

isolated in the interior of Africa, gives the Dutchman no anxiety; his self-confidence as a child of the Lord to control the heathen just suits him. Though far away from the sea, he knows the trader will follow him up, and that his coffee, sugar, shot, bullet and guns will be sure. The love of adventure and change will always take the trader into the interior, and he there will find the wild man, who will have some of the wild game, skins, feathers, etc., to exchange for their civilised products, and thus he can settle down, have his Sunday meetings with hymns and exhortations from a stone in the field or from a wagon, satisfied that he is the Lord's appointed to crush out the heathen, and the one to fill the earth, as he conceives it, with the knowledge of righteousness for the white man. No knowledge is to be given to the black man; he is to be subdued, and, as the heathen, only fit to be appointed as a drawer of water and hewer of wood to him, the white man. Thus, having taken possession of the land, the black man, and all that is to be found upon it, the land-fathers arrange for the distribution of the same. The older members, who are not equal to any more risk, take their ride for so many hours, and claim the land they have ridden over as their future farm, name the same, and locate themselves ever after, and at their death it is sold and divided, as agreed. The young boy and girl-slaves told off to live upon such farms are expected to help in all matters to make things comfortable, and even to assist in defending their masters from what they term their wilder savage brethren, who now and then attack isolated farms. For the first few months they are content with small hartebeest houses, in the shape of our English roof—A, with a small door of egress or outlet, and until their flocks increase, and as they find their stock improve, and their garden and corn lands are in order, they live on for years in contentment and quietness. This house answers all their wants, until, having stock to dispose of, they contemplate a brick house; and when some itinerant mason accidentally calls and is prepared to build them a house for his food and cattle, in barter for his labour and material, they build. As time passes on some favourable

spot is chosen for a township, on which a church can be erected, and upon the erf the farmer can build his little house to live in when he goes to the church, and thus the township grows into existence, and enlarges itself in proportion to the lay of the country, and the richness of the surrounding farms. For years it may be that each township has only the proportions of a country village with its little house of accommodation, the centre of the market square for their church, the traders' stores all round, and then they feel they belong to the world of civilisation, and they make some day of rejoicing at their church as a red-letter day to the Lord, for having brought them so far on their earthly pilgrimage, with the certainty of living in some heavenly Zion, as promised to the old people of the Lord in Canaan, and then with all these surroundings, they feel that the Lord has indeed given the heathen into their hands, as their bondsmen and bondswomen, and the earth as an habitation, and then shout:—"O praise ye the Lord, bless His Holy Name, for His mercy will endure for ever to them that love and fear Him. The sea is in the hollow of His hands, and the cattle on a thousand hills are His also," but for the time lent to the Dutchman.

This is a short but true history of the past and present condition of things in the Free State and Transvaal, and is repeated time after time to the old dwellers of the Cape of Good Hope. Now, under all these conditions varied from time to time, no one can wonder that the natives and white people are at hatred one with another, and that a constant feud is kept up. The uncouth or wild Dutchman finds that he can—and he has been known to—shoot natives down in cold blood, simply because they were natives.

In one prominent case, some years ago in Natal, a Dutchman, who was hanged for this crime, would not have been found out if the English had not objected to bury them without an inquiry. We have other young parties of the Dutch people moving on to repeat the same process in Stellaland, and found a new Republic not based on the equality of man, but on the assumption that the earth is the Lord's for the Lord's people, and they being the undoubted tribe of whom Jehovah has sworn that their seed shall cover the

earth as the sand of the seashore, and believing that He is their God, that cannot lie to them, they take possession of the interior and the people, and, in full confidence that they are the children of Jehovah, are ever on the "go"; but even this system must have its limits in South Africa. Climatic influence and the Thetze Fly will not allow them, with cattle, to go beyond certain well-defined positions, so that they will at last have to confine themselves within a circumscribed area, as I will fully explain when I give, as I intend, a small history of the Transvaal, past, present, and to come, as, after many opportunities of enquiry and watching, I conceived it to be—with a full hope that I shall only give the truth, so that it may lead on to a higher civilisation, both for *black* and *white*, and for the well-being of the inhabitants of South Africa, under one, and that the English flag, to the satisfaction of all, for all time.

S T E L L A L A N D.

" Mamusa, Massouw's Chief Town,

" 24th March, 1884.

*" To the Hon. Captain Graham Bower, R.M., Special Commissioner
for Bechuanaland, Mamusa, Massouw's Territory.*

" HONORABLE SIR,—As the representative of the British Government, now travelling in our territory for enquiry, and in compliance no doubt with the petition of the 30th of Nov., 1883, to the Secretary of State for the Colonies (the Earl of Derby), we take the liberty of addressing you, as we cannot entertain any doubt that you this time have been authorised also to accept from us our own explanations, which have been hitherto refused to us—unfortunate, overlooked, and unprotected tribe—who were allowed to be attacked and murdered, robbed, and their kraals burnt down by Mankoroane (the Batlapin Chief of Taungs) immediately we were left outside the boundary of the Transvaal Republic, who was then cautioned and bound down to give us no protection, and we

were only saved from utter annihilation and death by following the example given us by Mankoroane—our aggressor—in calling in also on our side white volunteers when all other help had been withheld from us.

“ Our hereditary rights to this territory (now called Bechuanaland) we were not allowed to establish at the Bloemhof Court of Arbitration, where we were positively refused to be admitted to become parties to the Deed of Submission. But now *our rights* have been legalised and confirmed by the right of *conquest*, fairly in defending our children, lives and property. In proof of which our Treaty of Peace, made and signed at Taungs on the 26th of July, 1882, and held back there by us from doing us further harm until the date of the peace agreement; and then we were officially assured through the Colonial Office that our independence as native Chiefs outside the Transvaal boundary was fully recognised by Her Majesty's Government, and that not even the High Commissioner had a right to interfere with our lands or settlements. In ratification of the treaty here referred to, the decision-line was beaconsed off in December, 1882, and proclaimed by us on the 16th of January, 1883, which we shall uphold; and thereby more than sufficient ground was allotted for the use of the Batlapin people on their side of the line, out of which portion Mankoroane is now selling and in other ways making away with farms to white people, for which neither he nor his people could have any positive use.

“ Mankoroane's white volunteers were allowed to get their pay in farms, together with our own volunteers, out of that portion of the territory falling on our side of the line, and, furthermore, I ordered proper locations for the absolute use of the Mahura branch of the Batlapin people to be beaconsed off within and near the centre of the country now known as Stellaland, where they have been sowing and ploughing, and undisturbed, enjoyed themselves under the protecting care of the Stellaland Government for the last two seasons. We would further state that in upholding that peace, and in the fulfilment of other honourable agreements between us and Mankoroane, we have, with the help of our volunteers assisted Mankoroane and his people to find and get back

from amongst my subjects any cattle and other stock stolen by them from the Batlapins after the conclusion of the war, and that was done openly in March, 1883.

“Now, most honourable Sir, notwithstanding all these advantages given by us to Mankoroane, and the fulfilment of the Treaty of Peace and other agreements here referred to, Mankoroane has not as yet paid back to us our expenses incurred during the thirty-four days' armistice granted to him which he promised, was held responsible for, and did bind himself in writing; nor has he assisted us, or sent back to us, as we have done, our cattle and horses stolen from us by his subjects after the peace, although repeatedly asked for; but cattle and horse stealing was continued from the side of Mankoroane, and traced to his stations or Taungs. Little or no redress was obtained from him. On the contrary, he allowed his son Molali, with his people, to cross, armed, into our line, where he forcibly, and without our leave, took possession of Monalaring and Morokane, in October, 1883, from where he would not go back to Taungs or over the line, although cautioned by us and requested to do so, especially on the 7th of November, 1883, as per copy here annexed, and where he became the centre of cattle and horse thefts, and endeavoured to set up his authority there and in the neighbourhood against us, so that he, a short time ago, by force, took away all live stock belonging to my subjects, who were residing there with our permission, under Mokhalagasi, and at last became so unbearable to my subjects that these could no longer be restrained from committing similar acts on their aggressors, so that I was compelled, in order to maintain peace and order within our territory, to send, on the 19th ultimo, an armed force against him, with strict orders not to fire at them without special cause or reason, but to disarm and disperse them and all other intruders found on our side of the line proclaimed on the 16th of January, 1883. The good government of the territory proclaimed as Stellaland has been handed over and sanctioned by me to the Committee of management of our white volunteers, under a Commission bearing date the 18th of January, 1883, to which Government we now most respect-

fully beg leave to refer you for further information, and the confirmation of these our statements, and we hope and depend on you, most honourable Sir, that you will inform Her Majesty's Government of this our true case as here explained, so that we now—within these our territories—should not be disturbed, or our rights interfered with, as has been hinted in the newspapers, but that we and the white inhabitants of Stellaland may enjoy their possessions, sanctioned and guaranteed to them, in the fulfilment of our contracts.

We have the honour to be,

Most Honourable Sir,

Your humble servants,

(Sd.) DAVID MASSOUW RIET TAAIBOSCH,
Paramount Chief of the Koranna, Nat.
 „ JACOBUS TAAIBOSCH, *Chief of Kor.*
 „ SAIBRAND X OU CROSS, *Councillor.*
 „ PIET X HARTEBEEST, *Commandant.*
 „ KLAAS X BAARTMAN, *Councillor.*
 „ NICHOLAAS X VILJOEN, *Councillor.*
 „ PIET X LASTELIJK, *Councillor.*
 „ TIJS X BAARTMAN, *Field Cornet.*
 „ SIMONA X, *Head Field Cornet.*
 „ NICOLAAS X BASSON, *Field Cornet.*
 „ JAN X TAAIBOSCH, *Field Cornet.*
 „ JAN X SPRINGBOK, *Field Cornet.*
 „ ANDRIES X AUGUST, *Interpreter and*
Field Cornet,
 (Signed) THOS. DOMS, *Secretary to Chief.*

APPENDIX.

“ Mamusa, 7th November, 1883.

To Capt. Mankoroane Molehabanne, Taungs.

MY FRIEND,—I received your letter of the 23rd October, 1883, and say:—‘Yes, I am glad of your information.’ I say Motlapin, what is it what I hear? What has Mokhalahari stolen from you, of which you do not inform me? Know

that we have been fighting without that, I was acquainted with what Mokhalahari had been doing to you ; because you did not tell me of it, Motlapin, and now even I do not know what you are talking about. When I was still under the impression that I was taking care of you both, I find to my surprise you are fighting with me, though I was not aware that I had a dispute with you. I am a Koranna, and I take nothing belonging to a, Motlapin ! But I say Molale is at Morokane ; who has brought him there ? As *we* have been fighting for the country I say, Au Molale, if you do not want to make war, then Molale must leave there. Let him go away from Morokane and go to Taungs ; and I say if you still ask me about Morokane, if you don't take Molale from Morokane, I am strong enough to remove him from there—that is what I say, the Chief David.

“You must not plough there ; I will go and plough there with my people, and if you plough, then the gardens are mine. I say your country is Kuruman and Littiakong ; this country belongs to the Korannas—to me. My subjects shall never go to plough at Kuruman or at Littiakong. I am only waiting for rain, and shall send Simona to plough, but he must not find anyone belonging to Mankoroane at Morokane or Manolaring. I am going, and I hear it is said Simona has never lived at Morokane. He is going to live there because it is within the country of the Korannas.

I am your friend

(Sd.) DAVID MASSOUW RIET TAAIBOSCH,
Paramount Chief.

(Sd.) THOS. DOMS, *Secretary.*”





CHAPTER XXX.

At last, with many a high bump and over many a bare plain, I passed into Brand-ford, the new city in honour of President Brand. This, like so many of the new, and as for that even the old cities, is on an open, wild, desolate, forgotten and deserted looking place, with the whole surrounding district dry and barren, starving out all cattle. So weak and hopeless had the cattle got that they refused to walk out of the town. They seemed to have arrived at that stage of existence when it was useless to wander out, for there was positively nothing to eat in the fields. It was the saddest sight I ever viewed—the whole country seemed one uncovered cattle-grave, with the prospect of its continuation for months, which was verified to the almost extinction of many a farmer. Hope on, hope ever, is a good maxim; but hope had made their hearts sick, and disappointment had made them despair, and at last they laid themselves down to die. It was disgusting to see the dead carcasses lying all about, as a reproach to the want of mercy on the part of man to the beasts of the field. At no time, in all my rides, had I seen such want of grass and water—the very Dutchmen and their usually stout wives seemed shrivelled-up through want, and were in despair, and I was truly glad to reach the Modder river, in full hope that I should have found better things there; but when I made my way to farmer Edwards' I was horrified and appalled. It was bad when I left; but my return to the district of Bloemfontein was as if I had arrived at an animal Golgotha. Bones, bones—bones on the right, on the left, before and behind, in

fact everywhere. Wagon after wagon, all equipped, waiting for oxen that would not come for want of Nature's grass and water. These farmers, for months past, were prepared for transport, and needed it, to make good the losses they had incurred in being security for those who had lost their all by drought; and for farmers there seemed but one look-out for the whole, one general rush and appeal to the Bankruptcy Court. These farmers had never experienced such a long drought, and they feared a repetition of the awful time of '66 was coming on to eat up the remaining stock, and they mourned and groaned with me that, what with the law-made conditions of the Boers, and the marauding officials in the capital, and the other gang of farm-exploiters, that soon it would not be possible for an Englishman to live in such a country, and if he could free himself he would seek his fortune in some other of the colonies that Old England held sway over.

After a hearty meal in friendship, which was so different to the meanness so often evident when an Englishman calls at many of the Dutch farms, even when they have plenty, their hospitality is never prominent in any degree. You must beg, and then be imposed upon when settling. Conscience has no place in the breast of trading Dutchman. While our horses were resting—for feeding was not possible, until once more in a stable—I strolled over the farm, and enjoyed a most genial chat with a well-known man, who, with some of the most advanced thoughts, regaled me with his views of men, manners and things in general. Our views of life somewhat coincided, and for the benefit of the Bloemfontein bigots, fools and charlatans, I give in substance a little insight into life. We generally agreed that we as Free Staters, were looked upon as food to satisfy the never-ending demands of the old women of all creeds that desired to control from birth to death, with all their vagaries, the people of this part of the world. Since the Webb of a Bishop, no longer struggled to secure all in his *little Web*, the half ascetic, idiotic, long-drawn faced youths—and young women with the Grimes in bad health, the result of fasting and other abstinencies, at their head, and the never to be forgotten 5th of November Guy

the Deacon of the Arch, the town had had a fit of melancholy, which not even the used up shuffling weak-kneed—the wrong Honourable—the Little-town—the unfortunate of No-Town, all had assumed the miserable, and a new misery was added to the already weighed-down people. To show more prominently the mercenary and idiotic combined, the Roman Catholics headed by the out-of-the-lunatic-asylum priest, backed up by the doorkeeper—the Kor-Bit, assisted by his family, who ate up the remains of their Shew Bread, and supplemented the performance by the worst specimen of a commercial lay brother, who, instead of teaching the boys the usual writing, reading, and arithmetic, gave them all the stupid mummery of his church at a very high figure. There was no buying at his school or church without prices or money, and one felt that if the whole of the so-called religious houses with their full occupants had been removed by a sudden earthquake, no one would have felt the loss—not even if the cathedral—the outcome of mean, dastardly false begging, had, with the school, been removed, that had clothes sent to it for the heathen, but sold them for the benefit of its sisters and the brothers in their Bloemfontein Agapemone—their abode of love.

When we thought of the time wasted in the past, and the prospect of the time that would be wasted in the future, we wished, like a second Christ, we could take a whip and scourge the whole, for continuing, in His name, such a mockery to all that was sacred and holy of His teachings. The time has come when these loud-mouthed shams and idiots must be removed. Not one of them at any time was capable of giving a lecture that would have satisfied a class of boys ; yet in their churches, schools, convents and colleges they regulated with these abortions of nonsense the future lives of men and women, that produced all the follies and madness of the past age. It is time these shams from England and impostors in Bloemfontein were buried. They stink in the nostrils of all sensible men. The Hollanders, Germans and Jews were bad ; but the importation into Bloemfontein of these religious shams and humbugs was the last insult that could be offered to the intelligent Dutch and

English residents of the Free State. Milk and water is no good for these human ghouls that fatten on the ignorance and means of the people. Shame, they have none; and in using the language I do, it is to expose them in all their deformity. Many others in and out of the Free State also feel as I do, but are so eaten up by them, or are so circumstanced, that they are afraid, or hesitate to speak out; but so long as I know that these men make long, silly prayers, eat up the substance of the widow and orphan, talk of things that they don't understand, and lead most immoral lives under a garb of sanctity, I will never cease from exposing them. Good-natured jokes and gentle remonstrances are of no avail; they are so old and shameless in their masked impiety, that if Christ was to come again, they in their love for the good things of this life would crucify him afresh. When they will work and cease from public imposture and theft, then I will drop my pen of gall; till then in the name of our common human Christ, who taught the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, I will never cease to expose them. I am the enemy of all such, and will shout and call upon all to shout "Away with them, Away with them," till they cease. Good Heavens! is humanity to be at the mercy of the spiritual and material quacks and exploiters, for all time? Have the reformers of the past all died in vain, that man is still to be crucified between the spiritual thief that pretends to sell us Heaven, and the material thief that robs us on earth? Let the answer and the echo sound round the globe. No, no, it shall stop now and for *ever!*

CHURCH MILLINERY.

"Theologies, rubrics, surplices, church articles, and this enormous, ever-repeated threshing of straw—a world of rotten straw, threshed all into powder, filling the universe and blotting out the stars and worlds. Heaven pity you with such a threshing-floor for world and its draggled, dirty farthing candle for sun. There is surely other worship possible for the heart of man. There should be other work,

or none at all, for the intellect and executive faculty of man."—*Carlyle*.

THE CURSE OF THEOLOGY.

“ In Charles Dicken’s novel of *Bleak House*, there is a melancholy story of a young man whose life was ruined by great expectations. A large fortune lay in the Court of Chancery, which he hoped would, on some happy day, descend in a golden shower upon his head. Year after year passed on, and the happy day did not smile upon the anxious youth. The lawyers fattened while their client grew lean. In his feverish suspense, he lost all heart for employment. His hands were idle ; his thoughts never busy, except in *dreaming of the time when he should roll in riches*. Nothing could rouse him. Arguments and remonstrances were thrown away. At length Death put in his stern claim, and the broken-hearted dreamer expired in the arms of the wife he had neglected, and surrounded by the friends whose warnings he had never heeded. ‘ He that hath ears to hear let him hear,’ for these things are a parable. The human race has been for centuries looking forward to a golden age which has never dawned. Happiness is the fortune it yearns for, and its happiness has been locked up in the great and mysterious Chancery-Court of Theology. Men have prayed to the God of theology ; they have believed in the wonders of theology ; they have put their trust in the promises of theology. They have thrust aside the concerns of this world and this life, and counted all things as dirt in comparison with the prize which theology has placed, like a glittering sign, in the heavens. Men have welcomed the fire at the martyr’s stake ; they have kissed the edge of the sword of persecution ; nay, more, they have themselves burnt their brothers, and turned the sword against their fellow-men, because they believed that their beloved theology, with its doctrines, its miracles, and its heaven, were the only cure for ‘ all the ills that flesh’ or soul is heir to. Science has been neglected. The laws of health, the laws of freedom, the laws of political progress, have been despised, while dreaming mankind have been

kneeling to the unknown God, and waiting in vain for the coming of peace, happiness, and justice. They have been gazing upwards; to see if the skies drop down righteousness; and downwards, if perchance the earth will open and bring forth salvation. And what has been their reward? Instead of peace, every quarter of the globe has been shaken by the tramp of contending armies; every hillside stained with the blood of the slain; every civilised State torn with party quarrels; every Church disturbed with doubts and fears and disputes. Instead of happiness, we behold disease and pain on every hand; hospitals frown down upon our crowded streets; the homeless beggar shivers in the snowdrift by our doorstep; millions of innocent wretches die of Indian famines. Instead of justice, we hear the shriek of the slave and the crack of the driver's whip; the moan of the woman whose drunken husband is beating her to death; the murmurs of peoples oppressed by the tyrant. 'Hope deferred has made our heart sick.' Our strength has been sapped, our energy frittered away, and the great fortune has not descended from heaven or risen from the bowels of the earth. The Chancery-Court of theology has deceived us: we have leaned upon a broken reed.

"There are times indeed when even the orthodox Christian forgets to sing his song of triumph. In the midst of a psalm of joy his eye is caught by the gaunt skeleton of misery that stalks through the fields and the cities of the world; a shadow falls upon his rejoicing spirit; and the Christian hymn, which should have rung out glad and spirited, sounds thus:—

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorius song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
Peace to the earth good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King:
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

"Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfur'd;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:

Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend on heavenly wing,
 And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
 The blessed angels sing.

"Yet with the woes of sin and strife
 The world has suffer'd long ;
 Beneath the angel-strain have roll'd
 Two thousand years of wrong ;
 And men, at war with men, are deaf
 To messages they bring :
 Oh hush the noise, ye men of strife,
 And hear the angels sing!"

"This is a humiliating confession. Here is the physician acknowledging that his drugs, his ointments, and his instruments have failed. Here is the prophet admitting that his prophecy was false. Here is our guide bewailing that he has lost his way, and that "the light of the world," towards which he was leading us so cheerily, is but a will-o'-the-wisp.

"It is in vain that they tell us of magnificent Cathedrals and costly chapels as witnesses of the power of theology. We have no eyes for tapering spires and painted windows and carven pulpits, while the workhouse rises near at hand in grim mockery. It is in vain that they bid us listen to sweet choirs and pealing organs ; we have no ears for such music while we hear the complaints of the poor, the over-worked, or the unemployed. It is in vain that they read us reports of successful missions among Fijians, Zulus, or Cherokee Indians. We read, with the naked eye, around us, where the gin-shop devours its victims, the thieves' kitchen reeks with filth and vice, and prostitution puts to shame all the genteel gospels of the bishops and clergy. It is in vain that they teach us 'God is love,' and that 'the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.' We turn for a reply to our illustrated papers, and take up, for example, a picture of the charge of the British cavalry at Kassassin during the Egyptian War. We look at the upraised sabres, the rushing horses, the falling of the trembling Egyptians, the smoke of battle, and hear, in fancy, the yell of the war-devil, who smells the scent of blood and delights in the ruin of human

lives. It is in vain that they remind us 'in their Father's House are many mansions,' 'pearly gates,' 'walls of precious stones,' and 'pavements of transparent gold:' we think of other mansions—of the mud-cabins of the Irish people and the Irish pigs; we think of London bakehouses—of the garrets of seven Dials, St. Luke's, or Ratcliff Highway. On the one side we behold the Trinity—the Father, the Son, the Spirit—the apostles, prophets, and angels, standing as champions of right and truth, of health and cleanliness; and on the other our armies, our brigands, our burglars, our drunkards, our swindlers, our hypocrites, and our harlots laughing them to scorn. Theology has 'been weighed in the balance, and found wanting.' We have asked for bread; it has given us a stone."

SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY.

"In this nineteenth century, as at the dawn of modern physical science, the cosmogony of the semi-barbarous Hebrew is the incubus of the philosopher and the opprobrium of the orthodox. Who shall number the patient, earnest seekers after truth, from the days of Galileo until now, whose lives have been embittered, and their good name blasted, by the mistaken zeal of Bibliolaters? Who shall count the host of weaker men whose sense of truth has been destroyed in the effort to harmonise impossibilities—whose life has been wasted in the attempt to force the generous new wine of science into the old bottles of Judaism, compelled by the outcry of the same party? It is true that, if philosophers have suffered, their cause has been amply revenged. Extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science, as the strangled snakes about that of Hercules; and history records that, whenever science and orthodoxy have been fairly opposed, the latter has been forced to retire from the lists, crushed and bleeding, if not annihilated; scotched, if not slain. But orthodoxy is the Bourbon of the world of thought. It learns not, neither can it forget; and though, at present, bewildered and afraid to move, it is as willing as ever to assert that the first chapter of Genesis contains the beginning and the end of

sound science, and to visit those who refuse to degrade Nature to the level of primitive Judaism with such petty thunderings as its half-paralysed hands can hurl.—*Professor Huxley in Lay Sermons.*”

From the religious we drifted into the material, and the advantages of trees and agriculture.

My material views I have often explained, but I will for the advantage of all, print after *this bible* the views I hold, which shall follow on with my *History of the Free State*; but we both felt that if anything was calculated to save the State it was tree-planting and agriculture when once water was arranged for.

TREE-PLANTING.

“ In times of excessive drought any suggestions made with regard to the storage of water meet with ready attention. When, however, bounteous rains have fallen, a general feeling of thankfulness displaces all ideas of the droughty season. Residents in all parts of South Africa are too apt to thank God for that which they possess than to trouble their heads about that which they might obtain. Taking Bloemfontein only as an instance of this feeling, it will be readily granted that the residents, after having exhausted their conversational powers in praise of the splendid rains, must have felt grieved at the dire waste of water which, for twenty-four hours, has been carried to the sea instead of being stored for that period of drought which invariably follows rain. The storage of water is a question upon which too much stress cannot be laid, and every country dependent upon or encouraging agricultural pursuits is devoting its attention to the best means to be adopted towards contributing to this result. America with its glorious rivers, its immense watershed and grand forests, has discovered that the indiscriminate cutting down of forests has materially injured its rainfall, and a Colonial paper says:—

“ The advocates of tree-planting are constantly gaining accessions to their ranks, and now the measure has the vigorous support of the President of the United States, which

has been guilty of shameful prodigality with regard to its forest resources. In his opening message to Congress he remarked that in many portions of the West the pursuit of agriculture is only made practicable by resort to irrigation, while successful irrigation would itself be impossible without the aid afforded by forests in contributing to the regularity and constancy of the supply of water. During the past year severe suffering and great loss of property have been occasioned by profuse floods, followed by periods of unusually low water in many of the great rivers of the country. These irregularities were, in great measure, caused by the removal from about the sources of several streams of the timber by which the water supply has been nourished and protected. The preservation of such portions of the forest on the national domain as essentially contribute to the equable flow of important water-courses is of the highest consequence. Important tributaries of different rivers rise in the mountain region of Montana, near the Northern boundary of the United States. This region is unsuitable for settlement, but upon the rivers which flow from it depends in future the agricultural development of a vast tract of country. The attention of Congress is called to the necessity of withdrawing from public sale this part of the public domain, and establishing there a forest reserve.

“ If, with all the resources at its command, the New World finds it incumbent to replant its forests, the necessity of tree-planting in South Africa cannot be questioned. It has not infrequently been asked what benefits are derived from tree-planting? What good do trees do? All the queries put with regard to the “ benefits and good ” of tree-planting are very concisely answered in the following extract from the *Volksstem*, which paper says :—

“ Forest-covered mountains always give rise to a large number of springs of water. Forest-covered, low-lying lands always more or less hold water in suspense. In the higher forest lands the large number of rootlets, together with the surface soil formed by decaying vegetation, absorb and retain the rainfall. During seasons of drought these surface-soils part slowly with their water by evaporation, for they

are sheltered from the direct rays of the sun, and still more slowly by percolation, for, sponge-like, they allow it to trickle slowly down into its natural channel, or perhaps into some natural reservoir formed with a water-tight rock as its base, whence it issues in a perennial stream. Thus we have on many of our mountain ranges, issuing at great elevations from many a well-timbered 'kloof,' perpetual streams of clear pellucid waters, the value of which, to a mining population, cannot be estimated. In the lower-lying lands, more or less covered with timber, heavy rains, instead of running off in torrents to flood our rivers, are held back and kept in reserve by these great natural sponge-like soils. The surface of the earth is kept moist, pasture is preserved for our cattle, and the climate is kept more equable. Contrast this with the effect of heavy rains upon a barren mountainous country. Here, after a heavy downpour, held back by no natural causes, the leaping, washing waters sweep away what little surface soil there is from the rocks, and carry it, a swollen, muddy torrent, into the waters below. In a few hours the waters will have disappeared, and nothing but the dried-up water courses will remain to speak of the deluge which has swept over the mountain tops.

"The subject of tree-planting is one not easily dealt with, unless it is strongly supported by Government aid, and in a measure made compulsory on the residents. Before, however, the necessity for compulsory legislation is advocated, it is well to point out to the residents of South Africa generally, some of the good which arises from tree-planting. To attempt to store water or to bring large areas under cultivation, without tree-planting, is extra labour, with the chance of failure super-added. To plant trees without providing for the storage of water is a sure means of stopping the flow of millions of gallons of water which now annually flow into the sea, and whilst these facts are not denied the cry of 'plant trees' should be constantly raised."

I very much fear that the capital—the wealth of the Cape Colony—is growing less. The long droughts are killing its sheep, and oxen, and horses, and destroying the harvests.

Something worse is happening ; these dry days and months are killing the spirit, the enterprise of the people. Our farming population is increasing the habit (I suppose habits can increase) of letting things slide.

I observe that Providence is being appealed to. Special services are being held in several towns to ask God for rain. I have no wish to find any fault with this, though I do not desire to obtrude my 'doxy about fixed law, and Divine power. But it is well for all—religious and irreligious—to bear in mind that large quantities of rain fall yearly in this country, and also that we—whites and blacks—have done our very best (or *worst*) to allow the rain to reach its home—the sea—in the shortest possible time. What falls in holes we also *labour* to expose to the evaporating influence of the sun.

Cape Colony not only labours to get rid of rainfall—but it does its utmost to send away the best of its soil too ! Every stream, when it has the opportunity, rushes to the ocean laden with the very richest earths.

It this to go on ? To parsons and politicians this is an important question. If it does there will in time be none to preach to, and none to tax. In half-a-dozen countries the population has been dried up, and to-day the territories are wastes. There is—whatever else may be—natural law, and that law punishes without regard to persons ; more, it sends down its thunderbolt when it has been outraged, though another generation or another people may occupy the site. The destructive acts of one generation bring punishment to children and grandchildren !

“ Yes, the forests have been destroyed, the bush has been cut down ; but trees, if planted, will not grow in my time.” I am not sure of that—people often live long who often talk of death, but if it be true, the last sentence of my last paragraph should be re-read. You may have carried away a hundred loads of firewood from your farm—in other words you may have cut down five thousand trees, and in doing so

destroyed as many more. The farm is yet a good one, and though the water does not well up at the spring quite as strong as it did, it still runs; but from that farm some day the full penalty of destroying ten thousand trees will be demanded and enforced. Nature never forgives an outrage.

Nearly all the kingdoms, states and colonies in the world have woken up to the importance of re-forestry, and the Cape Colony *must* wake up too. A good many schemes may be suggested. Personally I do not believe in "Government" doing everything, but Parliament may very fitly make laws to compel tree-planting. In Canada, provision has been made for setting apart pieces of land upon which all children attending Public Schools are to plant trees, which they are also to care for. One day in the year is in future to be "Arbour day," and on that day the children are to march from their schools, bearing seeds and trees which they are to plant. As I understand the law, once planted, the schools are to be responsible for their growth, and time is to be set apart for watering, and tending the plantations. This will teach the children to plant trees, and it is likely that ever after they will keep up the practice. It will also allow these children to see what advantage they have conferred on the country. A man sixty years old does not care to plant seed, he says, because he cannot see anything more than saplings grow before he dies, but Canadian children who drop seed into the ground this year will *forty years hence* sit beneath the shade of fine spreading trees, and so receive a full reward. Cannot this Colony have its "Arbour day?" Is it not possible for Parliament to compel every municipality to set apart a piece of commonage for forestry, and to order the children to go out and plant? Difficulty will not be raised by the children.

I know that it is easier to write about tree-planting than to plant trees. Even on watered and irrigated farms, trees have been put in once, twice, three times, but they are all dead. I suppose, "Try, try again," is the motto for such would-be benefactors. If I may venture on advice, I would add, where failure has taken place, try hardier plants.

THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

This came off on Friday last, as arranged, but it did not prove a success—indeed, it was a failure as regards a *Show*. The exhibits of cattle, horses and sheep were very few; in fact, about as many as every good well-to-do farmer ought to be able to show on his own farm. The display of grain, meal, butter, vegetables, and forage was also exceedingly poor. The fruit and foliage plants were really the only articles worthy of honourable mention, so far as quantity and quality are concerned. The drought has had much to do with this failure; and it rained so hard on the previous day (Thursday) that many were unable to cross the rivers and spruits, and had to return home again without effecting their object. The Committee did their utmost to make the Show a success, but they could not fight against fate. We trust, however, that now the ice is broken, the farmers and others next year will take more interest in the affair, and that one will emulate the other in endeavouring to produce and exhibit something worthy of the country. As we have before pointed out, it is the agricultural population which must take an interest in these matters by becoming members, subscribing to the funds, sitting on the committees, and otherwise taking a lead. We are living in a country which is governed solely by the people, and if any country should be successful in Agricultural Shows, this ought to be the one. Great praise is, doubtless, due to those gentlemen who have endeavoured to resuscitate the Agricultural Society, and we trust that success will eventually crown their efforts; but the country, as a whole, requires, as Disraeli said “educating.” We are of opinion that the Government should try to initiate a plan of a model farm on the basis of that suggested in a lecture delivered some time ago by the Rev. J. Brebner. If a sum of money was voted annually to send ten or twelve of our brightest youths, who contemplated following farming pursuits, on a trip, with a competent instructor, to New Zealand, Canada, and the United States of America, much good might result. The great fault most of the Afrikanders make is in visiting England and Holland, in the hopes of learning from those

countries. It is a mistake, because our young friends find nothing there in common with this country. In those countries the farmers have to land-ditch to drain off the surplus water, whilst here they have to learn to devise means to conserve the precious element. In all old countries the ground has been prepared for successive generations; immense amounts of money have been expended on improvements; labour is plentiful, skilled, and comparatively cheap; and the climate is better adapted for the raising of products than is our own. In Australia, upon the other hand, many parts are as dry and arid as this country, yet the farmers work miracles compared to ours. If there is a secret in accomplishing this, it should be learnt. A constant stream of intelligent youths would have the effect—especially with the aid of a model farm—of leavening the lump of ignorance.

THE GOLD FIELDS.

From the *Advertiser* and *Natal Mercury* we take the following *re* the Gold Fields. It will be seen that the Fields seem to be as good as they were predicted to be. Considering the depression in trade and diamond digging at Kimberley, it is not unlikely that a rush will take place, provided the Transvaal Government offer encouragement to private enterprise.

We (*Advertiser*) understand that the production of gold at Pilgrim's Rest is very satisfactory, but the officials are very reticent as to the quantity actually yielded. The Ross Hill Company is not fully at work yet, in consequence of the machinery not being sufficiently strong, as we are informed, to stand the work required of it; but we believe the sluicing operations, according to the latest report, produced about 41 ozs. of gold for the week. The claims of King, at Hendriksdal, yielded about 80 ozs. during the same week.

We (*Natal Mercury*) have nothing new from the Gold Fields these past few days; but there is no doubt that, whether for good or ill, the Fields are baulking more largely in public attention just now than they have for the past six months. The following letter to us shows clearly the positions of the two similarly styled farms Berlyn:—

“ Waterfall, January 28th.

“ SIR,—In one of your issues of last week's *Mercury*, you suppose that Messrs. Barratt Brothers must have sold their farm Berlyn to Baron Grant's company. The Lisbon-Berlyn in which Baron Grant's company is concerned, is quite another farm altogether, and within ten or fifteen miles of Pilgrims' Rest, on the eastern slope of the Drakensberg, overlooking the great plain that extends from thence to Delagoa Bay. Lisbon, Berlyn, Grasskop, and Pomeroy Krantz, or Pilgrims' Rest are all farms adjoining one another, and from whence all the gold has been taken that came from the Transvaal for the last ten years. The farm Berlyn, of Barratt Brothers, is at the Kap, seventy miles distant, and that much nearer Natal. Lisbon-Berlyn and Grasskop are certainly the richest gold-bearing farms in the Transvaal, if being able to see gold in the quartz with the naked eye is any indication of richness. I visited some of the claims on these farms in June last, where I saw a stripped reef sixty yards long and fourteen to twenty feet in depth, in which gold could be seen with the naked eye in every foot of surface, and there are thirteen of these reefs. A rude quartz cutting machine has been at work on the Lisbon-Berlyn for the last three years, and when I was there in June the owner, a Mr. Davis, showed me a tub full of gold, all of which he said had been taken out of his own claim. He had been working in the same claim for the last five years, and is now demanding from the company £65,000 as compensation. It was from this claim that Mr. Hamilton took the quartz that gave him a return of 48 ozs. to the ton.—I am, &c., .

JAMES MCINTOSH.”

From the former subjects to the making way for new brooms was no difficulty ; it was no homily but a fact, as the following (communicated) which is too good to leave out will show.

MAKE ROOM FOR NEW BROOMS.

“ Some time ago your columns bristled with leaders and correspondents' letters teeming with just and inevitable

evidence of the difficulties which the State would incur from the bad legislation of the last sitting of our Parliament. To touch but lightly on the formation of the Volksraad, it is quite clear that some alteration is necessary. What did for twenty years ago will not do in these days—that is to say, that a more equitable division of the districts should be made; that a new registration of electors should be taken which would bring to the polling booth the young and educated farmer, who is now wholly excluded from exercising any influence in the affairs of the State. A reduction of the number of the men for the districts is also much needed. The present men, good enough in their way and in their day, but obsolete now—grasp at the payment of £2 per diem, sit out sittings for the reward, pass stupid laws (see Ord. No. 10—1883), in spite of an empty exchequer and the advice of an Executive who foresaw evils ahead. The President's motto, that "All shall come right," has not been, nor will it be, verified in the Parliament he has called together for the end of this month. The gentlemen assembled will have to meet a big deficit; and how is it to be met? The small-pox scare will figure something like £1,200 per month; doctors and guards living like swells, who must be paid; landdrosts and clerks, sheriffs and other imaginary officials riding about to find out an imaginary pestilence, cost something, and must be paid, whether necessary or unnecessary; and all these additional expenses have been incurred when the State exchequer is represented by the words "No funds." These indisputable facts must leave but one impression upon the mind of every well-wisher to the State:—viz., that a radical change must be made in the constitution of the present Parliament. That the debt must be paid is clear; but in what form, or in what manner, funds are to be raised, is, to us, beyond comprehension. Every farmer tells you he is 'hard-up,' that he has no money—that it is, or has been, dry for the last half-century, and that he never has money. Yes, this is true; but if he were to tell you the whole truth he would say, 'I have thousand upon thousand of morgen of ground. I don't till it; I don't plough it; I make no use of my land. If God sends me rain I don't make dams to hold

it. I get enough to eat from my flock, and my wool is enough to buy clothes.' Soap they make, but don't use much until they go to Church. If we say they told us all these things, there would be no difficulty in understanding their legislation. And it is to many of such gentlemen our interests are to be committed for taxation in the coming Parliament. One thing is evident—that whatever the Executive does propose, they will have to touch their own pockets. By Ordinance No. 10, they lost £2,500 at the lowest estimate, in their glorious attempt to make the State a model of sobriety; yet it is within the bounds of possibility that every one of them *has broken the Act*. How much better would it have been for the State, for trade and commerce and the exchequer, had not such a law been passed, at least a law so modified, and in consonance with other countries where selfishness and spiritual dominion do not exist?

“We commend these few words to the rising and educated young Dutchmen, who at present ought to have a voice in the Government of their own land. The present Parliament, as constituted, is no longer required. It consists of too many members. Its cost is far beyond what the country can pay. A revision of districts is most necessary, and a reduction of taxation instead of increase, as well as fresh registration of voters must be enforced. Before closing these remarks it is as well to remind your readers not to depend upon the Executive, however good its chief and officials may be. They are all powerless in the hands of men who have but one idea, one feeling. As their great progenitor Adam was, so they elect to remain. The young Dutchman should assert his power.”

At last we had to bid each other adieu. I once more mounted the cart for the last spin to my temporal home in Bloemfontein, where I found all in disorder, due to the madness of one who took upon himself too much, and who I will expose in my *legal* chapters on the Free State, and although I had sustained heavy losses in 1883. due to the trade jealousy of one Ferneuk-Hardt, near the Church of the Morgen and the general thieves that I fell among in and out and about the Old-Sons, the shameless liars and thieves of a Fountain

Street, who were the outcome of a German, low-bred, Jewish family, married to a German Legion Pauper, who had great gifts from the English, and although supported by a German missionary-legal exploiter, proved a perfect failure, and who deliberately robbed his creditors in the Colony and in the Free State; yet, with all this, I had to recover somewhat, and make due provision for my family and friends in England. Why I failed in not doing so, I will explain in my future *History of the Free State*, which with many other things that happened during my absence, and since, shall be fully made known. I have written as I have found; if the abominations and crimes I have drawn attention to, are not liked, let my readers remember I did not make the conditions, and if they feel as acutely as I have, and do, they will at once purify themselves from all that is rotten and criminal in their midst, and remove all their officials that make their State a by-word among all people.

I HAVE NOT WRITTEN TO PLEASE, BUT TO REFORM.



T H E
IMMORTAL HISTORY
OF
SOUTH AFRICA.

(COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES.)

THE ONLY TRUTHFUL, POLITICAL, COLONIAL, LOCAL,
DOMESTIC, AGRICULTURAL, THEOLOGICAL, NATIONAL,
LEGAL, FINANCIAL AND INTELLIGENT HISTORY OF
MEN, WOMEN, MANNERS AND FACTS OF THE
CAPE COLONY, NATAL, THE ORANGE FREE
STATE, TRANSVAAL, AND SOUTH AFRICA.

By MARTIN JAMES BOON,

AUTHOR OF

*How to Colonise South Africa, and by whom ; Fottings by
the Way in South Africa ; Home Colonisation ; How to
Construct and Nationalise Railways ; National Paper Money,
to enable all Nations to Construct Public Works without Bonds,
Mortgages, or Interest, &c., &c., &c.*

V O L. I.

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1885.

Reviews.

—:O:—

IMMORTAL SOUTH AFRICA.

BY MARTIN JAMES BOON.

“ We have just had the pleasure of perusing the first volume of one of the most remarkable, instructive, and entertaining books ever presented to the public—*Immortal South Africa*—by Martin James Boon. Past, recent, and current events, all combine to enhance the interest and anxiety that we doubt not exist in the public mind with regard to all that pertains to the African Continent; and assuredly no Englishman, worthy of the name, can look with indifference upon the kaleidoscopic-like events now passing before his mental view in that veritable *terra incognita*. Egypt, the Soudan, the Transvaal, Basutoland, Zululand, Bechuanaland, &c., &c., are names now “Familiar as Household Words” in every English speaking home, and naturally so; for where is the one to be found of the Anglo-Saxon race, from lisping infancy to the threshold of the grave, who has not read or heard, and on reading or hearing, of our African triumphs or disasters, felt the warm glow of patriotism and pride suffuse the brow, or sought refuge in tears from the agony of unavailing grief, and mentally resolved that the transient stain upon the national escutcheon must be removed? Under such influences and conditions as these, we feel not only that no apology is needed for inviting and commending to public attention *Immortal South Africa*; but that it makes its appearance at a singularly opportune and felicitous moment; and we confidently hope that it will obtain what it undoubtedly merits—the liberal patronage of the reading world. Although, as indicated by its title, the work is mainly devoted to South Africa, including the Orange River, Free State and Transvaal Republics, nothing has been left untouched where “British

Interests" are concerned—and where are they not? Few men have had better opportunities than Mr. Boon of acquiring the materials necessary to complete the Herculean task he has so successfully accomplished; and certainly no contemporary writer has brought to bear upon the subject greater natural ability and honesty of purpose, or more dauntless courage in maintaining the right and denouncing the wrong. As a resident in the country during a period of eleven years, Mr. Boon writes with all the authority of personal experience, and a sincerity as apparent as it is exceptional in the penultimate decade of the nineteenth century. "Fear, favour, or affection" on the one hand; "malice, hatred, or ill-will" on the other; appear to be *unknown quantities* to Martin James Boon. His descriptions of the natural features of the country are realistically beautiful. His defence of the poor Aborigines, plundered, cajoled, goaded, banished, and at times wantonly murdered, is a marvel of eloquent pleading, that appears unanswerable on the part of the oppressors. His denunciation of the Jews and their malpractices; of all shams, humbugs, and impostures, whether Governmental, official, or individual, are couched in language of crushing impetuosity, convincing and overwhelming. With unerring precision, and resistless force, he strikes at every abuse; tearing away with the mighty power of righteous indignation, the mask that has too long concealed them, and ruthlessly exposes them in all their nude hideousness, to the scorn and contempt of the world. Mr. Boon is far too much of an Englishman to have left untouched the German element—a by no means unimportant factor in the great South African problem; more especially now that Bismarck has shown the cloven hoof of acquisition in his Colonial Policy at Angra Pequena and New Guinea, &c.; combined with his ill-disguised hostility to us in Egypt—and with a master-hand, he has cleared away all the obscurity in which that portion of the question was enshrouded; and by virtue of his rare powers of perception and description, presented it to us in a form as intelligible, as the subject is interesting and important. Nothing worthy of notice appears to have been overlooked. Politics and agriculture in all their bearings; social, sanitary and domestic topics, the "Race" question, and a thousand and one other matters are dealt with in an able and comprehensive manner, revealing to the reader the *minutiae* of the conditions of daily life in South Africa, as distinctly as though he looked upon the subject through the medium of some powerful mental microscope. Throughout the entire work

—for we will take the public into our confidence, and say at once, that we have enjoyed the pleasure of a peep into the second volume, which is in an advanced stage of the arrangements necessary to enable it to follow Vol. I. into the “Hearts and Homes,” doubtless waiting to welcome its arrival, where we opine it will prove to be of “metal more attractive” even than its predecessor—the readers interest is never allowed to flag. The diversified contents of the book, and their mode of treatment by the Author render *Immortal South Africa* a mental *pabulum* upon which the appetite never palls. All English-speaking folk who value the principles and attributes of right and justice, truth and purity, will greet Mr. Boon’s book with a hearty welcome; whilst to the agriculturist, the settler in South Africa, or the intending emigrant, it is of supreme importance that “one and all” should be possessed of it, as they undoubtedly will be, if they have any genuine regard for their own interests. Although Mr. Boon makes no pretensions to literary style or polish, he is a writer possessing singular power and originality of ideas, fascinating by reason of their very freshness, accompanied by a rich vein of humour and keen sense of the ridiculous, whereby he at times completely deprives us of all control over our risible faculties. On the other hand we are now and again moved to the tenderest of human emotions by his simple, pure and unaffected pathos. Neither can we pass over without notice his trenchant criticisms of evil-doers in high places, his scathing sarcasms when dealing with organised or individual hypocrisies, or his truly terrible power of invective when delivering an onslaught upon social, political or ecclesiastical malefactors. With his perfect freedom from all conventualism, Mr. Boon is a literary gem of the first water, a veritable rough diamond; and it requires no great stretch of imagination to picture his pen as the magician’s wand, whose vigorous strokes shall bring about the moral redemption of South Africa, and hand down to posterity the name of Martin James Boon, as the Nineteenth Century literary Bayard. *Sans peur et sans reproche.*”

MONEY AND ITS USE.

IN these days, when “hard times” is the universal, and unhappily but too well founded cry, certainly, any proposition, that appears feasible, for the amelioration of matters must be somewhat more than welcome. Whatever the cause, it is a

fact, which cannot be gainsaid, for all of us are only too painfully aware of it, that our country in common with others, is in a state of commercial prostration, the like of which has rarely, if ever, been experienced; and thousands upon thousands of our "horny-handed sons of toil" are in a state of semi-starvation through want of employment. Of such gigantic proportions is the evil, that private effort, however well intended, is utterly helpless even to mitigate it to any appreciable extent, and our willfully blind or mentally paralysed Government seems to be either unwilling or hopelessly incapable of grasping the difficulty, and dealing with it in an effectual and statesmanlike manner. Innumerable plans and suggestions—all of a more or less impracticable character—have been promulgated by the Press, and mouthed from the platform or in the Senate, but nothing—absolutely nothing has as yet been *done*. The latest scheme for improving our condition and exorcising from our midst, or stalling off that rapidly approaching dread gaunt goblin Famine aye, famine; surrounded by plenty, wealth, luxury and sumptuousness, appears to be the construction of subways in different parts of the Metropolis, thereby providing employment for a considerable number of our idle hands. Employment! Yes; just the thing English working men want, and "don't they wish they may get it?" Whilst our Municipal or Local Government pettifoggers are discussing the matter, and turning about in all directions to find the ways and means—the indispensable, the *sine qua non*, absolutely and indisputably of our very existence on this sublunary planet, it is simply but a repetition of the "old, old story" that *while the grass grows, the steed starves*. What then is to be done? Why simply this:—Let every statesman, every politician, every political economist, every philanthropist, the clergy and ministers of all denominations, in fact, every man who wishes himself and his country well, procure at once the little *brochure*, entitled "Money and Its Use," by MARTIN JAMES BOON, author of "The Immortal History of South Africa," "History of the Orange Free State," &c., &c., &c. Having purchased it, let them read and ponder carefully its contents. Having done so, we are persuaded that all then remaining to be done, will be for every one in his respective sphere and capacity to do all that lies within him to carry, or cause to be carried immediately into practice the great and indisputable truths, and plans sketched out by the author. Let what was done in Jersey be repeated to the extent necessary in England, and then we shall have achieved our emancipation

for the greatest and grossest thralldom that ever disgraced, outraged, and held in bondage the world of manhood—that of the gold exploiters and monopolists. Then shall we have effected, noiselessly and peacefully, the greatest social revolution of this or any other age, and we make bold to prophesy that the name of Martin James Boon will be hailed with universal assent and acclamation as the talisman whereby this wondrous transformation was brought about.

THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND PHASES OF HUMAN

SLAVERY: HOW IT CAME INTO THE WORLD, AND HOW IT SHALL BE MADE TO GO OUT. By JAMES BRONTERRE O'BRIEN, B.A. London: William Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, E.C.; G. Standing, 8 & 9, Finsbury Street; Martin James Boon, 170, Farringdon Road, W.C.

THIS little Work, by an eloquent denunciator of the manifold evils of Profitmongering and Landlordism, whose entire life was devoted to the advocacy of Social Rights, is now given to the world for the first time in complete form.

The Author, in his lifetime, was frustrated in his design of finishing his History, through the ceaseless machinations of working-class exploiters and landlords. This has been at length accomplished by the aid of his various writings preserved in print. The object steadily kept in view has been to give the *ipsissima verba* of the Author, so that no foreign pen may garble or mislead.

In order to provide room for so much additional matter as was essential to the elucidation of the great reforms needed in the subjects of Land Nationalisation, Credit, Currency, and Exchange, it has been found expedient to omit from this edition some disquisitions on subjects of ephemeral and passing interest, not closely connected with the scope of the Work. Ample compensation has, however, been given in the additions which have had to be made for the elucidation and enforcement of the saving truths therein contained.

A man who lived for truth, and truth alone,
 Brave as the bravest—generous as brave;
 A man whose heart was rent by every moan
 That burst from every trodden, tortured slave;
 A man prepared to fight, prepared to die.
 To lighten, banish, human slavery.
 The mighty scorned him, villified, oppressed;
 The bitter cup of poverty and pain
 Forced him to drink. He was misfortune's guest

Thro' weary, weary years : his anguished brain
 Shed tears of pity—wrath—for mankind's woe ;
 For his own sorrows tears could never flow.
 He loved the people with a brother's love :
 He hated tyrants with a tyrant's hate.
 He turned from kings below, to God above—
 The King of kings who smites the wicked great.
 The shame, the scourge, the terror of their race,
 Those demons in earth's holy dwelling place.
 Thou noble soul ! Around thee gathered those
 Who, poor and trampled patriots were like thee.
 Thou art not dead ! Thy martyred spirit glows
 In us, a band devoted of the free :
 We best can celebrate thy natal day,
 By virtues, valours, such as marked thy way.

WILLIAM MACCALL.

We have been privileged with a sight of the proof-sheets of O'Brien's " Rise, Progress, and Phases of Human Slavery," and are sure that the thousands of Socialists throughout the world will hail with delight its appearance, for the first time in a complete form. It seems to us as the rising from the dead, after a long sleep, of the mighty great who electrified his audiences with his eloquence. With what convincing arguments does the writer show the horrors of slavery, tracing its progress from brutal chattel-slavery down to its more refined and diabolic form of wage-slavery. He does not, however, leave us here ; but in fixing the evil, he also, at the same time, gives the full and sufficient remedy. It is like the voice of the Deity, speaking from the dead to living. Let the people heed the voice, and their redemption draweth nigh.

HISTORY OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

UNDER the above title, another aspirant for public favour will shortly make its appearance in the book market. The work will be complete in one handsomely bound volume, and is from the able pen of MARTIN JAMES BOON, author of " The Immortal History of South Africa," a work we had occasion to notice with unqualified eulogy, some short time back—" Money and Its Use," and other works on social and political economy. " Immortal South Africa," with all its encyclopædic comprehensiveness, from the immense variety of subjects it dealt with, could hardly do more than touch the fringe, as it were, of that many-coloured geographical entity, the Orange Free State. Those who have been fortunate enough, or had the good sense, to read Mr. Boon's more general work, cannot but have felt eager, when perusing the valuable and

interesting generalities, anent the Free State, therein contained, for more detailed information from the same authoritative source; and in the work under notice they will find it in abundance, variety and beauty. Mr. BOON has handled his subject, as only one in possession of absolutely personal knowledge and great natural gifts, could. In this book we positively feel as though we were onlookers or participators in the stirring events described. Public affairs generally—State, Local and Municipal—are treated with a copiousness that leaves nothing to be desired, and with a boldness of assertion, welcome and refreshing in these degenerate days of pandering to “authority,” and cloaking its manifold transgressions and iniquities. Semitic and Teutonic rascality, appears to be rampant in the Free State, and the victims thereof seem, for the most part, to be Englishmen. So mean, contemptible, and dastardly; so utterly abhorrent to all the instincts of right and justice; in short, so fiendish, one might say, are the practices of these degenerate Cousins-German, and nefarious descendants of Abraham, that the Orange Republic must indeed be a sort of terrestrial pandemonium. If Mr. BOON is correct—and he certainly fortifies his assertions, both by direct and collateral evidence—the malpractices referred to are openly encouraged, or secretly connived at, by the Free State officials of all grades. Whilst the experiences narrated, are engrossingly interesting, throwing a flood of light upon that mysterious, but ever existent inner circle of social and political life in the Free State; the warnings given should not only be read, but engraven upon the memory of every Englishman contemplating a residence in that unfortunate and really little-known Republic. Whether as a supplementary, or companion work to “The Immortal History of South Africa,” or from its own inherent merits and attractions, “The Orange Free State” should find a welcome and a home in every public and private library.

“HOW TO NATIONALIZE OUR COMMONS, WASTE LANDS AND RAILWAYS.”

SUCH is the title of a little work of very unpretending appearance, but whose contents are of paramount interest and importance to all classes, and especially to that unfortunate stalking-horse of political parties—the working man. Whilst the author, who has evidently studied the question carefully and earnestly, expresses his views with all the energy of an enthusiast who has unlimited confidence in the soundness of his conclusions; he is remarkably felicitous in his mode of

illustration, which is characterised by such force and perspicuity, that not even the humblest capacity can fail to grasp his meaning. The author contends that the appropriation, with the public money, of our Commons and Waste lands is the only way to work out the great Land Question; and he urges that if this were done, and the whole brought into a proper state of cultivation, there would be no necessity for our agricultural labourers to emigrate, and that our own lands would yield sufficient sustenance for a population of "one hundred and twenty millions." The historical and legal bearings of the Commons Question are ably and copiously dealt with; and the statistics upon which the author bases his deductions, are collated from the most authoritative sources, including the report of the Enclosure Commissioners, from which he estimates the annual loss of revenue to the United Kingdom, through the present condition of our commons and waste lands, at the enormous sum of forty millions. Formidable as this amount appears, the author has something still more astounding in store. He says that if these lands were to be allotted to farm labourers for cultivation, they would in a few years yield, in the form of rent, an annual income to the State of "from sixty to eighty millions!" Such are a few only of the numerous items of interest contained in this truly valuable pamphlet, which not only points out existing evils, but—what is of infinitely greater importance—it shows the way out of them, in "short, sharp and decisive" fashion; and greater, better, and more wonderful still—"without a farthing's loss or cost to any one." Of the "Railway Question," the exigencies of space only permit us to say—without intending a joke—that it is dealt with exactly on the same lines. In conclusion, we cannot give better advice concerning this marvellous little work, than that contained in the words, "Go and buy it." The price places this little treasure within the reach of all, and it is written by that staunch, true friend of the working man, MARTIN JAMES BOON, author of the "Immortal History of South Africa," "History of the Orange Free State," "Money and Its Use," &c., &c., &c.

**"JOTTING'S BY THE WAY, OR BOON'S MADNESS
ON THE ROAD."—By MARTIN JAMES BOON.**

LONDON: GEORGE STANDING, 8 & 9, Finsbury Street.

"This is a very remarkable book by a very remarkable man. Mr. Boon is an enthusiast of the most indomitable type. He is

irrepressible in his hopefulness. He presents us, in this volume, with a philosophical view of life—past, present and to come—in the Orange Free State, Natal, and Cape Colony. He has lived long and travelled much, and seen a great deal in these parts; and he believes that his thoughts, speculations, fancies, and facts will be of service to Englishmen—hence this work. Mr. Boon is a most pronounced Republican, and an ardent advocate of the nationalization of the land. He is a reformer, and is never happy, but as he is either destroying what he believes to be evil, or is uplifting and supporting what he believes to be good and true. His volume is interesting, instructive, and suggestive, and ought to be read by all reformers and those who take any interest in foreign policy. Mr. William Maccall, well known to advanced thinkers in this religion, introduces this book of colonial genius. We must not say, for the author is English born—but his ideas seem to have been strengthened, if not developed, by his colonial life and experience. In 1869 Mr. Maccall, at the Hall of Science, London, delivered four lectures on Pauperism. Among his hearers were the author of this book. The lecturer and his boon companions recognised a kinship of spirit, and this kinship has been strengthened by time. He is a merchant at Bloemfontein, Orange Free State. His “favourite ideas” do not let business muzzle his soul. *Maworm*, in the play of the Hypocrite, boasted that “he extorted [exhorted] all who came to the shop,” and Martin Boon, who is a true man and no hypocrite, finds that his ideas being freely communicated and fearlessly maintained, do not hinder his progress in business. As Mr. Maccall’s name is a sufficient voucher for the book we have only to add that it abounds with racy writing, which will amuse the cursory reader, and with thoughts that will interest the graver student of this mad world.”—*Western Times*.

GEORGE STANDRING, 8 & 9, Finsbury Street, London, publishes “Jottings by the Way,” and “How to Construct Free State Railways,” by Martin James Boon. They are two thoughtful, earnest, and vigorous works. They are fresh, striking, drastic; brimful of all sorts of information and suggestions, and ought to be read by all reformers.—The PROPAGANDIST (Vail & Co., 170, Farringdon-road), is a twopenny monthly of the most advanced type, edited by Martin James Boon. It is a fearless, outspoken, daring periodical, advocating views of the most uncompromising kind. Martin Boon is far ahead of his age and country.—*Oldham Chronicle*.

**“A SCHEME OF IMPERIAL COLONIZATION:
HOW TO COLONIZE SOUTH AFRICA, AND BY WHOM.”
BY MARTIN J. BOON.**

MANY readers must recall with pleasure and esteem the name of Martin James Boon, who, twelve years ago, played a conspicuous part as a social and political reformer, and who was the first popular champion of what has recently attracted so much attention—land nationalisation. The more disinterested and devoted we are in the service of truth, the more we have to suffer; and brave, benevolent Boon was not an exception. His worldly affairs having fallen into confusion, he went, early in 1874, as a settler to South Africa. If in England he had been a hero, in Caffraria he was destined to be a martyr. For a considerable time he has resided as a merchant at Bloemfontein, Orange Free State. His tribulations have not diminished his enthusiasm, and he continues to write and speak with the valiant zeal which he displayed in England. His pamphlet, “How to Colonise South Africa,” contains many ingenious suggestions.

At the risk of being called a Jingo, I think that England should have a great foreign policy and a great colonial policy, and that England should be for the modern world what Rome was for the ancient world. I was amused the other day, when reading a lecture by Mr. Conway, to find Benjamin Disraeli treated as an earnest man, with something of the old Hebrew prophetic fire. It seemed to me the height of comicality that the most detestable impostor of modern days should be regarded as a serious and honest personage. It is enough to make me hate Benjamin Disraeli that, by his contemptible trickeries, he brought a vigorous foreign and colonial policy into disrepute. To that policy we must return if England is to maintain or to extend its place among the nations. Whenever that policy is revived South Africa is sure to be sought as an admirable field for colonizing experiments. Boon's main idea includes the rapid extension of a peasant proprietary in connection with an immense issue of redeemable paper money. As all money is simply representative, I see no reason for deeming Boon's plan unworkable. But I cannot discuss the plan here, and must content myself with trying to excite the interest of the reader in Boon's pamphlet. My own currency has always been extremely limited; and I might be too much influenced by prejudices if I were to enter on the debate of currency questions. That these questions have been profoundly studied and are thoroughly understood by Boon, I am convinced; and his sincerity and generosity are beyond the reach of doubt.

WILLIAM MACCALL.

HOW TO CONSTRUCT FREE TRADE RAILWAYS, &c.

“THE manifold advantages of a thorough system of railway communication are so well known and appreciated in those countries fortunate enough to possess this universally recognised desideratum, that any recapitulation thereof is totally unnecessary. The chief ground for surprise in connection with the matter is, that any Nation or State, claiming to be considered civilised, should be without, or inadequately provided with railways; and as we cannot for a moment imagine any people to be so blind to the interests of themselves and their country as not to be possessed of an earnest desire to have them, we are forced to the conclusion that the want of *means*, rather than the want of wit, is the real stumbling block in the way. We are led to these observations by the perusal of a pamphlet bearing the title at the head of this notice, written by that well known militant Apostle of Progress, Martin James Boon, author of the *Immortal History of South Africa, National Paper Money and Its Use, History of the Orange Free State, &c., &c.* The author having for a considerable time been an observant resident in the Free State is pre-eminently entitled to speak upon the question, which he treats from the point of view that the railways should be constructed by and become the property of the State, the cost thereof being provided for by the issue of State paper-money in the form of Notes, marked to denote the purpose for which they were issued, and made legal tender for all purposes within the confines of the Free State. The security upon which the notes were issued would be the railway plant and works themselves. Upon the completion of the line five per cent. of the receipts after paying all expenses to be called in, and notes representing that amount cancelled annually, until the whole would be passed out of circulation and the property left as a source of income, either to carry out other works or to relieve the burdens of the taxpayers, and all effected, entirely free of cost. Such is a brief outline of the author's general idea, and it is worked out in detail with admirable reasoning, illustrated by convincing examples. Every member of that somewhat cosmopolitan community, The Orange Free State, should invest sixpence, and study the question for himself.”

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