its influence felt here, and found many sympathisers among the Dutch. In Holland there were two parties — the 'Patriot' party, which sympathised with the French and held republican principles ; and the Orange party, which favoured the Stadholders, the Prince of Orange, and the alliance with England. When war broke out the 'Patriot' party sided with France and the Orange party with the English. The French successes of 1794-5 had the result of upsetting the Prince of Orange's Government, and he escaped to England in a fishing-boat, and Holland, or that part of it in alliance with France, became known as the Batavian Republic.

Fearing that the Cape might fall into the hands of the French, and recognising its importance as a station on the way to India, the British Government resolved to take possession of it without delay. An expedition was despatched under Admiral Elphinstone and General Craig, who commanded the sea and land forces respectively, and arrived in Simon's Bay in June 1795. General Craig brought with him a letter from the Prince of Orange to the officers in charge at the Cape, desiring them to receive the English forces as in alliance with Holland. But the Cape officers, like the Dutch in Holland, were divided in their allegiance between the Patriot and the Orange factions, and they refused to recognise the mandate of a refugee prince, especially without instructions from their real masters, the Dutch East India Company. The English troops then landed under General Craig, and were reinforced shortly by 3,000 soldiers under General Sir Alured Clarke. After a short engagement the Dutch asked for an armistice, and the next day capitulated to the English, who took possession of the castle and the garrison of the Cape of Good Hope, and hoisted the British flag. Thus ended the rule of the Dutch East India Company in South Africa.

After the capitulation, the civil government and military command of the Cape were placed in the hands of General Craig, who became the temporary head of the English Government there. His brief rule was judicious and conciliatory; he interfered as little as possible with the existing state of things, and was respected by the Dutch. Soon after the news of the conquest of the Cape reached England the Government resolved to appoint Lord Macartney as Governor, and to vest in him all the power held by the Governor and Council of the Dutch East India Company. They also determined to greatly increase the garrison at Cape Town, and to make the officer in command the Lieutenant-Governor. General Francis Dundas, nephew of the Secretary of State, was given this post, and Mr. Barnard was appointed Secretary to the Colony. In all these appointments the influence of Lord Melville may be clearly traced. ...the new Governor, Lord Macartney, who, with the Secretary of the Colony

and Lady Anne Barnard, arrived at Cape Town in May 1797, and took over the duties



Lady Anne begins her journal

of government. At this point Lady Anne's letters begin.

Arrival

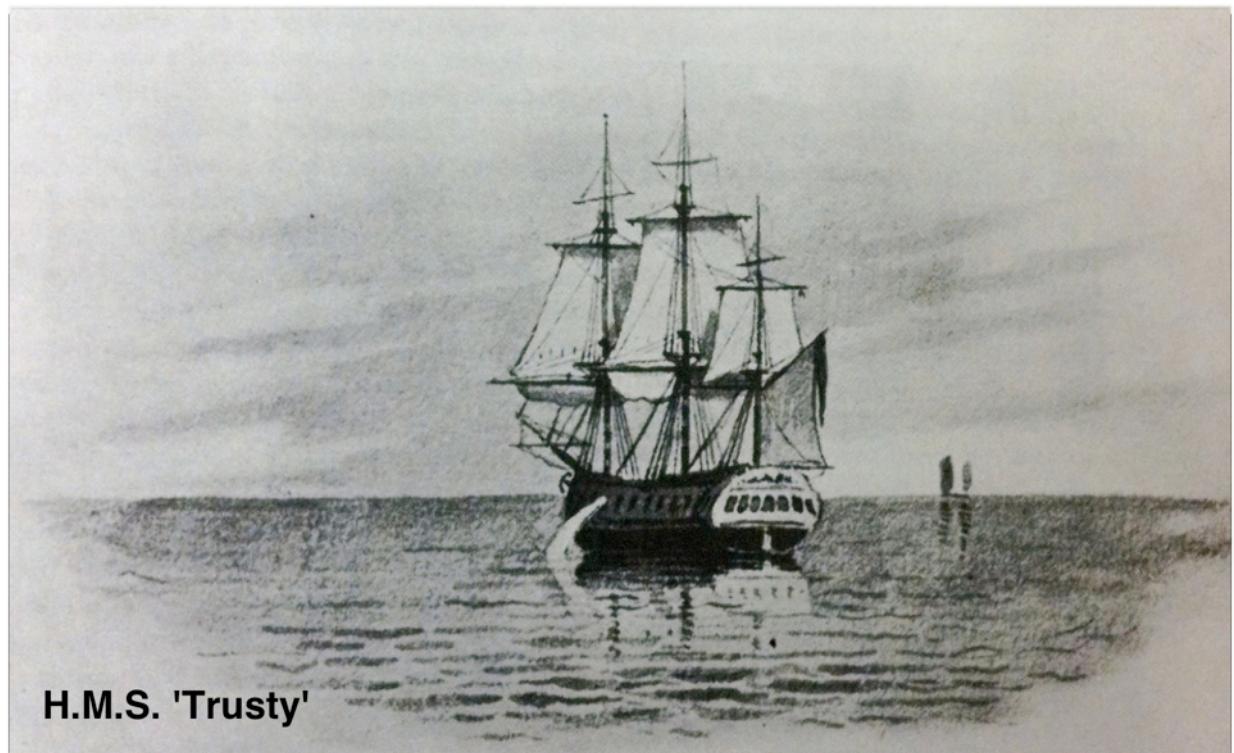
The Castle, Cape Town :
July 10th, 1797.

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Getting the cow aboard

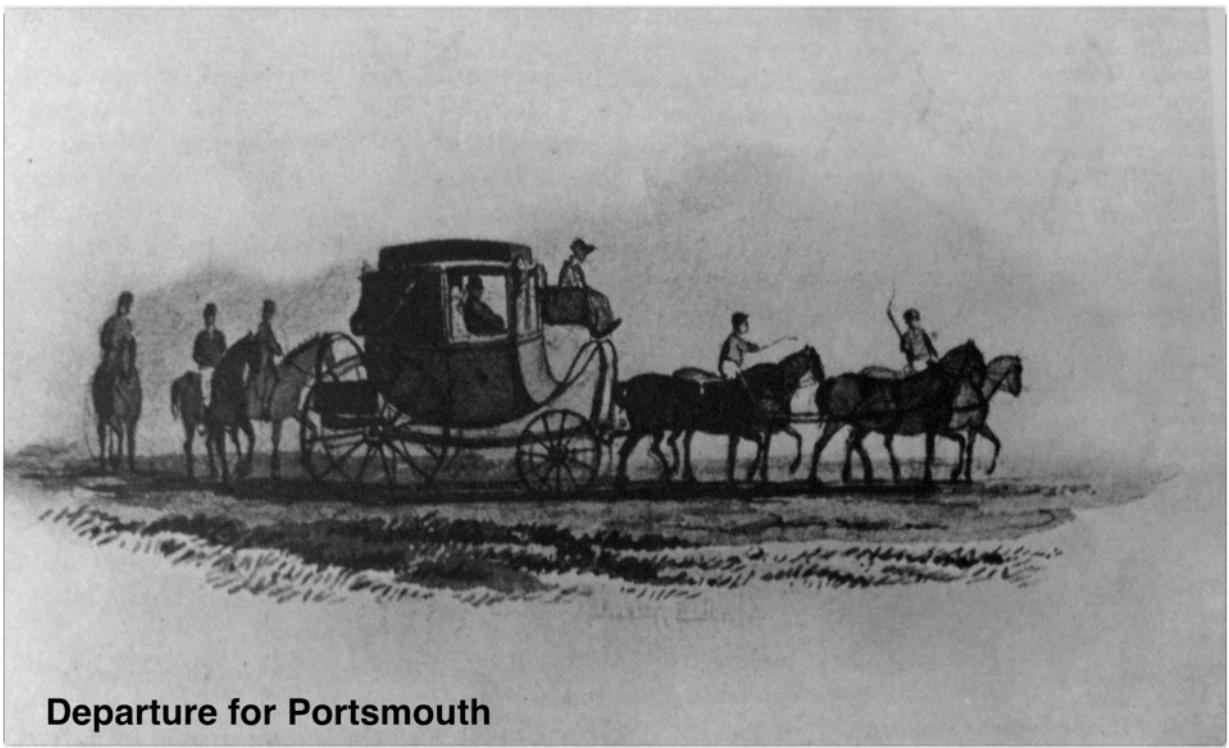
Our voyage on the whole was a prosperous one. We sailed from Plymouth the 23rd of February, and landed at the Cape the 5th of May. We had but few calms, and no storm such as to endanger the ship, though ten days of weather was so very rough as to give



H.M.S. 'Trusty'

sufficient apology to a coward for being afraid, particularly from the rolling of the ship. We had, as you know, 272 great guns for Bengal aboard her, which often brought our upper guns under water, and rendered the beauties in their various cabins black and blue from the rolling and pitching the guns produced. We met with but few occurrences of consequence. The heat between the Tropics was excessive, but not beyond or equal to what I expected, as the thermometer was never above 84 degrees. We passed the Line exactly at twelve o'clock, the Sun in his Meridian, and on his way from his country seat of Capricorn to that of Cancer. I made a few little drawings of sharks, dolphins, flying fish, hardly worth your looking at, which I shall send to Margaret, the only merit of which consists in their being literally just. All on board were well, partly owing to the dry weather, partly to the attentions of the Captain, who you very justly told me was one of the civilest and most liberal of men. Our messmates numbered about twenty-four, and we all got on like lambs...

But to return to our voyage. The heat decreased as we passed the Tropic of Cancer, and, after having quitted our blankets and cloth habits, we all took to them again. Our course was pretty direct by the chart from the time we passed the Madeiras (where you made us go into a fine scollop to avoid certain French cruisers which we have since heard you had intelligence of) till we got into the latitude of the Cape, where contrary winds vexed us much, and blew us very nearly into the latitude where the 'Guardian' was lost by mountains of ice. However, five or six days produced a favourable change, and the joyful news of land being seen was announced, though in truth it was so enveloped in fog that



Departure for Portsmouth

we did not enjoy its appearance till we were exactly placed in the bay opposite to Cape



Vertical shadows

Town. Then, as if by one consent, the Lion's rump whisked off the vapours with its tail; the Lion's head untied, and dropped the necklace of clouds which surrounded its erect throat, and Table Mountain, over which a white damask table-cloth had been spread half-way

down, showed its broad face and smiled. At the same time guns from the garrison and from all the batteries welcomed His Majesty's Government, and the distant hills, who could not step forward to declare their allegiance, by the awful thunders of their acquiescing echoes, informed us that they were not ignorant of the arrival of the Governor, who was at that moment putting his foot on land. Nothing could be finer than the coup d'oeil from the Bay; yet nothing can have so little affinity with each other as the bold perpendicular mountains, bare and rocky, and the low white card houses, which from the distance seem even smaller than they are, and scarce large enough to hold an ant. But this is only appearance, in reality they are excellent.'

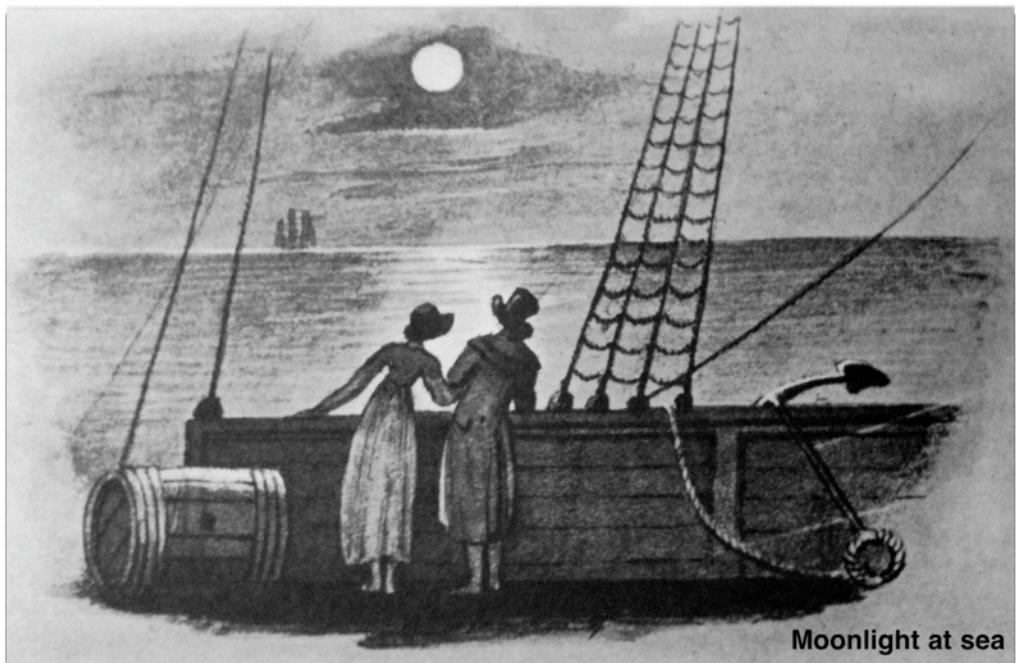
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Through a stern window

The first thing that struck me, strongly and disagreeably, was a very offensive smell in the air, and I afterwards found it in some of the houses: I was told it proceeded from the oil with which the slaves grease their hair. Waggons of wood next appeared, driven by one man, eight and ten horses moving with perfect docility to the crack of his whip. Next we saw more melancholy evidences of the far distant classes amongst human creatures — slaves returning from a seven or eight miles' distance, each man loaded with two bundles of sticks slung across his bare shoulders. It made one sigh at first in looking at the weight of the bundles; the only comfort was that one of them only was for the master, the other was for the private benefit of the slave. We walked up the town, which I found much superior in appearance and area, and in the size and accommodation of the houses, to what I had expected.

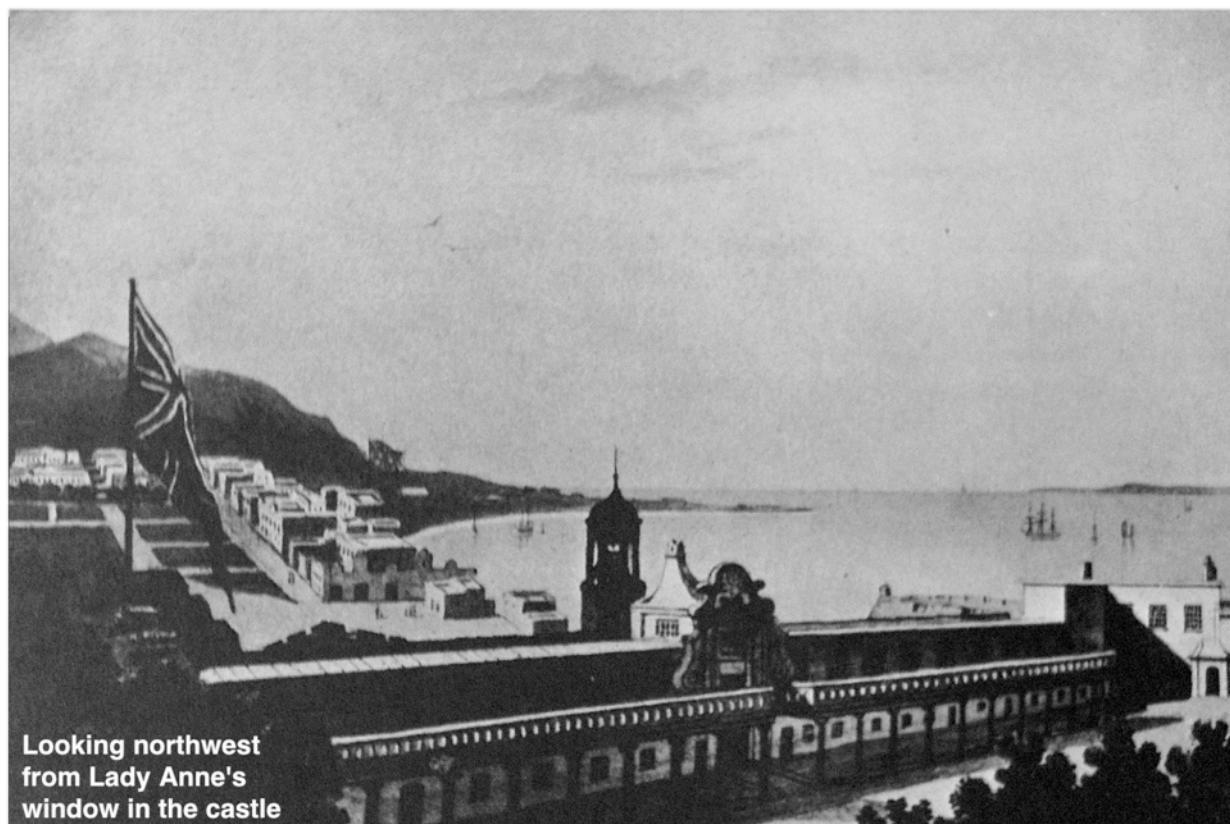
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He appeared, however, to be much less sanguine in his expectations of the benefits arising to England from the Cape, or from the possibility of its being rendered flourishing, convenient, or any real acquisition to us, than I had imagined he would have been. He boldly said that the expectations formed from it, and of it, were too high. One could only pause and listen to this with a portion of regret, mixed with another little portion of distrust of a judgment which, though a very tolerable one in many respects, is not so extensive in its views or powers as some others I wot of. Admiral Pringle,¹ however, backed this gloomy view with six-and-thirty-pounder corroborations. He said that the Cape was the worst nautical situation it was possible for the devil himself to contrive, with fewer possibilities of harbourings or landing-places than could be conceived — no rivers, no water, torrents in plenty from the mountain tops, but nothing in the bosom of the earth. He imagined also that the Dutch policy was a sound one when they checked all population or improvement, for as the Colony improved and peopled he thought it would to us only prove a second America, and would be more likely in time to rob us of India than to secure it for us. He held all establishment of manufactures to be dangerous and foolish, and said that no pains should be taken with the interior of the country, but merely with the skirting of it, which could produce comforts to our people after their long voyages to and fro. All this the Admiral laid down much more clearly, God knows, than I repeat it; and he wound up by swearing that the Cape was the "cussedest place" ever discovered, with nothing good in it, and that even the hens did not lay fresh eggs, so vile was every animal that inhabited the place.

I soon had an opportunity of judging of this. Sir James Craig gave a ball to the new Governor in honour of his arrival, to which we, of course, went. I must say it was a very pretty sight: the Government House in the gardens was beautifully lighted with every lamp in the Colony which could be brought together, and the walks, shadowed with oak trees, were bright as day, and had very pretty devices at the end of most of them. The ball-room was very long but somewhat narrow ; perhaps it seemed narrow because it was lined with rows of Dutch ladies, all tolerably well-dressed, much white muslin about, and a good deal

of colour. I had been told that the Dutch ladies were handsome as to their faces, but I saw no real beauty, though they were fresh and wholesome-looking ; while as for manner, they had none, and graces and charms were sadly lacking, though they had a sort of vulgar smartness, which I suppose passed for wit. They danced without halting at all, a sort of pit-a-pat little step, which they have probably learned from some Beauty on her way to Bengal. They remind me very much of the women one might find at an assize ball in a country town. What they want most is shoulders and manners."



Looking northwest
from Lady Anne's
window in the castle

...

"Lord Macartney, immediately on his arrival, declared his intention of living in the Government House in the garden, which he apprehended would not be too cold in winter, and which is certainly cooler than any other here in summer. General Dundas was the next to make his election ; he preferred remaining in the second-sized house within the Castle — being fixed there with a proper bachelor establishment — to occupying the great Government House, which required more furniture and servants, and was fitter for a family. This he gave up to us, partly from good-humour and partly from the above reasons. It is a palace, containing such a suite of apartments as makes me fancy myself a princess when in it — but not an Indian or Hottentot princess, as I have fitted all up in the style of a comfortable, plain, English house. Scotch carpets, English linen, and rush-bottom chairs, with plenty of lolling sofas, which I have had made by regimental carpenters and stuffed by regimental tailors. In a week or two I shall invite all who wish to be merry without cards or dice, but who can talk, or hop to half a dozen black fiddlers, to come and see me on my public day, which shall be once a fortnight, when the Dutch ladies (all of whom love dancing, and flirting still more) shall be kindly welcomed, and the poor ensigns and cornets

shall have an opportunity of stretching their legs as well as the generals. I shall not be stinted for room, as I have a hall of sixty feet, a drawing-room of forty, a dining-room of twenty, a tea-room of thirty, and three supper-rooms — in one of which only I shall have supper, and that cold and desultory, with side-boards and no chairs, as I wish to make my guests happy without being ruined by their drinking half a hogshead of claret every party.



View of Table Mountain
from Lady Anne's
window in the Castle

With such reasons for being happy, if I tell you that I am happy, and I like the Cape, and see much of the disgust with which it is talked of by others as arising out of their own acrid humours, but half-supported by the fact, you will not be surprised. You must, however, read my account of its merits, when I begin to expatiate on them, with some grains of allowance as well as those opinions against on the other side, as I know that I have a natural disposition to pick out flowers amongst weeds if I can, and to make the best of all 'existing circumstances.' But, independent of this being the turn of my mind, let us look at the facts. Here is a divine climate (at least I have found it so as yet), no fog, no damp, no variations to check the perspirations and fall on the lungs, but a clear, pure, yet not sharp air, full of health and exhilaration to the spirits. Here is scarcity, but here will



be plenty, I am convinced, when the harvest comes round, which quickly follows the sowing here — at least a third quicker than in England. The farmers saw no certain market before for their grain, nor would they venture to sow what was in their granaries, for fear of its being reaped by they knew not whom. Now that there is a fixed government and a certain allowance for all, they can send down to the shore. Less will probably be raised this year than will be necessary to make things very cheap, but industry will be doubled next year, more slaves will be got, more cattle taken into the yoke, and plenty, I think, will ensue. The town is clean, one or two dirty circumstances attending the killing of animals excepted; the features upon Nature's face magnificently strong. I love these bold strokes with which the Almighty has separated the dry land from sea in His chaos. The bay opens beautifully at the foot of the mountains, while the Hottentot hills at twenty miles' distance rise in forms so stupendously eccentric that I look at them with admiration every time I see them. It is in the power of activity and taste to make this, by planting, the finest scene in the world. I have but little of either, but little as I have, if I was only sure of living a couple of hundred years, to see the effects of my labours, I would begin to plant to-morrow with alacrity those grounds round the town which, from their want of water, cannot be applied to any purpose save that of rearing wood, which I think they could do in plenty for the use of the town...

But I must have done, or you'll think I'll never stop. Adieu, my dearest friend. My love to dear Lady Jane. Tell her to think of me sometimes in this land of ostriches, Kaffirs, and Hottentots. God bless you all."

The Castle, Cape of Good Hope :

August 10th, 1797.



I MUST begin my letter, my dear Friend, by telling you of the steps which have been taken to bring the people of the Cape into harmony with our English Government. There was a Proclamation to the effect that during a certain time, which was an ample one, they might come from all quarters and take the oath of allegiance to His Majesty. The gates of the Castle were thrown open every morning, and I was surprised to see so many come after what I had heard. Firstly came a number of well-fed, rosy-cheeked men, with powdered hair, and dressed in black. They walked in in pairs with their hats off, a regulation on entering the Castle on public occasions which, in former days, Dutch pride imposed. They were followed by the Boers from the country — farmers and settlers who had come some very great distance. I think that many of them seemed very sulky and ill-affected ; their manner seemed to say : 'There is no help for it. We must swear, for they are the strongest.' They are very fine men, their height is enormous ; most of them are six feet high and upwards, and I do not know how many feet across ; I hear that five or six hundred miles distant they even reach seven feet. They all came to the Cape in waggons, bringing a load of something to market at the same time. They were dressed in blue cloth jackets and trousers and very high flat hats. In fact, they struck me as overdressed, but the Hottentot servant who crept behind each, carrying his master's umbrella, on the other hand, was underdressed. He seemed to have little else to

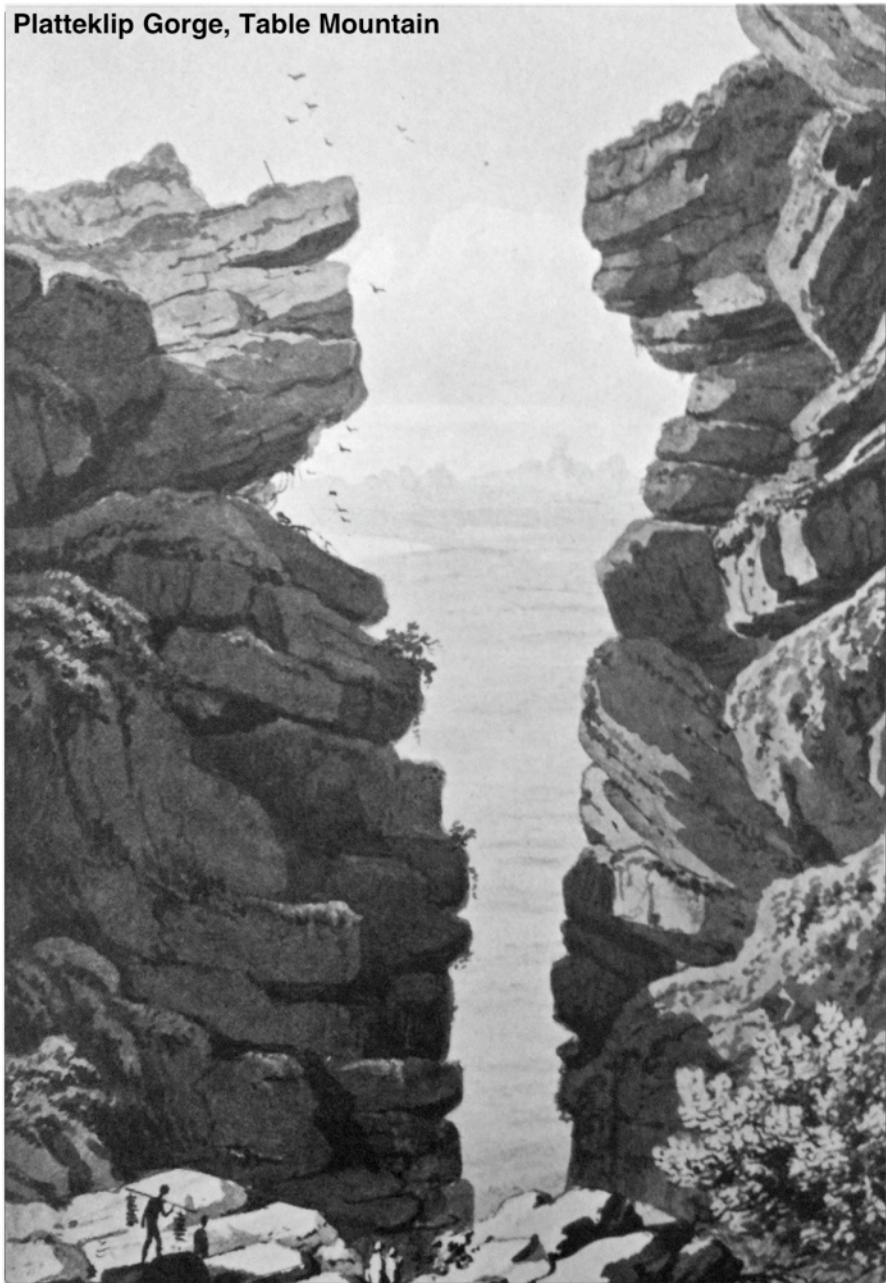
carry except a piece of leather round his waist and a sheepskin round his shoulders ; one or two had a scarlet handkerchief tied round the head, sometimes an old hat ornamented with ostrich feathers, but very often they were bareheaded. I was told the Hottentots were uncommonly ugly and disgusting, but I do not think them so bad. Their features are small and their cheek-bones immense, but they have a kind expression of countenance ; they are not so ugly as the

slaves of Mozambique. I must try to sketch a face of every caste or nation here ; the collection cannot be short of twenty.

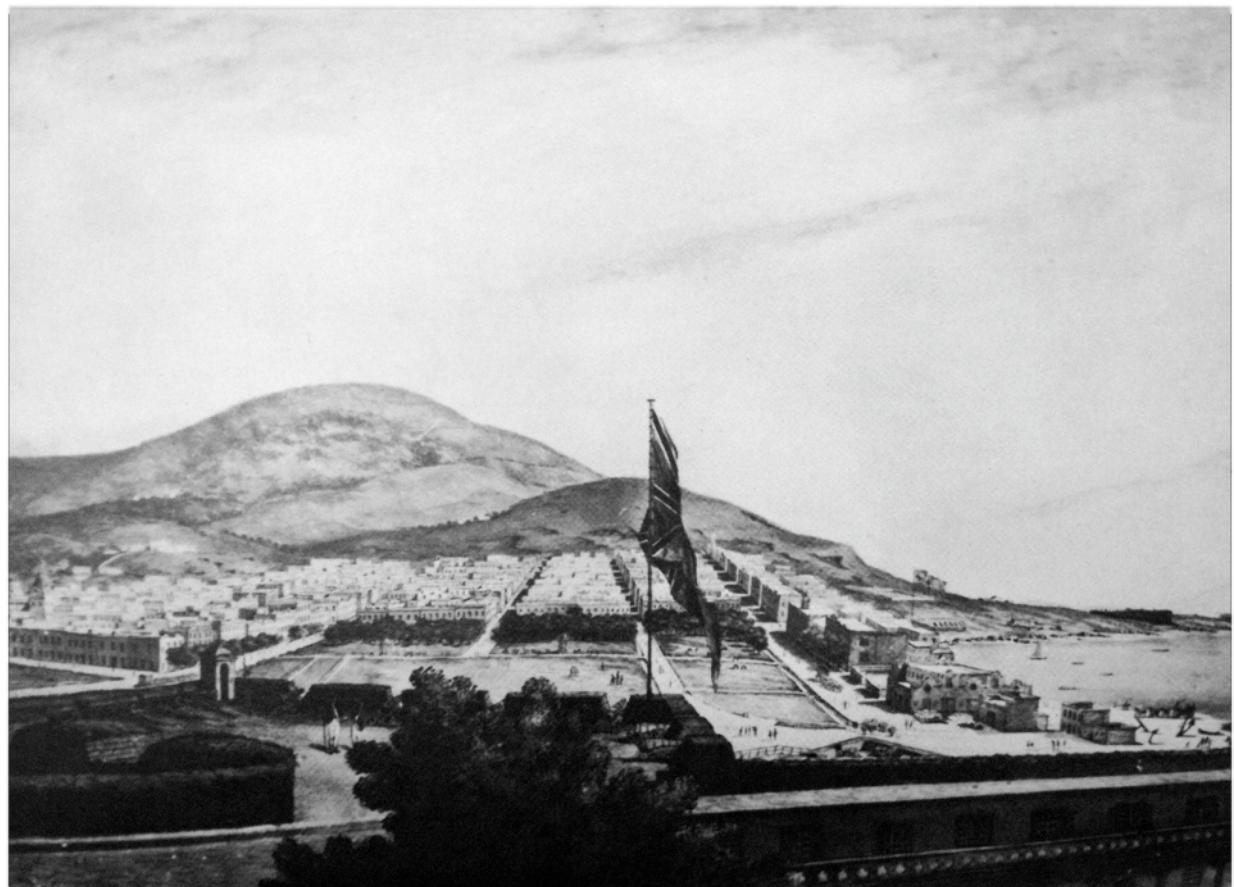
I must now tell you a little about a Cape expedition of mine. Having been told that no woman had ever been on the top of the Table Mountain (this was not literally true, one or two having been there), and being unable to get any account of it from the inhabitants of this town, all of whom wished it to be considered as next to an impossible matter to get to the top of it, as an excuse for their own want of curiosity, and having found the officers all willing to believe the Dutch for ditto reason, laziness to wit, there was some ambition as a motive for climbing, as well as curiosity. And as Mr. Barrow is just one of the pleasantest, best-informed, and most eager-minded young men in the world about everything curious or worth attention, I paid him my addresses and persuaded him to mount the mountain along with me. We were joined in the plan by two of my ship-mates, officers, and my maid chose to be of the party. I had a couple of servants, and a couple of boxes with cold meat and wine. Mr. Barrow and I slung round our shoulders tin cases for plants, of which we were told we should get great variety on the top of the mountain. It is 3,500 feet in height,

and reckoned about three miles to the top of it from the beginning of the great ascent, the road being (or rather the conjectured path, for there is no road) necessarily squinted in the zigzag way which much increases the measurement of the walk. At eight o'clock in the morning Mr. Barrow and I, with our followers, set off. We reached the foot of the mountain on horseback, and dismounted when we could ride no more — indeed, nothing but a

Platteklip Gorge, Table Mountain



human creature or an antelope could ascend such a path.



We first had to scramble up the side of a pretty perpendicular cascade of a hundred feet or two, the falls of which must be very fine after rains, and the sides of which were shaded with myrtles, sugar trees, and geraniums. We continued our progress through a low foliage of all sorts of pretty heaths and evergreens, the sun at last beginning to beat with much force down on our heads, but the heat was not, though great, oppressive. Wherever we saw questionable stone or ore, Mr. Barrow attacked it with a hammer, which I had luckily brought for the purpose, but he found the mountain through all its strata, of which there are innumerable, composed of iron stone, and that at least to the quantity of fifty per cent. It made me smile to see the signs of human footsteps, in the quantity of old soles and heels of shoes which I came across every here and there. I suppose these relics have lain time immemorial, as leather, I believe, never decays, at least not for a great while. They proved that the Dutchmen told fibs when they said that few people had tried to get up this mountain. The sun and fatigue obliged me frequently to sit down ; and as I had an umbrella with me, a few minutes always recruited me. At last, about twelve o'clock, the sun began to be so very hot that I rejoiced at the turn of the mountain, which I saw would soon bring us into the shadow, before we reached the great gully by which we were to get out on the top. Redoubling my activity, at last we made the turn, but it was wonderful the sudden chill which instantaneously came over us ; we looked at our thermometers, and in a second they had fallen under the shadow fifteen degrees, being now 55, and before, on the brow of the hill, they were 70. We had now come to a fine spring of water, which fell from the top of the rock, or near it, over our heads ; we drank some of it with port-wine, but it was too cold to have been safe, if we had not more way to climb. I saved a bottle of it for you, cher ami. Opposite there was a cave cut in the rock, which is occasionally inhabited by runaway negroes, of which there were traces.

Once more we set off, and in three hours from the bottom of the mountain reached the very tip-top of this great rock, looking down on the town (almost out of sight below) with much conscious superiority, and smiling at the formal meanness of its appearance, which would have led us to suppose it built by children out of half a dozen packs of cards. I was glad on this pinnacle to have a bird's-eye view of the country, the bays, and the distant and near mountains. The coup d'oeil brought to my awed remembrance the Saviour of the World presented from the top of 'an exceeding high mountain' with all the kingdoms of the earth by the devil. Nothing short of such a view was this. But it was not the garden of the world that appeared all around; on the contrary, there was no denying the circle bounded only by the heavens and sea to be a wide desert, bare, uncultivated, uninhabited, but noble in its bareness, and (as we had reason to know) possessing a soil capable of cultivation, a soil, which submits easily to the spade, and gratefully repays attention. On the top of the mountain there was nothing of that luxuriancy of verdure and foliage, flower or herbage, described by travellers ; there were roots and some flowers, and a beautiful heath on the edge of the rocks, but the soil was cold, swampy, and mossy, covered in general with half an inch of water, rushes growing in it, and sprinkled all over with little white pebbles, some dozens of which I gathered to make Table Mountain earrings for my fair European friends. We now produced our cold meat, our port, Madeira, and Cape wine, and we made a splendid and happy dinner after our fatigues. When it was over I proposed a song to be sung in full chorus, not doubting that all the hills around would join us — 'God save the King.' ' God save great George our King,' roared I and my troop. ' God save — great George our King — great George our King — great George — great George — great George — ' repeated the loyal mountains. ' The impression is very fine,' said Mr. Barrow, with his eyes glistening. I could not say 'Yes,' because I felt more than I chose to trust my voice with, just then, but I wished 'great George our King' to have stood beside me at the moment, and to have thrown his eye over his new colony, which we were thus (his humble viceroys) taking possession of in his name.

My servants shot a few pretty birds, which you shall see by-and-by, and we found it time to return home, which we could not reach, we saw, before six o'clock at night. Nothing was more singular than to look down far, far below, on the flag raised on the top of the Lion's head, a rock perpendicular, of some hundred feet, on the top of a great North Berwick law. It is round this rock that there is a constant necklace of clouds playing ; but on this day all was clear. The person who keeps guard on this rock is drawn up by ropes fixed in a particular manner.

If it was difficult to ascend the hill, it was much more so to descend. The ladies were dressed for the occasion, else — I need not say more after the word 'else.' The only way to get down was to sit down and slip from rock to rock the best way one could. My shoes I had tied on with some yards of tape, which had been a good scheme. At last we reached home, not more tired than I expected we should have been, and more than ever convinced that there are few things impossible where there is, in man or woman, a decided and spirited wish of attainment. Doctor Pattison (a very amiable, sensible, and humane man sent out by the Admiralty as physician to the Navy Hospital) told me there was no sum he could not have won at the Cape against my ever reaching the top of Table Mountain. He said he would not take them in, for he knew I would do it if it was possible for anybody to do it, as I had said I would. I had found, however, no further gratification from having been there than the pleasure of being able to say, 'I have seen it,' for my fancy could have painted the same very prettily, without going up.

Since that time I have ridden round the Bay; the road is finer than any scene I ever saw in my life, or could have seen — that is to say, fine from mountains and sea. I must make some sketches of this road, but my time has been as yet wholly occupied with domestic cares. I am a Martha, with the full intention of being twenty better things by- ('and-by ; meantime, as we have a great many people who eat and drink with us in a family way, and as it is extremely difficult to get many things, or servants to do them properly, I am obliged to be more of a useful than an accomplished female ; but if I can in any way make things comfortable to my kind husband and his friends I am well employed.

power.

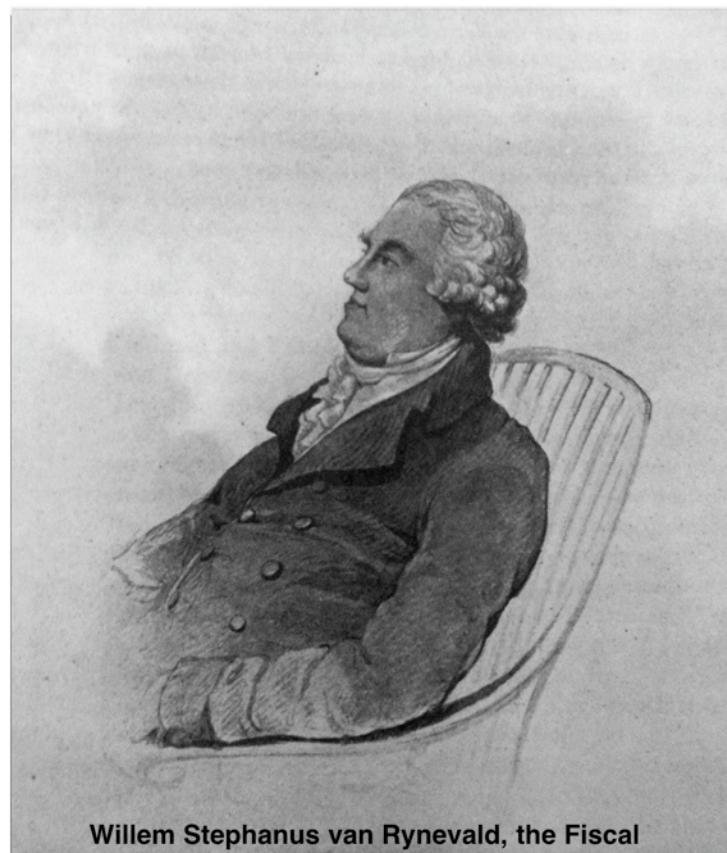
Malagasy slave girl and a chameleon



...

She is very much disliked here, even by her countrywomen, and he equally so, nor would she be at all in the foreground of society was she not tempted (which I will suppose is by a love of receiving notice) to go rather too great lengths with most of the gentlemen to obtain it. Her character has not yet had time to be very naughty, but with three or four flirtations going on at present it is rather equivocal. Amongst the Dutch women this is nothing — each one has her lover, and, if more, it only the more proves her charms. I have blushed to

hear one of her sisters make her child count up ' Mama's sweethearts ' on its little fingers, when some of the sweethearts present knew it to be no joke, as some others in England could have corroborated.



...

I have had a visit at the Castle from one of the Kaffir chiefs, with his train of wives and dogs ; he was as fine a morsel of bronze as I ever saw, and there ought to have been a pair of them with candlesticks in their hands. Nothing could exceed the savages' notes, which accompanied their uncouth gestures in their warlike dances. I gave them many trifles, and the chief a cap, which pleased him so much that with the gallantry of nature he came forward, and on receiving it from the balcony in the courtyard kissed my hand respectfully. I had prepared some dinner for them, but found they could eat nothing but beef or mutton ; pies, fowls, and still more particularly fish they seemed to have no taste for— indeed, till they reached the Cape they had never seen a fish, hooks and lines being unknown to them, and the fish therefore in their rivers live unmolested by the wiles of Creation's lords. Wine they liked, but rum transported them.

The Castle, Cape of Good Hope :

September 12th, 1797.



A Hottentot

We have now quite settled down at our residence in the Castle, my dear Friend, and like it very much. I have arranged it all as best I can, a few things we brought out with us from old England coming in most useful, and really the effect is very pleasing to the eye. Since I got our house in order I have been busy carrying out a desire which I know you have much at heart, that we should conciliate as far as we could the factiousness of the Dutch here, which cannot be accomplished by any other means than by mixing them as much as possible in our society.

To fulfil my position here as the woman, in the absence of Lady Macartney, at the head of the Government, it is my duty to show civility and hospitality to all the women, Dutch or English, who live on good terms with their husbands, and to all the Dutchmen who have taken the oath of allegiance to his Majesty, and are of sufficient respectability to visit at the Castle. Mr. Barnard has invited the heads of the Departments to dinner, and the dinner went off in excellent style, our Swiss cook doing very well, assisted by three or four female slaves, whom his Excellency gave us permission to have from the Slave Lodge as servants. The balls and parties were left for me to settle as I thought best. Mr. Barnard, however, wished me to consult the Fiscal as to the proper mode of inviting the Dutch ladies. I did so, but found that, though an honest man, he was prejudiced, and if I followed his advice I should keep the

friends the Government had already 'twas true, but I should never make any new ones. When I went down the list with him he threw in so many objections to persons whom he called 'disaffected' that I feared none would be left, and said so, 'Oh,' he said, 'leave it to me, and you shall have at your parties true friends of the Government.' 'But remember,' said I, 'we are come out here not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance, if I may say so without being profane.' 'Well,' he said, * if you are determined to bring the sheep and the goats together in one fold you must take the chance of your party becoming a beargarden.' 'But I am going to give a ball,' I said, 'mon ami ; and music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.' He laughed and gave way, and so I had things as I wished.

The result is that I have given a most capital party on the 3rd of this month, and shall have one the first Thursday in every month. It is true, some of the Dutch fathers of families were sulky and stayed at home, being lukewarm, I suspect, to the English Government ; but the mothers and daughters came, and to plough with heifers has always been reckoned a good means to improve reluctant soil. By-and-by I shall get the fathers, you will see. I had a fiddle or two and a bit of supper after; all went most friendly. The 'hop' gave me also the opportunity of obliging the juvenile part of the Army and Navy, who, as I have told you, have been kept much in the background by their commanding officers. The invitations were conveyed through the mediums of the colonels of the Army and captains of the Navy to the subaltern officers, and thus all of them who were best behaved and most gentlemanlike were sent, and I think enjoyed themselves thoroughly, flirting a good deal with the Dutch ladies, who did not seem to share their fathers' dislike of English officers. I

shall have a similar party on the first Thursday of every month, as I have already told you, but cannot have public days oftener, as everything is so very, very dear that I should be



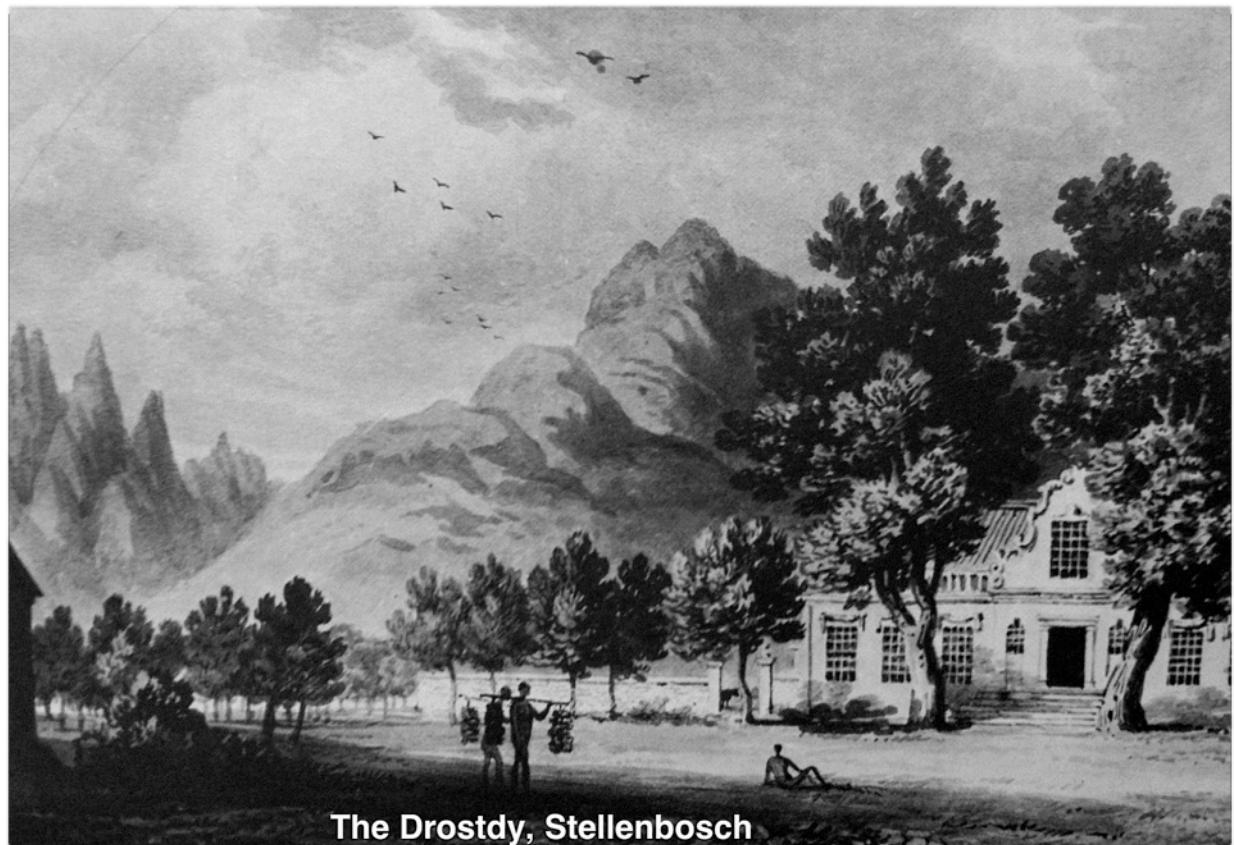
Kerkstraat, Stellenbosch

ruined. You will easily believe this, my dear friend, when I tell you that, amongst other things, my thirsty guests drank me up five dozen of porter, a little stock of which I had brought with me, but not enough to stand many such attacks. As to supper, three or four hams, some dozens of fowls and ducks, venison, and other game vanished in the twinkling of an eye, along with pastry of all sorts, for supper is a great meal here.

...

About the third part of the ladies at my party were Dutch — not more; but I shall have more by-and-by. Some of our Dutch ladies, in the town especially, are not all that they should be. The French, I am told, corrupted them; the English have merely taught them to affect virtue. I fear, alas ! too, that some of our officers have led them astray from it. I cannot shut my eyes to the fact. So far as I hear, this is a great place for marriages, and our brides generally lay in with fine boys about two months after marriage, so rapid are things in this country. When I was told this, wishing to be polite, I said that I feared the children had come a little too soon. 'Not at all, madam,' said the Dutchman, answering literally, 'they came exactly at the proper time, but the marriages took place a little late.' I love a delicate distinction, but on his part I the humour was quite unconscious.

...



The Drostdy, Stellenbosch

You would have paused and fixed your eye with a smile on our carriage, had you seen us driving away in our Dutch vehicle, with one black coachman and eight horses; but postillions are unnecessary here, the horses being blessed with a portion of good sense to pick their own steps. It would have surprised you had you seen us at the narrowest passes, bowling away, and passing other carriages and waggon-carts, with eight horses and one driver, yet no harm ensuing. Adieu, Adieu. I know you must think I shall never finish. I shall not tell you of the alarm of an engagement which frightened many people, but proved at last to be a species of varying clouds over the horizon, which perfectly resembled smoke and vessels at a distance. We think that Admiral Pringle does not dislike the Cape so much since he fell in love with a pretty little Miss ; it threatened matrimony for some time, but, like the engagement, it has gone off in misty clouds of smoke and left the weaker vessel unmanned ! Again, Adieu.

...

I never saw the force of prejudice more apparent than in the way Englishmen here turn up their foolish noses at the Cape wines because they are Cape wines. They will drink nothing but port, claret, or madeira, pretending that the wines of the country give them bowel-ache ! It may be so, if they drink two or three bottles at a time, and that very frequently, but Cape wine will not do so if used in moderation. Mr. Barnard drinks nothing else himself, though we have every other good wine at table, champagne and burgundy excepted. I must tell you, as an illustration, of what happened one day with us after dinner. We had a little hock on board ship, two bottles of which remained over, and we keep them for Lord Macartney when he is ill and wishes for a bonne bouche, as they happen to be

very fine. After dinner I thought myself drinking up one of the bottles of this hock, and said to Mr. Barnard, 'O fie ! why do you give us this to-day — it is some of our fine hock.' A certain lieutenant-colonel, who shall be nameless, on this filled his glass. 'Lord bless me, what fine wine this is ! ' said he ; 'I have not tasted a glass such as this since I came here.' I then found, on asking, that it was Steine wine, a cheap Cape wine, which Mr. Barnard had not liked, and had ordered for common use in the household. In a moment the colonel found fifty faults in it.

...

I believe it is a bit of a reflection on people here to have no family. One or two Dutchmen, on hearing us say we had none, exclaimed, ' Oh, miserable ! miserable ! ' in such a doleful tone, that I think I shall give myself credit for half a dozen left at school for the future.

...

Hottentot Holland we found totally uninhabited by Hottentots, they, poor things, having been driven up the country by their avaricious masters; and nothing can better prove the grasping hope of each Dutchman to possess himself of large domains than the distance at which the settlers have placed themselves from each other, instead of placing their houses within the vicinity of rational society. The Boer or farmer has only thought of keeping himself as little circumscribed as possible, and as far away as he could from the Landdrost's eye. The consequence of this has been that whenever families have settled wide of each other, there has been but a poor increase of them, whereas in places where they have been more confined there is ten times the increase, as in Graaf Keinet. Twenty years ago there were a hundred families in that district ; they were not permitted to emigrate beyond a certain distance, and are now eight hundred. In Hottentot Holland there seemed to be a house and farm every mile, or mile and a-half, but no hamlet or village. As the land is cultivated by slaves, and as they are the property of the master, his house has generally a slave-house belonging to it, which, alas ! is in place of that happier cottage at home where each Englishman has his wife, his child, his pig, and his cat or dog, as great within its four walls as any emperor within his palace. Until we see here hamlets also raising up their humble heads, and the artificer receiving his shilling or two a day for his work, and spending it as he pleases, unashed by any rattan, or without any chastisement but his wife's tongue if he has spent too much in porter, we will not see this a flourishing country. At present unwilling drudgery toils, unthanked, for indolent apathy.

...

I often wish, when I hear anything new, curious, or useful, that I could divest myself of that portion of false shame which prevents me from taking out a memorandum-book and marking it down while I remember the particulars, which afterwards escape my memory, and the thing sinks into oblivion. But for a woman very ill-informed on most subjects — I might have said on all subjects — to give herself the air of wisdom, while she knows how superficial she is, by marking down anything that passes in company, I cannot endure it ! It is wilfully drawing on a pair of blue stockings she has no right to wear ! In this I often put myself in mind of what an old friend used to say to us when children at her feasts : * My dears, eat as much as you can, but pocket nothing.' Was I a man, I would pocket without shame. It becomes at some time or another useful to him, and teaches the mind the good habit of reflecting on what it hears.

...

The carriage now reached us, and into it we stepped, not without being considerably amused to find that it was an ancient vis-d-vis of Old Q.'s, (The fourth Duke of Queensberry, familiarly known as 'Old Q.,' was celebrated for his connection with the Turf and his many eccentricities and social follies) which I well knew again, and which has still his coronet upon it. It served our turn, however, very well, while we skirted the lowering mountains which rose above our heads in all sorts of extraordinary shapes, which constitute their beauty to me. But how out of all calculation it seemed to us that we should be driving together amongst the hills in Africa in Old Q.'s vis-d-vis, with six horses in hand, for the Landdrost's carriage, being light, had only that number, for which he made us an

Mevrou Slabber of Theefontein



apology. Would the St. James's Street people believe that a Hottentot driver should be able to guide six or eight horses better than they do two ? No. We reached Stellenbosch in safety.

...

The Landdrost was called away the beginning of dinner one day to talk to an old man and old woman who had come together ; they detained him long. At last, when he returned, he

told us it was an affair of jealousy, founded on what often takes place in this country, the partiality of the master to one of his black slaves ; that all was amicably settled, as he had consented to sell the object of contention. He had not had two mouthfuls when another message came from the husband, to the effect that there being a sale in Hottentot Holland next day, he begged leave to sell her then. The Landdrost gave permission, thinking his hurry a proof that the man knew his own weakness, and was resolved to 'put future error out of his power. Two more mouthfuls were not swallowed, when the wife came back, and off the Landdrost was again. 'Come,' said I, 'I'll lay a rupee on old Sarah's head that she means to be generous, and since her husband is ready to sell the bondwoman to satisfy her, that she is now willing to let her and Ishmael remain.' The gentlemen shook their heads, but no one took my bet, as the appearance was in my favour. At last the Landdrost returned, and we eagerly inquired the old lady's business. 'Only to persuade me to give her leave to whip Hagar,' said he, 'before she is sold.' 'Oh, damn her !' cried Mr. Barnard. '* Amen,' said I, 'but I hope you did not consent ?' 'No, no,' said he, 'I thought the concession of selling her quite enough, and refused her revengeful request.'

...

On Sunday evening we had an impromptu ball at the Landdrost's; the young Dutchmen of the neighbourhood attended — awkward enough youths indeed — and a dozen of young ladies, amongst whom was a lately married Jacobin beauty of the name of Rousseau, of six feet and two inches high, broad in proportion, a Glumdalclitch likeness of the Duchess of Devonshire. Her age is only sixteen, so we may prophesy much for her future greatness. The young women are often good-looking at that age, but they all want softness. When they are, what is supposed here, well educated they have great ideas of keeping up their dignity, and not being put upon, which dignity, being rather coarsely supported, becomes a haughty pride or saucy gaiety as the fair one happens to be grave or merry. I can only quote, by way of instance of the last, the reply of a young lady to an officer who was lamenting that he had not seen her for a long time: 'Well, you see me now, don't you ?' There was no harm, to be sure, in the speech, but I felt that if I had been he, I should not have cared whether I ever saw her again! We had some droll minutes at this ball, but I am one of those never known to smile at any- body or anything. I was a simple spectatress. After the dance we had an excellent supper. The thing which amused me most at it was the entrance of two sucking babies, the mothers being of the party and suckling the children themselves. Here we might have venerated the simplicity of the Golden Age, no false delicacy created by luxury stepping in between the cup and the lip to prevent the little ones from having their repast as well as we. While the partners ate and drank heartily, the clynes — viz. the moye kinder (pretty little children — to translate for you, you European great man) — were busy in their way, to the great discomposure of my liege lord, who drew up his eyebrows and looked at me in despair, having no other place where he could throw his eyes without meeting with what seemed very unfit company for a ball. However, I look on this as of little consequence. 'Tis nonsense to expect the polish of countries that have been refining themselves for ages till they refine themselves away altogether — which is the lot of all worldly things — in one that has not been discovered or inhabited by Christians above one hundred and fifty years. I am in no hurry to send off the kinder from the balls. The more the mothers attend to them, and the less they flirt at the Cape with the English officers, so much the better for Mynheer.

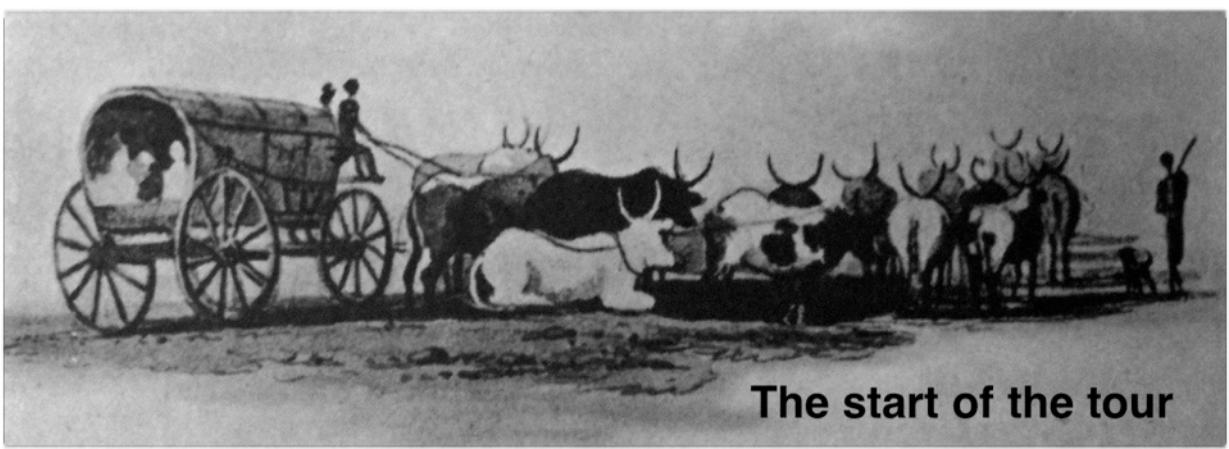
...

Lord Macartney himself means to make a tour of the same sort, but waits the arrival of the next despatches from England very anxiously. Indeed we all long for them from various

motives. We have seen old England (well governed) rub through so many hazardous moments, that we hope, alone as she now stands almost, to hear of her doing the same again. But certainly the last accounts of the French success, (' Probably an allusion to Bonaparte's successful campaign in Italy and the attempted invasion of England in conjunction with Spain, which Nelson and Jervis defeated off Cape St. Vincent.) and the plans against England, which were supposed to be ripe for carrying into execution some months ago, must make us very eager to hear of a satisfactory result. Invasion somewhere I suppose we must expect to hear of. "Well ! let the worst come ! I suppose the worst that can happen will be a bad peace. To make one such, or to see one made, would vex you all as Ministers, while as men, perhaps, you might be contented with a sacrifice of a lump of national glory to private repose and cessation of hostility.

...

I must therefore conclude by saying that I hope it will be found possible to keep the Cape ; that barren and ill cultivated as it now is, it strikes both Mr. Barnard and me to have great

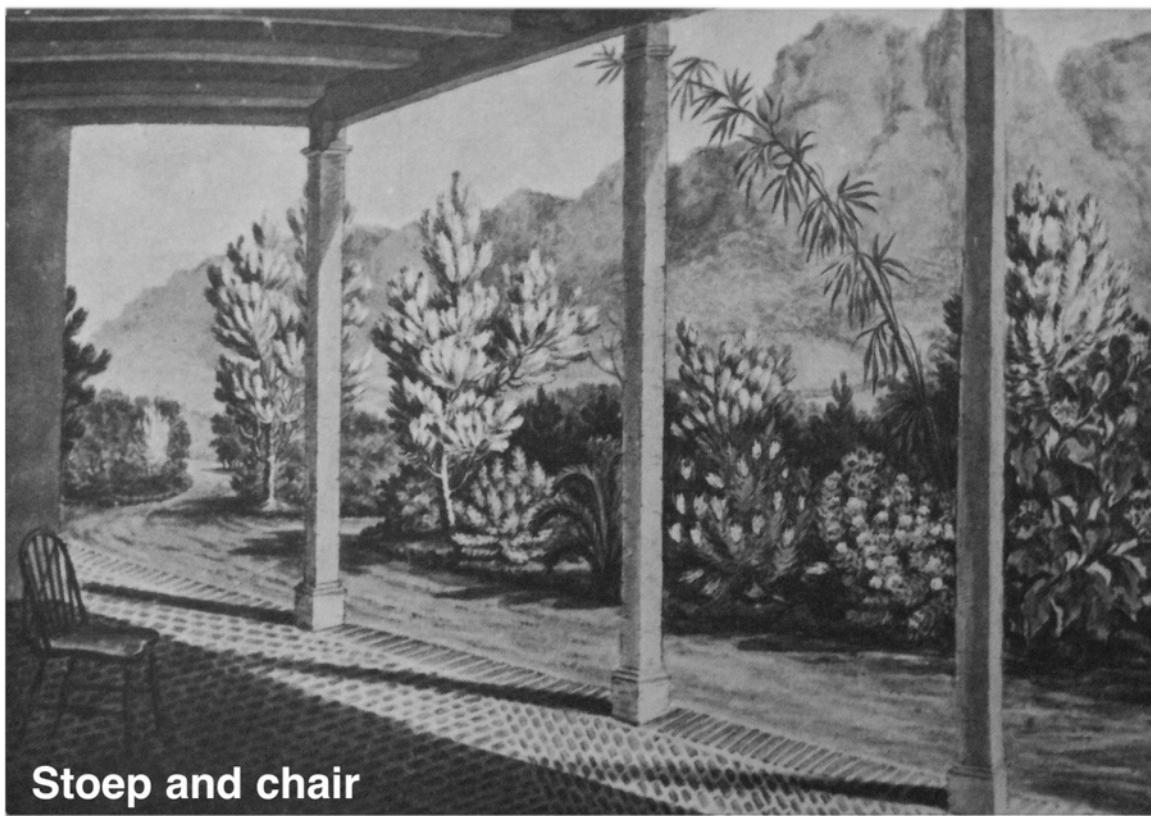


powers in itself to become one of the finest countries in the world. How far it will be the wisdom of England to encourage it to become so is for England's Sovereign and his Ministers to determine. Whether it will be more for England's advantage, and that of our possessions in India, to keep it subordinate, so that it may never interfere, while it aids and assists the to-and-fro constantly going on between England and India, is for you to determine, and you only. The choice climate and fertile soil here might certainly make it a second India, but whether in that point of view Ceylon might not be a better pis aller, supposing anything to go wrong with us in the East, is a point I have heard questioned. If the world was at peace, and was I a monarch, I should like to portion a younger son with the Cape, supposing him little, for a ten years' minority would produce a vast difference in this country, if it was as much encouraged as it has been repressed. Yet it is possible (if we keep it) that you may be obliged from policy to adhere to the same selfish considerations which governed the Dutch. The most enlightened of the inhabitants complain of the late regime. Their hands were tied up from being possessed of the riches they might so easily have enjoyed from their industry. They tell me there is nothing this place is not equal to, particularly if we can suppose the inter-course between the inner parts of the country and Cape Town rendered more easy. It is certainly a healthy climate.

The trip

Then Lord Macartney told Mr. Barnard that if he wished to see a little of the country, and did not think it too late, he might go for a month, as there was then no business which could not be transacted in his absence.

... now for the conveyance. Of course, it was a Cape waggon; any other sort of carriage in this country it is impossible to think of for such an excursion. An ox waggon would have suited our pockets best, being exactly half the price of a horse one; but it goes very slowly,



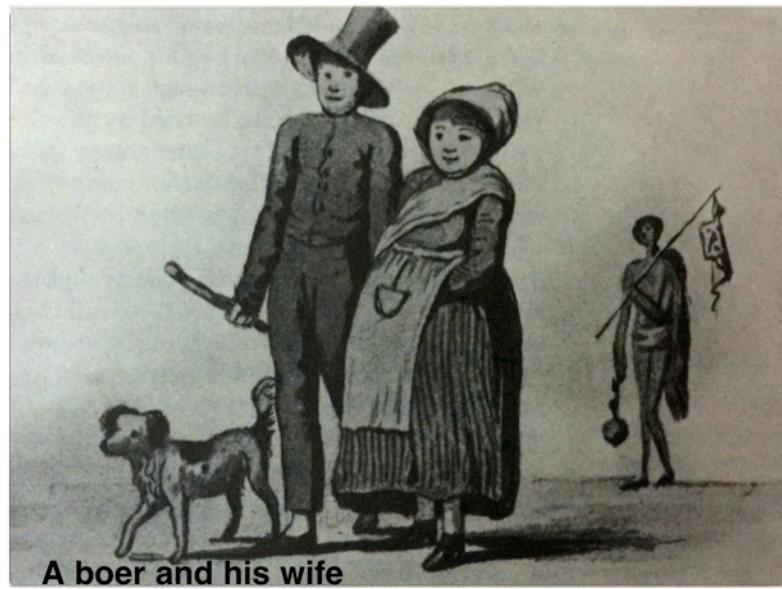
Stoep and chair

and as a month was all we could possibly afford, we could not cover half as much ground in the time. So we determined on horses, though we knew well should have to hire oxen also occasionally to take us over the kloofs, or steep passes in the mountains. The hire of our waggon, coachman, and eight horses, came to about three guineas a day. The waggon was long and narrow, after the fashion of those here, and had over it a stout sailcloth cover, very necessary in this climate. We then set to to add what was necessary to make our month as comfortable as might be. This, as a careful haus vrow, devolved on me. To begin with, I had a couple of sailcloth bags made to hold a pair of mattresses, two pairs of blankets, sheets, pillows, etc., in case we should find no beds at some of our nightly quarters, or perhaps very dirty ones at that. I also packed up some dozens of handkerchiefs to give to slaves and Boer servants, some ribbands, gold lace, needles, thread, scissors, tea, coffee, sugar, for the Boers themselves, etc., where people would not take money, a lot of pretty coloured beads for Hottentots, and some white pearl beads, some dozens of common knives, a large bale of tobacco, a bundle of candles, different things to eat, and a little bag of schellings, or bank notes of sixpence each, in my pocket. To these stores Mr. Barnard added two good hams, a large piece of beef, and two tongues, also a small cask of good madeira, a box of gin, rum, and liquors and plenty of

powder and shot. We also each packed a box containing our special things, over which the seats were hung. By the time this was done we were all ready to start.



Saturday, May 5th, 1798. — Behold us setting out in our waggon and eight at nine o'clock in the morning. On the front seat sat our coachman, Gaspar, lent us by a friend for the journey, an enthroned lord sitting on his own box, which was chiefly filled with tools, nails, and other things which might be useful for purposes of repair. Behind him sat your friend Lady Anne, on her knee an old drawing-book, which little thought in its old age it would be caught turning over a new leaf in the wilds of Africa. By her was her man Mynheer Barnard, with his gun ready to pop at the partridges the minute they appeared. Behind him, seated on the woolsacks — in other words, the mattresses — were cousins Johnny and Jane. Behind this happy pair was Charley, my little black boy, who was appointed inspector of the baggage, ready to holloa out when anything dropped. By him was Hector, a stupid old slave belonging to the coachman, who played the part of a sort of groom and odd man. Behind our waggon followed Pawell and another slave, who rode Mr. Barnard's horse and Jane's stud — viz. a couple of riding-horses — and a Hottentot riding Johnny Dalrymple's 'Hobgoblin.' These brought up the rear, and you will see made quite an imposing procession.



...

Sunday, May 6th, 1798. — After making a tolerable breakfast from our own tea, just with the addition of some fresh eggs, which we bought, we started. We hired a team of oxen to carry us to the foot of the Hottentot Kloof, which we reached in about an hour, having passed but one farmhouse by the way, and not a single tree or bush. At the bottom of the ascent we found a Boer ready with twelve splendid oxen ready to be put to the waggon. They seemed to dislike the business they were going on, and lowed piteously when they found themselves in the yoke. The ascent is about two miles ; for the first mile, wherever the eye turned there was heath, sand, sea, mountain, scarce a house to be seen, no cultivation, and, of course, no population. As we looked back over the wide prospect we were leaving, bay succeeded bay, and hill hill, carrying on the eye over a scene of infinite beauty. The path was very perpendicular, and the jutting rocks over which the waggon was to be pulled were so large that we were astonished how they were accomplished at all, particularly at one part called 'The Porch.' At length we reached the summit, and the new Canaan opened to my eye; hillock upon hillock, mountain behind mountain, as far as the eye could reach, a slight thread of rivulet here and there winding through the valleys like a silver eel. Our descent was much easier accomplished. We went down on foot, and when we got to the bottom we found the waggon safe, and the horses put to it again. I was horrified to see how much the poor oxen had suffered in our service ; their sides were streaming down with blood which the knives of the savage drivers had brought forth. They are very cruel here to their cattle — the whip is an implement of torture, and is sometimes supplemented by knives; the drivers are sufficiently good anatomists to know exactly the vital parts to be avoided.

...

We were going on to a Mynheer Brandt's, where we intended to pass the night ; but we stopped halfway at a farmhouse to rest the horses and have something to eat. I was very tired, and I thought the stoep in front of the house the pleasantest of all seats. We made the best meal we could, having as a table the top of an old barrel.

I wanted to stay here all night, but the coachman said that he could go on and reach our destination before sunset. He was mistaken, for after we had gone some time the sun set with a vengeance. There is hardly any twilight here, and in this case there happened to be no moon, so within a quarter of an hour we were plunged from light into total darkness. The road was very rough, and though I made Hector walk at the head of the horses to be doubly sure, suddenly the waggon began to rock. 'Sit tight ! ' shouted Mr. Barnard. I felt the wheel sinking on the side I was, and, in a moment, down we came like a mountain. The waggon was overturned, my head lower than my heels, and everything in the world, it seemed, was above me. Cousin Jane, Johnny, and I were laid low; Mr. Barnard escaped, and rushed to see how we were. I felt half suffocated with the luggage, and my arm seemed broken, but presently, when they had unpacked me, I crawled out safe on the heath. Presently Jane also emerged, and there we were, bruised, but with no bones broken; it was really a miraculous escape. While they were trying to get the waggon straight again, though they had great fear of doing it, I walked about to discover in the darkness where we were, while Jane sat on a stone, a statue of patience, condoling with herself for the bruises on a white marble arm, the rest of her being preserved, in a most literal sense of the word, for a cask of ginger had had its topknot knocked off in the fall, and had poured its contents in at Jane's neck and out at her toe, by which means she was a complete confection. I could not help laughing, and sat down to count my bruises with her, when we were startled by hearing a voice in the darkness behind us saying, 'Well, to be sure, this is the devil's own circumstance.' I found it proceeded from Cousin Johnny, who had embarked the whole of his fortune, amounting to thirty dollars, in Jane's netting case, which happened to be the only thing lost in our tumble. We all crept after it on our hands and knees in the darkness, but nowhere was it to be found, nor had we a tinder-box to strike a light. 'Well,' said he, with a cornet's philosophy, 'here's for a light heart and a thin pair of breeches,' and he kicked out his foot to emphasise his words, and lo and behold ! it struck against something which jingled. I leave you to imagine his transports. Everything was replaced in about an hour, and off we started. But fresh perils awaited us, for we had to cross the river; fortunately the ford was marked out by a stick or two, and we got over it safely. Never was anything so welcome as Mynheer Brandt's house. We entered through a kitchen filled with slaves, many of them with very little covering on. Under the guidance of Gaspar, who turned out to be a man of many talents, we made a most excellent supper, with a little hot wine and water to crown it. Decent beds rendered no trouble in unpacking necessary.

Tuesday, May 5th, 1798. — We had an excellent sleep in one of the tallest beds I ever saw, and a good breakfast; all our bruises tolerable; white marble arm to-day had become verde antique, which I tried to convince Jane was a more valuable article. We started off at eight o'clock in the morning, and our road was much the same as other days. There was more game, and we passed through a good deal of low brushwood. At last in the distance appeared stupendous hills of white sand, over which we had to cross; the hills looked as though they were covered with snow, while the air had all the charm of summer without its oppressive heat. Many tremendous mounds of sand did we ascend and descend, our wheels above the axle-trees, and at last we reached a curious cave of petrifications, called the Drup Kelder — or rather we arrived in the neighbourhood of it, for it took us some time to discover the path, which was steep and dangerous, and had to be done on foot. Sometimes this path was only two feet broad, with a precipice at the side, in which I must assuredly have been dashed to atoms had I fallen; no ascent to the Table Mountain was equal to the dangers and horrors of this. At the cave's mouth there lay sundry bones, but we could not judge what animal they belonged to. Tigers often infest it, and feast on what they drag inside ; it was, therefore, necessary to fire a gun before we entered the cavern, and to have plenty of light to intimidate the creatures. Unless in greatest want no

savage animals will attack a man ; the guides remarked by the trembling of the horses that they smelt tigers near about, but we saw none. We had fortunately brought a tinder-box, and the gloom of the cave was soon illuminated by some wax candles which I packed up after my last party in Berkeley Square — you will remember! They little thought, those candles, when their tops had the honour of shining upon some of their Royal Highnesses, and in your right honourable face, that their bottoms would next illuminate the Drup Kelder in South Africa. The pointed drup stones of stalactites hung down from the roof in great numbers, and sometimes met others which had risen from the ground; it was a curious sight. I am sorry the time did not admit of my drawing it properly. This was our day's excursion, and we did not get back again until eleven o'clock. Mr. Barnard was unwell, and went to bed. I made a fricassee with the 'conjurer,' and very good it was.

...

The next morning, while they were making breakfast ready, I made acquaintance with a pair of young ostriches — the first I have ever seen in my life. They were something so different in their appearance to anything I had ever seen, that, when I perceived a couple of creatures coming towards me, whose long throats reached about four feet higher than the horses' backs, I rubbed my eyes, thinking my head was giddy. After breakfast we went over the Baths; the Government House consists of three or four rooms. The water is introduced in its own stream into a small house where there is a bathing place ; it is hot. In the kitchen I admired a very picturesque group — a Hottentot woman in her ornaments, a Boer, little Charley, and slaves, all collected together. The Boer's figure, serenely smoking his pipe, first looking at the Hottentot he was accustomed to see, and then at the Englishwoman he had never seen before, was a picture.

We set off again in our waggon, favoured with another charming day. Our object this morning was to see those humble missionaries who, sent by the Moravian Church about seven years ago, have made so great a progress in converting the Hottentots to Christianity. I had heard much of them, and I desired with my own eyes to see what sort of people Hottentots are when collected together in such an extensive kraal as that which surrounds the settlements of the fathers. Hitherto I had only seen the servants of the farmers kept to hard work and humiliating subjection. We travelled on over rough ground, and after about four hours arrived at the base of the Baviaan and Boscheman's Kloofs, where the settlement was. Bach step we now took we found a bit of grass or a few cattle, a kraal or a hut, a cornfield, a little garden, and a general look of peace and prosperity, which seemed to me the tacit manna of the Almighty showered down upon His children. The fathers, of whom there were three, came out to meet us in their working jackets, each man being employed in following the business of his original profession — miller, smith, carpenter, and tailor in one. They welcomed us simply and frankly, and led us into their house, which was built with their own hands five years ago. They told us that they were sent by the Moravian Church in Germany; that their object was to convert the Hottentots and render them industrious, religious, and happy; that they had spent some time in looking out for a proper situation, sheltered, of a good soil, and near water; that they had found it here, and had procured some Hottentots to assist them in the beginning of the work, and by their treatment of them had gradually encouraged more to creep around them. 'This gate,' said one of the fathers, 'and all the ironwork is my broeder's making.' The other two had raised the walls, which were of clay mixed with stone. The tailor had taught the Hottentot women to make rush mats of a sort of reed, with which the floor of the church was covered. They asked us to step in to see the church ; we found it about forty



Cape Coloured girl with monkey

feet long and twenty broad ; the pulpit was a platform raised only a few steps above the ground, and matted with some rushes, on which were three chairs and a small table, on which was a Bible. I regretted very much that it was not Sunday - then I should have found the whole community, about three hundred Hottentots, assembled to Divine worship. The fathers said I should still see them, as at sunset every day, when business was over, there were prayers. Presently the church bell was a-ringing, and we begged leave to make part of the congregation. I doubt much whether I should have entered St. Peter's at Rome, with the triple crown, with a more devout impression of the Deity and His presence than I felt in this little church of a few feet square, where the simple disciples of Christianity, dressed in the skins of animals, knew no purple or fine linen, no pride or hypocrisy. I felt as if I was creeping back seventeen hundred years, and heard from the rude and inspired lips of Evangelists the simple sacred words of wisdom and purity. The service began with a Presbyterian form of psalm ; about one hundred and fifty Hottentots joined in the twenty-third psalm in a tone so sweet and loud, so chaste and true, that it was impossible to hear it without being surprised. The fathers, who were the sole music-masters, sang in their deep-toned bass along with them, and the harmony was excellent. This over, the miller took a portion of the Scripture and expounded it as he went along. The father's discourse was short, and the tone of his voice was even and natural, and when he used the words, as he often did, myne lieve vriende, 'my beloved friends,' I felt that he thought they were all his children.

We made a most excellent supper, and the fathers ate with us. I must say they had excellent appetites — they urged one another on. 'Breeder, eat this,' and 'Broeder, take another slice,' and 'Ledi, ask him, he likes it.' This was a propos of one of our cold hams, for they had not tasted one since they left Germany, they said. So, of course, we left

what remained of it for them. Our cask of madeira and our gin were next produced, and they gladly partook of it, as it was a day of fete. They had accustomed themselves to do quite without wine, and even without meat, living on the simplest fare. Their position, they told us, was one of great danger, for the Boers disliked them for having taken the Hottentots away from the necessity of laborious servitude, and 'over and over again,' they told us, 'the farmers had made plots to murder us. The last plot, which was to shoot us with poisoned arrows, we discovered and were able to prevent.' Mr. Barnard was very much interested in this, and promised to speak to the Governor to see what was best to be done for their security. We spent the night in a small sitting-room on a couple of cane sofas very comfortably.

...

We got into our waggon after breakfast and proceeded on our journey, falling down first into a valley rendered almost green by a variety of all the plants which our greenhouses in Europe are stocked with. After travelling about three hours I saw a little brook which wandered at a distance through some low bushes. I had just been regretting to Jane that I

had not seen any of the Hottentot ladies in their natural but also ornamented state, the servants of the farmers being kept in too much drudgery to be vain. I had hardly expressed my regret when my good genius presented me Pharaoh's daughter in the very brook before me, washing her royal robes, one of the most picturesque creatures it was possible to see. From afar I saw my copper-coloured princess seated on a stone and all over ornaments, and making the waggon go on I slipped out and went across to her. She let me make a little sketch of her, none of the gentlemen being by, and in return I gave her some old silver lace which I had in my workbag. Her transport on seeing it passed all bounds ; she clasped her hands to adore it, tied it round her head, and then took it off and spread it out on the bushes. She was really a very gallant-looking girl of eighteen, and most good-natured.

We had a terrible experience this night, which we spent at the Brandt Fly Baths, an exceedingly dirty place, where the food baffled description. We could eat nothing, and I declared that, as I never ate supper, I must beg permission of the vrow to have my tea and bread and butter ; I only wanted some boiling water, as I had all the rest by me. Jane, however, would not join us, but retired to bed in silent despair. I found her later laid out for the night in her powdering gown. We spent an awful night, all bitten to death with fleas.

...

Thursday, May 31st, 1798. — This was the last day of our tour. We remounted our waggon at ten, and started off for a farmhouse called Blueburg, where we dined ; roads much the same as usual, healthy sand, scarce in cultivation or grass. After dinner, Gaspar, to save some heavy road, drove down upon the sea-beach before we came to the Salt River, a piece sometimes dangerous from quick-sands. Unfortunately he had mistaken the hour, and imagined the tide was retreating, instead of which it was coming in. Every five minutes he was obliged to whip up his horses to their full speed to avoid sinking into sands almost alive from the sea which foamed under our wheels. We were very much afraid, and that not without reason. However, the fact justified Gaspar, for we got through all safe, and by eight o'clock at night, accompanied by a heavy south-easter, arrived at the Castle and home.

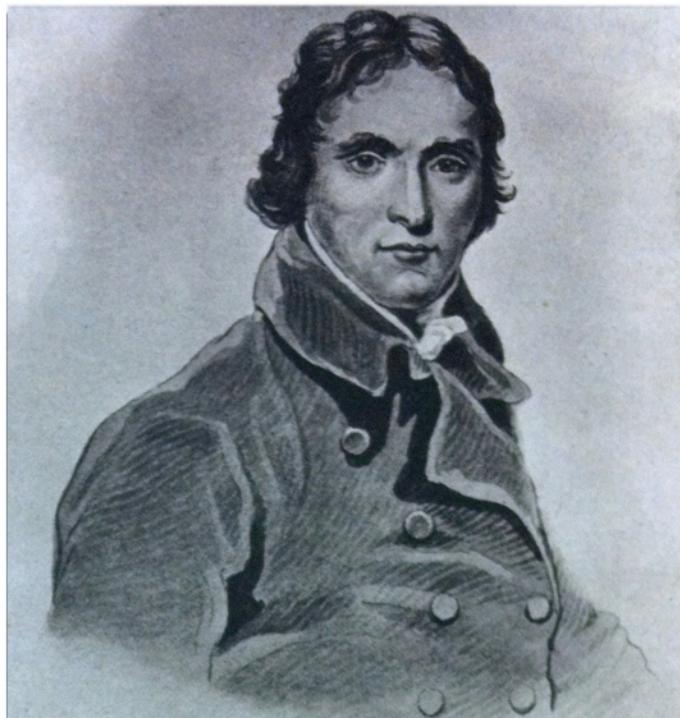
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The Castle, Cape of Good Hope :
August 13th, 1798.

Cornet James Dalrymple



'A SOFT word,' saith the Proverbs, 'turneth aside wrath.' And the repetition of a kind expression from the mouth of a friend who, I began to fear, was forgetting me entirely, is so conciliatory, and so satisfactory, that it is impossible to do anything else than to fly to pen and ink to hold a little mental communication. Why — why do you express yourself kindly of me and of my husband, and say you have pleasure in my letters, and even honour me so unexpectedly far as to quote information from them, yet never tell me so yourself by one line? Remember that (in spite of Doctor De Maineduc's doctrines) one cannot be quite sure at the far end of the globe, without the intervention of a little pen and ink, what one's well-beloved antipode is feeling for one. But you have, to more than one, said obliging



Acheson Maxwell, comptroller of customs

things of me, for which I thank you, less because they were flattering than because they sweep away a set of little, vile, painful suggestions which began to haunt me, and which have rendered me silent for the last three or four weeks when I had plenty to say to you, and when 'old love and kindness' would have been glad, if pride had not laid its heavy embargo on all scribbling till you should say 'Go on and prosper, and tell me all, without fancying yourself tiresome or being ashamed.' All you shall have, and that directly — for there is a signal for three ships from the north-west; and, if any more arrive from England without my hearing from you, I will not answer that I mayn't relapse, and then I shall not be able to get over the ground with any comfort to you or myself. At present I have a fair field for hope; and even if I should be disappointed, the letters of my two good-natured friends about you, and a message or two from yourself through Lord Macartney, will last me a little while longer.

...

September 2nd. — So far had I got, my dear friend, when I was seized with a sore-throat which confined me for a fortnight to bed, and a week more in my own room. Nothing did

me any good till a charming packet of letters arrived from England, and one from you amongst the rest. 'My Dear Lady Anne' at the top, in your great colossal hand delighted my eyes, but the hand of another succeeded to it. Alas ! it was not Lady Jane's, as I thought, and I am sadly afraid that your eyes must have been very weak to have forced you to employ an amanuensis. You say many very kind, very flattering things to me, too flattering, was it not that I know where you feel kindness you are a most partial judge. You cannot be too much so to please me; may I never be judged impartially of by those I love. Nothing alloyed the pleasure these very agreeable compliments gave me except their being written in another man's hand; but as I found 'Adieu, my dear friend ' in your own, with 'Henry Dundas ' to the bottom in pledge of your sincerity, I was perfectly contented, and now I shall go on as before, scribbling away from such funds as this place gives me, without a fear of your being tired or annoyed.

...

This shall be the Gazette I promised of all the Cape occurrences since I last wrote to you. Small as the place is, there is a wonderful number of little bizarre incidents, half-European, half-African, which make as good gossip for those who like it as if the actors were dukes and ladyships. What happens to be talked of before me I hear, because I have a pair of ears, but no one brings me a secret or a wonder, because it is known that I am not fond of tittle-tattle. At the same time, observe that I am going to write a perfect tittle-tattle letter to you in the midst of all my discretion and rigidity. 'Tis the way with all prudes to frown publicly at what they privately smile. I shall not confine myself, how-ever, to anything, but bring out everything as it comes into my mind, having no time for arrangement. "We have had elopements, marriages, half-marriages, marriages to be. We have been taking prizes, had ships in distress, and Beauties that went to Bengal last year to be married, married and returning for their health. The oddest occurrence that presents itself is the wedding of a mad Captain Barclay, who insisted on having a licence to marry a woman whose character was so very bad that Lord Macartney sent Mr. Barnard to advise him against it. 'Tell your Lord,' said he, 'that I am forty-five years of age, and should know what I like.' As that would not do, Mr. Barnard next hinted that report actually circulated it that he (Captain Barclay) was married already, and of course a licence could not be given. This he denied, and professed himself ready to take his oath before the Fiscal that he was single. He did so, and was married next day. He now says that he is perfectly certain he is justified in taking that oath, as his wife by the last letters was so ill that he is sure she must be dead by now ! The present one will suffer no loss if he separates from her, as it is supposed he will do soon. He has a brother, a man of honour and credit, in England. I fear he will get a poor account of some bills he sent for the purchasing him out of the regiment.

Soon after this a fair lady eloped with the purser of an Indiaman. Mr. Barnard was also sent to prevail on her to return to her colours, but she would not, : and is with the purser still. We had next the elopement of the Dutch Miss Vandenberg with Captain Hamilton Ross, a young man of very good character, who had made fair and honourable proposals which the father objected to, having a right to keep her fortune till she was eighteen if she married without his consent. Meantime his own wife died, and he informed his daughter that he meant to give her for a mother-in-law a person who had been in the habit of whipping her, and who had a son who was intended for her husband. She told him if he did that she would marry Captain Ross. The father married. The young lady chucked the Dutch lover under the chin for a few days to lull suspicion, and then went off. The father has been roaring like a madman to catch her, but she is where no one can get at her. His rage is so loud that it has even reached the tars on board of their ships. One of the Jacks

lately came to him and told him, if he would swear to keep the secret and give him the reward of 100 dollars, he would show him the house where the Beauty was secreted. The father agreed, and paid him the money, forgetting his caution in his eagerness for revenge. John Bull led him in the dark through street after street ; at last, breaking suddenly from him, he bid him good-night and, turning down a by-corner, was out of sight in a moment. Captain Hamilton Ross is an officer in the Scots Brigade, and his fair lady sails with him to India, and will be married there when she is eighteen, but she has a year to wait. It makes no difference ; her lover is a man of perfect integrity, and she may depend on him. He has offered so fair, and behaved so well as to conciliate everybody's esteem, and whenever she is married the English ladies of the Cape, and I for one, will support her through. Her father only is to blame, and avarice is at the bottom. The Dutch ladies will not visit her, I dare say. She has a dash of the bleu, her mother's mother having been a slave, and as we are as proud as Lucifer on point of birth, there is no quality or virtue, not even the virtue of being rich, which is not sponged out by the word 'slave-born,' or half-caste. She is

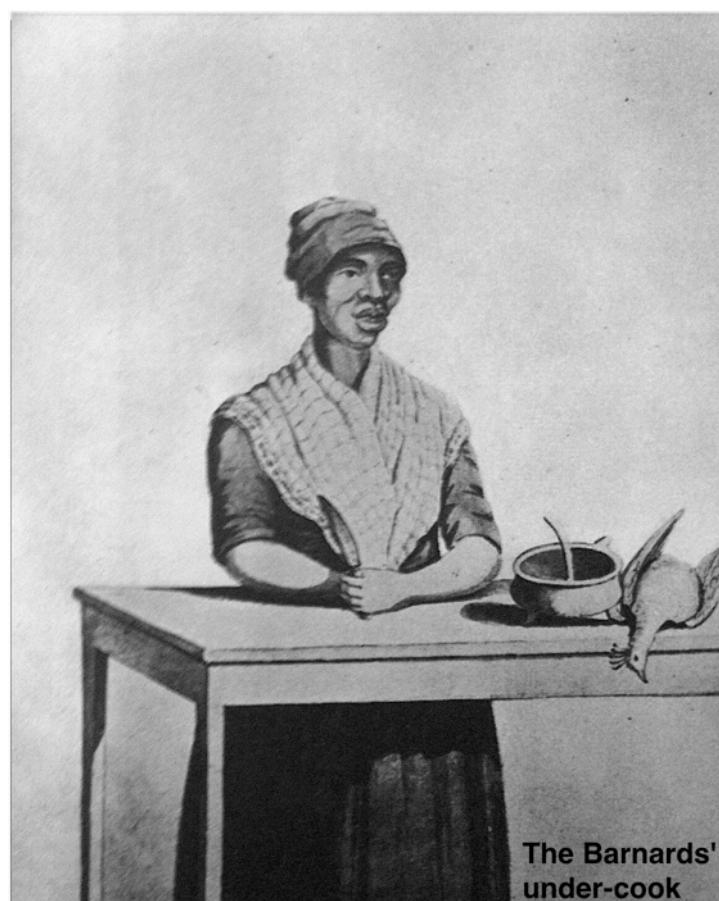


a very pretty girl — much genteeler than the generality of the women here; but I have much offended two of the Quality by asking if they were acquainted with her.

There is a Miss Du Wat who sails for England with the first ships, after a Captain Manning. He proposed to her, but she could not make up her mind about leaving her friends, and, what was of still more consequence, she could not make up her wedding clothes in time to sail on a certain day, I should not have thought that was of much importance, but I have heard they esteem it so here. Well, the lover embarked, and the lady began to repent that

she had not accompanied him. She now means to follow him to England, against the advice of all the Englishmen here, who think she had better remain where she is. It is a bold undertaking, and justifies the old proverb, 'A stitch in time saves nine.' A stitch in her wedding clothes, more hastily put in, would have certainly saved her a most precarious sailing match.

Within these two days another fair one has eloped with another officer. She, too, being under age, is taken up by the Fiscal and in prison, but as the lover says she never proposed, or even hinted, marriage to him, I suppose this will blow by without any Hymen in the case. The Cape young ladies' seem to have no dislike for our English officers, but I think they risk a little too much to secure them. They are not all like Captain Ross.



A Dutch wedding that took place lately entertained me a good deal. The master of the family has been supposed rather of the Jacobin sort, and Lord Macartney was not a little displeased to find he had sent out his invitations to his friends for the wedding and ball to 'Citizen' this and 'Citizen' that — a title not permitted in this Colony, of course. No notice was taken of this till

They were in the midst of all their din — Tra-fa-limoni-didle.
In came the Cat, and her Kit-tin — Lam-mend and ledilly.

The Cat appeared in the shape of the Town Mayor and the Kitten as twenty dragoons, who arrived in time for the ball, and put the party into a glorious fright. Mynheer instantly began

stroking down the whiskers of the Town Mayor, and noble ones has that pussie, frizzled out on each side of his face. He was invited to dance, and the whole thing was treated as a jest. Mynheer professed himself ready to make the Governor every apology he could desire for his foolish method of naming his friends, which he declared to be a jeu d' esprit only. The Town Mayor was beginning to dance with the daughter of the family, when he saw standing above him General Dundas's cook just ready to lead off, which made him retire in disgust. The cook had asked the General's leave in the morning to go a neighbour pour faire des patties. He is a Frenchman — and all other things which that class of Frenchman are. He did not tell the General that he was pour faire doux yeux aussi.

...

There is another ship, the 'Ganges,' which contains some English captains on their way home — one of the name of Lambert, another Broughton, the last a thin little fellow whom I believe you sent on a voyage of discovery. His vessel has been lost. He mentions an island near Japan, where he was kindly treated by a gentle race of people entirely covered with hair, and their manners mild and humane — no tails — so I fancy they will class in finely at a point in Hunter's gradations, from Mr. Pitt down to the least little monkey of the forest — there being a link or two wanting, I have heard say, between negro and ourang-outang which this sweet island will afford a means of supplying.

...

Paradise, Cape of Good Hope :
April 4th, 1799.

First, my dear Friend, let me in three cheers express my joy on the late glorious event, which I daresay will form as bright a moment in history as England ever saw. (The Battle of the Nile). Light gains double by shadow, and dark indeed was the shadow which preluded these victories. I see the new peer is to be Lord Nile, or Lord Something of the Nile. (I hope his eldest son won't be Baron Crocodile.) I should like to see a dozen more such creations. (Nelson was created Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe in Norfolk.)

...

By the bye (for you know it is my way to bring out things as they pass across my mind), are Cape spiders reckoned curiosities in England ? Doctor Roxburgh tells me that they are; but I hate spiders of all sorts, handsome or ugly, so much that I should not thank anybody for giving me a bushel. Think, then, what I suffered lately, when, after having found in the bushes, as I supposed, a very large mausoleum of a silkworm like a goose's egg, I put it into my writing drawer, and some days after, on opening it, a whole legion of young spiders broke forth on me. It was a spider's nest, and I had inoculated every room in the house at once, for off they ran to every hole they could find, I assure you it is needless in this country to propagate gentry of this un-pleasant kind, for there is one breed of little animals of a dark complexion which are in summer the plague of society. The only comfort is, that the more a house is inhabited, the fewer there are of them.

...

I went with Mr. Barnard to Cape Town yesterday to see the chief of one of the tribes of what is called here the right Bushmen. What a courageous fine fellow that young man must be, who, after having gone on plundering a neighbouring nation (the Hottentots) for such a length of time, trusts himself with a band of them to come down (the first time a Bushman ever came voluntarily so far) to see the English Governor at the Cape ! His

brother only accompanied him. The chief, whose name was ' Philan ' — I am willing to hope a contraction of philander — was covered with old military ornaments of different regiments, some of which we had brought with us from England, having stored ourselves from an old shop for such things with all the ornamental brass we could pick up. Different people had given him some very old clothes before he came to pay me a visit at the Castle, so I did not see him quite in his unadorned state of loveliness. But over these clothes he wore his own, the skin cloak and all his decorations — gorgets, belts, and pouches. His countenance was good-humoured to the greatest degree, with more character in it than the Hottentot face, which has rarely more than gentleness to boast of. His hair was perfectly different from the hair of any other human creature I have seen, as it was like fringes of fine knotted black worsted — such knotting as old ladies do for beds. In the front of his forehead he wore a little button, hanging down, somewhat like a pagoda, and behind he had a queu (I don't think I have spelled this word aright), that is a pig-tail, which hung down an inch, with two shells to it. I was quite delighted with the dress of the tail — it showed he was no democrat ; but it is not exactly such as is worn by our captains in St. James's Street. As they speak no Dutch, and as the interpreter (a Hottentot) was obliged to leave them to fetch the rest, I could not get so much of their minds as of their faces. But they seemed much pleased with the English, and are to bring their vrows to visit me this winter. The Gonagua man took great pains to tell Mynheer Barnard what pretty girls there are in that country ; theirs is the country described by Valliante, so perhaps there may have been some truth in his representation of 'Narina.' They have some ideas of marriage — the



An Indian

chief and his brother had two wives each, but one or two of the Hottentots who accompanied them only one apiece. We gave to all coarse handkerchiefs, knives, scissors, needles, thread, and beads. To the chief I gave a very fine button, which he instantly tied round his neck, and Mr. Barnard gave him a coat and waistcoat, which he also put on, throwing off his clothes to do so. Fortunately, Mr. Barnard at that time gave these two articles only, else I know not to what lengths the chief would have carried his toilette in my presence. There is something singularly delicate in the make of the Bushman — his arms are so finely turned and hands so small (one of the fingers of this

one was withered off by the bite of a serpent). His wrist was as delicate as that of a lady's, yet when he bent his bow it seemed to be strong, and the wildness of his figure was striking — but their tones ! Oh, how strangely savage ! They have all the clucking noise of the Hottentots, each word being so divided, but accompanied by sounds, or rather groans, quite uncouth.

We gave them some brandy, which they greedily took, and, previous to their departure, some gimlets, and an old sword, and to each some tobacco and a new pipe. They were quite happy, and, bidding us farewell, made each a sort of bow with his hat or handkerchief in hand. The chief, rapid in his motions, made a low one ; a table was near, and the tobacco-pipe (stuck in his hat), knocking against it, was shivered to pieces. Never, no never, did painting convey such an attitude, or the feelings of nature speak so plain. He did not gaze at it, or pick it up. He covered his face at once with his hand, desolation was in his heart, and he stood there till, ready to burst into tears, he could just turn aside to prevent them from dropping. Meantime we had sent for another pipe. The Hottentots clucked to him that here was another ; he took his hand from his face — saw the pipe — received it — but the remedy to his sorrow was too sudden for the transition of joy to follow it — the pain of the broken pipe stuck, though the new pipe was in his hand. He then picked up the fragments and placed all once more in the hat, of which he seemed very proud, and with a deep sigh and a consoled ' Tankee,' went off. By the bye, I asked him if he had any objection to giving me a little of his queer hair and his queue — giving him a fine large shell to tie in its place, which enchanted him. He was greatly flattered by my request, and held down his head to have it cut off, which the brother seeing, came forwards with his fringed top also. I had meant this modern relic for Lady Jane, and had written her a note, but it looks so odd and uncouth that I think it would rather frighten than please her. Perhaps, as you are a bold man, and not easily scared, I may send it to you, or a little of his hair.

We have had two ships come into Simon's Bay within the last week in great distress — the one an old shattered vessel, containing, besides the crew, six hundred French prisoners — those who have been for some years in the prisons at Madras, and those who were lately seized at Pondicherry on suspicion, fully founded, of their carrying on machinations against our interests with their countrymen and with Tippoo. Of these there are some opulent and creditable men of good manners. They, in number about fifty, have the half of the Captain's cabin, the other 550 are stowed below. I suppose the ship came off in a hurry, but it appears as if the agent employed to provide for them had not done his employer justice, as they were more than half-famished, and in want of everything. Disease had begun to sweep them off, and it was daily gaining ground, so the General has permitted the sick to be put on shore, and they are now at Muizenburg. I wish there were the means here of affording some vessel to take away the half of them, but I hear there is at present not one carriage of that sort on this coast, all being cruising out. Thank Heaven, however, for the success of the British Navy over our enemies ; we have little now to fear from invasion. The other ship contained convicts ; it was in still greater distress for food, and in great want of medical aid. The ship surgeon is a humane man who exerts himself night and day to do his duty, but is so ignorant of his profession that he did not know there was a putrid fever on board, though eight and ten died of it a day. I have no more news, so goodbye.

The last very long letter you have probably received from me was followed shortly by others containing accounts of more fires at different parts of Cape Town, fortunately prevented from doing material harm, which, if all accidental, at least were liable to a different interpretation. To those succeeded a new species of calamity which lasted but for a short time, but threatened us all in the Castle with a watery grave. You will not suppose me to be painting only through a woman's fears, when I tell you that we were obliged to fire guns of distress. A couple of days' rain, almost amounting to the deluge of old, began the ill. Towards night (the second day) water rose so many feet suddenly in the Castle as to fill up all the ditches, go near to drown the officers of artillery in their mess-room and all the bandits in the lower courtyard, four of which only did suffer ; but as it rose a foot or two every minute, the increasing danger appeared considerable, and while we paused the moment for flight was over. The uncertainty of the cause of this doubled the alarm. By some the sea was supposed to have broken in, others imagined it to be like the earthquake at Lisbon which was so fatal to thousands. This phenomenon, however, proved only to have been some waterspouts, or clouds loaded with rain, which broke over the Table Mountain, falling down the gullies there, where, joined by other waters from the adjacent hills, they had become a torrent impetuous enough to break down all before it, but not such as to have been dangerous had it not taken the direction of the Castle, the outer gate of which it entered in a volume of ten or twelve feet high, and the natural consequences followed from the general dismay in the dark.

Having had fire, water, and already somewhat of an insurrection in the Graaf Keinet district, we needed only mutiny in the Army to render the measure of our vexations complete. This we had a taste of the 6th day of last month, when a plot was revealed by a soldier of the 91st Regiment, who had been solicited to join it by one M'Gie, a soldier of the 618th, who had told the other that the 81st and 61st regiments were ready at a minute's warning to assist each other to murder, or otherwise secure, their commanding officers, who slept in the Castle ; to seize the powder-magazine, take possession of the Castle, and become the new masters of the Cape. The rogue M'Gie, who was at the head of this scheme, finding it defeated by discovery, turned King's evidence under promise of pardon from the General, and, by accusing a couple of innocent men, whose excellent characters bore them through, screened his real associates, and it remains still in the dark who they were. But though there proved to be much less in the matter than was at first imagined, there still was, in the opinion of many, something; and this is an unpleasant idea to their very worthy Commanders Carruthers and Barlow, who are excellent officers and good men. They wish to think this the mad scheme of one foolish boy. It, however, put the whole garrison in alarm and reared the gallows for instant execution. None were condemned, however, for the above reasons.

...

The third Kaffir War

With the departure of Lord Macartney, Lady Barnard became far less satisfied with the quality of the British leadership, as her account of the third Kaffir war makes clear. The Kaffirs had crossed the Fish River in force, thus invading the Cape Colony.

...

This boundary of the Fish River (which had been the accustomed one, I hear, for the Kaffirs in general) General Dundas thought it expedient that General Vandeleur should insist on their retreating behind, and to force them to do so General Vandeleur drove away their cattle to its banks, knowing they must follow for subsistence.[^]

How far it was well to force the old, old policy on this occasion you will best judge. It seems natural, however, to expect that the Kaffirs would resist, for had they been compelled to recross that river they must have found death from their countrymen on the other side, who are numerous. They of course refused, and hostilities began. On the other hand, the Hottentots I have mentioned, long habituated to oppression and unjustly treated on all occasions by the farmers, seeing no disposition (at least that they knew of) in the English to redress their wrongs, began to think this was a fair moment for them to redress themselves. They took possession of the arms and horses of their absent masters, mounted themselves, and along with the other Hottentots, the servants of the remaining farmers, joined the Kaffirs, assisted them in resisting the attempts of the English, and in making depredations on the Dutch settlements, which they plundered and destroyed. This met with opposition from our small force, and in dividing it for different purposes an officer and twenty men were cut off.

General Vandeleur wrote for more support. Our garrison was weak, and our squadron absent ; our troops were hardly returned to Cape Town when they were sent 800 miles back again to effect the purposes I have mentioned, and at the same time to awe the rising spirit of rapine and cruelty which, once awakened in savage people, becomes soon desperate and dangerous. Field-pieces and more ammunition were also sent. The Dutch saw our danger from experience of 150 years, nor were they silent. ' My Lady,' said the old President of the Court of Justice (even to me), 'if I can judge of the Kaffirs now, by what I found them five years ago, when I was sent to negotiate on a quarrel between them and us, nothing will ever be made of them by force of arms. Hostilities rouse their natural taste for plunder ; they have everything to gain, nothing to lose, and from their knowledge of the country they fight with every advantage against us — indeed they rather annoy than fight, lurking by two and three amongst the bushes and avoiding action by daylight. We have always found that to keep well with them is our only safety, and if a quarrel takes place to make it up quickly. If peace is wanted 1,000 dollars well laid out in copper, hatchets, gewgaws, etc., will do more in tempting their chiefs to amity than the expense to Government of 100,000£. laid out in men and ammunition.'

Lord Macartney was so much of the opinion also that it was dangerous to rouse the hornets' nest, that he never would allow anyone to molest the Kaffirs or even to permit traffic with them for fear of any difference. His known maxims on this head, together with the counsels and the experience of old Dutchmen, such as I have mentioned, could have afforded, were, one might have supposed, not wholly free from use. But I hear our friend General Dundas is too sanguine of success his own way, and has the unlucky pride of calling in no one's judgment in partnership with his own, which cannot be very experienced on such points ; while his temper is so eager for adieu, that he does not give his own judgment fair play by a little consideration.

Day after day bringing worse accounts of families murdered, women carried off, and the quantity of men General Vandeleur was possessed of becoming equally inadequate for an offensive or defensive war, he being also at one time cut off from his main body, General Dundas declared he would 'go himself and finish the business one way or another.' But in what manner, I fancy he does not thoroughly know. The orders which followed his departure for more troops to be sent (300) were countermanded the day after, and this day re-ordered, another field-piece and 130 men being this morning sent. Mr. Barnard most anxiously ventured to recommend him to take with him some respectable persons understanding the languages of the country, and likely to be clever at negotiation, but the General said Abercrombie and M'Nab were sufficient ; I hope he will find them so. I have

heard he has since been joined by some person better calculated for such measures, and I hope it is so.

I presume Mr. Barnard will transmit to you the General's own accounts of what has passed since his departure, collected from his letters to Mr. Ross. The only letter Mr. Barnard has had was to desire him to communicate to you the situation of things — a painful enough task, and one that Mr. Barnard regrets he must perform in a manner so very inadequate to what you must naturally expect from the situation he fills here. But he cannot help it. The General, I am grieved to say, neither consults him, nor permits any of his opinions to be advanced, without that silencing manner which renders a man fearful of subjecting himself to what it would be difficult to bear.

In one of my letters I gladly mentioned to you that I trusted and hoped that things would go on well, as Mr. Barnard had on occasion (I might have said occasions), where his respectability in the Colony was much compromised, remonstrated with the General in a manner so dispassionate and judicious, as to hit the General's temperate key. From what then passed, Mr. Barnard had good hopes that the General would rectify the unlucky habit of making him a cipher. Indeed, to such a point was this carried, that the Landdrost of Stellenbosch, etc., asked Mr. Barnard if he was any longer, except nominally, the Secretary to the Colony. Unfortunately his hopes soon vanished, despatches were received, annexed — all sorts of business done, without the General's even mentioning the facts to Mr. Barnard. You will therefore judge how little he has had to do with measures which are so generally reckoned here to have been incautious. I should grieve if you could suppose Mr. Barnard's counsels had any share in them, which you might be led to suppose from knowing the earnest manner in which Lord Macartney recommended him to the General, and even left it in his instructions that he was to take no steps without consulting them well over with him.

...

The Castle, Cape of Good Hope :
January 5th, 1800.

Imprimis. My dearest ' Friend ' — Dare I say it ? — our new Governor, I fear, is a very, very weak old soul. He is full of good intentions and great intentions, but how his acts will turn out I am not sure. He is disposed to conceive that he is the man who is to make this a fine and flourishing Colony ; that no one else at home was thought equal to that task ; that nothing as yet has been done. He does not perceive the wisdom of our late Governor (I mean Lord Macartney) in pausing over all measures which were likely to disburse the public money till he was sure the Cape was to remain with us, while he permitted no wise regulation which cost nothing to remain undigested, or established. On the contrary. Sir George Yonge is for having every supposed improvement done at once, and I fear does not begin with the things most necessary, but with those most connected with his own domestic conveniency. ...

... After a week's residence at Rondebosch, the Governor and his family returned to town and to the house of Mynheer du Val, where they slept, while the daytime was spent at the Government House in overseeing reparations, improvements, and unpacking of furniture. The Governor has a great love of pretty things of that sort. I could have told him that less

carving, and black morocco leather instead of scarlet, would have suited the Cape better; but it is needless to put people out of conceit with what they have got. If Sir George Yonge will superintend the reparation of the public buildings falling to decay (as they do here in a twelve-month's time almost, if not attended to, so rapidly do the rains pierce and burst the clay walls), as well as he superintends the reparation of his own kitchen, he will be a treasure. But as a Governor is not quite in his place doing so, I don't expect that. To build a new staircase in the Government House was his first plan, to repair the Government gardens and build a high wall all round them the second. Other plans came forth which I shall mention in their place. Mr. Barnard trembled for the wall — it would not have cost less than 2,000 rix dollars (needlessly laid out) — so he got it undermined — at least he has procured a delay, and that he looks on as nearly the same thing. The staircase he tried to influence into an alteration only. It really is necessary, being so narrow and perpendicular in the steps that nothing short of Lord Macartney's resolution to do nothing, and the beautiful thing called habit which accustomed him to hop up like a parrot to his perch, would have made it practicable for a person with a gouty tendency to mount it. The separation of the Government gardens Sir George began directly, and, planting guards at the gates, refused entrance to the inhabitants till the Governor's gardens should be put in order. Had he torn the Magna Charta of the Cape into a thousand tatters he could not have put the Dutch into such an alarm. For 150 years they had enjoyed the privilege of walking under the shade of those oaks — 'tis the only public walk at the Cape — and all ranks of people, the women particularly, were furious. Mr. Barnard heard of the manoeuvre, and knowing the sort of effect this would have (which the civility of ten revolving years would not have the power to wipe away), he hurried off with a proclamation in his pocket, undoing the restriction by leaving the main walk free while the others were repairing. Sir George kept the paper ; but when he sent it back, though he adopted much, he had introduced a foolish rule to make all persons write down their names every time they enter the gardens (which they do sometimes a dozen of times in a day) in a book at the guard-house. They think it a great trouble. This is a way of making private property of a public benefit.

After we had waited, as in duty bound, till General Fraser, our Commander-in-Chief in General Dundas's absence, had given the first dinner to the Governor, we invited him here, also Sir Roger Curtis, the Staff, and the heads of departments, etc. — a dinner of thirty people. In the evening I had my Thursday party, and, being desirous to influence the future invitations of Sir George by showing him a company composed of many of those who are attached to Government, I wrote notes to many of the most democratic of my Beauties and their families, saying that, as the new Governor and his family were to be with us in the evening, I wished to present my old friends to the new. The effect was all I could desire — everyone came, and I had a splendid assembly. Sir George fell directly in love with the daughter of one of the greatest Jacobins in the place, as it was once supposed, though it has otherwise proved, and flirted as if he had been twenty-five. On the other hand, having observed, as I told you before, that there was a strong tendency amongst the higher military powers to exclude the subordinate officers from all share in pleasant dances or parties, I hinted to the colonels to bring all their ensigns and lieutenants, that they might appear in one civil house by way of a precedent, if that was anything. They thanked me and came. Of course, there was a handsome company, and as many supped as could find chairs. I presented my Dutch ladies to the Governor, and to his niece, Mrs. Blake. They were surprised at their number and smart appearance.

...

I believe this is the last party we shall ever have in this house. There has been much shabby manoeuvring going forward which has now explained itself, but I trust that

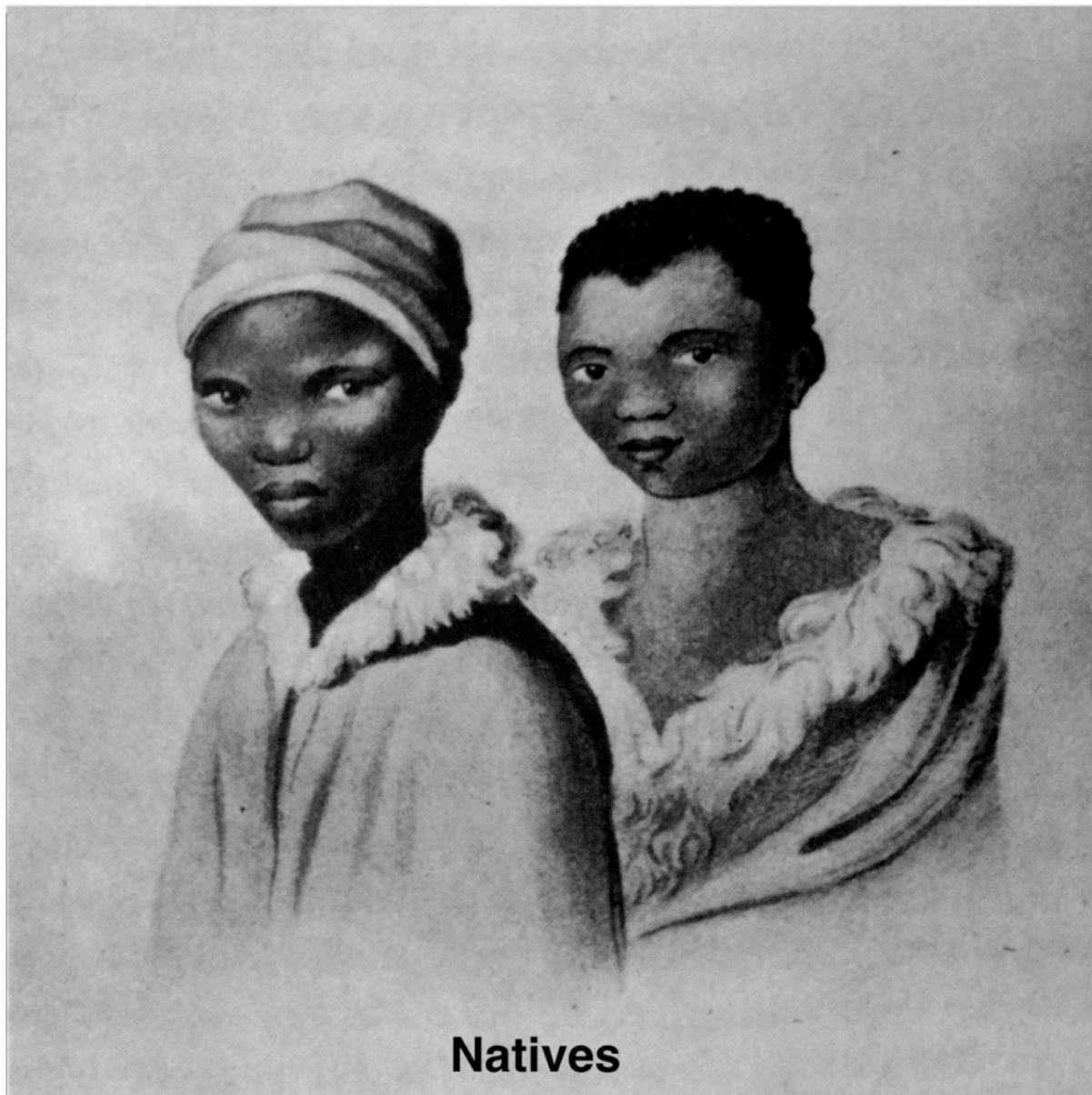
temperance, silence, and proper dignity, never asserted till the moment is ripe, will put all things to rights in a little time.

Without orders from the Governor, General Fraser has moved into General Dundas's house in the Castle. Without orders, Major Erskine has taken possession of General Fraser's. They have circulated it everywhere, that Mr. Barnard has received the Governor's commands 'to move off and to make way for General Dundas'; and as they conceive this to be a pretty broad hint, they wonder he does not take it, the more so as they have flitted their furniture before our windows into their new houses.

Sir George at last is displeased; they have fortunately trodden on his toes, while they were meditating only a triumph over Mr. Barnard.

...

I do not think my old friend Henry Dundas would turn me out of doors without giving me another door to enter, if he were here; money we won't take. One of Sir George's family, who came to like Mr. Barnard particularly, at a dinner lately, where there was a small company and a little of the *in vino Veritas* which very good claret produces, said in Mr. Barnard's ear, 'Do you see anything going forwards at our house?' 'A little,' said Mr. Barnard. 'The truth is,' replied the other, 'that certain gentlemen who have taken possession of us, have moved heaven and earth to prejudice Sir George both against you and Lady Anne, but they have shot their bolt in vain. Have patience — though they influence at present, things will come round by-and-by. Keep my secret and profit by it with discretion.' What may be drawn from all this? Exactly this. Madame Human Nature is the same all the world over, whether she is man or woman, whether dressed in scarlet or blue. I might have seen from the first that one description of men — the Staff men in this garrison — have been envious of Mr. Barnard. Living in the very centre of the Castle, in the best house, with the best salary, with a sort of little eclat from the accident of having a wife to whose train a 'Ladyship' is pinned, they have been jealous of him. Not the thousand civilities and kindnesses we have done them, nor the good dinners they have been constantly receiving from us, have been of any other use than to make them the more angry at his powers of giving them better dinners than they could return. General Dundas of himself would not have behaved to us quite as he has done, had it not been for a set of men inferior to himself, who have disliked Mr. Barnard for no other cause than what I am mentioning. They have considerable sway over the General, but so long as Lord Macartney remained the consideration in which he held Mr. Barnard awed their attempts. He gone, the day was theirs. All this has had no effect beyond their own circle. There is not, I will venture to say, an officer in this garrison or a civilian in the Colony (those connected with the Staff excepted) who has not the most perfect respect as well as affection for Mr. Barnard. He is literally the 'honest man's friend'; the Staff only make a foe of him, though a foe he will not condescend to suppose he is made.



Natives

A new Hottentot chief is arrived in Cape Town with a face of a different character from any I have seen before — finely made. Mr. Barnard is taking him to the Governor, who said he wished to receive him with 'some state,' and asked me what sort of cold collation he would like. I told him a good lump of boiled beef or mutton, and a little brandy, but begged his French cook might not put any of his *savoir faire* into the mess ; those people don't like anything high — they don't even eat salt if they can avoid it. One of the chief's train has a curious instrument, which I am convinced might make a man's fortune in England, so I have bought it of him for 2s. — a stick with a peg and a bit of sheep's gut, which he applies to his lips with a strong exertion from the lungs, and produces a sound as loud as any trumpet. He played the dragoons' music, and told me he could learn anything I could teach him by singing. I think when I return I'll bring him in my suite !

Oh never, never have I felt the delay of leave of absence in the manner I do now. Never, I am sure, while I had the idea that our stay at the Cape might do good. But now I have only too much reason to fear that there is a party too strong establishing itself against us at the

Government House, and I tremble for the ensuing twelvemonth. If Mr. Barnard isimproperly treated by the Governor, in league with the General, I really fear he will throw up the game, and, along with me, prefer a turnip-top where we are loved and respected, to a life of oppression and spite shown us by the one side and endured in silence by the other. We are not people who can gossip and tittle-tattle — all must be on broad ground, or — sea and resignation. But be assured, my best friend, nothing shall be rashly or testily done. Better prospects may open, and gladly shall we embrace them. Still, still, if we can benefit a cat, do good to a human creature, or follow up your wishes particularly to your satisfaction, we will endure, even with the leave of absence in our pockets. Support us, however; we need it, and look to you for it. Forgive me. 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'

The Castle, Cape of Good Hope :

February 7th, 1800.

If you did not combine a great many other things to me with that of being a great man, I should make you a thousand apologies for my last letter, before I go on with this. It was full of female detail, full of those (only supposed) motives for conduct in others which vexed me, and it finished, I remember, agitated, oppressed, and imploring you to stand by us, else we were likely to be overpowered and trampled on by a strong party who were taking advantage of the weakness of our old Governor. How all this will end, I cannot yet say ; perhaps I may see daylight in it before the next ships sail. At any rate, I will go on bringing up my account of things, so that a few words may finish my letter when a fair opportunity of sending it off occurs. If you tire of me, or blame me for troubling you with the minutice of things, recollect that it is to you alone that I open my heart ; that your approbation is to us all in all in our present situation, and that in order to do ourselves Justice I must let you behind the curtain.

I wrote to you that our Governor was to give a great dinner on the Queen's Birthday, and a large ball the Monday following. To give fair play to his cooks, we proposed that he should dine with us the day before his dinner, to which he agreed. I hardly expected Miss Cuming would be of the party, as she had not dined out, and was the more surprised and pleased when she came. I hoped it was a desire of living in friendship with me, but as I thought perhaps a little curiosity to see this same house which had been so much talked of might mix, I showed her the whole after dinner — the fine pond in the back court, the view from the roof, and the number of bedchambers, that she might judge of the conveniency of her premises to be. As it quite satisfies me, I was surprised to hear afterwards, and not sorry, that she did not like it at all. The bed-chambers, to be sure, are all paved with tiles, no wooden floors above stairs, but then they are spacious.

Meantime General Dundas wrote that he would arrive on Tuesday morning and marry the lady directly a peace was made with the Kaffirs and others. Of course we expected that Monday night she would spend in her own room, saying her prayers ; a little anxious on a thousand points which a four years' absence from her lover might justify, and too much agitated to be fit for company. I leave you to settle from what cause she appeared at the ball, however, and danced away all night, when she was to be married next morning ; and you shall also settle why, when the clergyman and the General arrived (the wedding taking place on the Wednesday), she would not come to be married, but ran off, wept, and made great difficulty. The weeping I thought not unnatural ; one may cry from attendrissement as well as sorrow. There is also something imposing in a ceremony which agitates the nerves ; but the running ' away I did not comprehend. Sir Roger Curtis, however, said it

was 'All very right.' She was prevailed on at last ; the marriage took place, and they went off to Rondebosch immediately.

...

We had a Botany Bay captain dining with us t'other day. I beg its pardon, by the bye, for I find Botany Bay takes it ill to be so called ; New South Wales is its name. He is carrying a freight of bullocks from Cape Town— about 200. Mr. Hogan, a merchant here, tells me they cost Government 150£. each before they land them there, and that he has lately had a contract with it for a few which he put on shore at 361. each, and that a merchant here can afford to do it much cheaper than Government can for itself. This I repeat, because you like to hear everything out of which any useful hint can be picked. There was no idea that I should repeat it, as it occurred only in common conversation. The captain of the ship, whose name is Kent, gave me a very pleasing account of Botany Bay (I beg its pardon again), and the reformation it works on individuals, most of whom become honest members of the community. He talks of Barrington with enthusiasm; of his good conduct, his modesty ; his ability and public virtue are now, he says, as conspicuous as he was before conspicuously eminent in roguery. Though his time has been long up, he does not mean to return to Europe, but has a humble pride in being the First Magistrate where he is respected, instead of being pointed at at home, where he can never be forgotten in his first character. He was lately taken ill. All ranks of rogues, rogues of two years, three years, six years, and those made honest again by the sweeping clause of seven, bewailed him. He left all he had (about 1,500£) to the orphans of the place. But he recovered, much to the satisfaction of the Governor. I often say that I should have much pleasure, if I were not a terrible coward, in going to Botany Bay and America before I return to England ; but it would be feeling as an angel would to prefer a visit to Botany Bay to seeing my friends. The angels have more joy, it is said, over one sinner who repents, than over ninety-nine righteous persons. When I am put to the trial, however, with the leave of absence, I believe I shall prove myself a mere mortal woman, and sail home as fast as I can.

Governor King and his wife were here on their way to New South Wales; good people, I think, and apparently well suited to their destination. I have seen them but twice, and that in this house. I sent a present of a silk gown to a rogue there, transported by Margaret and me ; the only creature I believe we ever punished or prosecuted in our lives. But she was too great a thief to let pass. If she is reformed (and that is easily found out), Mrs. King is to give her a few encouraging lines from me, and the gown ; if she continues bad, I have begged her to give it as a wedding-gown to the first young girl of a good Botany Bay character who is married after her arrival.

February 11th, 1800. — I am told that the 'Amelia ' is to sail in two days now, cher ami, and, though very unwell with a bilious complaint which has confined me to my room these three days, I must write a few lines in addition to what has gone before, and tell you the finale of the affair of our house. I hope it will be a finale, and that I shall be able to close my books to grievances — a most uncomfortable style of writing, and one I have regretted I have been obliged to get into with you. After having waited a fortnight after the General's marriage for his determination as to what house he chose, during which time the Governor often promised to obtain his decision, at last Mr. Barnard wrote to his Excellency a letter such as he thought he might show to the General to facilitate the conversation. But the Governor declined this, saying he had already ' pressed his reply as much as he could in propriety,' but he thought that Mr. Barnard had a fair right to ask him to decide, and advised him to express his own wishes and sentiments to General Dundas on the subject. Mr. Barnard on this wrote to General Dundas, and received from him a reply saying that

Mr. Barnard could remain in his house in the Castle until he (General Dundas) wished to occupy it. The implication of this letter was so totally different from what Mr. Barnard had been given to understand from the Governor, that he, amazed, wrote to Sir George, pressing to know the exact state of the case, and beginning to suspect that his Excellency had entangled himself on his first arrival by some hasty promise to Major Erskine for the General, and did not know how to get free so as to satisfy both parties. Sir George replied testily but decisively that the house was his and not General Dundas's to dispose of, and we might remain in it at his (the Governor's) good pleasure. So here we are going to stay, Mr. Barnard having explained particularly to General Dundas that the house is the Governor's, and he stays in it by his leave. I think it likely that the Governor is secretly very angry with General Dundas for assuming so much. But if a man soars too high over the head of another, he must not be surprised if the sun melts his wings and brings him down to the fair level. I am sure I wish he were in this house instead of us, surrounded as we are with his Staff, and that we were at Rondebosch. I wonder, as a military man, that he does not prefer living in the Castle ; for the matter of a little barley, corn, and vegetables cannot be an object worthy of his attention, and the command of all the houses of Government is a little out of the question. His choice is his own, however, and no fault of ours. Here then ends this business. A little time, I hope, will make all friends. Adieu.

The Vineyard, Cape of Good Hope :
May 14th, 1800.

If you knew how often I have thought of getting on with a long letter to you ; how often I have postponed it till I should find a better moment ; how much I have wished to write to you happily, gaily, foolishly, and as I used to, with nothing in my letters to disturb or annoy you ; but how constantly vile little circumstances have arisen to put it out of my power to do so with sincerity, you would almost pity me.

I certainly could say in general terms that we are well, and defer further particulars, but that would not be using you like a friend. I have little doubt that our letters from Cape Colony will be full of circumstances which have been arising here to surprise and agitate a small circle who know not the meaning of some things nor how others will end. The bad terms the General and the Governor are on you will learn from various quarters. On this I might have prophesied almost from the first, but I hoped things might turn out better than I expected. The reverse has been the case. The causes of this I will endeavour to give, as far as I am able to judge.

"With respect to the present Government here, when I tell you that all who compose it are on the best terms with us, civil and rather flatteringly conciliatory, you will not suppose me biassed by any personal disaffection to them when I lament the discreditable shade which some events have lately thrown over Sir George Yonge's administration. I really durst not sooner (from the fear of being unjust) broach even to you what has been here loudly whispered (and what has been too frequently corroborated by a blush that tinged the poor Governor's cheek when pressed by Mr. Barnard), that in some late transactions the hands of Government have not been so clean as they ought to have been. The Dutch have got this idea of the Governor — with what justice God only knows ! But so strong an exertion of power has lately been made in favour of a merchant he is unconnected with, giving him not only liberty to import 1,600 slaves, but to land here a supposed cargo (afterwards

proved by Captain Campbell in the Court of Justice to be a smuggling transaction, not to use a harsher name to it, the slaves having really been purchased at Mozambique), that it is generally believed that a douceur of no small magnitude was given to effect what, had it passed, would have put from 10,000£ to 15,000£ in the merchant's pocket, whose privateer affected to have taken those slaves. You will naturally say, how happened it that Mr. Barnard, who knew how opposite this was to the ideas of our Government at home, permitted a slave traffic to go on at the Cape, and omitted to state its impropriety to the Governor ? Mr. Barnard protested in the strongest terms. He also told the merchant he would oppose it ; but he found the Governor deaf to all remonstrance or argument ; and as a proof of his being anxious to avoid all further conversation or respectful opposition from Mr. Barnard, he gave the orders for the landing and selling of the slaves, and all necessary arrangements, himself, without bringing them through the Secretary's office, as is customary. One thing you may depend on, that every fair, broad, and proper request invariably goes through the Secretary of the Colony to the Governor ; every matter of an unsound or equivocal nature proceeds by the other road, whether in the hopes of obtaining a hasty consent from an inexperienced Governor who will not take time to investigate the matter in question, or whether from other motives, I shall not say. I have sometimes heard Mr. Barnard regret that his power of being of use was so limited, and that it is only after the ill is done his sentiments can appear. But as to all that you know best what is fit. If he has not the means of doing good, he is also free from the vexation of dispute without personal advantage. I can perceive that there seems to be no hurry in either the present Governor, or the past, to send home their accounts. I ask Mr. Barnard frequently when they are to go, expressing my hopes of his being absolved from giving his opinions on past expenses from the time Lord Macartney left the Cape to that when he is required to countersign the papers. But he finds no zeal, no intention of making them up, but on the contrary much dislike of business in the Governor — indeed, to such a degree that the Governor has never read a proclamation or any other paper on the public business of the Colony previous to his arrival. With respect to the bad terms the Governor and the General are on, I cannot positively affirm whether the blame is on one side only, or whether it is divided. The General skips over the field officers in the garrison, and sends orders to their men without transmitting them through in the regular way, to their great disgust. The Governor sometimes forgets and does the same in trifles ; and while the first thinks it presumption in his inferior to be angry, he is offended to the greatest degree with the other for following his example. The Governor reckons himself the head of the army, as well as of everything else here ; the General allows him to be only nominally so, and is displeased at his more frequently giving orders respecting the troops than Lord Macartney used to do, who most cautiously avoided small interferences, though he was for ever in his place when it was necessary, the head of all. Perhaps the General



A Hottentot
policeman

might not be so jealous of Sir George as he is, was it not for those around him, who, having got all they could from his Excellency on his first arrival, have now turned their backs on him. We saw the growing coolness, or rather irritability, and conjectured the first moment would be seized that could for rupture. An order for moving a manger where the horses fed, belonging to the cavalry, to the newly repaired barracks in Colonel Cockburn's department, produced a public order from the General conceived in terms so derogatory to Sir George, that military men stared, and feared an arrest would be the consequence. Sir George, though petrified, behaved well on this occasion, by showing a degree of temperance, and wisely gave the General the alternative of asking his pardon or taking the consequences. He, on a little reflection, preferred asking pardon — which he did, as I was told, in the fullest manner — to having the matter sent home, and Sir George gallantly saved his credit with the public in a manner which those who wished to see the General's pride and hastiness humbled called tame, but which we thought wise upon the whole. His Excellency told me that he had promised you to check with mildness any ebullitions which the General's particular temper might throw out, and he had kept his word. Since that time I hear there have been new disputes



— fresh offences given and taken ; and I hear to-day that the General's aide-de- camp, Captain Smith, is going home with dispatches, containing, amongst other things, complaints of his Excellency.

...
Next day there was to be a sale of slaves belonging to Mr Hogan, a cargo from Mosambique - I expressed a considerable desire to be present if Ladys ever were, I was told there were many there that morning when 40 or 50 had been sold - to me there must be something sadly melancholy and degrading to Human nature in that sight but I am told that the poor people have no feelings of that sort themselfed and their vanity lyes in

looking as well as possible when they are put up for sale, in showing their strength & activity & in fetching a high price - but as one is told many things which on closer inspection , and judging with an impartial & investigating eye into countinances one does not find to be true, I wishd to consider the countinances of each poor slave, look at his eyes, & try to discover if there were any minds amongst them ... but Mr B. told me afterwards that it was a place I coud [not] find myself in with comfort to myself, that I shoud not merely see the slave put up on a table & bid for, that I shoud see each almost naked, but examined in a very protracted and indelicate manner to ascertain that he or she had no disorder.

This circumstance of course made me lay aside the intention, all I wishd for was that I coud render myself invisible & then without impropriety I coud have been one of the company..

...

At first Sir George did me the honour of consulting me on various things ; and I gave my opinion as ingenuously, where I thought it my duty, as Gil Bias gave his to the Archbishop of Toledo. Of course it had the same effect. My counsels being sometimes unpalatable, I was soon suspended. I advised him against a select concert on which he had set his heart, to the exclusion of all the Cape Dutch, except a favoured fifty, and the Fiscal did the same. I told him it would be fatal to the peace of society, and Mr. Barnard thinks he has not quite forgiven me for having been in the right. But he is so well bred and friendly in his manner that he buys me off. This is the full account of everything as it now stands.

I long to hear from you of all things. You bid me continue to write to you unreservedly, which I do in the amplest manner, giving you my thoughts where I think they can be of any use to you, unprejudiced accounts of what is going on in a corner of the world you are interested in, in the full confidence of friendship. God bless all at Wimbledon, dear Lady Jane first, after your sweet self. If it was not for Margaret I should not know half enough about you, for the newspapers tell me only fibs ; at least I think it very improbable that the State will consent to your retiring, a lazy peer, no longer the sonorous voice of wisdom giving the law in the House of Commons to John Bull ! If, however, you find such scenes absolutely fatal to your health, retire from them in a degree by living in Scotland till such time as the Temple of Janus is shut. Then open the Temple of Dunira and let us, I pray, into some corner of it when we return from the Cape.

...

By the bye, there is a new scheme with which the Governor is bitten, and which (like the affair of the select concert) will probably fall to the ground from its not being on a well-judged plan. 'Tis a theatre, all boxes, no pit, each box to cost 24£ a year, and to hold six subscribers, for twelve nights only ; consequently it is on too dear a plan to suit the pockets of subalterns, and yet they look for the performers from amongst the military. We have a box, of course, but take no subscribers, giving away our tickets as we please to our friends. Thirty-two boxes are subscribed for ; but large as this sum is for this small place, it is found too little to repair an old pottery belonging to Government for that purpose, which by estimate (the scale of Sir George's ideas being always too much en grand) would cost 2,500£.

His idea of a theatre was grounded on a little piece got up by Doctor Somers, physician to the Army, in the Military Hospital, which hospital his wife, who is a fine-spoken woman, will

not call hospital but Sea-line ! It was really very well, however, upon the whole. The piece was one of Foote's called ' Teasle ' ; the Doctor himself acted ' Lady Bentweazle ' in a very Lady Bentweazle-like manner, Major Glegg was ' Carmine,' and Colonel Barlow was inimitable as ' Puff.' I had an old shilling Paris-plaster horse, which acted the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, the figure only wanting ; and a large bronze Venus in paper, out of my stores, was dug out of the Herculaneum for the occasion. The Doctor spoke an ode, rather of, than to, the passions, and Mrs. Somers spoke a prologue of her own composing. Altogether it was very good, innocent fun, and much more harmless than horse-racing, drinking, or any other amusement that could be introduced to bring people together in such a place as this. Sir George, enchanted with the entertainment, instantly began to invent a mode for continuing it, arranged the plan of this theatre, and brought forth the bantling scheme, a full-grown arrangement. We all subscribed to it, though we foresaw the difficulties likely to present themselves. No sooner was this first point gained, and a prospect had of a sufficient number of male performers, than the gentlemen actors declared half off, unless ladies would join in the cause. This idea was secretly one of Sir George's, too ; and thus supported, he came forwards with all his power and all his persuasion to prevail on us all to assist. Mrs. Somers, a pretty Mrs. Kelso, and one or two other ladies hinted themselves ready to act if I would, or if Mrs. Dundas or Mrs. Blake would. The last said she would if I would (knowing that I would not) ; the other said nothing. I told the Governor frankly that if he had a theatre in his own house, and laid his commands on me to do anything to prove my desire of contributing to his entertainment, I was ready, providing the part given me was sufficiently insignificant, but that I had neither talents nor memory for more. As to acting on any theatre where money was to be paid for admission, or any theatre except one in his house, I whispered my fixed refusal. But everyone is at me on the score of my being able to sing; as to being able to act, I make no doubt I could if I were to try. But I am very sure that I won't, and that if I could suppose I was to start forward the first of actresses, it would not make me the less resolved against what it is want of sense to propose to me.

...

There is a Colonel Mercer and his wife who have been lately staying with us in the country also ; her name before marriage was Miss Clarinda O'Grady. She is rather handsome, but the longest woman I ever saw in all my life, and wears a pair of seven-league boots with which she steps across a room of any dimensions. Her Colonel is four inches taller than she ; they measure twelve feet seven inches together. It is the fashion to laugh at Clarinda here, as uncouth and unpolished ; but Mr. Barnard and I have an odd tendency to like her ingenuous bluntness, and if on further acquaintance it proves to be honest frankness, I shall prize it as a large web of a rare coarse stuff, the pattern of which she gives one the first moment one is in her company. She was married but a month before she stepped across the sea in her boots.

...

The weather here begins to be very bad — it rains seas, but I wish to remain here at the Vineyard till we can get this little place quite finished and comfortable, in case of our remaining another season in it, which I would fain hope would be the extent of our stay. Will it, do you think? I suppose this will be a gay winter at the Cape : a subscription ball, a concert, besides three houses to give good things — the Governor's, General Dundas's, and ours. I tell the two ladies that I am entitled to be lazy now that such duties devolve more regularly on them. But, as I before said, I shall still pay my mite to public and private

cheerfulness. I hear the Governor's society runs very young just now. I fancy he takes himself for King David, by his fondness for having a little girl of fourteen or fifteen on each side of him. Half a dozen of such compose the evening parties, and they dance, and he dances, to a hand-organ, the little girls laughing (I cannot say in their sleeves, as there is nothing now but bare elbows). Colonel Cockburn is generally in love with from six to twelve of them at a time, and as he is very inconstant the Governor has a good chance of seeing all the young Beauties the Cape affords at his house in a short time. He takes care, however, to let me understand that he is a flirt, and can't think of marrying without the consent of Sir George, who intends never to consent, so all is above board. Sir Roger Curtis has given over the chase of the fair Baumgardt. I fancy she won't like this ; she never was left before for any other person, though often when her swains went home. But report says that he has attached himself to another frigate more to his mind ; and as I often see him riding at anchor, gallantly escorting on horseback a pretty married woman, we are inclined to believe it. Thus you have all my Cape news — one piece still remains, but it is no scandal. I believe you will in due course of time have a little relation in the General's family — it appears to be so, and I'm glad of it. And now, having finished my seventh page — God bless you both.

...

The Vineyard, Cape of Good Hope
February 16th, 1801.

...

Nothing can exceed the wisdom of your recall of Sir George. It is a measure infinitely judicious, and its strength and untemporising decision came like a thunderbolt on the discontented Dutch, who were beginning to talk lightly of a Government which had sent them such a head. But the Governor's recall made several of them break out into a sort of astonished gratitude and respect for the care manifested by the Home Government for Cape interests at the wide distance of 6,000 miles, which had prompted so firm a step. The change indeed is grounded on not above the fourth part of the improper things which have since taken place to have grounded a change upon.

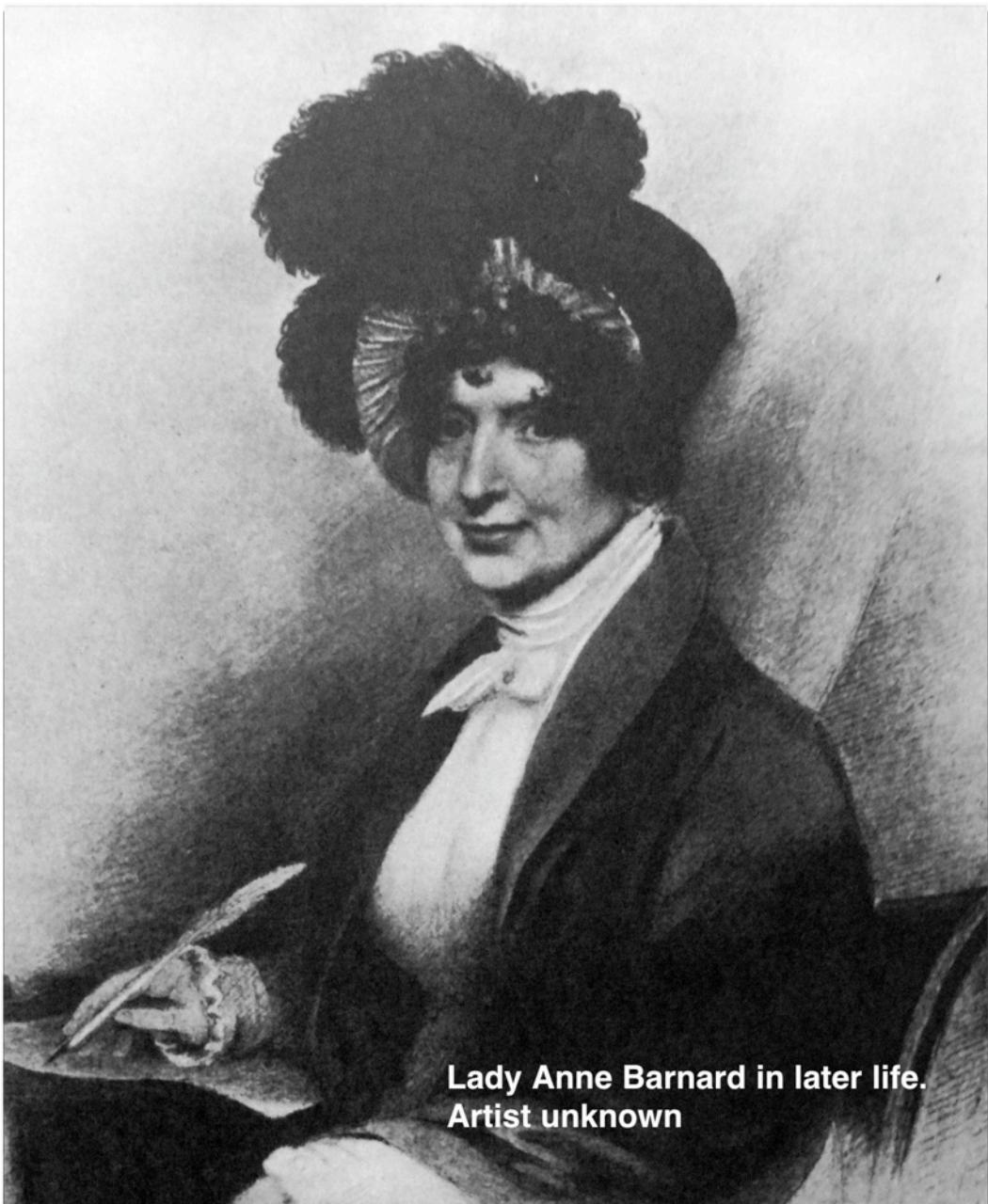
...

Certainly, in one sense, whoever succeeds our poor old Governor will owe him something. He has been for his successor a most active overseer ; instead of finding a dirty old house with a perpendicular staircase, up which Lord Macartney hopped, gout and all, like a parrot to his perch, he will find rooms well painted and papered with papers of my Lady Yonge's own choosing, an excellent staircase, the fellow of Lady Buckingham's in St. James's Square ; and instead of gardens productive only of weeds they are now full stocked with everything, even fishponds, made at great expense (we shan't talk of that now). Everything, in short, which could be wished for, Sir George has provided, and left nothing to pay, at least nothing by the new Administration.

...

With respect to our movements; we shall not now leave the Colony for some months, until things are more settled. Sir George wishes to remain in Government House until he can sell off his things, which requires a few weeks. When this is over Mr. Barnard will ask him

to remain with us until he sails. Poor man, he is good-natured though weak, and one feels a pity for those grey locks which he might have laid down with honour and peace at the



**Lady Anne Barnard in later life.
Artist unknown**

bottom of the Table Mountain if he had had a set of more disinterested people about him. Alas ! those round him can make him do anything. I'll give you a whimsical instance. A person in the Corn Board, lately established here somewhat on the plan of Joseph's in Egypt, as granaries against scarcity, complained sadly yesterday that Sir George ordered the Board to occupy and pay rent for the warehouses underneath the playhouse, instead of remaining in the premises they had already taken. Although they have remonstrated by letter, stating that they have 3,000 square feet more in space, at 360 rix dollars less rent, their remonstrance has had no effect, for all the Governor's favourites and household are subscribers to this same playhouse; so the Board is ordered to take the storehouses.

The heat of the weather at present is very great — everybody is annoyed by it. The thermometer is 104 at Cape Town in the shade. At our country house there is ten degrees of difference. The 61st Regiment, or part of it, embarks to-morrow. The last troops that have come out have all landed much more healthy than the former ones, probably from having excellent accommodation. I will now release my dearest friend, with every deep and kind wish for his happiness, and that no ailings may destroy the fine habit of good health which has been habitual to him. With kind love to Lady Jane, I remain, yours affectionately,

Anne Barnard.

The foregoing was the last letter that Lady Anne Barnard wrote from the Cape to Lord Melville — at least it is the last preserved in the Melville Manuscripts. A peace treaty was signed between Britain, France and the Netherlands, and in February 1803 the Vape was returned to Dutch control, the English flag was hauled down, a Dutch garrison replaced the British troops, and the Barnards came home.

The rule of the Batavian Republic was very brief. Less than three months after the cession of the Colony, war broke out again between Great Britain and the Netherlands, and on the 4th January, 1806, the English fleet again anchored in Table Bay. The British troops, under General Baird, were quickly landed, and, after an engagement known as the Battle of Blueberg, in which the Dutch were defeated, the Batavian Governor capitulated. Barnard was again appointed to his old post of Secretary to the Colony, it being thought that his knowledge of Cape affairs would prove useful. Lady Anne was very much against her husband accepting the appointment, but as nothing else offered he had perforce to go, and she arranged to follow him later. Her plans, however, were changed by the news of his death, which occurred soon after his arrival at the Cape, in 1807.

In her widowhood Lady Anne returned to Lady Margaret's house in Berkeley Square, where the sisters resided together, and she took up the thread of her life very much where it had been broken by her marriage. Among her best friends at this time were Sir Walter Scott and the Prince Regent.

Lady Margaret Fordyce married again in 1812 Sir James Burgess, and died two years later. Lady Anne continued to reside in Berkeley Square by herself, enjoying the esteem and society of her many friends. George IV. sent for her to come and see him when he was very ill. He spoke most affectionately to her, and said, 'Sister Anne' (the name he usually gave her), 'I wish to see you to tell you that I love you, and wish you to accept of this golden chain for my sake. I may, perhaps, never see you again.'

Lady Anne was always the life and soul of any party at which she was present. She was a great story-teller; the following is a characteristic illustration. She was entertaining a large party of distinguished guests at dinner when a hitch occurred in the kitchen. Her old servant came up behind her, and said, 'My Lady, you must tell another story — the second course won't be ready for five minutes.'

A few years before her death. Sir Walter Scott's novel 'The Pirate' appeared, in which book Sir Walter Scott, who at that time refused to identify himself with the author of 'Waverley,' mentioned Lady Anne by name as the author of 'Auld Robin Gray.' He compared the condition of Minnie to that of Jeanie Gray — to quote his own words, 'The village heroine in Lady Anne Barnard's beautiful ballad.' This public ascription led Lady

Anne to think that the time had at last arrived to put an end to the disputes concerning the authorship of her ballad.

The last years of Lady Anne's life were spent in preparing and collecting materials for a book on the Lindsays. She died on May 6, 1825, in her seventy-fourth year. Her nephew, Colonel Lindsay, has paid the following tribute to her memory, which sums up the salient points in her remarkable and charming personality :

' The peculiar trait of Lady Anne's character was benevolence, a readiness to share with others her purse, her tears, or her joys — an absence of all selfishness. This, with her talents, created a power of pleasing which I have never seen equalled. She had in society a power of placing herself in sympathy with those whom she addressed, of drawing forth their feelings, their talents, their requirements, pleasing them with themselves, and consequently with their companions for the time being. I have often seen her change a dull party into an agreeable one ; she could make the dullest speak, the shyest feel happy, and the witty flash fire without any apparent exertion. It were impossible to name the numbers who claimed her intimacy, even from the prince on the throne to the peasant at Balcarres.'

Lady Anne had no children. But about fifty years after her death, her nephew's grandson, Edward Baldwin John Knox, would settle in South Africa.

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