

Dr. S. M'Cune Smith, Physician to the institution, then rose and said, "The Southern part of Africa is divided into three steppes; the lowest, is occupied by the colonists of the Cape, and is immediately bounded by the ocean on the South, East and West, on the North by the Black Mountains which are the Southern boundary of the second steppe, which latter is bounded on the North by the Roogeveld mountains, whose summits are a third table land, some 5000 feet above the level of the ocean, and is partly forest, mostly arid and sandy deserts, and seldom visited by rain; this last elevation, whose extent northward is yet unexplained, is the territory of the *Bushmen*. Caffraland lies to the East, and Namqualand to the west of this region.

From certain affinities in language, the Bushmen are found to be of Hottentot origin; and it is a curious fact in the ethnology of the former, that they often *invent* a language for a special foray upon their neighbour Hottentots, to protect their plans from discovery: their articulation has a clicking sound on these occasions.

The *physical appearance* of the Bushmen, is best exemplified by the specimen before us—Henry. His stature is low; but will probably reach nearly five feet, which is never exceeded by his tribe: * his head is well formed, and the facial angle not only excels that of the Caucasian (in what is called the intellectual grade) but equals that which the Greeks gave Jupiter, that is 90 degrees; cheek bones are high, the eyes piercing, black, and of such far sight, that if placed upon an eminence he can distinguish objects which any one present would require a common telescope to see. The Bushmen are spare in person; and their complexion is nearly yellow—showing that the colder climate of their elevated region has rendered them fairer than their kinsmen on the coast. They are, in fact, (American Philosophy to the contrary) a yellow, or mu-

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latto race. The hair grows in distinct tufts, and, under the microscope appears a little flatter, and of less calibre than the hair of the negro; but differs in no essential from the hair of that or any portion of the human race. The dwellings of the Bushmen are sometimes a hole dug near a bush, the tops of which are drawn together for the roof, and at other times they burrow under a ledge of rocks or caves. * Their dress a girdle of sheep skin and a cap of the same; their utensils an earthen pot and a few ostrich shells, a spear, and bow and arrows.

In these primitive abodes they burrow until hunger drives them forth; then their food is whatever living thing they find; nuts, lizards, or snakes—these last, often them most poisonous kind, they seize, devour their bodies, and dissect their heads to obtain the reservoir of poison, which they simmer over the fire with juices of poisonous plants until it gets the consistence of wax; in this they dip their arrows for the case or war; having wounded their game they pursue until they run it down, if the chase occupy two days; their speed nearly equals that of the horse. Their mode of decoying the ostrich is ingenious. A bushman makes a cushion, dresses it with feathers to represent the body of that bird, affixes head and neck, chalks his own legs white and carefully en[s]conced with bow and arrow beneath this disguise, he watchfully, keeping to the leeward, approaches within range of a flock and brings down or wounds several of the ostriches. Having procured a supply of food his joy knows no bounds; he dances and gorges until the supply is exhausted; then covering his skin with the grease and offal, he lies down in his den until necessity again drives him forth, his leisure being wiled away with a rude musical instrument in the form of a violin

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bow, with a catgut drawn across it, and having a quill attached through which he breathes a low plaintive sound.

In *politics*, the Bushman is a “free [soiler]” [to the letter]; but he not only believes all land to be free, he takes the same view in regard to his neighbor’s cattle. Perched in his mountain [eyrie], his long keen eye detects a stray or badly protected herd; he darts down on the plains and rives his booty away up into inaccessible [fastnesses], and literally devours the whole. If pursued and in danger of being overtaken, he spears the entire herd, thus rendering mortal the hatred of the farmers and graziers whom he has robbed.

Hence we find in the Bushman, the circumstances which perpetuate the lowest grade of Barbarism to which the human family can be sunk: his hand is against every man, and every man’s hand against him. Geographically, and socially, he is isolated from all the rest of human kind: a wanderer of the desert, without tents, without houses, without herds of his own. Some Bushwomen, says Mr. Moffat † “were entreated to purchase a few goats for the rearing of their children; at this proposal they laughed inordinately, asking if ever their forefathers kept cattle; intimating that they were not intended to keep, but to *eat*.” Their mode of stealing cattle of the farmers has been the great impediment in the way of their being christianized; the farmers will not abide them near their settlements. They dread death, believe in a future state, but have no worship.

Their *morals* are of the lowest grade, unrelieved by any of the affections of house and home. Indulging in a plurality of wives, a quarrel between those, is ended by the murder of the children of the conquered woman. If a mother die leaving a helpless babe, the same grave

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is filled with the dead mother and the living offspring. As soon as a child is able to run about the fields, it is left to take care of itself and find its own food. If a hungry lion approaches the burrow of the Bushmen, he throws out his child to appease the appetite of the beast, and to save himself.

The Bushmen live, not in tribes, but each family by itself and governed by itself: occasionally they associate a number of families together, to perpetrate a foray on the farmers, but their union ends with the expedition.

It was in one of these forays, or rather the battle which ensued on a pursuit, that the parents of Henry were slain, and the left among the dead in the field: a merchant traveller, passing by heard his groans, threw him into his wagon, and nursed him until he reached Capetown where he placed him under the care of Mr. Chase the American Consul. This gentleman failing to return (probably from his own death) for Henry, Mr. Chase kindly took care of him and taught him English; having occasion to visit the United States in his way to Europe, Mr. Chase placed Henry in the coloured Orphan Assylum in this city, where he has been about 10 months.

His character is mild, docile and shy. His mind develops slowly. When taken ill last Summer, he made a hole in the sand in the rear of the building, and was found coiled up therein: a most curious and instructive fact. He bore his long and painful illness with fortitude and patience; only shedding tears when Mr. Chase left his bed-side, an act from which that gentleman could not himself refrain. To-day I asked Henry if he remembered his native language; a few clicks of the tongue, such as we would express pity with, were his reply: and I felt how utterly an orphan he is, when he could not

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interpret their meaning.

Thus much for the account of the Bushmen. I will not detain you by reflections which arise from their history and the history of the case before you: here is living proof that the most barbarous mode of life has not been able to erase from one of God's human creatures the stamp of humanity; that nature at the most can never make man and his offspring so hideous as can Slavery. And we cannot but be grateful to the Almighty Providence which has brought this child from darkness to the light of Christianity.

We have here, too, another link in the grand chain of facts and arguments which go to prove the unity of the human race.

In looking over that delightful record of book-gossip, the *Literary World*, I was struck with the accounts of Mr. Layard, an English traveller in the East, who was attracted by some mounds on the banks of the Tigris. He was seized with a desire to excavate them, returned to England and sought from the Government the means to do so; but sought in vain. The mounds haunted him by day and by night, until at length, he obtained from the private purse of Sir Stratford Canning, the means to examine them. He flies to the task, and begins the excavations, having to contend with numberless and almost insurmountable difficulties, in procuring labourers, and overcoming the prejudices of the Arab authorities. He finally penetrates deeply into the earth, and *Ninevah* is disclosed to him! The gorgeous figures, with the head of a man, the body of a lion and adorned with wings, made by the Assyrian workmen 3,000 years ago, are unveiled to his enraptured vision.

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rit of the Past.

Some twelve or thirteen years ago, some ladies of this city, more struck with the deep degradation of a portion of its children, having patiently obtained the means, they literally made excavations in the mud and mire of murky cellars, and brought to the light of day the living images you see before you; full of life, full of hope, full of energies, which are being rightly directed to help roll on the flood of light and life, liberty and civilization which God has entrusted to the hands of the American people.

These ladies are endowed with the spirit of the Present; and they appeal to you for means to aid them in their glorious labour.

* To such caves they retreat when pursued by the enraged Hottentots when they have been robbed; their pursuers often kindle fires at the mouth of the cave, and destroy 20 or 30 Bushmen at once.

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