To the Committee of the Distress Fund for South African Women and Children.

REPORT.

BY

EMILY HOBHOUSE.

PRICE THREEPENCE.
TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN DISTRESS FUND.

Report of a Visit to the Camps of Women and Children in the Cape and Orange River Colonies.

By EMILY HOBBHOUSE.

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AND CHILDREN IN THE CAVE AND
GRAND RIVER VALLEY
BY EMILY RUSHAUER
To the Committee of the Distress Fund for South African Women and Children.

I.—REPORT AND EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

As I have been acting as your delegate in South Africa I am anxious to submit to you without delay some account of the Camps in which the women and children are concentrated, and to put before you the need for further effort on their behalf. By the kind permission of Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener I have been enabled to visit a certain number of these Camps, investigate the needs of the people and arrange for the partial administration of the Fund with which you entrusted me.

Considering the changing condition of the Camps, it is hardly possible to draw up an ordinary conventional report. It would seem better to place before you what was written down day by day, as it was seen and as it happened. Here and there foot-notes point out alterations or improvements of later date. By this means some faint picture may be presented to your minds of what is being undergone by the weaker members of two whole countries. Some suggestions are appended which, if adopted, would go far, in my opinion, to alleviate the conditions of life in the Camps during the months or years they may be maintained.—I have, etc., E. HOBHOUSE.

January 22nd.

"I had a splendid truck given me at Cape-town, through the kind co-operation of Sir Alfred Milner—a large double-covered one, capable of holding 12 tons. I took £200 worth of groceries, besides all the bales of clothing I could muster. The truck left Cape-town the day before myself, was hitched on to my train at De Aar, and so arrived when I did. The first thing next day was to go down to the goods station, claim the truck, and arrange for its unloading. This morning I have spent arranging all my stores—unpacking and sorting them. It is very hot. I think the essence of delightful work is when you quite forget you have a body, but here the heat keeps you in constant recollection that you are still in the flesh, and it's a great hindrance. I did not have a bad journey from Cape-town, though it was rather a lonely one. Going through the Karoo it was very hot, and the second day there were horrible dust-storms, varied by thunderstorms. The sand penetrated through closed windows and doors, filled eyes and ears, turned my hair red and covered everything like a tablecloth. As far as extent and sweep of land and sky go the Karoo is delightful, but it's a vast solitude, and in many parts the very plants grow two or three yards apart, as if they shunned society. From Colesberg on it was a desolate outlook. The land seemed dead and silent as far as eye could reach, absolutely without life, only carcases of horses, mules, and cattle, with a sort of acute anguish in their look, and bleached bones and refuse of many kinds. I saw a few burnt farms, but those unburnt seemed still and lifeless also, and no work is going on in the fields. Really, the line the whole way up is a string of Tommies, yawning at their posts, these always crowded to the carriage windows to beg for newspapers, or anything, they said, to pass the time. I gave them all I had, and all my novels.

But I must pass on to tell you about the Women's Camp, which, after all, is the central point of interest."
had met in Capetown. It is such a puzzle to find your way in a village of bell tents, no streets or names or numbers. There are nearly 2,000* people in this one camp, of which some few are men—they call them "hands up" men—and over 900* children.

Imagine the heat outside the tents, and the suffocation inside! We sat on their khaki blankets, rolled up, inside Mrs. B.'s tent; and the sun blazed through the single canvas, and the flies lay thick and black on everything: no chair, no table, nor any room for such; only a deal box, standing on its end, served as a wee pantry. In this tiny tent live Mrs. B.'s five children (three quite grown up) and a little Kaffir servant girl. Many tents have more occupants. Mrs. P. came in, and Mrs. R. and others, and they told me their stories, and we cried together, and even laughed together, and chatted bad Dutch and bad English all the afternoon.

On wet nights the water streams down through the canvas and comes flowing in, as it knows how to do in this country, under the flap of the tent, and wets their blanket as they lie on the ground. While we sat there a snake came in. They said it was a puff adder, very poisonous, so they all ran out, and I attacked the creature with my parasol. I could not bear to think the thing should be at large in a community mostly sleeping on the ground. After a struggle I wounded it, and then a man came with a mallet and finished it off.

Mrs. P. is very brave and calm. She has six children, ranging from fifteen down to two years, and she does not know where any one of them is.* She was taken right away from them; her husband is in detention of some kind at Bloemfontein, but not allowed to see her. She expects her confinement in about three weeks, and yet has to lie on the bare ground till she is stiff and sore, and she has had nothing to sit on for over two months, but must squat on a rolled-up blanket. I felt quite sure you would like her to have a mattress, and I asked her if she would accept one. She did so very gratefully, and I did not rest yesterday till I got one out to her. All her baby linen was in readiness at home, but all is lost. This is but one case, quite ordinary, among hundreds and hundreds. The women are wonderful. They cry very little and never complain. The very magnitude of their sufferings, indignities, loss and anxiety seems to lift them beyond tears. These people, who have had comfortable, even luxurious homes, just set themselves to quiet endurance and to make the best of their bare and terrible lot; only when it cuts abreast at them through their children do their feelings flash out. Mrs. M., for instance. She has six children in camp, all ill, two in the tin hospital with typhoid, and four sick in the tent. She also expects her confinement soon. Her husband is in Ceylon. She has means, and would gladly provide for herself either in town or in the Colony, where she has relations, or by going back to her farm. It was not burnt, only the furniture was destroyed; yet here she has to stay, watching her children droop and sicken. For their sakes she did plead with tears that she might go and fend for herself.

I call this camp system a wholesale cruelty. It can never be wiped out of the memories of the people. It presses hardest on the children. They droop in the terrible heat, and with the insufficient, unsuitable food; whatever you do, whatever the authorities do, and they are, I believe, doing their best with very limited means, it is all only a miserable patch upon a great ill. Thousands, physically unfit, are placed in conditions of life which they have not strength to endure. In front of them is blank ruin. There are cases, too, in which whole families are severed and scattered, they don't know where.

Will you try, somehow, to make the British public understand the position, and force it to ask itself what is going to be done with these people? There must be full 15,000* of them; I should not wonder if there are not more. Some few have means, but more are ruined, and have not a present penny. In one of two ways must the British public support them, either by taxation through the authorities, or else by voluntary charity.

If the people at home want to save their purses (you see, I appeal to low motives), why not allow those who can maintain themselves to go to friends and relatives in the Colony? Many wish ardently to do so. That would be some relief. If only the English people would try to exercise a little imagination—picture the whole miserable scene. Entire villages and districts rooted up and dumped in a strange, bare place.

To keep these Camps going is murder to the children. Still, of course, by more judicious management they could be improved; but, do what you will, you can't undo the thing itself.

To-day is Sunday, and all the day I have been unpacking, sorting, and putting up in bundles. We were so glad of such odd things, such as stays and little boys' braces! I found some baby linen for Mrs. P. I do not think that there is a single superfluous article. But what a family to clothe!

Now I must tell you their rations:—

**Daily**—

- Meat, ½ lb (with bone and fat).
- Coffee, 2 oz.
- Wholemeal, ½ lb.
- Condensed milk, one-twelfth of tin.
- Sugar, 2 oz.
- Salt, 3 oz.

That is all, nothing else to fill in. Once they sometimes had potatoes, seven potatoes for seven people, but that has long been impossible. Soap also has been unattainable, and none given for Matters. Of course the numbers are now largely increased, over 20,000 in Orange River Colony alone; 25,000 in Transvaal camps, besides the Colony and Natal.
in the rations. Some people have money, and may add to the above by purchasing certain things at some little retail shops allowed in the Camp, which charge exorbitant prices,† for instance, 6d. for a reel of cotton. But they are, naturally, terribly afraid of parting with their money, feeling it is all they will have to begin life on again, for every one's income is stopped, nothing is coming in. It is, indeed, a dreary prospect. Some few of those who had cash in hand buried it out on their farms for safety, and now, of course, cannot reach it. All say, if released, they would make a living somehow, and shelter beneath the ruined home would be as good as these often rotten tents. It is hard enough that, but countless children's lives would be saved thereby.

We have much typhoid, and are dreading an outbreak, so I am directing my energies to getting the water of the Modder River boiled. As well swallow typhoid germs whole as drink that water—so say doctors. Yet they cannot boil it all, for—first, fuel is very scarce; that—which is supplied weekly would not cook a meal a day, and they have to search the already bare kopjes for a supply. There is hardly a bit to be had. Second, they have no extra utensil to hold the water when boiled. I propose, therefore, to give each tent another pair or four others lying about. Already this couple had lost three children in the hospital, and so would not let these go, though I begged hard to take them out of the hot tent. "We must watch these ourselves," he said. I sent to find brandy, and got some down the girl's throat, but for the most part you must stand and look on, helpless to do anything, because there is nothing to do anything with.

Then a man came up and said: "Sister" (they call be "Sister," or "De Meisie van England"), "come and see my child, sick for nearly three months." It was a dear little chap of four, and nothing left of him but his great brown eyes and white teeth, from which the lips were drawn back, too thin to close. His body was emaciated. The little fellow had craving for fresh milk; but, of course, there had been none till these last two days, and now the fifty cows only give four buckets, so you can imagine what feed there is for them. I sent—for some of this, and made him lay the child outside on a pillow to get the breeze that comes up at sunset. I can't describe what it is to see these children lying about in a state of collapse. It's just exactly like faded flowers thrown away. And one has to stand and look on at such misery, and be able to do almost nothing.

January 31st.
I suggested a big railway boiler* to boil every drop of water before it is served out. This would economise fuel, and be cheaper in the long run, besides ensuring the end desired, for many could not be trusted to boil their own. Next we want forage for the cows. Fifty have been secured, but they only get four buckets, so you can imagine what feed there is for them. I sent—for some of this, and made him lay the child outside on a pillow to get the breeze that comes up at sunset. I can't describe what it is to see these children lying about in a state of collapse. It's just exactly like faded flowers thrown away. And one has to stand and look on at such misery, and be able to do almost nothing.

NORVALS PONT AND ALIWAL NORTH.

February 10th.
I should like now to begin an account of Norvals Pont Camp. It has been an exciting week, because I had pitched on the same days as De Wet had done for career ing up and down this line. At the best of times travelling is hard enough in this hot, slow, thirsty land; but add to heat military control of everything, absence, or partial disappearance, of ordinary officials; permits and passes of endless kinds, the danger of travelling at night, the line occasionally torn up or a train burnt, and the route blocked by countless strings of troop trains and supply trains, all having to pass each other at sidings, as the line is single, and you have some idea of the patience required. One very hot day our eyes were refreshed by continued mirages, pro-
senting delicious views of cool stretches of water and imaginary cliffs. Sometimes I have slept in the train at sidings, sometimes at ghastly so-called hotels. A German Lutheran missionary has shown me much hospitalty, and guards have been most kind in admitting me to their vans. I had great fears as to what I might find in the Camp at Norval's Pont, knowing there was no fear to draw upon for supplies or help of any kind. But I am glad to be able to report that it is far superior to the Camp at Bloemfontein. The spot chosen is a slope, surrounded by hills, about a mile from the station. From the Commandant's tent there is a pretty stretch of the Orange River visible, and, far off, the blue, square-topped hill which marks Bethulie. The general character of the hills is like this—square and flat-topped—table mountains constantly recurring all through the land.

The population of this Camp is about 1,500, and it is well laid out in rows and streets with numbers, so that you can find your way about. There are only a few marquees, and those are put in a row on one side to accommodate some of the true refugees. As these people are quite in a minority, it is wholly absurd to call the Camps by their name, "Refugee"; and even they can hardly be said to have come quite of their own free will, only they were told their particular town was to be emptied out, and they would starve if they did not come. The people who were in reality taken as prisoners of war occupy the centre and great bulk of the Camp, and beyond a broad space on the other side are pitched the tents of the single men, people who have surrendered, or such like.

Between the hours of 6 p.m. and 8 a.m. this part of the camp is prohibited from passing to the other side, and the soldiery have no tents in the precincts of the camp.

Instead of drinking the waters of the Orange, they use that river only for bathing, and the Commandant had pipes laid in a line, and they use that river only for bathing, and the sickness, though I understand that almost all the cases nursed in the hospital had died. This I attribute (and so did the people) to bad nursing. They have no trained nurse. I hope the Commandant could not speak highly enough of the Dutch nurses—square and flat-topped—table mountains constantly recurring all through the land.

The death rate, though very high, is not so much as in Bloemfontein. Less overcrowding and better water.

ALIWAL NORTH.

February 12.

It was an awful journey from Norval's Pont to Aliwal North, but still I did get there at last. Poor little Aliwal, with only 800 inhabitants, had, within four weeks, to receive and provide for a population of nearly 2,000, nearly three times its own number. And it does them credit, for it is well organized, and, as far as that goes, the misery is alleviated. The Commandant could not speak highly enough of the people—their patience, good conduct, and uncomplainingness under their privations and losses. His camp can barely be called a prison; he has no soldiers or sentries, and most of the people are free to walk into the town, or to receive visits from the people in the town, without passes. The towns of Smithfield, Rouxville, and Zastron are all here, and, so far, only two deaths have taken place. But the camp has only been forming a month. Everything is beautifully arranged and provided for. He gives two tents to large families, and offers sail cloth to any who care to put up wooden framework to make extra rooms. He encourages them to come and state their needs.

The rations here are better. Compressed vegetables were given, and 1lb. of potatoes twice a week, (and potatoes are 6d. per lb., or eight times as dear as in London).

I found there a young woman, a complete cripple from hips downwards, and, therefore, quite unfit for tent life, but anxious to earn her own living, as she could do so, by sewing, in a town. The Commandant was perfectly willing she should go if she knew where and...
how, and I am trying to get this arranged in Aliwal North. Clothing for children is much needed, especially now the school is likely to open, and I chose some women to receive and distribute the goods. The great lack has been soap. Neither in this camp, nor in Norval's Post, has any been supplied, and those without money have been unable to wash clothes or person properly. Men don't think of these things unless it is suggested to them; they simply say, "How dirty these people are!"

I bought some soap in the town, and sent it in for immediate needs; also material for the women to make up themselves. Many have brought their sewing machines when they saved nothing else.

BACK IN BLOEMFONTEIN.

February 17.—I want very much to take the best class of young girls out of camp and place them in boarding schools. The mothers cannot bear to see their girls, month after month, idle in these camps. The life seems to be very demoralizing owing to its purposelessness, and this camp in particular is quite bad for young girls. We all feel that. I can rig them out with clothes from my store.

Now I am beginning to find out the best ways of spending the money.

First, the one I have just proposed, because to get away from the Camp is best.

Next, providing (if procurable) materials for both men and women to work at for their own use, for sale, and also for occupation. A man said if he only had some leather he could keep his family in shoes, and cobble for others for a few pence. To-morrow I shall try and purchase the materials, but you must recollect everything here is scarce, and I may have to go to Cape-town. To-day I found a man making jolly little baskets most cleverly, just out of bushes from the kopje. The Dutch are so very full of ideas. It is such a curious position, hollow and rotten to the heart's core, to have made all over the State large, uncomfortable communities of people whom you call refugees, and say you are protecting, but who call themselves prisoners of war, compulsorily detained, and detesting your protection.

February 18.—We want a larger supply of tents, so that there may be less overcrowding. At present it averages six to a small bell-tent, which, of course, means nine and ten in many cases. The capacity is under 500 cubic feet; so even for six persons, imagine the atmosphere at night!

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Those who are suffering most keenly, and who have lost most, either of their children by death or their possessions by fire and sword, such as these reconcentrated women in the camps, have the most conspicuous patience, and never express a wish that their men should be the ones to give way. It must be fought out now, they think, to the bitter end.

Feb. 22.—In the morning word came that the four girls I selected had been let out of camp, and allowed to come to the Boarding School, and I had to go and see they were clothed and shod.* Poor girls, they said it had been such a treat to sleep in a bed once more after seven months in the Camp on the ground. One of them,

* A disappointment was in store about this. When the written application was sent in, six weeks passed, and then the request was refused by the military. Her husband was never on commando, but went with the Red Cross. For 14 months she has neither seen nor heard of him, and does not know if he is alive or dead. Her old father in Cape Colony is 80, and she wants so much to see him once more. Besides this, her health is gradually breaking down in the Camp, and one of her children has died.

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who had a slight tendency to deafness, has now become, I fear, permanently deaf in both ears; she caught such chills from the draughts and damp coming under the tent. Consequences such as this, which don’t appear in the death-rate or anywhere else, will be very common results of this whole camp system.

I do wish someone would come out and take up the question of the Native Camps. From odd bits I hear it would seem to be much needed.

An old man was arrested in the Camp yesterday. It appears that a gossipping woman refugee went to the Commandant and stated that she had heard the old man say: “Perhaps the Boers will be in Bloemfontein again, some day.” So he was arrested and sent in to prison.

Feb. 27.—I am beginning to think a good deal about the future and my best plan of procedure. The demand for clothing is so huge that it is hopeless to think that the private charity of England and Colonial working parties combined can effectually cope with more than a very small portion of it. The Government recognise that they must provide necessary clothes, and I think we all agree that, having brought these people into this position, it is their duty to do so. It is, of course, a question for the English folk to decide how long they like to go on making and sending clothes. There is no doubt they are immensely appreciated, besides, they are mostly made up, which the Government clothing won’t be.

So far five camps are, and have been, open to me; but several more remain in this State, and very large and important ones in the Transvaal. I may, by luck, get to Kroonstadt, etc., but Lord Kitchener has twice distinctly refused me permission to go further north.

Any amount of money could, of course, be spent in making the people more comfortable, especially now that they are getting to the end of such small sums as they had with them, and much might be spent in getting girls and boys away to the good schools; but the largest sums will be needed as and when they are allowed to leave and go back to begin life again.

If I knew how much money was likely to come altogether I should know how to lay it out to the best advantage.

The four girls selected for the Institute are aged 13-18 years. The day after her arrival one of them developed typhoid, and we must send her to the Volks Hospital, and select another girl in her place. Mrs. —, mother of two of the above girls, is my great help and stand-by in the Camp. She belongs to an old Cape family; her husband was a landdrost, and she, of course, lost everything. But she has set a splendid example in the Camp of what you may call common-sense, and, besides, allows us to make her tent a regular depot for bundles of clothing, comforts, etcceteras of all kinds, and does hours of untiring interpreting for me personally. I have failed to get as matron the woman I wanted, and so I have definitely asked Mrs. — to go round the tents and look after the sick and emaciated babies and the women who are ill, but unable to go to hospital, either because that is full or because of so many small children they cannot leave. So many of the more ignorant prisoners are puzzled by the doctor and superintendents, and all need a link through a kind, sensible woman like Mrs. —. She is also doing a great deal of voluntary work, such as undertaking 200 families for the Clothing Committee (no sincere), and cooking for and tending a dear old prisoner, who is in consumption, and came up from Greenpoint because the sea-air was killing him.

You know we have three tin hospitals, each containing 16 beds, always full—for men, women, and children—also two or three marquees for other cases.

The Sister has done splendid work in her domain, battling against incessant difficulties. She has worked in this Camp since its formation. When I tell you we have already had some 70 cases of typhoid, besides an epidemic of measles, pneumonia, tonsilitis, and other cases, you will realise what the strain on her has been. In addition, she has had the worry of nothing ready to her hand, and the very hospital only building by degrees through it all; and, to crown the work, she has had the task of training Boer girls to nurse under her.

They have put up five rows of corrugated iron rooms (I can’t call them houses), two rows of single rooms back to back—ten in a row, twenty in a building—and each of these rooms contains one family or more. About a hundred families are thus accommodated. The iron partitions don’t run to the roof, so noise, draught, and infection can play through the entire structure. Some prefer these because they have floors. £2,500 has been expended on the erection of these bare miserable rooms, apart from all the other expenses of the Camp. So you see it is a very costly business upon which England has embarked, and even at such a cost hardly the barest necessaries can be provided, and no comforts. It is so strange to think that every tent contains a family, and every family is in trouble—loss behind, poverty in front, sickness, privation, and death in the present. But they are very good, and say they have agreed to be cheerful and make the best of it all.

SPRINGFONTEIN. March 4.

I am in this queer little spot, the highest place, they say, in the Free State; and I am being lodged by a most hospitable German Lutheran missionary. They give me a room and the best of everything that they have, and I enjoy seeing how they live, and they are charming in their simple way, and truly generous. I brought them down a big box of groceries from B—. Everything is so scarce, many necessaries unobtainable. I was very sorry to leave Mrs. F—’s house. She has been so very kind and good to me, but I have left a small Committee to work in the
Camp and watch the interest of the people there, and I am anxious to visit Kimberley and others. My difficulty is that, in spite of my permit, I am not allowed to travel below Norval's Pont, and one has to go down to De Aar and up again to reach Kimberley.

I have several days' work here. It is a comparatively small and recent Camp, but the people are poorer and more utterly destitute than any I have yet seen.

The Commandant is a kind man, and willing to help both the people and me as far as possible, but his limitations (and mine), through lack of material, are woeful. Fortunately, I brought three cases of clothing with me; but it is a drop in the ocean of their needs. All day I have sat in a farmhouse stoep, and had each family in succession brought to me from the tents, fitting each in turn with clothes as far as possible, just to cover their nakedness. Each woman tells me her story, a story which, from its similarity to all which have gone before, grows monotonous. But it is always interesting to note the various ways in which the great common trouble is met by divers characters. Some are scared, some paralyzed and unable to realise their loss, some are dissolved in tears; some, mute and dry-eyed, seem only able to think of the blank, penniless future; and some are glowing with pride at being prisoners for their country's sake.

A few bare women had made petticoats out of the brown rough blankets—one had on a man's trousers. Nearly all the children have nothing left but a worn print frock, with nothing beneath it, and shoes and socks long since worn away. Shoes we must leave—it is hopeless—until we can procure rolls of sole leather and uppers, lasts and springs, and then the men can make veld schoone, a simple kind of rough shoe.

I clothed about fifteen families to-day, or about sixty persons, and hope to do the same to-morrow, and I may collect some old clothes from the residents here to help us along.

In despair I went to the one village shop, but it is long since cleared out, and I came away empty, save for some packets of needles. I had been giving some material for women to make their own boys' clothing, but we are stopped by the utter famine of cotton or thread. Scissors are handed round from tent to tent; thimbles are very few. Everything here is so scarce that the sight of my rough deal packing cases created quite a sensation—not for what was inside, but for the actual wood. They are destined to make low bedsteads, tables, and a few bits for firing.

Mattresses, I fear, are out of the question here on account of the lack of material, but we thought low beds might be made if a little wood could be found and strips of sacking nailed across. This would lift them off the ground for the winter. Perhaps we shall manage a few. The crying need in this Camp is fuel. Wood there is none; a little coal is served out, but so little that many days the people cannot cook at all, and their rations are raw meat, meal, and coffee, so each of these needs fire.

if you could peep at Springfontein you would at once realize the hopelessness of getting any fuel—a bare veldt, covered with short sparse vegetation, ringed by barest kopjes, stony, and without even grass. Except at the farm where I sat there are no trees, and these have been grown with greatest pains. So there is nothing to burn.

Women to whom I have given nothing nor offered to, and who neither ask nor wish for charity, express deepest gratitude for the bare tidings that any English people feel for them. They are very sore at heart, and are really helped by the knowledge that we understand at all the aspect of affairs as it appears to them. They are tired of being told by officers that they are refugees under the "kind and beneficent protection of the British." In most cases there is no pretence that there was treachery, or ammunition concealed, or food given, or anything. It was just that an order was given to empty the country.

One woman told me to-day that a waggon load of her goods was brought away by soldiers, and followed their convoy. She begged hard for a favourite chair of hers, but was refused.

One afternoon a poor young Tommy came to the door of this house to buy eggs. He was from Somersetshire, near Taunton, and "20 Zummerzet" in his talk that I had to go out and interpret. Poor boy, he was very sorry for himself and longing for home. Never, never, never would he go to war again; he had had an attack of slow fever, and was jealous of the C.L.V.'s going home so soon. I gave him my pot of cocoa, which he said would be a great treat. He had had to sleep in six inches of water, and all his rations were swamped and those of his companions.

I just want to say, while it's in my mind, that the blouses sent from England, and supposed to be full grown, are only useful here for girls of 12 to 14 or so—much too small for the well-developed Boer maiden, who is really a fine creature. Could an out, woman's size be procured? and for camp-life dark colours are best. It's hard to keep clean, and soap is a luxury, water not superabundant. You would have realized the scarcity and poverty a little had you seen me doling out pins and needles by twos and threes, and dividing reels of cotton and bits of rag for patching. A few combs I brought up from Capetown were caught at with joy.

There is very little time here for letter writing, as I am busy in Camp all day, and then we all have to be in bed and lights out by 8.30 p.m. It's rather nice living with the sun in this sort of way.

With regard to the vexed question of differing nationalities, is it generally known and realized at home that there are many large native (coloured) Camps dotted about? In the opinion these need looking into badly.
stand the death-rate in the one at Bloemfontein to be very high, and so also in other places, but I cannot possibly pay any attention to them myself. Why shouldn't the Society of Friends send someone if the war goes on, or the Aborigines Protection Society?

Though the camps are called refugee, there are in reality a very few of these—perhaps only half-a-dozen in some camps. It is easy to tell them, because they are put in the best marquees, and have had time given them to bring furniture and clothes, and are mostly well-proportioned and vastly superior people. Very few, if any of them, are in want.

**RAILWAY STAFF OFFICE, NORVALS PONT.**

March 10.

I have already sat here seven hours waiting for the train, and it appears likely I may spend the night in this office. I had no difficulty in getting my ticket for Kimberley, but was expressly told it must be at my own risk.

I wish you could impress on the English public that one can't speak generally about these camps, or the conditions of the women therein. One is very different from another. I mention this because there is likely to be any amount of assertion and contradiction on this subject. All are different, and the amount of discomfort depends upon various matters. (First) The Commandant. (Secondly) Natural conditions, proximity of wood and water. (Thirdly) Distance from a base and stores. (Fourthly) Presence of public opinion. (Fifthly) Date of commencement.

The earlier camps, of course, had opportunities of getting many necessaries, which are no longer attainable.

**KIMBERLEY.**

March 12.

It was a melancholy journey to Kimberley. Our line took us through the battlefields, the now historic scenes of the disasters. Belmont, Modder River, Magersfontein, came in succession, and we could see the ridge towards which the Highlanders advanced, and the long, long trench where the Boers lay and shot down the Black Watch. It's all quiet now—the plain and the hills—nothing to mark the spot but the trenches and the groups of graves.

March 13.

All to-day I have been in the camp—fortunately only 20 minutes' walk from my hotel. It is the smallest in area that I have seen. The tents, too close together, and the whole enclosed in an 8-foot high barbed wire fencing, which is supposed to be impregnable, and cost £500. Sentries at the gate and walking inside. No nurse; an empty, unfurnished marquee, which might be a hospital; overcrowded tents; measles and whooping-cough rife; camp dirty and smelling; an army doctor, who naturally knows little of children's ailments; fuel, almost none.

A Commandant's wife is here, with six children. It is so sad about her baby. A general came to her home with his column to sweep her away. She is a delicate-looking, gentle woman, with a white skin and beautiful scarlet lips, so seldom seen out of books. Her baby was only 17 days old when the troops came, and she was very weak. She could not nurse the child, and, like all her children, it was being brought up on donkey's milk. This she explained to the general, who gave special commands that wherever she went that donkey was to go, even to Vryburg and Kimberley. Well, by degrees, she arrived in Kimberley, and the donkey came also to the town. But once she was in the camp that donkey disappeared. They either couldn't or wouldn't produce it. The baby failed and pined. Friends from Kimberley tried everything—cow's milk, condensed milk—all no good. It was a splendid child, and it dwindled to skin and bone. At last the new superintendent arrived; they appealed to him, and showed him the dying baby. At once he produced that donkey; but it was too late. The baby had got so weak it was past recovery. We tried what we could, but to-day it died. It was only 3 months, but such a sweet little thing. The mother is much respected, and there is great sympathy felt for her. It was still alive this morning; when I called in the afternoon they beckoned me in to see the tiny thing laid out, with a white flower in its wee hand. To me it seemed a "murdered innocent." And an hour or two after another child died.

A terrible evil just now is the dew. It is so heavy, and comes right through the single canvas of the tents, wetting everything. The night I slept at Norval's Pont I found this out for myself. Though in a marquee, with double canvas, all my clothes were damp through, and these people have to put their things on saturated day after day. All the morning the gangways are filled with the blankets and odds and ends, regularly turned out to dry in the sun. The doctor told me to-day he highly disapproved of tents for young children, and expected a high mortality before June.

I am going to buy some mourning for this bereaved mother—don't think that foolish or extravagant. You would not if you knew now much these people think of a bit of black, and it seemed to me the best way of showing some sympathy. She is in need of clothes of some sort, and her present from England will be black instead of coloured.

March 15.

To-day I got the mother's black clothes (all hers are burnt), and took them up. Another child had died in the night, and I found all three little corpses being photographed for the absent fathers to see some day. Two little wee white coffins at the gate waiting, and a third wanted. I was glad to see them, for, at Springfontein, a young woman had to be buried in a sack, and it hurt their feelings.
March 16.

To-day I bought and presented some clothes, and combs, and soap, and towels to the women who tried to run away. They are, of course, in disgrace, and I felt so sorry for them that we had long talks, and I was sure the best thing was to make them a little happier in camp.

In each case they are mothers, separated from, and desperately anxious about, their children. I told them, in their place, I should also have tried to escape, though I am quite sure I should have failed, and I don’t think it would be at all wise, and I counselled them not to try again. I fancy they were a bit softened, and soothed, and won’t try to escape any more, but wait and try to get news of their children.

It struck me the children may be in ——’s last sweepings, now at Warrenton, and I shall have to go up there.

To-day I have met in committee the plucky little body of women who have tried to meet and succour the distress in the camp and out of it; they work on the same lines as we do, non-sectarian and non-political. Of course they are mainly people of quite small means, for all the wealthy people here are De Beers, in some shape or form. It is wonderful what they have done with their very limited means.

MAFEKING, April 9.

I arrived here this afternoon, after a long and singularly tedious journey. I felt obliged to come, having learnt there were about 890 women in this camp, besides those at Warrenton, on route. I felt uneasy, for I could learn no details at all about the people here, except that the camp was four miles out of town. At Warrenton there were only about 370 pushed into the church and school, as tents are well nigh unobtainable, but now, only yesterday, many hundreds more have been brought in there—in fact, the town of Hoopstadt. I mean to visit Warrenton on my way back from ↑↑ if all is well. I do grudge the time spent on the mere journeying—it makes a large hole in my few remaining weeks.

April 10.

To-day I have been out in the camp all day. I had to take a Cape cart and drive out, for it is full six miles—a lonely, lonely spot. Mafeking itself feels like the very end of the world, and the camp seems like driving six miles into space. There are 800 or 900 people, and it is the oldest of all the camps I have visited. In fact, nearly a year old. They were very glad to see me. The hospital nurse said it had put new life and courage into her. She was feeling so downhearted about it all. I found some very nice people whose relations I had made friends with in Bloemfontein camp and also in Kimberley. It is quite interesting sorting out the people and telling them where their relations are. I am at present hunting for the mother of two little boys, aged about six and seven, who were swept away by a different convoy.

The Mafeking camp folk were very surprised to hear that English women cared a rap about them or their suffering. It has done them a lot of good to hear that real sympathy is felt for them at home, and so I am glad I fought my way here, if it is only for that reason. The camp was specially interesting to me as being the first I have seen under Transvaal rule. For rations of food and fuel it is far the best I have seen, but, as usual, no soap. The superintendent is a Scotchman, thoroughly capable and suitable, but, alas! likely to be removed ere long. The rations are better than in any other camp accidentally, too long a story to dilate upon in this short letter. They are badly off in blankets (many have none), also soap and candles and clothes, and in having no one to visit or care for them from the outside. For miles round no habitation can be seen, and Mafeking folk are too bitter to do anything to help them.

April 11.

To-day I took out large bundles of stuff as suitable as Mafeking could supply—the choice is not large. I formed a clothing committee of seven women, and in the afternoon we met, and I showed them how to organize their work for the camp. They were very pleased, and are going to meet every Thursday, besides dividing the camp into sections, and making a tent to tent visitation. All the seven women are themselves in need of clothes—they have all had their houses burnt, one by Kaffirs, and the rest by English troops.

One old lady I saw was very interesting, a real character. She was very broken-hearted, more so than any I have met. She harangued me on the subject of her feelings and experiences the best part of an hour in really eloquent Dutch and much solemnity. She described with the extraordinary unselfconsciousness which characterizes them all the whole history of the General’s visit and actions, and how she had thrown herself flat on the stoep and implored him to trample on her and kill her. And she showed me the clothes she had brought, and there was nothing for herself but a white bundle containing her “dood kleere”—viz., her dead clothes. I fancy she thought that would be all she would need in camp. It was rather a Job-like scene. She sat in her bare, baking tent, a circle of friends round her, an intensely religious woman, trying to understand God’s dealings with her and her people in letting everything be taken, and she ended at last with a solemn thanksgiving to “onse Heer,” that the English people cared enough even to send someone just to look upon their misery. Altogether the old woman was a striking figure, and very pathetic.

KIMBERLEY, April 13.

I have just returned. At Warrenton I found only about 150 people left, the rest were being sent on. At the station were two trainloads full of them, quite half in open coal-trucks, all
April 15.

I am writing just these few lines before leaving this on Friday. I was much distressed to-day in the tent of two women—sisters—whom I had told to come out with us. We had at last got a new civilian doctor, who speaks Dutch, so I hope we shall move on a bit. Seven children died here the few days I was at Cape-town, and two since my return besides.

Mrs. — has been taken to the hospital in town. She is very ill from a kick in the stomach by a drunken soldier. Something internal. He was punished, I believe, but that does not cure her.

April 15.

All the afternoon I was kept in Mrs. L.'s tent by a downpour of rain. Half the tent floor was a pool of water, which the Kaffir boy was vainly trying to bale out. Two pails caught the pourings from the tent door. All around and above it dripped, making pools on the bedding and on the mats as we sat huddled up—two Kaffirs, five children, Mrs. L., and myself—in the steamy atmosphere, till I began to turn sick, as I generally do in the tent. When it rains at night as often it drips on them all night, and makes little pools on the beds. No wonder children sicken and die. The cloth of the tents seems so very thin and poor.

BLOEMFONTEIN, April 22.

Here I am again in Bloemfontein. I arrived yesterday, taking 2½ days from Kimberley. The camp work grows so vast and so rapidly that I feel it is almost impossible to cope with it. Here there are now about 4,000, or double the number I left six weeks ago. At Springfontein I left a manageable little camp of 500; now it has swollen to 3,000, and as we passed along yesterday morning there was a trainload in the station of 600 more. It was pitiable to see them—massed in the train, many of them in open trucks. It was bitterly cold, and I was wrapped in a thick grey Welsh shawl. All night there had been a truly torrential downpour of rain, and water stood everywhere in pools. On the saturated ground they were trying to dry themselves and their goods.

Some women were pushing their way to the platform to try and buy food for their children. The soldiers would not permit this. I expostulated. The men said they were sorry for them, but they had to obey orders. It was Sunday morning, and Springfontein's one small shop closed, and I knew the refreshment-room was the only place where food was available. Just then a little friend of mine ran up from the Mission Station with a can of hot coffee for me. I had waved to them from the train as it passed the house. So she and I went down the platform to the cluster of women and gave them the coffee, and I took them all the food I had in the train with me. Fortunately I had just bought a twopenny loaf (for 1s.), and I had some tinned meat.

A nice-looking woman with a very white face spoke to us. They had been travelling two days, and no food given, and the children were crying with hunger. I gave my friend some money and told her to buy all the food she could in the station and take it down to them, and devote the day to it, leaving alone church. The girl promised, and I had just time to jump into my train. I would have stayed myself and seen to it, but my permit was not stamped to break journey, so I could not do so. I know she will do her best. She is only 15, but very womanly. As there was no additional shelter of any kind at Springfontein, I heard the whole lot were to be sent on to Bethulie, for now a Camp is forming there. It is endless and hopeless. I have just heard from a man who met the same trainload at Edenburg that four children died on the journey.

If only the camps had remained the size they were even six weeks ago, I saw some chance of getting them well in hand, organizing and dealing with the distress. But this sudden influx of hundreds and thousands has upset everything, and reduced us all to a state bordering on despair.

More and more are coming in. A new sweeping movement has begun, resulting in hundreds and thousands of these unfortunate people either crowding into already crowded camps or else being dumped down to form a new one where nothing is at hand to shelter them.

About food, too. The superintendent of a camp is getting in rations for such a number, and suddenly 200 more mouths are thrust in upon him, and things won't go round. Last Saturday 200 or 300 families were without meat in Bloemfontein Camp for that day and Sunday. This would not matter if there were an alternative food, but there is only the ordinary supply of coarse bread to fall back upon, with black coffee and sugar.

No wonder sickness abounds. Since I left here six weeks ago there have been 62 deaths in camp, and the doctor himself is down with enteric. Two of the Boer girls who had been trained as nurses, and who were doing good
work, are dead, too. One of them, Poppy Naude, was a universal favourite. She did not know where her mother was. Her father was in Norvals Pont, and there had been some talk of any taking her to join him; but in the end she thought she was doing useful work where she was, earning 2s. a day, and she had better stay and nurse the people in Bloemfontein. I come back to find her dead. The doctor, the nurse, and all had said, "We can't spare Poppy."

But, in spite of the death-roll, I think your fund has saved and strengthened many children. It has provided brandy, maizeena, Mellin's, and, where possible, fresh milk. The Government clothing has hitherto come to almost nothing. I formed, as agreed, the committees. The camps were divided into sections, the minimum required was noted down, and the total requisitioned for. Now it has come to a full stop. The Superintendent must certify that not one of the applicants has anybody in the camp who could rightly maintain her. Amongst so many, to find that out is well-nigh impossible. The Superintendent hesitates, and the whole thing hangs fire.

Thus, had it not been for our clothing, things would have been bad indeed. I hope to get up to Kroonstadt, where no help has been given."

June 1.

These letters end with an expressed hope of going on to Kroonstadt, where I had been earnestly invited by the Superintendent, owing to the need of clothes in Camp and amongst the Boer nurses. But permission to do this or to go further north at all was refused. Thus fact, combined with other reasons, and the belief that a more detailed knowledge of the circumstances was evidently needed in England to facilitate the collection of funds, etc., determined me to return home at once, a few weeks earlier than I should otherwise have done.

Moreover, it became clear that one person is unable to cope with the work owing to the fresh influx of people.

The months when the foregoing extracts from my letters were written are past and gone, but still the Camps continue and increase. Below are the returns up to the end of April for those under O.R.C. control. By this time those numbers are already left behind. More and more families are to be brought in.

REFUGEE CAMPS. O.R.C.

(For week ending April 27, 1901.)

<table>
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<th>Camp</th>
<th>Whites</th>
<th>Natives</th>
<th>Total</th>
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<tr>
<td>Brandfort</td>
<td>1022</td>
<td>247</td>
<td>1269</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vrededorp Road</td>
<td>1373</td>
<td>1599</td>
<td>3232</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norval's Pont</td>
<td>1586</td>
<td>1586</td>
<td>3172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bloemfontein</td>
<td>3699</td>
<td>1459</td>
<td>5148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winburg</td>
<td>1145</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>1145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Springfontein</td>
<td>3011</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>3011</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heilbron</td>
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<td>1219</td>
<td>2523</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aliwal North</td>
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<td>1599</td>
<td>3384</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>2502</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>2502</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>—</td>
<td>3048</td>
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<tr>
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<td>275</td>
<td>252</td>
<td>527</td>
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<tr>
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<td>1250</td>
<td>230</td>
<td>1480</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bethulie</td>
<td>1125</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>1125</td>
</tr>
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</table>

Lack of Fuel.—Imagine three small sticks of wood 18 inches long, or small stony coal enough to fill the well of a soup-plate, for daily cooking. The weekly baking becomes almost impossible, and often the meat cannot be cooked, and the bread is sodden because underbaked.

In Kimberley charity has supplied the bulk of the fuel. In Springfontein mist (dried manure) ekes out the scanty ration, and the women root up a small weed to try and heat their clay-built ovens. Oil stoves would help if oil in any quantity could be procured.

Lack of Beds and Mattresses.—Only a few have beds or mattresses—the great majority lie on the ground. Even if each tent had a bed, it would not accommodate more than one or two inhabitants of the tent. Meanwhile the damp of the ground, the occasional streams of rain that run through, the draughty night air coming beneath the flap of the tent, combine to lower the health of the children and to kill them off in convalescent and delicate stages.

Lack of Soap.—This necessary was not given in any Camp. After much urging and requisitioning, a very occasional and quite insufficient quantity is now doled out.

Diet.—The food is monotonous, and does not suit children. Some vegetable diet is greatly needed. It presses hard when the meat (as often) is maggoty and the coffee coppery and undrinkable.

A letter from the Governor of Pretoria tells me of 25,000 in Transvaal Camps.

The Committee should notice the existence also of large Camps of natives, and in some at least of these sickness and death abound.

During the past three months effort has undoubtedly been made to improve the Camps, but difficulties of transport, scarcity of supplies and tents, limited means for outlay, tie the hands of those in authority. Added to this the incompetence of some Superintendents, and an over-centralised system which impedes good work that could and would be done by capable and resourceful local heads of camps. Another bar to advance is the interlacing of civil and military authority, and the unfitness of most military men (however good their intentions) for positions which involve the ordering of the lives of women and children.

Thus these improvements have in many cases been swamped, partly by these things, and partly by the rapid influx of people. For instance, a great blunder was made by bringing an extra 2,000 people into Bloemfontein Camp, already known to be unhealthy and full of fever.

Among the things pressing hardest, and which tend to undermine the health and constitutions of the women, are the following:—
Water.—In Bloemfontein the supply is insufficient, and it is also bad. The clothes of thousands have for months been washed in a small dam of stagnant water only occasionally freshened by rain. It is foul. Many other Camps need washhouses.

Overcrowding.—This is very great. Privacy is impossible. In some camps two, and even three, sets of people occupy one tent, and 10, and even 12, persons are frequently herded together in tents of which the cubic capacity is about 500 c.f. In Mafeking and Norval's Pont this trouble is not nearly so bad.

Shoes, Clothes, and Blankets.—At first khaki blankets were plentiful. Now they are getting scarce, and there is much need in various places. The nights are very cold.

Warm clothes are universally wanted. Those who have been divided from their children in some of the camps.

In Bloemfontein it is terrible; 172 deaths had occurred up to the date of my leaving. On Sunday, April 28, fifteen persons died in that camp. It figures out to about 25 per cent.

Each camp has now rough, but useful little hospitals. Many necessaries were lacking in these, which I have supplied. The death rate in most of the camps is high. In Bloemfontein it is terrible; 172 deaths had occurred up to the date of my leaving.

Education is now provided in a partial way for some of the children in some of the camps. Accommodation cannot be got for all. This is due to the energy of Mr. Sargent, Education Commissioner. There have been a few abortive attempts at recreation here and there, but most lack heart to enter into them. Something should be done in this direction.

To sum up. There is no doubt that the general discomfort could be vastly alleviated by attention to the points mentioned, but it should be clearly understood that they are suggested only by way of amelioration. The main thing is to let them go. The ruin of most is now complete, but let all who have friends or means left go. Above all one would hope that the good sense, if not the mercy, of the English people will cry out against the further development of this cruel system which falls with such crushing effect upon the old, the weak, and the children. May they stay the order to bring in more and yet more. Since Old Testament days was ever a whole nation carried captive?

The following recommendations are those which were forwarded by me to the War Office by request of the Rt. Hon. St. John Brodrick.—I have, etc.,

EMILY HOBBHOUSE.

June, 1901.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Having, by the kindness of Lord Milner, been enabled to visit various women's camps, and bring succour to the people therein detained, I venture to urge the following improvements:

1. In view of the hardening effect of imprisonment upon the hearts and resolution of the women,—of the imperfect supply of tents or other shelter,—of the scarcity of food,—the difficulty of transport,—and the appalling effect of camp life upon the life and health of the people, and in support also of recent statements made in the House of Commons, I urge:

That all who still can, should be at once allowed to go:

(a) viz., those who, themselves penniless, yet have friends and relatives in Cape Colony;

(b) Those who have means and could support themselves in the Cape Colony, or in towns on the line;

(c) Those who have houses in towns to which they could go;

(d) Those divided from their children who wish to find and rejoin them.

2. Free passes into towns for all equally wishing to find work there.

3. Equality of treatment, whether the men of the family are fighting, imprisoned, dead, or surrendered.

4. In view of the size of the camps, the sickness and mortality, a resident minister in every camp, or free access to anyone living close by.

5. That, considering the countless difficulties ahead, and the already overcrowded state of the camps, no further women or children be brought in.

6. That, considering the mass of the people are women, and seeing the success in organization of the Matron at Port Elizabeth, a matron, conversant with both languages, be appointed in every camp. Many would undertake this voluntarily. I do not consider this so necessary in the case of Norval's Pont.
7. That, considering the congested state of the line, and the great lack of fuel, any new camp formed should be in a healthy spot in Cape Colony, nearer supplies and charitable aid.

8. That, because all the above, and much more, including the economical distribution of clothing, demands much careful organization, detailed work and devoted attention, free access should be given to a band of at least six accredited representatives of English philanthropic societies, who should be provided with permanent passes—have the authority of the High Commissioner for their work—be absolutely above suspicion, and be responsible to the Government, as well as to those they represent, for their work. Their motherwit and womanly resource would set right many of the existing ills.

9. That the doctor's report on the state of health of the children in Bloemfontein Camp be called for and acted upon.

10. That the women whose applications are appended be at once allowed to leave. Their health is failing under the long strain. All three are good, respectable women.

By request of the Right Hon. St. John Brodrick these recommendations were forwarded to the War Office.

I would like to add one more recommendation, which I consider of great importance, and which was unfortunately omitted from those sent to Mr. Brodrick.

11. That, considering the growing impertinence of the Kaffirs, seeing the white women thus humiliated, every care shall be taken not to put them in places of authority.
APPENDICES.

PERSONAL RECORDS,

APPLICATIONS FOR RELEASE,

AND

NARRATIVES.
APPENDIX A.

PERSONAL RECORDS.
In the course of her visits to the camps, Miss Emily Hobhouse found herself surrounded with thousands of strange persons, knowing nothing of them, and but little of their language. It was evident that she would be obliged to obtain a clear record, not only of their names, but of their family history, and especially of the circumstances under which they had arrived in the camps. The necessity for such inquiries will be obvious to anyone who has had the smallest experience of administering relief, whether in London or elsewhere. Miss Hobhouse had fortunately enjoyed a good deal of such experience. This was useful to her in drawing up a set of questions in order to establish a basis of knowledge.

But it must be remembered that Miss Hobhouse was dealing with a very novel and extraordinary set of circumstances. These people were not paupers, except by accident and outward compulsion. Many of them were ladies of refinement and wealth, and others were the wives of poor men. But the community of circumstance in one sense simplified Miss Hobhouse's work. She could put to them all one common set of questions, confined to the present crisis of their lives. There was no need to go beyond the present emergency. The following questions, therefore, were drawn up with a strict view to present and future relief:

1. Name of person?
2. Name of farm and district?
3. How many children?
4. Where is husband?
5. How long in camp?
6. Why brought here (voluntary or otherwise) ?
7. If any means?
8. Was farm burnt?
9. If not, was furniture destroyed?
10. If allowed to leave camp, have you any friends in the Colony to go to, or means of support elsewhere?

GENERAL REMARKS.
a. What illnesses?
b. Clothing, etc.

To these questions she obtained an immense number of replies, which were carefully put in writing on the spot. In most cases, the replies were taken down by herself or a close friend, on whose judgment and care she could absolutely rely. These replies are now in Miss Hobhouse's possession, and after due consideration it has been thought best to make a selection for publication. The Committee has sufficient confidence in the purity and justice of British administration to put aside the fear that by any possibility the publication of these facts could injure anyone in the camps; and they are quite convinced that in any case complete publicity is desirable. Even if the present circumstances of these women should be rendered necessary by higher considerations of policy, there still remains the possibility, and indeed the duty, of tempering the harshness of fate by the quality of mercy. But mercy cannot act blindfold.

It seems best to publish the statements without comment. They are the stories as told in the camps by the women themselves, and must be judged by every reader according to the face value of evidence.

The numbers of the replies must be compared with the questions given above, to which they form the answers.

1.—
Mrs. C. A.
2.—Modderfontein, Bloemfontein.
3.—Four children.
4.—Husband Greenpoint.
5.—Brought in Nov. 6.
6.—Railway was blown up near the farm, and, not having known the Boers were about, the A's had not reported their whereabouts.
7.—Has very little money.
8.—Not burnt when left.
9.—Furniture destroyed.
One girl had measles and one low fever. Only the clothes on their bodies.

1.—
MRS. DE B.
2.—Middelrand. Vryburg.
3.—One baby.
4.—Husband on commando.
Three families are in Mrs. de B's tent, in all 12 persons.

Heat insufferable. I nearly fainted.

1.—
MRS. VAN DEN B.
2.—Klipfontein. Jacobsdal.
Father lived on farm. She lived in town of Jacobsdal. Old father been sick 15 years, and never commandeered or fought. English
arrested him on farm, and sent to Greenpoint. Smashed the house of farm.

3.—Mrs. Van den B., a widow for five years, lived with her children in Jacobsdal. October 25 English came, and there was a fight. A Maxim was put on her house, and they shot in and out of it. She and children sent to shelter in hospital the while. Clothes and furniture spoilt. After fight, Boers came back the 29th, and put everybody right; then in a few days English came again, and she with ten other families locked up in the schoolhouse and given no food. Then sent to her own house, where for 3 weeks she was kept locked up, not even allowed on the stoep. Her child had scarlet fever the while. A neighbour had to get her food. This was by order of a Lieutenant, Colonial Volunteer. Her only relative fighting was a brother, and Lieutenant L. said she must suffer for him. Brought to camp Feb. 13.

1.— MRS. B. AND JOHANNES
ADRIAN B.

2.—Came now from Kopje Aleen, Winburg.

3.—Four grandchildren (orphans), one deaf and dumb. Their fathers on Commando.

4.—Her old husband, aged 75, in St. Helena.

5.—Since November 26.

6.—Poor old Mrs. B. and her husband do not know why they were brought away. They were people from Cape Colony, and had only been four years in Free State. He was, therefore, not a burgher, and had never been on Commando or taken arms. Had intended returning to the Colony, but rinderpest had killed their cattle, and could not afford it. So they were staying with friends on their farm (D's). The Commandos passed occasionally, but so also did the "troop Commandos," as she calls the soldiers. They and their friends were all turned out together and brought away in trucks. At Bloemfontein they were separated, her husband being detained and sent down to Greenpoint, while she was brought to camp. She has just heard in a roundabout way that he has been sent to St. Helena, but still he does not yet know where she is. The old woman is very poor, very forlorn, and in need of all, appeals to get her old husband back lest he die. He has done nothing to merit exile.

I spoke of this case to the Commandant, who said she could make application through him. He acknowledged that a column passing through the country was meant to fight and not judge individual cases, and had made, of course, a dreadful muddle of such work. Consequently, the people are puzzled. There is no meaning in any of it.

1.— MRS. B.

2.—Farm of Deput, Brandford.

3.—Seven in camp. One son at Greenpoint prison.

4.—Husband on Commando. Not heard of him 9 months.

5.—Since January 10.

6.—Forced from home. Soldiers roused them at 2 in the night and sent them in to Brandford to their town house. Next day made them come on. Train to Bloemfontein. Open waggons out to camp.

7.—Yes. Better anywhere than here.

8 and 9.—Knows nothing. All confiscated. Soldiers said her house was theirs now, and if she remained she must pay them rent for it. They cut 200 loads of wood and gave no money for it.

10.—No.

Since arrival never felt well. Good health at home. Daughter lying down ill; swollen throat, broken-out face, etc. Shoes needed.

Mrs. B., a really handsome woman, with a fine family, was one of those who, early in the year, went out from Brandford to ask the Boers to give up. They refused. Now, she says, we are a ruined people. We will fight through. Roberts's first proclamation, if kept, would have ended war, but it has been lies, lies, lies.

1.— MR. AND MRS. J. B.

2.—Groenvlei, Heilbron.

3.—Six in camp; two still on commando.

4.—In camp since Feb. 16.

5.—Father 68 years old; never on commando.

6.—Came as prisoners. Farm was near the road, and English were constantly planted there, swarming over the farm. Fed British troops constantly. Had not seen Boers for very long time. One day, Feb. 11, an officer (unknown) came and said must take them to Kopje Siding for "protection." Did not need protection. Gave them five minutes, and as they were bundled into the waggons, the house, with everything in it, was fired; also three other houses on the farm and the Government school.

Their house had three bedrooms, dining-room, parlour, and kitchen. Everything lost. They were kept one night at station, then three days in open trucks. All stock gone; no receipts given—900 sheep, 36 cattle, 8 horses, 8 mules.

A nice young woman, eldest daughter, told me this, who had learnt English in a Government school.

E. H., Springfontein.

1.— MRS. B.

2.—Kept a shop in village of P.

3.—Four children, who were away with their father at her mother's farm when she was arrested.

4.—Husband never fought—a shopkeeper.

5.—Troops came and turned all foodstuffs out of her shop. She resisted soldiery, so was forced and is destitute. Fine woman, with big gentle eyes, but desperate to get to her children.

She and Miss Du T. planned escape. A scout (English) was friendly and expressed sympathy.
His duty was to take him in P. direction, and he offered to take them with him. They gave him 30s. (Miss Du T. has a little money), and he drove them one night to a friend’s house in Beaconfield, meaning to give them on next day. House belonged to a Mr. P. on parole. Next day he went as usual to report himself, and there heard that two women were missing. Not understanding they were runaways, said they were at his house, so caught and brought back. The scout got 42 days’ hard labour, or so it is said.

(By far the bitterest women I have met are in Kimberley; but no wonder. Their conditions are bad.—E. H.)

1.—MRS. J. M. B.
2.—Lived at Jagersfontein. 3.—Had four children; one died in camp. 4.—Husband not heard of for eleven months. He was Government schoolmaster at Jagersfontein for ten years, and, though born a British subject, was therefore a burgher of Free State, but went on with his school, and did not go on commando at all, till March, 1900, they begged him to help the Netherlands Ambulance; since which she has heard nothing. 5.—Brought in with convoy. First, when English came to Jagersfontein, they turned her out of her schoolhouse, and she took refuge with a friend, taking her husband’s expensive Greek and Latin books and some of her furniture. Then, at the evacuation, when stores were blown up, these were all destroyed. She applied to Major K. for permit to go to her people in the Colony, and was told she should have it if went to Bloemfontein. Was taken there in open trucks with convoy. She and the four children were only just recovering from recent measles, and were not fit to travel. She asked for leave to sell remaining bits of furniture to pay the doctor, but was not allowed. Income had entirely stopped since March, 1900. In the trucks coming to Bloemfontein very cold in the open at night. Reaching B., was told she must go out to the camp. Went straight to the hospital, and was there with children a month. Coming out of hospital, was allowed a residential pass to live in the town at her own expense. Quite useless, as she had no money left but a Christmas gift sent the children by grandparents, and with that she has had to buy soap, candles, and a little extra food for them. Was put into a leaky bell-tent. Her baby of 16 months got chilled and died 15 days ago. Begs leave to ask for her. Pretty, quiet young woman and three lovely children, exquisitely kept.

1.—MRS. B. 2.—Village of P. 3.—Four daughters.

4.—Husband, a builder of houses, been 16 months in Greenpoint. 5.—Came into Camp in February. 6.—Compelled to come, taken by the shoulders and turned out of her house. English thought the Boers were in the town, and fired twelve cannon balls into it. Not a Boer there. Then they marched into it and cleared out all the Boer families in the place. One Afrikander, who had married an Englishman, ran out to meet them with the British flag, and is allowed to remain, and one or two sick.

Came in ox-waggon for four days.

Very poor now; for 16 months no money coming in.

1.—MRS. T. DE B. 2.—Venterpsaalmy, Venterburg. 3.—Six children with her, and two daughters, who have been in Kroonstadt Camp since September. 4.—Husband at Greenpoint. 5.—Arrived November 10. 6.—Daughters and husband were sent away because Boer spies had passed over the farm, though had not stopped. She and children were forced to come here for “protection!”

7.—Has no means. 8. and 9.—Not when she left: 10.—Could return home. All the children have had dysentery. Clothing in tatters. No boots.

1.—MRS. A. C. 2.—Burgherskraal, Dist. Winburg. 3.—No children. 4.—Husband in Camp. 5.—Arrived January 11. 6.—Brought in prisoners for having given food to fighting Boers. 7.—No means. 8.—House not burnt. 9.—Furniture destroyed. 10.—Nowhere else to go, except home. No illness yet. Hardly any clothing.

1.—MRS. C. 2.—Village of Ficksburg. 3.—One son on commando; one on parole at Pretoria; one son shot at Greenpoint by sentry (when holding a prayer meeting—he was preparing for the ministry). All will recollect his case.

4.—Husband on commando. 5.—Just arrived preceding night, Feb. 22, after 13 days’ journey in waggon. Mr. C., a builder in Ficksburg, where they own two erven. Did not know why she was taken. Major S., of Manchester Regiment, said it was because her husband still on commando. Before that General K. had passed that way and spoilt everything. Her clothes, etc., taken. No tent for her on arrival. Simply said: “I am on the veld.”

Quite willing to be a prisoner in her country’s cause.
Wept in speaking of her son who was shot. Very motherly woman.

1. — MRS. F. C.
2. — Lived in town Philippolis.
3. — One child.
4. — Widow.
6. — Compelled; no reason given.
7. — Very little money.
8. and 9. — Not burnt or destroyed when left.
10. — Could get taken in at Zonderhondt, near Philippolis.

No illness so far. Clothing needed.

1. — MR. AND MRS. P. J. H. D.
2. — House in Edenburg, one room in Bloemfontein.
3. — Seven children.
4. — Husband a mason (in camp). Can also make shoes and turn his hand to anything. Never fought; was working quietly at Edenburg, when taken from his work and brought to Bloemfontein Camp. No reason; believes someone gave false information for spite. Came November 26. Furniture all destroyed. Longs for work. Wife was confined in the bell tent without nurse. I gave him leather, and he made shoes for all his family. I offered to pay him to make for others, but he said he would gladly make them for nothing, as I had given him for his children.

1. — MRS. J. E.
2. — Village of Jacobsdal.
3. — Ten children, five in camp, one son St. Helena.
4. — Husband on commando. Field cornet, an Englishman by blood, son of English parents; an English officer, Major E., fought against him at Magersfontein; it was his cousin. After the fight October 25 the English, under Colonel J., burnt her house. They would not believe her that no Boers were in the house, so burnt, and found none. Drove her from her house, and would not listen to her pleadings. The 29th the Boers came back. She saw her husband, and he his blackened home. He was silent first, then lifted his hand and said, "The Lord will provide, but now I will never, never give in." She has not seen him since. November 7 English returned. She was locked in the school for several days, and no food or drink given. Early in February Mrs. E. was asked if she would take Kitchener's proclamation to her husband. She replied, "Though you give me 2,000 troops and £100 (and I have nothing), I will not do it." A second time she was urged, or if not she would be sent to Kimberley Camp. Very well, then, she said, it must be the camp. Four other prominent women were urged to ask their husbands to surrender—in vain.

1. — MRS. E.
2. — Lived in a town.
3. — Two children.
4. — When heard last husband with Hertzog.
5. — Arrived December 13.
6. — Compelled; no reason given.
7. — A little money.
8 and 9. — She believes not.
10. — Could, if allowed, go to friends at Spion Kop. No illness, so far. Has enough clothing.

1. — MRS. T. F.
2. — Uysberg, Ladybrand.
3. — Ten children in camp, one in Simonstown.
5. — Since November.
6. — Compelled. One Sunday, about twelve o'clock, Boers came. Between one and two o'clock same day she reported this to Mr. M., J.P. Next day, about three p.m., they sent to look for the Boers. Why, she said, didn't you come yesterday when reported? Of course, they are gone now. Major W. and Captain D. sent and took her. She was kept eight days in town of Ladybrand, was allowed to send for a little bedding and clothes. Eight days in the waggon coming to Bloemfontein. One of her nice daughters is setting up a private school in camp. One is chosen to go into Miss Murray's Institute.

1. — MRS. C. F.
2. — Lovedale, Thaba 'Nchu.
3. — Two children.
4. — Husband Ceylon.
5. — Brought in November 27.
6. — Compelled as prisoners.
7. — No means; washes for others.
8 and 9. — Not destroyed when she left.
10. — Nowhere to go but home. Needs clothing.

1. — MRS. J. J. F.
2. — Deelfontein, district Winburg.
3. — Three children.
4. — Husband Greenpoint.
5. — Arrived in camp November 27.
6. — Compelled; no reason given.
7. — Very little money.
8. — House burnt.
9. — House burnt, cattle taken.
10. — Could, if allowed, go to her father at Rookraal. Since arrival baby had measles. Wants clothing.

1. — MISS F.
2. — Lubbesfontein, Winburg.—Daughter of Commandant F., who was killed the day before the relief of Kimberley. She and her little sisters and other women and children were all in a waggon going to join the Boer laager at Alexandersfontein. When near, found it occupied by town guard, who shot on ten waggons from 20 yards distance, so near could hear
the soldiers talking. Commandant F. was killed, Miss F. shot through the arm, and sister of four years through the shoulder. She was about 10 months in hospital, but her arm is very useless and first finger gone. Bears no ill-will. Does not know where her mother is, was about of four years in war, but supported by a friend in the town.

1.—MR. AND MRS. G.
2.—Pondamsfontein.—Boeshoff.
3.—No children. A sister.
4.—Husband in camp. Never fought or was on commando. When war broke out he was in Cape Colony (both he and wife British subjects born), and though a Free State burgher, was not allowed to return, but kept nine months in Colony. At 1st Proclamation he got leave to return to his wife and farm, and there lived quietly from June 5 to February 3, 1901. When he had got back to his farm found British troops had destroyed everything in the house except one chest of drawers. Lived on with no goods in the house till a column came along and gave them four hours to turn out. Stock was taken. No receipts. Came away with what they had left, sewing machine, small table, and chest of drawers. Woman delicate, and unable to keep anything down.

Rations.—$1 lb. meat; 1 lb. meal; 1 oz. coffee; 2 oz. sugar; ½ oz. salt, every other day; 1 potato or 3 to tent, according to size; alternate day, onion instead.

Fuel.—Two small thin pieces of wood, one 14 inches long; barely enough to boil one potato or 3 to tent, according to size; alternate day, onion instead.

The girl would like to support herself if she could find any way to do so, but cannot sew, arm stiff and painful and scarred, inflammation still troubles. Is a prisoner of war, but supported by a friend in the town.

COPY OF ORDER.

No. 4,276.
Winburg, Oct. 1, 1900.
Pass Miss G. (little girl) with two Cape carts and drivers (two natives) from Winburg to Hoenderkop to-day, and back to-morrow.—By order, F. P. D., 2nd Lieut., Asst. Provost-Marshal.

Lieu. L. took her cart and horses. Gave no receipt for cart. Horses were worth £40, and he gave a receipt for £14 only. She was kept a month in Winburg (not in her own house there, but her brother's). The children came; but all that time neither Lieut. L. nor Major O'L. (whom she, like Miss E. C., describes as a brute) would allow her to fetch clothes from home. She had only a little money with her, and with this obliged to buy fresh clothes at Winburg. At home she had plenty of money, but no way of sending for it. After a month at Winburg, made to leave suddenly without notice. No time allowed to bring clothes, so a second time lost all. Yet they were kept waiting three hours at the station in boiling sun, and not allowed to go under shelter. Party of 22 was put in a cattle truck, which had not been cleaned and was filthy. Reached Smalldeel at 4 p.m., and were changed into a meat truck, and 22 persons had to sleep in that. At 5 a.m. reached Bloemfontein, and, at 11 a.m., the camp. Over 24 hours en route, and neither food nor water given to them. They had caught up a little bread at Winburg. Other prisoners got them some drink when they came at last.

8 and 9.—Knows nothing of farm.
10.—Plenty of money at home. None left with her.

Mrs. G. spoke most highly of Captain M., of Imperial Yeomanry, who stayed some time in her house and was very kind. Also, W., F., S., and C. of that Regiment very nice and kind. 16 months since she has seen her husband. Her girl in hospital for third time with typhoid. Children's stomachs all bad. Clothes needed badly.

1.—MRS. G.
2.—Hoenderkop.—Dist.: Winburg.
3.—Eight children. From 14 to 2 years.
4.—Husband taken prisoner at Paardeburg. St. Helena.
5.—Since November 9 in camp.
6.—Compelled to come. She states that for five months she saw no armed Boers. On August 27 a commando passed through her farm. She gave them food and took the wounded into her house to nurse. A month after, October 1, she went into Winburg to buy supplies, and was there taken prisoner. Only her eldest girl (14) was with her. Lieut. D. sent this child back to the farm in care of two armed natives, with orders to bring the rest of the family and nothing else in the cart.

1.—MRS. W. G.
2.—Bella Vista, Ficksburg.
3.—1 child in camp, 1 orphan, 1 Kaffir.
4.—Husband in Ceylon, taken July 30.
5.—Some months.
6.—Compelled to come. First Major W. took her to Ladybrand, where she remained 15 days. She was so ill there they sent her back. After a week at home 26 men came for her. She was bad and had had poultries on all night. Got as far as Mrs. M.’s, the J.P., when she fainted. Sick there for 12 days, was driven in her own trap to Bloemfontein, which took four days. Very well off, so also the orphan, but everything gone, and only one tiny tin trunk with them. Child had not a chemise, and, when wet, had to be put to bed for clothes to dry. Lieutenant D., of Black Watch (she believes), said it was all a mistake, but he has since been shot. Soldiers smashed everything. Neighbours brought into town keynotes of her piano and harmonium chopped up. Farm 1,000 morgens, house had seven large rooms. Another farm in Senekal. 600 bags of wheat burnt and endless other things. Always been well-to-do and had servants. Most of all felt the loss of a pet horse given by her husband before her marriage. It could do tricks. This horse drove her to Bloemfontein, and then she lost sight of it. Fancies some one has made a hack horse of it. One day it came out to the camp, and turned round at the sound of her voice. The Sergeant-Major noticed, and said, “That horse surely knows your voice.”

Nice young woman, asthmatical. If farm is confiscated, have nothing.

1.— MR. AND MRS. A. H. H.
2.—Swartlapberg. Dist. Thaba ‘Nchu.
3.—Three children in camp; 3 sons in Ceylon; 1 in Ladysmith Camp.
4.—Husband now with her in camp, aged 63.
5.—In camp since Oct. 21.
6.—Compelled to come. Husband was on commando, and had to surrender with Prinsloo. Understood they were to go home and live quietly. Went home. Soon after was sent for and brought to Thaba ‘Nchu, where he was thrown into gaol. Kept there a month. First 8 days no food given, and must have starved if friends in the town had not helped. This was under Dist. Comr. L. Then his brother came, who was better, not so hard. They were sorted and sifted by him, and finally he, Mr. H., was sent here to Bloemfontein and his boy of 15 to Ceylon. Lived on a Free State Government farm.

This was burnt.

Has nothing now. His wife very nice, also English, and sister of Mrs. C. G. H. Brothers married sisters.

Mr. A. H. H. a very straightforward, pleasant man, with a merry twinkle. Thinks Prinsloo’s men not come off very well, or so well as to induce others to surrender. Fighting would have been pleasanter.

Says none can understand Prinsloo’s sur-

render except on score of bribery. Men did not wish it. Plenty of ammunition and food, and good position. An awful blow to their fellow-burghers.

Mrs. H. recently turned out and brought to this camp, where the two met.

1.— MR. AND MRS. C. G. H.
2.—Hex River. Dist., Ladybrand.
3.—Has 6 children; 2 in camp, 4 left behind.
4.—Husband in camp.
5.—Came Jan. 18.
6.—Prisoners. Mrs. H. is English, of Grahamstown, and a quiet, superior woman. Married a Boer. He was sickly, and so never on commando. When English took Ladybrand, about April, he took oath of neutrality. Mrs. H. had a pass, and went freely about everywhere in and out of town, and did other folk’s errands. Known to be thoroughly English in sentiment, and had always hoped and thought English would win. Now she is English to longer. Her husband had this permit also:

“Leave is granted to Mr. C. G. H., of Hex River, dist. Ladybrand, to herd about 35 head of cattle, being the property of his children, who are all at home, and one old mare with foal six months old, untrained, the latter on that account to be kept in his possession.”

H. did not farm his own land and was not well off, but they always got on and made ends meet. Now are absolutely penniless. One day a patrol came and said she had communicated with Boers. Parents and children to come at once to Swartlaagte. Was told she would be allowed home again, so took nothing, neither food nor blanket. Major B. said then, “No, must go on to Bloemfontein, where she would hear all about it.” Long journey across country. Sent from pillar to post. Had to buy food, lodging, etc., everywhere at their own charges. In Bloemfontein came before Captain H., Provost-Marshall. Told him all. He said, on hearing story, “You may not be the H., but we shall take all till the right H. is found.” Everyone in Bloemfontein sent them to someone else. No use at all. Were conveyed to the camp.

Everything at the farm taken. Live now in the quarter of a marquee, and wonder how they will ever begin life again; no longer young or strong. Husband about 60.
1. MR. AND MRS. H. J.


3. Four children in camp.

4. Man in camp. 76 years. Surrendered under First Proclamation.

5. Came February 8.


COPY.

No. 153. Treinfontein. 1-7-1900.

Pass.—C. J., of the farm Treinfontein (District Heilbron). He has given up the M.H. Carbine, and has taken the oath of neutrality.

D. B. F.,
Assistant Provost-Marshal.

Heilbron, 3-10-1900.—Renewed till 15th Oct.
B.O. J. A. L., Cap.

Pass.—Mr. C. J., with horse, may go unhindered to his house at Treinfontein, where he is to remain, not returning to town.

H. H. C. B. (?), Lt.,
Provost-Marshal.

In spite of all these, they were brought away. Promised should go only to station with cattle, and be there protected. All a lie. Cattle seen no more. Brought to Springfontein.

1. MRS. H. M. K.

2. Nooitgedacht, near Kroonstadt.

3. No children.

4. Husband in camp.

5. Arrived Nov. 11.

6. Compelled to come. No reason given.

7. No means.

8.-9. House, etc., safe when they left.

10.-Nowhere else to go.

No illness.

Clothing needed.

1. MRS. K.

2. Town of Boshoff.


4. Husband on commando.

5. Brought Jan. 21st.

6. Was living in the house of a Widow S., who had two sons on commando. English inspected either her or the house. For five months before her arrest, English kept taking away her food to force her to make her husband surrender. During this time she had a baby. Three times they came and searched the house, and the fourth time came when baby was only two days old, on which occasion tore up the floors, broke doors, windows, ceilings, etc. At last broke all the furniture, and when baby was two months old she was brought to camp. Would not ask her husband to surrender.

1. MR. H. K. AND WIFE.

2. Moordenaarspoort... Bethulie.

3. Two daughters, son, niece.


5. Since early January 10th.

6. Compelled. No reason given. Patrol of four men sent to farm about 5 p.m., with orders that by sunset they were to be in Bethulie. No time to collect things. Kept in Bethulie that night; left next day in dirty cattle trucks. Allowed to go into a carriage for the night. Food given them at Springfontein. They are told their furniture is all taken and destroyed, but farm not burnt. Miss K.'s grandfather is nephew of Oom Paul.

1. MRS. L. AND MISS L.


3. All other children married and now in Brandford Camp.

4. Husband a farmer. He and two sons on commando.

5. Since December 17th.


7. Enough to pull through if sent home.

8. No, but doors and windows all broken.


10.-No.

Since arrival both suffered with violent stomachic pains and dysentery.

Never so at home. Mrs. Leroux needs a dress complete, daughter a skirt.

Very respectable farmer's wife and daughter. Sleep on the ground; not sat in a chair since arrival.

Hope the men will fight on now to the end. Nothing more to lose, and death welcome.

1. MR. AND MRS. VAN L.

2. Lived in village of Petrusville.

3. Three children in Camp.

4. Man in Camp. A blacksmith. Was on commando, but surrendered under Roberts' first proclamation, in which, like others, he had trusted. Lived quietly after that. February 1st he and wife and children taken and given two hours to prepare. Arrived in Camp February 4th. Had tried to get blacksmith work in town, but trade slack, because no iron can be got up to work. It was sad to see the food in Petrusville destroyed. Flour bags cut and the white flour strewn about the streets.

In the tent two families—in all nine persons. Three of the children with measles. No beds. The dew falls thickly now, and every night beds and clothes are saturated. It takes all day spreading them in the sun to get them dry, again. Wearing apparel must be put on damp.

1. MRS. F. C. L.

2. Farm, Springfontein, near Fauresmith; but lived in town.

3. One child.

4. Husband prisoner, Greenpoint.

5. Brought in November 20th.

6. Compelled to come in. No reason given.

7. A little money.
8 and 9.—Does not know.
10.—Friends at Tulbach, Cape Colony.

Since arrival has had dysentery. Has heart disease.

Clothed for the present.

1.—MRS H. L.
2.—Hestersrust, Winburg.
3.—Seven children.
4.—Husband in camp.
5.—Brought in November 27.
6.—Were told to go to Virginia Siding with cattle for protection from troops. Thence the family was sent here; don't know what has become of the cattle.
7.—No means.
8.—Don't know.
9.—Don't know.
10.—Nowhere to go except home.

Children had dysentery. Very little clothing.

1.—MRS. M.
2.—Lived in town of Brandford.
3.—Eight children, youngest four; all left, she took.
4.—Left also at home. Husband not ever on commando, because bad eyes. Overseer of waggon.
5.—Since November 28.
6.—Taken prisoner under martial law, no reason assigned. Brought in truck to Bloemfontein. Had to hire for herself trap to the camp, and to pay for bringing her bit of luggage.
7.—Yes; husband could support her.
8 and 9.—Her own house broken up, things partly saved. Children left in a brother's house. Health has been so far good. Wants a dress. Mrs. M. now lives in the section of a marquee with five other women. All six sleep on the ground.

1.—MRS. J. C. M.
2.—Farm Leeuwvlei, district Bloemfontein.
3.—Six children.
4.—Husband Ceylon.
5.—Brought in November 23.
6.—Compelled to come, no reason given.
7.—Has means.
8.—House not burnt when left.
9.—Furniture destroyed.
10.—Has means to get home or to friends in Colony.

Three children in hospital with typhoid, two sick in tent just starting it. Confinement coming in April.

1.—MRS. J. N.
2.—Vlakkuil, Heilbron.
3.—Six in camp.
4.—In camp. Old man, never fought or on commando. Bad hand.
5.—Three weeks, since Feb. 15.
6.—Compelled, doesn't know why. Believes there was suspicion had fed Boers. It was untrue; they had barely enough for own use. Everything in the house pulled out and burnt before them. Heard afterwards house also burnt, but did not see it. Brought in ox-waggon to station siding, thence in open trucks. Four nights were spent in these open trucks.

The N.'s were badly for clothes. Very respectable people. The girls borrowed kappies and blouses to come across to the farm where I was dispensing clothes.

OLD MR. N.

Rabenthal, Boshoff.

Never fought. Paid substitute.

After English entered Boshoff was under their protection. Commandant very friendly, and used to come shooting on his farm.

Old wife left on farm, a large one, ten rooms, £2,000 to build. Since he arrived here in Kimberley word brought that farm was burnt, but Commandant sent to say it was done by mistake!

Armed native scouts frequently about, and very cheeky.

Military have taken his house in Boshoff too. Not even a cushion or blanket he asked for could he have.

MRS. N.

Mrs. N.'s farm is in Cape Colony.

Zoutpansfontein, near Riverton Station.

She takes snuff. She has been long a widow, and has no sons fighting. She speaks only Dutch, but has been always a loyal British subject. She cannot believe the Queen knew what had been done to her. Her farm is 15 minutes' ride from the station. Feb. 16, 1900, she saw a Boer commando pass in the distance; after that she never saw a Boer. Dec. 10, in the night, Riverton Station was burnt by Boers. In the morning from the farm smoke could still be seen, and she thought boys had been smoking, perhaps, and set fire to it. That morning the English troops under Captain D. came and said she must go. How could they hold her, a fat old woman, responsible for the station. She did not know of it till all was over. They took her to Kimberley, and put her in the prison. The disgrace she will never forget. She is rich. To have lived to be 57, and then to be put in prison! The Queen could not know. Now she is kept in Kimberley on parole, and every week must report herself. She did nothing, knew nothing, and mayn't go home, and town presses and chokes her.

1.—MRS. U.
2.—Elim District, Heilbron.
3.—Three children.
4.—Husband surrendered under 1st Proclamation. A month afterwards was arrested, and sent to Greenpoint. Has been there many months.
5.—She was taken Feb. 4, and brought here.
6.—Colonel W. took her; gave ten minutes. Trekked in same convoy with Mrs.
Wessels. 1,300 sheep, 300 horses, 140 cattle—all gone. Doors and windows smashed in. Fate of house unknown.

1. MRS. J. J. P.
2. Farm, Burghers Kraal, Winburg.
3. One child.
4. Prisoner in Bloemfontein.
5. Arrived January 11, 1901.
6. Compelled to come as prisoners.
7. Has no means.
8. Not burnt when left.

Nothing so far.

Very scant clothing.

1. MRS. P.
2. Farm Gruysfontein, near Bethulie.
3. Has six children, ages 15 to 2 years.

Taken from them, does not know where they are.

4. Husband a farmer, detained in Bloemfontein. May not see her.
5. About two months.

Mrs. P. is wonderful in the brave way she faces her troubles, present and future. She did not complain or ask for anything. None of them do. I have to find out what each longs for most. In her case a mattress and baby clothes as what she prepared was all lost.

1. MRS. B.
3. Has six from four years to 17. Knows nothing of them.
4. A farmer. He and one son in Ceylon.
6. Is a prisoner—forced here. Besides house in Zastron has cattle near Bethulie. She went off alone to fetch them, but was taken prisoners before could reach home, because, on getting near Zastron, found the town taken by English.

7. Yes; feels sure she could get on.
10. No.

Since arrived never feels well, but she looks harder and healthier than others.

Needs a dress, and has a great longing for a pillow.

Terribly anxious for children.

1. MRS. P.
2. Lived on father's farm, near Petersburg.
3. Had five children in Camp, also three little boys, who the troops had taken out in the fields with the sheep, whom she befriended away from their parents. One day the Sergeant frightened these lads with threats of Ceylon, and her two eldest lads, of 13 and 9, with these three others, all ran away together. Nothing has been heard of them, and they were not followed.

Mrs. P. is mad with anxiety, and that is why she herself tried to escape, with Mrs. V. B. and Miss T., as elsewhere related.

4. Husband on commando.

No soap or clothes.


1. MR. AND MRS. F. P.
2. Corneliusdam—Winburg.
3. Five children in Camp.
5. Since Oct. 8, in Bloemfontein.

6, 7, 8, and 9. Compelled. Mr. P. had always lived quietly at home, on account of health and bad sight. In June, on the approach of troops, thought it best to take oath of neutrality, and did so, receiving a pass stating he was under British protection, etc., etc. In September the Boers occupied Thornburg, about one hour from his farm. No burghers had been near them. The British troops came along, and on the evening of September 17 Mrs. P. and family stood at the door of her house listening to the band playing in the distance. Then they sat down to supper. When it was dark a knock was heard, and on opening there stood a man with a gun. It was an English officer, and he said to Mr. P., "I am come to take you prisoner." "How can that be," said he, "when I am living here at peace, under the oath of neutrality." "Have you a pass?" said the officer. "Yes," said the farmer, and produced it. "Very well," said the officer, "then that is all right." They gave him some coffee, and when he went out Mrs. P. followed him, chatting. She said she always liked to chat with people. He whistled, and behold a number of men appeared. Why," she said, "my house is surrounded, and I never knew it." "Yes," said the officer, "we are looking for burghers." "We have not," she assured him, "had any or seen any on our farm." She further asked him if they were safe, and he replied they were, with the husband's pass.

Next morning, September 18th, before 9 a.m., a captain and eight men appeared. "You have five minutes," he said. "I am come to burn the house." They pleaded. But he said, "These are my orders. I shall be shot if I don't obey." He then sent Mr. P. to find the General, Hector Macdonald, under whom he served, saying he would be found passing in such a place with the column. In less than half an hour, before the farmer could get back, the Captain set fire to the house. Mrs. P. said she cried and prayed and pleaded, all in vain. He told her to get out her things, and she hastily began pulling out chairs, chests of drawers, etc., with the children's clothes. Then he began to smash the
furniture, saying he could not wait for that. She got out a box with her husband's clothes, and containing a small box packed with trinkets. These were:

1. gold watch.
2. silver watch, with gold chain.
3. diamond ring.
4. 2 plain rings.
5. 1 pair earrings.
Set of silver studs.
Silver bangles.

All of these were stolen, besides her husband's shirts, and other clothes.

In answer to her distress the Captain gave her a paper (unsigned), of which the following is a copy. It is a somewhat poor exchange for a burnt home:

_____
WINBURG.
_____

P., Corneliusdam.
“Homestead burnt, by order of General Macdonald.

"P. claims to be immune on grounds of not having taken up arms."

He was accused of nothing, and had no arms in his possession owing to bad sight.

When Mr. P. got back he found the house burnt. That day they remained outside. Then they were put into a waggon and taken to Winburg, thence, on the 8th October, to Bloemfontein Camp, where they have been ever since.

At Winburg he again showed his pass, which testified to his oath of neutrality and his being under the "protection" of the British. Major L. took this from him, and gave instead a rough piece of paper of which the following is a copy:

Copy.

"I certify that P. T. P., of Corneliusdam, has taken the oath of neutrality, date unknown."

W. W. (or O') L., Major, D.C.

"Winburg, August 21, 1900."

The Major was District Commissioner.

His name figures also in Miss Ellie Cronje's story, and, I think, the dates of burning the farms under Macdonald, coincides. September was a black month for farms in the Winburg district.

"British protection" has become rather a grim joke to numbers of these people.

At Winburg Mrs. P. at once complained of the theft of her jewellery and her husband's clothes, but, failing to get any redress, or to have the matter looked into, she got angry, for the first time, and told Major L. something of her feelings.

Mrs. P. is a very plain woman, but singularly quiet and gentle in manner and speech. She speaks English perfectly.

The farmers' wives in this country compare very favourably with English ditto. They may have less book learning and less fashion, but mostly speak the two languages freely, and have far more dignity and breeding. You feel at once they hold the position of ladies in their country, and they behave as such.

1.—MRS. J. P.
2.—Uitzicht, Ventersberg Road, Winburg.
3.—Children, three, in camp.
4.—Husband at Greenpoint since December 14.
5.—Came November 11.
6.—Compelled. Captain P. had been often in her house, and very kind, a real gentleman. He had meals often with her, and had said her house, etc., should be safe. But some Generals came and camped near the farm. There was a fight, and the Boers passed along the main road near her farm. She could not help it, and the British were pursuing. Next day, 10 a.m., a lot of men came and turned her out. It was raining hard, and she wept and prayed mercy for the children's sake. House was burnt, and she was put into a waggon. She saw seven neighbours' houses burning as she went. She tried to take some furniture, etc., but it dwindled as she went, and got left behind here and there. Her house had five large rooms. At Kroonstadt she was put into the church with 20 other families and guards all round. Kept there three days. Then they were brought down to Bloemfontein and put into camp. Was well off, has nothing now.

A few weeks after telling me the above, Mrs. Potgieter, who could not stand the life or the diet, grew very weak, sunk rapidly, and died.

_____
WINBURG.
_____

1.—MRS. W. P.
2.—Weltefreden, Winburg.
3.—Three children.
4.—Husband took fever on commando, and died at home last April.
5.—Brought in Nov. 16.
6.—Compelled to come prisoners. Two sons fighting with J. Theron.
7.—A little money.
8.—House not burnt when left.
9.—Furniture all taken.
10.—If could get home to bare walls would manage to get on.

No illness so far. Clothed at present.

1.—MRS. A. P.
2.—Burghers' Kraal; Dist., Winburg.
3.—Two children.
4.—Husband also in Camp from Oct. 6.
5.—Mrs. P. brought in Jan. 11, 1901.
6.—Compelled to come. No reason given.
7.—Have no means.
8.—Not burnt when left.
9.—Some furniture taken.
10.—Could go to friends if allowed out. Child had dysentery.

Very little clothing.
1.—MR. AND MRS. W. J. P.
2.—Farm, Het Kruis, Smaldeel.
3.—Wife and 4 children in Camp.
4.—
5.—Since January 7.
6.—Forced here against will. Took oath of neutrality last May. Never broken it. British nothing against him. Only took arms 28 days at beginning of war. Was against it always. Got a certificate from Free State Government to go home, and hired a substitute to fight. Lived quietly on farm ever since. Had no fear of Boers. Yet suddenly soldiers swooped down. Said he must come in for their protection (which he did not want) and all brought to Camp.
7.—Yes; could get on.
8.—No.
9.—All packed in cellar.
No illness yet; only here 17 days.
No clothes wanted yet. Only to go home and see to farm work.

1.—MRS. R.
2.—Klipdrift, Heilbron.
3.—Four children in Camp.
4.—Husband in Camp, too. Never fought. Had sick certificate from Free State and protection paper from British.
5.—Since February 4.
6.—Compelled. No reason given. Officer (Col. W.) from Vrededorp came early one day and asked if she would like to go. She refused, and then he said he must protect them. In vain she said she needed no protection, and offered stock, goods, anything to be left alone; but she was carried off to Kopje siding, and after being kept there nine days was brought here. Food stuffs were all burnt, and her furniture taken. Promised to return stock some day. House left empty, but she had seen many empty houses burnt, and feared for hers. Clothing sparse.

1.—MRS. J. C. V. R.
2.—Farm, Bornomansdrift, Ladybrand.
3.—Four children and an orphan in camp. Two sons on commando. Two in Ceylon. One son in Simonstown prison.
4.—Husband a Field Cornet. Still on commando.
5.—She was taken December 21st. Captain Davies told her that some neighbours had laid information against her. It was false, and she believes it was done in spite, because her husband, being Field Cornet, had been obliged to commandeer some of their goods.
Mrs. V. R. had been very kind to British soldiers, and fed many, and they had commandeered much of her stock, etc. In May, 1900, some officers left the following paper with her:

(Copy.)
18th May, 1900.

"To all it may concern.—Sufficient in the eyes of the Colonial Division has been commandeered from Mrs. V. R., and she has been left in charge of her husband's farm, with her children, who have been very civil to us, who slept here last night.

"J. H. LYON, Border Horse.
"H. E. SPRING, Border Horse."

Mrs. V. R. had quarter-hour's notice to leave her house. Three hundred men came along with two cannon. She was allowed neither clothes nor food, saying that could be sent for afterwards. Arrived in Ladybrand; refused to let her send back to the farm for either. She managed to buy a few loaves and some jam. Twenty-four persons were put into one waggon, and they started for Thaba N'chu. At night they slept under the waggon. The 29th December they reached Thaba N'chu; no food had been given on the way. After Thaba N'chu food was given. Reached Bloemfontein Camp Jan. 1st. Not until the 8th was a tent given to her. Slept with her children where and as she could till that day.

Was a wealthy woman. Has now only a trifle of money left, and no clothes or means of any kind.

Captain W. had given her a note of protection, but Captain D. took no notice of it. She has a receipt for six loads of goods taken by Brabant.

Her farm cost £2,560 to build. The house was 70 ft. long and 40 wide, and had thirteen rooms. The roof was taken off, doors, windows, and all woodwork destroyed. Flooring torn up. Piano and organ cut to pieces, best furniture carted into Ladybrand to furnish an officer's house. Seven hundred bags of wheat burnt, large quantities of mealies, 3,000 sheep (17 were German sheep imported, and worth alone £450), 100 horses, with a valuable imported stallion, a new buggy, waggons, cattle, etc., etc. The farm was only 1,800 morgens, but, they had another in Winburg district, where the cattle mostly were.

Her husband (as Field Cornet) had got off free from fighting 11 English-born burghers, who did not want to fight their own race, and he pleaded for them and sent them home safe.

Mrs. V. R. is very quiet and calm. One of her girls, Engela, is chosen to be put to school with Miss Murray in the Institute for six months. The mother is more than grateful. They were rich, now they have nothing but what they stand up in.

A married daughter, Mrs. J. J., of Concordia, Senekal, nursed two wounded British soldiers. One died, and she buried him; one recovered. An officer came and thanked her warmly, and said nothing should happen to her. Next day her house was burnt down, and she and her little ones fled.

1.—MRS. M. M. R.
2.—Village of Bethulie.
3.—Six children, three in camp, one (only sixteen) in Bloemfontein Prison, though never on commando; two married.
4.—Husband surrendered with Prinsloo; instead of going home as promised, sent to Ceylon.
5.—Came in November.
6.—Compelled. Taken prisoner by General G. Went to Smithfield for three months, and on return found everything destroyed. He (the General) said he must have half of everything. Took the best half. Doors kicked open. Woodwork spoilt.

1.—MRS. R.
2.—Lives in town of Phillipolis.
3.—Daughter of fifteen in camp, four sons on commando.
4.—Husband at Greenpoint prison.
5.—Arrived October 27.
6.—Forced to come while ill. Open waggon to Springfontein, then open cattle truck.
7.—Enough to live somehow.
8 and 9.—Knows nothing.
10.—No.
Not much illness, only she and girl unwell off and on. Mrs. R. has slept three months on the ground, and for a mattress, also shoes. An elderly woman, quiet and composed.

1.—MRS. S.
2.—House in Jacobsdal and farm at Koffifontein.
3.—Three daughters in camp, one son on commando.
4.—A widow for fourteen years, so put caretaker on farm and lived in town to educate girls. English occupied Jacobsdal. Her house between barracks and cannon, soldiers all round, no one could pass in or out unseen. October 25 a fight, and English badly shot. Accused her house. Said Dutch were in it. So turned and fired through all the windows and doors till riddled with shot. Then searched and found not a Boer within. So burnt down the house and eighteen others in village that day. First all was smashed. Girls pleaded for dead father's likeness enlarged, but refused. Threatened to shoot Mrs. S. if she pleaded. She was taken and shut up in parsonage, where watched all night. Then, with ten other families, put into the schoolhouse, and only allowed out from four to six daily. No food given, and the other families would have starved if she had not supplied them and herself with her sheep. Colonel J. was head of the troops. Her farm at Koffifontein also burnt. A good, motherly woman of substance, with pleasant, well-mannered girls. "I cannot offer you a chair," she said, "for they are burnt." To illustrate Kaffir impertinence, she said one night while she was in the parsonage a Kaffir came and said General S. had sent to say he was going to burn the house early next morning. They all sat up ready dressed, with things collected, waiting the dawn, and then found the Kaffir was making game of them. Mrs. S. told an officer outside who, instead of whipping the Kaffir, only laughed.

1.—MRS. P. S.
2.—Ramhooge—Bethulie.
3.—Four children in camp, and two orphans.

Three sons in Ceylon.
4.—Husband at Greenpoint, over 60. Never fought, being invalid with bad legs.
5.—In camp since Oct. 19.
6.—Prisoner (but hopes I will not take it amiss if she calls herself so.) She has two farms. Was told Boers had been on the farm one day, and she had not reported it. Said she could not. Her husband was in bed, and she had no man to send. Some time after she drove in with him to the doctor. He was captured, sent off, and she has never seen him since. Family brought in, said for only three days, so only brought one small trunk. Not allowed back, however, and all brought to Bloemfontein. They had food, and were put into a first-class carriage! This was October, when there was not such a rush. Knows nothing of fate of farms.

1.—MRS. S., a German.
2.—Lived at Venterburg Station.
3.—No children.
4.—Husband drank, so they separated four years ago, and he went back to Germany, while she has supported herself in this country.
5.—Since November 15.
6.—Compelled. Was happily and successfully getting a living (having a cow) by selling coffee at Venterburg-road Station. Captain P. commandant there in the station, and very kind to her. She supplied the officers' table with milk. Then Captain B. came too, and was cross that she had barely enough milk to supply another customer. One morning her Kaffir missing, and she had no one to milk her cow, so could supply none. The Captain was angry, and came and threatened to send her away. That was the first time. She trembled inwardly and walked warily. Her little house was almost in the camp, so they could know all her movements. One night she was in bed, and, being poorly, had the lamp still burning, though the window was well covered. Captain B. came, roused her, said she was signalling to the Boers, and threatened to send her away. That was the second time.

One day, soon after, a man called Hewins, who had been some days hanging about the station, was put into her coffee-stall, and took possession of her house and goods; her stove cost £15 alone, and she was brought away to Bloemfontein. It was a bitter blow. She had written to Hewins to pay her for her goods, but no reply. All gone. Wants to go to relations in Germany. Getting old, cannot begin here again. Duringen her home, her husband's father is kind. Could pay most of her journey. Lonely and grieving.

Mrs. S. was permitted to leave, and is now in Germany.
1. — MRS. C. S.
2. — Altona.—Ladybrand, and also a house in the town.
4. — Husband at Greenpoint. Never fought, arrested for sympathies only.
5. — She was living in town for education of the children and her brother on their farm. They said Boers were on the farm, and they went out and burnt it down. The house cost £1,382, and was only completed two years ago. Farm of 5,000 morgens (2 acres), all the wheat burnt.

All of English parentage. Speaks and looks English.

She received half-day’s notice to leave about 10 days ago, February 15. Commissioner came to her house and told her the reason. She had written a letter to a friend, in which she had complained of two neighbours who had sided with the enemy, and given spiteful information about old friends. The sentence was read out to her by officer: “Mr. Van D. and J. Van S. are too big for their boots, and if it had not been for these mean Afrikanders the war would have been over long ago.”

For this she was arrested, and after eight days’ journey brought to Bloemfontein Camp.

Nice woman, but perfectly furious in a quiet way. Well off.

1. — MR. AND MRS. M. S.
3. — Ten children, five have died in camp.
4. — Mr. Stander never fought. Had certificate from Government not fit for commando service.
5. — Arrived Nov. 1st.
6. — Compelled. After month of May, when troops came north, Mr. S. never went from home for fear he should be suspected. British soldiers often passed, and as often he fed them for nothing. In October there was a fight, and the Boers passed along main road, never stopping, closely pursued by English. Next day General H. came with 300 men to burn the house. Their farm had 1,976 morgens, and the house seven large rooms. They had no time to get clothes or food. Some were put into a cart, five or six of them were driven in front of 300 troops to the station, two hours distant. Thirty horses were taken out of a horse-truck, and they were put in. It was not cleaned, and three dead horses lay there. (These were afterwards removed.) Army biscuits were given to them.

Arrived at Bloemfontein, they slept at the station in an open coal-truck, and it rained heavily. They asked for a sail-cloth, but it was refused. Next day entered camp.

1,500 bags of mealies were burned, and neighbours coming later said it took 14 days to consume them. They were still burning.

The S. family is intensely affectionate. Nearly broken-hearted over the five sons and daughters who died within two months. Now the mother is very ill in hospital, and father and daughter got poisoned hands, from which several are suffering.

1. — MRS. E. S.
2. — Lived in town of Philippolis.
3. — Five children.
4. — Widow.
6. — Compelled; no reason given.
7. — No means.
8 and 9. Not so far as she knows.
10. — Nowhere to go if allowed, except home. No boots.

Three of the children got left in Philippolis with strangers.

1. — MRS. T.
2. — Kaffirfontein, District Winburg.
3. — Four children living, 10—5 years.
4. — Husband on commando so far as she knows.
5. — Came in October 9.
6. — Compelled to come. Five days, first in Winburg, not allowed to stay, though had her own house there, and means to live there. None now.
7. — Farm burnt in September.
8 and 9. — Furniture also, Stock confiscated.
10. — In April, Bramant’s Horse and Border Horse passed through, 1,500 strong, and cleared off every bit of forage, and food, and mealies, etc., so had nothing to give Boers if they came. She had money, several hundred pounds, and, instead of burying it, as some do, gave all with papers to Dr. S., of Ventersburg, to keep in his safe, as did many others. Since then he has been arrested. Everything in his house looted. Safe broken, and thousands of pounds taken from it.

Government school on their farm destroyed. Benches, tables burnt.

Since arrival never felt well. One child died of measles, another almost of pneumonia, another inflammation of brain, the rest had measles. All look ill now.

1. — MRS. S.
2. — Dammplaats, Ventersburg, District Winburg.
3. — Seven children, from 11 years to eight months.
4. — Husband in camp. Said he surrendered under Roberts’s first Proclamation, because his wife was sick, to be confined, etc., and something wrong with her. After that never gave Boers anything nor signalled.
5. — Since November.
6. — Compelled to come. Stock taken, 282 sheep, 19 cows, 8 horses. Receipt given him for two horses only. Another promised, but never given.
7. — A few sovereigns with him. Obliged to
use this to buy food now for the children. Will soon be gone.

8 and 9.—Knows nothing. Only 10 minutes given to come away. Put with four other families into a railway van.

10.—No friends to go to, but could manage with bare walls only at home. Begged me to go to England to-morrow, and telegraph next day they might go.

One child in hospital with typhoid.

All are ailing.

Children's clothes badly needed.

1.—MRS. W. S.
2.—Fonteinspruit, District Thaba'nchu.
3.—Two children.
4.—Husband Ceylon.
5.—Arrived November 27.
6.—Compelled to come.
7.—A little money with her.
8 and 9.—Does not know.
10.—Boy had the measles in camp. Only a little clothing.

1.—MR. AND MRS. S.
2.—Poedamoor, Transvaal.
3.—All grown up and gone.

The S.'s are an old crippled couple, aged 75 and 65. He has a twisted leg from rheumatic fever, and she has not walked for 10 years. Cannot even dress herself. They had already been taken from their own farm to that of a neighbour, Mrs. G. When there Lord Methuen's column came along one Sunday and ordered off this helpless couple. They came at sunset one Sunday evening, put these people into a waggon, where they sat all night, and were driven off at dawn next morning. 120 people were swept up from that part, and of these only two were men—her husband (75) and a lad of 15.

At Vryburg they were kept three weeks, and then brought to Kimberley Camp in spite of entreaties that they might stay in a Vryburg house. She was sore and bruised with the rough travelling. Arrived in Kimberley cold, tired, and hungry. No tent for them; no food. A poor woman, with 6 small children in a bell tent, took in the helpless pair, and there they still are. A lady of the Dutch Committee came and wrapped the old woman in a blanket, and gave her food. So they are 9 in the hot little tent, with one bed, and the rest on the ground. They are miserable.

1.—MRS. T. AND HUSBAND, AND FATHER-IN-LAW, MR. PIETER T.
2.—Verona, Bechuanaland.
3.—Three children, with whooping cough.
4.—Husband in Vryburg prison. Surrendered under first proclamation. Lived quietly. Two months since arrested.

Mr. Pieter T. never fought. He is 72, and always a loyal resident of Bechuanaland.

One day he saw afar the flying column of the General who relieved Mafeking. Fearing for his daughter's house a mile distant, he went there to lock it up. Returning, he found troops in possession of his own house and looting everything. They refused to let him in, and he saw they had found his cash-box, and begged for it; but they laughed, and divided it amongst themselves. His wife, aged 67, and daughter, with two children, were in the garden. The soldiers put one child in the arms of each and drove them in front of them to the next farm. They burnt the house. They harrassed the waggon, and putting the old man at the head of the team to urge the oxen, set out for Vryburg. Then they took him on to Bulawayo, and then back to Vryburg, where they put him in prison last May, and there he is to-day.

He has had no kind of trial, and no reason was ever given for this treatment.

One of his sons—long since married and a burgher of the Transvaal—is with Kruger in Holland, and they wonder if that is why the father is punished.

1.—H. G. T. AND WIFE.
2.—Lived at Ventersburg, Winburg.
3.—Wife and four children.
4 and 5.—In Camp since September. Wife came in October.
6.—Compelled. Is a Colonial, of English parentage, but had lived 10 years in Free State, so a burgher, and bound to fight. Married a Dutch woman. Colonial brothers fighting the other side. Went home from commando sick. Very good-looking, clever man. Had just built a house of seven rooms, and had ploughed and sowed, and had built up a little contract business. House burnt. Everything destroyed.

Not a cent in the world.

Baby of 16 months died in Camp.

Only boy of 4 emaciated.

1.—MRS. F. DU T.
2.—Ventershoek, Winburg.
3.—Two children.
4.—Husband in Camp, too.
5.—Arrived Nov. 27.
6.—Compelled to come; no reason given.
7.—No means.
8.—House not burnt when left.
9.—Furniture broken.
10.—Could, if allowed, go to J. de Beer, Riet-

One child; bad eyes.

Very few clothes.

1.—MRS. D. T. AND DAUGHTERS.
2.—Village of Petrusburg.
3.—Three children, unmarried.
4.—Father retired farmer, aged 58; never on commando, always in the municipality helping poor, etc. Not in camp—whereabouts unknown.

The Tuesday before Feb. 1st Mr. D. T. went
out to a distant farm of his to bring in his
lad of 14. While absent the English came, Feb. 1st. They made a fire in Mrs. Du T.'s
yard, and, having smashed up things, burnt all
the food and soap. Then two hours were given
to put all they wanted on wagons. They
packed clothes and money and placed in waggon.
£600 was in a case securely placed in a bundle
of clothes. As the wagons got full in the trek,
which lasted four days, the clothes and boxes
were thrown of by Colonel C.'s order—all
of theirs was thus lost, including the £600.
They went to the Colonel and complained, and
he said he thought they were Kafirs' things.
All is lost. Their farms swept of stock, even
six cows they had in town. The four days'
trek had only hard biscuits, except the Sunday,
then bully beef was given.

Know nothing of the father and his lad. I
gave Miss D. T. a new pair of boots and a skirt.

1. — Two sisters—MISSES U.
2. — Town of Brandford.
3. — No little sisters or children with them.
4. — Father never fought; is 66. Now pri-
isoner at Greenpoint.
5. — Since Nov. 28.
6. — Forced to come here. No reason given.
    Had to hire to come out and pay themselves.
7. — No money to get home, but once there
    could live.
8 and 9. — Know nothing.
10. — Married sisters left at home.
    Their health poor; constant acute neuralgia
    and dysentery. At home slight neuralgia, but
    never dysentery.
    Their father had a butcher's business. Can
    find no reason for their arrest unless it were
    some man had a spite against them.
    Since arrival in Camp have earned a trifle by
    sewing for others, and so kept themselves in
    clothes.
    Evidently very delicate girls—with sweet
    faces and gentle manners. Like very superior
dressmakers.

1. — MRS. H. J. V.
3. — Three children and one adopted boy.
4. — Husband died in hospital, Bloemfontein,
    Jan. 1901.
6. — Was told to be ready to come south with
    food and cattle; latter left at Zand River, and
    not heard of since.
7. — No means.
8. — House burnt.
9. — Ditto.
10. — If released, could go to father-in-law
    (also in camp). Husband died of fever.

1. — MRS. A. S. V.
3. — Five children; eldest nine, baby 15 days
    when came.
4. — Husband now at Greenpoint.
5. — Since Nov. 26.
6. — Compelled—50 men went out to take her
    just after confinement. False information given
    by a neighbour, a half-breed called S. Her
    husband, being sickly, was on the farm, and
    had complied with rules by sending in report
    that Boers were on the farm. But no use; he
    was arrested.
    She not fit to travel—put in a van on line and
    kept there all night. Journey 24 hours, instead of
    5½. No food given. Took a little bread with her.
7. — No money.
8. — Does not know.
9. — Furniture destroyed. Fowls ...ed—
everything—30 cattle, 936 sheep, 50 horses—
    all gone. Captain H. promised receipt; gave
    none.
10. — No friends in Colony.
    One child diarrhoea, one bad chest. Herself
    sick more than a month after arrival. All look
    ill. No soap. Very poor and worn and ill.

1. — MRS. W.
2. — Farm Serano, Thaba Nchu.
3. — One small child.
4. — Husband in Camp also. Always been
    sickly, and so never fought. Brought here five
    months ago. No reason.
5. — She arrived January 17th.
6. — After husband had been here five months
    she asked to come to this Camp to join him.
7. — No means, nothing. Has friends, but
    could not live on them.
8. — Burnt, and eight houses on the farm
    besides.
9. — All destroyed, trees uprooted. But for
    this could have gone home and lived somehow.
10. — No.
    Paid her own fare all the way to camp. Very
    young, and poor, and sad. Very respectable
    and tidy.
    Needs a gown and shoes for child.

1. — MRS. W.
2. — Siberia. District, Kroonstadt.
3. — Two small children.
4. — Husband on commando. For many
    months she has heard nothing of him; may be
    dead, wounded, prisoner, or still fighting.
5. — In Camp since February 5th.
6. — Prisoners. Officer came in the morning
    and asked if she would like to come under
    British protection. She said, No; would rather
    remain at home, where she had plenty. He
    said he would not press her, and went away.
    In the afternoon came again with soldiers, and
    gave her ten minutes to be ready. She expostu-
    lated after what had passed in the morning.
    He got cross, and smacked his whip, and in a
    minute the house was full of troops, who took
    many things. All her corn and meal were
    burnt. Has no tidings of her house. Stock
    all taken. She was taken to the soldiers' Camp
    in ox waggons. It is three hours' journey to
    Kopje Siding, and it took them five days with
rain. Then in open truck to Springfontein, and two nights' rain. A pretty, gentle young woman, speaking good English.

MR. AND MRS. G. W.

Lived at De Wet's Kraal, Rouxville, but have four or five farms. Evidently very well off, and a very nice woman. Six children, five of whom are in camp; the eldest, a lad of seventeen, the British said they would take under their protection, but they protected him badly, for the boy, angry that his people were all taken prisoners, escaped and joined the Boers.

Mr. G. W. had fought for ten months. Then he got fever, and was therefore sick in hospital at the time of Prinsloo's surrender. Coming out of hospital, he went home and took the oath of neutrality. He was allowed passes to go from one to the other of his farms, but had not used the same.

In November a commando suddenly appeared on the farm. They had with them two wounded men. Her husband was away from home helping a neighbour about some sheep at another farm. She had not the remotest idea the Boers were coming. They asked her to take in the two wounded men. She gave them all a meal, as they demanded it. Numbers of times she has fed crowds of British soldiers, and has treated both the same. Mrs. W. says she always believed, in common with her countrywomen, that it was actual duty and law to take in wounded men of either army. She would equally that clay have taken in British wounded.

Had often done so.

She was sending a man to report the presence of Boers on her farm when the Boers stopped her saying if she did they must shoot the messenger. They said they were going to report themselves by attacking the British near by, and went and did so.

Twenty days afterwards, November 27th, Lieut. A. was sent, with fifty men, to seize herself and her husband. Reason given was that a commando had been there and two wounded taken in.

They were taken to Rouxville, where they were kept seven days, he in prison, she in a house. Then the children were brought, and she was sent with them to Bloemfontein Camp. Later Mr. G. W. was also sent to Bloemfontein and lodged in prison pending his sentence. He had been tried at Rouxville (or Aliwal), and, after the lapse of two months, has been sentenced here on the strenth of the papers sent from the other town. He has been given two years' imprisonment, with hard labour, and is now working as a convict in Bloemfontein; while his nice wife and five children inhabit one tiny corrugated iron room in the Camp. All but one sleep on the floor.

Mr. W. was sentenced on native evidence alone, supported by English soldiers. No witnesses were called on his side, neither the white Bywoner (who came into the town) nor any of the family.

Two men and one woman, Kaffir, were the witnesses, and people round all said they had been bribed.

Mrs. W. says her husband never broke his oath of neutrality.

P. D. W.

Aged 73. Has epileptic fits.

Never on commando; but now at Greenpoint. His old wife begs me daily with tears to get him released. She follows me, wailing, "He is old, he is sick, he never fought. Bring him back to me."

It is astonishing how many there are in the prisons who never fought, and who are boys or quite old men!

1. MRS. W.


3.—Five children; two down with fever.

4.—Husband was teacher in Government School, in prison Greenpoint. Taken Oct. 11.

5.—In camp since Dec. 20.

6.—Most unwillingly. No reason given. Fled from home first to a cottage, then to father's house, Mr. C., minister of Reddersburg. Brought in an ambulance wagon to Edenburg, thence by cattle truck to Bloemfontein.

7.—Could manage to live with old mother.

8.—No.

9.—Does not know.

10.—With mother in Reddersburg. Children never well since arrival, dysentery and diarrhoea. Never had these complaints before.

Two children now with typhoid.

Mrs. W. herself suffered in her liver since arrival.

A young, nice-looking, neat woman, speaking pretty English.

MISS V.

1.—

2.—Townswoman of Brandford.

3.—

4.—Her father left at home. He never fought.

5.—Since Nov. 28.

6.—Forced away from a comfortable home. No reason given her. When arrested, had not even seen a Boer for eight months.

7.—Could live if sent home.

8.—No.

9.—Cows, calves, etc., all taken.

10.—Could go to sister in Newlands, Cape-town, who is married to a Cornishman, Mr. R. Oats.

Since arrival had dysentery, also continual headache and lassitude. Never had dysentery at home. Was very strong.

Needs a petticoat and underclothes. Miss V., a very respectable young girl, felt keenly the indignity of being driven through the town with six guards, with bayonets, behind her, having to carry her parcels, and continually urged to go faster.
APPENDIX B.

APPLICATIONS FOR RELEASE, &c.

In the course of her visits to the camps, and her correspondence, Miss Hobhouse naturally received a large number of applications for release. In the earlier period of her visit, she found that some very few were able to get away from the camp, and she was fortunately able to give them some assistance in doing so. One of these cases was that of a Free State lady and her four children, who were allowed to go to friends in the Colony in February. Another was that of a German widow, who was allowed to return to her friends in Germany. Miss Hobhouse helped this lady to send in her application, and gave her some money towards her journey.

The professed policy of the authorities at Bloemfontein in the month of February, as far as Miss Hobhouse could judge from their utterances, was to lease those women and children who had friends in Cape Colony ready to receive them, and had no grown man in the party within the camp. Miss Hobhouse accordingly obtained and forwarded to the authorities certain applications from such cases.

The authorities gave no pledges, but promised to consider each on its individual merits. But as no favourable reply was received, the applications fell off. At Kimberley Miss Hobhouse met with some success in getting permission for a few women "prisoners" of war to leave the town of Kimberley for the south of Cape Colony.

The following applications, handed to Miss Hobhouse at Bloemfontein, have hitherto met with no success:

(Copy.)

MAJOR WRIGHT (Commandant),

We, the undersigned, respectfully wish to address you with the following request:

I. As we are separated from our husbands, and thus left without help, it is impossible, in the circumstances in which we are placed, to live.

II. On account of carelessness, bad management, and ill-treatment, it is now the second time that we are drenched through and through by rain, which caused our children, already sick with measles, whooping cough, and fever, to become dangerously ill.

III. Being without money, it is impossible for us to provide or obtain soap, candles, or other necessaries. It is now almost three weeks that most of us have been unable to do any washing. It is more than we can stand to be satisfied under all this. These are our griefs. This our humble request is—to look into our case with all reasonableness, and to have compassion on our position, and to give us our liberty by allowing us to return to our respective homes.

We hope and trust that you will take our humble request in favourable consideration, and meet us in this our request as soon as possible.

We are, dear Sir,

Your humble Servants—

A. S. EARLE.  A. S. EAFLE.  J. M. HORAK.  A. J. BRITS.
ANNIE EARLE.  C. E. LOUW.  J. M. COMBRINCK.  R. DU TOIT.
C. T. DU TOIT.  R. BRITZ.  J. M. DE KLERK.  A. J. BRITS.
S. BOTHA.  C. ROODT.  M. DE KLERK.  A. SERFONTEIN.
E. BOTHA.  C. DU TOIT.  A. SERFONTEIN.  H. BRITS.
M. BRITZ.  HERMINA VAN BRED.  M. BRITZ.  A. SERFONTEIN.
M. J. ROODT.  R. H. HORAK.  E. M. ROODT.  A. C. COMBRINCK.
M. COORST.  M. COORST.  A. C. COMBRINCK.  A. PIENAAR.
J. HORAK.  A. PIENAAR.  S. DU TOIT.  A. PIENAAR.
M. BOTHA.  A. PIENAAR.  J. C. MATTHEE.  J. C. MATTHEE.
J. M. HORAK.  C. HERBST.  M. J. ROODT.  C. HERBST.
C. ROODT.  J. M. BRITZ.  C. ROODT.  M. BRITZ.
A. S. EAFLE.  A. S. EAFLE.  C. E. LOUW.  A. S. EAFLE.
J. M. BRITZ.  J. M. BRITZ.  M. COMBRINCK.  S. DU TOIT.
A. C. COMBRINCK.  S. DU TOIT.  A. C. COMBRINCK.  A. PIENAAR.
J. C. MATTHEE.  A. PIENAAR.  A. S. EAFLE.  J. M. HORAK.
M. COMBRINCK.  M. COMBRINCK.  S. DU TOIT.  A. PIENAAR.
S. BRITZ.  S. BRITZ.  J. M. ROODT.  M. COMBRINCK.
M. BRITZ.  M. BRITZ.  A. S. EAFLE.  J. M. HORAK.
C. HERBST.  C. HERBST.  A. S. EAFLE.  J. M. HORAK.

P.S.—Major Commandant and others in authority,—With God there is mercy. Is there, then, no mercy with you for us poor innocent women and children? Our request is to allow us to leave the 10th March, 1901.
Refugee Camp, Bloemfontein, April 25, 1901.
To the Military Governor of Bloemfontein.

Dear Sir,—I have been here for the last five months. I wish to ask you if you will please allow me to proceed to the Colony (Piquetberg) to live with my father.

My husband, J. M. Brink, is not a fighting man, but has been in the ambulance for the last 15 months. Whether he is alive or not I cannot tell.

I have three children—having lost the fourth in camp—and I have no means to provide for them. If you could grant me a free pass I shall be very pleased; if it be against the rules my father is willing to pay my railway expenses. Both my parents and myself are British subjects, born in the Colony.

The camp life has effected my health very much lately, and I shall, therefore, be very grateful to you if you will grant my request.

Hoping to receive a favourable reply,

I am, dear Sir, yours,
BEATRIX BRINK.

Mrs. J. M. Brink, Refugee Camp, Bloemfontein.

(Copy.)

Refugee Camp, Bloemfontein, 26th April, 1901.
To the Deputy Administrator, Bloemfontein, O.R.C.

Honourable Sir,—I hope you'll kindly excuse me taking the liberty of appealing to you. I hereby humbly beg you to grant me and my two girls the request of proceeding to Worcester, Cape Colony, to my brother-in-law, N. J. van Biljoen, who has offered to pay all my expenses down. I intend leaving for good.

My husband surrendered in July; was sent to Ceylon, where he is now prisoner of war (ages sixteen to eight), one in Ceylon. 4. — Husband on parole at Durban at his own expense.

2. — Husband on parole at Durban at his own expense.

3. — One at school in Colney, five in camp (ages sixteen to eight), one in Ceylon.

4. — Husband on parole at Durban at his own expense.

5. — The camp since November 14.

6. — Sent away by force because the town was cleared; came with second convoy.

7. — Some slight means left, nothing coming in.

8. — Knows nothing of house.

9. — Goods wantonly destroyed, £60 worth silver stolen.

10. — Sisters in Cape Colony would receive them.

Since arrival two daughters had dysentery, she herself had inflammation of kidney after rain (caught cold). Now child of eight down with fever and dysentery. Never had these illnesses before. Wants bedding, child's dress, boots and shoes, underclothes. Mrs. Botha is always cheerful and helpful. She comes of an old Capetown family, and so hates the camp life. She wishes as each one dies it was herself.

(RATIONS.)

When Miss Hobhouse first went up to the camp at Bloemfontein the system of half rations to prisoners whose relations were still on commando was in force. It was abolished on February 27th in consequence of a question asked in Parliament on February 26th.

The Rations now stand for O.R.C. Camps.

Meat, 4 lb. (including fat and bone).
Flour, 4 lb.
Sugar, 2 oz.
Coffee, 2 oz.
Salt, 4 oz.
Occasional tin of condensed milk.
Unfortunately the weight often falls short, and at times the supply does not go round. The meat is sometimes maggoty, and the coffee much adulterated.

With this diet, added to the fact of the intense heat of the tents, and the use, which then prevailed, of unboiled Modder River water, it can scarcely be wondered that Miss Hobhouse found the children drooping and lying languid and sick in every tent. Nor is it astonishing that many of these children have since died.

NOTE.

Though few names are printed in these pages, the individual name is in each case known to the Committee. Miss Hobhouse cannot, of course, hold herself absolutely responsible for the truth of any given statement, but believes all here written to be the simple facts of a very terrible time, told simply and without exaggeration by each in turn. It appeared to the Committee that such records, slender though they be, would prove of interest to the subscribers and to a large number of the public.
APPENDIX C.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES AS WRITTEN BY WOMEN IN THE CAMPS.

In this Appendix it may be useful to set forth certain narratives which Miss Hobhouse received in the course of her stay in South Africa. It will be best to publish them precisely as they were received, without any attempt to make any alterations in the style. There is no need to apologise for the roughness of the composition.

NARRATIVE I.

"We were awakened on the 7th of February by the roar of the cannon. We got up and hastily dressed ourselves. We were very frightened. The firing sounded so very near. We could not imagine what it meant, as there was no Boer commando close by. We sat down to our early breakfast, but the food remained untouched. I could not do anything, but wandered aimlessly about, thinking of the dear ones of whom we know absolutely nothing. On going out I saw black objects on the hills. Running back hastily, I fetched the telescope, and to my horror saw that they were horsemen coming nearer every minute. Ah! how my heart throbbed with pain as I went in to break the news to my poor delicate mother. Many of our neighbours' houses were burned down months ago, while some of the women and children were left upon the open veldt, and others were taken prisoners. We were until then left undisturbed, but I instinctively felt, when I saw horsemen coming nearer, that our turn had come at last. About half an hour later a number of horsemen, accompanied by a small waggon drawn by mules, came up to the house. Their corporal came to the front door, while the troopers stormed in at every door. I went to the corporal. But, oh! how cruelly his words pierced my heart! His greeting was: "I've come for you. Be ready to start in about 15 minutes." I pleaded and begged to be left at home. I told him to take everything and burn the house, but leave us there; but all in vain. His answer was, "If you don't come, I'll let the men put you in the waggon." Then all was confusion. I was so excited that I did not know what to do. Mamma stood with her baby, who is two months old. The troopers took three or four boxes, placed it in the waggon; then they took two beds and pillows, and two blankets, which were also taken to the waggon. Then came the cruel order to get on the waggon. I could have fainted as I looked at my poor mother staggering towards the waggon, weeping loudly and saying that she cannot go with her enemy, leaving her husband and children behind, for papa and four brothers, 21, 18, 16, and 14 years old, are all on commando; while two little boys, 10 and 12 years old, ran away when the troopers were in the house. Oh! what a sight met us as we came out of the house. The poultry were killed, flowers and plants pulled out of the pots; while the whole place was white with feathers, the beds and pillows being cut open. Then we began to move away, leaving our dear old large comfortable house behind, where we had everything we needed—good bread and meat, vegetables of any kind, fruit in abundance, daily two large buckets of milk, and at least four or five pounds of good butter. We came on the camping-place about 10 o'clock in the morning, and left at three in the afternoon. We could see our house from the camp. It was, indeed, painful to see smoke of the burning farm and furniture, which were carried out of the house. Kopje's Siding is only 3½ hours from our place, and we only came there after having spent five days in the ox-waggons. In our waggon were four families, with their luggage; while many other waggons contained more people, the families being larger. We could hardly sit during the day, so it can well be imagined how the nights were spent. One night it rained very much. About ten o'clock in the night we were all wet through and through. The last I had was a dry skirt, which I placed round mama to protect the baby. Oh! can we ever forget that night? We were all tired to death when we came to Kopje's. There we stopped a few days, and then came the worst part of all. On a Wednesday afternoon we were packed in open coal trucks. In our truck were 70 people; half the number had to stand. The first evening at Kroonstadt, about half the number were removed. Still there was no chance of sleeping, as our luggage was on the same truck. We remained in the trucks from Wednesday till Friday afternoon. We were nearly burned to death when we arrived at Springfontein. It was most painful to see all the skins come off the arms of the girls and women, who had on thin blouses. I really do not want the English to think well of us or treat us kindly, but I was astonished to see that the civilized English people could allow the Kaffirs to treat us as they did. At every station or siding the Kaffirs came streaming towards the
train, screaming loudly, and greeting us with "Good-bye, darling," and other shameful words; while the troopers joined heartily in the laughter. Oh! I sometimes felt really inclined to take my own life. The only thought that kept me back was that Christ, our King, the Holy Son of God, suffered more, and why cannot a great sinner suffer a little?

PHILLIPINE.

NARRATIVE II.

Madam,—I herewith beg to comply with your request in giving you a short detail of my experience and treatment by the enemy during the war. I can only give you the principal facts. On the 3rd October, 1899, my husband, "Field-Cornet," left me for the front with £1, the only cash we had then. The 15th February, 1900, the enemy entered Jacobsdal, the village where I am residing, and took possession of the same. A few days afterwards everything I had was taken from me, such as oxen, cows, calves, sheep, goats, and horses. I was left destitute. On the 25th October, 1900, an engagement took place between our people and the enemy, which lasted to four o'clock in the afternoon. The Boers then retreating, the enemy then burnt my house down, with all my furniture, and everything belonging to me in the house. They would not allow me to take out anything. I begged of the enemy to spare me such, but of no avail. The house contained seven rooms, and every one furnished. On the 16th November I with my five children were then arrested and placed in prison, where I had to provide for me and children. On the 28th of the same month we were then released. In February, 1901, the Commandant then offered me his assistance to fetch my husband from the commando, and to persuade him to lay down his arms, with the promise to rebuild my house and furnish the same, and give us money, etc., etc., which I refused, whereupon I was threatened to be sent away, which alternative I accepted. I with my five children were then sent to Kimberley Camp on the 13th February, 1901.

J. H. E.

Newton Camp, Kimberley, March 16, 1901.

NARRATIVE III.

THE BURNING OF A VILLAGE IN O. F. S.

Early on Tuesday morning we were awakened by cannon and rifle firing. About seven o'clock they ceased firing. All the men were then ordered to appear at the court-house. There the officer told them to go out to the camp to see the General, assuring them that they will be back at their homes by 12 o'clock. Amongst them was a lame old man of 70 years, who had been wheeled about and fed like a child, being quite helpless, for the last six years. The men, including the lame old man, never returned to their homes, but were sent away as prisoners of war to Greenpoint, Ceylon, and St. Helena. All these men had taken the oath of neutrality last May, 1900. We poor women sufferers will never forget the next day. Early that morning we were informed that the General had orders from Lord Roberts to burn down the village. Half of the Boer women received orders at 1 o'clock to be ready on the market square at 2 o'clock, also telling us not to take too many things with us. If we did take too much, will not be allowed to take anything. It was dreadful to see how they destroyed the houses—breaking up floors (even the floor of the Dutch Reformed Church was broken up for firewood), breaking out doors and windows, pulling down verandahs, saying they require these things for fuel. Everywhere one could see them stealing and taking everything they could lay their hands on, even taking the small bundle the poor woman thought of taking with her. Having taken our everything, even this they took from us. Wherever one looks misery is to be seen. It was heart rendering [sic] to see how they ill-treat the animals—driving cows and leaving the young calves behind. When we asked them, for pity's sake, to take the poor calves with them, they said the calves were only a nuisance to them. All the provisions were taken away, and they said the women who remained behind could be supplied with food by the fighting Boers on commando. That same night they started burning the village. Two o'clock we were all present on the market square, and put on open bullock waggons and sent on to the station. We arrived at the station, and had to remain there for the night, sleeping in the open veldt—the wind blowing very strong. Next morning we were all put in dirty cattle trucks; we were packed in like sardines, and sent to Bloemfontein. When we reached Bloemfontein they had roll call to see whether we were all there. One little baby being sick, the corporal gave permission to the mother to consult a doctor, but that one of the soldiers had to go with her. She went to the doctor, the soldier with a fixed bayonet at her heels. When she asked the doctor for medicine for the sick baby, he answered her in a very impudent manner, saying, "You must go to another doctor; I am here only for military purposes." Then she went to the Staff Officer to ask him to allow her to go to an hotel or boarding house, for the night with her baby. She went to the doctor, the soldier with a fixed bayonet at her heels. When she asked the doctor for medicine for the sick baby, he answered her in a very impudent manner, saying, "You must go to another doctor; I am here only for military purposes." Then she went to the Staff Officer to ask him to allow her to go to an hotel or boarding house, for the night with her baby. Not answering her, he turned to the soldier and asked him who this lady was. The soldier said, "A prisoner, sir!" The officer said she, being a prisoner, could not go to an hotel or boarding house, but must go to the camp. She went to another officer and asked him whether he could not do anything for her. So he went and got her a permit, but a guard had to be sent with her, and had to report her every hour.
NARRATIVE IV.

I have just heard, from good authority, that my grandfather, who is ninety-seven years, and my grandmother, ninety-one years, were taken as prisoners to Kroonstad camp, and their house (near Senekal) burnt. They had no opportunity of taking anything with them, and had it not been for the kindness of a "Boer" lady in Kroonstad, who sent them her bedstead and mattress, they would have had to sleep on the bare ground. Both died, after being prisoners a week in camp. As far as I can find out, they died of misery, sorrow, and ill-treatment.

May 14, 1900.

On the 14th of May I went to my neighbours with Lord Robert's Proclamation, and said to each, "Read this Proclamation. If you live on your farm, no harm will be done to you. So trust to what I say."

But what was the result?

The first column that came, with which Captain B. was, took from all those who had remained in their homes all they had of cattle and horses. I had ten little calves and forty-two big cattle in my kraal. I was left without.

I did all I could to get some of these back. Mr. G. lent me £1. Lord Roberts's Proclamation, and said to me, "If you live on your farm, no harm will be done to you."

I paid the pass to the Major, in an un­friendly way, said: "In five minutes you must be on the open buck-waggon in the sun. Mrs. Combrink was told to be ready in five minutes; she took her bed, bath, and two chairs. Then a Kaffir put the two chairs on the waggon; she was thankful, but he said it was for himself. In the evening the Kaffir came and took Mrs. Combrink's chair from under her, and broke it in pieces to make a fire of. He also took the second chair, but her sister bought it from him for 2s. Before Mrs. Combrink left they packed all her household goods upon her cart, and put it on fire before her eyes.

In the evening we four mothers of families sat under the waggon, without food, wet through by rain. We had to sit up the whole night. At 4.30 we had to get on the open waggon again. Monday morning we reached the train and the Camp at Fourteen Streams. We had no food that day; the following morning a few biscuits, coffee, and sugar. When we got to Warrenton it was better. I believe we were taken to Kimberley Camp because the burghers had taken my son-in-law. I brought it before the justice of the General that I had told Captain G. I was not responsible for my son-in-law. . . I told the Captain over and over again I am not answerable for Mr. S., my son-in-law. He said, "Yes, you are." I requested if I might stay by my husband's grave in my garden, which I and my two daughters had cultivated, and which was doing well, and we could have lived out of it.

The Captain agreed, but Kitchener's orders were we women must all be removed, or the Boers would not give in.

Mrs. Combrink, who had been a widow for 18 years, was held responsible for her son, a man of 50 years, who was fighting. She had everything taken from her—she had not even a dress. Everything was also taken from me. I have still two children, who it is very necessary should be at school.

It is dreadful how the armed Kaffirs teased us on the farm when my lands were destroyed by troops and Kaffirs.

In September I had a letter from my son from Derdepoort, where they had Kaffirs fighting against us, with white officers. Isn't it dreadful for the great British nation—isn't it terrible?—and old people who were never in a fight seized and put on a waggon—everything taken from them—put on a bare truck and taken to Kimberley.

(The writer of the above is a widow, and born a British subject of the Colony. Her husband was an Englishman born in Chelsea.)