

shape of a concession secured from the Transvaal Government by the influence of the officials, he being a relation to one of the Executive of this *Bound*, but called *Free State*. As all know, one government official helps the other, to take possession of the plunder, either now or in the future in nature's bowels, and afterwards dragged out by the digger. All now can comprehend the advantages of being able to secure the back-stairs influence of Government to get enriched out of nature's gifts by the monopoly of a gold reef. Personally, I have no objection to any man, securing by his own labour all that he can work out and carry off from any reef, mine, gully, or other alluvial portion of mother earth ; but I vehemently protest against any man by mere power of monopoly, possessing through the labour of others the mineral wealth of any country. It is on a par with the early monopolists of England, who in the reign of Henry the Eighth secured to themselves, and for their sons and bastards the land of Old England, with all its then unknown mineral wealth, and with the assistance of sheepskin documents conveyed to their successors the labour of after generations. One result it may be truly said, is that existing generations are governed by the dead to the advantage of the ignobility who are enriched by this constant supply, obtained not by chance, but by fraud and pressure, and confiscation of the people's wealth and labour. This was felt to be such an advantage, that the land-tax was made a fixed sum in the reign of William the Third, a Dutchman of decent parts, but still no less an intruder upon the English people, and a vagabond against the Irish interests and people. By such an act, throwing all taxes upon the trading classes, and giving the opportunity to the land-stealers to secure in the nineteenth century over £400,000,000 a year, from land and minerals, to enable their friends the army, navy, and police-supporters to grow fat, and to bribe the Church to bless the robbery, and to urge the people to be content in the position that they say, the Lord intended them to dwell in. God of heaven ! how long will you permit such blasphemy and robbery to continue, and the creatures of Your hand ever to be at the mercy of these public plunderers, which means starvation and death to the toilers of all nations.

Such will be the future of South Africa if the common heritage is allowed to be given over to all the relations of our Government who apply for the same, and then command the labour of the white and black to crush out the gold that alone should be in the hands of those who toil, either individually, collectively, or co-operatively. I care not which, but I protest against there being land-grabbers and mineral-thieves as in England. I no less protest against there being a Mackey "Silver King," so called, and against the Vanderbilts, Goulds, Stewarts, or any other land, gold, silver, iron, copper, or diamond exploiters in South Africa or elsewhere. The future of this country demands this, and if it is true, as stated by geologist Stowe, that the Free State has beneath its soil £200,000,000 worth of iron, and £300,000,000 worth of coal, it is something outrageous that a President, who has never shown how to make two blades of grass to grow in the place of one, has not moved for the unearthing of this wealth on behalf of the people he is supposed to watch over. The State is poor, because the opportunity occurs for men to amass riches—the outcome of the surface of the earth, and in some few cases the outcome of nature's wealth below,—and because there lacks a head to utilise what is beneath their very feet, all goes to ruin and destruction.

In the future all monopolies must be looked upon as public robbery, and must cease to exist. I am delighted to make these truths known, and thus to help to remove the present evils; but I am not an advocate of the "share and share alike" principle, nor for making all things common property on the basis of the equality of all, at present in existence. I am an advocate of individual ownership, and a man's prosperity his own wealth, begotten of his own labour. There is no fear of a revolution of blood by my advocacy, but certainly a revolution in the holding of wealth, and at the same time to settle all points of dispute in the future, without discussing how much a man should pay out of his rent-roll, or out of the accumulated labour out of their fathers' hands at the time of their death. Once make a law that all titles to land and mines should be left as they now are, with the condition that the owner shall only be entitled

at death to what his personal labour can secure, and that after six months all lands not in working shall be at the disposal of any who may desire the same, to be worked individually or co-operatively, who, working equally, shall share alike. Then there will be no need in England, or elsewhere, as in the years 1789 to 92, to remove land-grabbers and holders, by means of a Calcraft's short, or Marwood's long drop, bullet or knife. A few pens, ink and paper can alter all in these days, without recourse to harder substances. As an old reformer I never have urged robbery and plunder; but have demanded that no property, the work of men's hands, should be confiscated, as it now is, by the interested classes all over the globe. Cheer up, ye workers and producers of England's wealth, and elsewhere, the time must come when you will get your own; and then securing the labour of your own hands you will all support the rights of others, seeing that it will be to your interest in those days to do so, making it impossible for thieves, vagabonds, and all the well-dressed criminals to exist, for the opportunity to work and to receive, as the result of their labour, all that their personal labour can secure, without robbing another. The right to all a man can secure by his labour will be an incentive to all to toil; and with such an opportunity to all, society, for its own protection, will be justified in compelling the lazy, natural enemies of mankind, to toil or die, and then, if need be, if they will not work, they should be destroyed and burnt, to manure the ground, so that in their death they might be useful, to make up for their uselessness in life. Much of the Free State and the Transvaal I will go into in my later chapters, in which I will follow the History of the Free State by that of the Transvaal, and when all these things are read, marked, and inwardly digested, all will see there is a possibility of the Eutopia, dreamt about by Plato, Sir Thomas Moore, and others, without loss to anyone, but to the general gain of all, with "Peace and Goodwill among men and all nations.

The one hope of Winburg for the present has gone like the many hopes of other cities and places. At one time it was thought to be the centre of a large coal district, and the

opening up for a considerable time made even Winburg tolerable by the number of waggons, carts and other vehicles that passed on their way from the coal beds to the diamond fields, but unfortunately, it being only surface coal, and the quantity of sulphur it contained being injurious to the machinery at Kimberley, this hope vanished like a dream, and the mischance left the Winburgians more hopeless than ever. It is said that if they will pass down to some considerable depth there is a chance of finding a superior coal for any purpose, not only near here, but all over the Free State—but if it is true that this is part of the coal estimated by the geologist Stowe as part of the £300,000,000, it is high time that the same be worked out for the State profit, and all that it needs is a State arrangement and determination to carry it out successfully. This is a statesman's opportunity, but unfortunately for the Free State, so over-ridden are they by the hungry and adventurous officials, that this human commodity of a statesman is unknown. But as sure as the Free Staters make so free in cutting all their bush and trees down from the banks of their rivers, so sure will this desirable coal be needed for winter warmth, and the demand will compel its existence to be found out and utilised; then the whole difficulty is got over. At present the organised conspiracy called a Government, taxes the people without striving to secure the underground wealth, and to produce from the top surface all that nature would give if properly arranged for; and thus it happens that the whole of the South African States are going back, and men are leaving daily as though it were a plague-stricken land, and rushing to England's more favourable colonies. I too have seriously contemplated moving on to other lands, where it is possible to live, where the land is governed by *men*, and where our children are not sent into the fields to destroy by bullet, rocket, and shell, the natives in such numbers as to make it impossible for at least another twenty years to exist side by side with them. This feeling does not arise from positive inability to live in the land of adoption if properly arranged for. There would be no desire to hurry away if we had men in the State and Colony able to show how to work up nature's bounties

and to live happily in South Africa, but nothing is done because no one can show a plan for working-up all the wealth for the benefit of both *black* and *white*. The time however will come, when some remedy must be applied, or the land will once more fall into the hands of the black man, and into the worst form of savagery. How to prevent this I have shown in my first "Jottings," again in this my second, and I hope to show, in my future ones, the easy possibility of making all South African earth an Eden, out of which no one would feel happy. It must be generally admitted, when thoroughly understood, that all my past actions—and no action has yet proved a failure—and the suggestions I make, must be thoroughly tried, and although I may be as one born out of due season, these facts will prove true, and bear fruit, though it be after many days, or years, when once they have been put in practice. It is evident that somehow the world is all-awry; and as the politician, and Christian socialist cannot alter it, the socialist of the true land and money reform must do so. Don't be alarmed, my readers, my socialism does not consist of 100-ton guns, Gatlings, Greek-fire, or dynamite, bullets, and bayonets, and all the paraphernalia of the official cormorants of the governing classes of the present day. My socialism will not erect monuments to *Mars* and *Victory*, and innumerable obelisks to commemorate how they slaughtered in the days gone by, and the present time, and how they robbed the inhabitants in the name of landlords and money-lords, made law, in all parts of the Earth, to feed the hunger of all the plundering classes. No, no; the outcome of my socialism will show itself in the works of man, that will secure to all peace and prosperity, I am, and shall be proud to be known without any of the modern false-Christian help, as the apostle of the true socialism of the future—of that socialism that will produce prosperity to all around, from the day of its adoption.

As, like unto many others, my Republicanism will not be the only burning cry; but the social remedies worked for the benefit of the community will be understood to be humanitarian of the widest and noblest character. I know most people, as in many other reforms, hear the name of Socialism

with horror, thinking they are part of the men described by Thiers and others, who belonged to the Versailles blunderers and plunderers, and who, in the name of a Republic, upheld all the enormities of the Empire, in defiance of the men of Paris—the only true patriots of that time—who with the utmost self-devotion fought for Municipal Government, in opposition to all that was base, and who, while standing out nobly for the rights of men, were shot down and murdered, and afterwards cruelly slandered by these men and their hirelings of the Press in France. They can show nothing for their statements: the scenes as depicted by these liars, like most of the so-called historical facts of that time, are as false as false can be. The true history of the active men and minds of that time, and their motives, has yet to be written.

The leaders, so-called, of the advanced party in England don't like to be called Socialists, but don't mind being known as Republicans. For the sake of having M.P. attached to their names they will roar like lions, and, like all consumers of other men's means, and pocketers of subscriptions will, for the sake of *place*, affirm or swear to uphold Her Majesty, her heirs and successors, for ever.

Those "grand old men," the reformers of France, would not belie their consciences, and swear allegiance to Napoleon the Third. Rather than do so, they expatriated themselves for twenty-odd years, and to-day they are honoured for their consistency, and I trust that no man of the people, so called, will ever sit in the seat of the powerful under false conditions, and in opposition to the utterances of a lifetime. Let them die in oblivion, or go down in history clad in everlasting shame.

My own sense of Socialism and Republicanism does not allow me to ignore facts and conditions at the expense of all dignity and manliness. A tribune of the people may be more powerful for good outside Parliament than inside. No amount of chaff or fun about the grapes being sour affects the position, or can alter the conditions; and there is no truth in us unless we sacrifice all selfish considerations to a stern sense of duty, and the fulfilment of our promises. No one should place any faith in the utterances of any man

unless his life proves that he is prepared, as a sacred duty, to be true to his professions. As private individuals our actions ought ever to be in harmony with our words; but as public leaders or teachers, even if it deprives us of large support, we ought to be doubly careful how we belie our life-utterances.

The want of public truth is the cause of many failures among our public men. To-day we feel that we can trust no man's language, used as it is so frequently to hide his real meaning, and to afford cover to double-dealing, and so long as we know this, we must protest and maintain that all may be d—d if they prove unfaithful to their utterances. As one of the people who has worked for the people's benefit and a higher standard of morality in our daily life as well as in our public men, I cannot allow their best interests to be sacrificed, or any leader to sit in the House of Commons under false pretences, even though he can speak loudly and fluently upon the Pension List. If ever the people should, as they think, for their advantage, elect me to speak in their House of Assembly, it must be upon the distinct understanding that I take no oath of any kind. That is the only position, as I understand it, of the true representative of the people, and no amount of telling me that it is not possible to elect me after my views being known, will alter that opinion. I never expect to get into such a position. It may be a perfect Heaven below to the rich, as a club-house, but under present conditions it would be a perfect hell to any man with a spirit of self-dignity and nobleness in him. To be a great Tribune outside such a house is a grand position compared to being a mere cipher inside. Never to catch the Speaker's eye, but always in some undignified position; no opportunity to make a speech; to be the outcome of of a "count-out," and to be at the mercy of the Bad-Laughes of the stupid party of both sides the House, may suit little men; but great men, never. I have no desire to preach a homily to my brother reformers, but as great events are being foreshadowed, it behoves us all to resist to the uttermost this getting into Parliament under false pretences, only to be ridiculed, distrusted, and despised by all honest men, because it tends

to discredit and impede all honest reformers in the prosecution of their ennobling aims. In my journeyings in England and the Colonies, I have seen so many Tory, Whig and other shams, that I will not compromise or condone any that I know in the ranks of the reformers, even though they may possess the Press and send the big hat round for subscriptions all the year round, and do their utmost to black-ball me in every turn of life. I have lived by my hard labour in the past, and until strength fails, I will, like another Paul, continue to do so, and when not wanted in the ranks of the reformers in England, I will once more work in my garden in sunny Africa. I may envy at times the position of many; but not at the cost they pay for the same. It is not always the loudest and biggest talker that is the wisest, or the most reliable. Let this never be forgotten in all ranks of life, and especially in all reform circles, that so long as I know the right, I will go out of my way to thwart any and all such, and will not act the Jesuit's part and policy of allowing and doing evil, that good may come; a temporary gain is no fortune. We want men to support immovable truths and rights. Once let this be understood, and no place will tempt men to sear their consciences as with a hot iron for any private gain, popularity or self-aggrandisement and gratification, in or out of our Parliament, in or out of the Halls of Science in opposition to Nature's laws, and public and private morality; and the sooner this is understood, the better for our friends and the worse for our enemies. Some people may think I am too bold against everything, and that my hand, pen and brain must be against every man. If they think so, they think right, if by that they mean everything that is wrong, and I hope for life to continue to do so, until "right is right, and wrong is no man's right." Till then, while life lasts, I cannot but struggle for this ideal of right, as I conceive it. I can offer no apology for these thoughts, they are spontaneous; if they give offence, I complain not. I do not write to please, I write to improve, and if in so doing I offend, I will take my punishment, but in mercy to themselves, I ask all to speak the truth and nothing but the truth; for myself I ask nought.

As a man, I have always done what I conceived the best and have suffered in so doing, but that is part of the expected. To suppose that any reformer in any age can lay on a bed of roses, provided by other men, is to expect the roses without the thorns; that they could equally suppose such is a mistake. No, no, and I here beg to conclude this chapter, in the poetry of Edwin Heron, who I yet hope to meet as the true poet of Humanity of the nineteenth century—and the exposé of all shams.

“ Since honest labour finds no recompense
 In this old world of jobbing and pretence :
 Since I can neither puff nor advertise,
 Nor know the trick of telling specious lies ;
 Since I have no connection with reviews,
 And lack the skill to toady or abuse ;
 Since, as the critic of my dearest friend,
 Rather than flatter him, I would offend !
 Since I have always called a knave his name,
 And roused the hate of those who feel no shame ;
 Cared for no braggart of the daily press,
 Heir to his father's ill-deserved success,
 Whose pedigree and fortunes are disclosed
 If a few syllables are just transposed
 (A lucky printer's-devil was the one—
 The devil's printer is the luckier son) ;
 And since the scanty pittance which is mine,
 Feels day by day a slow but sure decline,
 Is less this morning than 'twas yesterday,
 And wastes a little by each hour's delay ;
 Since, with the folly of an honest mind,
 I fancied gratitude not wholly blind ;
 Since I believed the promises I heard,
 And gave some credence to a statesman's word,
 Nor learnt the wisdom of these later days,
 That foes are fed on pudding, friends on praise ;
 Schooled, but not soured, by all that I have learned ;
 Rich in the wide experience I have earned.

While time has only flooded my head with snow,
 But leaves me hands to work and feet to go ;
 While I may reckon still that fate may give
 A few more years to labour in and live ;
 Ere age has forced my weakened frame to bow
 And lean upon the staff I brandish now

I leave my fatherland ; the mean and base
 May buy my homestead, and usurp my place ;
 That I relinquish freely, too ; but why
 Gibbet the knaves you know as well as I ?
 Let them remain and flourish, who delight
 To prove that white is black and black is white ;
 Who, trained to trade on meanness from their youth,
 Fawn to the power which crushes down the truth ;
 Hire themselves out to snarl, and growl, and bark,
 And mangle reputations in the dark.
 Let those remain and thrive whom greed will bring
 For a percentage to do anything ;
 Who, like the candid Greek (I think his name
 Was Xenos), feel no qualms and show no shame ;
 Who, if a good commission come their way,
 Will do the dirtiest work and earn its pay ;
 Would take a bribe to hide a banker's fraud,
 And, if they found a buyer, sell their God,
 Win traders' profit on a nation's toil,
 Contract for churches, or contract for soil,
 Sell dead men's bones to mix with turnip seed,
 Or hire a children's gang to farmer Read,
 Will start a floating coffin on the seas
 And drown your sailors as a fox drowns fleas,
 Insure a sham, and should it serve their turn
 To get their sordid gain, will sink or burn ;
 And thus will win, whatever else they can,
 The heartiest scorn which man can feel for man.

Such trades as these pick up the cent. per cent.,
 And push their followers into Parliament.
 This honest traffic breeds the modern man,
 This grants him all the gifts which fortune can,
 Tickets his person with the cash he's worth,
 And gives him charms of manners, wit and birth ;
 This made your Hudson's soirées a success,
 Bade Wellington approve and Samuel bless ;
 Through half the year he spoke nation's will,
 Through all the year he made it serve his till ;
 By gifts of scrip, by gifts of endless beer,
 He won the voter, and he won the peer.

Why quarrel with the way they win their bread ?
 Why grieve that chance exalts the worthless head ?
 Let Fortune jest, and make her favourites great,
 Advance her blacklegs to a duke's estate ;
 When Pope was living England knew not how
 To bear one Chartres ; there's a legion now.

What place is left for me ? I cannot lie,
 Fawn on the knave, or honesty decry.
 If noble authors publish vapid stuff,
 I cannot offer a judicious puff—
 Praise Derby's Homer, bless the good Argyle,
 Extol one's scholarship, and t'other's style;
 I can't invade the realm with paper slips,
 I can't interpret the Apocalypse ;
 I cannot wield the scientific pen,
 And prove men monkeys, or prove monkeys men,
 Flatter the pride of birth's ancestral years,
 Which Darwin tracks to apes, and Burke to peers ;
 I cannot rap for spirits, conjure, preach,
 Purvey new fashions, and new morals teach ;
 I can't write novels of the modern sort,
 Or cull my stories from Penzance's court
 (Small matter ; lady novelists alone
 Debauch the male sex and depict their own) ;
 I can't invent a bond, or cook accounts,
 Or fail in business, and for huge amounts ;
 I can't be useful, for I can't be smart,
 I've too much honour and too little art.

Your market price, to those who buy and sell,
 Is what you know of them, not what you tell.
 Still hold your tongue, but always use your eyes,
 The rich man's forced to reckon with his spies ;
 See, and be silent, watch, and do'nt be nice,
 No honest secret ever had a price.
 I do not tender hints like these to you,
 For if your heart is sound your tongue is true ;
 Not all the gold Australia can afford,
 Not all the wealth which makes a brand-new lord,
 Not all the cash which Bismarck may expect.
 Not all that Sumner claimed as indirect
 Would make you keep, against your natural rest,
 A dirty secret in an anxious breast.

The people gives its blood, its cash, its toil,
 While sharp contractors carry off the spoil.

Patriots, I know, are very dubious men,
 Not one is honest out of every ten.
 The cry is easy, and one cannot tell
 Whether its crier means to buy or sell ;
 To make some profit from the stuff, he says,
 And help some folly, if he sees it pays.
 So smashers, for their proper ends, may join

To aid the mint in issuing current coin ;
And, if no practised eye the fraud detects,
May furnish Tomline more than he expects.
But they who never let one generous thought
Enter the workshop where their wealth is wrought,
Who never occupy their heart and brain
With any higher end than sordid gain—
Enough of this, since time would not suffice
To illustrate the mongrel and his vice."

It will be well if all true and real reformers will learn by heart Juvenal's Satires, which so perfectly illustrate the present condition of all classes and institutions of our modern barbarism.





CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFTER spending a most uncomfortable day, owing to the wind blowing, and the want of occupation, although the rest from travelling was most refreshing to me, I determined to go to an evening entertainment to be given by an itinerant troupe. To my disgust I found they were, as one of the troupe in a joke described them, nothing but strolling vagabonds, without skill or genius, who certainly lacked all power of interesting or amusing in any, much less the fullest sense; but who, like others I have met before in the Colony, were mean enough to trade upon the forced exertions of what they were pleased to call their Baby Flora—a little girl of twelve years—who, to assist in providing the largest share of means, sang and played to the best of her ability, but, being only a child, failed for want of capacity. She afterwards had to unsex herself, to take the part of a prince in the hands of the cruel Hubert. This, too, in the presence of men and boys, for the advantage of a man and his wife, who traded upon the child's precociousness, and who, I found afterwards, was detained in their possession in opposition to the wish of her parents, who being poor, could not fight the brute-hirer, after he had, by a species of false promises, secured the child in his wanderings. I am sick at heart when I see what, judging from their size and build, should be men and women, trading upon the skill of a young child, and that a girl; and I call upon all to denounce this kind of outrage in South Africa, and in England, which is constantly being perpetrated upon infants, that cannot help themselves, and who are forced to go through certain parts, to enrich a new set of torturers.

These strolling vagabonds in reality, are on the increase. They are too lazy to work honourably, but to fill their own pockets, and to gratify the low taste of their audience, will force a girl to go through all kinds of attitudes, and sing all kinds of catch-songs, to make their scheme a success. It surely is time that such torturers should be punishable by law. If infants and young children are forbidden by law to be worked in our factories, until of sufficient strength and age, so should it be no less criminal for children to be driven or taught to take part in any amusement that unsexes them, or trespasses upon the growing strength, so much needed to build up their constitutions for the future. Surely the time has arrived when human frauds, with any amount of impudence, should no longer be allowed to trade upon the labour of children, oftentimes leading to the ruin or death of our young offspring. Life is too sacred to be at the mercy of brutal parents, or the abductors of the young, who are made to sing all kinds of questionable songs full of inuendoes, that are simply revolting. With a silent curse on the wretched mercenary that allowed such a prostitution of his wife and child, for his gain, I retired to rest, preparatory to my early journey from Winburg the hopeless, to Bloemfontein the hopeful. After an unsettled rest of six hours, punctually at 4 in the morning, the bugle sounded, and although it was a *Royal* Hotel I was leaving, I could not get a cup of coffee to warm the body. I mounted the cart, and bade adieu to Bloemfontein, the centre of my business endeavours for the last three years, with a light heart that I had done on my journey all that I conceived my part to make my remaining months passable. I rode on in silence, contemplating the greeting that awaited me at my business house, and still more with my friends in England, who were longing to see me in the land of my birth, and who, perhaps, for many causes, might not, and yet I am still in hope that I shall see all in the flesh, or if not then, in the spirit.

As day-break appeared, I never felt so keenly the starvation process that was going on, owing to the want of grass for the cattle. It has been remarked that the last place made on Saturday night was the Free State; certainly it seems

the last place thought about. Year after year, but little rain, and so scarce were the incoming Spring crops, that to save the lives of the ewes, the farmer had to cut the throats of the lambs; and yet, were the Boer less lazy, thoughtless and improvident, all this might be prevented. Miles and miles of what might be grass-lands I passed, that if mowed in the summer and stacked, or placed in silos, would give tons of hay, or fresh sweet food for all his stock in the winter, but unfortunately the Boer has not the slightest idea that to lay out £500 would help and keep his Stock, and give him £1,000 in return. Time after time, I passed what would have made mill-dams, to allow the water to constantly run away in seasons of plenteous showers, and yet they never appeared to contemplate the storing-up. The climate has so Kaffirised farmer, legislator, President, and all other officials, that they are incapable to think out, how to provide for the morrow or the future, and so great is their apathy and incapacity for taking advantage of circumstances that it only remains, if the land is to be saved and kept in the hands of the white man, for the English as saviours to take their place, and they again in their turn would be absorbed in these climatic conditions, if not kept up by fresh blood from Europe.

We need more of the Hampden kind:—

“ Men who can stand before a demagogue,
 And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking.
 Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
 In public duties, and in private thinking.
 For while the wranglers with their worn-out creeds,
 Their large professions and their little deeds,
 Mingle in selfish strife, lo, Freedom weeps,
 Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.”

I am not one who believes that Africa can be made by even a full supply of water from underground, or by dams and reservoirs, to grow and then export Indian corn, mealies or meal. It will be enough to look after the pastoral conditions to make a success. The land can never be an agricultural country in the same sense and degree as in England, America or Europe. The want of regular rains and cheap transport debars it from competing with the

United States, Canada or Europe. In those centres of civilisation, the rain being regular and certain, men can live and pay £4 per acre on hired land, and yet grow with profit; and their railway constructions are available to convey to all parts all kinds of agricultural articles, fresh and sweet, and thus control the trade of the world with all their agricultural supplies, so that at present America offers chances to all not to be had in South Africa, and in such she is destined to alter all the conditions of agriculture on the continent and the world generally, but more especially in Europe. American cheap food of all descriptions has now been so well proved, that a man can live better now than before Tory and Whig protectionists would allow food to be introduced into England, and when free trade in land and money is as certain in the future as it is now in agricultural produce—then all will be well for the producers and consumers. It is bound to come, and then there will be no monopoly. Some argue that the Free State, traversed by railroads, would alter the whole country. Nothing of the kind; for a time business among traders would be brisk, prices would rise, and owing to an influx of English money, all would go as happy as a wedding feast, but once finished, then the reaction would set in; and again insolvencies would follow up fast, and the inevitable shrinking and obstinancy take place, and as in the colony, the agricultural produce and wool not being in quantity enough, there would be no sufficient traffic to pay working expenses, much less the foreign bond-holders. The first effort of all in the up-country is to increase the wool supply and improve their water arrangements to enable them to grow food enough to feed their population without buying out of South Africa. These should be the two first conditions, and would be but for the lack of Presidents with brains, and traders eaten up with selfishness. The land is dying, say what the Becks may, with their black blood in their veins, and dirty trade tricks, backed up with the never-to-be-forgotten missionaries Verneuk—Hardt's and Co.—the Hard-Verneukers, who to hold the power they now possess over the poor unfortunate Boer, would never Beck any into the right path or course. These men, like the Jew Pincus or Lev-us-see-her, live by

private smuggling of brandy and guns, and would sell their God or their brother-man, if they could do so with a full profit.

For confirmation of my views the attention of the reader is invited to the following extracts from the Bloemfontein *Daily News* of April 3rd and 5th.

SMUGGLING.

“We have frequently been requested to publish statements made to us with regard to what appears to be a wholesale system of smuggling carried on by certain parties in Bloemfontein. We should not be performing our duty to the public if we altogether disregarded our informants, whilst we certainly should be exceeding our duty if we, without more proof than the mere assertion of the fact, stigmatised ‘leading’ merchants as openly evading the law.

“The matter under discussion is a very sore one, and causes so much heart-burning, so many threats of revenge, such constant bickerings, that we think it should be handled, not alone by the Press, but by a Court of Equity. The law seems powerless, as it always must be in small places where men trade upon their social position, and do that which, if men of the lower rungs of the social ladder were even to dream of doing, they—the ‘leaders’ in commercial morality—would hold up their hands, and with exclamations of disgust, ask to have them stoned at once. Society, as constituted in Bloemfontein, is too closely knit around central figures to allow of its being rudely awakened to the fact that among its ‘figures’ are some of the commonest clay. The law, which theoretically is no respecter of persons, practically arrests the drunken Hottentot, and gives him twenty-five lashes, while it converts those who openly evade the provisions of its statutes into J.P.’s and ‘ennobles’ them by placing them in positions of honour and trust.

“Public Prosecutors take advantage of these idiosyncracies, and think that to doubt any man who wears broadcloth is rank treason. Thus the ball goes gaily rolling. The hard-working man, who pays his license and determines to keep the law, finds his business ruined by the man of social posi-

tion, who, thinking he will never be suspected, and if suspected will be let off, underselling him. The hard-working man, so treated, knows how hardly he is dealt with, but under the belief that 'to inform' is mean, he sooner suffers loss. He further argues that it is no good informing; the authorities know all about it; they know liquor is openly sold in certain canteens; they know certain people have sold, and still continue to sell, without license, and for reasons best known to themselves, they—the authorities—(heaven save the mark!) shut their eyes and will not see.

"It is only a few days ago a certain dealer in liquor openly stated that he offered a party Boer brandy at a certain price, and he was met with a refusal upon the ground that brandy as good could be purchased at — for something less. Mr. Blank, of course, having no license. This reproach must be wiped out, and, failing the law, there is still one means left—we refer to the Chamber of Commerce. This body was formed, as its rules specify, 'for the promotion and protection of the trade and commerce of the State.'

"No trade or commerce can thrive whilst smuggling is openly carried on. Representations made by the Press seem powerless to move those who should always be on the alert. The Chamber, if it wishes to retain its good name as a centre of commercial morality, must move in this matter, and we may hope that 'smuggling,' if hereafter indulged in, will be confined to the 'pariahs' of the capital, and not as now be the 'open' business of our so-called 'leading' merchants.

"Some excitement prevailed in the 'dorp' when it was intimated that Mr. Wepner, J.P., of Wepener, had passed through the town *en route* to Bloemfontein to lay information against some person or persons for wholesale gun-running. It was asserted that the trade has been openly carried on, and names were freely bandied about. A Bloemfontein merchant was, of course, 'well in it,' and if one half of the stories one heard was true, the open disregard for the law is shameful. However, as His Honour the President is in possession of the facts, and as he has no doubt instituted an enquiry, it will be as well to await the outcome of such action before believing or discrediting the statements made. It is, however, impossi-

ble to over-estimate the injury which may hereafter be inflicted upon the Free State if a wholesale trade in firearms and munitions of war is allowed to be carried on unchecked. There is no place in the Free State more adapted for this 'illicit' trade than Dewetsdorp. Close to the Baralong Territory, guns, cartridges, &c., can be slipped across easily, and once in Moroko's Territory the dishonest dealers, away from the fear of the law, can run them into Basutoland, and thus arm our enemies from our very doors. It cannot be argued that these things are not known. Everybody in Dewetsdorp speaks openly of the gun-running, and if it is not immediately stopped, those who now supply the Basutos with guns will look upon the trade as a perfectly legitimate one. It is to be hoped Mr. Wepner's report will not be shelved, but that action will be taken thereon. There are some things which the Press can only draw attention to, leaving the authorities to deal with the matter, and failing the authorities appealing to the Volksraad. No time could have been better for the discovery than the present, as—failing determined action on the part of the Government, the Honourable the Volksraad will, without doubt, take the matter seriously in hand.

ILLICIT TRADE.

"A few issues back we called attention to the fact that 'smuggling' was carried on in an open manner. Since then it has ceased to be 'smuggling' in the true sense of the word, and has assumed the proportions of an illicit trade, indulged in openly and fearlessly, under the very eyes of the officials, and in presence and under the guardianship of the police. We are right in thus denominating the business, as will be proved from the following facts:—A few days ago a certain 'leading' merchant had four casks of Boer brandy or wine, or both, trundled across the market square in charge of his clerk, and under the nose of the police, and deposited upon the premises of a duly licensed wholesale spirit dealer. A little later a wagon loaded up these four casks and departed, whilst the 'leading' merchant, no doubt, congratulated himself upon having again cleverly defrauded

the government. Our informant feels very indignant at this open evasion of the law, and, as he speaks publicly of the transaction, the whole matter is an 'open secret.' One of the parties concerned is particularly addicted to talking at hotel tables and upon the market square of the failings of his fellows. Would it not be better for this gentleman (?) before he again assumes the position of dictator of commercial morality, to endeavour to wash his own hands? If he cares so little for public morality as to openly defy the law, and the officers elected to carry out the law are afraid to touch those who sit in 'high places,' he, at all events, should have some consideration for the good name and reputation of his clerk, and not allow him to be used as a handle for setting the law at defiance. He should, in other words, do his own dirty work, and, being as well known as he is, nobody will feel astonished. Great surprise will, however, be felt when the whole matter becomes public, through the law-courts, that men of position have allowed themselves to be led into 'illicit' acts, through their opposition to Ordinance No. 10—1883."

The demand for railways is not a sound one at the present time. The splendid opportunity for the growth of wool away from all native intrusion in Australia—the never sleeping determination of the flock-masters there to raise large crops, both in weight and quality; the giving of £2,000, £1,000, £500 for some of the purest and best-blooded rams to be got in creation, and that constantly, will simply in the end ruin South Africa, if in the hands of a lazy and untaught race of bastard-Boers, who have so often intermarried with the native women, that there are more Swart-Boers and Dutchmen to be met with, than it is pleasant to be constantly coming into contact with in the Free State. Most of the Boer farmers will often meet, and even entertain at their tables one of their own lazy, or thieving compatriots with a Dutch name rather than be commonly decent to a white trader or tradesmen. Well do I remember my angel visit unawares, at a Boer house, and having requested food and shelter, being benighted, I was refused, although willing to pay for the same accommodation. When at last I intimated that if

was simply impossible for me, not knowing the the way to proceed in the dark, I was told by the unfortunate slave who was teaching the boys English, that I could stop in the out-house, and did at last pass a night in the same without window or door in one corner, while my horse fed in the other on the chaff scraps left there, but not a bite or sup was supplied me, although I repeatedly desired to buy and pay for the same. I would have passed over this, but I was roused to a pitch of indignation, which almost made me horse-whip the farmer for the open bare-faced lie he told me the evening before, that he could give me no shelter, seeing that he had sickness in the house. I know for all this is the truth, that if still in Bloemfontein, they would go for me, while I had the means, for libel in what they call their Supreme Court of Justice, and failing means, run me behind the kloof, and stone me to death, if they could be held as harmless as most of them are now, when having killed a kaffir in cold blood, or running after one to illegally detain and force him into their fumigating house, and if not willing break in his skull. They are tried for murder by a Dutch jury, who would willingly, if they dared, offer a premium for every skull with the flesh boiled off, as we once did in England for every fox-tail or skull brought into a court of payment. A Dutchman is only brave when he has no brave enemy to face in fight, as the old wars proved, when led on by their unfortunate President, Brand, against the Basutos. They always thought more of securing plunder in the shape of grain and cattle, than facing the enemy, and, as a rule, always left the fighting to the Africander-Englishmen, who are not prepared to sell their birthright for a ten shilling band-ticket. This was at the time and in such circumstances that the Dutch funk'd, and often shouted "Huis toe my vrouw en kinders," and wept for fear, and when their President rose to that sublime height so much praised, and said, "Wacht een beetje," or in English, "wait a bit, all shall right come." There were English here—their artillery was headed by an Englishman, and a good man, but then that was nothing new, the same had occurred in all the past open wars. The Dutchman is only equal to a midnight raid, he will sneak up to and behind

stones; but to face boldly an open enemy—never. The same was noticeable in the late native destruction at Mapocks, when he could no longer hold against the natives, he commanded Englishmen from all parts of the Transvaal to assist him, and for want of an honest, manly Resident, who could prevent this, he had to take his chance on such commands.

I know these truths will astonish many, but the time has arrived when the truth shall be no longer hid. I am fully prepared with witnesses and documents to prove all this, although I know it will bring down upon me the hate of those unfortunate dark-blooded Dutch Wasps, that must not be confounded with the pure Dutchman, who delights to call himself an English relative, and who will have his boys taught English. These human blood-hungerers are always creating bad feeling, and as I will show in my *History of the Free State* in the chapter on the Race question, are the greatest curse to South African progress, whether to be found in the Colony, Free State, Transvaal, or any other land they have squatted upon. And now forsooth, because the Free State Dutchman from Harrismith helped the Transvaal, and by an accident and through the folly of a commander, they mounted Majuba Hill, the Germans and Jews trading upon the ignorance of the Dutch, teach them to feel unkindly against Englishmen, who in reality, as will be seen in the future, will prove their best friends, when they know the Germans, Jews and Hollanders as their enemies.

So far as wool-growing is concerned, how can the Dutchman expect good stock, when in his ignorance he expects one ram to be the father of good sheep for a thousand ewes, when only fed on Free State rank grass at the best? The food supply being so inferior, does not give good wool, it lacks oil and length. True it is, but for the constant dead-weight of his mortgage and the usurers, he would be able to purchase better breeding stock, but there is one thing he may rely upon; unless he will, as I have explained in my previous chapters, go in for better conditions of fencing, and water-supply, no European will buy his wool as here explained by the Merchants.

“A correspondent from the Jacobsdal district referring to

our remarks upon the wool industry of this country, complains that the introduction of fresh blood and maintenance of a superior flock of sheep is not an advantageous investment, since there is a general price of wool in this country, and no encouragement given by our traders to such farmers as take pains and spend their money to produce a better article. We are afraid that our correspondent is right, and that for the present unsatisfactory condition of our only staple article, the business man has to take his share of the responsibility. There is little doubt that, with the exception of a few clips, (as in the Bloemfontein district, for example those of Messrs. Salzmänn and Chatfield), there is no difference made by our merchants between wool and wool; and everybody is pretty well tarred with the same brush. Their reason for this we hope moreover to learn, the matter under discussion being of sufficient interest to all concerned to be discussed fully and fairly with the object of an improvement, though we would at once warn against a recriminative style of discussion, where the merchant blames the farmer for the condition of his wool, and the farmer the business man, for not making a difference between a good, indifferent and bad article, as long as it represents the property of a customer worth keeping. What we are anxious for is improvement, and all that is said and written should have this object in view. The *Volksblad* which takes over our argument regarding the constant introduction of fresh blood, views the question differently, and that on the strength of a letter from Mr. Duckitt, of Malmesbury, which we republish in our Dutch columns. He ascribes the complaints to the bad making up of the wool and to the habit of shearing twice a year, and recommends as a remedy public auction marts for the sale of the wool. The *Volksblad* goes farther, and asserts that stones, sand and dung are frequently mixed up with the wool, that unwashed wool is packed into a layer of washed wool, and the like evil practices. We have no personal experience of the trade, but we feel sure that only one in a thousand of our farmers would do what the *Volksblad* complains of. There may have been one or the other instance of such dishonesty; there may be many instances of carelessness; but of intended fraud there can be

no question. Whilst, therefore, putting the charges of the *Volksblad* aside, as incredible, we wish to add to the remarks of Mr. Duckitt a few observations. The requirements of this country are : firstly, good blood, for that is the foundation of all improvement. Some Dutchmen are foolish enough to believe that one ram, grass fed, is equal to the requirements of a thousand ewes; a more foolish idea cannot be conceived for the rearing of good stock and the production of fine wool; secondly, greater care to stamp out "scab," and enable the farmers to change gradually from two shearings to one; thirdly, assorting the wool, so as not to injure the price of the fleece by mixing indiscriminately the more valuable parts with those which suffer through natural causes; lastly, to place all wool on a public market, and thereby insure the farmer generally the full value of his produce, besides rewarding the enterprising man in a due measure. We may as well mention here that since fencing is becoming more and more a necessity for our farmers, the advantages of allowing sheep to run day and night, instead of kraaling them at night is in this State the greatest argument in favour of fencing. Disease, especially "scab," is mainly due to infected kraals, which defy all exertion and watchfulness. What is more, the general condition of the animal will be better and healthier, and that a hardy and healthy animal will be more fit to withstand the attacks of any disease, speaks for itself. But, anticipating a lively discussion on this all-important question, we shall for the present, rest satisfied with the points adduced."

At present, no one in the Free State can point out how a supply of mealies or wheat is ready to be taken down to the colonial ports, and when there, shipped as cheaply and as readily as in America, for at present there are no harbours that will allow of ships to anchor along, nor corn stores to run out from elevators in one continual stream into the hold of a ship, so that it could be loaded in a few hours. It is folly to deceive, says *The Friend of the Free State*, any longer on this matter for many years until the supplies are ready, the ox-waggon can do all that is required in the Free State, especially as now, right up to the borders of the Free State except

the slow lethargic Boer State of the Transvaal, so that all can get up or down with certainty at all times, and in all weathers. No one enjoys the road of civilisation better than myself. As a boy, I often stood in awe and watched the mighty rush of a Dover express, and felt then the engine-driver must be a man to be envied, who could sit or stand and enjoy the mighty rock of his engine, and hoped that at some future time I too might move at an express rate, and I still feel that I can with the same heartiness, enjoy all the conveniences of railway speed. But I must protest against money being spent so recklessly, and to deceive the Free State people. To do otherwise than protest would be to lead them into a snare. If they can find material in their own fields, and construct with their own Free State money, then I wish them a speedy success, but to borrow from the homelender and usurer, so as to fatten the speculator, and then in some way which they are unable to explain, get more and more into the hands of the thievish interest-receivers is not good enough to recommend; therefore for some years to come, railways must be ignored and forgotten, notwithstanding all that may be said by the *Friend* of the Free State. I, on the other hand, know full well that if England were—and as I believe will yet be—asked to take over this land, and as I have before stated, urged by the interested classes so to do, to save all they value and possess, the Government, if the land-capital so-called could be introduced, that would alter much, and set the whole of the Free State in full going order to secure its coal and iron, but this be for the future, when difficulties having become so great, that in mercy they, the Free State Boers and others, will implore the English to come and deliver them from monetary Jewish, German and Hollander chains, and then the English, like good-natured fools that they are, will run to deliver them once more; however, it may hurt their feelings or pride in swallowing up the Dutch in one confederated English family. To show that irrigation is exercising the English minds near Bloemfontein I herewith publish the views of an Englishman, and a large farmer. It is so practicable if wanted to be carried out that I cannot pass it by.

· IRRIGATION.

It seems an inherent weakness in human nature to grasp at all things illusory and deceptive, if only they promise quick and manifold returns. When one comes to think over the huge companies that have been launched all over the world, with no better promises than fallacious figures and heated imaginations, one is struck with abject amazement at the credulity of the public. Reverting to England alone and tracing the temporary insanity that raged at different times, we find shares taken up in the "South Sea Bubble," the "Patent Eel Catcher," "Insect Destroyer," "Cloud Catcher," "Silver Mines," "Gold Mines," and so on *ad infinitum*. These paroxysms lasted for a time, and shareholders would then regain a certain amount of reason. If you take the trouble to study the tardy birth of all schemes which required time, labour, industry, patience, and a probability of only a fair return, we are led to the conclusion mankind care not to work and wait. Of late we have had much matter hurled into the Press, anent water storage, irrigation, agriculture, and other matters affecting the farmer in South Africa. It has always appeared to me that fully one-half the stuff ventilated in the papers has been the abortions of theorists, unpractical men, having no conception of the conditions and circumstances surrounding the question. In the *Express* dated 13th March, 1884, we have a scheme sketched out by Mr. Gradwell of some magnitude, comprehensive, and by no means delusive. The salient difficulties to be overcome are money, labour, patience, and a limited spirit of money accumulation. The writer, to my mind, is somewhat in error when stating companies are out of fashion. It would be well for some people if they were. However, to proceed, a few years ago the Bayonians, disgusted with the ox-wagon, cast about, and found what no one knew before; and that was that mules contained an immense amount of virtue. Actuaries and clerks were set to work, and they discovered that in three years, at the rate of 12s. per 100lbs., the Company could afford to lose the plant. The scheme was ostensibly to "sit down" on the bullock-carrier. The Company received 10s. per 100lbs., and a golden horizon

appeared. But alas for figures; instead of fat dividends, they found the mules went one way and the directors another; so the animal with the "listeners" has been tabooed ever since. Then, again, the Bay people started ostrich farming, and figures again deceived them. In my opinion figures are a solemn reality when presented by your bootmaker or tailor. The last scheme started by Port Elizabeth was colossal, to say the least of it. I allude to the Sunday's River scheme, in which agriculture, ostrich farming, and cattle raising are all embraced. If we look within the State our diamonds are worked by companies—Kimberley also; and the water-works there belong to a company. It does not, under the circumstances, appear to me that companies are out of fashion; on the contrary they appear to me in their infancy in South Africa. But reviewing the scheme propounded by Mr. Gradwell. There is nothing impossible or impracticable about the programme. He has shown that by throwing a dam about 2,000 yards long, across about half-way between Floradale and Holmesdale, sufficient water could be stored to irrigate 10,000 acres. It becomes difficult to catch one's breath when you think of so much land under water, seeing our ambition never soared much beyond twenty acres. But anyone capable of grasping the fact must admit it would be an incalculable boon to the country and its people. It would cheapen food; and the more food there is in a country, the less likely pauperism will overtake us. Mr. Gradwell has shown that 50,000 or 60,000 bags of produce could be grown within a few miles of Bloemfontein. I must admit that the promoter has dealt very mercifully with the figures. A greater result could have been extorted; but no doubt the originator allowed for a certain fallacy attending figures. The result arrived at by Gradwell is erring on the safe side—a virtue seldom found in launching any prospectus. In calculating the surroundings of a scheme, such as I am endeavouring to state, a certain amount of difficulties must present themselves. The most prominent evil to be met with is on the threshold, and that is the want of money. Individually the enterprise is too vast. The second difficulty is to persuade the public that the pro-

posal is no sham, no jugglery just to satisfy selfish ends. The minor difficulties of labour, plant, and accessories simply exist to be overcome. To carry out the plan as sketched by Mr. Gradwell, resource must be had either to the Government or to the public; in the latter case shares would have to be taken to a large extent. In the case of appealing to the Government, I see sundry misgivings; the members of the Volksraad are noted for parsimony, and will all pull together to close the purse when public works are called for. The case assumes a different aspect when legislators have to be paid. Secondly, the Government is slightly in debt, and have had to raise a loan; this incident alone will act as a brake on the members of the House. Thirdly, the Government might argue that if we take this scheme in hand for the Bloemfontein district, other parts will clamour for similar favours. I have no doubt you will find the Government fertile in reasons when money is required. But whatever may be the hitch that restrains the Government, that would not detract from the feasibility, the grandeur, the far-seeing, the safe-investment aspect of the picture. It can be lucidly demonstrated that the holders of such a property could sublet small holdings advantageously; and on the other hand it would be a boon beyond price to the many small farmers in this country, who lack capital, and only require a chance to put their energy in the right groove. Hundreds of Boers could be found as tenants, who are limited to a plough and span of oxen. With a certainty of raising crops these men would improve their own circumstances, and benefit the country at large. We should in a measure be independent of our neighbours, the Basutos, who, when the gates of the temple of *Janus* are open, forthwith close their grain temples. Assuming the Government would not accept the offer, the only hope then lies in the public; and then it would be shown what a cleansing it is of the Augean stables, to induce the masses to take even the slightest interest in such a scheme. If a few affluent men could be found to take a few shares they would no doubt form the head; the body and tail are sure to follow; and in that case the *comet* would travel gaily. But nothing should daunt Mr. Gradwell. If General

Gordon can go single-handed to the Soudan to quell a rebellion, it seems the acme of insignificance not to float a food-scheme in the most blessed and the most cursed State under the sun. It is to be hoped the question will be freely ventilated by abler pens than mine. Any scheme that tends to raise men and States should share the approval of all good men.

WATER-STORAGE AND IRRIGATION IN THE FREE STATE.

A friend has done much to show the people of this country a practical way of saving some of the water which runs yearly to waste in quantities—increasing in proportion as our rainfall diminishes and becomes more fitful. There is no difficulty in executing works for catching-up and storing flood-water. Many engineers in South Africa are well acquainted with this country, and with the works best adapted, having had experience in other countries where streams are similar, their channels deep, and their floods as high—such men can and will execute such works when called upon. One difficulty—and I will not call it the chief one—is the want of money; and since our Government has failed to raise even £100,000, I reckon that difficulty is not lessened. The other difficulty I feel bound to point out. Everybody seems to shirk speaking out on this difficulty, and our friend, if I understand him aright, does not wish to point it out at present, although he does allude to it. Supposing the money could be found—(“where there’s a will there’s a way”)—at once, and offered to the farmers on easy terms, are they prepared to make use of it? The answer must be, No! Can they, and will they, as a body, or as companies, or as individuals, execute water-storage works of such extent as to be really and permanently serviceable to the country? I am afraid not just yet awhile. You may point out to them—(they can see some such works in this State)—the advisability and practicability of such works times out of mind. I have done it: but with what success? So long as a drought hurts them, they listen, perhaps; but so long have they been accustomed to let

Nature provide for them, that no sooner does a good rain fall, whether seasonably or not, than they straightway forget your well-meant intentions. Now, it is exactly this apathy, this ingrained waiting upon Nature, that must be overcome, and must be soon overcome, if anything is to be done by them towards the redemption of the country which, in every possible way, shows that Nature refuses to redeem unaided; nay, in which she is revenging herself for the wholesale destruction of all she had to provide. It is not the first thing to do to make all the people see, if they cannot also be made to feel the necessity that is now upon them for doing something towards restoring a semblance of the once plentiful seasonable rainfall and luxuriant vegetation. Now, let me repeat in words that which I believe all thoughtful observers know to their sorrow. It is the process of devastation which has been going on since the country was first occupied, and let the oldest inhabitant prove the contrary, which is, that Nature alone has produced the climatic changes we know, and all the evils which attend us here in farming. At the first occupation, a complete carpet of vegetation, plenty of seasonable rains, cultivation in many places with success and without irrigation, some show of timber, no sluits; pans vleis and pools in spruits often filled, and increase of stock. During the next decade there was, perhaps, no perceptible change in the rainfall, or in the vegetation, but wood was cut down and not replaced, and sluits began to form and stock increased. As years rolled on the country gradually became what we see it—every thing squeezed out of it. As it became filled up, stock increased rapidly, decrease of vegetation kept pace, and all wood of any value, disappeared. Great naked acres of ground accompanied the deepening and widening of spruits and sluits. The drainage of the country was most disastrously incomplete, and below the sources of many fountains. No cultivation without irrigation, and cultivation even with irrigation giving uncertain results; a recurrence of drought diminished rainfall; droughts prolonged fitful rainfall totally out of season, and at last totally insufficient; one good market out of three, death of a large number of sheep, oxen, horses, &c. *from starvation.* It should be plain enough to the meanest

understanding that the diminished sustaining power of the country is still diminishing with terrible certainty and increasing rapidity. What is to be the end? Shall it be hopeless poverty, or shall we pay for water while we can raise the means? So saving our country and ourselves, and restoring some of the treasure which abused Nature demands. Perhaps apathy may call me an alarmist. Let it be so then. There is still room in other countries where people understand taking Nature by the hand, at first acquaintance, rather than wait until she has ceased to smile upon them. There is enough and to spare in what I have written when thought over carefully to startle apathetic people into extraordinary activity. Men take up the subject—it lies with all. Could they not teach how an abuse of Nature is a wrong, and how the wrong done to this country may be righted, and blessings ensue."

So here is still the cry for improvement, and I hasten to draw attention how by means of Free State republican money all can be made possible, that is, supposing we have men in our midst with brains in their heads. God—Hards or Hard—Gods as Mayors will not, because they cannot. Bloemfontein might bloom like a garden and smell like a rose, if water was raised and distributed all over the town, from some upper or subterranean supply. The very Government labour would have produced all this, if, instead of flattering the President in his weakness and follies, the Press had told him plainly that so-and-so must be done, and the quicker the better, and if the Government had a well-boring body of men whose business it ought to be to open up all fountains, &c. At present the people are open to all kinds of fraud, as herein shown forth.

"It is worthy of remark in this country, when an event occurs fraught with calamity to the community at large, avalanches of advice are tendered, showing how the disaster could have been avoided, or how to avoid such an occurrence again. Take for instance the wreck of a steamer on this coast, whereby a number of souls find they have shipped to a place different to Africa. Immediately the 'press' is in arms, from the 'Big Buster' to the 'Little Howe,' pointing

out the ignorance of sea captains, the want of pilots, light-houses, &c., &c.; and this will continue the theme till the arrival of the next boat with all passengers and cargo safe, then the question is shelved, awaiting the next wreck. The same rule applies to droughts. I have not read so much twaddle about water-storage, tanks, reservoirs, tree-planting, as in this year 1883; and why? simply because a drought prevails which will make a history of its own. Let the skies weep, and the floods sweep our desert, and how soon would be the cry for bridges, pons, boats, life-preservers, and a salvage corps. I can see no good in a doctor, who waits till his patient has the small-pox, and then essays to enlighten him how he could have avoided it. It is all very well to upbraid farmers for being indolent, ignorant and easy, because they have not made provisions against certain laws of nature. It would be just as reasonable to blame the farmers on the Rhine for not having life-boats or steam-tugs, during the late floods in Germany. As soon as any evil passes away, the disposition of man is to try and repair his losses, and not make provision for events in the 'womb of futurity.' We should put a man down as demented, who was continually taking precautions against cholera, plague, and earthquakes. It takes us all our time to meet the exigences of the present without forestalling the future. To that class of writers who are continually hurling sneers at the farmers in this country, and who can dash off pages about our want of energy, forethought and prudence—to that class I would say, recollect that in South Africa farmers have had to contend with three obstacles:—

WAR, DROUGHT, AND WANT OF LABOUR.

"The latter difficulty is tided over in a certain fashion, but the former two are like the "smallpox," and leave indelible marks. I don't think any country exists under the sun where a man can get rid of his money and energy as soon as it can be done in South Africa. One great want exists in the Free State particularly, and that is *water*. It would be superfluous to rant about navigable rivers, but let me confine you to our rivers as I find them. Well then, nine months out of the year you can find everything in them but water; the remaining

three months nothing can face the troubled waters, and a paternal Government seem determined no bridges shall run that risk. These rivers run in a deep groove, and necessitate great expense to utilise them. With regard to other waters, fountains exist, many of them strong and on the surface; others exist, but their exact locality requires a special knowledge—such knowledge as I have seen vouchsafed to few; and this brings me to a particular species of the genus Homo—a vampire, a fraud, a perambulating Ananias, a parasite, a thing without a redeeming point in his character. I allude to the “Water-finder,” as he is called in this country. A *water-liar* would be a better epithet. This individual's salient feature is brass. With very little education, a good amount of self-esteem, a credulous population to labour among, it is marvellous how these Dick Turpins flourish. Certainly, the days are not so flourishing with them now. Boers are poorer, but wiser, and Ananias in these days has to feel his ground before stating his errand. It would be difficult to compute the money and labour expended among the farmers through the misrepresentations of these *pirates*. Let me picture the *rôle* as played a few years ago by these worthies. On arrival at a farm-house the water-finder would not be long in airing his profession. The Boer was generally glad to see him, as he believed he could put him on the scent of good water. The first step would be to give the engineer a horse, then he would be shown round the farm, and a day or two would be allowed for forming a correct judgment. After conjuring with spirit-levels, telescopes, spectacles, and a variety of other paraphernalia; the finder would select a spot on which the Boer was to work. The locality was generally a good healthy spine of ironstone boulders, with a suggestion of crystallised quartz, generally a spot that held out a prospect of two years good hard thumping and blasting. The Boer would pay for the information, and it always appeared to me he was paying to be allowed to work and sweat on his own farm, for the sake of finding out how little could be got for hard toil. They tell us in things spiritual *Faith* is an essential. The average Boer held a large stock; when opening up a new water, he would work for weary months at that spot, blasting huge boulders,

and may be, blowing a Hottentot or two clear of this planet. He would fight hard against the feeling that there was no water. He would 'hope against hope,' but the end would come; his money was oozing away, labourers did'nt care about powder and fuse; with an aching heart the tools would be put down, and the Boer would lean against the hole and anathematise the 'water finder' and his ancestors, down to the fifth generation, in the best classical Dutch he could muster. So by degrees the doings of water-finders got noised abroad, and farmers are shy of them; but the more modern pirates call themselves engineers, and give you a diagram, showing how this ridge dips east and that one west, with a few other trifles, as if the farmer had no intelligence to see such things himself. My advice to farmers is: Avoid water-finders as you would poison. If these men must practise, then the Government should license them, and they would have to prove by certificates, or before some board, that they were qualified to achieve what they asserted, before marauding on the public as hitherto. The great water-craze in the city of Bloemfontein ought to convince men what a delusive industry water-searching is. Amidst the thousands of suggestions and vagaries thrown out to farmers, the most feasible one appears to me, where the expense can be afforded by the farmer, to enclose certain pieces of the farm with fencing. This would leave a reserve for such years as this; through having no reserves all feeding vanishes simultaneously. But then it all resolves into expense; and it is not known, as a rule, that to make a farm in South Africa you require five times more capital than the ground is worth. One would require to be a Rothschild to carry out all the suggestions and improvements daily thrust before the farmers; more especially by the correspondent from Port Elizabeth. This gentleman culls all improvements and patents from all papers, puts them before us, and abuses the farmers roundly for not launching into them. One of his patents provided for a wire fencing in which sheep were to feed in a line, and not one behind the other. I have seen phenomena, but I should consider it a dash above phenomena to see a Boer's sheep travelling in

line, with their heads through a fence. We should have to remove all trees and 'kopjes' before investing in that charm. Some of these gents ought to take a farm in the Middleveld, and show us what they can do. 'Example before precept.'"

"The opening of the De Aar junction, connecting, as it does, the Eastern and Western parts of the Cape Colony, is important, not only to the Cape Colonists, but will directly affect the Free State. There are two considerations deserving of notice. In the first place an express train will leave Capetown every Friday. This train will run through to Port Elizabeth in 45 hours, and on Sunday morning Bay Merchants will be in receipt of their European letters, which can be answered on Monday, and such replies will leave Capetown on the following Wednesday. Thus a letter can be sent from Europe, and in six weeks from date of posting the reply can be in the hands of the European merchant. For indents and business communications of importance this rapidity of transit will be found of immense service to the business men of the Cape Colony. There is no reason why the merchants of the Free State should not be equally considered by our Postmaster-General, and it is to be presumed that if he sees his way clear he will give the State the benefit of the works erected by our neighbours. The express train will reach De Aar as nearly as we can guess on Saturday morning early, and letters, papers, &c., arriving in Capetown on Friday can be in Colesberg, at the latest, early on Sunday morning. Now, if the passenger cart running between Colesberg, Fauresmith and Kimberley could alter its time of running, such letters, &c. might be delivered in Bloemfontein on Monday evening, and thus, in addition to placing our capital within 21 days of Europe, give our merchants and others ample time to reply to their correspondence. The second point worthy of consideration is the fact that the goods rate has been made uniform, and large orders have been sent, so says the *Eastern Province Herald*, for cereals and out-hay, to be delivered at Colesberg. This is approaching very close to our 'front door,' and 'cereals and out-hay to be delivered at Colesberg' is a significant fact, which those who trade in grain must not lose

sight of. Kimberley is the great mart for grain and forage, and with such a powerful rival as the railway, and with such a superabundance of grain to fall back upon, as is produced in the Western Province of the Cape Colony, our trade with the Fields will receive a very heavy blow. Long before we shall ever dream of talking about railways, Colesberg will have become the central *depot* for supplying the Fields, and the ox-wagon will never be able to compete with the "iron horse," unless the farmers living close to the Fields, or those in the districts not far removed from Kimberley, determine to depend upon growing their own breadstuffs in such quantities as will enable them to supply their own wants and send surplus stock to Kimberley. Basutoland, the great emporium is too far removed, and the opening of the railway to Colesberg, whilst it will largely benefit our neighbours, will it is to be feared, injure our grain trade. If, however, it is determined that this injury shall be only of a temporary nature, and that what we lose by the sale of Basutoland produce, farmers will endeavour to make good by increased production, the loss may turn out a real gain, and the railway may thus indirectly benefit this State as well as the Cape Colony.

The late unparalleled depression in trade has caused the farmers of the State, upon whom the residents generally depend to devote their energies, not only to the improvement of their flocks and herds, but also to the development of their lands and the making provision against the heavy losses in stock from the scarcity of winter food. In the Bloemfontein district Mr. Gradwell has propounded a water scheme, which meets not only with the approval of practical farmers in the State, but is favourably criticised by the Colonial papers. Mr. G. E. Chatfield has erected a large silo, in which he purposes to store tons of mealie-stalks, and the success of his experiment will be anxiously watched and carefully noted. The Colonial papers are devoting a great deal of space to the question of ensilage, and extracts from European and American papers speak in the highest terms of the success attendant upon properly erected silos. Results are given of the quantity

and quality of the milk produced by cattle fed with the ordinary food, and those which have been fed on the preserved food, and all are in favour of ensilage.

HOW TO REMEDY SCARCITY OF WATER.

PORT ELIZABETH,

20th November, 1883.

To the Editor of the *Friend*,

SIR,—It was with pain, indeed, that I read your two paragraphs on the result of the drought, one relating to Jagersfontein and the other to the country generally. You will recollect that in your columns, about two years ago, I said that no farm need be without water, and this I maintain now.

Let me, first of all, take Jagersfontein. As usual with me (I might say natural), when visiting a new place, my first errand is always towards the actual or possible water supply, not necessarily as a devotee of the Good Templars Society, but a professional intuition. Now, at Jagersfontein, if the different companies, which are now so short of the liquid, would only combine together and open up the water-dyke which crosses the district north west of the town, and about twelve hundred yards from it, they could most certainly obtain water in sufficient quantity for their operations, and at a level which would allow it to run above ground at Messrs. Tarry and Co's store, or say by the Landdrost's office. The cost would not be very great, (a few hundred pounds), and the benefit I leave to the companies to estimate. Mr. Hartley, of the London and Jagersfontein Diamond Mining Company, whom I had the pleasure to meet when I was on the spot, could, I am sure, easily direct the work.

Now, as to the drought generally, I cannot too often repeat that it is no use for farmers to trust to rain as a water supply; they must seek their supply from subterranean sources, and these will *never* fail them, if they only go the right way to

work. Under my eyes here every day there is an example of the soundness of my theory on the water dykes. Here in Port Elizabeth, Russell and White's Roads are cut right through a water dyke, and both have constantly a running stream of water which would delight any Free State farmer ; moreover, the same dyke goes westwards, alongside the beach, and there, no less than three natural fountains are to be met with—the whole distance from Russel road being less than a mile, and one source not interfering with the other ; and I have no hesitation in saying that all of them could be made to supply three and four times as much as they do now without any difficulty.

There is another town besides your own which must be, I dare say, suffering for want of water just now, and that is Fauresmith, yet at the very entrance to the town, from the Jagersfontein and Philippolis sides, there is a splendid supply of water to be got.

It is all very fine to appoint and keep a day of humiliation, and pray for rain. I know what that is, as I recollect when a boy many a procession through the fields of Normandy. I took part in praying for rain which never came. The best prayer that can be expressed is contained in :

" Help yourself and Heaven will help you "

I had news the other day from the coal-field, recently discovered in the Bethulic district, informing me that the farmer under whose ground the coal was lying, did not like to dig himself. My worthy correspondent was even wishing that I could marry his daughter, so as to try and infuse a little energy into the father's veins. I do not know whether by doing so I could infuse any energy into either father or daughter. I cannot try, but at the same time farmers should recollect that it is energy that is wanted, not complaints,

Yours &c.,

A. VASSARD.

Listlessness has become a grave and fatal feature in life. Cold indifference quenches enthusiasm, and the lazy often regard the energetic with jealousy or spleen. While such a spirit prevails, the country cannot advance hopefully. But we have faith for

BOON'S SOUTH AFRICA.

“ There is light about to beam,
There is a fount about to stream,
There is a flower about to blow,
There is a fire about to glow,
Pray that our dreary darkness change to grey ;
Men of thought and men of action clear the way.

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen,
Aid it hopes of honest men,
Aid it paper, *quissant* type,
Aid it for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken into play ;
Men of Afrique and of action clear the way ! ”





CHAPTER XXIX.

It is as well here to dispose of the erroneous ideas respecting the Dutch migrating from place to place. In large pastoral countries there is nothing else to do at times but to wander from district to district. The wandering hordes of Asia Minor—the pastoral Scythians that at times inflicted so much harm, and who so often requested by the ancient Monarchs to stand and fight, only replied that they who requested might still come on, they, the pursued, would stand when they thought it worth their while, all the time leading their opponents further and further away from their base of operations and supply, while they, relying upon their old natural mode of existence were in the long run victors. So it is with the wandering Dutchman of this continent; in no other place does he show the same migratory propensities, time after time; finding grass failing, water uncertain, they have formed themselves into bands from 500 to 1,000, gathering together their valuables, and to throw off the civilisation-modes of taxing, without Representation, as it is to-day all over the world, England not excepted, they then have marched on to the lands of the natives. In the first place, agreeing to pay in kind or in bartering of some kind of thing for the use of fresh lands and water, or as in the past, the right to graze for the mere asking permission, or paying in kind as a set-off for the use of the land, or as is most frequently the case as a half-kind of kindly feeling. The native tribes rarely say “no,” until in some way or the other they have been imposed upon. Their idea of living in common upon the land prevents them refusing grass and water while there

is plenty. Under such conditions the Dutch set themselves down on the banks of the rivers in peace with the natives, fish at their leisure and pleasure, which is no loss to the natives, for, strange to say, though large meat eaters, they refuse to consume the fruits of their rivers, or of the sea. The white man, tired of fishing, simply passes a short distance from his wagons, where he can, to the advantage of his own camp and of the natives, shoot down the wild game of the district, and, as a rule, this is a constant task and pleasure; he feels no hardship, for, with a hunter's desire to kill, and a hunter's appetite, he always feels fresh. After killing he prepares the skins for market, and the flesh he makes into the dry meat of Africa, called *biltong*, for his household in the winter; so that the game feeds him, covers him, and in various ways he can utilise the horns and other portions for his family use; thus he can pass away many months or years without growing weary. All this affords occupation to himself and all around, and what they cannot consume they keep for future trading purposes, to procure the other necessaries and luxuries of life. To this exchange of all that he cannot consume the native does not object. Looking upon all animated life as the rightful heritage of all men, he is at no time jealous of these conditions, until the white man forgets the common understood arrangements. The native, knows nothing of Enclosure Acts, and as long as one "buck" can be secured by any one individual, he does not hesitate to capture it. There is no such thing as that man-made crime poaching, as in England, where 3,000 men are annually convicted at the instigation of the upper classes, who are simply opposed to the carrying out of Nature's dictates and commands, by securing her gifts in taking possession of wild game. No English poacher, so-called, ever advocates robbing hen-roosts or duck-ponds; that he leaves for Nature's thief—the fox; but he maintains that that which is produced by Nature's wild impulses is common property—for the poor fustian wearer as much as for the broadcloth man—and it is as well for the dignity of many to know that you cannot make the English countryman conceive otherwise; and the time must come when the

common national game supply shall be open to all, irrespective of persons, notwithstanding the support of the aristocracy, the Church, etc., to the contrary. Princes and the aristocracy think they have a natural right to game in India and other countries, independent of the rights of the owners of such countries. Now the Boer, under these conditions, is a happy, contented man, their wives are happy, children increase, and Nature, with her usual kindness, makes this out-door life in a warm climate one continual Eden; and when winter arrives, with the skin of the wild bucks, the feathers of wild and tame poultry, they enter their covered wagons, and, like the gipsies, feel that the house-dwellers are fools, and that to be under the stars and Nature's candle—the moon—to lighten them up, they are the fortunate ones of the earth—plenty of food, plenty of rest, no wants, nothing to worry them, no landlords to fear, no taxes, and no petty interference at every step, they all work in harmony with nature and with man. Sunday after Sunday their praises and thanksgivings, as they understand them, are heard on all sides, and no one dreams of change. Then, as if to mock them in their prosperity, as some of their preachers will tell them, that, having grown fat and waxed in strength—for it must be borne in mind that, while the natural supply lasts, the oxen, horses, sheep, and all other domestic animals are increasing, and all available artificial resources are not taken advantage of. Years of drought, and years of no grass, and want will set in, and then the making of biltong from wild game will cease, and the rivers be emptied of their supplies; then, as in the artificial conditions of our civilisation, when want is known, man ceases to be kind to man, heart-burnings and jealousies set in, that make all uncomfortable. The natives feeling the pressure likewise, and feeling that the white man with his flocks and herds are consuming up what grass and water remains, which belongs to them, as the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil, request—kindly in the first instance—that they will at once move out and leave them—the native and original owners to weather it through. Starvation and want, cattle dying in front of their eyes, the cattle of the intruder eating up the grass left, the

Dutchman at no time disposed to share and share alike, with his stock remaining, gets at last, having taken no notice of previous requests, a significant hint that they, the Dutch, having ignored the intimation given by native policeman number-one, they are requested peremptorily to clear out, it not being fair that they, the natives, should remove; the last comers and intruders should pass away, seeing, that so far, as they, the natives, are concerned, they not having made the conditions, ought to be allowed to continue in possession of what was originally their own. The going out being refused, then comes the tug-of-war between the two races. The Bible gives us a fair insight into this kind of arrangement. The Jews are in want, and they have the Land of Goshen given them. Now, finding that it was a goodly place, they stopped until their number having increased, they menaced the peace of the Egyptians, and as all can know, who read, conflict after conflict ensued, until they, for the safety of the original inhabitants were forced into submission. That it was not a total slavery can be well understood, seeing that they must have been upon most intimate terms with the Egyptians to have acted as they did afterwards when, finding they could not live in peace, they desired to go, unless we have to charge these sons of Abraham with the worst of all crimes, namely, that of theft. No master would lend his jewellery to his slaves; so it is fair to suppose that the Jews either had lent money as pawnbrokers, at the usual cent.-per-cent. interest, the jewellery being left as security for the same which is most likely, or else it had been stolen. These people were no exception to all intruders—they were not disposed to go, even when their company was not wanted.

Now, the Dutchman is fully impressed with the idea that they are the Lord's people, and that as the mission of the Jews was to destroy all the inhabitants of old Palestine, who were so moral and good-natured that they did not need magistrates, so the black man—the sons of Ham—when in the way, are to be removed likewise. No fellow-feeling, as from man to man, ever dwells within their breasts, and, when once the dogs of war and greed are let loose by the Dutch, there is no satisfying their greed. Now much of the

want might have been got over by the white man, if he but grew as an agriculturist and gathered-up and saved for years of scarcity. To show the native how to do so never enters his head ; to reduce him to a state of want is his constant effort and prayer. When for some years, during the weakness of the Dutch, they lived side by side with the native, roaming over his fields, without charge, when there is a general dearth all round—where before were smiling green fields, and peace and contentment among all,—a new scene attracts the eye.

The constant moving of stock after water and grass at a distance, at last, as in the old days of Abraham and Lot, brings on collisions, and then the superiority of the white man is shown by virtue of the perfected mechanical powers at his command. The Dutchman, having no belief that he will, under Nature and elsewhere, find anything better if he turns cut, at last stubbornly refuses to go, and warns the native, if he dares to go on to the land he points out, he will remove him by force ; for he then claims all lands from yonder hill to far-off mountain as his, and the people with him. Now this claiming the land as private property brings in a new bitterness ; here the native finds a new arrangement : he cannot comprehend private property in land, or private property in the animated life on the land either—he with his people will flourish, or starve and die according as Nature is to him understood. This is the last hair that breaks his patience and respect for the white man, and it can be conceived with what keenness of feeling they greet and meet each other.

The white man, entrenched at last from threats, attempts to remove, and does remove, in a most unexpected manner, with fire and sword, which at once rouses all the indignation and ferocity of the dweller of the parks of Nature in South Africa. He who hitherto, for the sustenance of life, looked upon Nature and all her gifts as common to all cannot, and will not, while he has the power recognise individual land-owning—the curse of England and Europe to-day, and the removal of which must by the native inhabitants be brought about, in spite of all that may be said by the aristocracy,

backed up by the army, navy, and placemen. It is needless to discuss how, time after time, the natives try to remove the intruder only to weep over the dead, laid low by the superior rifle and other weapons of the white man, until, at last, they are compelled to leave the haunts of their childhood and the graves of their dead people, to make way for the intruder—the white man who, in the first place, begged of him for the means of life, and when at last it was a constant repetition of this process, as the Dutchman advanced beyond the limits of law, order, and civilisation, ruthless extermination set in against all, and, as at present constituted, the Dutchman only holds his own by the keeping up of the same process. In no case has the Dutchman altered his course, and it may be fairly stated, that in no case will he. Law, he knows nothing of to respect, even when passed by his own people; order, he only recognises on his own farm, as he thinks proper to administer it. This position has been prominently illustrated by the last trek made from the Transvaal. The Hollander, who now controls the Press of the Dutch, to embitter all against the Englishman attempts to deny all past history; but the fate of Bushman, Hottentot and Kaffir who, from the first settlement near Cape Town to the far off thousand odd miles in the Transvaal, including the late jumping of Mankoroane's territory, all testify to these facts, that these people have been pursued like wild beasts, and ruthlessly exterminated, where possible, and their cattle stolen from them to increase the wealth of the Dutch. As a rule, of course, there would be some exceptions. The trek emigrants had no other object than to evade law and order, and payment of their just debts, as I will show in my *History of Stellaland*. The Trek-Boer is a type of character inherently vicious, whatever Moses may say to the contrary, but what can one expect from a descendant of a horde that carried fire and sword over a land, and adopted the same methods of extermination.

The Dutch, who start to take possession, like the old Jews, send their spies on first, and like the Jews, have no noble aims, no lofty aspirations. They are selfish to the first and last degree, and they know it. They are now mad to think

they are found out, and it is pure humbug, but very silly to talk about us, who know their dirty tricks, and say, we are eaten up with race-hatred, and that we pervert history. We do nothing of the kind, for we simply take the histories as the Dutch have them, and they alone testify to the truth of all this, as the *Jewish Record* testifies to their cruelty. The man simply lies when he states that one of their number was sent out to arrange for an eventual purchase of a piece of land. In Great Namaqualand they know full well that tribal conditions do not allow of the natives parting, or selling the land. That this one went out as a spy for the future *occupation* of the land is quite true, and to report, if suitable for cattle farming, and with a climate healthy and fit for white men. Once having got there, they were too lazy to work, and finding, though they had ignored the fact, that South Africa is not the natural land of the white man, their numbers being by the climate decimated, they with all the meanness of the Kaffirised Dutch, appealed to the well-off to give them some of the means that they had stolen from the natives in the Transvaal. To remain in Humpata was considered certain death, and thinking so, and that they could return to a land that had for the time being freed itself from those who would have compelled them to have lived honestly one towards another, and to the natives in particular, they *hungered to return* to the Transvaal.

“The Pretoria and Bloemfontein Committees, in discussing their appeal for help, expressed an almost unanimous wish, that the emigrants should be provided with funds for their return, but under the condition that they should re-settle in a civilised part of South Africa, mainly because their number being decreased to about 180 all told, it was considered necessary to bring them back to countries where their destruction did not seem so inevitable as would that of a small flock living amongst vast hordes of savages. The Trek-Boers, on receiving the news of this, will doubtless, joyfully accept a gift that surpasses ever so much their fondest expectation. To remain in Humpata was certain death; they consequently had to shift, but, having already once appealed to the generosity of their friends, they were unwilling to ask for more

than just sufficient support to remove in the shortest possible distance to where their lives would be in safety, and some guarantee for their prospect as farmers. This is the story of the present movement."

"We think the Bloemfontein Committee have taken a right and proper view of the case of the Humpata Boers, if they are willing to return to a civilised government, where they may live in peace and comfort, and where their children may be trained to become useful members of society; it is only right that their fellow-countrymen in the Free State and the Transvaal should assist them to do so; but if from established use and want, they have become so enamoured of barbarism, in which, by this time, they must be pretty deeply immersed, they scarcely deserve any sympathy or assistance."

We think we have done enough to show our critics' status and motives. Men who are so eaten up with race hatred as to be able to pervert history, like the writers of the above, are beneath an answer, other than to accuse them of having falsified history for their own small ends. To try and separate these 180 people, is, however, false and vain tactics. They are essentially South African farmers, of the same stamp as the rest. They are connections of the first families in the Colony, Free State and Transvaal; and in extracting from Sir Hercules Robinson's speech in London, a portion bearing upon the matter at issue, we shall be able to narrow down the question to its proper limits. The Governor said:—

"I have often been asked by my friends since I have been at home this time, what is the nature of the South African difficulties in that country? The subject appears to be but little understood, and to be far from popular. At all events, I have generally found that whenever I proceed to enlighten my friends in reply to their inquiry, if they cannot escape from me, their features assume an expression which leads me to believe that South African politics are as little appreciated in this country as South African sherry—a vintage which I am glad to find is not unrepresented at your hospitable board. (Laughter). The position is simply this. You have, in the settled districts of South Africa—first, the large and important Cape Colony, which possesses a constitutional

form of government. You have next the Crown Colony of Natal; and you have, lastly, the two independent Dutch Republics of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. These districts are inhabited by about 170,000 English, 280,000 persons of Dutch or French extraction, and about 2,200,000 natives. The proportion which these races bear to each other varies in the different states. For example, in the Cape and its dependencies the English bear to the Dutch the proportion of about nine to eleven, whilst both together bear to the natives the proportion of only one to three. In Natal the English and Dutch are about equal, whilst both together bear to the native the proportion of only one to fifteen. In the Free State the English bear to the Dutch the proportion of only one to nine, whilst both together bear to the natives the proportion of five to six, the white and black races being there nearly equal. In the Transvaal the English bear to the Dutch the proportion of one to seven; white population bears to the black the proportion of about one to twenty."

This sort of trickery will no doubt be repeated. The land-hunger is the main cause of wars with native races, who, with all impudence are called savages, but who, as far as experience in the past shows, are simple, pastoral people, and only made savage when they can no longer stand imposition and robbery. The Irishman stood it until he died under the process, and he too now, so the interested classes say, is growing savage, and is determined to prevent, if possible, the extermination process; and as in Africa, one or the other has to give way, we earnestly hope that feudal robbers like the Duke of Devonshire and Earl of Aberdeen in Ireland will soon take their departure, as idlers living upon other men's goods—like common thieves. We have had enough of such, and hope that without consent, neither in Ireland, England or Africa, the foreigner will in future be allowed to hold possessions. Now, it may happen by accident or design, through bravado or want, that a native takes a beast or a sheep from the white intruder; it also happens that the natives believe in the law of compensation, and if found stealing from one another, or from a man with permission to live on the land, on proof

being given, the property will be made good tenfold, and even that is not always enough to satisfy the tribal indignation, for as a warning to other men, the chief eats him up, as it is called, that is, reduces him to nothing, and if a single individual is not able to pay, then they fine the whole kraal, or tribe, or clan to which the individual belongs, to pay the compensation as a warning, and sometimes even the death penalty is inflicted as an example to other offenders. Now this plan has often been carried out to my knowledge, and many and many a white man has been a gainer. When he has found the spoor of his cattle in the kraal of a native, it is not necessary for the white man to go further than the kraal, the owner then must follow up the thief, but he must pay at once to the white man. The theft having been committed, the complaint is lodged with the chief, but in times of scarcity or want, the chief may not be disposed to accede to the usual conditions, seeing that the white man has been told to move on, but refuses, and as the grass and water are not equal to the requirements of both, he must expect to lose, or move on, until better times set in, and then they can live as before. The law of compensation not being acted upon, seeing that the time is not calculated for its being acted upon, the Boer demands the usual fulfilment, and threatens that if not complied with in a certain time, he will take by force of arms that which he considers himself entitled to. Then steps in the active antagonism of race. The Boer forgets or ignores the fact that he is the intruder, and has been requested to move. Having held the position for some years, he, with his European ideas, claims the land likewise and refuses to move, and with insolence in proportion to his strength and weapons, at last compels the native to admit a territory from river to river as private property for himself and children for ever, not even allowing the native to own an acre in the land of his fathers, the birth-place of his children, and the grave of his people, in the Free State and Transvaal, without a special act of the Executive, which, as a rule, is never acted upon. Now this compulsion adds insult to injury, and an injury to one and all the instincts of his being. Not being allowed to look upon an acre as the

property of his people, and compelled to pay taxes, in money, kind, or cattle, rouses the natural inborn hatred, and he feels that he is wronged in his weakness, and then in proportion to his means and the weakness of the white man, sets himself the task of ridding the land of the white inhabitants, and avails himself of every opportunity that offers to drive them into the sea and destroy them all, as their enemies and stealers of their land. This war of extermination has set in all over South Africa, and strange to say, the Kaffir, unlike the Maori and red American, will not die off. This will be repeated time after time, until one or the other can fight no more; although it is generally admitted that with his superior weapons the European conquers, though, perhaps, not without serious loss—as in the Cape Colony, Natal, and the Transvaal—and then taking possession of some of their chiefs, after a kind of trial for treason-felony, shoots them for struggling to get back their native territories. Peace having been concluded by making the country a desert, the conquerors divide the land, and the few natives remaining are glad to take service for the sake of living, and thus is brought about the gradual enslavement of the native races, and as in the case of Mapoch and Niabel in the Transvaal, who maintained they never gave allegiance to the Boer Government, did no wrong in not paying taxes, or tribute, and when conquered, a farce of a trial is gone through, and finally they are shot or hanged, as a warning to others not to do likewise; but the love of country cannot be driven out by the bullet or the rope. This killing and stealing being done, prayers are offered to the Lord of Hosts, ministers of the Prince of Peace hold services to the Glory of the Lord, and they, now being strong, maintain that they are the servants of Jehovah, employed by Him to punish and smite, hip and thigh, the heathen, and to hold in subjection, as their rightful heritage, the Sons of Ham, who was cursed—so it is said in the Bible—to be a servant of servants to his brethren. To speak correctly, *they* are the black man's brethren, in many cases, for it would be difficult to find many with pure European blood in their veins. Many and many a Dutchman, so-called, have I seen with all the distinct marks of the Son of Ham, so-called. Now, to be