

③ Pam 1.

J. Bradley.



A POTTERY MAN'S JOURNAL

—OF THE—

Siege of

Kimberley.

CAPE TOWN:
TOWNSHEND, TAYLOR AND SNASHALL, PRINTERS.

—
1900.



③ BRA (Pam. 1)

No. 47/549



47/549

(E) Bva



1016

A POTTERY MAN'S JOURNAL

(J. BRADLEY.)

—OF THE—

Siege of


Kimberley.

CAPE TOWN

TOWNSHEND, TAYLOR AND SNASHALL, PRINTERS.

1900






AUTHOR'S NOTE.

When I commenced to keep this Journal, it was intended for the perusal of a small circle of friends at Home. Several Kimberley friends, having read my "pot-pourri," advised me to publish it in book form, thinking that probably many people would be desirous of obtaining, in a concise form, a resume of the chief incidents of the Siege.

A POTTERY MAN.

Kimberley,

15th February, 1900.



A POTTERY MAN'S JOURNAL
OF THE
SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY.

Through the benevolent attitude taken up, and exemplified by so many gracious acts conducing to the well-being of Kimberley, just prior to the war, the writer respectfully dedicates this Journal to

MR. W. P. SCHREINER,
PRIME MINISTER OF CAPE COLONY,

as a slight token of gratitude for the blessings enjoyed, along with other loyal inhabitants—women and children especially—of Kimberley, during the Siege.

Through the benevolent attitude taken up
and exemplified by so many generous acts
conducing to the well-being of Kinsbury, just
prior to the war, the writer respectfully begs
to take this journal to

Mr. W. P. SCHUBERT

Trust Minister on One Colony

as a slight token of gratitude for the assistance
conferred, along with other loyal inhabitants
women and children especially of Kinsbury,
during the Siege.

A POTTERY MAN'S JOURNAL

+ + OF THE + +

SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY.

ON October 11th, 1899, the gentle, peace-loving Boer thought fit to declare war against Great Britain. They, with the sublimest impudence, dispatched on the 9th inst. an ultimatum to the British Government demanding within a few hours the instant withdrawal of the British troops then stationed on the Natal Border, and also that the troops *en route* by sea should not be landed. You all know with what contempt that preposterous ultimatum was received. Following up their declaration, they commenced to pour their burghers on the Natal border, and also upon the western border of Cape Colony. Mafeking being invested on the 12th, and all communication cut north and south.

Kimberley, lying as it does about four or five miles away from the Orange Free State border, with its 30 millions of invested British capital, should no doubt prove a very tempting morsel to the Boers. But, thanks in the greatest measure to the De Beers Company, we have not been found altogether in a state of unpreparedness. For some time past the contingency has been provided against. Here let me add parenthetically in what abhorrence the Cape Ministry is held in Kimberley. The very guns that we have to defend ourselves with had to be smuggled in order that Mr. Schreiner

should not know, and yet hundreds of tons of ammunition consigned to the Free State were allowed to pass to their destination. Yes! The curses of Kimberleyites on the Cape Premier are not loud, but deep and most sulphurous.

Speaking of our defensive forces—Firstly, we have about 750 Regulars, composed of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, the Royal Artillery, and the Royal Engineers, with their several batteries of mountain guns and Maxims. Our local forces come next, and number about four thousand men, and comprise the Kimberley Regiment (Diamond Fields Horse, Diamond Fields Artillery and Kimberley Rifles), the Kimberley Light Horse—this latter force Mr. Rhodes organised and equipped mainly at his own expense—and last, but not least, the Citizen Guard, or the Town Guard as we usually call them. A perfect network of forts, redoubts and earthworks surround the town, and mines are laid in every direction. At night powerful searchlights continually sweep the flats and surrounding ridges and kopjes. With our almost impregnable position we fancy that we can repel any assault that Johnny Boer may make.

On Saturday, October 14th, suspicious movements of the Boers located north and south of Kimberley indicated that something was contemplated. At 10.45 p.m., while the Commander of the Griqualand West and Bechuanaland Forces (Lieut.-Col. Kekewich) was in telegraphic communication with the military authorities at Cape Town, communication suddenly ceased, and early in the morning of the 15th it was ascertained that the wires had been cut at Spytfontein, a place some 10 or 12 miles down the line, south of Kimberley. Later on in the day reports galore came in that the line was torn up, stations north and south destroyed, stores and hotels looted and burnt, British subjects seized and made prisoners, and lastly, but most serious, Kimberley's water supply cut off from the Vaal River. The alarm was speedily given that the Boers intended attacking the town forthwith; thereupon followed a scene of indescribable excitement, a scene that time will never efface from the memories of Kimberleyites. Armed

men rushing hither and thither, all making for their respective posts at one of the redoubts. Ambulance men and wagons hastening towards the quarter at which the attack was expected. Mounted men, and despatch riders on cycles, flying from one quarter to another. Trembling and unnerved women standing in the doorways, taking a lingering look, as a husband or father, brother or son, made his departure. Children—as the cry went round, “The Boers are coming”—clustering around, and clinging to the skirts of their panic-stricken mothers—this with the hoarse blare of the hooters above all—made up a terribly realistic glimpse of what war alarms are like. As the day wore on the excitement calmed down, and people began to breathe again; the Boers for some reason or other not making the expected assault. Martial law was proclaimed at 12 o'clock noon, and taking advantage of the exceptional powers under that law, a number of arrests of suspicious characters were made, who will be dealt with in a summary manner by the authorities. One of the provisions of martial law is that no one but a member of the forces is allowed in the streets between the hours of 9 p.m. and 6 a.m. Harking back a little. An armoured train went out early this morning filled with sharpshooters and a Maxim gun, and was accompanied by some of the Diamond Fields Horse. Cautiously advancing as far as Spytfontein, with the object of repairing the line and telegraph wires, they came across a party of the enemy, and here occurred the first little brush. The result was that a few Boers were knocked *hors de combat*. On returning the train picked up all the railway employees along the line and brought them safely into camp.

Monday, October 16th. Besieged! The full meaning of which is, that we are surrounded by the enemy, and every means of communication with the outer world cut off. This state of things may last for a few weeks or for a few months, but anyway the authorities will assuredly lose no time in dispatching a powerful body of troops to clear off the enemy and to open up communications. News is being brought in of the aggressiveness of the Boers. Riverton, 20 miles away

north, and where the Kimberley waterworks is situated, being taken. Forward movement of the Boers on the Natal border, and Newcastle occupied by them. Telegraphic communication between the Cape, Natal and the two Republics cut off. A notice was published by the Waterworks Company stating that, having only the local reservoirs to draw upon, the supply would be restricted from 9 a.m. to 11 a.m., and that for strictly domestic purposes only. According to all accounts we have a good food supply in camp, and with strict care in the use of water we might not want for that liquid. With these, and plenty of men with pluck, and plenty of guns with ammunition, and our position naturally secure, we look forward to the siege with—I was going to say pleasure—leastwise without any serious degree of apprehension. In fact, to many people it is a good joke.

Tuesday, 17th October, to Sunday, the 22nd.—On account of the public rushing the grocers and provision dealers for extra supplies, prices have gone up with lightning-like rapidity; for instance, paraffine, which is largely used for cooking and lighting purposes, and which is usually bought for 16/6 and 17/6 the 10 gallons, rose to £3 10s. Butter sold at 4/- per lb., tinned milk from 8d. to 1/3, and everything more or less in proportion, but the military people quickly stepped in and fixed a maximum price for all necessaries. It would have been heaven help the poorer folk if this running up of prices had continued; what with the prohibitive prices and their prospectively reduced wage earnings, living would have become very soon a matter of impossibility. Military orders came thick and fast; the latest is that all business places must close at 5.30 p.m., and at 7.30 Saturday nights. Butchers try to follow the example of the provision dealers in running up prices, but are soon pulled down by the authorities; the maximum price being fixed at 9d. per lb. for anything, which is beginning already to mean mostly bone. A subscription list has been opened for aiding the refugees from Johannesburg and other towns, many of whom are utterly destitute, having had to leave their all behind. Many of them would have steered clear of

Kimberley had they thought that it was going to be placed in such jeopardy. But who would have dreamt that Kimberley would have been cut off so easily and so soon. It came as a complete surprise, and shows that the Boers had well matured their plans. Sunday was a peaceful and quiet day, and a marked contrast to last.

Monday, October 23rd.—News to hand of the fighting in Natal and the capture of five Boer guns. Particulars of fighting at beleagured Mafeking, and Colonel Baden-Powell's trick of sending two truck loads of dynamite amongst the Boers for them to play with. Vryburg, Windsorton and Taungs occupied by Boer forces. Kimberley's alacrity and pluck in turning out to defend the town applauded by loyalists down south. No butter nor cheese to be bought at any price; fortunately, we laid in a little store, so we shall not be butterless for a few weeks.

Tuesday, October 24th.—To-day saw our first serious brush with the enemy near Kimberley. A portion of our troops went out in a northerly direction this morning, with the purpose of ascertaining the number and position, and of drawing on the Boers who are known to be thick in the vicinity. In this they succeeded, and a warm fusilade was commenced and kept up for several hours. Our troops appear to have been splendidly handled, and although it was found that the enemy was vastly superior in point of numbers and held well-chosen positions, they were cleared out and compelled to retire by our men. The Boer Commandant, a man named Botha, and very well known in Kimberley, was left dead on the veld. A letter was found in his pocket, dated two days ago, from one of the Free State authorities ordering him to capture a large number of cattle grazing just outside Kenilworth. This same man was in Kimberley some few weeks ago, and was heard to make disparaging remarks about our men. Towards evening our force returned to Kimberley, where the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, cheer after cheer rending the air, in appreciation of the gallant conduct of the men. Mr. Rhodes made a little speech, complimenting them upon their day's work,

UNIVERSITEITSBIBLIOTEK

UNIVERSITEIT VAN STELLENBOSCH

and at the close cheers were given for the Queen, the Governor, and Mr. Rhodes. I regret to say that three of our men were killed and 19 wounded in the engagement, but I suppose it is impossible to play the game of war without these casualties happening. Some of the men had very narrow escapes, one had his hat perforated with bullets and another had holes shot through his tunic. It is estimated that no less than 50 Boers were put out of action during the fight. The town was almost deserted at times, almost everyone possessing glasses making their way to the barriers to watch the combat.

Wednesday, October 25th.—More news from Natal of the crushing defeat sustained by the Boers. Excitement in Kimberley in consequence. Satisfaction felt in Kimberley at the news from England telling of the enthusiasm and the closing up of all ranks, in consequence of the Boer invasion and Colonial Dutch disloyalty.

Wednesday, November 1st.—Seventeen days have we now been beleaguered, and people are wondering how much longer we shall have to endure it. The military authorities seem to be very reticent as to when relief may be expected. Excepting on the first day of the siege, and the fight at Dronfield on the 24th ult., there has been very little to relieve the tediousness of the siege. Things go on almost as usual, and little inconvenience has been felt up to the present. We certainly begin to miss our letters and newspapers, and when we pick up our local newspaper we find little in it of the doings of the outside world. Some mounted men were out yesterday, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Scott-Turner, and were shelled by the enemy, but as the shells fell some 300 yards short, no one was injured. This is, I think, the first intimation that we have had of Boer artillery. News per despatch rider from Mafeking tells us that Mafeking had been bombarded; 76 shells were fired into the town, and the result was—one British dog killed. Cronje, the Boer commandant, sent in under a flag of truce asking if Mafeking had had enough, and demanding the surrender of the town to prevent further bloodshed.

Colonel Baden-Powell, after giving the messenger a good lunch, bade him return and ask Cronje when he was going to commence shelling.

Boers blew up a dynamite magazine at Dronfield to-day. There was a tremendous report.

Thurdays, November 2nd.—A proclamation was issued to-day regulating the supply of foodstuffs. Bread must be made of the following proportions: Boer meal three-quarters, flour one-quarter. Beef shall not be supplied in larger quantities than at the rate of half a pound per diem for each member of the household.

Friday, November 3rd.—Shortly before 10 o'clock this morning the alarm was sounded. The hooters—buzzers we called them in the Potteries, but these Kimberley ones are much more powerful than any I heard at Home—were blown, and their roar, in conjunction with the present state of affairs, has a bad effect upon the nerves; to the weak and ailing it is positive agony while it lasts. It is the signal that the Boers are on the move, and that the men must rally to their posts. Business, what little there is, is instantly paralysed. Up go the shutters to the shop windows, office doors are closed and locked. Customers remaining unserved or partly served have to wend their way speedily home, minus their purchases. Traps, carts and wagons, that happen to be in the streets, are promptly requisitioned, or as we say in camp "commandeered," by the guards, and sometimes—if the driver is refractory—at the point of the gun. The enemy, it appeared, were not bent on attack, but upon lifting cattle, making preconcerted swoops all round the camp. Amongst the cattle annexed was the entire stock of Messrs. Dold & Childs, sanitary contractors. About 700 head of oxen, horses, cows and donkeys. Not content with lifting the live stock, the marauders wantonly destroyed the wagons used for sanitary purposes. So we are in the predicament of being *sans* sanitary arrangements, which is a serious thing for a population of 40,000, living in a very circumscribed area. A desultory rifle duel was kept up all round until the light began to fade. Our casualties to-day are :

one man killed, several wounded, and one taken prisoner by the Boers.

Saturday, November 4th.—Alarm again sounded, but nothing came of it. The Boers evidently "funk" attacking us. A number of families came into town for safety from outside the barriers.

Sunday, November 5th.—Another alarm. Really, this is very trying to the nerves, and it is more vexatious still when nothing comes of it. A party of Kafirs out collecting wood were fired upon, and two killed. Wanton butchery I call it.

Monday, November 6th.—A God-send in the shape of a budget of news from the outside world in the *Diamond Fields Advertiser*. Mr. Rhodes has authorised the employment of 800 refugees and destitute men to make roads.

Tuesday, November 7th.—The bombardment of Kimberley commenced this morning. The Boers showed some activity, and began to pound away at the town with their artillery. Shells came thick and fast. The valiant Free Staters may call this warfare, the bombarding of the homes of women and children from a safe range, but it is considered "no class" fighting. If they wish to take the town, why don't they make an attack upon the forts where the men are, and try to take the place in the orthodox fashion? The truth is, they have no stomach for fighting at close quarters. Personally, I feel aggrieved, although it appears selfish that they should have selected the locality in which I reside for their first shelling operations. Strange to say, very little alarm was caused, many people treating the affair as a good joke. The children especially had a good time. Whenever a shell drooped there was a regular rush for splinters, which they afterwards sold as curios. Quite a big trade was done in the shell line. Marvellous to say, not a single building was struck, and the only damage recorded during the day was the destruction of a three legged-pot, which the Kafirs use. May we escape as luckily in subsequent bombardments. Commandant Wessels, of the Free Staters, has sent in an advertisement, which the *Diamond Fields Advertiser* has inserted, to the effect that any

Africans who are desirous of leaving Kimberley may join his camp. Our commandant, Lieut.-Col. Kekewich, supplemented the announcement by stating that passes would be given, but anyone leaving Kimberley would not be allowed to return. A few undesirables have taken advantage of the invitation, and cleared.

Thursday, November 9th.—In to-day's paper it tells us—unofficially, though—that it has good authority for stating that General Buller is in a position to undertake an advance into Griqualand West with a force of 20,000 men and 108 guns, and to repair the railway line as he proceeds. Considering that the Orange River is 70 miles away, and the line destroyed between here and there, and all the country in open rebellion, it seems to me that we must not look for relief in the near future.

Reports say that the Boers are mustering in vast numbers in the neighbourhood of Modder River and Belmont.

Owing to the limited quantity of stock in Kimberley many of the butchers have been compelled to close their shops, and the two or three who have managed to secure the available cattle are besieged by a large crowd. It is impossible for everyone to obtain their fair supply; so, like hundreds of others, myself and family have to do without fresh meat and subsist on tinned stuff.

In a proclamation issued to-day, every provision dealer is ordered to register the name of the customer who buys his or her pound of flour per week.

Wessels, the Boer commandant, is stated to have said that no prisoners are to be taken, or if taken must be promptly shot. I fancy that if, at any time, this savage threat is put into execution, Mr. Commandant Wessels will make himself amenable to similar summary measures if he should be unfortunate enough to fall into our hands.

Saturday, November 11th.—Bombardment continued, and commencing at the unearthly hour of 5.15 a.m., when every law-abiding civilian is in bed. There is something exhilarating in being roused from one's slumbers by the loud booming reports of big guns, especially if the report is followed immediately by the

whizzing of shells in our direction. For safety's sake we have to scramble into the first article of dress within reach and rush to that side of the building farthest away from the guns. On this occasion three pieces of artillery were brought to bear, and fired at random on the town. Because the guns were fired at random, something got hit. One poor old Kafir woman was hit and her brains bespattered the walls and pavement. Some narrow escapes are recorded, and a few buildings were damaged, but not seriously. During the day there were several little engagements between our men and the Boers, with the result that one of our troopers was killed and one wounded.

A spy hanging about Kenilworth road, and not answering the challenge, was promptly shot by one of the sentries when trying to clear away.

Sunday, November 12th.—The Sabbath passed peacefully away. There was very little to denote that we were closely environed by the enemy, excepting perhaps that the churches were mainly attended by women and children worshippers.

Monday, November 13th.—This is the fifth Monday of the siege. The bombardment was resumed, and a big waste of ammunition too. Over a hundred shells were hurled in some part of the town during the day. An unfortunate cab-horse was the recipient of a couple of splinters, and thereby received its quietus. What terrible wounds are made by these splinters when they hit anything full! One of the punctures made in this horse was fully three inches in diameter, and apparently about eight inches deep. The driver was injured, and the fare had a narrow escape: a small splinter struck him on the vest pocket, wherein was a box of lozenges; the box and lozenges were pulverised. A few slight injuries to buildings, and this was all the damage done.

A military notice to-day orders all provision dealers to deliver their stock of flour, meal, sugar and rice to a central store appointed by them, and the same flour, &c., will be dealt out in quantities as the authorities may deem fit.

Our one and only Rhodes to the fore again. To provide work for more able-bodied destitutes he has

planned out a scheme, *i.e.*, an avenue of fruit and other trees, to be over a mile in length, and to be called "Siege Avenue." The men are to be employed in digging trenches. When the work is completed and the trees grown, fruit ought to be cheaper in Kimberley than it hitherto has been.

Tuesday, November 14th.—More bombarding. Exactly as the clock struck one at tiffin time, and everybody on their midday meal bent, a nine-pounder began to play on the centre of the town. This sort of thing is bad enough in the early morning, but to spoil one's appetite in the middle of the day is to add insult to injury. There were as usual a number of marvellous escapes but no loss of life or limb excepting the death of two cats. Buildings suffered heavily, amongst which was the English church.

It has occurred to many people, myself amongst the number, that it would be wise in the face of these continual bombardments to copy the example of the beleaguered Mafekingers and perform the rabbit trick, *i.e.*, burrow a large hole underneath the surface of the ground and leisurely retire into the subterranean retreat when the bombardment commences. At any rate it would be a safe place for the children.

Wednesday, November 15th, 5.20 a.m.—Bang, whizz, smash; the interval from bang to smash lasting 10 seconds. The usual scurry to get to the safe side of the house; the safest side of ours being the front verandah. The shells came fast and dropped dangerously near, some hardly clearing the roof. Ten or a dozen landed within a radius of a hundred yards of where we were standing. As I have remarked before, this may be the Christian Boers' method of warfare, but to many people it seems a deliberate attempt to murder women and children. The Boers know perfectly well that almost every man is away from home on duty at the camps. Evidently they deem anything good enough for the hated "rooinek," even to the maiming or slaying of his wife and children. For forty minutes a murderous cannonading was kept up. We durst not move from the fairly safe corner on the stoep. A biting wind was blowing that chilled to the

bone, and what with the shriek and the crash of the falling shells, the inhalation of the poisonous fumes when they burst, and the crying of the frightened youngsters, it was, altogether, a forty minutes of bitterest tribulation. Many and mixed were the blessings heaped upon the heads of the dastardly cowards.

The enemy remaining quiet after their morning's performance, I commenced excavating the retreat with the aid of a couple of brawny Kafirs; a six-feet deep hole was soon dug out. In shape it is semi-circular, but wide enough at the far end to allow three people to sit on either side. It gradually tapers towards the entrance. Crosswise over the hole we placed strong wooden beams, and on the top of these were put sheets of corrugated iron. Two pieces of stove-piping were put in on either side, parallel with the beams, for ventilation. After placing a layer of stones on the top of the iron the earth was shovelled back, and again on the top of the soil bags of debris were laid. The bags overlapped the solid earth by about four feet and we employed somewhere about 40 of them; more stones and loose soil were put on to fill up the interstices. If the Boers use no larger shells than they are doing at present I can guarantee my fort absolutely bomb and splinter proof.

Thursday, November 16th.—A period of nervous irritation seems to have set in, and no wonder, after being subjected to nine days of almost continual bombardment. The slightest noise startles some of us. Was that a gun? is the question ready on the lips; and, oh! what a relief when it is found that it isn't one.

A portion of the mounted troops, with a detachment of the Diamond Fields Artillery and a Maxim, went out early this morning and engaged the enemy for several hours. The fight took place not far away from the town and could have been seen but for a slight rise in the ground. We could hear that a terribly incessant rifle fusillade was kept up with an accompaniment of artillery and Maxim firing. Firing slackened off towards seven, and shortly afterwards the troops came

in followed by the ambulance wagons bringing in the dead and wounded. One of our poor fellows was killed and nine wounded. Natives report that 20 Boers were killed and many injured. A discreditable thing occurred shortly after the fight—the Boers deliberately fired on the ambulance as it was on the point of leaving the field with the stricken ones.

This is the 33rd day of the siege. No news of the outside world for a week.

Friday, November 17th.—Another sortie made in the direction of Alexandersfontein. The enemy opened fire and our men replied. During the sortie one of our Kimberley tradesmen, who holds the rank of Captain in the Diamond Fields Horse, was wounded.

More shelling on the town. It is rather laughable, although there is a touch of pathos about it, to see the youngsters make for the “warren” when they hear the boom of the cannon.

Saturday, November 18th.—Desultory shelling of the town. No damage done except to nerves.

Monday, November 20th, to Friday, 24th.—Rifle and artillery duels take place each day somewhere round the camp.

Shells are being manufactured by the De Beers Company. Inscribed on the shells are the words:—“With C. J. Rhodes’ compliments.”

Fresh restrictions as to the issue of foodstuffs. No biscuits, cakes or fancy breads allowed to be made. Forage for cattle reported to be giving out. No other meat but beef is procurable, and that requires a life and death struggle to get; this is owing to the very unsystematic way of distribution.

In Friday’s issue of the *Diamond Fields Advertiser* it informs us that relief is now a matter of but a few days. “So mote it be.” Everybody is getting a trifle bored with the siege; it was a novelty at first, but it is beginning to pall upon the taste. Still, to look on the faces of the Kimberleyites, no one would think that they were undergoing a period of privation, worry and loss. Most things go on as usual. There have been several siege weddings and quite a good few siege births.

Smokers and promenade concerts are almost everyday occurrences.

On the whole, up to now, if we haven't had a particularly good time yet we haven't had a particularly bad one.

Saturday, November 25th.—To-day has been a red letter day in the history of our siege. If I give you the heading of our local paper relative to the affair you will have summarized the chief events:—"Heavy Fighting."—"Enemy's Position Stormed and Taken."—"Boers Show the White Flag."—"Thirty-three Prisoners Captured."

There is no doubt it was a brilliant affair, and it shows the stuff the Kimberley boys are made of. If the Boers had half the pluck that our boys have shown over this affair, they, with their superior numbers and guns, could have taken Kimberley long ago. But herein lies the difference between Boer and Briton. The Boer likes a long range and a freedom from cold steel; our Tommies, on the other hand, prefer a rough-and-tumble at close quarters. In to-day's fight four redoubts were taken at the point of the bayonet. Some of the Boers, as soon as they caught the glint of steel at close quarters, threw down their Mausers and prayed fervently for our men to spare their lives. This, of course, was done, but they were taken prisoners nevertheless.

The return of the troops and the bringing in of the prisoners was the occasion of much rejoicing, and loud hurrahs were given by the crowds that lined the streets.

Turning to the sad side of the morning's work, our casualties were six killed and 29 wounded.

Of all the harrowing sights, and one that should embue us with hatred of the "dread arbitrament of war," is the witnessing of the arrival of the ambulance with the stricken ones. The profusion of blood that meets the eye in and about the ambulance is very sickening, and the gruesomeness of the sight is only relieved by the stoic behaviour of the wounded—some making an attempt at merriment, others smoking a pipe or cigarette and looking unconcerned, and, anon, one with a bandaged head or arm speaking a cheering word to a more severely wounded comrade.

Sunday, November 26th.—Funeral of the six poor fellows who were killed in yesterday's action. Everybody, civil and military, turned out to show their respect.

Despatch-riders brought in news of Lord Methuen's victory over the Boers at Belmont.

Monday, November 27th.—Code signals by flashlight exchanged for the first time between Colonel Kekewich and Lord Methuen.

Tuesday, November 28th.—This afternoon Lieut.-Col. Scott-Turner moved out with the Diamond Fields Artillery, Royal Artillery and a large body of mounted men for the ostensible purpose of occupying a ridge held by the enemy, and also, if possible, of effecting a junction with the relief column. After storming and taking several of the enemy's earthworks, and while endeavouring to take the last one where the flying Boers had concentrated, Lieut.-Col. Scott-Turner, at the head of his men, met his death, also 24 others of our gallant defenders.

In the earlier part of the day and before the news of the disaster had leaked out all was jubilation in camp. It was felt that the hour of our deliverance was nigh at hand. Preparations were made to welcome the relief column. Union Jacks and other flags waved mast high; people sported red, white and blue favours, and everybody was joyous and lighthearted. But, alas!

Wednesday, November 29th.—What a sad day this has been; the very antipodes of yesterday. The Union Jacks waving so proudly to the breeze are to-day hanging half-mast, signifying great sorrow and disappointment. All is gloom, and a blight seems to have fallen upon everything.

Early at morn the expedition wended its way home, bringing the dead and wounded. From all who took part in the engagement the same story is told. It was one of the fiercest encounters that ever was fought. The Boer Mauser bullets from the last redoubt simply rained on our men.

The fact of the killed almost exceeding the number of the wounded shows the deadliness of the combat.

Our troops, at the moment of Lieut.-Col. Scott-Turner's death, had to retire from the withering fire of the last redoubt.

Probably the only good derived from the fight will be the effect it may have on the Boer morale. It will show them that if a few of our men can, against such tremendous odds, oust them out of their positions, how utterly futile it would be for them to attempt to take the garrison of Kimberley.

The burial of Lieut.-Col. Scott-Turner and his men took place this afternoon and was attended by almost the whole of Kimberley's inhabitants, civil and military. The sad procession moved from the hospital to the cemetery through lines of tear-dimmed and reverent people.

Conspicuous by the lovely flowers laid thereon was the Colonel's coffin, borne upon a gun-carriage. Mr. Rhodes, Lieutenant-Colonel Kekewich, and most of the principal Kimberley people, besides attending the funeral, sent beautiful wreaths.

Thus ended the gloomiest day so far experienced during the siege.

Thursday, November 30th.—More signalling between Kimberley and the relief column.

Friday, December 1st, to December 8th.—Nothing of any particular note occurred in the interim between the belligerents. There was the usual waste of Boer shell at intervals.

Some of our boys had a skirmish on the 5th, when our side made excellent artillery practice, but failed to draw the Boer fire until a right-about-face for home was made, when the enemy blazed merrily away. There were no casualties on our side.

Mr. Rhodes wrote to the Mayor, asking that steps might be taken to form a committee with the view of starting a fund to provide for the dependent ones of those killed in action.

Military promulgation to grocers *re* sugar and rice—*i.e.*, two ounces of each per diem only to be served to each person of the household.

Another notice:—All owners of horses, mules and donkeys must furnish particulars of how many horses,

etc., etc., are in their possession, and also the quantities of forage, chaff, mealies, bran, etc., they hold.

First intimation of the public of Kimberley of the great fight at Modder River on the 27th ult.

The following was signalled from Lord Methuen to the military authorities here:—"Gain passage of Modder River after successful fight. Everyone fit and keen."

Native reports say that the enemy is massing in great numbers at Spytfontein, preparing to resist the advance of the column to Kimberley.

Scraps of news keep coming in *re* the fight at Modder River. Though only 20 miles away from the scene of the fighting, details are only just reaching us. It shows the completeness of the Boer girdle around us.

Our local paper has found out that, according to Dr. T. J. Lawrence, author of "The Principles of International Law," it is an illegal act the bombarding of the town by the Boers. Of course it is! But in the words of an oft-repeated pottery phrase, "What can you do?" I take it that Dr. T. J. Lawrence and all his works are a dead letter to the Boers at the present time. We cannot get at them nor can we arraign them before any tribunal. The Boers are evidently going on the principle that "all is fair in love and war," and they bombard. But at the conclusion of the war we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that if we cannot arraign those responsible for the bombardment it will be for the simple reason that the two Republics and their executives have no *locus standi* in South Africa.

In the issue of the *Diamond Fields Advertiser* of the 7th instant appears the following notice: "In view of the prospective restoration of railway communication officials are now in attendance at the Town Hall to register the names of persons who desire to leave Kimberley." Now this looks cheering, and denotes that the Boers are going to receive, shortly, another of the series of thrashings they have got while retreating from Orange River Kimberleywards. But I hear that the Boer position between here and Modder River is a much stronger position than any yet that Lord Methuen has met with on his way up. In fact, on account of

these interminable kopje and ridges that lie between here and there, the position is as impregnable as possible, and Lord Methuen's forces, I am afraid, will have to be greatly augmented before he can force a passage through to Kimberley. I sincerely hope that subsequent events will justify the confidence of the authorities in stating that railway communication will be restored so soon.

It may be taken for granted, that once a decisive victory is gained in the vicinity of Kimberley and the siege raised, the western border of Cape Colony will have little to fear from the invaders. The tide of war will roll elsewhere.

Milk is scarce on account of the shortness of provender for the cattle. Tinned milk cannot be bought at any price, unless the customer is provided with a doctor's certificate, and then only one tin per week is allowed.

Some people amongst us are advocating the principles of vegetarianism, and are telling us of the good results that follow a diet of that description. Now, what sublime irony to preach about abstaining from meat when there is no meat to abstain from. Then again, where are the vegetables and the fruit? In words repeated before, I ask, with regard to this vegetarian fad, "What can you do?" It is a good thing, perhaps, that we have these sanguine folk about us. Even in a state of siege a laugh does one good.

Saturday, December 9th.—A good few of our men went out this morning to engage the enemy at Kamfersdam, a place about four miles out. A diamond mine is situated there, and the Boers have comfortably ensconced themselves there for some time past. A brisk artillery duel was kept up for an hour or two, and some "excellent practice" was made by our guns. But as rifle firing is the great forte of the Boers, their sniping tactics were soon *en evidence*. From behind rocks and stones a few scores of Boers taking pot shots are a formidable enemy, and not only require artillery fire, but a dashing charge of cavalry to dislodge them. Our casualties to-day were one killed and seven wounded, all slightly. Sergeant-Major Moss, instructor

to the Diamond Fields Artillery, was the one killed. Great sympathy is expressed on all sides for the poor wife and six children.

Monday, December 11th.—Shortly before four o'clock this morning Kimberley was awakened by what seemed to be the continuous roar of thunder. I, with numbers of others, congregated near the barriers in the direction from whence came the sound. It was evident that a fierce battle was raging. With the aid of a powerful field-glass I was able to see Lyddite shells dropping and bursting on the kopje where lay the Boer entrenchments. It is said that six batteries of artillery—36 guns—were engaged, in addition to the Naval Brigade with their heavy ship's guns and a battery of howitzers. Shortly before 6 o'clock a balloon was seen to ascend about ten or a dozen miles away, and remain stationary. After attaining its proper altitude, the thunder of the cannonading got louder and louder. Apparently the balloon was directing the firing of the column's artillery. One continued reverberating roar resounded from the valley, and not until nearly 10 o'clock did the firing slacken. What a bombardment this must have been, and what a welcome sound to us Kimberley folk!

Notwithstanding the storm and stress incumbent upon a state of siege, and the fact that a terrible battle was raging in the neighbourhood, some of our garrison had the *sang froid* to play a football match. The opposing teams were the Loyal Lancashires vs. Griqualand West. The result of the match was that the Lancashire lads were the victors. The combined bands of the Lancashire and the Kimberley Regiments discoursed sweet music. The proceeds are to be devoted to the widows and orphans' fund.

Wednesday, December 13th.—A most disquieting rumour was going about yesterday, and it seems to be gaining some credence to-day. It is to the effect that the Military authorities contemplate deporting the whole civilian population to the coast or elsewhere as soon as railway communication is established. The reason assigned is that the military may find it impossible to keep the line permanently open, and that in

consequence there would be the grave risk of a famine. Couldn't—I suggest—the same means of transit that would be used for deporting the population wholesale to Cape Town and elsewhere be used to convey a sufficiency of food supplies to Kimberley. It seems particularly hard that, after holding the enemy at bay for two months, we should be banished to towns already overflowing with refugees. Then, again, think of the crush and struggle and the long hot wearisome journey of 700 miles in a slow train. Delicate women and children would never be able to survive it. But, perhaps after all, I may be beating the air. It may be nothing more nor less than a ruse sprung upon us from some quarter and for some purpose.

Friday, December 15th.—To-day we got the first official detailed account of the great battle at Modder River, fought on the 27th November. The fight lasted ten hours, and the enemy showed the most stubborn resistance. The Boer forces were 8,000 strong and were under Cronje, Prinsloo and De la Rey. *En passant*, who the two latter are no one seems to know, but Cronje, "Black" Cronje, as he is called by many people, is a notorious character in Transvaal history, and has been guilty of one or two shabby tricks. He figured in the Potchefstroom affair and also in the Jameson business. But to return to the Modder River battle. The camp moved northwards from Honeynest Kloof and found the Boers strongly entrenched on both sides of the Modder River. Towards 7 a.m. the first shots were fired from our guns, and firing continued intermittently until noon, when it appeared that the enemy's guns were for a time silenced. Rifle firing was continued more or less at some point all day. Notwithstanding the splendidly entrenched positions of the enemy the gallant men of our column compelled the Boers to vacate them. In the repeated rushes our side lost heavily both in officers and men. Eventually the river was crossed and the battle won.

Our troops suffered frightfully from the heat and thirst, lying in advanced positions baked and parched for fourteen hours. 455 officers and men are stated to have been killed and wounded. Truly the saying that

the next terrible thing to a defeat is a victory is verified in this case.

Saturday, December 16th.—In the health report submitted by the Medical Officer typhoid fever is prevalent and scurvy cases are on the increase. The appearance of the latter disease is on account of the enforced restrictions in diet, fresh meat and vegetables being practically unprocurable.

Monday, December 18th.—Official news of the fight on the 11th inst., at Magersfontein given to the Kimberley public. According to the *Cape Times* correspondent, the battle, was one "of unprecedented magnitude in the history of South African warfare." It appears that the battle was raging for over 40 hours. Again, from the same authority, "Never in modern warfare has such a terrific cannonade been witnessed. From 38 guns a tremendous bombardment was continuously maintained, the din being appalling." What a tremendous power Lyddite is may be taken from the following conversation that the same correspondent had with some of the Boer prisoners: "Some of the Boer prisoners with whom I conversed assured me that one Lyddite shell killed and wounded over 70 men." Yet, notwithstanding our modern ordnance and our monopoly of the use of that terrible explosive Lyddite, Lord Methuen failed to effectively dislodge the enemy. The Boer entrenchments must have been, in point of numbers and strength, of the most formidable description to have withstood that cannonading. The result was undecisive, and ended in a drawn battle. What strikes the observer, in looking over the account of the fight, is the astounding number of officers killed and wounded—nearly 70. It is a well-known fact that the Boer riflemen make a speciality of potting at the English officers, who are always distinguishable from the rank and file, in that they never carry a rifle, but a flashing sword, which proves an excellent target. Our casualties altogether, in killed, wounded and missing, total the appalling number of 853.

[I have since heard from a military authority that on this occasion all officers carried rifles and accoutrements like the men.]

We learn with profound regret of the mishap that has

occurred to General Gatacre's force at Stormberg. It seems that he was led into an ambush, and met with serious losses. Without wishing to criticise, does it not seem strange that a force should march blindly to destruction? There must have been incompetence somewhere. Where were the scouts, and why was not the enemy's position fully reconnoitered before venturing to attack? To our generals and officers the knowledge of two very elementary but very essential things to the successful prosecution of a campaign in this country are: a thorough knowledge of the men they have to fight and an equally thorough knowledge of the country they have to fight in. Of course, in all big campaigns mistakes will be made; but the pity of it is that the mistakes are being made at the very outset of the war, thus giving to the enemy the weight and influence of a tremendous moral advantage.

Tuesday, December 19th.—Election of Mr. H. A. Oliver as Mayor for 1900. The retiring Mayor, Mr. R. H. Henderson, having filled the position with conspicuous ability and honour during the most onerous and trying period in the history of Kimberley.

The meat supply, or rather the way in which it is distributed, is causing a deal of dissatisfaction. For a fortnight we have been unable to get fresh meat for our household. Under the special circumstances, and at this time and season of the year, one's thoughts revert to the goodly displays made by the butchers at Home. Visions of red juicy rounds of beef and succulent legs of mutton exhibited at the shops of the Potteries arise; or perhaps the remembrance of a fine fat turkey floats tantalisingly across one's memory. Ah! what would we not give, under the present circumstances, for a taste of the good old "roast beef of old England." Beer and stout all sold out—neither English, German or Colonial. No beer, "no nuthin," is the plaint of the thirsty ones—and Kimberley is a thirsty place at this time of the year. Potatoes are selling at 2s. per lb. How's that for high?

No news of any further forward movement from Lord Methuen. We hear continual cannonading going on between the two armies.

Cronje sent word to Lord Methuen that he would

receive no further communication until after the war. Boer cheek, eh? But *wacht en beetje*.

Thursday, December 21st.—All tea and coffee held by dealers is to be sent in to the depot. It is stated that no foodstuffs whatever will be sold shortly unless the customer can produce a permit from the authorities.

A sad fatality happened to-day to one of our Cape Troopers, named Hambly. While out reconnoitering he was mistaken by one of his comrades for one of the enemy, and unfortunately shot.

Friday, December 22nd.—A reconnaissance was made to-day in the direction of Kamfersdam by a mixed company of Diamond Fields Artillery, Kimberley Light Horse and a portion of the Lancashire Regiment. After an artillery duel our men returned to camp, the only casualty being one horse hit.

Saturday, December 23rd.—Like North Staffordshire folks athletics hold a large place in the hearts of Kimberleyites. There were siege sports at two camps to-day, *i.e.*, "Fort Rhodes" and the Reservoir Camp.

Official account to hand of General Buller's misadventure at Tugela. From an excerpt taken from General Buller's account, referring to the cause of the loss of the guns, the same old story is told: "The 14th and 66th Field Batteries and six naval 12-pounders, the whole under Colonel Long, R.A., were put out of action, as it appears that Colonel Long, in his desire to be within effective range *had advanced without scouts* or effective infantry supports close to the river. The consequence was the loss of many valuable lives and ten guns." I wonder how many more lessons our officers will require to learn before they are convinced of the folly of attacking fortified positions without preceding it by a sufficiency of scouting. Humiliating as these preventable reverses are to the Generals engaged, they are more humiliating to the prestige of Britain and the pride of Britishers.

The thermometer registered over 100 degrees in the shade to-day.

Sunday, December 24th.—A terribly hot day but very quiet. We listened to some good old Christmas hymns, sung at the Presbyterian Church, which re-

minded us that it was Christmas Eve. Everybody, it appears, had been trying to forget it. A most unique Christmas Eve.

Christmas Day. — “The compliments of the season to you.” “I wish you a happy Christmas.” These are the seasonable greetings which fall on the ear. Sometimes a friend, with a sly look in the corner of his eye, greets you with “A merry Christmas to you.” You smile, and perhaps say in reply, “Oh! it might be worse, old chap.” And so it might. Whiskey, though scarce, can be bought for less than £5 a bottle—*vide* account of Ladysmith.

Although “peace and plenty” is an empty phrase with us at the present time, yet for all that we did not go without our Christmas dinner. Owing to the foresight of the feminine mind responsible for that department, we had plum pudding, eh! and with something in the sauce just to give it a Christmasy flavour, and then there were the mince pies too. Amid so much privation, consequent upon the scarcity of necessaries, to say nothing of luxuries, this reference of our Christmas dinner may seem out of place.

The chief event of the day was the receipt of a message conveying seasonable greetings from His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alfred Milner. It ran thus; “Convey to Colonel Kekewich and all garrison and inhabitants, Kimberley, His Excellency’s best wishes for good luck on Christmas Day and in the coming New Year.” Thank you, Sir Alfred, and the same to you, and may this be the worst Christmas that either yourself or the inhabitants of Kimberley will ever spend; also let me say, without invidiousness, that if your predecessors had been men of your calibre we, the loyal inhabitants of Kimberley, would not be having the high old time we are having at present. You would have seen that the British position in South Africa was growing precarious and the upas tree of Krugerism would have been lopped ere this.

At most of the redoubts the men entered into the spirit of Christmas as far as circumstances would allow. The regulation pound of bread and half-pound of meat with mealies and coffee was supplemented by

such toothsome dishes as friends supplied, or what the men were fortunate enough to secure before delicacies ran out. Mr. Rhodes, with his usual practical generosity, provided plum pudding for the men at the Sanatorium camp. This seasonable gift was much appreciated by the men, and hearty cheers were given for the kindness.

As a sample of the loyal feeling permeating Kimberley at the present time, I will give you the toast drunk at a "convival" at one of the redoubts. "Lieutenant Coghlan rose to propose the toast of the Queen, and in the course of the proposition remarked upon the extraordinary conditions under which the Christmas dinner had been eaten seeing that the men were under arms that night to defend Her Majesty's dominions from her foes and prevent the republican rags from floating over Kimberley." Hear! hear! Lieutenant.

Everything has been quiet to-day, even the familiar bang of cannon was hushed for the time being, and for aught that could be seen or heard, or judging from surface appearances, the season of "Peace on earth and goodwill towards men" was of a verity with us. True, the facilities for enjoyment which usually abound at this season are lacking. The merry junketings at the Modder River—the spin on the bike to the Bend—or the visit to mine host, Hunt, at the Vaal side are things of the past—and the future.

The sentiments expressed in the concluding lines of a leader in the *Diamond Fields Advertiser* should be the sentiments actuating all good Kimberley citizens at this time: "If, however we cannot celebrate Christmas in the conventional fashion, perhaps we can do even better, and by a spirit of willing self-sacrifice and readiness to share the troubles and privations of others show the reality of our goodwill towards men."

Boxing Day.—All business places are closed in accordance with the usual custom. Heat, monotony and stagnation are to-day's characteristics. What a contrast this is to what we will picture is taking place at, say, Hanley, the metropolis of the Potteries. Not only its own gay crowd throng the streets but every few minutes, by train and tram, fresh contingents arrive to enjoy to the full the varied entertainments

that Hanley is able to offer. All is life and gaiety and the welkin rings with laughter and joyousness from the merry-makers. No curfew sounds at 9 p.m. No "Halt, who goes there?" is heard as some belated wight runs against the guard. No—but I must pull up or these imaginings of mine will produce what is vulgarly called the "hump."

Wednesday, December 27th.—Proclamation No. 12 issued to-day, further regulating the supply of food-stuffs and necessaries. The following necessaries are doled out to us once a week at the rate per head per diem of—bread, 14oz; mealies, 2oz; rice 2oz; sugar, 2oz; tea, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz; coffee, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. None of the aforementioned commodities may be bought at the shops without the necessary permits from the military authorities.

In to-day's Borough Council meeting it was decided to send through the military authorities the following message to Her Majesty the Queen:—"The inhabitants of Kimberley humbly beg to send your Majesty New Year's greetings. The troubles they have passed through and are still enduring only tend to intensify their love and loyalty towards your Majesty's throne and person." Such a manifestation of staunch allegiance, coming as it does from faithful subjects living in the midst of seething rebellion, must be peculiarly acceptable and gratifying to Her Majesty the Queen.

Here's a good story from Ladysmith taken from the *Natal Witness*:—"Several of our soldiers were guilty of very shabby tricks upon the guileless Boer. A squadron of Lancers in one of their patrols took with them one day a Lancer of straw. This figure was left near a Boer position, and, viewed from a distance, looked a veritable cavalryman. The figure was left on a rock, and it was not long before the Boers were having shots at the soldier who so daringly exposed himself. Mauser bullets had no effect, and it is alleged that getting exasperated, they turned one of their big guns on the dummy. The Liverpools one day set up a row of effigies, and the Boers were driven nearly crazy by the indifference these men showed to their fire. Then there was the bogus artillery some of our people

constructed one night on the town lands in front of Umbulwana. They were figures of men and something which looked like 15-pounders. The Boers blazed merrily away at this battery and knocked particular out of it, as an artilleryman, with many delightful grins, said, only to find out that they were being fooled."

Friday, December 29th.—A man was sentenced to three years hard labour to-day in the Court of Summary Jurisdiction, for "wrongfully, and unlawfully, proceeding from Wesselton, in the direction of Alexandersfontein, to a part of the country in the possession of the Queen's enemies, and did then and there aid and assist the Queen's enemies."

It is a pity that these poor deluded people don't know on which side their bread is buttered. It is an every-day occurrence to hear disloyal and anti-English remarks made by a certain section, and yet these same people admit that under the British flag they enjoy greater liberties than they could hope for or would get under any other. But, the fact is the glamour of Krugerism has blinded many people. And no wonder, since Kruger gold for years has been the means used for insidiously undermining the loyalty of the Cape Dutch. Krugerian money has been spread broadcast over the length and breadth of Cape Colony. Elections have been won by it—newspapers all over South Africa have been subsidised to spread the pernicious doctrines of Krugarism.

Now, what does all this show but a determined effort to undermine British influence, and eventually—as we have seen—to try and throw off what is felt to be the British yoke.

Message received from Ladysmith:—From the Garrison, Ladysmith, to the Garrison, Kimberley: "Merry Xmas, Good luck for New Year." A reply has been sent as follows:—From Kekewich, to General White, Ladysmith, December 30th: "Kimberley Garrison congratulates Ladysmith Garrison on brilliant success, and wishes you and your command best of luck coming New Year."

Sunday, December 31st.—The last day of an eventful year. A year, fraught with the greatest issues to this country. May every loyal subject of Her Majesty the

Queen, ardently pray, that before the conclusion of another year the Might, Majesty, Power, and Dominion of Great Britain be an accomplished, and established fact in South Africa.

No midnight services, held at the churches, owing to Martial Law prohibiting anyone being away from home after 9 p.m.

A few congenial spirits, and myself, debated whether to see the closing moments of the old year out. It was suggested that the old year had been so unpropitious of late that it was not worthy of the honour. As a compromise, we decided to watch for the new year. Meanwhile, we drank to absent friends and to success to British arms, and pledged each other in siege drinks—*i.e.*, black coffee, and other harmless beverages.

Over our smokes, various speculations were indulged in, as to what the coming year would bring forth. Amongst other things discussed, was the subject of the Boers intended visit to the coast. We all thought that they were much overdue at Cape Town, and Durban. Perhaps, it was suggested by one, that they had altered their plans, and preferred to go down later to those popular watering places, in personally conducted batches.

We unanimously agreed that it was very sensible of them not to hurry.

One friend evolved a most brilliant idea, one indeed, that if carried out, would not only render further recourse to arms between Boer and Britain unnecessary, but would tend to make the lot of the Briton in the Transvaal more paradisaical even than it had been. It was to form a sort of Board of Arbitration, to adjudicate on all outstanding differences between Britain and the Transvaal. It was to consist of—at random, say—Messrs. Stead, Labouchere, Redmond, Sivewright and Bryn Roberts to represent Britain, and Messrs. Kruger, Steyn, Schreiner, Hoffman and Van der Walt to represent the Transvaal.

This Committee would have power to add to their number any person, providing that the nominee would subscribe to the Board's principles. My friend assured me that such perfect unanimity would prevail at their counsels that business would be both a pleasure and a

profit. Every member of this happy family would be of one accord—there would be absolutely no bone of contention to pick—Utopia would not be in it—In fact it would be the Lion and the Bo—I mean the Lamb over again.

So impressed were we by the profundity of our friend's scheme that we quite forgot to ask him the question, *i.e.* "How would the Lion come out of it. There would be absolutely no bone of contention to pick. In fact it would be the lion and Bo -I mean the lamb over again.

Twelve o'clock striking we ushered in the New Year with good wishes, handshakes and coffee, and adjourned.

Monday, January 1st, 1900.—Military proclamation *re* meat and vegetables:—"On and after Wednesday, the 3rd, the ration of meat will be $\frac{1}{4}$ lb for adults and 2oz for children under 12 years of age. Vegetables will be issued on Wednesdays and Saturdays."

A quarter of a pound of meat when cooked is not an extravagant portion of animal food to sustain a body with a healthy appetite, especially when there is a scarcity in the way of adjuncts; therefore, he or she may fairly credit themselves with practising the virtue of self-denial, thus "laying up treasure;" and it strikes me forcibly that most Kimberleyites have a good store of this laid up, and will have, before this business is over, I'm afraid.

The British Government evidently means business in sending out Lords Roberts and Kitchener. May success attend them, and that quickly.

News of Mr. Winston Churchill reaching British territory after his plucky escape from Pretoria. Bravo! Churchill; keep up the family reputation for big deeds.

Wednesday, January 3rd.—The following message was received from Her Majesty the Queen in response to New Year's greetings sent from Kimberley:—From Queen to Kekewich, Kimberley, for communication to Mayor and Council, December 30:—"Am deeply touched by your kind New Year's greetings. I watch with admiration your determined and gallant defence, though I regret the unavoidable loss of life incurred."

Information has come to hand that an Australian and

Canadian contingent, under Colonel Pilcher, surprised and captured, on New Year's Day, a rebel laager near Douglas, on territory annexed by the Free Staters since the commencement of the war. Some rebels were killed and 40 taken prisoners. There was much indignation amongst our Colonial allies when it was discovered that the prisoners were mostly British subjects. One of our Colonial cousins exclaimed to a prisoner: "You are fighting on behalf of a country which refused to give even the rights of or citizenship to Britishers, while England allows you sufficient privileges as to enable you to elect in her own Colony the entire Ministry."

Apropos of the Colonial contingents. Does not the patriotic attitude shown by the various Premiers of Australia, New Zealand and Canada stand out in relief to the craven conduct exhibited by our Cape Premier. It virtually amounts to this: That Her Majesty's Premier of the Cape Colony, bound as he is by solemn oaths of loyalty and allegiance to defend Her Majesty's territory at all costs, has, by his attitude of so-called neutrality, tacitly aided the Queen's enemies in leaving the western border of the Cape Colony inadequately defended. This is in itself a sufficient indictment without saying anything of less negative acts, such as the thwarting of the Imperial authorities and the facilities extended to the Republics for the expeditious transmission of arms and ammunition from the coast.

Proclamation No. 13, regulating the lights used in the household, issued, no doubt to conserve as much as possible the remaining stocks of paraffine and candles: "At 9:30 p.m, every night, all lights, save "as hereinafter excepted, used by any of the inhabitants in any house, dwelling, building, premises, or any part thereof, or in any place whatsoever, shall be extinguished by the person in charge of such house, dwelling, building, premises or place, or by someone acting on behalf of such person." Exceptions of course are made in sickness, accident, or like emergency.

I had it on the authority of one of those siege creations—*i.e.*, the man that knows—that proclamation 14 will fix the time that the inhabitants must retire to bed.

At a siege execution sale this morning, on the Market Square, big prices were obtained for a few—to us—luxuries. Tins of Tomatoes, ordinarily bought for 1/3, fetched from 4/- to 5/9 per tin. While three 9d. tins of Peas realised 7/- for the lot.

Sniping was indulged in to-day by our friends the enemy, at the cattle guards, but no damage was done. Some shelling also took place, one striking the house of "Tom," a well known and respected native employed in one of the Jones Street stores. A number of people were in the house at the time, and although a part of the building was destroyed no one was hurt.

"Sniping" is a very modern word in the sense that it is used now. It has a signification all its own, and I may say all our own. A good idea of the actual meaning of "sniping" may be gathered from an extract from some despatches published in the *Diamond Fields Advertiser*, relative to Boer fighting. "They would crawl out between the rocks until they had found a suitable place for cover, then fire away for about an hour or two, after which they would crawl back for a smoke and a chat, some even going to sleep for an hour." I can fancy Thomas Atkins turning up his nose at this Boer method of warfare and muttering to himself "Should'nt I like to get a show among the er——!"

Anyone up betimes this morning would have seen an interesting sight at the Market Buildings. The inhabitants were drawing their meat rations, and were formed up in long queues, two abreast, like one sees outside a London theatre, awaiting admission. Each queue represented a ward. Two from each ward were admitted at one time by the guard, and until those were served no other persons were allowed to go in the building.

Now that the authorities have adopted something like a system everybody will, in comfort, get a share of meat, and will not be subjected to the fearful crush and struggle prevailing before. It is a pity that the idea did not occur to those in authority earlier in the siege, as much privation would have been prevented. But they will know how to go about these things better next time. Many lessons have been learnt during the

last three months that will, no doubt, be turned to useful account, both by private individuals and also those responsible for the public good.

One of those bits of humour that creep out occasionally, and at times like the present places the actor in the light of a public benefactor, occurred to-day. One of our respected citizens, whose wife and family are away and happily not experiencing the vicissitudes of Kimberley, drew his quarter-pound ration of meat. So struck was he by its gigantic proportions, no less than by the novelty of the thing, that, instead of unostentatiously wrapping it up and stowing it safely away in his pocket, he secured it to a piece of string and thus marched triumphantly home, much to the amusement of the onlookers.

Thursday, January 4th.—In some of the matters discussed by the Refugee Committee meeting, held to-day, was one with reference to employing men on vegetable cultivation. Mr. Rhodes—that ever present help in time of trouble—had authorised, it was stated, the employment of white men and Cape men on this work. The Mayor observed that this would probably be a great boon both now and in the future. And so says every householder. There's no reason why vegetables should be so scarce and so dear in Kimberley. Enterprise is the one thing needful.

Much inconvenience has been caused to depositors in the P.O. Savings' Bank. It has not been possible to withdraw any of the savings on account of the interruption of communication with Cape Town. A satisfactory arrangement of this difficulty is spoken of.

As showing the straits we are coming to in the matter of commodities and materials, our patriotic medium the *Diamond Fields Advertiser* has been issued half its usual size. With the opening up of communications and the influx of material, and material for copy, no doubt we shall see it bloom out into its former self again, and probably more up-to-date than ever.

Monday, January 8th.—In a leader in to-day's issue of our local paper, it quotes a correspondent, who has written to the *Cape Times*, "complaining that the Cape Government Railway is carrying presents and luxuries

for the Boer prisoners, free of charge, while the same department declines to extend a similar privilege to the Volunteers serving at the front." If there is no doubt as to the veracity of the correspondent's statements, then this is another instance of Schreiner fatuity. Can it be that the Cape Premier is hugging to himself the delusion that the great British nation is going to be beaten in this game of war, and that a day will not come when an account of his stewardship will have to be rendered? Moral—one more nail.

"The cry of the children" for milk, would soften the heart of a Cronje! Piteous are the tales one hears from distressed mothers. They see the poor little mites dwindling away day by day, and all for the lack of suitable nourishment. In many cases, they themselves are unable to procure the necessary aliment to impart nutriment to their young offspring, and the infant deprived of its natural food, sickens, and eventually joins those who have already helped to make an abnormally high death-roll. Could not some system of milk distribution be devised where a mother with young children could obtain—not plenty, for that is out of the question—but sufficient to keep body and soul together until the good times come again. If needs be let the whole milk supply be "commandeered" so that it can be dealt out to the sick and the young only.

According to gallant Colonel Schermbrucker, the member for "King," a short time only need elapse before we see a Progressive Government in power again at the Cape. In the rebel constituencies all the voters except the English have, by their traitorous folly, disfranchised themselves, and when things have settled themselves this will probably mean a majority of nine for the progressives, or eighteen on a division.

From politics to eggs is a far cry; but when 21/- per dozen is asked, however inopportune it may appear, I feel compelled to take note of it. Evidently eggs are eggs now.

Horseflesh has been in the air for some few days. This is not a bull. But it has been rumoured and whispered with bated breath that we have had it, and

had it in the guise of beef too. Dear me! as if the flesh of the cleanest animal that lives should not be equal if not preferable to the "scrag" that we perchance have been favoured with now and again. For my part I welcome the change, and besides what is a siege without horseflesh. A gee-gee diet is the acme, nay, the very perfection of a siege. What more can we want? But some people will always grumble.

Some of our guns opened fire on Kamfersdam to-day and a duel was kept up for some time. It is said that the Boers have some very clever foreign gunners as the shells dropped dangerously near to our men.

Tuesday, January 9th.—I hear that the Boer prisoners in the Kimberley Gaol are rapidly putting on flesh, in fact are becoming fine, fat Boers. Isn't that a bit rough on some of us, who are not prisoners, but are getting thin? Also, is not this Boer stuffing tantamount to putting a premium on "goin' agin the government." Then again, viewed from another point, might we not turn the idea to a military advantage, by advertising in the Free State laagers "wanted at Kimberley Gaol, any number of Free Staters; excellent table, very special terms for long stayers. By a little strategy, this Boer fattening process ought to get wind in the enemy's camp, and who knows but that we would see hundreds of poor, hungry, run down Free Staters coming over to us, laying down their arms and recouping.

Wednesday, January 10th.—Hippophagy, according to Nuttall, is "the practice of eating horseflesh." It is derived from the Greek hippos, and phago, to eat—I don't know, Nuttall says so, and I suppose its alright. I confess I did not like the looks of the word at first, but after going round it several times, dissecting it, and chewing it as it were, I took courage and can now spin it off quite volubly. Well! I was to-day for the first time, a Hippophagist, or an eater of horseflesh, and am living to tell the tale. Candidly, whether it was that we were lucky in getting a prime cut, or whether it was owing to the culinary art employed, or whether it was owing to both, deponent knoweth not; but what he does know, is, that it was very enjoyable dish of meat. When the family sat down to it, it was in the

nature of an experiment; some of them didn't think they would be able to keep their seats. Any spurs or whips lying promiscuously about were chucked out, All reference to the stable was tabooed. All eyes were on the dish, and a few significant sniffs were heard. It seemed savoury, it smelt appetising! After the first wee taste everyone breathed, and tasted again, anxious looks gradually dispelled, smiles reigned supreme, a good dinner was enjoyed, and we were hippophagists.

Poor little Mafeking is having a rough time and the Boer cordon seems to be drawing tighter. News of the sortie there on the 26th ult. is published in Kimberley to-day. In a message, dated 26th December, Colonel Baden-Powell says:—"We attacked one of the enemy's works this morning and endeavoured to push back the cordon northwards. Our force was two squadrons of the Protectorate Regiment and one company of the Bechuanaland Rifles, armoured train, etc. The enemy had strengthened their work during the night and doubled the garrison since yesterday's reconnaissance. Nevertheless our attack was carried out and pressed home with the greatest gallantry and steadiness under a hot fire, but all efforts at gaining the interior failed. The fort is practically impregnable, and the attacking party only withdrew after four officers out of six and a large number of men had been hit. Nothing could have exceeded the courage and dash displayed. Our casualties were—21 killed, 26 wounded and three taken prisoners."

Meanwhile, in Kimberley, barring desultory shelling and sniping, things go on in the even tenour of their way, nothing sensational occurring. Waiting; waiting; waiting; but ready our attitude.

There are signs of increased activity in the enemy's laagers, and fresh earthworks are being thrown up.

A "commandeered" Englishman escaped from the Boer laager at the Intermediate Pumping Station and arrived in camp to-day.

Thursday, January 11th.—I was pleased to see in this morning's paper a notice that a milk depot is at last to be opened to-morrow. An appeal—in the notice—to the healthy and strong to forego the use of that

article should not be overlooked by those whose milk of human kindness is not dried up. So hurry up with the bottles, please!

Yesterday the Borough Council accepted the following proposition: "That this Council begs to express its profound admiration for the splendid defence of the town of Mafeking, and its deep sympathy with the sufferings and privations caused to the inhabitants by the long siege, and the Council hopes, and prays for the speedy relief of Mafeking, and that this resolution be conveyed to Mafeking at the earliest possible moment."

A big controversy is raging! The *pros* and *cons* of a horseflesh diet are being heatedly discussed. Some maintain that it is good to eat; others maintain that it is not good to eat. Some medical men, I hear, have declared against it. Our borough medical man has pronounced in its favour. When doctors disagree who shall decide. Perhaps the following tale—horse tale, shall I say—may help someone in doubt. A poor woman, blessed with a troop of hungry boys, whose sole aim in life is to eat and to kick shoe leather to pieces, was heard to say "that the military must be slaughtering race horses, as the children, since commencing a horse diet, had taken to prancing, galloping, and kicking about more frightfully than ever." Here's a study! Anyone of a philosophic turn of mind should ponder over that woman's story, and perhaps, they may come to some conclusion as to what relationship food has to morals?

The following notice is published, showing that the military people intend if needs be, to "commandeer" all the live stock owned by private persons, thus: "Every owner, or person in charge of any ox, cow, heifer, bull, calf, sheep, goat, or pig, shall, on receipt of a requisition in writing, signed by Major Gorle, deliver to the person mentioned, any, or every ox, cow, heifer, bull, calf, sheep, goat, or pig enumerated therein."

The following story about Rhodes is going the round to-day. When Mr. Rhodes sat down to breakfast, one morning recently; with the usual coffee and brown

bread, was a dish of nice boiled ham. Mr. Rhodes wishing to emulate Tommy Atkins, and do a kindly action at the same time, dispatched in the usual way the brown bread and coffee, minus milk and sugar, and afterwards quietly made his way to the hospital with the ham in order that some of the inmates might enjoy a tasty snack. On hearing this tale I ventured to doubt the letter of it, knowing that Mr. Rhodes was not in the retail line, but thought, perhaps, if he did the thing at all he would "commandeer" the whole of the Kimberley Club's stock of boiled ham and despatch it hospitalwards.

The enemy sent a few shells at the Premier mine to-day, and some "sniping" was also indulged in between our cattle guards and parties of Boers.

Some humourous Johnnie on the other side heliographed from Dronfield, asking which was the best hotel for them to stay at in Kimberley.

Friday, January 12th.—A despatch, received by signal from the relief column, states: "Enemy attacked Ladysmith in great force at dawn on the 6th. The fighting lasted until 6 p.m. Some positions were taken and retaken several times. The enemy were finally driven off on all sides at the point of the bayonet with heavy losses. Our losses are not yet reported."

"Wanted, an engagement for an ambulance party. Highest medical skill guaranteed, etc., etc., etc. Apply, Sivewright's Patriotic Ambulance Co." This advertisement has not yet appeared. According to the Durban correspondent of the *Cape Times*, "The Transvaal Government declines to accept the services of Sir James Sivewright's ambulance and it is thought that it will be offered to Natal, but the offer is likely to be declined in that quarter." What a pity that such disinterested generosity, such love-your-enemy, help-one-another-spirit of benevolence should be awarded with kicks. Come out of it, Sir Knight! Your role of Jack o' both sides is not appreciated by undeserving and ungrateful Governments, still less by an indiscriminating public.

A sad fatality happened to a sick person living at De Beers. Being afraid to strike a light, owing to the

proclamation forbidding lights after 9.30, she unfortunately, in the dark, took medicine intended for outward application, with the consequence that she died shortly afterwards.

"Only horseflesh left for No. 4 Ward," called out one of the officials at the market this morning. "After waiting from half-past five until seven I came away thoroughly sick and disappointed," said the head of a household to me to-day. My advice was: "Swallow your prejudices, cook, and season well, and it's alright."

Saturday, January 13th.—This is the 91st day of the siege, or three months all but a day, since the investment of Kimberley by the Boers. Evidently the enemy's programme is to starve us out unless the relief column can cut its way through soon and re-establish railway communication. The necessaries of life are running short. People with money are little better off than those whose stock is limited, consequently all are more or less beginning to feel the pinch. Food is not only scarce, but the little that is procurable entails such an amount of running about that the effort to obtain it is trying and wearisome in the extreme. "Scoff Trotting," an expression not polite but to the point, takes up all your time, and what do you get for it? is a remark one often hears. Nevertheless the patience and fortitude shown by those most affected is remarkable. When the inner history of this siege comes to be written, especially by one who has had an opportunity of peeping behind the scenes, it will be found that the women have borne the greatest brunt of the harass and privation entailed by the siege.

Many anxious mothers I have known, whose husbands and sons are away at the camps, and consequently unable to be of much assistance, get up at dawn of day, hurry down with bag or basket to the market for the family's rations, standing, perhaps, for nearly a couple of hours before their turn arrives to be served, then home again, hot and tired, to commence the daily duties demanded by the home and children, and this with the boom of cannon ringing in their ears and ever haunted with the nervous dread that a stray Boer shell perchance might find a billet dangerously near. This

is the daily experience of mostly every woman in Kimberley. Heroines they are, and in no less a degree than the gallant men who boldly face the enemy—they are doing their duty both bravely and well.

Hitherto the Kimberley garrison has communicated with the relief column by means of the flashlight, but to-day Major Fraser succeeded in establishing heliographic communication. This is, I take it, a step nearer joining forces.

The usual sniping tactics were indulged in again to-day between the Boers and our cattle guards. A few shells were also exchanged, just to show that no ill-feeling exists.

Monday, January 15th.—*Apropos* of the article on Mr. W. T. Stead, in to-day's paper. One of the greatest enemies to the well being of all this country is found in the person of Mr. Stead. Of all the canting, maniacal, demagogues, commend me to the aforesaid gentleman! If muddy water cannot be found to stir up, he will set about making muddy water. What can be more discreditable for a Britisher—putting patriotism altogether aside—than his stories of the brutality of the British troops. Surely he cannot have heard of the testimony given by numbers of Boer prisoners as to the kindly treatment received at our hands. Or, if so, he has purposely refrained from dwelling upon it. At a gravely critical time like the present, when every influential British journal and journalist should be strengthening the hands of the Government, and presenting an united front to a censorious world, he, through the pages of his hysterical periodical, besmirches the honour of Her Majesty's Ministers and Her Majesty's brave defenders. Out upon such a Britisher. Let him take ship to Delagoa Bay and shoulder the mauser and bandolier, and then we shall know him in his true colours. Or, as an alternative, bid him confine himself to the more congenial employment of poking his nose into metropolitan filth, leaving Imperial inter-South African politics to higher and less mendacious minds.

On the evening of this date, report says that shells from the column could be seen dropping in the vicinity of Scholtz's Nek, and a considerable amount of heavy

firing was heard; also, that a large number of the enemy's wagons were seen trekking towards the Boers laagers at Spytfontein.

A few shells were sent in by our own particular section of the enemy during the day, and the customary sniping was practised.

Tuesday, January 16th.—Siege soup. Now that the scarcity of meat and vegetables has grown chronic, a suggestion mooted some time ago has been carried into effect, and a soup kitchen established. At noon to-day soup was served out for the first time. The Hon. Mrs. Maguire—who, since her enforced stay amongst us, has taken a lively interest in many things—served the first customer. The soup is made of ox meat—there being nothing equinal about it—and fresh vegetables of all kinds, with the usual condiments and etceteras, and is under the personal supervision of Capt. Tyson and M. Dubois, *chef* of the Kimberley Club. The soup is sold at 3d. per pint, being the cost price of the meat, Mr. Rhodes kindly giving the vegetables and other concomitants free of charge. Having partaken of it myself, I quite concur with the general opinion expressed that it is really excellent soup. In these hard times, when everything has to be utilised to the best advantage, it is a distinct boon to those who have not the time or material to make such appetising fare. It promises to be the most useful institution inaugurated during the siege. The soup is not only nourishing, but it possesses in a high degree those anti-scorbutic qualities so necessary to the health at a time when there is a dearth of fruit and vegetables. In the words of a siege “bounder”: “Baai jove! Those responsible for the making of the soup have not made a hash of it. It is quite awfully soup-erior, don't you know!”

The enemy shelled us to-day, at intervals, from several of the positions surrounding us, but no damage was done.

A war balloon was seen in the distance to-day, and it was evident that the column was heavily bombarding the Boer position lying between Scholtz Nek and Magersfontein. The ridges for miles were capped with

clouds of dust and smoke, owing it is supposed, to the explosion of our lyddite shells.

Wednesday, January 17th.—This morning things were a bit lively. A reconnaissance was made by a large party of our mounted troops, in the direction of Oliphantsfontein. Our artillery managed to get within shelling range, and Lieutenant Cramp started to 'plant' shells in the Boer laager. In trying to get from the laager to the trenches the Boers got a surprise packet in the shape of a few maxim volleys. Those who survived the maxim rushed back pell-mell to the laager. Two horses were captured and brought into camp. When the object of the reconnaissance was accomplished, our men commenced the return journey to Kimberley. This was the signal for the valorous Boers to avenge themselves. They sent some remarkably good shots right in the midst of our men; one shell passed underneath a man's horse, and exploded, but both escaped unhurt; another shell dropped amongst them, but failing to "go off" did no damage. A heavy rifle fire was also directed against them, but no casualties are reported.

A big gun on Wimbledon ridge started to shell in the direction of the Sanatorium and Beaconsfield, but no damage was done.

Heavy firing was renewed by the British artillery on the Boer position at Magersfontein, and lasted from 4.30 until dusk. Everyday, lately, the Boers are treated to an "application" of Lyddite. It is a wonder they do not get tired and go in for some other treatment.

It is reported in to-day's local paper that "a native who has just arrived from Barkly West states that a Boer proclamation has just been issued, ordering all loyal British subjects to leave the town on or before the 22nd inst. As many of these people have nowhere to go and no means of conveyance, the enforcement of this proclamation will involve the greatest cruelty and hardship. Many English families, it is stated, are literally starving; and even ladies are constantly being insulted in the streets by ill-behaved rebels."

Apropos of Barkly West. I might add that Mr.

Rhodes has the misfortune to represent the rebel constituency of Barkly West in the Legislative Assembly.

Thursday, January 18th.—Seventeen hundred pints of soup were distributed at the soup kitchen to-day. Bravo, Tyson! Keep it up.

A Dr. van Niekerk drove in under a flag of truce from the Boer lines at Magersfontein with a letter from Gen. Cronje to Colonel Kekewich, the contents of which have not been made public.

Boer prisoners say that they don't mind being shot, but they strongly object to being murdered with a bayonet—stabbed like so many sheep.

One of the most dashing and successfully carried out sorties during the present war is recorded from Ladysmith. It was resolved at headquarters in Ladysmith to make a night attack on the Boer position and, if possible, capture some of their guns. It was carried out almost entirely by Colonial men, under the command of General Hunter. "Shortly after 11 o'clock on the night of December 7th a column of just over 600 men moved silently towards the Boer position. At half past two in the morning the little force had reached a point at the base of a hill whereon lay a big Boer gun. Guards were posted on either side while the storming party ascended the hill. The Boers had kept up a very poor look out, as the storming party had reached half way up the hill before being noticed. Suddenly a voice shouted in Dutch, 'Who is there?' but our men not replying, the voice sounded again in the taal: 'Stop, or I shall shoot!' and shoot they did. Over the heads of our boys crashed Mauser volleys. At this point the order was given to fix bayonets and charge, and although the storming party had only a few bayonets to fix they made as much noise—in order to spoof the Boers—as if they had been treble the number. The Boers just waited to see the glitter of the steel and then "scooted" for dear life. The German gunners, who had been asleep, bolted, and left all their belongings behind. It must have been a ludicrous sight to see the bare-legged enemy helter-skeltering about and shouting, 'Alemagtig, the rooineks are here;' 'waar is mijn paard.' The Boers having been completely scared our men turned their attention to

'Long Tom,' a big gun, 20 feet long, and which had caused a lot of trouble to the Ladysmithians. The breech portion and the sights were removed and the sockets smashed. Gun-cotton was placed round the muzzle and a fuse attached, but before giving 'Long Tom' his quietus, search was made for other ordnance. A howitzer was found and subjected to similar treatment and blown to pieces, 'Long Tom' followed suit shortly afterwards. A Maxim, discovered near the howitzer, was annexed, taken to pieces and carried back to camp as a trophy. Many specimens of clothes, and other goods, left by the enemy in their flight, were taken as curios. Within half-an-hour from the time the hill had been stormed the force was ready to march back. Three of our men were hit by Boer bullets, one fatally. General White, on parade, complimented and thanked all who had been concerned in their brilliant and successful exploit."

From the narration of the sortie at Ladysmith, let us turn to the climatic condition of Kimberley. Kimberley, according to authorities, cited in to-day's paper, is the most sunny place in the world, at all events among places at which observations are taken. In a table given the monthly quantities of sunshine for each month, covering a period of six years, the mean, or average, for the month of July, reaches 85. If the mean had reached 100 it would have denoted that the days of July would be the days of perpetual sunshine, with never a cloud across the sky.

Friday January 19th.—Kimberley is not only making history, but is making big guns too, which is a much harder thing to make. We have an improvised arsenal at De Beers Workshops, where shells have been turned out for some time past. To-day, a real live gun was introduced to the world—our world, which is, ourselves and the Boer cordon around us. It is a 28 pounder (4.1) breechloader, and has been christened "Long Cecil." In the presence of its sponsor, Mr. Rhodes, and other eminents, it made its debut. Mrs. Pickering, the wife of the genial secretary for De Beers, fired the first few shots. Mr. Rhodes afterwards having "a go." Up to the present the Boers have held a monopoly of

long range firing guns, but now we shall be able to get a "look in." Just before the war commenced, I heard a Free Stater from Boshof boast that they were going to send the school boys to take Kimberley. Making allowance for some exaggeration in his boast, I think that Free Stater was either very simple or he took us to be guileless folk. He reckoned, like all his kin, that Kimberley would fall like a ripe peach into the lap of the Free State. Never for a moment did he think that Kimberley would show the resourcefulness it has. And as for manufacturing munitions of war and big guns! *Alemagtig!*

It is satisfactory to know that the gun comes up to all expectations. Mr. Labram, the gentleman who designed it, is to be congratulated, and so are all those who have been connected with the work. The making of "Long Cecil" is an achievement that Kimberley should be proud of.

Boil your drinking water is the reiterated injunction of our Borough medical officer, and so lessen the chances of taking typhoid.

The enemy has been very quiet to-day.

Monday, January 22nd.—The price asked to-day for a moderate sized watermelon was 14/6, and 3/- per lb. for potatoes. Cheshire farmers would open their eyes if they could dispose of their tubers at that price.

News of Buller and Warren crossing the Tugela to hand. The relief of Ladysmith ought to be within measurable distance; but this is a war of surprises and the unexpected often happens. May this movement be absolutely a step forward.

Tuesday, January 23rd.—"Long Cecil" could be heard pounding away this afternoon, and it afterwards transpired that the Intermediate and Kamfersdam laagers were receiving great attention from him. Our big gun seems to cause some uneasiness amongst the enemy, judging from the treks they are making. We are now giving them a taste of what they so thoughtfully obliged us with.

Five thousand two hundred pints of soup were distributed to-day. You know my sentiments, Captain Tyson.

Some very trenchant remarks were made in a leader of the *D. F. Advertiser* this morning regarding the unreadiness of the Imperial Government when she was overtaken by this war, the sentiments of which, I am sure, will be echoed in every thoughtful mind. We Kimberley people hold ourselves second to none in the Empire as regards our loyalty and devotion to the English cause, but we cannot help giving vent to a growl or two when we think of what that unreadiness is costing us. Here, we, the subjects of the mightiest power on earth, subjects of an empire on which the sun never sets, etc., etc., *ad lib*, *ad infinitum*, encompassed about for months by a dirty beggarly crowd of marauders, being played with as a cat plays with a mouse, living on horse-flesh, and less than half rations; our women folk terrified into a state of nervous exhaustion, our businesses going to ruin, and our lives and limbs in constant jeopardy. When we think of these, our by no means exhausted category of woes, and the apparent supineness of our people outside, we feel like using our national prerogative, and indulging in a big grumble.

Wednesday, January 24th.—Our chivalrous friends commenced shelling as early as 3.30 this morning, and their firing was continuous and heavy throughout the day. Nine guns, two of them cordite, were turned on the town and outskirts, from the Boer positions around. It is computed that over 500 shells were hurled at our devoted heads during the day.

Seemingly Paul Kruger's "staggering" tactics are being put forth. By his "staggering of humanity" in that historic threat of his, I suppose, it is his intention of having carried out a root and branch policy, nobody or nothing to be spared. There must be a considerable amount of latent savagery about a people who wantonly kill women and children. Just before 7 o'clock, a poor young woman living in Scholtz Street, was struck on the back and her spine severed. I heard afterwards that a piece of the shell had penetrated through to the lung, taking with it a portion of hair, and the ribbon that tied it.

Many houses were struck and much property

destroyed. A shrapnel gained access to a room in Oliver's Drapery establishment. Fortunately no one happened to be there at the time, excepting the dummy lady, she suffering considerably from the bullets. A wax figure of a boy was also smashed. Our "warren," or fort, came in most useful, the children spending the greater part of the day, from 4 a.m. to dusk, in it.

Thursday, January 25th.—During the night the enemy took a fiendish delight in banging away at the town at intervals of an hour or thereabouts; they started at 11 p.m. Just as overstrained nerves were relaxing and sleep closing tired eyes, Bang! and the ears would strain for a second or two to catch the direction of the whizz, seconds of exceedingly great mental anguish until you heard the shell drop in the distance. At 4 a.m. this morning they went at it with perfect fury. A clothier's shop in Jones-street was partially wrecked, and splinters from the same shell travelled across the way and pierced the corrugated iron facing Giloi's bar.

Several shells fell very close to the Hospital. Now, this is not playing the game fairly. We must have the red cross respected, or John Bull will want to know the reason why later.

Between 6 and 7 a.m. a shell struck a house in Sydney-street where a family were trying to snatch a little breakfast. The wife and three children were shockingly injured, one of the children dying from its injuries during the day and the mother having to undergo the amputation of an injured leg. The husband, who is a volunteer, was away at the camp.

I have visited several houses that have been the recipients of shells, and it is affecting to see the ruin wrought. Where a shell explodes in a room there is scarcely anything left but a confused jumble of splinters of wood, glass, china, etc., and that is all that remains of the furniture. Several people received injuries during the day and much property destroyed.

While a funeral was passing along a shrapnel burst over the mourners at the back of the hearse, and during

he afternoon, while a child was being buried, a shell came whizzing quite close to the party.

"Long Cecil" according to a native who escaped from the Boer camp, is doing some execution among the enemy. He reports that our shells bowled over several of the Boers. "Bravo, 'Long Cecil!' and morepower to ye if you will relieve us of a few of the cowardly crew."

Friday, January 26th.—The enemy was comparatively quiet to-day, for which we are profoundly thankful.

Some choice rumours are going about. Here's a sample of some of them; but all sensible people have absolutely left off believing anything and everything. Perhaps the inventive ingenuity suggested may make them sufficiently interesting. Take them for what they are worth :—

- 1st. Our men have been served out with bayonets and are going out to relieve the relief column.
- 2nd. That Lord Methuen had threatened to drop dynamite bombs from a balloon on the Boer entrenchments if they persisted in bombarding Kimberley.
- 3rd. That we shall be relieved on the 15th of next month.
- 4th. That "Long Cecil" had burst.
- 5th. That Ladysmith had been relieved.

But the strangest of the whole crop was one that was told me by a very wise and far-seeing man, and he had been told by other wise and far-seeing men, that this war had been "made in Germany." With knowing winks and nods he repeated that this war had been "made in Germany." I combated the idea at once, but suggested that the officers and guns probably were, but as for anything else, why, it was simply ridiculous. But he still winked and nodded.

Saturday, January 27th.—This military notice appears to-day :—"V.R.—Owners of horses and mules, suitable for slaughtering purposes, are invited to bring them to the Washington Market on Thursdays and Fridays at 12 noon. A good price for fat animals."

Over 7,000 rations of soup were given out yesterday, which constitutes a record.

Our bread ration has been dropped from 12 ounces to 10½ oz. per day. Bread is becoming a luxury, and so is everything else for that; even the pettifogging but useful box of matches is assuming airs and selling from 3d. to 6d. per box.

In this land of syndicates and monopolies it is not surprising that President Kruger should follow the prevailing fashion. According to their showing the Boer hierarchy has formed a syndicate, and have secured a monopoly of divine favour. Certain passages of scripture indisputably belong to the syndicate, and other passages, not required, are relegated to the British.

Now, isn't this a trifle unfair, haven't we all been taught, President Kruger included, that the Bible is an open book, and free to all?

If President Kruger "commandeers" the uitlander's gold he must not do ditto with the uitlander's bible.

Certain psalms contain no more God-given instructions to the Transvaal burghers than they do to the despised "rooineks."

These things being equal then, Mr. Kruger will find that divine interposition will favourably incline to the side of the best equipped, and numerically superior army, and the one that has the greatest resources, wealth and staying power at its back. Everybody credits Mr. Kruger with sincerity in his religious convictions, but nevertheless, he and his burghers are not the only "salt of the earth," there's some of it outside the Transvaal and in Kimberley even, I notice.

Friday, February 2nd.—A notice appears, that "medical comforts will be dispensed by the authorities on the receipt of a doctor's certificate." Such luxuries as butter, bacon, cheese, tinned milk, sago, &c., may be had for the sick and ailing. This will be a perfect god-send to the poor invalids who cannot subsist on siege fare. I trust the time is not far distant when all will be able to partake of what, to us at present are luxuries, and not obtainable.

I noticed a day or two ago, a leader, headed "Olive

Schreiner again," and it set me thinking that there must be some inscrutable reason why providence has allowed that name to be such a baleful factor in South African affairs? Is it that the country is going through a form of chastening; and the bearers of that name are being used as rods in the process? One thing I am convinced of, and that is, that the owners of that patronymic—those that have obtained notoriety, I mean—judging from their past efforts, will never leave this country better than they found it, but as Kipling says, that is another story.

This "slim" little lady, I beg pardon, did "slim" escape me? if so, I may as well animadvert on this peculiarly Colonial word. Some of us loyal folk have come to believe that the colloquial "slim" means the highest form of low cunning, or in other words, the precise antithesis of John Bullism. This lady possesses the attributes of "slimness" in the very highest degree. Who else, with such pronounced anti-British views, but Mrs. Cronwright Schreiner, could get the ear of such a large section of the great B. P.; of course the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, and a section affecting the Exeter Hall cult, easily fall a prey to any plausible body who inveighs against England. My advice to John Bull is to steer clear of Mrs. Cronwright Schreiner, and all her works, as that lady would get round his satanic majesty himself, but for the fact, that he is possessed of equal "slimness."

A pitiful tale has come through "Reuter's," to the effect that Englishmen have been commandeered, and pressed to the front, to be shot down by their own countrymen. This is another example of Boer tyranny. It will, I hope, not be lost sight of in the final reckoning.

At a concert last night, in aid of the family who suffered so severely from a Boer shell, the sum of nearly £37 was realised.

A few shells were sent in to-day. A Cape policeman had a narrow escape from being struck; fragments from the same shell struck a coloured man who was in charge of a cart and two horses, the horses were frightened and ran away, but no serious damage was done.

Having a friend or two in the F Company of the

Town Guard, at Mosterts Redoubt, I paid them a visit to-day. The Guards at this Redoubt claim that this is the model siege camp of Kimberley. Instead of the inevitable tent, or tin shanty, I found neat little burnt brick villas, with doors and windows. Although the villas consisted of one room, and that not sufficiently large enough to stand upright in, yet they are quite large enough for the purpose they were intended. They are comfortable and airy, and quite large enough for a couple of fellows to lie or sit in. Most of them are furnished with carpets, pictures, karosses, rugs, etc., etc., and bric-a-brac and nick-nacks abound on the walls and brackets; in fact, everywhere. Some of the names given to these bijou "villas" are fanciful, and others appropriate, thus—"Siege Villa," "Kekewich Hall," "Dronfield View," "The Dovecot," "The Early Bird," and many other inscriptions I noticed. One villa had painted on its canvas roof, "Remember the Maine." Evidently the occupier must possess American sympathies. Several of the exteriors were finished off in a very ornamental fashion, some being painted and picked out in white. Another, in course of construction, had an ornamental zinc facing which had quite a "fetching" effect.

One thing that struck me about this camp is the exposed position it bears to three Boer camps. Directly opposite there is Kamfersdam, the Intermediate and Diebels's Vlei. Some sort of splinter-proof shed should be acceptable; but I am not very sure of my ground here. Perhaps the martial spirit is so strong in the breasts of the members of F Company that they have no desire to avail themselves of more shelter than is usually provided for T.A. of the regulars. While I was there several shots were fired from the Boer forts towards where "Long Cecil" was placed.

An old Boer regretted that the poor old Queen would be the greatest sufferer, as Paul Kruger was going to ship a force to England to bring back the Queen as prisoner. This is Boer simplicity with a vengeance.

Nothing of consequence occurred to-day in camp. There was some shelling, Kenilworth coming in for a good share of it.

President Kruger still remains infatuated with his dream of a United South African Republic, or, "The Dutch Confederated States of South Africa." The flag is already waiting at Pretoria, and, no doubt, duplicates are ready at Cape Town, Durban and Bloemfontein to hoist at the right moment, and that will be at—the crack of doom.

A man fainted in the streets to-day. It was said by the bystanders that it was through the lack of food.

Desiring a change from horseflesh, we thought a fowl would be acceptable. 25/- each was the price asked for them. To horse! to horse! for still a little longer.

Tuesday, February 6th.—"Long Cecil" made some good shots this morning, dropping shells among the enemy's tents. During the evening several shells fell in the town from the enemy's gun on Carter's Ridge, but nothing was injured.

The news from Natal is bad reading. Instead of occupying, General Buller is evacuating positions. According to accounts the position at Spionskop was untenable and proved to be a veritable shell-trap. Ah, well! Patience.

It is believed that the Boers at Magersfontein are suffering from enteric fever and dysentery owing to the unsanitary condition of the trenches; added to this is scarcity of food and difficulty of transport. Altogether Boer life at Magersfontein is anything but pleasant.

Wednesday, February 7th.—To-day, between 10 and 11 a.m., a terrific report from a gun was heard; it was much louder than any shots we had heard, before. Scarcely had the report softened away than a fearful shrieking sound followed through the air. It dawned upon us that the Boers had brought one of their biggest guns to spread death and destruction through Kimberley. Subsequently we learned that it was a 6-inch breech-loader, and throws several miles a projectile weighing 100lbs. This gun is posted at Kamfersdam, three miles away. We have heard from Mafeking of the havoc and destruction wrought by this engine of war. The people there have had to live under ground for months. It will be, God help this Kimberley of ours unless help speedily arrives. There are from

twenty to thirty thousand women and children, and a big number of civilians. Where will they be sheltered from this hellish weapon?

A good number of shells were fired from it during the day, and a lot of damage done. A little girl, between 2 and 3 years of age, was struck with a splinter and badly cut and bruised; the house in which she lived, being nearly demolished by a shell. A marvellous escape is recorded from Southey Street, a shell fell in the Buffalo Club Building, and wrecked the place, Splinters flew across the road to Varrie's and killed a horse that was being shod, the smith who was shoeing it escaping uninjured. A piece from the same shell weighing $13\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., flew through an open window, missed the head of a gentleman who was seated at a desk, went through a few erratic movements and finally lay down in the fireplace. Another shell went through Callaghan's, ironmongers, Market Square, and made a wreck of one side of the store. Two young men were injured with splinters and bullets. Pieces of this missile were picked up fully 100 yards away, and an iron verandah post was snapped off short.

Our medical officer gave at the Borough Council meeting, a more cheering report. There was a decided decrease in the death rate all round. That speaks well for the fourth month of a siege. Perhaps, the moral learned from this is that, owing to a better and more systematic distribution of food supplies, the stamina of the people has been improved.

Thursday, February 8th. This big gun has inaugurated a reign of terror. It is said that a person may be educated up to almost anything. When first we were bombarded by the 7, 9 and 12 pounders, we looked upon it as a very terrible experience, but gradually—providing we were fortunate in not being struck—we got used to the bang, whizz, and smash. But with regard to this 100 pounder, I'm afraid that we shall never reach that standard of education, mentally and morally, that will enable us with equanimity to stand our ground when a hundred pounder comes in our direction.

On two occasions to-day, these shells have fallen and exploded, within 30 or 40 yards of where I have been. The first time, I had the protection of the walls and roof of a house. With the explosion the air became suddenly dark with dust and smoke. Stones, shrapnell, and splinters suddenly dropped on the iron roof, as from a titanic hail storm. Never shall I forget the crash, and the simultaneous rushing, crushing, tearing sound; it was fearful! The concussion was great, and for a few seconds I was dazed. The second experience was somewhat similar, only that, I was in the street. It happened within half-an-hour of the last. I heard the report, and wondered as usual, which way the shell was coming, but before I could wonder long the awful whirr was upon me; I dropped prone to earth, the shell exploded, and sent a shower of debris and stones over me, several heavy splinters I heard buzzing away, these were afterwards picked up 50 yards in advance of where I lay.

One young man, was fatally injured, a piece crashed through the verandah roof and struck him on the head. A good many people were hurt, some badly. Buildings also suffered badly. A fire occurred at Cuthbert's boot store, in Dutoitspan Road, and whilst it was in progress the cowardly brutes aimed a couple of shots at the conflagration, which dropped in close proximity to the fire, but beyond damaging a building, no harm was done. 29 shells were fired from the gun to-day, which, by the way, is called "Long Tom." Too mild a name I take it, for such an infernal weapon.

Friday, February 9th.—The reign of terror continues. This day would be aptly called "Black Friday" in the annals of Kimberley. It has been a day that will never be forgotten by Kimberley folk. From early morning until dark, those "incomparable" fiends were at us. Women and children, as usual, have been the chief sufferers! A lady just emerging from her fort with a baby in her arms was struck, the baby was killed, and the lady so badly injured that she succumbed later. Another woman was struck and injured. A most strange fatality was the death of Mr. Labram, the gentleman who designed the construction of "Long Cecil." Mr.

Labram had just arrived at his room, at the Grand Hotel, when a shell entered the roof and passed through one or two apartments, striking him, and killed him on the spot.

All business is suspended. Banks, shops and warehouses are all closed. Few people venture out. Kimberley is like a deserted city. A deathlike stillness prevades the streets, broken only by the Boer gun and anon by "Long Cecil," trying to get "one in."

A party of sharpshooters have gone out in the direction of "Long Tom" but cannot get within 2,000 yards, which is too long a range for effective aim, but still they pot away in the hope that a Lee-Metford bullet might find a billet in the hides of the gunners.

A picture, descriptive of the times and experiences common to many, occurs to me. It is a "fort" in a backyard, the mother and children are safely ensconced inside; it is near a meal time and the family begin to get hungry and thirsty. Paterfamilias, at a table at the top of the steps leading down to the fort, is cutting slices of bread and jam and handing it down to the hungry youngsters; cups of tea are dispensed in a similar fashion. Bang goes the gun and down pops paterfamilias in the fort, to emerge later for more tea, bread and jam.

Adversity finds strange occupations: Slicing bread and jam and pouring out tea, are not congenial occupations to one of the sterner sex! "But what can you do?"

Saturday, February 10th.—I am glad to find that the *Diamond Fields Advertiser* has risen to the occasion! In a splendid leader appearing this morning, in dignified and solemn words, it requires to know how much longer we have to submit to this sort of thing! Here we have stood a siege of four months' duration, living on horseflesh and half-rations for a part of that period. We have defended ourselves with our citizen soldiers: We have not only made our own ammunition but have produced a large gun which has placed the enemy within range. It wants to know where the 120 thousand troops are that have been landed in this country, and

whether a few thousand could not be spared to undertake the task of relieving us. It says: "Is it unreasonable, when our women and children are being slaughtered and our buildings are being fired, to expect something better than that a large British army should remain inactive in the presence of eight or ten thousand peasant soldiers?"

It appears that the censorship is so severe that press correspondents to London, are not allowed to mention that Kimberley is being destroyed by one hundred pound projectiles. In the name of God, I ask, what is going to be done with us?

Poor Labram was buried in the dark to-night, and we cannot think that it was merely a coincidence that the Boer guns opened fire just as the funeral was leaving the hospital, and again, just as the funeral ceremony was ended. The service was conducted by the Ven. Archdeacon Holbech, and amongst the mourners were the following gentlemen: Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Gardner F. Williams, Mr. Pickering, and Col. Kekewich.

This morning there was a renewal of shelling, and considerable damage was done by the 100 pounders. One of the soldiers of the Lancashire Regiment was struck, and had to have his foot amputated. After a spell of quietness it commenced again in the afternoon and bombarded away for an hour and a half. A number of buildings were wrecked, and others partly so. A native had his thigh smashed, and died later. The Hospital was struck, and a large iron girder was brought down on the bed of a patient who miraculously escaped with a slight grazing.

About 8 p.m. at night, when all was quiet, the boom again rang out.

What little nerve was left in the people seemed to be exhausted at this point, one and all appeared terror stricken. With murderous method the gunners commenced at the extreme left of the town and gradually worked around to the other. In my fort were huddled 15 people, half of whom were children, the very young ones were asleep and unconscious of danger. Horrible was the sensation produced when each succeeding shot came nearer and nearer, feeling—that

if by some hellish mischance a shot struck our fort—death, and destruction would probably be ours.

For $3\frac{1}{2}$ mortal hours was this raking fire kept up, but thank God none of us emerged from the fort any the worse, only for the fright. At 11-30 p.m. firing ceased, and at 12, knowing that our pious enemy would observe he sabbath, we retired to bed, feeling that we should be safe until Monday morning.

Sunday, February 11th.—This was a busy day. Fort building and fort strengthening everywhere is the order of the day. With the aid of a friend and four native boys we had severel tons more of soil placed on the top of the "warren." Even the youngsters felt it incumbent upon them to do something, so with little buckets and spades they performed their quota of labour.

The following notice was posted up in the centre of the Town: "Sunday,—I recommend women and children who desire complete shelter to proceed to Kimberley and De Beers shafts. They will be lowered at once into the mine from 8 o'clock throughout the night. Lanterns and guides will be provided.—C. J. Rhodes."

If ever a man deserved the thanks of a community, that man is Mr. Rhodes. From the commencement of the siege to the present time his one thought has been for the welfare of Kimberley's inhabitants.

Nearly 3,000 people were lowered into the two mines, between 8 o'clock on Sunday night and early on Monday morning.

The wildest rumours are current. It is said that the Boers are bringing other big guns. Hundreds of people are leaving their homes and are sheltering under bridges, in culverts and "in dens and caves of the earth;" anywhere, in fact, where they will be out of the way of Boer shells.

Monday, February 12th, to Wednesday, February 14th.—Destruction has been rampant during the last three days. Four houses were burnt at Kenilworth. A fine new two-storied house, belonging to Mr. Bennie, had the interior, along with the furniture, smashed to splinters. The Presbyterian organ suffered and the

Theatre was struck for a second time. A wall was toppled over on to five men and two were seriously injured. Many other business places and houses were struck and some completely wrecked. Half-a-dozen people are reported as being seriously injured.

The Wednesday being Valentine's Day we were the recipients of Boer attentions. A 100-pounder landed in the street, about 80 yards away from the house bursting and sending a shower of shrapnel bullets and splinters all about. I picked up 22 pieces of shrapnel from the verandah and out of the yard. A splinter, weighing several pounds, found a resting place through the roof into a spare room. Several stones, varying from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1lb. in weight, accompanied the shrapnels and were picked up with them. Happily the family were in the fort at the time. Some half-dozen houses were wrecked during the day and one man killed.

Persistent rumours are about that relief is at hand and that it is only a question of hours. Everybody believes it to be too good to be true; relief has been within twenty miles of us and yet we are not relieved. No wonder we are getting impervious to rumours.

Thursday, February 15th.—Half-a-dozen big shells came in during the morning—the last, the very last, arriving about 11 o'clock. Good news! Joyful news! It has been officially announced that the column will be in during the day. A sight on the market Square this morning did us good. It was no less than a capture of 40 fat oxen, a number of horses and mules, and several trek wagons, laden with vegetables, butter, etc. Reports says that a lot of sheep, pigs and goat were included in the capture, but these I did not see.

The capture came about in this wise. The Boers, hearing of the advance of the column, began to make preparations for evacuating one of their laagers. A Kafir woman brought word in to Major Fraser, of Beaconsfield, that this was being done. Major Fraser, acting on his own initiative, sent out a number of Town Guards, who captured the aforesaid loot and made prisoners of several Boers. Reinforcements of regulars were sent to Alexandersfontein and thus the

ccordon, which has bound us for four months, has at last been broken.

At 2:30 a troop of horsemen was made out riding towards Dutoitspan, and a heliographic message was received, saying, that General French's Flying Column had left Modder River and was nearing Kimberley. The news spread like wild-fire, and soon every kopje, debris heap, and housetop was alive with eager people watching for a first glimpse of our deliverers.

Soon after four o'clock they could be seen with the naked eye galloping across the flats, a few miles out, and now and again, a shell from a Boer gun was seen to fall near them, raising a cloud of dust, but on the horsemen came, and we began to feel certain that no serious opposition would be offered. About 5 o'clock the first man reached Kimberley, it proved to be the representative of the *Daily Telegraph*, he having left the main body and proceeded direct to the Sanitorium to give the particulars of the column's approach to Mr. Rhodes.

General French and staff reached Kimberley about 7 o'clock. The pent up feelings of the crowd lining the road gave vent to cheer after cheer as the General progressed along the Dutoitspan Road to Kimberley Club. It was an affecting sight and one that will never be forgotten. A fitting wind up to our troubles. Women cried with joy, and held up their children, as if in mute appeal to the General. The natives were beside themselves, dancing and capering about, showing what a relief it was to them. The less demonstrative utter a fervent "Thank God!"

A detailed account of the march would take up too much space in this journal. Suffice it to say that it has been a brilliant affair. 8,000 mounted men have ridden 100 miles in four days, and have arrived 24 hours before they were timed to reach. Bravo! General French, and no less to the gallant men under you

With the advent of General French's column, the Siege of Kimberley is raised; therefore my journal must come to a close. Before I conclude, a few valedictory observations may not be out of place.

Without presumption, I firmly believe, that it is ordained that the sceptre of British rule shall be established from the Zambesi to the Cape, and the British flag fly over every city and town of South Africa. There will be no driving of the British into the sea, nor, on the other hand, will the Dutch be exterminated or driven northwards. Both nationalities must blend and live in peace, and, eventually, there shall arise, phoenix-like, from the ashes of the present war a glorious and prosperous South Africa.

[The proof sheets of this Journal have been passed by
the Military Censor.]

