

TWOPENCE.

Sixth Thousand.

Third Year of the War.

THE
BRITON 

And the BOER.

*An appeal from Philip drunk
to Philip sober.*

BY

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CALL ME COWARD, CALL ME TRAITOR,
JEST-EZ SUITS YOUR MEAN IDEES,—
HERE I STAND, A TYRANT-HATER,
AN' THE FRIEND O' GOD AN' PEACE.

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WHO WAS RIGHT?

More than one reader of the first Five Editions of this Pamphlet (published four days before the Boer Ultimatum, seven days before the Natal border was crossed), declared that the contents seemed to them prophetic; for which reason, that new readers may have an opportunity of judging, they are reprinted, without material alteration, in the first sixteen pages of this Sixth Edition. New comments are confined to the subsequent pages. The writer, for his own part, claims no exceptional foresight, for multitudes of people held similar views, and many expressed them. He claims only to be a representative voice, in which capacity he is entitled to point out that the prophecies of the friends of peace have been falsified in no single particular; whilst every calculation of the war party has been confounded and put to shame. Every prediction in the following pages has either been fulfilled or is in course of fulfilment. The challenge is boldly thrown out to the war party—Who was right?

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"CONSERVATIVE" Third Year of the War.

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The Briton and the Boer.

AN APPEAL FROM PHILIP DRUNK TO PHILIP SOBER.

“I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober!”
Drunk Philip. exclaimed an outraged countryman to the Macedonian tyrant, drunk as much with pride as with wine. A large section of the British public is drunk with insolence and vain-glory; and a British patriot can do his country no better service than to endeavour to save it from a crime which, when it returns to its sober senses, it will bitterly regret. The time has come for every lover of his country to cry aloud and spare not. Long, amid increasing doubt, an honourable silence was maintained, chiefly because the idea of war with the South African Republics was too monstrous to be entertained, and also because there was no desire to embarrass a Government that professed to seek peace and ensue it. But now that the last horror is full upon us; that where the olive waved now gleams the bayonet; that the Government now stands condemned as a Philip drunk with national vanity and greed, silence would be guilt. If the British Philip is to be preserved from the sin of murder on a scale so vast and pitiless as to shock every human instinct, protest loud and long must be shouted into his dull ear; for soon it will be too late. When the bones of British soldiers whiten the veldts of South Africa, and the blood of Boer patriots drenches the fields they once peacefully tilled, it will be too late. When deadly despair settles upon the soul of a subjugated, sullen, but not settled South Africa, and a race who might have been our loving allies in the work of civilisation think of us only to curse us, it will be too late—too late!

For months the British public has been
Debauched Philip. glutted with lies, dazed with rumours and contradictions, blinded with frantic wavings of the Union Jack, deafened with the crescendo roar of hoarse-throated “Rule Britannias”—until the still small voice of reason has been drowned, and all but the bravest men are afraid to say “peace”

for fear of intolerable derision and abuse. For months a subsidised South African press has fed the British public on the grossest calumnies, and scheming conspirators have poisoned the blood of the body politic, inoculating it day by day with the "Rabies Africana" in its deadliest form. For months the British press has beat the tom-tom before the great god Jingo with increasing sound and fury, with increasing spite and unverity—not now the "yellow" but the Red Press; the press which, once mightier, is now only bloodier than the sword. For months colonial despatches have been littering the national floor, thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, making confusion worse confounded. The dum-dum bullet—condemned by the civilised world as fit only for the guns of savages—is levelled by British hands at Boer heads ready to blow out the brains, not of barbarians, but of Christian men, of pioneers, of brave forwards in the task of subduing the earth.

But what if we lack the triple armour of the **Deluded Philip.** man that hath his quarrel just? What if with the cry "injustice" on our lips we are creating a greater injustice? What if, behind the shoddy selfishness that passes for patriotism, lurk the demons of prejudice, revenge, arrogance, and greed? What if, after his bloody orgie, drunk Philip wakes up to find he has been waging a war more wanton, wicked, and unlawful, than any that has fouled the century? What if the "empire builders" who flatter him with their catch-cry "from Cape to Cairo" should be discovered, after all, to have tempted him into a course as destructive politically as it is unjustifiable morally? Alas, then, for Philip!

The most terrifying nickname that can be hurled at **Pro-Boer.** a British man to-day is "Pro-Boer!" To be a Pro-Boer is, it would seem, as bad as to be a burglar, sneak, coward, and thief. A Briton may commit every one of the seven deadly sins in the same day, but if he goes to a London Music Hall at night and shouts himself hoarse with "Rule Britannia" and "God save the King," a patriotic country will give him absolution, and admit him to the society of English gentlemen. Things have come to a pretty pass in this land of the free when a man cannot avow himself to be pro-justice or pro-mercy, for Christianity and for the Sermon on the Mount, without being saluted as a traitor and a coward!

The Boer's Ancestry entitles him to more consideration. He is amongst the pioneers of **Boer Pedigree of the Best.** European freedom—the heroes of civil and religious liberty. The blood of the martyr Huguenots is in his veins, and the soul of those firm-fronted Nether-

landers who, under William the Silent, wrested the independence of Holland from the tyrant hand of Spain. There is no stronger blood in Europe. No ancestry has made a nobler contribution to the liberties we are at present enjoying, and in the assumed name of which we are about to murder their descendants.

Boer History of the Bravest.

The History of the living Boer gives him a claim upon British respect and sympathy. The most furious patriot amongst us cannot deny that in South Africa the Dutchman for a century and a half pioneered the way for the Briton. Let the gentle and yielding British patriots who are so grieved at the Boers' "stubbornness" reflect on the stubborn work he had to do, and whether a pioneer less stubborn could have done it. His path has ever lain through the midst of stubborn beasts, stubborn savages, stubborn wildernesses, stubborn Britons; till at last, in the very land of gold, the usurping Briton finds him again, and threatens him with the final extinction of that political independence which, to the descendant of William the Silent, is dearer than life. Has the ruler of nations no other work for "this vast empire"—as the platform patriots are so fond of styling it—than to strike down a little people whose difficulties have arisen chiefly from their unconquerable love of liberty?

Boer Achievements and Difficulties.

The difficulties of the Boer Government are so peculiar as to smite sympathy out of any but the pride-hardened heart of a British Imperialist. To organise a pastoral State away out on the forsaken veldt, surrounded by seas of savages, was a great task, though it was perhaps the kind of thing the Boer—a bit of aboriginal Adam's earth—was fitted to do. But just when the scattered families appeared to be united into a homogeneous community, rooted in its own soil, and laden with the promise of peace and plenty, new perplexities arose through the sudden influx of a European, mostly British, population, which quickly outnumbered the burghers, and threatened to quite swamp their little State. For the new-comers were not the type of genuine immigrants who have made the British colonies great and prosperous, but were, for the most part, adventurers in haste to be rich, indifferent to the interests of the country, filled with contempt for the herdsmen amongst whom they had settled, arrogant in the conscious backing of "this vast empire," willing to enjoy the gains, but determined to shirk the duties connected with the land they lived in. It was an artificial state of things for which there was no speedy remedy. Not even a modern European State, with centuries of constitutional history

behind it, could fail to be seriously embarrassed by the sudden immigration of aliens, speaking a different language, inheriting different political traditions, and outnumbering its own people by two to one. What, let us think, would Britain have been able to do under such circumstances? What, in a hundred years, has she been able to do towards political equality in India? For pity's sake let the immense difficulty of the Boer position be admitted; we shall then be able to appreciate the sin of those who, through sheer lust of possession, have industriously worked up the inherent difficulty into a terrible danger.

A Secret Conspiracy. The question at issue is so ridiculously out of proportion to the method adopted to settle it as to excite suspicion that the real reasons are kept out of sight, and that what we have to deal with is a secret conspiracy of exploiters, speculators, empire-builders, and aspiring Colonial Secretaries.

Our Franchise Fraud. The Franchise is the ostensible reason for military preparations that already tax the ordinary resources of "this vast empire." Well, how stands the franchise? Britain demands from aliens five years' residence previous to enfranchisement, whilst the Boer Government offers seven. Are we then justified in cutting the throats of Christians on a difference of two years? It is vain to huddle up and mystify the subject with all kinds of irrelevancies,—the plain question is: Are we to destroy the South African Republic offering a seven years' franchise with a Joint Commission to see that it is effective, because it suits the Colonial Secretary, without reason shown, to demand five years? And when the Republic concedes the demand for a five years' franchise, upon condition that we thereafter observe our own treaties by respecting its internal independence, are we to snatch the concession and then threaten death if the condition be not also renounced? Is it so? Flimsier pretext for robbery and murder never emanated from the wickedest Tyranny of Europe in its darkest days. How many Uitlanders desire to naturalise? No one knows. How many naturalised Uitlanders would it take to make Uitlander influence in the Transvaal Government really effective? No one knows. Why then, in the name of reason and common-sense, cannot we go back to President Kruger's offer of a seven years' franchise, with the Joint Commission to see that it is effective—an offer which Mr Chamberlain himself declared to afford a reasonable basis for negotiation? If this question is not answered, the Briton as well as the Boer is bound to conclude that a peaceful settlement is not desired; is bound to judge

British statesmen by their acts, not their words, and will turn from their protestations to their armaments, saying: "By their deeds ye shall know them."

The Transvaal Franchise a Liberal One. The franchise offered by President Kruger is, after all, a much better franchise than is enjoyed by the citizens of this country. For how many years must an alien reside in this country before he is entrusted with a vote? And what alien would venture so much as to hint the preposterous Uitlander proposal to be admitted as citizens of their adopted country while remaining citizens of their native country as well? The screaming patriots who are panting to "Rule Britannia" the South African Republic from off the map would do well to reserve some energy to enable them to deal with a more limited franchise at home. The seven years' franchise offered by the Boer Government to whomsoever is embraced in its scope runs all up the ladder, from Second Volksraad through First Volksraad to Presidency. Many of us have votes for our lower Volksraad, the House of Commons, but how many have votes for our higher Volksraad, the House of Lords? How many have votes for our President, the King? The House of Lords has blocked more reforms, bolstered more injustices, resisted more franchises, flung out more Bills, tyrannised more heedlessly of consequence than all the Tory Doppers that ever drank coffee with their President, yet nobody ever voted for them, nobody ever can or shall vote for them; they sit serene and unmoved above the storms of popular tumult, like gods on Olympus, and the Tory reformers who are howling for blood because a handful of British settlers cannot vote for the "House of Lords" and the "King" of their adopted country, never so much as whisper their dissent! What devil of hypocrisy has entered into the British public that these things should be so? Why cannot that which is sauce for the British goose be sauce for the Uitlander gander? Or how can that which is tolerable in Britain be a crime demanding the capital punishment of an entire nation in South Africa?

Political Equality, or Political Poltroonery? Political equality is, no doubt, a thing to be sought whether in the Transvaal or Great Britain; so is representation with taxation; so is the abolition of monopolies; so is freedom of the press; so is the right of public meeting; but they are not things to go to war about, else there might have been civil war in Great Britain any time these hundred years, nay, even this very hour. Those who have consistently sought

and suffered for these things at home are not the people to deny the virtue of them abroad; but as they abstained from fighting about them at home, so they refuse to fight for them abroad. These are pre-eminently the ends to be sought by agitation, by unarmed revolt, by moral war, by political education, by giving the Executive Government an exceedingly lively time of it, and, if need be, going to prison for one's faith. They are not the things for which, at this late hour of the Christian era, we feel justified in cutting throats. The cause of political liberty in these days may demand its martyrs, but never its murderers; may call for sacrifice, but can never justify homicide. What, if the truth must be spoken, is to be said of the gallant Uitlanders, mostly British, who are said to outnumber the burgher population by two to one, and yet are so unprepared to struggle and suffer for their own liberties that they must whine for their Mother-government to come and help them? Where is the ancient British spirit of self-reliance, stubborn independence, fearless political assertion? It has, for the most part, grovelled down into a lust for gold, and is fit only to clamour for an army corps to come and help it. It has slithered down into a political poltroonery that can only whine for privilege, what time it waters its whisky with its tears. What answer shall we return to these degenerates who can only appeal to the British Lion to come and pick their political chestnuts out of the fire? Abraham Lincoln would have known what to say! Once, when the trouble was brewing between North and South, a Committee of New York millionaires waited on Old Abe to beg him to send a gunboat to protect their city, not forgetting to convince him that they represented two hundred million dollars. The care-worn President listened patiently to all they had to say, and then remarked with great gravity—"Gentlemen, I am, as you say, legally the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, though, as a matter of fact, I do not know where a single gunboat or regiment is located; but, gentlemen, if I were one half as wealthy as you say you are, and a tenth part as badly scared as I know you are, I would buy a gunboat and defend New York myself!"

**They would Vote,
but not Fight.**

The franchise, as this story reminds us, was offered long ago to these gentlemen who are so anxious to denationalise themselves, or to belong to two countries at the same time; but on the very proper condition that they should be liable to commando—to military service on behalf of their adopted country—and it was refused. These vote-valiant gentlemen were not prepared to fight for the country that gave them bread and citizenship. They

wanted all the profits, while the burghers were to have all the losses; they were to have the gold, and the burghers the gunpowder; they were ready to govern the country, but the burgher alone must fight for it; they were even, at a pinch, willing to steal it, and when the burgher—who had had all the fighting to do—prepared to fight on this matter also, then there was a howl of dismay, and shrieks for “Mother-country” to come to the help of her poor, persecuted, afflicted children! Is it into such depths of poltroonery as these that the closing century of Imperialism is about to hurl the British people? Are these the men for whose sake we are preparing to butcher our fellow-creatures? Is it for cold-shouldering a parcel of grovelling sneaks like these that we are prepared to hurl a couple of army corps against this gallant little people?

“But,” retorts the advocate of war-at-any-price, **Our Might** “the protection of British subjects is the duty of the **our Right.** British Government.” Yes, to protect; but not to force the franchise. To protect from violence and outrage, certainly; but not to demand political equality. To assert that any Government is bound to ask, or is justified in asking a civilised State to alter its Constitution to suit the political ideas of certain adventurers, traders, speculators, gold-hunters who have wandered into it, is to propound a doctrine as ridiculous as it is dangerous. Let the same doctrine be applied to British settlers in America or Russia, and see which of our Jingo gods would save us! The peace of Europe would not be preserved ten minutes if we dared so much as whisper to one of these the doctrine we are brutally preaching to this little State with pike and gun! And, my patriotic reader, you know it! You know it! And you know that you can find no refuge from the truth save in the deep, deep lie that might is right.

The things conceded are sufficient in **Boer Concessions.** number and importance to prove the good faith of the Transvaal Government, to justify the recall of our troops, and a resort to the method of mediation which our Dutch colonists implore us to use. All the time that partisans and liars are crying out upon the impudence of the Boer who will make “no concessions,” the calumniated Boer has been making concessions which, in the judgment of their Dutch kinsmen, and of not a few Britons, are sufficient to settle the present disturbance, and, followed up by the negotiations which the Boers have promised, and promised till they are tired, would give everything that reason and justice could require. Political equality, and a just franchise, have been offered, along with a Joint Commission to see that the reforms are effective;

whilst a special Commissioner is invited to examine into the whole case and give his decision. Arbitration, not of foreigners, but of British and Afrikanders, has been entreated again and again. In the name of God, what could men do more? What would the British nation have? What do they want? No wonder if the lips of President Kruger are sealed in dumb despair.

Boer suspicion of British sincerity is fully **British Hypocrisy.** justified by the extraordinary way we have received their advances towards peace. The

Boer (piteously complains the red press) does not trust Mr Chamberlain, and, in an obscure corner, in a kind of newspaper whisper, tells you that Mr Rhodes is judiciously keeping out of sight at present. Ay, but the Boer sees him. No one now doubts that Jameson's bandit raid was intended to overthrow the Transvaal Government; or denies the hypocrisy of the South African Enquiry Committee, which first proved lying and forgery, and then permitted Mr Chamberlain to declare in the House of Commons that the chief conspirator had done nothing inconsistent with the character of an English gentleman. The Raid having failed, and the Enquiry Committee having huddled up the crime and whitewashed the criminal, Mr Rhodes judiciously retires into the background to allow the Colonial Secretary to play his part. After long diplomatic preface the dead "suzerainty" is revived, and new claims, formerly repudiated by the same lips, are put forward. And then we innocently express our wonder that the Boer should suspect us! Oh, the British hypocrite is deep! Which of you that is a householder if, at the thick midnight, you caught a burglar entering by the back window, would, next day, trust the fervent protestations of the same gentleman's pal when he presented himself at the front door? How many British men, in their deepest hearts, are quite certain that there is no ultimate design upon the territory and independence of the Transvaal? How many doubt the willingness of the gold-hunter to buy cheaper nuggets at the price of Boer blood? How many are certain that the Chartered Company have not got into a mess that demands a diversion or even new mines to save the shareholders from financial, and the directors from moral ruin? How many? Much fewer than the number of Boer patriots who will bite the dust if this robber war goes on!

The efforts of the Boer to avoid war appeal **How the Boer** to the judgment of every man whom passion
Strove for Peace. and Imperialism have not blinded. While the red press is declaiming upon the stubbornness of the Boer Government, it, for its part, is making noble and touching efforts to keep the peace. President Kruger's appeals

cannot fail to touch every heart that is not beaten into insensibility by the barbaric tom-toms of the red press. President Steyn—the devoted Thomas of the Dutch Republics, who declares that if he cannot save his brother he will die with him; knowing that when it has gorged the Transvaal, the monster Imperialism will not long spare the Orange Free State—has again and again pointed out the way of peace. What qualities shall we predicate of the wretch who can receive the pleadings of these brave men in their country's extremity with derision and insult? What evil spirit has entered into the lion-heart of Britain that she deliberately drives this little nation to despair, and forces it to an arbitrament horribly unequal and sinfully unfair? The fact is, we are finding it more difficulty to goad the Boers into war than we found it to persuade them to grant political equality to the Uitlander. What man in whom a spark of chivalry remains can witness without remorse the forbearance of these armed burghers at this terrible crisis? There they stand, on the frontiers of the land they love, with guns in their hands, face to face with one they are compelled to regard as an enemy, knowing that every day adds to the enemy's strength and takes from their own, watching the reinforcements arrive which may grind them into powder, yet never firing a shot, declaring that they will never begin the attack while the slightest hope of peace remains, because they believe in God! In some circumstances it would be stupid: in the present case it is sublime.

For the Sake of the Briton. The Briton bulks quite as largely as the Boer in the minds of those who desire to see Christ called in to settle this question instead of Mars. A mad Briton is an object quite as mournful as a bad Boer; a Briton drunk with pride of empire and lust of land as offensive to Heaven as a Boer ignorant, obstructive, hard-hearted—whatever charge has been urged against him by those who welcome any pretext to steal his goldfields. The patriotism which swears by its country, right or wrong, is a drunk patriotism; and history offers a hundred proofs that wars declared in the haste of intoxicated Militarism are repented of at the sober leisure of national sanity. The friends of peace, therefore, claim to be also the friends of Britain. They demand that patriotism shall not be predicated only of the wavers of Union Jacks and shouters of "Rule Britannia"; and they are certain that whatever be the immediate issue of the situation, their country will one day acknowledge that those who tried to keep the British bayonet out of the Boer heart were, spite of all the insults heaped upon them in the evil day, working as much for the sake of the Briton as the Boer.



Britain's right to interfere in the internal affairs of the South African Republic plainly does not exist; was, indeed, expressly renounced in the 1884 Convention. Members of the present Government have said over and over again that the Transvaal State possesses absolute control over her internal affairs; that Britain possesses absolutely no right of interference; that the only power reserved by this country is the power to veto objectionable treaties with foreign States. After the amazing correspondence conducted by the Colonial Office during these past months, this outstanding fact is lost sight of, ignored, denied, pooh-poohed by the upholders of a country that can do no wrong; but it remains true all the same, and will be brought up in judgment against us by the future historian of the disgraceful events now taking place. There is absolutely no moral or political right to dictate terms of franchise or anything else; and Mr Chamberlain's words are on record that our action must be limited to friendly counsel, and that if the counsel be rejected we have no right to press it. A violation of pledged word lies at the door of British honour—a deliberate breach of faith which makes it impossible for the South African Republic to trust us again, however much we swear and protest. If British faith is nothing to the insensate mobs who break up peace meetings in Trafalgar Square, it is of some import to those of us who yet love our country's good name, and it is for the sake of British honour we call for the observance of our solemn Convention with the Transvaal State. After all, what is British territory to British truth, or Rhodesian gold to Christian faith? Some day in the future, make no doubt, it will more import this Great Britain of ours to be able to be believed than to have added another province to her Empire. She will lose more one day, because she will be thought to lie, than if she renounced altogether her shadowy claim to authority over the Transvaal, even with the glitter of Chartered gold behind it.

But British paramountcy must be maintained? By all means, if the Destinies permit. **The Parrot-Cry of "Paramountcy."** But is it merely for a phrase we are about to slaughter some thousands of primitive patriots, and desolate thousands of South African homes? Have our fighting patriots drivelled down into mere chattering parrots, to go to war for a word? The Boers do not challenge our paramountcy; they merely assert their own internal independence. We are paramount in South Africa, of course—as long as we are paramount, and there is no more to be said about it. Was there ever such a beating of the empty air?

The suzerainty question is too ridiculous, hypocritical, and malicious for anything. When Mr Chamberlain revived the word, "Suzerainty," after it was deliberately dropped in the Convention of 1884, he made it impossible for any sane man to doubt that the ultimate design of the whole affair was conquest and annexation—in other words, robbery with murder. What does the Colonial Secretary mean by the phrase? Do those who cheer its assertion, as if it meant the acquisition of whole continents to "our vast empire," know what it means? If it means that it entitles us to interfere in the internal affairs of the Transvaal, it is a wicked and malicious lie, and a direct contradiction of the Convention of 1884. If it does not entitle us to interfere in the domestic affairs of the Boers, what is the use of insisting upon it. Do we not insist upon it? Then why is it not plainly withdrawn? Why is it left to haunt the mind of the Boer with ugly fears? There can be but one answer—because it is put forward as a pretext for destroying the independence of the State. When we dropped it in 1884, the act was coupled with independence; now that we revive it, the act means subjugation. The diplomatists deny it? To be sure. But the man in the street asserts it. The whole war party asserts it. The red press asserts it. The massing of troops on the Boer frontier asserts it. The Jameson raid asserts it. It is the hour and power of Mr Chamberlain; and, where Rhodes failed, Chamberlain may succeed. And the man who pretends to disbelieve that the object is to humiliate the Republic, to reduce it to dependence, to take away the last semblance of Nationality, to make it certain that the Boer shall never get his head up again, lies, and knows that he lies.

Our "Slim" come to any other conclusion. To read the comments of the red press, one would think that President Kruger was the very incarnation of duplicity—as if the Boer hare could be blamed for doubling when the British hound was in full sight after it, or the Transvaal fly reproached for not walking into the parlour with all the celerity the British spider could desire. Those who complain of Kruger's obstinacy should remember Chamberlain's impudence. In view of our immense exportations of Birmingham brass it is childish to complain of our imports of Boer hide; and when a British diplomatist continues to assail a friendly statesman with shrill impertinence we must expect to see some signs of pertinacity in return. If we permit a politician with a mind like a hatchet, and a tongue like a stiletto, to preside over the destinies

of the Colonial Office, we need not marvel if his opponents don a tough bull-hide to protect themselves against his insolence. The trickiness and impudence of the Chamberlain despatches defy competition in any quarter of the globe outside Birmingham. The well-known shuffle by which he got rid of the seven years' franchise he had formerly accepted, and snatched a five years' franchise out of the hand of the Boer President will live in history, and deserves to be known as the Chamberlain trick. No one but a smart, a very smart "commercial" could have done it, but to call the author of it a statesman would be to insult politics. The despatches are all up to sample. No sooner has the President made a surrender than the Secretary puts in a fresh claim; and every Boer concession is followed by another turn of the British screw. Their diplomatic manner has been warlike, offensive, and belligerent, and has been backed by madman speeches about hour-glasses, squeezed sponges; and by broad hints about stronger measures. The Jingo journalists never cease their barbaric yawp, and profess a world of anxiety lest the Boer should take away with the left hand as much as he gives with the right. They over-act their part; for they make it plain that the thing the war party dread most is that the Transvaal will give way, thus preventing Great Britain from wiping it off the map of South Africa, and realising the splendid "Cape to Cairo" dream of the empire-builders. If the design of the Government had been the diabolical one of deliberately fouling the stream so as to make peace impossible, they could not have gone better to work; for the devil seems about to give them the desire of their heart, and the red press is busy throwing all the blame upon the Boer. If the Boer should prove stubborn; if he will not do all that he is bidden and give all that is demanded; if he will not say this or that within such and such a time, he will be responsible for war, he will make war necessary!

What humbugs we are! If the lamb will quietly permit the wolf to devour him, there will be peace by the burn-side; but if not, the lamb will be responsible for war! If the traveller will hand his purse over to the footpad quietly, there will be peace on the highway; but if otherwise, the footpad will be under the painful necessity of fighting him, and the responsibility for war will be on the aggressive traveller's head! If the merchant captain will heave to when the skull and cross-bones bears down upon him, there will be peace between the pirate and his prey; but if he crowds on sail to fly, or, more insolent still, defends his ship, upon his head be the consequences; he is responsible for the

war! Reduced to its shameful nakedness, this is the sickening cant retailed to us by the column every morning in the blood-red press.

Our Military Menace. Our military menace puts the design of our tortuous diplomacy beyond all doubt. To accompany diplomatic correspondence with armed troops, to protest on paper while massing on the frontier, is to provoke to war any nation in whom the spark of chivalry is not entirely dead. Can we wonder if the spirit of the Boer rises at this attempt to force from his fears what cannot be commended to his reason? If he demands the relinquishment of these military demonstrations as the indispensable preliminary to renewed negotiations? We must abandon the policy of armed coercion if peace is to be preserved through the restoration of confidence. It was we who forced the political controversy into an armed demonstration, and it is we who should abandon a policy so irrational and provocative. It is very well that the British Empire should be credited with irresistible might: but irresistible might should be directed by irreproachable justice if it is to command respect and obedience. For in this world men are not afraid to die; it is injustice they fear. And if, through our brutal displays of superior force, we inflame the Boer till he lifts his rifle and fires the first shot, our blood-red press will cheer our immaculate ministers as they express their hypocrite surprise and sorrow at the rashness of the untameable Boer; but the angels and all just men will lay the sin at our doors. Our Colonial Secretary, like a latter day Pontius Pilate, will, without doubt, call for water, and publicly wash his hands in innocency, but the God of nations will not hold him guiltless, and we shall wear upon our foreheads the mark of Cain.

Robbery by Murder. Robbery by Murder is, to the mind of the Boer and of multitudes of Britons, the real end of the war party to-day. The avowed end is one thing, the actual end another. But the mask of falsehood is being gradually dropped, and the declarations become plainer and plainer that the question of reform is abandoned and the purpose of conquest substituted. The burning patriots who fill the correspondence columns of the red press betray themselves every morning. The man in the street is for making a full and final job of it. This great and mighty people has descended from the sublime heights of reason to the vulgar method of the footpad. "Your land, or your life" is the real alternative; and to such an alternative the Boer can give but one answer—"My life, if it must be; but my land, never."

If there is any variant to the motive of "Avenge Majuba!" robbery with murder, it is in the form of a yet baser and more devilish passion for revenge. "Majuba Hill and Revenge," is the once muttered but now publicly shouted watchword of the blacker regiments of the war party. Shall a nation with an Agincourt and a Waterloo behind it be able neither to forget nor forgive the occasion when a handful of peasants got the better of a company of its soldiers? This is to confess that the greatness of our Empire was intended by Providence to compensate for the smallness of our souls.

British magnanimity has surely not wholly perished? It is now eighteen years since Mr Gladstone, with a magnanimity which President Kruger has fully acknowledged, with military forces ready to crush the Transvaal and "avenge Majuba"—as the Boers themselves knew and admit—turned from the devil's policy of revenge, and, with a noble sense of justice and right, restored the Republic's independence. Where is the Lord God of Gladstone? What demon sits in the temple of the British people that, to-day, a man who would follow his great example is insulted as a traitor and a coward? Whither has the spirit of British chivalry fled? What glory can it give to this mighty race, with their exhaustless resources, to take the life of a little people with no standing army, no resources, no reserves to take the place of the farmers who fall, no trained fighting men, but only the fathers and sons and brothers who support the homes of their native land, young men of sixteen and old men of sixty, matched against the trained bands of the British army? It is not war; it is murder. Then they should not resist; they should give in, you say? Despicable caitiff! It is not death men fear, but bondage. It is not life men value, but freedom, independence, justice, home, and country. What man that has burned at the heroic struggles of Poland against Russia, Switzerland and Italy against Austria, Ireland, ay, and our own Scotland, against England, will not listen with sympathy and pity to the appeal of a scanty peasantry for justice? When did the brute doctrine begin to prevail that the weak must necessarily yield to the usurping demands of the strong? When did the bully become the recognised Lord God of the consciences of free men? Never. A brave man can die; he cannot stoop. Oh, my brothers, my British brothers, is it vain to plead with you to be patient? The man Kruger is very old; the regime he stands for—granting it intolerable to the combined dupes of race-hatred and gold-greed—is certain to pass away with him. He has done yeoman service for civilisation out there on the African

veldts. Cannot we be patient till the dissolving powers of God give all the good we seek, without any of the evil we are inviting?

The Cost not Counted. Count you the cost of this business, my war-like brother? A war against a little State does not necessarily mean a little war—especially with such Continental neighbours as we have. A nation of home-grown patriots, fighting every man for his own fireside, is not going to be walked over. We shall conquer? Probably enough. But what of the future? What of the race-hatred increased and prolonged just when it was on the point of being extinguished? Let us not think of the desolated homes, of the wives that will be widows, of the children that will be orphans, of the brave men that will be corpses—we will agree not to think about these; for the British Imperialist counts them as dust in the balance, so the Union Jack can but float over the Senate House at Pretoria. Neither will we think of the sin and shame of a war that might have been a peace; for sin and shame must not stand between “this vast empire” and a new province. But let us think of what will not pass away, and what cannot be shut out—generations of hate and distrust, to the injury of the whole of South Africa. The policy which includes and necessitates this is a policy as mad as it is bad, and as suicidal as it is murderous. It means war against the whole Dutch population of South Africa, and probably enough, the entire loss of the Colonies. We must make an end of the Boer obstructionists, once for all, says the devil’s advocate. Ah, dear sir, the end is not to be reached so easily. You are creating worse evils than you are removing, and preparing the way for heavier disasters. When you have smashed the Boer Republics your task will be just commencing. “All these are the beginning of sorrows!”

For God’s Sake. There are nineteen Christians in the British Cabinet, but the Boer President alone appears to consider that God Almighty has anything to do with the business. God Almighty isn’t in it, declares the red pressman. We take no stock in Christ, confesses the Colonial Office. But suppose the Almighty refuses to be ruled out of His own universe? Suppose Christ declines to be declared an Uitlander in His own Kingdom? There are two forces that must be reckoned with that have not yet entered into the calculations of the statesmen—God and the conscience of the British People. As sure as God is in His heaven, if the British people make war upon the Boer for no better reason than has yet been shewn, the British people will live to regret it. Insensate God-

save-the-Kingism and blatant Rule-Britannia-ism will not save us in the day that the Almighty rises up for judgment. God will blast the proud lie that He is ever on the side of the big battalions.

A Revival of Conscience. The reviving conscience of the British people may yet reverse the policy, and will certainly, in time, condemn the politicians we are now discussing.

There are thousands of people in the country to-day upon whom this thing presses like a nightmare, who agonise to God in whatever form is prayer to them that He may yet avert this unspeakable sin. Will our fellow countrymen not have pity—pity, if not upon the Boer, then upon the Briton? Into what cruel dilemma are they going to force us? How can we pray to God for the success of British arms against a nation of peasant-patriots? How can we other than pray for the success of a patriot people fighting for national existence against a punishment all too heavy for their offence? We love our country. We desire to see her great; but greatly good. That which she would highly, that should she holily. We are torn asunder. Will our fellow-countrymen not have pity upon us? Will they not have pity upon themselves? Let the "Rule Britannia" patriot not deceive himself: this thing is not going to be a pic-nic. Nor is the agitation against this war to cease with the firing of the first shot.

Philip Sober. When the blood of Boer farmers fertilises the fields they once peacefully tilled, and trickles down to the gold the British speculator has damnably coveted, the moral sense of the nation—the God who ever lives in the human breast—will come to life again; will paralyse the arm of the soldier, confound the politics of the Secretary, reverse the policy of blood, give new and greater security to the Republican principle, and wed the Dutch and the British into a great Afrikander people, and into a noble Federation of Republics. The time is not far off to which the friends of peace make their appeal;—the time when sober remorse will take the place of intoxicated pride; when the cheek now flushed with passion because a little nation dares to die in its last ditch for its flag, will flush with shame; when the jaunty politicians who led the nation, with cheers, into the vulgar path of the bully and the bandit will be swept aside with execrations; and when a great reward will be theirs who, though heaped with insults, dared, and not in vain, to appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

The single point on which the present writer is obliged to confess to miscalculation, is as to the depth of the stupor into which a drugged Imperialism had plunged the British people. No lover of his country could have believed that for three years it could have drowsed through a succession of calamities and cruelties such as never before attended its arms or disgraced its character. The marvel of the situation is not the military endurance of the Boer, but the moral indifference of the Briton; not the unconquerable resistance of a simple and uncorrupted people, but the conscienceless brutality of the British Government and the British Church; not the faith-sustaining triumph of justice, truth, freedom over pride, violence and empire, but that paralysis of reason and lethargy of soul which could tolerate the suppression of free speech at home, mob law, Parliamentary corruption, militarism and the spectre of conscription; and, abroad, could look unmoved upon a series of agonies, atrocities and crimes which afforded the most conclusive proof of a bad cause—a cause from which God had turned away His face.

As foreseen, the Boer, driven desperate, gratified the conspirators by commencing hostilities against the Briton—thus, in a purely technical sense, firing the first shot. But it is true that before doing so he suggested the withdrawal of troops on both sides, and a resort to arbitration or other peaceful method; which reasonable requests, however, our Government declined to discuss, thus giving new evidence that the thing it darkly desired was, not reform and settlement, but conquest and annexation. It is also true that Sir Alfred Milner had already declared British South Africa to be ready for extreme measures, and had called for a striking proof of British supremacy; that Mr Chamberlain had announced his decision to formulate his own proposals—a mere periphrasis for an ultimatum; that the reserves had been called out, and orders given to mobilise a field force for South Africa. It is also true that Mr Chamberlain, ten days after the commencement of hostilities, confessed in the House of Commons that President Kruger had yielded nine-tenths of our demands; that we were warring for the remaining tenth; that (like one of those “juggling fiends” who “palter with us in a double sense”) he had written a despatch which he intended for an acceptance of President Kruger’s concessions, but which all the world, including President Kruger, had interpreted as a refusal. It was by actions like these—the acme either of stupidity or of malice—he earned the proud distinction of being the author of the war, and wears it, as he says, like a feather in his cap. It is clear

Third Year of the War. Who Fired the First Shot?

that the British Government took as much pains to provoke, as the Boer Government to avoid, the strife. Morally, (like the pirate's "Heave-to, or I attack"—the foot-pad's "Your money, or your life"—the bully's "Hands up, or I fire"), the British Government fired the first shot.

Every succeeding step confirmed the opinion
Provoke! that the real aim of the conspirators was to
Then Annex! provoke the Boer, to create excuse for annexing
 his fatherland. In order to reconcile the halt-
 ing opinion of this country, members of the Government,
 echoed by members of the Opposition, declared again and again that
 they had no designs upon the Independence of the Republics; but no
 sooner was the country's temper up, than shameless words were
 uttered which, now backed by shameless deeds, brand us as the per-
 jured liar amongst the nations. Mr Hammond boasted that he and
 his friends had done not a little to bring about the war; hoping, from
 forced labour, longer hours, and reduced wages, to increase their
 profits by millions a year. Lord Milner declared that from the first,
 the British people had set out to make an end of the business once
 for all; to make South Africa one country under one flag, and with
 one system of law and government. Lord Lansdowne revealed the
 fact that, four months before the Boer Ultimatum, Lord Wolseley
 pressed upon him measures intended to complete the subjugation of
 the two Republics by November of the same year; and that he
 delayed only because he did not think the country had been
 sufficiently prepared for war; but that, meantime, he was not sitting
 with hands folded—a graceful circumlocution for the ugly truth that he
 was screwing the country up to war-pitch. The War Office, about
 the same time, published an Intelligence Book, in which the numbers,
 strength, armaments, and tactics of the Boers were set forth in full.
 Lord Salisbury, after some preliminary flourishes about seeking no
 gold-fields and no territory, tabled a demand for unconditional sur-
 render, coupled with the declaration that no shred of independence
 would be granted the Republics. To put the matter beyond all
 doubt, the Government have so far announced their intentions as to
 promise Military Rule (after annexation) for an indefinite period;
 Crown Colony Government for another indefinite period; and Re-
 presentative Institutions only in the dim and distant future; whilst,
 as if to make clear their resolve to humble the Republicans in the
 dust, they have already set over them immoral ex-priests like Mr
 Adrian Hofmeyr, whom the Dutch had ejected for scandalous con-
 duct. To tear the last rag from a policy of shameless hypocrisy,
 Captain March Phillips has confessed that he never met a miner who

would have walked a mile to pick the vote off the road; and that, as for their precious "grievances," they used to roar with laughter when they read about them in the *London Times*. "Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this (British) multitude!"

Official Liberalism. Overtaken by this moving bog of perfidy, the official Liberal presented, for a time, a humiliating spectacle of moral incompetency. He condemned the diplomatist for running the country into a blind alley, yet consented to the soldier cutting a way out; pronounced the war unjust, yet voted supplies to carry it on; declared it to be unnecessary, yet stood in with the conspirators to see it through; willing, as it would seem, to reap the national fruits of conquest, and the party fruits of criticism, at one and the same time. But he is now struggling out of the slough, and, like Christian, on the side nearest the celestial city, whilst certain political Pliables have returned to the city of destruction. Preliminary to its revival in the breast of the nation, conscience is beginning to stir in the bosom of the Liberal Party. At last Philip is sobering; he stirs; he shakes himself; he begins to arise.

The Character of the War. The war has presented a series of prophetic fulfilments calculated to justify the friends of peace, who steadily gave warning that it would be long, bloody, costly, and likely to terminate in the entire loss of our South African Dominion; whilst it has as thoroughly discredited the makers of it, whose optimistic predictions have been falsified alike in the lump and in detail. The vanities and villainies of the campaign are as notorious as those of the diplomacy. It has been a war of ignorance; for, alike as to the numbers, weapons, horses, tactics of the burghers who might be expected to meet them in arms, and the loyal nature of the defensive union between Transvaal and Free State, our representatives in part confessed and in all betrayed their measureless stupidity. It commenced as a frolic war; for Kruger would not fight, or would run at the first shot; and men marching to disease and death steamed away as to a Cook's excursion, labelling their luggage for Pretoria; and ordered their Christmas pudding to be sent on to Pretoria, as if the thing were a picnic. It was a theatrical war; for Lord Roberts, obliged to maintain a reputation earned by some tricks of speech and manner, swept up to the capitals like a froth-crested wave, and, with flourishes about Majuba anniversaries, accomplished a newspaper annexation, the value of which is to be estimated from the fact that many places then occupied have since been evacuated, and are now

in possession of their rightful owners. It is a war of indifference; for the army is being destroyed; but the Government make no sign; the twenty-one thousand British dead, the five thousand hopelessly wrecked, the hundred thousand wounded and invalided, the troops rotting in blockhouses or dropping in fruitless march and counter-march—all seem to make no impression on a cauterised Cabinet and a hypnotised public; and has not the prime spokesman pronounced the suffering “irrelevant”? It has been a war of cant; for amid its immeasurable infamies we have never ceased to extol our own “clemency,” to call the world to witness our “humanity,” to exhaust the dictionary in praise of British “magnanimity.” It is proving to be a costly war; for, at the rate of about two millions a week, adding countless millions to the National Debt, we are pouring out the treasure which could have truly educated our youth, abolished our slums, pensioned our worn-outs, equipped us for a career of “love and good works,” to stimulate the ardour of the sister nations. Every day it is being revealed as a fruitless war; a ridiculous failure in its details, and a sublime failure in its mass and totality; for after two years and a half of it we hold less territory than we held at the end of the first year; so that the result, if it has not “staggered humanity,” has at any rate staggered the British Empire.

In obedience to the natural law which requires
“Methods of that we take away the character in order to justify
Barbarism.” the taking away of life, the first form of our barbarity consisted in circulating the most shameful slanders against a brave and clean-living race; and when, after the capture of the capitals, the Republicans refused to acknowledge themselves vanquished, they became to us mere mercenaries, scum, outlawed desperadoes, bandits, guerillas, murderers, vermin to be refused quarter and all belligerent rights;—and this might be called war by defamation of character. If some features of the campaign rendered Great Britain odious, others only made her ridiculous, chief amongst which was her attempt to end the war by bill-sticking, by promulgating measures—some of which were childish, others revengeful, others illegal, and all alike unsuccessful; for not even the lofty device of opening burghers’ letters in order to insert these documents could detach the patriots from their cause; but men who had not succumbed to the bayonet and the Maxim were found impervious to the paste-pot and the postage-stamp; and this was the end of the war by proclamation. Baffled in their paper-war, our commanders next attempted to seduce the burghers from their allegiance by bribing with promises of commission on loot certain

surrendered traitors to steal into the Boer camps and detach the men from their commandoes; and when these spies were treated according to the laws of war, a shout of execration arose; but thus ended what we may call war by "peace envoy." It then pleased the politicians to furnish the world with a specimen of war by general election; for the Commander-in-chief, a year and a half ago, gave utterance to the immortal myth that the "war was over," and felicitated himself in true "Christian soldier" style, that he had been permitted to complete the work interrupted nineteen years before by Gladstone's post-Majuba magnanimity; and on the strength of this farcical fable (cheap at £100,000 and an Earldom), the Government were emboldened to ask a majority at the polls in order to settle the conquered countries. The campaign of electioneering foolery finding the Boer as unsubduable as before, the Government next proceeded to wage war by gag; by which means the stout native paper *Imvo* was suppressed, as also the *South African News* (the editor being clapped in jail for a year), and these being the only two papers in South Africa not the property of the conspirators, it followed that every independent source of information was closed; upon which the censorship was made more stringent, the constitution of Cape Colony was superseded by martial law, and thus was the way prepared for descent into the fouler and more noisome depths of lawlessness and inhumanity. War by devastation was the next step down to hell; by torch and dynamite; by the, at first discriminate, but afterwards indiscriminate, burning of farms, mills, implements, crops; by compelling non-combatants to travel in military trains; by setting loose hordes of harpies who were to recoup themselves by looting the unfortunate objects of their malice and rapine; by cruelties never approached even under the provocations of the Indian Mutiny, and which directly violated the rules of the Hague Conference; and then, after all, it was discovered that our mischief (in the words of a Book Britons were wont to respect) had returned upon our own pate; for, having destroyed the resources of the country, we were obliged to feed our army by road and rail transports, by slow and labouring convoys, affording excellent supplies for the enemy as often as it suited his convenience to capture them. War by barbarism is the only way to characterise the employment of Kaffirs as scouts or to man the blockhouses; or the exhortation to "exterminate the vermin"—suggesting uncomfortable thoughts as to the treatment of wounded, surrendered, or flying foes; or the reported cruelties to cattle and sheep in order to prevent them falling into the enemy's hands; or adding wilful pestilence to fire, famine, and sword by casting carcasses into devastated homes to prevent the return of

the inhabitants; or, as we may fairly add, the unrecorded and irresponsible acts of recruits who by the very organs of Jingoism are described as "the dissolute riff-raff of the London pot-houses," "disease-laden rapsallions," "drunks and disorderlies about to appear before a magistrate"—creatures in whose hands no man's life and no woman's honour are safe. War by terrorism is the fit way to describe a system of drumhead courts-martial which decide that acts of war are to be regarded as treason and murder; which proceed to hang and shoot men technically convicted as rebels, but by all their countrymen esteemed as patriots, and by all the world as heroes; and which force relatives and neighbours to stand around and witness "the deep damnation of their taking off." War by extermination is the last and lowest word; for the facts all point to the purpose of the Boers to accept extinction rather than subjugation, and also to the willingness of the British Government to proceed to the outermost limits of even that inferno whilst a burgher remains alive, or a woman who might hereafter give birth to a fighting man.

The concentration camps are thus the **Cemetery Camps.** logical and inevitable outcome of the situation in South Africa. Herculean efforts have been made to justify them on the ground of humanity; but the plain truth is, as Lord Milner has declared, that they are the off-spring of military necessity. They grew out of Lord Roberts' sweeping movement to Pretoria; for this left a hostile and unconquered country on flank and rear; and this, in turn, led to devastation, in order to deprive the swarming foe of the means of subsistence; and this, in its turn, led to the gathering of women and children into camps dependent for their food upon the railways; for the foe naturally spares the railway that carries food to his wife and children. That was why the murderous camps in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State were not removed to Natal and Cape Colony, as humanity would have dictated; it was to restrain the Boers from cutting the lines of communication. It was a meaner form of the unlawful policy which forced non-combatant burghers to travel on trains, with a view of securing their immunity from attack. But the concentration system initiated by Weyler in Cuba, and perfected by Roberts in Africa had this advantage—that it enabled the system of devastation to go merrily on, since, at anyrate, it delivered us from the charge of leaving the homeless beings to be starved or massacred. For starvation or massacre on the open veldt, under the stars, it substituted starvation and massacre in a fetid camp, behind barbed wires; it fed on half rations the wives and children of such burghers as were

still on commando, and imprisoned in yet crueller conditions those unconquerable heroines who professed admiration of their husbands in arms. For why, as has been asked, should Great Britain incur expense in keeping alive the "young vipers" who might hereafter sting the breast that nourished them? It is good policy to kill off the mothers at the rate of fourpence half-penny a day, and then arrange for the export of British women to become mothers of a more loyal race. "Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats" (of the slain Boer wives) will "coldly furnish forth the marriage tables" (of the British substitutes.)

Lost Opportunities. More than one opportunity for putting a period to these barbarities and sufferings was deliberately set aside by a Government which appeared to think it lawful to compass the end of political extinction by means of personal extermination. After the capture of Bloemfontein, the two Presidents, in a joint-telegram, begged to know what terms of peace the British Government proposed, only to receive Lord Salisbury's astounding reply that they must make "unconditional submission"—presently adding the assurance that "no shred of independence" would be left them. So again, during the second year of the war, a meeting took place between Lord Kitchener and General Botha, from which it appeared that Botha was not unwilling to consider Kitchener's terms; but the Government deliberately hardened and stiffened them into a form Botha incontinently rejected. It can hardly be doubted that the refusal of terms is the mandate of the mine-owners, the real masters of Africa, whom the Government must obey on peril of its life.

The Future? Following the precedent of Russia in suppressing Poland, the British Government has determined to obliterate Dutch Nationalism in South Africa, and thinks to sweeten the process by substituting the blessed word "incorporation" for plain annexation. But robbery by any other name will smell as rank. The latter-day patriot fears not God, neither regards man; and is as ready to outrage the moral sense of Christendom by lying and perjury, as to violate the principal commandments by robbery and murder. It is against the latter-day patriot the true Briton must stand up to vindicate his country's honour, and to keep his country-men faithful to their pledged word. To extinguish Dutch Nationality throughout South Africa would be more than a political loss to the Boer; it would be a moral loss to the Briton. The very attempt will, without preventing or postponing, only render its advent bloodier and more revengeful. To anticipate and magnify the inevitable future would be the part of a Britain that was truly Great. All the historical precedents are against the hope of Britain's final success; all the actual conditions in South Africa are against it; time is against it; mankind is against it; God is against it;—a formidable array of opponents! Even Lord Milner sees the omens of failure, and becomes the oracle of his own despair. The impossibility of governing conquered territories

with a growing Dutch population permanently hostile and alienated begins to frighten the most optimistic, whilst the cost begins to impress the shallowest. But the question is a bigger one than this gigantic Border foray. All the omens foretell that the future of South Africa lies with its Dutch inhabitants; and the incongruities and tyrannies we are forced upon by the necessities of the false policy we have been seduced into begin to be so hateful even to our native-born colonists, that a combination is to be expected between the Dutch and those called "loyalists," strengthened by the adhesion of European and American settlers, the object of which will be separation and independence. Then will come the greater Africanderdom yet to be, in which the Destinies will reap at last the fruits of the blood and tears sown by sires and mothers to-day. In South Africa our honour and our self-respect are already buried beyond hope of resurrection, and if our power is not to be finally buried with them, we must recognise the destined future of Africanderdom, and we shall rejoice without envy in the restitution of the emblems of Republican Nationality—its own country, its own institutions, its own laws, its own flag. In this alone will be found Britain's salvation and South Africa's enduring peace.

It may, perhaps, be found impossible to return to the *status quo ante bellum*—so much has gone that can never be recalled, so much been done that can never be undone. But it is certain that the greater Africanderdom is to rise out of the ruins of the little Republics—and proud, proud of its ancestry it will justly be. Policies of "settlement" are vain discussions. Our pride has destroyed South Africa; let not our vanity presume to "settle" it. The Destinies have assigned that great task to its own sons and daughters. The only righteous and wise policy for this country is to stand aside, to take itself out of the way, so that the ashes of the Republics may live again, may send forth the vitalising and unifying influences of Africander sentiment, may give a centre and rally to Africander men and Africander institutions.

Every believer in the Rights of Man, every lover of freedom, self-government, fraternity, will breathe fervent prayers for the resurrection of Africander Republicanism—with eyes fixed on its wider and grander future will speak with fervour the old watchword, God save the Republic!—and, as imagination kindles in prospect of that noble Federation of Free Communities, will fill with richer tides of passion and brotherhood the brave and beautiful lines of the old Volksslied:—

"With wisdom, Lord, our rulers guide,
And these Thy people bless;
May we with nations all abide
In peace and righteousness.
To Thee, whose mighty arm hath shielded
Thy Volk in by-gone days,
To Thee alone be humbly yielded
All glory, honour, praise.
God guard our land, our own dear land,
Our children's home, their Fatherland!"

BY THE SAME WRITER.

**BOERS WHA HAE WI'
BOTH A BLED."**

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