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Expelled from

The Randt.

NOTES BEFORE AND AFTER
LEAVING JOHANNESBURG,
WITH
EXPERIENCES AT DELAGOA BAY.

DEDICATED TO THE MANY THOUSANDS OF REFUGEES
FROM THE GOLDEN CITY.

BY
T. FROES.

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ONE SHILLING.

Cape Town:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY WM. TAYLOR,
11, CHURCH STREET.

1899.

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76-1016

By Special

His Excellency
Sir Alfred Milner, K.C.B.,
G.C.M.G.
Lord Loch of Drylaw.



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THE
Australian Loan
DISCOUNT CO.

AUTHOR'S NOTICE.

THE incidents referred to in the following notes have for the most part taken place since the Boer declaration of war on the 11th October, and subsequent to the dates on which the independent Johannesburg press—"The Star" and "The Leader"—ceased publication.

Some of these incidents have doubtless been already alluded to in the Colonial newspapers, but others, I have good reason for believing, are now given to the public for the first time.

In compiling this little pamphlet no pains have been spared in order to authenticate any statements made therein, which did not actually come within the author's personal notice and experience.

Cape Town, November, 1899

T. F.

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January 1, 1900

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Expelled from "The Rand."

"Mute

The camel labours, with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence:—not bestowed
In vain, should such examples be: if they,
Things of ignoble, or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we, of nobler clay,
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day."

CHILDE HAROLD.

Johannesburg Yesterday and To-day.

Those who remember what Johannesburg was only five years ago, and who have been there again within the last few weeks, must have had difficulty in realising that they were in the same city.

At the time referred to Johannesburg did not possess the palatial buildings which are its justifiable boast to-day, its output of gold had not assumed the gigantic proportions which have since made it one of the wonders of the world, but, at that time, its very name was a thing to conjure with, and its population was happy, and peaceful, and prosperous. And now? a bankrupt people, a deserted town, with the "dogs of war" ready to pounce upon it and devastate it.

Since the eventful days of "The Jameson Raid" Johannesburg has been in a state of almost continual unrest, sensation has followed sensation with startling rapidity, and, although the climax might reasonably have been expected to have been reached weeks, if not months ago, the end assuredly cannot now be far off.

Under the best of circumstances, Johannesburg is not the most desirable place in the world to live in; under normal conditions it is a place to make money in; it is "free and easy," it is a veritable paradise of the *parvenu*, but the conditions of life inseparably associated with home are, as a rule, sadly wanting. To-day, with the possibilities of money-making out of the question and with tens of thousands of its most enterprising and energetic citizens expelled the Transvaal, it has quickly become a howling wilderness. Was there ever a more cruel irony of fate than that sorrow should abound where there ought to be joy, that want should prevail when plenty might so easily rule supreme?

The Oppression of "The Uitlanders."

Other nations have been guilty of misgovernment ; bribery, and corruption, and oppression, have run rampant in other States before to-day, but never, surely, in the whole history of mankind, has there been a more glaring instance of the inferior race oppressing the superior, or of ignorance dominating over enlightenment, than is to be found in the treatment which has systematically and persistently been meted out by a semi-civilised Boer minority to an intelligent "Uitlander" majority.

Civilisation's Bill against Pretoria.

The future historian will, doubtless, one day assess the bill which civilisation and humanity holds against the Government and officials of the South African Republic ; a time will come when their dealings in illicit gold (vide *Transvaal Leader*, August 14th, 1899), their illicit liquor scandals, their raking in of the shekels by dabbling in all sorts of questionable transactions, will be given to the world in all their barefaced enormity. Then men will, perhaps, begin to say that history has repeated itself, and that as it was really the internal corruption of the Second Empire which caused the late Emperor Napoleon to declare war in 1870, "with a light heart," against Germany, so in 1899 similar causes were not without their effect in forcing Paul Kruger to throw down the gauntlet to Great Britain. Other influences, of course, were also at work. For a long time past the Hollander and German cliques in Pretoria have lost no opportunity for sowing dissensions between the Transvaal and the Suzerain Power, and "The Bond" party in the Colony, by its sinister and mischievous policy, has also contributed not a little to the same result.

The Declaration of War.

On Tuesday, the 10th October, President Kruger celebrated his 74th Birthday, and the following day, the most momentous State document ever promulgated in the history of the Republic was issued from Pretoria.

The Famous Document.

TELEGRAM.—BRITISH AGENT, PRETORIA, TO HIGH COMMISSIONER.—URGENT.

October 9, 1899.

Following full text of Note received from Government South African Republic, bearing date of to-day, begins;—

Sir,—Government South African Republic feels itself compelled to refer the Government of Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland once more to the Convention of 1884, concluded between this Republic and the United Kingdom, and which in its 14th Article secures certain specified rights to the white population of this Republic, namely, that (here follows Article 14 of Convention of London, 1884). This Government wishes further to observe that the above are only rights which Her Majesty's Government have reserved in the above Convention with regard to the uitlander population of this Republic, and that the violation only of those rights could give that Government a right to diplomatic representation or intervention, while, moreover, the regulation of all other questions affecting the position or the rights of the uitlander population under the above-mentioned Convention is handed over to the Government and the representatives of the people of the South African Republic.

Amongst the questions the regulation of which falls exclusively within the competence of this Government and of the Volksraad are included those of the franchise and representation of the people in this Republic, and although thus the exclusive right of this Government and of the Volksraad for the regulation of that franchise and representation is indisputable, yet this Government has found occasion to discuss in a friendly fashion the franchise and the representation of the people with Her Majesty's Government without, however, recognising any right thereto on the part of Her Majesty's Government. This Government has also by the formulation of the now existing Franchise Law and the resolution with regard to representation constantly held these friendly discussions before its eyes. On the part of Her Majesty's Government, however, the friendly nature of these discussions has assumed a more and more threatening tone, and the minds of the people in this Republic and in the whole of South Africa have been excited and a condition of extreme tension has been created, while Her Majesty's Government could no longer agree to the legislation respecting franchise, and the resolution respecting representation in this Republic, and finally by your Note of September 25, 1899, broke off all friendly correspondence on the subject, and intimated that they must now proceed to formulate their own proposals for a final settlement, and this Government can only see in the above intimation from Her Majesty's Government a new violation of the Convention of London of 1884, which does not reserve to Her Majesty's Government the right to a unilateral settlement of a question which is exclusively a domestic one for this Government and has already been regulated by it.

On account of the strained situation and the consequent serious loss in and interruption of trade in general, which the correspondence respecting the franchise and representation in this Republic carried in its train, Her Majesty's Government have recently pressed for an early settlement, and finally pressed by your intervention for an answer within forty-eight hours (subsequently somewhat modified) to your Note of the 12th September, replied to by the Note of this Government of the 15th September, and your Note of the 25th September, 1899, and thereafter further friendly negotiations broke off, and this Government received the intimation that a proposal for a final settlement would shortly be made, but although this promise was once more repeated, no proposal has up to now reached this Government. Even while friendly correspondence was still going on an increase of troops on a large scale was introduced by Her Majesty's Government and stationed in the neighbourhood of the borders of this Republic. Having regard to occurrences in the history

of this Republic which it is unnecessary here to call to mind, this Government feels obliged to regard this military force in the neighbourhood of its borders as a threat against the independence of the South African Republic, since it was aware of no circumstances which could justify the presence of any such military force in South Africa and in the neighbourhood of its borders. In answer to an enquiry with respect thereto, addressed to His Excellency the High Commissioner, this Government received to its great astonishment in answer a veiled insinuation that from the side of the Republic (van Republiekanske zeyde) an attack was being made on Her Majesty's Colonies, and at the same time a mysterious reference to possibilities, whereby it was strengthened in its suspicion that the independence of this Republic was being threatened. As a defensive measure, it was therefore obliged to send a portion of the burghers of this Republic in order to offer the requisite resistance to similar possibilities. Her Majesty's unlawful intervention in the internal affairs of this Republic, in conflict with the Convention of London, 1884, caused by the extraordinary strengthening of troops in the neighbourhood of the borders of this Republic, has thus caused an intolerable condition of things to arise whereto this Government feels itself obliged in the interest not only of this Republic but also of all South Africa to make an end as soon as possible, and feels itself called upon and obliged to press earnestly and with emphasis on Her Majesty's Government for the immediate termination of this state of things, and to request Her Majesty's Government to give it the assurance

- a) That all points of mutual difference shall be regulated by the friendly course of arbitration or by whatever amicable way may be agreed upon by this Government with Her Majesty's Government.
- (b) That the troops on the borders of this Republic shall be instantly withdrawn.
- (c) That all reinforcements of troops which have arrived in South Africa since the 1st June, 1899, shall be removed from South Africa within a reasonable time to be agreed upon with this Government, and with a mutual assurance and guarantee on the part of this Government that no attack upon or hostilities against any portion of the possessions of the British Government shall be made by the Republic during further negotiations, within a period of time to be subsequently agreed upon between the Governments, and this Government will, on compliance therewith, be prepared to withdraw the armed burghers of this Republic from the borders.
- (d) That Her Majesty's troops which are now on the high seas shall not be landed in any port of South Africa.

This Government must press for an immediate and affirmative answer to these four questions, and earnestly requests Her Majesty's Government to return such answer before or upon Wednesday, 11th October, 1899, not later than five o'clock p.m., and it desires further to add that in the event of unexpectedly no answer being received by it within that interval, it will with great regret be compelled to regard the action of Her Majesty's Government as a formal declaration of war, and will not hold itself responsible for the consequences thereof, and that in the event of any further movement of troops taking place within the above-mentioned time in the nearer direction of our borders, this Government will be compelled to regard that also as a formal declaration of war.—I have, etc.,

(Signed) F. W. REITZ,
State Secretary.

"The Star" and "The Leader" close down.

One of the first results of the publication of the above document, so far as Johannesburg was concerned, was the closing down of "*The Star*" newspaper, which appeared for the last time on

Wednesday, October 11th, and of "*The Leader*," which bade farewell to its readers the following morning. Both journals applied for "permits" for their respective staffs to remain in Johannesburg, but as these were peremptorily refused, the proprietors had only the one alternative left open to them. Well-founded rumours, moreover, were in circulation as to an organised attack upon the two newspaper offices in question, and it was an open secret that, on one occasion at least, the Dutch rabble from the neighbourhood of Vrededorp and the Brickfields were within an ace of putting their nefarious plans into execution. Those who have not actually experienced it, can have little idea of the void created by the sudden disappearance of one's daily newspaper; and to be deprived, at a period of ever-increasing tension, of the usual channels of information, was a terrible hardship to the thousands of British subjects who were still left in and around Johannesburg.

'The Standard and Diggers' News" and its Responsible Editor.

True "*The Standard and Diggers News*" was published as usual, but "*The Standard and Diggers News*" has never been regarded altogether seriously, and the part which it had taken throughout the crisis had not endeared it to the public, whom it had, at one time, "spoofed," by its "peace with honour," and other fables, and at another disgusted by the cringing servility with which it has, invariably, played up to the "hugger mugger" policy of Pretoria. The responsible editor of the newspaper in question, Mr. Emanuel Mendelsohn, was much in evidence in Johannesburg at the period of which I am speaking, and the desirability of turning a somersault, with as little loss of dignity as possible, as soon as things are once again settled, is already, no doubt, taxing the resources of his ever-fertile imagination. Mr. Joseph van Gelder, another of "*The S. and D. News*" leading lights, and late of "*Lantern*" fame, was now secretary-in-chief to most of the various committees which the proclamation of martial law had called into existence.

Experiences of a Traveller to Natal.

On Wednesday, Oct. 11th, an attempt was made to resume direct railway communication between Johannesburg and Natal, which had been discontinued a few days previously, and the experiences of those who availed themselves of this last opportunity for reaching "The Garden Colony" are, perhaps, well worth recording.

The train alluded to left Elandsfontein Junction at 9.45 a.m. and consisted of some thirty open coal and cattle trucks, crowded to suffocation with a seething mass of singularly mixed humanity, men, women and children, Asiatic and European, black and white, being huddled together in the most promiscuous fashion. In one truck fifty-three persons were counted, and this, perhaps, would represent a fair average.

The "Z.A.S.M." has never been known to attempt anything very heroic in the matter of speed, and, under the circumstances, to cover the 100 miles or so which separate Elandsfontein from Standerton, in a little under eight hours, was, perhaps, a not altogether ignoble feat. At Standerton, however, the train was timed to stop 12 hours, and to see the hundreds of poor, forlorn, wearied-out passengers descending from the trucks, and preparing, without a morsel of food, to pass the night on the veldt, was a scene well calculated to create a void in the heart of even Mark Tapley himself.

At four o'clock next morning the trucks were re-entered, the coloured people all being placed together next the engine, and the whites occupying the rear of the train. The train was then divided into two portions, the front portion, with the coloured people, going through to Natal, and the rear portion, with the white passengers, returning to Elandsfontein. It seems that a telegram despatched from the Commandant-General, at Volksrust, peremptorily forbade the passing of any more Britishers through to Natal.

Many of the passengers on this train applied to the railway authorities to refund the amount of their fares, but they were politely referred to the headquarters of the Railway Company in Pretoria, where they were informed their claims would be considered in the ordinary course.

Grasping Policy of "The Z.A.S.M."

While speaking of the "Netherlands Railway Co.," it may be as well to state that from first to last, throughout the crisis, no self-respecting corporation could have shown itself more indifferent to the comfort and convenience of those out of whose misfortunes it was reaping so rich a harvest. Whether it was at Braamfontein station, from where the Colonial trains started, or at the Company's Town office, in the Market Buildings, where tickets were issued throughout the day, the same cheese-paring policy was invariably pursued, and not an extra penny piece expended or an extra man engaged for the better regulation and government of the huge and unprecedented traffic.

The New German Police and their Methods.

On Thursday, the 12th October, I had occasion to go out to the "New Rietfontein G. M. Company," and, in fact, was on the property when the new German police put in their appearance, stating that they were authorised to take charge of the mine. They then ordered all the old hands off the property and commandeered the whole of the stores. There was nothing, of course, particularly new about all this, as the mines were being taken possession of wholesale, in every direction, but there is always something peculiarly irritating about the inferior article "made in Germany," and when invested with a little "brief authority," his real nature comes out, and it seems to be his delight to rule everything and everybody with a very high hand.

The two nations themselves may be friendly, Anglo-German agreements may be in existence, but, all the same, the average German in the Transvaal, at any rate, is no friend of England, he is jealous of her, and some of the bitterest things which have been said in Johannesburg during the present Transvaal crisis against Great Britain have been given expression to by Germans.

In saying this, however, no reflection is intended on the better class Germans who have made Johannesburg their home, who thoroughly abhor the chicanery and craftiness of the ruling Boer, and who are ever ready to testify to the fairplay and equality with which Great Britain deals with all classes irrespective of nationality.

Cape Boys Shot Down in Cold Blood.

A glaring instance of the extremes to which the low class German will go in dragging into submission those over whom he holds temporary authority, was afforded at the May Consolidated G.M. Co., on Saturday, the 14th October, of which the German police were at the time in charge. It appears that four Cape boys, on the property referred to, who had been expressing their political opinions very freely, and in a manner far from favourable to the Boers, were on the day in question charged with sedition, and bluntly informed by the police that as martial law was in force, they would be summarily dealt with. The unfortunate Cape boys were then tied together, and a mock trial having been gone through, they were shot down, in cold blood. It must be distinctly understood that these Cape boys were absolutely defenceless, they had been guilty of neither looting nor rioting, their sole offence was giving expression to their opinions in a manner distasteful to the authorities.

The Dismissal of the Hospital Nurses at Johannesburg.—Brutal Address by a German Doctor.

One of the most painful episodes in connection with recent events in Johannesburg is unquestionably the dismissal of the Hospital Nurses, which occurred on Monday, the 16th October. Not only were these devoted women turned out of doors at a moment's notice, but the local organ of the Transvaal Government, *The Standard and Diggers' News*, in its issue the following morning had the barefaced indecency to cast a vile slur upon them, by stating that they had "struck" work and deserted their posts at a most critical moment. The fact was they had no alternative but to leave. Dr. Mangold, the German doctor who had just been given charge of the Hospital by Commandant Schutte, addressed them at four o'clock on the Monday afternoon, and told them that he would receive the resignations of the English Nurses with pleasure. English Nurses, he said, could have no sympathy with wounded men of Dutch nationality, and real ladies of far better blood than those whom he was addressing were ready to succeed them, and these would give their entire sympathy to the poor wounded burghers. So far as medical assistance was concerned, he was, if necessary, prepared to "run" the hospital, in this respect, by himself. The English Nurses, he concluded by saying, had far better leave, but he was not prepared to take upon himself the responsibility of making any arrangements which might facilitate their departure. The facts which are here stated, are given on the authority of the nurses, whom I interviewed on the day they left Johannesburg.

Commandeering continued—Poor people victimised.

Meanwhile "commandeering" went on merrily all over the country, and the policy of "plundering and blundering," upon which the Government had entered with an apparently light heart, was continued without abatement. A poor widow lady who had embarked the whole of her little all in opening a café at the East end of Johannesburg was at one swoop relieved of the whole of her fortnight's earnings. Peddling "Peruvian" Jews were mulcted in sums from £10 downwards, and even persons leaving Johannesburg were in many cases stopped at the border and compelled to contribute to the Pretoria war chest sums of money upon which they had confidently counted to provide themselves with the necessaries of life during a period of enforced idleness. One man was relieved of £22, of which 5s. was considerably returned to him for refreshments during the journey. In some instances

there is good reason for suspecting that it was the "commandeering" officer who principally benefited by these acts of depredation, while in cases where receipts were given the nature of the security was more than questionable, seeing that "De Nationale Bank" notes were already at a discount.

~~Very~~ I noticed that Mr. Robert Kuranda, well-known to all Johannesburgers, was particularly energetic in this "commandeering" business.

Permits to remain in Johannesburg—Practically worthless.

During the last week that I was in Johannesburg there was a great rush to the Mining Commissioner's office in order to obtain permits to be allowed to remain. Men almost tumbled over one another in their eagerness to obtain possession of these worthless bits of paper, which were so strikingly illustrative of Pretorian methods, and another proof that there is neither *bona fides* nor finality in any document or legislation emanating from that quarter. The sequel with regard to these permits only confirms what was fully expected, namely, that their revision and withdrawal would be left absolutely at the caprice of the local Government authorities. When in Delagoa Bay I met two young Scotchmen, employees at the Clutha G. M. Co., Barberton, who had been granted permits to remain. On the strength of these they had laid in large stocks of provisions and invested a considerable sum in the purchase of several hundred head of poultry. A week later they were informed that they would have to go on "commando," and, as they objected to this, their provisions were coolly annexed by the authorities, and they themselves obliged to leave the property without even being given the necessary time to pack up their personal effects, which were consequently left behind. The two Scotchmen referred to reported the matter to the British Consul on their arrival at Delagoa Bay. I met several other persons who had been treated in a similar manner.

Government Secret Service Agents in Johannesburg.

A FEW NAMES.

Government Secret Service Agents, who had long since become an unmitigated nuisance in Johannesburg, were more than ever in evidence there about the middle of October. The £30 per

month brigade of unenviable notoriety were palpably making a last desperate effort "to make hay whilst the sun was shining," and no doubt found ample material at hand on which to frame piquant reports well-suited to the Pretoria taste without having recourse to the worn out stock-in-trade fables concerning hidden guns and embryo conspiracies. I particularly noticed Messrs. Oliphant and Mostert, the bogus buyers of claims and gold properties; a ruse by which these gentlemen, on more than one occasion, endeavoured to worm themselves into the confidences of those whose information they judged might be of service to them in the forwarding of their sinister designs. Mr. J. W. Treu, well-known in Natal in former days, and later associated with Mr. George de Beer and others in buying illicit gold for Pretoria; Mr. T. B. Reagan, who lately gained notoriety by an unprovoked attack upon Mr. Fred. Eckstein, and who was "shown up" by *The Leader* in consequence; Mr. Lanyon, *alias* De Vries, of the private detective agency, and Mr. Jan Fries, one of the informers in the abortive high treason case, besides a host of others, were all very busy at the time to which I allude.

The following extract regarding "The Transvaal Secret Service," which appeared in *The Friend of the Free State* a couple of months or so ago, is here worth reproducing:—

"It is to be hoped," says the newspaper in question, "that before the political crisis in South Africa is settled, the records of the Transvaal Secret Service will be exposed to the light of day. It is the iniquitous way in which this money has been used which is responsible, in a great degree, for the present unhappy situation, so no mercy should be shown. Those who have profited should be exposed. They must, indeed, be lost to every feeling of self-respect or honesty to spy into the doings of men they pretend are their friends, and act as their betrayers. We have nothing but contempt for such poltroons, and think they should be hounded down without the slightest mercy. We believe that several of these despicable creatures are at work in this State, and it is as well for them to know that their names stink in the nostrils of all honest men."

The Censorship of Private Correspondence.

The censorship of all private correspondence sent through the post office was now being carried out in the most vigorous manner. The consequence was enormous delay in the delivery of letters. As many persons are, no doubt, under the impression that this system of censoring correspondence was one which the exigencies of martial law had called into existence, it may be as well to state that this hateful form of espionage has been resorted to in the Transvaal for years. I myself have continually had my correspon-

dence tampered with. I believe it was Dr. Leyds who first had recourse to these Siberian methods, but of this I am not perfectly certain. Once you have been so unlucky as to have your name placed on the political black list by one of the notorious secret service spies, to whom I have already alluded, and you might as well say good-bye to any privacy in correspondence so far, at any rate, as Transvaal Government officials were concerned.

Clergymen and Doctors Expelled.

I was always under the impression that doctors and clergymen were not generally subject to many of the disabilities from which ordinary citizens suffered in the time of war. The Transvaal Government, however, seems to have taken a particular delight in "hounding" these very classes, so long as they were of English nationality, out of the country. On the 16th Oct. *The Standard and Diggers' News* announced, and seemed to glory in the fact, that "exclusive of the hospital staff, only one British subject in the medical profession had been granted a permit to remain."

Such well-known clergymen as Canon Fisher and the Rev. James Gray, of Pretoria, Father de Lacey, of Johannesburg, who had been many years in the country, and a number of others, were all refused permission to stop in the country.

The members of the Johannesburg Fire Brigade were discharged *en bloc*; they were of British nationality to a man, and that, of course, was sufficient.

Dr. Reitz's Manifesto to the Burghers of the Free State.

An advance proof of a manifesto which Dr. Reitz, the State Secretary, was issuing to the Burghers of the Free State, appeared in "*The Standard and Diggers' News*" of the 14th Oct. It is addressed to Mr. P. J. Blignaut, Government Secretary, Bloemfontein, and is such an hysterical screech of imbecile fanaticism well fitted to rank with the effete Fenian literature, of a bygone age, that I make no apology for reproducing it in full.

An Extraordinary Document.

Honoured Friend, Free Staters, Brother-Afrikaners,—The catastrophe with which we have so long been threatened has at last overtaken us, and our country is to be bathed in blood.

AND WHY?

Let the Murderers, the Peace and Treaty Breakers, who are attacking us, answer the questions.

With their usual unblushing effrontery, they will now declare that not "they," but "we," are the aggressors.

WE THE AGGRESSORS?

Who is it, that has answered all our attempts for a peaceful settlement with contempt, and even threats?

Who is it, that for months past has been mobilising troops on our border, from all parts of the world, to "enforce" their friendly advice?

Who is it, that has for years past accused us of being oppressors and tyrants?

Who is it, that while hypocritically declaring that they did not wish to impair our independence, yet continually attempted to interfere in the internal affairs of our country? That also entrapped us, and even their own representative, in a mean and despicable manner, into making certain proposals which they would be willing to consider on their merits even while they were ready as soon as these proposals (made undeniably at their own suggestion) were formulated—to reject them as an insult to the British nation, put forward with the object of making mischief.

Who is it, that under the pretext of obtaining the redress of the supposed Uitlander grievances, have ranged themselves with the capitalists and rebels with the object of possessing themselves of Naboth's vineyard?

Who is it, that have supported and aided that traitorous and rebellious organisation, so-called the League, notwithstanding the warnings of their own Acting High Commissioner, Sir William Butler, an honourable, famous and highly-respected General, and of Mr. Schreiner, the Premier of the only South African Colony of any standing.

Who is it, that openly accepted a false petition, filled with thousands of forged signatures and others obtained by fraud, without even attempting to prove any of those signatures?

Who is it, that not only left the instigators of the shameful Jameson Raid practically unpunished, but even condoned the Raid and allowed the prime movers, with the aid of Her Majesty's High Commissioner and Her Majesty's Colonial Secretary, to insult, defraud, and libel the Afrikaner nation in every possible way, backed up by all the influence which Mammon can subvert and control, to the undying disgrace of our times. Who are these people?

Is it Sir Alfred Milner, Her Majesty's High Commissioner in South Africa?

Is it Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary

Is it Lord Salisbury and the rest of the British Cabinet ?

Is it Her Majesty the Queen of England ?

Is it the British nation ?

Alas ! we had hoped to be able to answer the last two questions in the negative, but we cannot !

The British Cabinet—the British nation—the noble, peace-loving and aged Sovereign (honoured and respected by us all till now), they have “ all ” either condoned the injustice which is being done to us, or they have allowed themselves to be misled by a man like Chamberlain, in a manner that a just God will not allow to pass unpunished.

If nations will be punished like individuals for condoning an offence, as well as for committing one, then this Prime Minister, this nation, this Sovereign, will not be able to defend themselves at the bar of the Great Judge, for their unrighteous and unjust deeds.

The nation that has encouraged race-hatred, their Prime Minister and their anointed Queen who have allowed such a disgrace, have made themselves equally guilty with the evildoers, and if it should now happen in South Africa as was the case in North America a hundred years ago, that “ Ichabod ” becomes the password of the British Empire, on whom will the blame rest ?

“ If the blind lead the blind they will both fall into the pit,” and we shall be able, who knows how soon, to declare of our enemies, that whom God wishes to destroy He will first make insane.

The statesmen of England, the warriors, the Press, aye, even the preachers have so often declared to us and the whole world that the British Empire is a mighty Empire ; but we know that whoever may be mighty, the Lord our God is Almighty.

Brother Afrikanders ! the great day is at hand. The God of our fathers will be with us in our struggles ; the Lord whose arm has not been shortened so that He cannot help those who call to Him in the time of their trouble. Let us lay aside our trust in princes, and raise our eyes in supplication to God, our Banner. By His help we will do great deeds.

Even as the mighty Spain with her bloodthirsty Alva and her Invincible Armies had to swallow the bitterness of defeat, so too will God give our enemies into our hands. Who are we, that mighty England should send her thousands of mercenary troops against us ? A young and weak nation, small in numbers and insignificant in military strength.

Tempted by the wealth of our mines, the enemy has cast about for an excuse to attack us. Let them deny that, if they are able ! Who in South Africa will believe them ? The cry is “ The Uitlanders in South Africa are oppressed, and they are debarred political rights.”

Only after seven long years of waiting can they obtain the longed-for franchise, and not after five years—what an unheard of injustice !

They are eager to forget that there are thousands of the so-called oppressed ones for whom it is possible, on account of the retro-active force of the seven-years' franchise law, to obtain the franchise at once—but decline to take it.

In England—that Free England, the newcomer must wait twelve years before he can vote for the House of Commons.

Of the House of Lords they will prefer to say nothing, because are not the members of that body rulers by birth? But in our Republic it must be five years or—WAR!

According to their Colonial Secretary England has constituted herself champion of all the Uitlanders. And what do we find?

On the borders, side by side with our burghers, we find these same Uitlanders in hundreds; Hollanders, Americans, Germans, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Belgians, Scandinavians, and even Englishmen, ready to lay down their lives in order to rid themselves of these self-constituted champions.

Verily a fine champion of the oppressed is that nation, which has ever since the birth of our nation been the oppressor of the Afrikaner and the Native alike.

From Slagters-Nek to Langs-Nek, from the Pretoria Convention to the Bloemfontein Conference—they have ever been the Treaty-breakers and Robbers. The Diamond Fields of Kimberley and the beautiful land of Natal were robbed from us, and now they want the Goldfields of the Witwatersrand.

Where is Waterboer to day? He who had to be defended against the Free State is to-day without an inch of ground.

Where lies Lobengula in his unknown grave to-day, and what filibusters and fortune hunters are oppressors of his country?

Where are the Native Chiefs of Bechuanaland now and who owns their land?

Read the history of South Africa and ask yourselves, "Has the British Government been a blessing or a curse to this sub-continent"?

Brother Afrikaners! I repeat, the day is at hand on which great deeds are expected of us! WAR has broken out! What is it to be? A Wasted and Enslaved South Africa or—a Free, United South Africa?

Come let us stand shoulder to shoulder and do our holy duty! The Lord of Hosts will be our Leader.

"BE OF GOOD CHEER."

F. W. REITZ.

People leaving Johannesburg in coal and cattle trucks.

The declaration of war was followed, so far as Johannesburg was concerned, by people "clearing out" of the place in greater numbers than ever. One night—17th October—I saw a train for Delagoa.

Bay made up of as many as 46 vehicles—mostly open trucks. This train carried over 1,500 passengers, and must, surely, have been a record. Many left without having made any arrangements for their furniture and belongings to be looked after, and simply locked the doors of their houses, as they would have done if they had been going out for a picnic, and intended to return in the evening.

The scenes which took place at Braamfontein station about this time literally beggar description, and will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them. Intending passengers in many cases came to take their seats six or seven hours before the train's advertised time of departure; others, in the bustle and confusion, left their luggage behind them. Delicate women and little children were unceremoniously bundled into open trucks, and, as likely as not, had a raw Kaffir, or undesirable Asiatic, as their next door companions. Class and race distinctions were things of the past, it seemed to be a case of *sauve qui peut*, and of shaking the dust of Johannesburg from one's feet, no matter at what suffering, or at what cost.

At Park Station—Burghers' "tall" talk.

Meanwhile Park Station of an evening continued to be a favourite rendezvous with all classes. People congregated there in the hope of hearing some news, and coteries of three or four gathered together all over the platform, eagerly discussing the situation. One Hollander gentleman whom I knew carried his arm in a sling, and stated that he had already been to the front. His conversation was particularly bellicose, and he gave full fling to his imagination, when he detailed the great successes which he said were already placed to the credit of the Boer arms! Subsequently this gentleman fell several degrees in my imagination, for I discovered that the injury to his hand was not caused on the battle-field, but was the result of a fall from one of the Braamfontein tramcars!

Another gentleman, a Government official, was anticipating great assistance from "The Bond" party in the Colony, whom he said, after the sums of money which they had drawn from Pretoria, would be obliged to come up to "the scratch," and contribute their share towards the formation of a "great Afrikaner nation." One night on the Park Station platform I met Mr. Ramsey McNab, of Krugersdorp, the faithful henchman of Commandant Ben Viljoen. He also stated that he had been to the front, and gave me a glowing account of the enthusiasm which existed among the Boer Commandoes, and said "we mean to give them (the English) a good show for their money." I was much puzzled at this time to

make out how it was that there were so many warlike spirits in Johannesburg, who had all "been to the front," but who, to all appearances, were in no hurry to return there!

Colonial Afrikanders in Johannesburg Joining the Boers.

Those who remained in Johannesburg to the last must have been struck at the number of Colonial Afrikanders who, being unable any longer to "sit on the fence," were making a hasty descent on the Dutch side. Many of these belonged to what I call the narrow-brim-straw-hat brigade: young men who, in most instances, were dependent upon English firms for their daily bread and butter; shallow, and, for the most part, without principle, they would, for a consideration, have as readily shouted "down with the Boers" as they now look up to the cry of "Africa for the Afrikanders."

The Real Inwardness of Bond Policy.

In this latter connection an extract from "*The Volksstem*" of the 17th Oct., reproduced in "*The Standard and Diggers' News*" the following day, is, perhaps, worth quoting, throwing, as it does, a lurid light upon what is the real inwardness of "The Afrikander Bond" policy.

Here is the quotation referred to—note the words "The Prophecy Fulfilled."

THE TROUBLE SPREADING.

NEWS FROM THE CAPE COLONY.—RALLYING TO THE REPUBLICS.—
THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

PRETORIA, Oct. 17th (Special).—"The Volksstem" says it has received encouraging news from the Cape Colony, *via* Delagoa Bay, which confirms the information already given.

The whole northern portion of the Cape Colony is beginning to assume a rebellious attitude; and the concessions made by the British authorities in the removal of the police and the detachments of troops come too late.

The movement is spreading from Prieska to Hopetown, Colesberg, Naauwpoort, Maraisburg, and to the stalwart men of Burgersdorp. In the neighbourhood of the Stormberg the ferment is great, and at any moment the people may rise against the British. All along the border the Boers are armed, and Aliwal North stands prepared to give passage to the Cape Boers into the Free State.

Looting by the Police.

On 18th Oct. the most persistent rumours reached Johannesburg as to looting by the special police having occurred in the country districts.

I myself saw tenantless furnished houses in the Doornfontein neighbourhood taken possession of by Dutch families from Fordsburg, most of whom were "on the make," and evidently bent on bettering by the gospel of plunder, which they saw the Government people putting to practical account on every side.

Pretoria in War Time.

On Wednesday afternoon (Oct. 18th) I was in Pretoria for a few hours previous to resuming my journey to Delagoa Bay. The town formed a striking contrast to Johannesburg; none of the shops were barricaded, and there was little outward indication that important events upon which the fate of the Republic depended were already transpiring.

En route to Delagoa Bay.

At 10 o'clock the same night I resumed my journey to Delagoa Bay. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and one could discern armed guards placed all along the line of rails at distances of 250 yards from each other.

This journey is a monotonous one at best; undertaking it in a coal truck hardly improves matters. I was amused at Middelburg to hear a lot of Kaffirs, in the next truck to myself, discussing the political situation. One of the "boys" stated that they were only going for a holiday, but that they would return to Johannesburg, as they knew that their big mother (Mama Umkulu), meaning the Queen, was coming to the Transvaal.

There is some magnificent scenery, by-the-bye, between Waterval Boven and Waterval Onder, but for the most part the journey is far from interesting in this respect.

At Komatie Poort a Dutchman was arrested for shirking the commando, and in Delagoa Bay I subsequently saw others (among them a prominent official from Barberton), who had apparently taken adequate precautions for the saving of their own skins.

At Komatie our baggage was examined, and after a delay of three-quarters of an hour our train passed over the Komatie River;

and having left the beacon which marks the limits of the South African Republic on the left we steamed into Ressano Garcia, the Portuguese Border town. Most of us had probably seen the Transvaal flag for the last time.

The distance from Ressano Garcia to Delagoa Bay is about 50 miles, the journey occupies the best part of three hours, and it was half-past eight on Thursday night (Oct. 19) when we reached Delagoa Bay. I may here state that Lourenço Marques is, strictly speaking, the name of the chief seaport in Portuguese East Africa. The term Delagoa is really the name of the province, but it is so frequently applied to the town as well that I shall hereafter also use it in this connection.

British Subjects at Delagoa Bay.

When I arrived at Delagoa Bay, on the 19th October, I could not help thinking that, at that period, in this particular part of the world, the ordinary British subject was reckoned neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good herring. Expelled from the Transvaal, an alien in Portuguese Territory, and somewhat of an undesirable in the neighbouring overcrowded English Colonies, his lot was, certainly, far from being a happy one. He saw the formidable emblems of Britain's might anchored in the magnificent bay in front of him; he noticed the old flag which had "braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze" waving proudly from a dozen masts in the harbour, he heard of the London Mansion House Relief Fund, opened especially for his benefit, having reached princely proportions, and here was he, through no fault of his own, eking out his existence on a pittance which would have been considered miserably inadequate for the inmate of a workhouse, or even of a county gaol!

The horrors of war have been vividly depicted on many a canvas, and graphically described by many a pen, but the privations and hardships endured by the refugees from Johannesburg during their enforced exile at Delagoa Bay will, if the tale is ever fully told, add a new and startling chapter to the sufferings which have to be endured by non-combatants whenever nations decide upon the final arbitrament of war.

Relief at Delagoa Bay--a Fiasco.

During the twelve days which I remained in Delagoa Bay there was, apparently, no serious effort made to make life more worth living to the thousands of refugees who, *no lens volens*, had been obliged to leave Johannesburg. Certainly, there was a Relief Committee in existence, and ample money was forth-

coming from London, so it was stated, for the adequate relief of all, but, and I am sorry to say it, there was no organisation with regard to its distribution; some of the officials connected with it seemed to have the most hazy notions of what their duties really were, and the consequence was that everything was at "sixes and sevens." The indefatigable efforts of Mrs. Ross, the wife of the British Consul, and of other kind-hearted ladies on behalf of the women folk, was the one bright spot in an otherwise dark and dismal picture.

The Administration of London Mansion House Funds.

Huge sums of money are raised every year at the Mansion House for the relief of distress in every part of the world, and it is surely due to that noble-hearted philanthropy so characteristic of the English people, and which is ever forthcoming when occasion demands it, that those at the centre of distress should administer the monies entrusted to them in as effectual a manner as possible. In some cases it is to be feared that this is not done.

How the Refugees were living at Delagoa Bay.

At Delagoa Bay during the latter half of October, the refugees from Johannesburg were sleeping in sheds, under verandahs, in the open, anywhere in fact; a heterogeneous conglomeration of human promiscuousness both as regards sex and colour.

At that time there were hundreds who had never tasted a morsel of animal food for over a fortnight, and who were entirely dependent upon the bread and coffee doled out twice daily, for keeping body and soul together.

A large number got off to Durban on Sunday, the 22nd of the month, but a whole week elapsed before the next batch left for the same port, by the S.S. *Umtali* on the 29th.

Sickness and Death among the Refugees at Delagoa.

Under the above circumstances, therefore, it was not surprising that sickness and death were daily claiming their victims; the wonder was that their harvest was not even more prolific. I myself authenticated seventeen deaths among the refugees during

the short time I was in Delagoa Bay. All these were of persons not past middle age. One particularly sad case was that of a man, who had been in the Johannesburg hospital, suffering from typhoid fever and dysentery, and who was turned out in a semi-convalescent condition when the hospital was "commandeered" by the Transvaal Government. In spite of his enfeebled condition he was obliged by the Transvaal authorities to leave Johannesburg, and he was in a dying condition at Delagoa Bay the day after his arrival.

The Climate of Delagoa Bay.

The climate of Delagoa Bay enjoys an unenviable reputation, and at certain times of the year malarial fever is unquestionably very prevalent. An up-to-date system of sanitation, however, would render it comparatively healthy, but the spirit of *laissez faire*, so prevalent wherever Portugal rules, is particularly conspicuous here, and is more detrimental in its way to the best interests of the place, than the much-maligned climate or the deadliest malaria.

Delagoa Bay as a Seaport.

The harbour of Delagoa Bay is without doubt one of the finest in the world, and now that there is direct communication with the colliery districts of Middelburg as well as with Johannesburg and the Goldfields, it will not be Nature's fault if Delagoa does not at no distant date become the most important port of South Africa. Under liberal and enlightened government in the Transvaal, as well as in Portuguese East Africa, the potentialities of Delagoa Bay are practically limitless.

Cost of Living at Delagoa Bay.

Hotel prices at Delagoa Bay have recently ruled at about double the ordinary rates, and for 25s. per day the board and lodging provided was far from being first class.

Ten shillings per night was at the middle of October confidently asked for a "snake-down" on a billiard table or a "doss" in the hotel lobby.

The cheapest meal to be obtained in town cost 2s. 6d.; hair-cutting 3s. and a shave 1s. 6d. a time.

Liquor alone was cheap in Delagoa Bay. Every second shop is a canteen, and many of the brands of wines and spirits peculiar to the place are probably not to be met with anywhere else in the world. A vile concoction called Delagoa spirit is manufactured on the spot.

Anyone (Asiatics as well as Europeans) may "run" a canteen in Delagoa Bay; the licence fee is merely nominal. There are no regular hours for opening or closing; Sundays and week-days it is all the same. The consequence is that the *morale* of the majority of these dens is such as would not be tolerated even in the slums of Paris or in a fourth-rate taproom in the East End of London.

The Delagoa Police and the Refugees.

The body who are responsible for law and order in Delagoa Bay are a semi-military force, carrying swords and bayonets, which they do not hesitate to use on the least provocation, and indeed oftentimes without provocation at all. These men have strange ideas of their duties, and their natural impetuosity brought them into serious collision on several occasions with many of the refugees. One or two of their number got badly mauled in these encounters and several of the refugees were in the hospital when I left Delagoa, suffering from sword thrusts of a more or less serious nature. It seems to be a recognised thing in Delagoa Bay for the police to levy blackmail upon many of those whom they take in charge for trivial offences against the law. One of the refugees whom I happened to know was arrested for riotous conduct and using threatening language, but a sum of 240 Reis (about ninepence) in cash and a similar amount expended in liquid refreshments "squared" the matter without the intervention of the courts becoming necessary.

White Refugees placed in laager at Delagoa.

On Saturday, the 28th October, an incident occurred which in almost any other part of the world would have called for a stringent enquiry, but which in Delagoa seemed to be regarded as a matter of course, and, so far as I could ascertain, was allowed to pass without even a protest.

For a fortnight over a thousand coloured people, as well as, perhaps, a hundred white refugees, had camped out on a piece of vacant land opposite the railway station. At daybreak on the morning in question the mounted police unexpectedly appeared on the scene and forthwith marched the whole of this motley crew off

to a piece of common land adjoining the fort and about a mile out of the town. On no pretext whatever were the whites allowed to go outside of this enclosure, which was kept strictly guarded. Here they remained throughout the whole of the Saturday without a morsel of food and actually passed the night there, in a pitiless storm of rain and thunder, without a particle of shelter of any description to screen them from the remorseless elements.

Next day it suddenly dawned upon the police that they had made a mistake; it seems that in the interests of sanitation they had orders to place the coloured people in location outside the town, but had absolutely no authority whatever to deal with the white people in the drastic way in which they had done.

I was told by one of the residents of Delagoa that in normal times the policeman there is the most lethargic person it is possible to imagine. He sleeps the greater part of the day and frequents the canteens at night. Sometimes he does manage to "get a move on" during the small hours of the morning, but this evanescent fit of energy, more likely than not, takes the form of arresting one of his own order.

Delagoa Inundated with the Transvaal Criminal Classes.

It must be admitted, however, that there are perhaps few police forces in the world which would have been equal to coping successfully at a moment's notice with the large influx of criminals who were, at this time, literally pouring into Delagoa. The Transvaal Government was emptying its prisons, and had just "dumped" down at Ressano Garcia, the Portuguese border town, several hundreds of its "undesirables," for the most part as smart, up-to-date specimens of *fin de siecle* criminality as could be met with anywhere. Most of these, of course, found their way into Delagoa, where they played their game of rascality and violence for all it was worth. The men implicated in the "sticking-up" at Langlaagte, a short time ago, of the Secretary of the Consolidated Main Reef G.M. Co. were in Delagoa at this time.

Helpless Women Expelled the Transvaal and arrive in Delagoa.

Some of the most distressing scenes which have occurred in connection with this expulsion of British subjects from the Transvaal were witnessed at Delagoa railway station, when numbers of onely and helpless women arrived from the Randt. It was an

understood thing—and there was the assurance of more than one Transvaal official for it—that women of British nationality would not be obliged to leave: “We do not make war upon women,” one of them openly stated.

No sooner, however, were their male relatives and protectors out of the way, than many of the women were also given their *conge*. To see them as they reached Delagoa, for the most part in open trucks, some of them with young children, and all worn out for want of food and sleep, was, I think, one of the most pitiable sights which it has ever been my lot to witness. Not a few had come away simply in the clothes in which they stood—some were without a single sixpence, others were making plaintive enquiries from any one whom they chanced to know, whether their husbands or relatives had perchance been seen? Altogether, it was a heart-rending scene, and I was vividly reminded of the Poet Burns' lines, how

“Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn.”

The Maimed and the Sick forced out of Johannesburg.

On Monday, Oct. 30, as I was embarking on board the *Tintagel Castle*, I met a young fellow named Sibthorpe, who had just arrived from Johannesburg. Some time ago, Sibthorpe told me, he had met with a very serious accident, and he showed me a certificate which Dr. Murray had given him, stating that he was not fit to travel, and that a long railway journey might result in serious consequences to him. He was nevertheless obliged to leave Johannesburg. Before doing so, however, he endeavoured to get Dr. Murray's certificate endorsed by Mr. Schultz, the Government District Surgeon, and asked Schultz to examine him. Schultz, however, would not do this, and simply said: “You are as well able to travel as burghers who are taken bleeding from the field of battle; you will have to go!”

Mr. Schultz never enjoyed the reputation of belonging to the extra humane school of medical men, and Sibthorpe's story would certainly seem to confirm this.

Sibthorpe told me of the case of another sick Englishman who was literally dragged from his bed by the police, taken down to Mr. Van der Merwe's office for a passport and then placed on the train for Delagoa Bay without even being allowed to return to his house to put his things together. He was obliged to pay his own fare to Delagoa. A sick woman with a two months old baby travelled by the same train; she also had been expelled.

Foreigners leaving Johannesburg.

Several persons of French, German and other nationalities arrived in Delagoa Bay just as I was leaving. They informed me that there was a strong rumour in Johannesburg when they left, that everybody, independent of nationality, was likely to be ordered to the front. The Transvaal authorities were not saying this in so many words, but they were giving people to understand that those who were not willing to fight could not expect to be fed.

Some people were paying individual officials as much as £5 to see them through.

1,800 Refugees leave Delagoa Bay on board the S.S. Tintagel Castle.

When I arrived on board the S.S. *Tintagel Castle* on Monday night, October 30th, I found that there were over 1,800 refugees on board. The scene was one to be remembered, and to a keen observer afforded a striking object lesson as to the extent and magnitude and cosmopolitan nature of the British Empire. Europeans and Asiatics, and natives of Africa, as well as loyal Colonists from Canada, Australia and New Zealand, all mingled together in this unique crowd; all affected by a common misfortune and all *claiming* allegiance to a common flag. I use the word claim advisedly, for it was easy to discern in this crowd numbers of Russian Jews, Germans, Italians, as well as other foreigners who had recourse to Britain for that protective influence which their own nation could not or would not afford them.

The *Tintagel Castle* sailed at 6 o'clock the following morning. Twenty-four hours later she was at Durban, and after calling at East London, Port Elizabeth and Mossel Bay, at all of which places she discharged a portion of her human cargo, she arrived safely in Table Bay on Wednesday afternoon the 8th November.

Conclusion.

Here I bring these few notes to a conclusion. The expulsion of British subjects from Johannesburg is one of those events which will always linger in the memory of those who witnessed it. It has meant the breaking up of hundreds of happy homes; it has

involved the loss of the savings of many a lifetime; it has brought hardship, and suffering, and sickness, and death in its train.

These things cannot go unavenged; the "small, thin voice of justice" pleaded for a hearing long ago; she was refused, and now in clarion tones she is demanding it.

The cause of the Johannesburg refugees, as well as of the "Uitlanders" generally, may safely be left in the hands of Her Majesty's Government, "who," as Mr. Chamberlain said, months ago, "having placed their hands to the plough, do not intend to look back."

Of the ultimate result, there is no room for doubt. The great heart of the British Empire is at the present time beating with a unison unequalled in any previous period of its history. Shakespeare told us centuries ago what that means:—

" This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them ;
Naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."



IS WAR JUSTIFIABLE?

(FROM THE "OUDTSHOORN COURANT.")

There are some people who hold that the war in which this country is at present unhappily engaged is unjustifiable. There are others again whose opinion is exactly the reverse. As to which party is in the right it is not our intention in this article to inquire, but we have no hesitation in asserting that war, although in most cases a curse, can be at times a blessing. It is so, for instance, when made against such foes as rendered the life of a lady resident of Oudtschoorn miserable. This case was brought to our notice last week, and a "Courant" reporter, specially told off to focus the facts, visited the residence of Mrs. Ella Louw, in Queen-street, where, on being admitted, he was confronted by a buxom young matron of about 34, evidently in the prime of health. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Louw?" queried the "Courant" man. "Yes, you have; will you take a seat, sir?" "But I expected to see a very delicate person." "If you had called twelve months earlier you would have seen a very sick person." "And may I be told what has converted that very sick person into the picture of health you are now, Mrs. Louw?" "That I shall be glad to tell you, because I think it right that we should try to extend the benefits we receive to others also. Therefore, as you say you are a "Courant" man, I hope you will put what I tell you in your paper. Since my childhood I have suffered from anæmia and general weakness, and for many years was also affected with indigestion, cold hands and feet, and at times with pains in my back and sides. My face used to be very pale, my lips white, my eyes ached with a kind of burning pain, and I always felt tired and languid, and could not do my work. I consulted many doctors, who said that I had no blood, and I took a great deal of medicine, which did me no good at all. Reading in the "Courant" and other newspapers and books about Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people, I decided to give them a trial. About a year ago I bought a supply, and after using them regularly for about a month I found myself restored to complete health, and have since been the woman you see me now. You may fancy how willingly I gave my testimony. The lady who left the house just as you came is about to try a course of these beneficent pills for her child, and I do not doubt that in due course she will be asking you to publish her experience also. My sister, who lives at Calvinia, used Dr. Williams' pink pills for her little daughter, aged 14 years, who suffered from sore eyes, want of appetite, pale complexion and debility. The pills restored the child completely, and made her fat and rosy. Her eyes are quite cured, she is strong and well, has a splendid appetite, and is in fact in perfect health." "Thank you, Mrs. Louw," said the reporter as he rose to take his leave. "Others will thank me also if they are induced by my testimony to try Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people" was the reply.

These pills are obtained from most storekeepers, and also from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Long-street, Cape Town, who will forward six bottles for seventeen shillings, or one bottle for three shillings and threepence, post free to any address in South Africa. Testimony proves that they have not only cured hundreds of cases similar to the above, but also of rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuralgia, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles, St. Vitus' dance, consumption, headache, paralysis, eczema, erysipelas, and all disorders arising from impure weak blood. Beware of imitations and substitutes, which never cure, and are often harmful.

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