

*Letters from
an Utlander*



1899-1902.

LETTERS FROM AN UITLANDER

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1899 - 1902

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

MAJOR SIR BARTLE FRERE, BART., D.S.O.

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LETTERS FROM AN UITLANDER*

INTRODUCTION

THERE seems no need to say very much in introducing these letters to the public. They were written to me, in regular succession, from a date shortly before the war broke out.

They make, it is obvious, no pretension to careful literary composition, and any attempt by their writer, or others, to have "edited" them with any completeness, would have necessitated the whole thing being re-cast, and would also have taken away from their fresh colloquial style.

The writer is a man who has long been resident in South Africa, and has held more the position of onlooker than of participator, in its political and commercial affairs. He is not connected with gold mining, he has carefully watched events, and he is an honest English gentleman. More I am not at liberty to divulge, but this I am willing to vouch for.

* Pronounce as in English word "Eight."

Beyond this I will not attempt to add much, nor enlarge at any length regarding the South African question. There is indeed much to be said, but Heaven has happily provided us with plenty of people to say it! I might, however, add just one word or two.

What South Africa needs above all now is Permanent Peace, to enable its inhabitants to work out harmoniously what ought to be their very great and important destinies.

Yet how strangely do these words "Permanent Peace" and "South Africa" look in juxtaposition.

Can any two groups of ideas seem more remote from one another? For how many years has this pot been seething, what precious lives have been sacrificed, in divers ways, on the hell-broth that has there been brewed!

And what have we to show as a result of our clumsy incantations?

In truth the South African question is only a part of a much larger scheme of ideas, which—if discord is ever to give place to harmony in that and other regions of the Empire—must be considered in bulk, and, each and all, treated on simple general principles.

It may be claimed at the outset that in an Empire constituted as ours is, the man-in-the-street in Great Britain cannot conduct the politics of a remote portion of that Empire. Indeed, to do that worthy justice, he rarely wishes seriously to attempt it. All he says is, "We have put the existing Cabinet in power, and I look to its members to discharge their duty."

On the other hand, there is no formula by which such an Empire can be conducted. Our peoples cannot, by laying down a string of rules and regulations which are to be followed, leave it to experts to draw up a scheme for any portion of the community, and then themselves go to sleep again. On the contrary, they must always keep awake. And by keeping awake I do not mean fussing; but I mean, choosing in the first place honest and reliable managers for the Empire's affairs, and afterwards intelligently following the action of these, to whom have been handed the responsibilities of the concern, and keeping them "up to the mark"; realising that eloquent speeches will less frequently save a country than honest men.

To go for a moment, however, a little

more into detail, and regard the present situation at the Cape.

“What,” says the English citizen, “are we to do with the Cape irreconcilables?” I would reply—simply carry out your normal course of action. If you hoist the political white flag, and pamper rebellion now; you merely betray loyalty, without in the least conciliating your enemies. And remember, in this instance, you will be betraying it for the last time. “Oh, but,” says Mr Wiseacre, “you forget that you have got to live with these men.” I would say rather—put it the other way—they have to live with us.

Has treason, forsooth, ceased to be treason, because Queen Elizabeth no longer holds a sceptre, and orders people’s heads off? Is there no longer such a thing as High Treason, now that a ruling Dynasty has wisely committed much of the details of its administration to the representatives of a Commonwealth? Is there no treason to the loyalists *in all parts of the Empire*, in the action of those who foment discord in one particular part of the Empire?

It is because leisured observers, such as the writer of these letters, are especially rare

in South Africa, that I think these notes on current South African topics may be of great service to many of the public, in estimating the nature of the problem with which we are there confronted.

By his showing, and by all knowledge of informed, and unsophisticated, men, these problems are perfectly capable of solution, but towards that solution we English have "no use" (as our American friends say) for the rhetorician—the place hunter—the man who is ignorant of his subject and yet attempts to direct us.

Would it be too much to ask of such persons when they aspire to lead our counsels by their words, that they should travel in the regions they propose to discourse upon, and saturate themselves with the information which can *only* be locally acquired?

All who have watched the numbers of honest English, and Foreign, men and women who started out to the Cape fervent "pro-Boers," and returned with completely modified views, must indeed realise how impossible it is for the ordinary resident in Europe, rightly to master the South African question.

There is no manner of doubt that the Transvaal leaders, and the Bond leaders, had elaborated an ideal which was quite incompatible with the existence of the British Empire. Their ideal was, "Away with the English view of life altogether; let us, as the Dutch race, *dominate everybody!*"

On the other hand, the idea of the right feeling Englishman, when he speaks of his wish that our flag should fly from Cape Town to the Zambesi, is founded upon what that flag implies—equal justice and freedom for all—and is *not* founded upon any wish that "Rooineks," *quâ* Rooineks, should put their heel on every one else's head. It were better that that honoured flag should be rolled up in South Africa and buried there, than that so foolish and shallow an idea as this last should actuate us; if only because the attempt would certainly fail, and bring ruin in its track to all that we most honour and revere.

Take, as a typical example of our best methods, the admirably organised system which has been inaugurated for the education of Boer children, since many thousands of them came into our keeping. The result of that scheme, as regards the matters here referred

to, should be to make the children proud of South Africa, as part of the Empire, not of being "Dutch" or "English."

Our object in these regards should surely be, as in "composite photography," by keeping the characteristics of the various component races it contains, to produce an homogeneous Empire, which is not solely English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Boer, Canadian, or Australian, but shall contain the most vigorous and useful characteristics of each group.

One word more. Truism though it be, it needs constant repetition—Party government, when carried to the length it has reached with us is a national danger, for it diverts to trumpery local wrangles, attention and energy which should be devoted to large and widespread interests; and the electors of Great Britain should recognise, that disappointed politicians of a certain, and, alas, not uncommon, type, are frequently really desperate men, and will stick at nothing to damage whatever party may be in power. Many of them will even intrigue with hostile Boers, or with discordant Irishmen, with perfect impartiality—and their words should be valued accordingly. All down the ranges of history we may note the "wire-

puller" seeking his own ends by exploiting honest human instincts.

On the Native question these letters contain much that is of the greatest value.

And on this point I would ask any of my countrymen in England who may come across these pages, to remember one thing. The Englishman, though he changes his skies most readily, does not at all readily change his nature: and that generous nature, which inclines him to befriend the weak and the oppressed in this country, does not desert him when he migrates to the Cape.

Do not let us therefore suppose, because the South African colonist sees the vital necessity of (as he would put it) "keeping the native in his place," that he has formed any dark schemes for turning the Kaffirs into mine-slaves, or victims of a tyrannical oppression.

Reverting to the main argument, I hope that no reader of these letters will think that the writer, or recipient, have any dislike to the Dutch as Dutch, or to the Boers as Boers. Passages constantly occur in these letters, indeed, which directly controvert such an idea.

INTRODUCTION

And for my own part I would say SEHNANTS O
one who remembers the Cape in the old days
—with the delightful highly-bred Dutch
society, which had its focus in Cape Town and
the neighbourhood; or who remembers the
simple unaffected hospitality, which all who
travelled in South Africa must have frequently
experienced, from the Cape Dutch, and from
the Boers all over the land, can fail to have
a cordial feeling in his heart for both of
these—so different—groups.

But let it be none the less remembered, that
a hastily patched up *modus vivendi* between
Briton and Boer can have no enduring founda-
tion. All the Empire, and the rest of the
world too, are looking on at events which are
occurring in South Africa, brought about
and necessitated by the cumulative poison of
political folly.

The plain fact, which appears more clearly
now that the dust of the commotion is sett-
ling down, is this; our colonies are full, not of
our scum, but of some of the best and most
vigorous blood of our race. They love the
Old Country (and its traditions and history,
and those ideals of justice and freedom-for-
all which the mention of "England," above

that of all countries, raises to the imagination) with apparently a much firmer love than many of its own inhabitants. They love the Crown, the Ruling Family, and the Dynasty generally. They hate and detest "Downing Street," or rather all that that sinister phrase formerly conveyed to the Colonial mind, of inaction, interference, and uncertainty.

We may scarce wonder if despair of any timely action at home bade fair to convert the Boer Republic of the Transvaal, governed by Kruger and his Hollander clique, into an "English-cum-Boer-Progressive" Republic, at least so far as the Rand was concerned; and that (such tendency being countered by the events culminating in "the Raid,"), the crisis hastened on, which was to decide if Great Britain meant to stand by her position in South Africa, or to let the various conflicting forces together "eliminate the Imperial factor."

Fortunate for us was the timely conjunction of a Secretary of State and a High Commissioner, who both realised the position; and now from the turmoil is emerging an Imperial policy, which promises to make Downing Street a name of wholly different omen.

The question arises, How are we now going to conduct affairs?

Not as of old, let us hope, by constant change of experiment, nor as questions of party politics, nor by the attempt to control every detail from 6000 miles away.

It is evident that in Lord Milner we have been so fortunate as to get—much beyond our deserts—a man most richly endowed with capacity and honesty of purpose, just the man that we want.

And to him and his likes, in the future of our Empire, we must entrust more and more authority, and repose in them the greater confidence, to enable them to assist those with whose welfare they are charged, to govern themselves well, and in harmony with the general Empire scheme; this, notwithstanding that some in the Mother Country may still share the dismay of the hen, who sees her duckling charges gradually taking to the water, and showing a capacity to shift for themselves. And, if rightly perceived, it will be noted that this should lead to no break up of the Empire, but to a strengthening thereof.

In conclusion—the “case” of South Africa

has at length been taken in hand by the greatest specialists we have: two of whom, Mr Chamberlain and Lord Milner, are on the spot: health, we may hope, is being restored.

By all means let us watch the men in whom we thus confide, but let us not, from far away, foolishly or needlessly hamper their wise and enlightened ministrations.

BARTLE C. FRERE.

22nd December 1902.

The Lord Chief Justice, in the course of his charge to the Grand Jury, said, ". . . The crime of high treason was one of the highest, if not the very highest, known to the law. As far back as the year 1351 the Statute . . . was passed, and that Statute had been the law up to the present time. The language of that Statute was as apt for the purpose of dealing with the offence of high treason to-day as it was at the time it was passed. By the 25th of Edward III., c. 2, it was recited:—'Whereas divers opinions have been before this time in what case treason shall be said and in what not, the King, at the request of the Lords and of the Commons, hath made a declaration in the manner as hereafter followeth—that is to say, when a man doth compass or imagine the death of our Lord the King, or of our Lady the Queen, or of their eldest son and heir, . . . or if a man do levy war against our Lord the King in his realm, or be adherent to the King's enemies in his realm, giving to them aid and comfort in the realm or elsewhere, and thereof be provably attainted of open deed by the people of their condition'—then in that case such person should be attainted and guilty of high treason."

The Times, December 20, 1902.

"Je serais content de la liberté qui inspire les génies anglais, si la passion et l'esprit de parti ne corrompaient pas tout ce que cette précieuse liberté a d'estimable."

VOLTAIRE (*Candide*).

LETTERS FROM THE TRANSVAAL

26th June 1899.

I employ Greek characters* because I find it so impossible to disguise handwriting, and no letter or telegram is safe from inspection; so common report says.

Is the British Government aware that in South Africa it has to face the greatest conspiracy of our times?

The position is grave beyond all precedent—to “let things slide” is fatal.

Thousands throughout the country are utterly weary of nominal Imperialism—and openly discuss making common cause with the Dutch Bond party, in utter despair of England doing anything.

In this “grave of great reputations,” men say that Sir A. Milner is fated to be discredited and dropped by the Government like the few other able statesmen we have seen here.

* The first two of these letters, which were sent from the Transvaal, were written in Greek characters.

Secret meetings at Field Cornetcies are being held all over South Africa, and no doubt the plot is fast ripening.

The arch traitor (——) in Cape Colony would give the order for rebellion to-morrow, but the more timid conspirators, some of whom are in high place there, are halting; their ally, P. Kruger, feels that his crisis is at hand.

By hesitation, England is fostering rebellion at hot-house speed—a show of power and determination would prevent war at once.

But the idea has gained ground that she will cave in at the last moment, and that a moral Majuba is to be the sequel of the military Majuba!

A little more hesitation *will lose South Africa to the Empire.*

Now things are settled on the Nile and in China, the Bond see that one great chance has slipped past.

Any European complication, should it arise, would be immediately a signal for the conspirators in Cape Town to strike a blow simultaneously with Pretoria.

Probably one-third of the whole population may be classed as “neutrals” to-day — a

show of firmness would secure them to the "loyals."

But if a little more open plotting treason is preached, they will go over in a body to the rebels.

Weeks, and even days, are precious. Before the Indian Mutiny, Government had ample warnings, but turned a deaf ear to all. For God's sake do not let us have a repetition of that awful tragedy, through the same policy of "letting slide" and hesitating.

Don't think this is wild writing. It is *mild* rather than *wild*. It is time to call a spade a spade; treason and rebellion are rampant, and a spark may any hour set the land in a blaze.

A firm hand and a show of force makes for peace, not for war. The franchise alone will not settle all—if a number of questions are left open, the enemy will strike a blow directly they think England is in any European difficulty.

Remember it is no new matter, though England would not see it before; it is a plot of twenty years' growth, and not a passing freak. Once for all England must show who

is to be master—the revolutionary Bond or the Imperial Government.

Your Parliament appears not to have grasped the fact, that the Transvaal matter is not an isolated one, but merely the most fully developed part of the great South African plot.

England's hands are now free—of this fact Cape and Pretoria Bondsmen make no disguise of their disgust.

Rome is already burning; will Nero fiddle, or will he “show his fists”?

TRANSVAAL,
24th July 1899.

I use Greek characters because tedious and difficult to disguise my handwriting, and the general belief is that letters are tampered with.

The purpose of this letter is to state, that it is understood in Pretoria that the present time is not ripe for action, and that it is desirable either to prolong negotiations, or to make temporary settlement, till *after the close of the Paris Exhibition!*

I think it is most important as showing intention.

In London, the programme might be thought preposterous.

There is not a doubt that during the Fashoda incident, the belief of the Bond was that the "time had come."

All England seems to recognise that it is now no mere Transvaal matter.

But be assured that in the event of any European complication, the traitor —— would raise the rebel flag in the Cape, as the last and only chance.

All would go right did the British public realise the magnitude of the conspiracy.

It is no sentimental matter, but the most widespread, impudent conspiracy of this century.

Some of those in high place at the Cape, are mere Dutch and renegade Africander puppets, working to order of ——!

Unless this is all stamped out *once and for ever*, it means a terrible war in the near future, when the Transvaal is more dangerously armed than now. Your honoured father would have prevented all this. I hope you will use your influence in the cause of right for Africa.

The "Edgar affair" forced on a crisis unexpected by this Government,* at a time inconvenient to them—or else probably matters might not have altered till the period referred to, *i.e.*, after the Paris Exhibition.

LETTERS FROM CAPE TOWN

CAPE TOWN,
4th October 1899.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—Some time back I sent you from the Transvaal two letters in Greek characters, because it is so difficult to disguise handwriting. There is a common belief, that many letters from the Transvaal are steamed and opened, so that the precaution was necessary.

English public opinion then seemed so wavering, that I thought it the duty of every one to do what little he could, towards putting forward the truth.

Some of the Boer organs had long insisted, that Pretoria would benefit by delay till some possible European combination against Eng-

* Transvaal Government.

land should arise ; but when I found that not only editors, but men in close touch with Government, were aware of the plan of merely prolonging negotiations, till the "close of the Paris Exhibition," I saw the mischief was ripening fast.

By the English papers it appears, that the widespread nature of the conspiracy is at last realised, as also is the fact that the "Uitlander" question is merely an incident in it, which might have cropped up in any other part of South Africa, in which an industry had furnished sufficient revenue to accumulate war materials, and to set on foot diplomatic agencies hostile to British supremacy.

The matter in which the British public is least well informed is this.

Papers write about the *Boer* Government, *Boer* opinion, etc., making it appear too much a *national* movement, which the Hollander press is very anxious that it should seem to be.

Every day I see more clearly, that the whole business has been engineered, from Cape Town and Pretoria, by a group of men, who have for years worked to produce disaffection among the Boers.

The *Dagblad*, the loyal Dutch paper, was

doing good in its short career, till —— and the Dutch parsons threatened their ignorant dupes with something little short of eternal perdition, if they looked into this free paper!

Some would reply that, whatever the means, the end has been achieved, in the rousing of anti-British feeling.

But this success is not nearly so complete as it looks. There is a certain common-sense among this primitive people, which tells them they are being duped by their leaders. Once let the spell be broken, and the falling away will be very rapid.

In view of this it is sad to know, that nothing but force will smash up this traitor crew that leads them. Negotiation is folly and child's play. Delay has added to their moral strength of position, and all of us much dread the possibility of a reverse while we are unprepared.

A visitor at my hotel was lately at the Paarl,* and was surprised to find among the Boers, Mauser rifles bearing the Transvaal Government mark.

We did not suppose they had been issued so far south as this.

Those who know the Dutch best, say that

* A town about 30 miles from Cape Town.

a sharp, prompt stroke is the kindest policy, and that they will no more remain seditious after it, than they did after the Warren Expedition, before which they dealt in the wildest threats of vengeance.* Further delay in action will have many serious results. Not the least is that so many neutrals are induced to accept pay, and to throw in their lot with the enemy; while severe poverty is leading numbers to indulge in very hostile talk, against the power they should support and aid.

At the present moment this letter may seem unnecessary, but I thought I ought to write in explanation of the other two.

Nothing is more certain than that the *only road to peace is through war*. Plenty of volunteer aid will come forward if needed, especially when this anti-British Ministry is shorn of its strength.

Trusting that you will understand what very strong feeling prompted my previous letters and led me to write,—I remain, yours truly.

* Sir Charles Warren's Expedition to check Boer encroachments on Bechuanaland, 1884-1885.

[*The "Ultimatum" was despatched by the Boer Government on the 9th October, and the war began 11th October, 1899.*]

CAPE TOWN INFLUENCE

CAPE TOWN,
29th November 1899.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—I have to acknowledge your letter of 30th October, which only reached me on the 27th, through my not having given my present address.

The recent tone of the Paris press, seems rather to verify what I said as to Pretoria opinion, with regard to delaying hostilities till the close of the Exhibition. There is another matter which so much impresses me, that I shall now do myself the pleasure of writing about it:—

Cape Town Influence.—After three months' residence here, I am more than ever struck by the undue share of influence this town possesses in all South African politics, and by the evil purposes to which that influence is devoted. While most of the English-born, and many colonial-born of both races, are

absolutely and often enthusiastically loyal, there is a large section, probably a large majority, which is utterly *disloyal*.

Many quite throw off the mask, and openly triumph at any British reverses that occur. Though Pretoria finds the money and the arms, I firmly believe that a principal root of the "festering sore" is in this town. If we only look back, we find that every Cape Governor who had high aims and a broad policy, found himself thwarted at every step, by the politicians more especially associated with the capital. It has been customary to describe them as Western Province men, but that is a mere phrase. The Bond and the anti-British party (which are identical) have their headquarters here. Till some very new order of things is initiated, it must always prove an uphill task for any Governor or High Commissioner, to rule South Africa from Cape Town. When one difficulty is got over, it is only to crop up in some new form, in the campaign against all that is British. I have patiently tried to get the opinions I express endorsed by others, and am often amused to find how many men will go with me, step by step, to the same con-

clusion, though they have never put the issue broadly to themselves, and are disinclined to admit too much against a town in which their interests lie.

I often meet men who have toured Australia, and other colonies, and have spent a time in this one. With a little variety of wording, the impressions they chiefly express are: "Can we really be in British territory, "and is it possible that the Home Government "granted responsible government to such a "mixed population, a great portion of which "is, in the first place, too ignorant to be trusted "with the franchise at all, and is bound to "fall into the hands of agitators?" Throughout the Eastern District, the scheme was viewed with the greatest distrust, it being foreseen that the power would be grasped by men at the capital.

Under Sir Philip Wodehouse, things came to a deadlock, which was only relieved by summoning Parliament in the East for one session. Cape Town policy is merely another phase of the anti-Uitlander crusade, and the extrusion of Imperial interference (of which they talk so loudly) means nothing but the monopoly of political power, by a local ring

working with the Bond. I was much surprised to find in how little respect, the present ministry, as a body, was held by people of any party. It seems to be regarded merely as the best instrument to hand, by those whose interests are being served by it. The fear they appear to have in common, is that of being ousted by men of larger mental calibre, from the old country, whom they do their best to boycott. Just as in Pretoria, so with these men, whose malignant jealousy of Rhodes is on the score that one outside of the charmed African circle, and an Uitlander, should have put them into obscure shade. No liberal or broad policy ever can or will be carried out, while this unwholesome element retains the power of veto that it does, whether in or out of office.

Many men, while regretting this, despair of changing it, in a community possessing representative institutions more defective than those of England previous to the year '32.

SEPARATION OF EAST AND WEST PROVINCES
OF CAPE COLONY

*Separation of the Provinces.**—Many years ago, the Eastern Province fought desperately to obtain separation, and had it been carried in the House, the present position in Cape Colony could never have arisen. We all knew how power was being absorbed by the capital. We also knew, that separation of the East and West Provinces of Cape Colony, would at once make an end of the scandal of *dear bread and cheap brandy*. The failure of the movement did much to check British immigration, and to foster Africander politics.

The great argument used in opposition was, that neither province alone was large enough for a colony. To-day either province, if separate, would produce several times the revenue that the whole colony did at that period. The great majority of Eastern farmers

* The danger of such separation, to which the writer constantly reverts in his letters, seems to be that it might result in the Parliament of the Western half becoming an undilutedly hostile centre of disaffection.—B. C. F.

have no interest in a duty on breadstuffs, but would like it abolished; while the low price of Cape brandy is a perfect curse to them, demoralising, as it does, their native labourers. *Separation* would knock the bottom out of Bond politics.

At present the Eastern Province is weighted down by the Western, exactly as in the United States, the progressive Northern States were weighted down by the Southern States, before the Civil War. Under present conditions, the towns, excluding the capital, must always be out-voted, not, as in England formerly, by a squirearchy, but in many cases by ignorant clowns, who in Europe would not be thought fit to exercise the franchise at all.

It seems so useless to ignore facts and "hope for the best." There can be no harmony and no progress, in a community whose political economy is a century behind the times. It is as useless as discussions on Kruger's franchise proposals, which were the most impudent fraud ever seriously put forward, and whose sole object was to gain time for further arming against England.

I am intensely sorry to see, that there are

men at home still questioning whether this is a *righteous* war.

Are they blind to the fact, that the question is whether the Cape shall remain British, or become Boer territory, under despotic rule, carried out by Continental officials? Much of the fighting to-day is done by Hollander and German mercenaries, imported during the last few years, nominally for the railway and postal departments of the Transvaal.

I trust that a man of Sir A. Milner's conspicuous ability, may have become informed of the various old colonial questions and contests. I am often disappointed at our public speakers and authors, who too frequently play the part of a captain at the head of his own troop, rather than that of a general, who views the whole field, and knows what has gone before.

Of all our able writers, I am not aware of one who has taken up the subject of Cape Town local politics, though they have proved the bugbear of all reform, and a weapon for the use of every renegade and professional politician, who desired to hamper Imperial policy, and to "make things hot" for the Governor of the time being.

In spite of all denials, it is an undoubted fact that Pretoria money has been flowing here like water. Even now that war is on, there are numbers of secret-service agents here.

You may safely doubt the *bona-fides* of every pro-Boer pleader who reaches London.

Times have been hard with us all, and such big cheques were to be had for playing false, that many men have fallen before the temptation.

I am thankful to be able to write now and then on what I see going on, to one who takes interest in South Africa, and knows its past.

Hoping my letters are not too lengthy,—I am, yours sincerely.

[*Lord Roberts reached Pretoria, 5th June 1900.*]

THE ANTI-MILNER CRUSADE

CAPE TOWN,
3rd January 1901.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—It is more than a year since I have written to you on South African affairs, because during that period the press and public had at length fairly wakened up to the gravity of the case.

I now write to make a few remarks, on the anti-Milner crusade being carried on by the Bond Africander party. It is a case of history repeating itself. It is a repetition of the most sordid, dastardly plot ever set on foot in this land. There is no man living so well able as yourself, to estimate the motives and the methods of the men now at work, more or less behind the scenes. Whatever may or may not appear in the press, we on the spot constantly see indications of a tremendous effort being made, to discredit Sir Alfred Milner at home. This for the moment lies at the very base of all the other

machinations of the Africander party. Possibly you are aware of it already, but the fact is not so prominently brought forward as it deserves to be. These men would give a right hand or a right eye, to produce an unfavourable impression of Sir Alfred Milner at home. There are fellows going about here (nominally loyal) who take opportunities for casually raising the question: "Whether, after all, this terrible war is not the fruit of his policy?" Every day I see more plainly, that the conspirators' hands were forced *just a year before the plot was ripe*. But for the murder of Edgar, and the official sympathy with the murderer, we should have drifted on till the later months of 1900, when the invasion was to have been entered on. I know that this has not been stated in public, but I am certain of the fact, as I wrote to you from the Transvaal in 1899. Had it been carried out it would have meant our *utter overthrow*, in spite of any talked-of increases of garrisons. From this we were only saved by Sir Alfred Milner.

With public opinion at home as it is now, there may seem to be little cause for any fear. But I feel it is just as well to state what I see and hear as a private individual.

Cape Town is now the *headquarters of the enemy*, since the occupation of Pretoria by Lord Roberts. . . .

I can quite imagine it possible, that the one thing that might not appear in the despatches of such a Governor as we have, might be this very personal enmity and hatred shown to himself. Of course, they feel that after plotting in the greatest security for years, believing him to be among their dupes, he suddenly turned a searchlight on their doings without caution or warning. Loyal Dutchmen in Cape Town can't praise him enough, and well-to-do Malays and other people of colour are delighted at the overthrow of the anti-British conspiracy, the success of which would have meant bondage for them. You see I have no startling facts to relate. I merely wish to give prominence to a powerful backstairs-influence for evil, which is being worked to the utmost. There is a great deal going on below the surface that the public do not hear of, but which must not be lost sight of. A Rand American, lately returned from a visit to the United States, tells me that while the English were splitting hairs about the franchise question, before the war, his friends saw that the over-

throw of British supremacy was intended, directly they heard the lectures of —— and —— over there, and they wondered that the English had not their eyes opened.—I am, etc., etc.

CAPE COLONY,
5th June 1901.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere, — By this post I enclose eleven sheets headed “Boer and pro-Boer.” From the home papers it always appears to me, that no distinction is recognised by the public, between the great Boer population on the land, and the rascally group in Cape Town, which for years has led them like sheep; now like “sheep to the slaughter.” It is the same old cloven hoof, a thorn in the side of every Governor, and of every subject loyal to the Crown.

There is much disappointment and discontent in the country as to the delay. This one might expect. In addition to the general question, people are troubling themselves about the possible Chinese immigration to Rhodesia. Another murmur is owing to a report that

has got about, as to a compound system in Johannesburg, and a monopoly of native labour agency to be granted by the new government of the Transvaal. I know nothing of the scope of the undertaking, and local papers, after a brief reference to it, have been silent, strange to say. I do hope we have not another burning question in store for us, or that, if it *must* come, it will be after a clean finish has been made of the war. The Afri-cander would rejoice in any differences among the Uitlander population. On the remotest off-chance of any, even small, differences with the Continent, nothing could be more deplorable than any anti-capitalist cry being raised. It was always a favourite weapon of Krugerism. I hope there may be nothing in this rumour.—I remain, yours truly.

BOER AND PRO-BOER

(Enclosure in previous Letter.)

Seeing by the English press, that recent visitors to St Helena have been surprised at the ignorance shown by Boer prisoners of war, on the South African question, the following notes may be of use; coming, as

they do, from one on the spot, who has for many years watched the course of events, and who believes that the self-constituted "pro-Boer" of press and platform notoriety, has all along been the greatest enemy of the misguided and cruelly deceived Boer race. Thirty years ago the British and Boers were friendly, and what little sparring occurred, was nothing more than often takes place good-humouredly between English and Scotch, Welsh and Irish. The previous ten years had nearly seen the last of the few white-haired veterans, who assured you that, "South Africa had been ruined by the emancipation of the slaves, for which England could never be quite forgiven." But the generation then in its prime troubled little about the matter, and had no grievances. While these happy relations existed among the population generally, there was a limited Dutch circle in Cape Town which cherished an hereditary jealousy of British rule, sometimes verging on hatred; and associated with this party were a few renegade English politicians. But their opinions were not obtrusively put forward, while the Cape retained its old form of government. All was changed, however, on

the advent of responsible government, from which time forward the Dutch party defied itself to opposing the "Imperial factor," and to the weakening of British influence in every direction.

Later on the "Africander Bond" was started, with a programme suggestive of the worthiest aims, such as the advance of agriculture and the bettering of the farmer all round. This specious exterior, however, was merely the cloak for a revolutionary propaganda, and the easy-going Boer farmer, whose indifference to politics had amounted almost to apathy, learnt to enjoy the stimulant afforded by farmers' meetings, held with closed doors at the house of the field-cornet of his district. It must not be supposed that the promoters of the Bond were actuated by sentimental politics alone. There were also substantial monetary interests which guided their policy. The districts round Cape Town, owing to the nature of their soil and climate, had always been the home of the brandy distiller, who has up to the present day (with one or two years excepted), successfully resisted every attempt to place a small excise tax on his spirits; although for nine years out of ten his

brandy has been retailed at a *shilling a bottle*, while a heavy import duty was imposed on foreign spirits. *Brandy is the pivot round which Cape politics revolved for many years*, and even the whisper of an Excise Act would affect all other legislation in Parliament; and, the distillers being nearly all Dutch, a political nucleus was thus in existence, which naturally attracted to it a majority of the Dutch of the Western Province. The founders of the Bond, recognised in the brandy interest a valuable auxiliary, and, last but not least, the majority of the ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church, not only made common cause with the other two, but threw their whole weight into the scale of the anti-British element in South Africa. The composition of this remarkable trio is probably without a parallel in history. Thus a very solid and compact party was formed, which at first was more territorial than racial in its origin. It was the work of the Bond to add to the defensive armour of monopoly, the aggressive weapon of racial antipathy. It is much to be regretted that the Dutch press and pulpit have, in so many instances, taken an active part in this evil work throughout South Africa, forgetting

the ominous warning: "Woe unto those that call evil good and good evil, that put darkness for light and light for darkness, that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter."

[I must not omit one malign villainous weapon used to fan the flame of hatred against the British. I refer to the "Slagters Nek" incident. Years after this merciless execution had been carried out, by *Dutch* officials according to the sentence of a *Dutch* judge, the impudent fiction was started, representing it to be the work of Englishmen prompted by racial animosity.]

This compact party now felt the want of a name, and discovered that *they* were *Africanders*, a clumsy word which was no longer, as hitherto, to be the distinctive name of the half-caste descendants of the Dutch, and of the old slave population.

The Bond and the Africander party in the colony, were on good terms with the Kruger-Hollander politicians of Pretoria, and the Hollander-German officials of Bloemfontein.

It may be asked here, "But where did the *bona-fide* Boer come in?"

The Boers, as a people, had no say in the matter, and, in the earlier stage of the move-

ment, not one in five hundred had any idea of the inner counsels and intrigues. They were regarded by the Africander agitator, merely as so much food for powder in the coming struggle. Those who wonder that a treasonable association could obtain such widespread influence, should consider what might have been accomplished by Nihilists and Anarchists in Europe, had they, like the Bond, been backed by a neighbouring state controlling millions of money, and by press and pulpit. Our enemies, after years of waiting, saw their chance when an arsenal and a treasury was provided in Pretoria, out of the enormous taxation extorted by P. Kruger from the Uitlander. Writers and speakers, now posing as pro-Boers in England, are championing a group of mischievous intriguers, very few of whom have risen above mediocrity, while those few owe their status to a certain quality recognised by themselves as *Africander slimness*, which is simply an indigenous variety of *cunning*, well known on the spot, but as difficult to describe as the difference between English and American wit. It has produced many intriguers, but not one statesman. The cry of "Africa for

the Africander," meant nothing but, "keeping a close preserve for a coterie of professional politicians."

Whilst speaking of statesmen, it may be remarked that Paul Kruger's ability at striking a bargain, and jockeying the other side, was not more remarkable than his want of foresight. During the first year or two of the gold industry, the large colonial population that arrived on the Rand, while not wanting in respect for the mother country, had nothing but anathemas for Downing Street. They fraternised with the Boers, and regarded with favour the Republic and its President. Many wondered what this would tend to. It was only the persistent and gratuitous expressions of hostility to newcomers that checked these sentiments, which had proved *catching* even among new arrivals from the old country. Had these friendly feelings been fostered, at a period during which the memories of 1881 were still sore points, South African history might have shaped itself very differently. It is not worth while speculating in that direction. It is sufficient to say, that no apprehension as to the possible swamping effect of future immigra-

tion, would have induced a man worth the name of "statesman," to make enemies of a whole population, on a large portion of which the ties of a previous citizenship were not very binding. Even with our present knowledge of Kruger's secret designs against England, his churlish attitude can only be regarded as that of a clumsy Goth, attempting the rôle of a Machiavelli. In 1887-1888 Kruger had the ball at his feet and never saw it. His one idea was brute force, tempered by Kaffir cunning. A ludicrous blending of the two qualities could be detected in speeches made to the Uitlanders, when he presumably wished to appear at his best.

The Africander detested the word "immigration," and he regarded the newcomer from France, Italy, or Germany, as only a little less undesirable than one from the British Islands. "Krugerism," "Bondism," and "Africanderism" are transposable terms, for an element which has always opposed reforms, and has hindered the advance of South Africa.

It is this influence which has stood in the path of every governor, who has troubled to have any policy of his own. It is this which thwarted at every step, and finally overthrew,

the work of Governor Sir Bartle Frere, to the intense chagrin and disgust of all loyal British subjects in South Africa, and in spite of their earnest remonstrances. It is this influence which emboldens the lawless bands now pillaging farms, and looting village shops, in the Colony. Much of the mischief arises from the uncertainty of British policy in the past. Even after the relief of Mafeking, most Bondsmen thought "it did not matter"; and that the Boers would hold out for a good while, and that directly taxation was talked of, the "stupid, ignorant British workman" would begin to howl; then the "Liberals" would turn out the "Jingoes," and give back the Transvaal as before.

The above delightfully simple process has been an article of the Africander's faith, on which he is only now becoming sceptical.

The sad thing is that the prime movers in all this trouble are snug in their offices in town, just out of reach of the law, hearing their praises shouted by hysterical faddists on pro-Boer platforms at home — while "Tommy Atkins" and the poor Boer are suffering the hardships of a campaign. Much as we must pity the Boer, he is simply paying

the inevitable penalty of ignorance; and of ignorance fostered by those, who should have been his teachers and safe guides.

19th June 1901.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—I enclose a few more notes on the *race* question, in case any of them may interest those who did not (like me) know South Africa many years ago.—Yours sincerely.

THE RACE QUESTION

CAPE TOWN,
19th June 1901.

There is one most important chapter in Cape history, which has not received the attention it deserves; namely, the great effort made by the people of the Eastern districts of Cape Colony to obtain separation from the Western districts, which continued with more or less activity over a period of fifteen or twenty years. The failure of this effort caused more universally bitter disappointment in the East

than any other political event in our history, with the one exception of having responsible government forced on the country by the irresistible influence acquired by the then purely *territorial* party in the West. This, as a matter of fact, meant the local politicians at the capital, which, (in the absence of railways, and with the slow passenger and postal communication between Cape Town and the Eastern districts,) had practically half disfranchised the latter, and had given Cape Town the same dominant position in the Cape Colony, as (to compare small things with great) Paris holds in France, with such disastrous results.

Beside the disadvantages under which the East laboured through distance from the capital, and through its fixed and permanent minority of members in the House of Assembly, there was another evil not less serious. The man elected by a frontier constituency, found life at the capital more enjoyable than it was in the up-country "dorp," and some few would settle down there, and many became more or less absorbed by, or incorporated with, their new surroundings. Hence the remarkable and not unfrequent spectacle, of a representative

of an Eastern constituency opposing the very measures he was sent to advocate, or else playing such a neutral part that he might just as well never have left his "dorp."

In all the long list of South African paradoxes, not one is more incomprehensible than the ignoring for half-a-century, by the Home Government, of the rights of the British section of the Cape population. This ignoring is really only a chronic form of the same disease, the acute form of which, in the case of the Uitlander, helped to bring about this war.

Among old colonists, it has for many years been an axiom that in South Africa a man of any nationality stands a better chance of getting a hearing than a Britisher.

The late Mr Saul Solomon, who was not only a very clever, but also an honest politician, was at the period referred to the most powerful advocate of the Western party. He considered the Colony to be too small for division into two, and had grown up to believe that Cape Town had earned a sort of prescriptive right as the only seat of Government, and he regarded Eastern district towns as mere trading centres. At the end

of a long conversation I had with him, he remarked, with evident satisfaction, that in a year or two more, what with the public debt and other matters which I forget, things would be so inextricably mixed up that separation would be impossible. He was an optimist as to the future of the united Cape Colony under responsible government. All his most cherished hopes and forecasts were falsified to an extent past the expectations and fears of his bitterest opponents. It was non-separation, plus responsible government, which alone brought the present state of things within the range of possibility. A glance at any old newspaper will show that race questions were non-existent. The complaint of the East was, that a territorial party in the West had usurped all political power; the territory referred to being the very small one in which brandy was produced. Brandy at a shilling a bottle had long been the curse of the *Eastern* province, which was, as it still is, the home of tens of thousands of uncivilised Kaffirs. Men dependent on native labour often found themselves for days together, in the middle of harvesting or at shearing time, alone on their farms, while

their Kaffirs were lying drunk in the bush near some roadside canteen. The efforts of philanthropist and missionary have all been to a great extent neutralised by this same curse. It hardly need be said that while Kaffirs are the greatest sufferers, not a few of the white population have fallen victims to the temptation offered by brandy being the "cheap national drink," as I have often heard it described. The population of the East would, almost to a man, vote for an excise tax on brandy, but all effort is useless against the brandy interest in the Cape Parliament.

The distillers are numerically an insignificant body, but they overshadow a great many poorer neighbours, and were for many years a most influential nucleus of party.

A ministry has only to suggest a small excise tax, and it finds its adherents falling away in all directions. The Africander Bond, in its *early* stages and without the powerful alliance of this interest, would have been about as meaningless as the play of Hamlet with Hamlet's part left out. Again, the very small portion of the Dutch residents at the Cape who nursed an hereditary hatred

of England, scarcely made themselves felt till Africander leaders saw the chances offered by Responsible Government, for drawing recruits from this quarter into their great Cave of Adullam.

It is difficult to explain to strangers the intimate connection of these forces, and how naturally causes, apparently small, produced great effects, under the trustful, all-confiding rule of Britain, and by the aid of a press and pulpit, to a great extent at the service of the party.

It cannot be too strongly brought to the notice of those who only know the South Africa of to-day, that thirty or forty years ago no one dreamed of any *racial* question, which is a weapon carefully and laboriously constructed, by the then utterly insignificant anti-British party, the secret underground working of which the great majority of contented loyal colonists for many years refused to believe in, until the mask was fairly thrown off.

Then men learned, to their astonishment, what a disloyal propaganda was abroad, and how their sons, whether on the cricket-field or in the office or shop, were approached by its

supporters with, "*You are a born Africander, of course you are with us.*"

These things, so familiar to us on the spot, may not be generally known in the old country.

QUESTION OF THE SUSPENSION OF THE CAPE CONSTITUTION

17th July 1901.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—I sincerely hope that I may not be the only correspondent writing to you on this important subject. It is just the one of all others, on which loyal colonial opinion may not be quite fairly represented.

It happens (perhaps inevitably) that at the seat of Government, great influence is exerted by official circles, directly such a subject comes to the fore as "Suspension of the Constitution." Both captain and crew* hope against hope that they can again take charge of the ship, and steer her into some port or other; as no doubt they can, but it is just the

* This refers, of course, solely to the ministry, not to the High Commissioner or Governor.—B. C. F.

question of *what port* that troubles the minds of nine out of ten non-official loyalists. Government by climbing-down-half-way (made long familiar to us here), may be tolerated in financial and parochial matters, but against a seditious and revolutionary caucus, it is weak, contemptible folly to entertain for a moment its continuance.

A great many men who desire the suspension, are (when pressed by opponents) amenable to the argument of "but let us give the Government a trial before acting."

But then half our present troubles are the result of locking the stable door *after*, instead of *before*, the horse was stolen, owing to the pressure brought to bear by British patience and constitutionalism-run-mad.

Never was there a greater delusion than the idea, that in Cape Colony the Bond and local rebel element are now more open to reason than before, or that they will accept the argument of facts. They are *more bitter* than the Boers in the conquered states this day.

The public has long been reckoning on the purging effect on the electorate, through the disenfranchisement passed on convicted rebels. The other side are now openly boast-

ing, that this loss of Bond votes will be twice over compensated for, by bringing down Boers who have lost their all in the war, and Boers who never had anything to lose.

Those who think this threat (as some do) more theoretical than practical, forget the Kruger money which most probably is still available, as before, for intrigue and seditious purposes in Cape Colony. The Bond programme is simply, to regain possession of its arsenal and treasury by reinstating the Transvaal Republic, and to achieve that in turn, by making Government in Cape Town impossible, and by making Lord Milner's position impossible. The English people who imagine the present struggle to be simply one between British and Dutch, would be amazed to know how heartily thankful a large section of the Dutch would be to hear that the Cape Constitution was suspended, and that they could follow their ordinary pursuits again, uninterrupted by incessant Bond agitation, and threat of boycott.

Many well able to judge believe the war would have been over before now, had this step of suspending the Constitution been taken earlier.

One great misfortune is, that the men who pull the wires from Cape Town and Graaf Reinet, and one or two other centres of sedition, do not as a rule suffer much from the war, and they might be prepared for desperate play when it comes to the final throw.

It is no figure of speech, but quite accurate wording, to say that many of these men would hail general anarchy in South Africa, as likely to weary the British taxpayer, and tend to bring about that foreign intervention, the non-appearance of which hitherto has proved, to their understandings, as unaccountable and perplexing as would some sudden suspension of the law of gravitation.

From Paul Kruger down to his meanest agent in Cape Town, this has proved the great unlooked-for factor in the position, over which each one can only scratch his head and stare, when asked why foreign armies have not landed yet?

The robber bands now looting English and Dutch farms in Cape Colony with wonderful impartiality, are stimulated still with this hope by their backers, who also further goad them on in their criminal course, by supplying

extracts from disloyal speeches and articles by renegades of the ———, ———, and ——— type (mentioning three prominent English pro-Boers). Oh, that England could only realise that the *racial*, as such, was only an incidental element in the case, and that element only raised to its present proportions by Kruger and his Bond partisans and agents throughout South Africa.

While giving all honour to the pluck of a ministry, willing to attempt the carrying on of parliamentary institutions, the great majority of us know well, that half the members who would sit in Parliament if now assembled, would only endeavour to do, on a large scale, what a few sedition mongers and renegades effected on a smaller scale, at some of the recent local meetings in Cape Colony.

To maintain the Constitution in force at present, is simply courting disaster and anarchy and prolongation of the war, and increasing infinitely the heavy burden on Lord Milner's shoulders. — I am, yours sincerely.

CAPE TOWN,
16th October 1901.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere, — The political question of the day which shares with the war the attention of the public, is that of the Suspension of the Cape Constitution. As might be expected, the strongest advocates of the measure are not to be found at the capital and seat of Government. I enclose, as an exponent of the Suspensionist view, a newspaper cutting I have just had sent to me. It is an article from an Eastern newspaper. Were people in England informed, that the Eastern province is no mere geographical division of territory, but a very important factor in Imperial interests, more attention would be paid to the opinions of its press and leading men. The colonisation of the Eastern districts, may fairly be described as the work of the British settlers who came out from England in 1820, to the number of 5000 men, women, and children. But for this accession of population, the Cape Colony would have been to-day almost as Dutch as Java. Had the heroic work of these sturdy pioneers been performed by Cretan or Servian

refugees, a halo of romance would have been thrown around the story; but as they were merely everyday Englishmen, they (through a certain perversity of our race) failed to obtain the sympathy they might have expected, from the mother country. Their often repeated attempts at obtaining a fair share of Parliamentary representation, were viewed with apathy and indifference, as was also the effort to secure a separate government for the East. The final blow was dealt, when responsible government was forced upon them against their strongest protests and remonstrances, and they found themselves subjected to a territorial party which was always able to outvote them, and they were practically without a voice in politics. Like the Uitlanders under the Kruger regime, they were expected to "work out their own salvation" against *impossible odds*. The way in which the Home Government recklessly rejected, and ignored, the voice of the British section of population, of course threw political power almost entirely into the hands of the race which, if not at the time hostile, had little sympathy with British interests.

As to —— (a prominent Cape politician)

not a word is said against his rectitude, nor does any one dispute his being clean-handed, but the most loyal public men here suffer in time by always having to meet the seditions half way.

Again, the representatives of Eastern constituencies after settling in Cape Town, are but too often absorbed, and fall into the adoption of all the local shibboleths.

CAPE TOWN,

4th December 1901.

I have merely skimmed over the question of separation of East and West halves of Cape Colony, on which reams might be written of substantial fact and sound reasoning, to show that separation, if promptly and early carried out, would remove a crushing burden from our ruler's shoulders.

Directly this became an accomplished fact, the compact Cape party would fall to pieces, instead of remaining to thwart and hamper the action of every high-minded patriotic governor.

The rule of the much abused capitalists is

healthy and moral, compared with the anti-British slimy manœuvrings of a local coterie, attracting to itself all the forces that oppose progress and immigration, and whose fiscal programme is simply the protection of a long-privileged class, occupying a limited area round the Peninsular.

It quite passes comprehension, how the present Anglophobe mania should have seized the men who, for years, have held the balance of power in a British colony. Some years ago a German literary man remarked to me, that the power of the Anglo-Saxon communities to rule themselves was a matter of *heredity*, in which other races were not their equals.

The appointment of Sir A. Milner was made only *just in time* to save South Africa to the Empire.* The wealthy traitors at Cape Town had, of course, quite reckoned on the up-country Boer completing the business for them, and are much disgusted at having to risk life or property at this stage of affairs.

Immigration.—I see an English newspaper

* A well-known pro-Boer member of the Cape Assembly once said to a friend of mine, in so many words, "The fact is, Sir Alfred Milner came here just two years too soon (!)"—B. C. F.

is advising people not to delay coming to South Africa till all is quiet, for fear of foreigners stepping in before them.

Even should peace come shortly, nothing could be more disastrous than a *rush* here, whether of British or foreigners. Influential Englishmen could render us no better service than by making this understood at home and on the Continent. For a man with money, who wants to gamble, it may be very well, but for the great bulk of the emigrating classes as known to Australia and Canada, it would be the height of folly to rush this country, till Government shall have had time to allot land for the purpose. As to office clerks and skilled mechanics, a few hundred would flood the market, as thousands of the old hands have remained here fighting, or else living in poverty.

In case of failure to get employment at their regular occupation, and having to fall back on rough labour (as they might in many countries), they come into competition here with black and half-caste labour. The authorities will have enough on their hands for a year or two, without having to deal with thousands of disappointed immigrants. How this can be put in its true light before the Continental, as well

as the British, press, I can form no idea, but it is a question of very great importance indeed.

A rush of immigrants (especially foreigners) would prove to be a case of "out of the frying-pan into the fire" for South Africa, the economic results of which (however bad) would be only second to the political considerations. I am not speaking off-hand on this matter. I am alarmed to hear from many different quarters, how many are preparing for a rush, and I find that others are concerned at similar news reaching them.

Many people dismiss such matters with great levity, saying, "Let them all come," "It is good for trade, and circulates money." I hold this to be a most miserable and dangerous fallacy in the present case.*

3rd November 1901.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—Regrettable as is the long duration of the war to us all, we

* A letter in the *Daily Mail* of 5th December says there are now 3000 unemployed in Durban, and hundreds of thousands of such in South Africa. Lodging, with board, costs £7 to £10 per month per person in Durban, and everything is very expensive.—B. C. F.

on this side often pick up information which tends to show, that the process of wearing out the enemy is rapidly going on, and is not the fiction that some pro-Boers would have us think.

It is undoubtedly telling on the disloyal, and the waverers in the West, as to whom there has, at times, been considerable anxiety, but who for the most part now see that the "game is up." The rabid irreconcilables are more rabid than ever, and are always trying to believe that the next ten million of war debt will prove the proverbial back-breaking last ounce. This is industriously circulated throughout all anti-British circles. The work of ———, ———, and ——— (mentioning three prominent English pro-Boers) would be beneath contempt, were they not co-partners with the Continental Anglophobes, whose combined influence has caused the deaths of thousands, and added many millions to the national debt of England. What miserable degradation those men and their following have brought themselves down to! I can understand the fascination and intoxication of party fighting, but can no claim of patriotism induce those men to stop short in

a course, which is regarded with hatred and scorn by loyal South Africans. The rebels who welcome their work scarcely try to disguise their contempt for the workers; whom they (in their shallow knowledge of English parties) suppose to be the representatives of the "dirty, lazy, drunken, working classes of England," as described in the first letter of "P. S." to the home press.

A recent *Times* cable spoke of an idea just started, as to contradicting, in some official way, the wholesale slanders of our troops appearing in the Continental press, and prompted by Leyds.

Why was not this done long ago? The evil resulting is no mere sentimental one, but a very positive one.

In spite of the "censor" under martial law, these iniquitous slanders are all known and gloated over here by our enemies, who will not give up the hope of foreign intervention. Unfortunately, these arch scoundrels on the coast are as a rule doing very well, whether attorneys, doctors, shopkeepers, or what not, and they don't care how the wretches in the fighting line get killed. They, in safety

and comfort, egg on their dupes with preposterous fictions as to coming aid.

It is difficult to describe, or, indeed, even to find out, how far-reaching is this bogey of intervention. Nothing but complete conquest will wipe out the lesson taught by Gladstone's cave-in after Majuba.

Three days ago a Dutchman called on a friend of mine. After the usual long hot argument, my friend said: "You must know that the game is up; why don't you all work for peace and get the commandos called in, and settle down quietly."

He replied: "No, Mr ———. I am not such a fool. How can we rely on the British Government? Did not a British officer tell us once that as sure as the morrow's sun would rise, so surely would England retain the Transvaal? Soon after, a few soldiers were beaten in a skirmish, and your Government handed back the Transvaal!

"If I now worked for peace, and England in the meantime listens to any terms but unconditional surrender—then, when peace comes, I might as well go and hang myself as stay in this country and submit to the inevitable boycott."

That the war did not end a year ago, we have to thank that cowardly surrender after Majuba. This widespread feeling alone is a sad hindrance in our way; at the same time it indicates that from the day war closes, a large proportion will be only too thankful to settle down again, while much of the threatened "eternal race-hatred" will vent itself, in rage against the handful of rascals who instigated the ignorant Boer of the veldt to defy the British Government, and to invade British territory. Do not think that this is too optimistic a view. The races will pull together well enough after the war.

The curse of the whole position is, that an entire generation of Afrianders has grown up in the fixed belief, that England will cave-in sooner or later to pressure.

They are much perplexed that the Liberals have not yet got into office, and have not given back the Transvaal! Their ideas of English parties are of the crudest possible.

Separation of East and West.—I send report of ——'s (mentioning a prominent politician) speech. On this first occasion of the sort, he speaks *against separation* of East

and West. This is simply the old game of *meeting the Bond half-way*—to say nothing of the disinclination of every man, when once in office, to curtail the sphere of his power. The home press, I suppose, have not the faintest idea of all that is involved in the separation question. Till that step is carried out, the *brandy distiller* of the Cape district, with his ally the Dutch parson, will hold a *casting vote* on all Cape Colony politics, and will still have the whip-hand and be a trouble to every Governor and High Commissioner.

The artificial union of East and West is an absurdity. Why should the sheep farmer of the East be tied against his will to the brandy distiller of the West, always to be just out-voted by him? With the result that *bread-stuffs*, (which the East cannot produce in quantity), are heavily taxed, while the brandy of the West goes *free of excise*, and its cheapness, (some years 1s. per bottle), is the curse of the whole Kaffir race—the labour market of the Eastern provinces.

The need of "separation" was recognised sixty years ago, and the struggle of the East to obtain it grew hotter and hotter, till

Responsible Government was *forced* on them against their will, finally placing all power in the hands of the territorial Western party, which then broke the power of the East by creating jealousy between Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown, and East London, by alternate "sops" to harbours and other public works. The Eastern province, if *separate*, would have proved as British as Natal, with its seat of Government in a town as English as Melbourne. This would have changed the whole face of South Africa. The two central colonies, British, would have cut the ground from under the anti-British districts, and have divided them from the Dutch states. This fact (though not its future importance) was felt at the time. But then, English ministers did not care a straw about the Cape, and quietly looked on, while all power was being centralised in the most anti-British town of the Colony—although the capital.

The whole thing would sound like fiction, were we not so familiar with the absurdities which for a century have marked British rule in South Africa. The time for *half measures* has passed. We shall be just as

much abused for the half as the whole measure.

For twenty years, Cape ministers have *met the Bond half-way*, with the result of the biggest war since Waterloo. Suspension of the Constitution would have been an immense blessing, till new men and fresh blood came to the surface.

Pandering to Dutch prejudice would be a huge piece of folly. A *firm, vigorous* policy would now make more friends than enemies. Friendly Dutch and *waverers* fear vacillation much more than firmness, which would be heartily welcomed.

I believe that one cause of the doubt so widely entertained of England's firmness, is the frequency of cables of speeches of leading politicians at home, in which the statement is made that: "*England is determined to see the thing through.*"

The *so frequent reiteration* of what should be a matter of course, is most undesirable. A frequent comment is: "Yes—before the war, one heard for months, by cables, that so-many troops were ready to sail at a day's notice."—I remain, yours sincerely.

CAPE TOWN,
2nd January 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—The ignoring by the Africanders of the great anti-British plot is a piece of stupendous effrontery, I should say, without a parallel.

I enclose newspaper cutting deprecating withdrawal of Constitution. Very few away from the capital hold this view, and most loyalists here, I believe, regard its suspension as desirable, as they also do the division of Eastern and Western Provinces of Cape Colony. A great number of neutrals have come over to us, including such as are merely sitting on the fence ; but there is a small party as *irreconcilable* as ever, and as determined to obstruct and give trouble in future. Strange to say, these men have felt the war less than any of their friends, some having done very well and become rich by it.

I am very sorry to hear from those returning from Transvaal, that the Continentals are more rabid than ever. On the quiet, though, for under martial law they have to be cautious. The Continental element has been a disturbing

one for years. Next to the Hollander and Dutch Reformed Church parson, the German doctor (often holding the Government appointment of District Surgeon) has been a centre of disaffection in the Colony.

With all these combustible elements, what folly to attempt Responsible Government in Cape Colony, where perhaps half the population is avowedly, at this moment, hoping that every month's protraction of war may give rise to foreign intervention, and give strength to openly disloyal English political parties.

Crown Colony rule would be an unmixed blessing, if only judicious appointments (if any) were made from Downing Street.

This may seem too self-evident to need mention. I have seen some English officials and military men with wonderful tact and power of adapting themselves to their surroundings, while another is all red tape and dignity, and gives a man from the veldt the idea that he has dropped across a being from another planet. This may seem a mere social triviality, but it often proves to be much more, though not many men would (like ——) send a patriarchal Boer farmer into his *kitchen for a feed*, to the latter's immense disgust. Many,

on coming in contact with colonists, who perhaps are not overburdened with deference to official position, adopt a certain wooden stand-off style to start with, which just makes their duties arduous, where they might have been pleasant.

There is a difficult task before many officials at a time like the present. Not mere *talent* will do—they must be considerate men towards all—patriotic, and above all partisan feeling, and must not talk on the racecourse or cricket field about “these Colonials” and “these Africanders.”

Many think that if party government must continue, Rhodes is the only strong man here; and yet many, while admitting this, affect to entertain some lurking fear of De Beers Company and the Chartered Company. I merely quote an opinion which I don't myself see the force of, and of which I doubt the sincerity.—
I remain, yours truly.

(Letter from a friend to the writer of these letters, enclosed in the last.)

5th December 1901.

Dear Mr ——— . . . There is no moral doubt of the intention of the South African Dutch to create a Republic from Cape Town to the Zambesi ; but the Transvaal and the Free State Governments were so "slim" that legal proof is scanty. Their intention dated from the Retrocession of 1880. The establishment of the Africander Bond and its foundation principles ; the confession of Mr Reitz (then a judge in the late Orange Free State) to Mr ———, that the unification of South Africa under *its own flag* was the objective of the Bond ; the published report of conferences between the late Sir John Brand and Mr Kruger on the subject of "closer union," (where Mr Kruger bluntly refers to Great Britain as "our enemy") ; the attempt to commandeer British subjects to fight the Transvaal's battles in 1894 ; the construction of the Delagoa Bay railway ; the matter of closing of the Drifts at Vereeniging ; the

clauses in the Netherland Railway Concession, referring to the mutual relations of Government and the Company "in the event of war";—all these, and many other actions as well known to you as to me, prove the ineradicable hatred of and contempt for our country, which (joined with the open boasting indulged in by the "young Africander" party in Pretoria long before the Raid) pointed surely to war, in the event of Great Britain resolving at least to hold her own in South Africa. With regard to pre-Raid preparations in the Cape Colony, they must have been conducted with extraordinary secrecy.

I am convinced, that if the Raid was not encouraged by the admirable Secret Service of the Pretoria Government, the plans and intentions of Dr Jameson and his colleagues were perfectly understood at Pretoria, and that thus the Pretoria Government was an accessory before the fact. This is no mere conjecture. I knew of Dr Jameson's mobilisation plans at Pitsani long before they were generally known, and of the fact that Pretoria "was keeping an eye on him." Mr Kruger's parable of the tortoise and his head was the expression of a literal truth, except that the

KRUGER AWARE OF JAMESON'S PLANS

"head" meant not only Johannesburg but the forces of the British South African Company as well.

The communications between "Doctor Jim" and the Reform Committee were known; and the widespread belief that Dr Jim's force came in when they did, on account of his receipt of a "bogus" telegram, is certainly more likely to be true than untrue. The withdrawal of the Government police from Johannesburg days before the Raid, and the sudden and efficient way in which the burghers were armed in Pretoria in enormous numbers, prove Mr Kruger's parable to have been no empty boast: whilst his ludicrous attempt to get up another "Conspiracy by British Officers at Johannesburg," during the negotiations on the Franchise which followed the Bloemfontein Conference, proves how well the "Conspiracy" of 1895-1896 paid him, not only financially, but in the moral support and sympathy of the outside world, and in the excuse it supplied him with for arming to the teeth.

CAPE TOWN,
15th January 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—I send Cape *Times* of 14th January 1902, with Lord Milner's speech, in case English papers do not give it *in extenso*. In analysing such speeches, the home press does not always seize just the points that tell most here.

In the present case there are two points in which Lord M., with his happy knack, has clothed truisms in new colours, and made many men think on the subject.

1st. One is, that the pro-Boer has no interest in any Boer unless he happens to be fighting against the British, and counts for nought the thousands of loyal Boers like ——, who for years have been trying to oppose the anti-British propaganda.

2nd. Another point brought out, on which the average speaker or writer rarely comments, is, *that there is not now, and never has been, an anti-Dutch party* in South Africa. The hostility has been *solely* on one side. This simple, well-known truth has never been so concisely put before. It is a pity that Lord

M. did not add that it was not a popular movement, forced by the Boer people on their rulers, but a propaganda sedulously and incessantly cultivated by politicians, and instilled into the rural population by officials and certain Dutch parsons.

The second item is one of the highest importance. It is fortunate it was *not* a national movement, or race feeling would be terrible, whereas everything tends to show that the Boer of the veldt, when his eyes are opened in captivity, is often more bitter against the agitators who misled him, than against us.

I wish that —— and —— (mentioning two prominent English pro-Boers) would realise the contempt in which they are held by all loyal colonists. The thousands of colonists who only know England by report cannot understand the position, and suppose either that there is a "bee in the bonnet," or that Leyds' secret fund accounts for it: two things equally wide of the truth. What they cannot understand is, how a man, for party purposes, can so deceive himself and betray his country.

To recall Milner would be like cashiering Wellington after Waterloo.

When the loyal Dutch and others feel safe

in speaking out, without risk of boycott, some startling facts must come out, and I imagine that it will be made clear that the English pro-Boer has added many millions to the national debt, and has caused sad loss of life.

That such men as these two ENGLISH pro-Boers have any following at all, causes a very undesirable impression among all colonial-born loyalists, who cannot rightly estimate the smallness of their minority, when their sayings constantly figure in cables.

Men ask, "How can we hang our rebels, when traitors sit in the House of Commons?"

The *inconsistencies* and factiousness of English parties show up very unpleasantly.

An everyday question is—"How is it that Exeter Hall and its following in the House, all abused the Dutch as 'nigger-drivers,' and then, directly the Dutch become our enemies, the charge is withdrawn and laid against *British* colonists?"

One cannot help seeing that there are serious doubts growing in the minds of colonists as to the *genuineness* of home politics. The rabid Africander, of course, heartily chuckles at ——'s * neurotic talk, and sup-

* An English politician.—B. C. F.

poses that at the last minute of the eleventh hour, England may again be bamboozled, and commit some monstrous absurdity. Hence the word goes forth from the headquarters to the Boer in the field, to wreck and plunder to the very last.

The Boers' moral support comes from *London* as well as from *Brussels*.*

In healthier days, when there was less spurious sentiment and sham political morality, the little-Englander leader would have been tarred and feathered, a healthy demonstration which would do good now, and which requires no explanation to make it understood.—I remain, Dear Sir Bartle Frere, yours truly.

P.S.—After closing my letter, I thought I would add that I have always feared, that the home press has never had presented to it the fact, that the loyal Dutch form a very important section of our population. The correspondent from home, a stranger to the country, neither sees nor hears anything of them. From the nature of the case they have to *lie low*, and *very low* at present, till all is settled.

* Boer leaders have actually stated as much to English officers.—B. C. F.

The anti-British Boer party never understood freedom of speech or even of thought. If you are suspected of differing from them, you must be boycotted and slighted on every occasion. I know Dutchmen in this town who were prepared to clear out of the country of their birth for good, had the Boers got the best of it, or had we made another bungling settlement; and these men say they represent thousands of their race.

The intelligent class know that the war was not for independence, but to establish *Krugerism* throughout South Africa, and to restore in the twentieth century all the evils of privilege and class legislation, which in the sixteenth century Englishmen fought to overthrow. Is there anything more *comic* in history than to find men in England, whose forefathers stood side by side with Pym and Hampden, attempting in this century to perpetuate or to restore all that was vilest in the system of the Stuarts or the Bourbons!

Loyalists of *both races* all see it in the same light, and wonder that such fantastic cranks should get any following at all, or have any power in national affairs at home. It would be a step in the right direction, if one of your

papers would call public attention to the fact, that the pro-Boer is only the *special pleader* for our enemies, while large and increasing parties of loyal Dutch find him as great a nuisance as we do.

The matter only needs to be clearly stated for the public to realise the absurdity of the pro-Boer position, which hitherto scarcely seems to have been attacked from this point.

28th January 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—The more vigorous tone adopted by politicians at home is doing good; I mean morally. Waverers begin to think it will be *safe to be loyal!* this time. Of course, a generation or two of Africanders have grown up in the belief, that England never quite knew what she meant to do, and that if she did, she was bound to fly off at a tangent as a result of local party fights at home, or be bamboozled by spurious philanthropists and humbugs of every description. The town Africanders used to give deliciously graphic accounts to admiring bucolic friends, of how Liberals and “Jingos” would always pull different ways, and enable the slim Africander

to come out top. Their enormous armaments hardly gave them more confidence than their firm conviction that what Gladstone did after Majuba would be repeated whenever they next came to blows.

GUERRILLA WARFARE

In one of the Reviews there is an article in which the writer attributes the recrudescence of German Anglophobia to their discovery that the war which they thought was ending is still in an active stage. Again, we find some Englishmen still talk about making terms with the enemy, and we hear reference made to the necessity of treating with "properly accredited" representatives of the enemy. On the other hand, I cannot learn (with my limited opportunities) whether or not any papers take the stand that no accredited Boer representatives exist, at any rate in the field. And they do not. General Botha is personally a decent man, one of their best specimens, and among his commando are said to be many fair samples of Boers. But a scratch troop of farmers, many of whom are

only in the field by compulsion, can't speak for a people. Some of the other commandos, I hear from those (some of them prisoners of war on parole) who have come in contact with them, are to a great extent made up of wasters and blackguards of all nations—who would have no vote in time of peace. They enjoy the life in the veldt and the plundering of farm-houses, Dutch as well as English. The foreign element is not a shade better than Greek brigands, though raised to the rank of heroes by seditious Africanders and their allies, the little Englishers.

This disreputable rabble English pro-Boer politicians and their friends are abetting, in the slaughter of lonely outposts, the murder of Kaffirs, and the plunder of farm-houses. Many of the enemy, still in the field of their own free-will, *don't want peace*. They have nothing to lose; and to them peace would mean giving up their horse and returning to day labourers' work, or becoming the "mean white" or hanger-on about a homestead, a specimen of which you generally find with a farmer. This nondescript gets his food and bed, and does any odd work that turns up, and in the intervals lounges about smoking. These men

are now posing as liberators and free lances.

Such, with the addition of the Continental mercenaries, constitute a most objectionable element; and, should Government be so weak as to make any terms with Botha (putting this case by way of illustration), these roving commandos would have to be wiped out all the same by our troops—just as the mounted robbers in Algeria had to be by the French. It is a *police* matter, though on a lamentably large scale. The majority of the respectable portion of the race are prisoners in our hands, many of whom are now perfectly aware of how they have been led astray and duped by their leaders. With many fine qualities, they combine a certain cunning, and disregard for the obligations of an oath. But for certain defects and failings, these would now be invaluable allies in ending the war, and many thousands would willingly join us. They are sick of the detention, and know well the objects of the thieving rabble now so numerous in the field. Among the Boers there is some of the fine raw material of the old Batavian stock, and they will yet live comfortably beside us, when the Dutch parson and the German doctor of the

up-country dorp find, that fomenting and cultivating sedition is not to be a paying game any longer.

There are strange compensations in nature. These stolid, bucolic folk, if they have not the highest enjoyments of life, do not feel its pains acutely. Kruger's system brought many Boers in from living on their broad acres, to menial life in town. But the come-down did not seem to trouble them, if they only got enough bread and meat and coffee. I think I told you that a friend of mine saw some Dutch women busy making money by selling (I think) ginger beer, to the troops. A Boer came along and said, "Well, Mrs ———, and where is the old baas?" The reply was, in an unconcerned manner, "Well, I don't know, but I expect if he is not shot he is at St Helena."

Among the more regrettable conditions, thus far, is the fact that the greatest sufferers have been the Free Staters, the most enlightened Boers of South Africa, and, generally speaking, fairly friendly to the English.

The most rabidly anti-British set in South Africa, who live in Cape Town and district, have done well by the war. They have been

getting double rentals and high prices for produce.

As I have said before, the *irreconcilables* are *not* our vanquished enemies, but must be looked for among the smart Africander attorneys, parsons, doctors, and more doubtful town residents, who are, many of them, as much bent on mischief as before the relief of Ladysmith. As I said, the general crowd of neutral and disloyal, are, as a rule, toning down considerably, and many are now convinced that the loyal side is the safe and prudent one. The best informed cannot estimate the relative proportions. But the old virulent, rancorous anti-British coterie is still extant, and looks forward to making things hot by parliamentary tactics, though their mouths are closed under martial law, fortunately. It is these men that we have to guard against. It is they who to-day try to foster discord and anarchy. Picture to yourself a leader of the Dutch Reformed Church saying that he was "loyal by compulsion!"

The one way to stamp out this century-old nucleus of disaffection is to show its utter futility by a steady course of action. And of

course judicious immigration at a proper date is bound to swamp it.

In the prison camps we have an opportunity that will never recur, of giving wholesome instruction; and I should have thought that useful expressions of opinion might have been obtained from representative prisoners of war.

If at St Helena there is no classification, and the Continental agitator associates through all the idle day with the simple ignorant Boer, it is a great misfortune.

The small amount of talk about the increasing debt—in England—is wonderful. They will, of course, be able to recoup themselves to a very great extent—more, I suppose, than the average Englishman guesses.

I think I mentioned that men from the new states have told me, that there was intense bitterness against us on the part of many Continental residents, though they have for the present to repress themselves.—I remain, yours truly.

5th February 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—I write chiefly to enclose leading newspaper articles.

The writer of the articles, though speaking strongly on *separation of East and West* halves of Cape Colony, might have gone further. There is no doubt that had separation been carried through thirty years ago, it would utterly have broken the power for ever of the anti-British party, or, as we called it in old days, the Cape Town party, which was *not* then a racial one. Responsible Government was grudgingly accepted by some in the East of Cape Colony, on the grossly false representation that it was to be *the prelude to separation*; whereas, in truth, the very central idea and aim of its supporters was to prevent the dreaded separation, by a redistribution of electoral districts, so arranged as to neutralise and swamp the vote of the districts chiefly British. This was at the bottom of the whole business.

The active politicians of those days have for the most part disappeared, and the crowd are apathetic. Even now, late as it is, were

separation effected, it would do more than aught else to break the power of the Bond.

In those days, Boer as well as British farmers in the Eastern province, cursed the Cape Town party as the ruin of their native labour through untaxed brandy.

“Responsible Government,” when it did go through, was carried desperately. . . .

But South Africa was then a Cinderella to the British people, which was deaf to all warning, and whose eyes were closed to the threatening signs which should have been visible to any schoolboy.

We became heart-sick, and then got accustomed to a state of things which we were powerless to work against—and (as 99 out of 100 did in the Transvaal) men began to argue: “We may magnify evils ahead, as the British Government is no new hand at diplomacy, and must know more than we do.” Lady Anne Barnard’s letters show, that much of the same foolery was going on even a century ago.

I jot down a few salient points, but a man whose time was his own might spend it all, in showing up matters which the uninitiated

would think were flights into the realms of fancy.—I am, yours truly.

12th February 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—*Crown Colony rule* is merely one of several alternatives. But the separation of *East and West* is very different.

By a separate East you create one additional loyal state in South Africa, and one whose fiscal policy would at once be in favour of a tax on Cape brandy, though several generations tried in vain (except for a brief interval) to get an Excise Act passed.*

All brandy is made within 100 miles of Cape Town, and probably the bulk of it is drunk by Kaffirs in the Eastern frontier. It is like the Indian opium trade with China in old days.

No one now arriving here can appreciate how large a part the Cape brandy interest has played in Colonial history—to the injury of both East and West. As long as it pays to drench Eastern Province Kaffirs with cheap brandy, we shall never turn out wine fit for export.

* Such an Act was passed by Sir Gordon Sprigg's first Ministry in 1878, and again by his Ministry of 1884.

Once dissolve the enforced partnership, between the Western brandy distiller and the Eastern sheep farmer, and each will make more progress than ever before.

This is an amusing place to be a *capital* of a country, for there is no other place, the people of which know or care so little about every other town in the country, while certainly the balance of its influence is not, and never has been, thrown into the British scale. Its traditions are all the other way. With an Eastern capital at Grahamstown or Queens-town, you would have a new centre as distinctly British as the old one is *anti-British*.

Things may go through all right ; but then, take the case of an always possible European war occurring, we should then be thankful for all the loyal elements we could count on.

The "anti-calumny meeting" was a great success, as you will have seen.

Some prophesied that Rudyard Kipling would be received with groans, after the "flannelled fools" poem. But, amusing to tell, the loudest demonstration of the evening was the call on Rudyard Kipling for a speech!

The chairman had to admit with reluctance

that he was not present. The next greatest enthusiasm was a similar call on Mr Rhodes, with a similar result, both being absent.

I have not forgotten those queries. But down here I am out of touch, and can't hear the whereabouts or get answers from the men I most look to.—I remain, yours truly.

LETTERS FROM THE TRANSVAAL AGAIN

7th March 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—That refusal, a few weeks back, on the part of the Home Government, to have any negotiations with the Hague has had a good effect here. It looked (the Dutch offer) so promising and plausible for a “thin end of the wedge,” that many English feared the bait would be caught at.

Another matter for congratulation, is the late dropping of the stereotyped phrase about “determined to see the war through,” of which I spoke before. I noticed that Mr Chamberlain in his speech spoke of the independence of the two republics, as a “thing of the past.”

The latter way of putting the matter sounds quite another thing, and does not suggest some necessity for asserting determination.—I remain, yours truly.

15th March 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—The course of the guerilla war is necessarily very depressing to all.

Perhaps the most hopeful, as well as the most exasperating, fact, is the smallness of the force against which our great army is engaged; and of that small force probably half would be heartily thankful to have done with the business; but Boers suspected of an intention to surrender are severely dealt with, and lynx-eyed spies are ready to give information to their commandants of any word uttered on the subject.

From men who have chatted with Boers on their prospects and hopes, the one idea seems to be, “*You never know what may turn up.*” They are still duped into believing that foreign intervention is quite a possibility, while their extraordinary notions of home political parties are such, that argument is useless. It would scarcely be flattering to the Liberals in general, or to ——— or ——— in particular, to learn

that, not only at the Boer camp fires, but among Afrianders who should know better, they are located on about the same plane as the Anglo-phobic French and German writers.

It is a curious fact, that among the Boers who know anything at all, I have never heard of any of them praising the men who are now slandering our soldiers. Some time back, in Cape Town, a few young Englishmen and Dutchmen were carrying on a half serious, half jocular argument, in which the Dutch were told that they had to import Leyds and other men, and had never produced a Salisbury or a Chamberlain ; and a Dutchman drily remarked, "No, and we never produced a ——" (mentioning a prominent English pro-Boer politician). All joined in the laugh which followed, and the Dutchman was allowed to have scored a point.

Though the numbers of the enemy are small, the *class* of men is most unfortunate to deal with. Though we see a few "slim" cunning leaders like ——, and a few violent, and too often ignorant, men undoubtedly possessing personal bravery, yet under them many of the rank and file are a mere Jack Cade rabble, who have nothing to lose (and never had), and have

learnt to enjoy the life of plunder and lying in ambush, and who would have to take up menial work on war ending.

They are useful material in the hands of plotters, who stay on the coast at ease, and of pro-Boers at home and on the Continent. But they don't represent the respectable Boer or any other people. And yet an attempt is made to represent them as patriot peasants, fighting for their native land, as did the Swiss. Never was there a greater burlesque of a romantic historical incident.

Men who enjoy the life of savages, and have no respect for white flags, oaths, or anything else that is sacred, and yet quote Mosaic books by the yard, possess all the worst qualities of both savage and civilised life, and are very hard to fight or to make friends of.—I remain, yours sincerely.

JOHANNESBURG,

25th April 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—At last (a week ago) I got a letter from one of the two men I spoke of. I believe him to be as genuine a man as there is in the country. I know you will

understand the "brutal candour." You may say the letter contains little that is new—but I think he puts the matter so well, that I send a copy. . . . I hoped to hear from ——, but he is too busy in the field. Though the writer of enclosure does not say so, I quite expect that when war is really over, any amount of information will be obtainable from the Boers themselves. I have long believed this. Even the Boer youths knew a great deal that was going on long before the war, but they kept *very* "close." A—— and H—— met them as competitors at athletic sports; and though they were somewhat imprudently Jingo, the Boer youths were particularly friendly to them, some of the poor fellows begging them to go to their farms for refuge, before what they believed would be our *hopeless* overthrow! What the writer of enclosure says is true, to the letter, about the temper of old Uitlanders.

I think Providence decreed this war, perhaps for the saving of the Empire, in some crisis yet to come.

The stupid, unsuspecting confidence or "greenness" of the home authorities, is a source of disappointment and rage to Britishers here. You will see before long

that a great awakening will come to a certain idiotic school of home politicians, of the complacent, self-satisfied order, from the action of the Colonies.

The meeting of volunteers here, from all the Colonies, has sown some good seed that will yield a hundred-fold. These "young fellows" will influence their seniors on returning. Ten or twelve weeks ago down in the Cape, I heard a most interesting informal discussion in a soldiers' recreation room. Some one remarked, that most little Englanders belonged to certain religious denominations which he named. After some hot disputing, one man remarked, "We care nothing about the politics of this or that creed, but it is high time that the Colonies had a voice at home, and that their great interest should no longer be at the mercy of fighters over some petty local question in an English county." This had the approval of all, and you often hear similar opinions expressed, among Colonial volunteers, intelligent enough to have any opinions. It will be a happy day for the old country when one of her own statesmen takes the initiative in this matter, without waiting for pressure from without. Colonial representation at West-

minster would stamp out that unique absurdity of our race and of this century—the little Englander. That monstrosity has been at the same time the mainstay and the laughing stock of the “Africander” and the rebel.

SEPARATION OF EAST AND WEST OF CAPE COLONY

I was sorry to hear what I did as to opinion at home. Separation is our trump card in the Cape Colony. It would for ever break the power of the Cape Town Africander party, which has been a thorn in the side to every Governor for eighty years past. Nor is this all. You would enfranchise the, at present, always outvoted British minority in the East, and raise up an almost ultra-British state. This would have been carried out thirty years ago, but for the profound apathy of the Home Government in South African affairs, and we should have reaped all the fruits we hope to gain from this terrible war, without that war. Happy-go-lucky men tell you, “It is all right now.” For all that, we can’t afford to throw

away a shot. Lord Milner has lost his great lieutenant, to whom loyalists of both races were looking for a special work. Six years ago I barely escaped insult for holding that Rhodes was the one great South African, and it is but small consolation to note the revulsion of feeling, which, after our great loss, sets most men wondering who is to take his place. None of his subordinates seem to inspire the public mind with any enthusiasm, but we must hope that some one will rise above the dead level, and convince the man in the street that there are other objects with men in high place, beside mere personal or party ends.

The orderly reconstruction in this state seems to me wonderful, but the work to be done is gigantic, and the state of things is not "all butter and honey." I came up here expecting to find rampant John Bullism, but, to my surprise, I found a strange suspicious attitude and misgiving among the rank and file, and an idea that the rich man was going to have it all his own way, to the disadvantage of the smaller man. Many blamed Khaki and Martial law as the *bête noir*. As far as I have seen, martial law is exercised in a most courteous, lenient manner. I thought the

apprehensions were mere excitement, when an incident, not military, but merely civil, occurred, which created a very unpleasant impression. . . . I mention this to show how many possible sources of unrest there are.

But South Africans, whether patriots or traitors, are not hasty to move, and we must hope peace will come, and then the people will have a voice again. But Lord Milner's post is no sinecure, although the great danger is past. I take it he is too prudent a man to allow heavy burdens to be placed on the general public, before they have time to turn round and recover themselves. The apprehension on this score is by no means small. Any want of leniency would have a most disastrous effect financially and politically, and, with the average man, the payment of a pound would be easier when good times come round than the payment of half-a-crown to-day. I hope this is realised at home, by the men who naturally are looking to the Transvaal to share cost of war. Nine men out of ten are now more or less pushed for money, but when peace conditions again return, that is, when the population and the *native mine labour* gets back, the running will be very rapid indeed, if no undue burden

is put on the people in this period of convalescence after emaciation — financial and commercial, etc.

The wealthy few look on complacently, but to the many it is a question of life or death. There is always the fear that the best of rulers, in the natural course of things, hear the voice of the latter but little, and an opinion coming from one of the former is always under suspicion of self-interest.

The knowledge that such a man as Lord Milner is at the helm, is a wonderful sedative among men who, rightly or wrongly, fear grievances and doubt the probity of others. I should like to see the old buoyant spirit of the Rand men return.

The healthiest symptom is, that even the less hopeful class are all dead against accepting anything but *unconditional surrender*, and, to a man, oppose making terms for rebels; of which I suppose there is no fear.

Since leaving Cape Town, I have seen and heard next to nothing of the Rebel element, which here has to observe a discreet silence.—
I am, yours.

(Enclosure in preceding letter.)

16th April 1902.

Dear Mr ———, I have to crave your indulgence for my long delay in replying to your letter. There is no excuse; but perhaps you will understand the feeling of one who has borne a pretty heavy "Uitlander" burden for the past five very strenuous years—that, for a space at least, the dead past may bury its dead, whilst we, who have sacrificed so much, take the opportunity of preparation for the coming revival of business.

Nothing has ever satisfied me, as evidence of the Boers having actually "engineered" the Raid, though the presumption is very strong. Kruger assuredly knew the Raid was being hatched—of that the strongest presumptive evidence can, later on, be produced; how far the councils of the conspirators were known to him has not been revealed, and only when we know who was the "secret informer," can we guess as to how great a part Kruger played in *spoiling* the Raid. The forts were arranged for before the Raid,

[At the time the Great Treason was brewing, there were scores of men with their fingers on the pulse of underground Krugerism, and only too keen to do splendid work for our cause; a little encouragement, and the knowledge that the importance of their labours was recognised, would have ensured the accumulation of most vital facts. At *this* stage, and in the temper prevalent among the most strenuously patriotic of the old Uitlanders, it would be difficult to induce one man to move an eyelash for the sake of British politicians—or for the Military, unless there was substantial pay in the business. Pray forgive the brutality of my candour.] The common proverb, “The proof of the pudding is in the eating,” seems to me to apply here with irresistible force; the condition of Africanderdom just before and at the outbreak of the war, and the resistance which a “handful of poor farmers” has put up against the might of Great Britain, is all the evidence a sane man needs, to convince him of the incessant and lengthy organisation that must have been devoted, to the great conspiracy for turning the British out of South Africa. British politicians may go to the deuce for all the trouble we will take on their account.

If the good folks at home, who are so fond of making for themselves a Fool's Paradise, and who so resent its being demolished by the inexorable logic of facts, will really waken to the disagreeable truth, that it is the BRITISH OUTSIDE BRITAIN who are making an Empire, whilst the self-satisfied STAY-AT-HOMES delude themselves they are ruling an Empire, they will recognise that the men who have been for years Empire-building, are the best fitted to give advice about the ruling. I don't think it likely the authorities will get much valuable help in their inquiries, till we on the spot have proof that our opinions are to be listened to in regard to peace-terms and other details, that are of painfully vital moment to us (who with our children have to live cheek by jowl with the Boers), and that are of merely vicarious importance to the wisecracs of Westminster, and the politicians whose "be-all and end-all" are the winning of a vote or two in ignorant constituencies.—Yours very faithfully.

BRITISH TRADE

JOHANNESBURG,

24th May 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—You may think I am going into a new subject, but trade and politics are now interlaced in every direction.

We all tremble when we think of the terrible 6th January, when for hours the fate of the Empire hung in the balance on Wagon Hill. But the less tragic fact of the decay of trade, or rather the decline of increase as compared with other nations, does not rouse Englishmen as it ought to. The Home Press tries to explain these matters away, but to every one outside England it is only too evident, that the United States are walking past her, just as for sixty years in last century England's manufacturers walked past those of the Continent. She has been worshipping the fetish of Free-trade, which Americans and Colonists all saw to be a played-out game twenty years ago. Nor is that all. Her manufacturers seem to be accepting defeat and resting on past laurels, like a retiring

member of an old firm, who says, "We will give the young fellows a chance." With the thousands of Colonists at home now, my letter may seem superfluous, but among august surroundings they may not speak so freely as abroad. German competition is for the most part "cheap and nasty," but the American is too often cheap and superior. *All right* is fast collapsing before *Go a-head*, although the older motto served very well in 1851, when the half occupied space applied for by the United States at the Exhibition, contained little beyond monster blocks of soap, timber trophies, and Ojibaway curios.

Do you know that in the last ten years, American agricultural implements have almost completely ousted the English here? More recently still, much of the large trade in cooking utensils has gone the same road. Many places still keep both, because there are conservatives even in the choice of a saucepan, but the majority will only have American; besides which, the English imports are suggestive of the Spanish Armada, or Noah's Ark.

For half a century English makers have been insisting, that their axes will last out two

American—but Colonists say, “We don't want a mediæval battle-axe, but the polished slippery little implement of the Yankee make.” The produce of Sheffield and Birmingham, is fast being ousted by that of the United States. A large Cape house lately asked an English manufacturer for a quotation for one hundred bee-hives, of a pattern of which a drawing was sent. The reply came that the pattern was unknown—but the price would be £—, which was more than they would sell for to the Cape Farmer!

The order was then sent to the United States, and was executed promptly and cheaply. On arrival, the importer could not understand the small compass of the package, but found that the bee-hives all took to pieces and lay flat, and could be put together in a few minutes without nails or glue; were exactly to order, and far more natty than was suggested. An American traveller will take an order for anything, but an English one fears to send home an order deviating in any trumpery detail from patterns starting a century ago. During the next few years, the Rand will order mining machinery of a value of *many millions*, but of late years mining machinery has *nearly all*

come from America. How is it that ——— and other English makers can't compete in stamping mills, with American makers? But these are everyday matters. The Rand swarms with American engineers, who naturally try to send orders to their countrymen. Again, there is the boot and shoe trade, a large proportion of which is now going to America and to Austria.

British statesmen and people seem possessed by a sublime altruism, making markets for other countries by whom their own manufactures are boycotted. As Rhodes said, "The fools don't see that Empire is fast slipping from them." It is useless quoting the hundred examples. The pictures in shop windows are from Germany, and so are the razors. Half the Atlases and Bibles sold here are sold by American travelling agents. The percentage of English manufacturers as compared with foreign lessens yearly, and yet commercial statistics explain it all away! Colonists say you can never tell a home Englishman anything!

Mark my words, if Englishmen do not "wake up" soon, their merchants will receive as great a shock as their soldiers did in

the Boer campaign, and will then discover that American and German manufacturers, spent so much more on their “Intelligence Department.”

You know that scores of loyal men freely express the opinion, that, in spite of the late heroic action of the nation, the country is in its decadence already; and I strongly suspect it will prove so, unless new and vigorous Colonial blood is infused into the imperial councils.

The Empire has come to the “parting of the ways,” and there is no blinking the fact. You hear the opinion among leading merchants, shop-keepers, labourers, in the soldiers’ recreation rooms, where all Colonial volunteers laugh at the timid policy, which trembles to hear the musty shibboleths of Bright and Cobden questioned.

England must trust more to Greater Britain, or else decline. There is no third course open.

Apart from Continental boycotts and American shipping trusts, England is face to face with a great danger, which she has to *tackle* and cannot longer “let slide.”—I am, yours truly.

IN RE NATIVE QUESTION.

JOHANNESBURG,
27th June 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—For two days, of course, all political and other matters have been lost sight of, in the absorbing anxiety as to the King's illness, though the latest cable expresses hopefulness.

As to South African affairs, while the crowd are regarding Lord Milner's work as accomplished, few, I fear, on either side realise what is involved in reorganising a country, say of the size of Russia.

Not the least of the difficulties will probably come from the uninformed, or dishonest, negro-philic societies at home.

The native question is now but as "a little cloud like a man's hand." Whether it rises up and covers the whole land or not, depends on the *prompt* adoption of some humane but *firm* and *rational* policy towards the native, never yet formulated, as far as I know. There is no time to be lost. Will Downing Street deign to notice the little cloud, or will it wait for the

first mutterings of the storm? The difference between "now" and "then" for legislation, will prove just as great as the difference between '95 and '99, for enforcing our claims on the Transvaal.

Unlike many other subjects on which I have written, I do not in this case pretend to know what should be done, as it is a matter of legislation quite outside my experience or study. But there are plenty of civil servants in the Cape and Natal, who could give good advice if asked; though they would not volunteer it, for fear of a snubbing. I noticed a paragraph in a paper the other day, to the effect that ———, M.L.A., had already been snubbed from home (I think by a Cabinet Minister), for some suggestions he made as to native administration. Very few missionaries would speak their minds or *admit what they know*, simply because their lives would ever after be dogged by maniacs at Exeter Hall.

However grand the work of Sharpe, Clarkson, and Wilberforce undoubtedly was, the modern negrophilist has for over half a century been very often a curse to the native races. He is responsible for the death or degradation, not of tens, but of hundreds of thousands, through

drunkenness. Every sane man in South Africa, and every newcomer from home, within a few weeks of his arrival, sees that to place the black man on absolute equality with the white man, confers on the former not liberty but *license*. It is not a year ago that I first heard a few men express the fear, that this was to be the next burning question after the war; but the opinion is fast growing throughout the country, that action cannot be too prompt. I suppose any ministry would dread dealing with a matter which would at once rouse a hornet's nest about their ears, or, in other words, all the pseudo-philanthropists, ignorant cranks, and faddists. Perhaps, if they leave Lord Milner to use his own judgment, he would carry it through quietly and successfully. We want some medium course between Dutch oppression and English liberty-gone-mad. When I was last in England, some twenty years ago, I was utterly disgusted at the self-satisfied ignorance of politicians of a certain school on native affairs—and could see that their virtuous negrophilism was simply a platform cry—among many other cries. The close of the war and the cropping up of the native question are not mere coincidences, but

to a great extent are in the relation of cause and effect. During the war the native has seen more than was desirable in many ways. Even the good-nature of Tommy Atkins has acted for evil. He saw in the Kaffir the "Sambo" of the Music Halls, and fraternised with him in a way that never is for the good of either party.

An Exeter Hall magnate would be shocked at this opinion, and would quote Scripture as to our all being of one blood. But we must never abdicate the status of the superior race in dealing with the inferior one. The sight of soldiers and blacks drinking out of the same pewter and carousing together, utterly destroys that *moral* power by which, after all, we keep in order the teeming black population; and tends most distinctly to insubordination.

I suppose it is impossible for the untravelled Englishman to grasp the situation, and to realise the fact that this freedom is as disastrous for *black* as for *white*. The above is only one phase of the matter. The evil results will prove less objectionable to us than to our late enemies the Boers. The other day a black servant said to a friend of mine, without the least sense of impropriety: "The

Boers always called me 'you —— Kaffir'; now I call them 'you —— Boers!'" Another Kaffir, on hearing that peace was signed, at once remarked to his employer: "Now we Kaffirs are as good as you white men." This maxim might be applauded at Exeter Hall; but there they don't understand the *spirit* in which it is said. The new recruit is "as good" as his colonel, and the child "as good" as his father in one sense, but the removal of subordination will result in *chaos*. The following was a most amusing and highly suggestive indication. The first Sunday after peace was signed, a party of Kaffirs in brand new slop clothes, instead of going to their own church, went early and took up one of the most prominent pews in St Mary's! Again, a huge timber platform was built, the whole length of Market Square, at great cost, for the public to view the decorations from. At 9 A.M., it is true that the procession of four thousand or five thousand children occupied it, but for the rest of the day it was held by Kaffirs! and no white man could get a footing. Under Dutch rule not one Kaffir would have dared step on it!

These may be unimportant matters in them-

selves, but they are the premonitory symptoms of very grave questions indeed. We have just decided not to give up South Africa to the Boers—now we must decide whether we are to give it up to the blacks, which is a more important question still. How to hit the happy medium will tax all the resources of Lord Milner, able as he is.

Should the little-England and Irish rabble manufacture political capital out of it, and the ignorant bigots of Exeter Hall join in, we may have a pretty mess. Thus far, Dutch and English are coming together wonderfully, but no more lamentable marplot could arise to prevent the growing harmony, than a failure in our native policy—or, rather, than a more pronounced failure than the past can show—for no doubt we have never scored a success. There is no use in burking a fact patent to every one, and one partly attributable to the opposite extreme visible in Dutch native policy (which is vile), for a century past.

Events have moved very rapidly lately. Last month the question in all mouths was, "How many months or years will the Boers hold out?" To-day you may bracket together "South African Reorganisation" and "The

Native Question." I don't think the papers have begun to talk about it, but they soon will. The general temper of the Boers surrendering is most satisfactory, and in many cases even chivalrous. An officer just in from witnessing the surrender of some commandos, told me that the scene was deeply interesting. He said the Boers were evidently greatly surprised at the cordiality of their reception by the soldiers, who at once offered them a share of their rations and tobacco—friendly to the point of camaraderie.

One of my friends was at the theatre, and who should come in but Commandant —— with some Boers off commando. When their eyes met, he held out his hand and said, "Hulloa, Jack, I am glad to see you back. I am glad it's all over. We have had quite enough of it."

My friend replied, "Yes; we have all had quite enough of it," and they chatted in a friendly manner.

My friend, being good at sports, is as well known to Dutch as English sportsmen, and was never discourteous to the Dutch, but friendly. Those Boers all knew he had been fighting against them. . . .

Few optimists ventured to hope for such good feeling and absence of vindictiveness, on the part of our late enemy. It entirely rests with us to maintain these happy relations.

If we, by our folly, let the Kaffir get out of hand and insolent, and an idle loafer, it will cause most unfavourable comparisons to be drawn between English and Dutch rule. I much regret to say that many of our own people are already drawing such comparisons! Not on account of the platform and the church incident mentioned above, but because of a host of minor everyday household incidents, indicating restlessness and impatience of the control that the employer must exercise over the employé, let his colour be what it may.

I can only hope Lord Milner's advisers bring these things before him. Necessary as martial law has been, I can better appreciate than ever what a grand thing representation of the people is.

JOHANNESBURG,

27th June 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—I have just closed a letter on native affairs, but must send the

following on the way the news of peace was accepted.

The local Boers seemed pleased all round, but the foreigners quite otherwise, though I see the Continentals in Europe expressed satisfaction.

Here Hollanders and other "Continental" did not care to enter on the subject, while the Germans as a rule were positively *sulky and morose*. And these very men have for the most part been doing business here through the war!

Till the news was finally verified they affected not to believe it, and evidently did not wish it to be true.

The wife of one German, when the news was told her, said bitterly, "Oh, no, you need not think that. It will cost England many a million yet to finish this war." She no doubt expressed in words what the more reticent men thought.

They did not attempt to disguise their disappointment at the news of peace. This is very disgusting, and though other nationalities were less bitter, it was only a question of degree with all of them. I sincerely hope that the differential tariff question will get a fair hearing.

It is odious that these people, who enjoy more freedom than they did in their own land, should be so hostile; and should certainly be noted down.

I see crowds of Continentals are starting for this. I sincerely hope that permits will be refused, till all English wishing to come have done so. There are endless reasons for keeping out all anti-British classes. We already have a turbulent population of discharged fighting men of our own, to shake down into their places and become contented, and don't want foreign agitators to complicate the already difficult problem. I will send Lord Milner's speech at the German entertainment.—I am, yours truly.

SUSPENSION OF CAPE CONSTITUTION.

JOHANNESBURG,
8th July 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—We have just learned that the Home Government has decided not to suspend the Cape Constitution,

in spite of suspension being desired by practically the whole of the loyal population. We are accustomed to hear this country described as the "land of paradoxes." But, from the day when our barbarous ancestors first held a council, and ceased to act as units, was there anything to equal the sheer incredible "cussedness" of the present position?

The parties are grouped as follows:—

On the side of suspension, are *the loyal Dutch and English* population of South Africa.

Against suspension, are the British Government, the Bond, the disloyal of all races, and a great bulk of the resident Continentals!*

The ink on the peace articles is hardly dry, and the Afrianders have already scored a victory. This is no figure of speech. It is regarded as a substantial Bond triumph! Putting out of the question what the consequences will be, this phase of the matter is very unfortunate in itself, *i.e.*, the mere fact of disregarding loyal opinion and meeting the wishes of the anti-British section.

* Except such as see their interests would be best served by suspension.

Had the question never been discussed, it would have mattered less.

The *moral* influence is most unfortunate and inopportune.

Under the circumstances, were suspension even a doubtful policy it would have been well to carry it out, however soon it were reversed.

Men here, who have been gloomy or sulky on other matters, are distinctly in a rage about this.

For some years before war, all the encouragement the Uitlanders got from home was the imbecile, unmeaning cry, "You must work out your own salvation,"—of course under impossible circumstances. Men say the present policy is simply a return to the old game.

I am not now speaking as a partisan, I am telling you simply the opinions of others, which I have taken some trouble to gather from old Colonists, and all sorts and conditions of men.

It is true there is a small party (a mere fraction) of loyalists who are against suspension, but, as far as I am able to form an opinion, I think they are actuated solely by one consideration out of many. They are in mortal dread, that, with suspension, the Home Government under pressure of philanthropists,

would play the fool with the native question, and turn the country upside down. Till I read the speeches of some sound Colonial farmers, I could not understand their attitude. This, of course, does not apply to the one or two defaulting constituencies, under personal influence of —— and his friends. These cases need no comment, the exceptions proving the rule.

Rhodes might perhaps have “worked the oracle,” but he has left no one behind him. Cape Colonists are as sheep without a shepherd. The plausible figure-heads that do very well on a platform, are no match for intriguers whose cunning and duplicity would have passed muster in mediæval Italy.

Some predict early trouble. I should be inclined to doubt this. How any redistribution bill that is anything but a sham can be carried, passes my comprehension. Outside this question, I should think the Africanders will play a “forbearing” part, and gain golden opinions from the unsuspecting, guileless Englishmen at home.

They, the Africanders, are antipodal to the French, and can play a waiting game to perfection.

The insidious *wearing-down* action would be a trump card, with the Little Englander and the uninformed masses at home, and would neutralise much that has been achieved by this great war.

Any redistribution of seats that Sprigg could carry, would be a farce. We should have merely a *distinction* without a *difference*. A sham redistribution bill means simply, confirming Cape Town in its leadership of the *anti-British propaganda* throughout South Africa.

Till I stayed in Cape Town, I had no idea how completely that contribution to the Navy* was adopted by the Bond. And the device thoroughly answered the end in view. Not only was it quoted at home as an indication of friendly feeling, but it is quoted here to this day, by men who ought to know better. Of course the Bond are *masters* of the art of throwing dust in the eyes of the British people, and the British people appear to enjoy the process.

Some are hopeful that the disfranchisement of rebels will have good results, but I think

* Many of us at the time agreed with the words *Dona ferentes timeo*.

that without redistribution, the calling of Parliament is a very unwise step. The cousins of the men who so completely overreached and jockeyed us in turn, will do the same with thousands of Colonists, whose advocates in England will stir up a hornet's nest around Mr Chamberlain's ears. I hope I may be wrong—but I should think this a very likely plan of campaign. The Africanders will pose as injured innocents in no time, and a revulsion of feeling will set in at home, aided by a deluge of political and religious claptrap from liberal press and pulpit.

A short suspension and redistribution of seats would avert all this. I think the calling of Parliament is a piece of infatuation. It is no exaggeration to define suspensionists as the King's friends, and anti-suspensionists as his enemies. The line is sharp and well-defined, though, of course, it has only been in the heat of the final controversy, that this has become so glaringly apparent to us all.—I remain, yours truly.

P.S.—There is no disguising the fact, that both Briton and anti-Briton see in the decision of the Home Government the old policy of **FUNK AND LET SLIDE**, just as the goal is

nearly reached, but not quite reached—after an outlay of £200,000,000!

JOHANNESBURG,

28th July 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—I sent a few hurried lines with cuttings on 26th, but as I can post till midday, I send a few more.

The more *non-suspension* is considered, the uglier it looks. I have sent so many press articles on its demerits, that I will confine myself now to the moral effects—not prospective, but present. As I said on the 26th, every man in this country knows that the Home Government would be only too thankful to carry out a policy desired by the loyal section of the population—and yet that, once more, loyal opinion is disregarded, and that our enemies are to have their way in the matter. This alone is most unfortunate! There are all sorts of guesses at the truth on both sides. What is the prevailing guess at explanation? I am unable to say at present.

Some say a morbid desire to conciliate; others, that Home Government acts under

threat of party obstruction, etc., etc. Every one, however, sees the matter in a much graver light than the English press appears to. A friend of mine was discussing it with a Hollander, whom I know and respect. He remarked, "If you English don't mind what you are about, Bismarck's prophecy will come true, and South Africa will be the *grave* of the *British* Empire." I don't remember the prophecy myself.

In South Africa, when two courses are open—a bold and a weak one—the bold one is (*ceteris paribus*) always the safest by many degrees. Nay, further—a bold, rash course is safer than a weak, more prudent one. Thackeray says that what *women* most admire in men is strength. Had he known this country he would have included *Dutchmen*. The Kaffirs are still more impressed with this quality. I have heard it was quite as much Rhodes' strong vigorous character as his sympathy with the race, which, latterly, made him popular with so many of the Dutch. We so sadly overlook these moral influences in dealing with these people.

I don't at all like the look of things here, though I don't wish to be an alarmist. Every-

thing seems out of gear. There is a great undercurrent of discontent. A little, a very little, commercial prosperity, involving work and wages for the people would, no doubt, clear the air to some extent; but the prospect is all the other way.

A few months normally good business, would help Lord Milner more than a multitude of councillors.

News from Dutch districts is not reassuring. Men from the North and North-East districts of Cape Colony say the Dutch generally adopt a defiant attitude, and not at all what was hoped. Only a few weeks ago, I described circumstantially the fraternising of Britain and Boer fresh from the field, and correctly. I much regret to find that the women are far more bitter than the men—in fact, many of them irreconcilable.

The great fear is that, whatever the man thinks, he will sooner or later have to give in to the *woman*, when she is *assisted by the parson*.

The men would soon fall into line, but the women and the parsons are not in a forgiving mood at all.

For years British doings have suggested the

bird hovering over "the snare of the fowler" rather than the work of the "strong man armed"—and one dreads a return to the old condition.—I am, yours sincerely.

JOHANNESBURG,

4th August 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—I have just been told, that the Chamber of Mines has decided to offer black labourers 65s., instead of 30s. per month. If this is true it will bring in labour, and immensely relieve the situation.

Suspension.—I have posted duplicate newspaper cuttings—articles from the *Leader* on refusal to suspend Cape Constitution. If explanation is correct, it shows us how great Imperial questions may be decided by rule of thumb. Were the policy less inherently bad than it actually is, the moral effect here is unfortunate, and is outrageously provoking, coming at the time it does. Till this letter appeared, people supposed it to be the result of fear, on the part of Mr Chamberlain, that an outcry would be raised by Liberals about "infringement on British liberty," etc., etc. It now seems that ——— worked the oracle with

help of a few premiers of other Colonies, who know as much about this matter as the Lord Mayor does.

As I said before, I don't anticipate *open* Bond obstruction as an immediate result in the house—*there lies the whole danger*. They are too crafty. They will shock nobody. The unthinking British people will say, "How the Bond has been maligned, they mean no harm after all." They will quietly impede and postpone all real reform, and in a year we shall find the Cape in the *statu quo ante bellum*.

Separation of provinces would take the sting out of this false step. Still the pitching away of a prize so laboriously won is more than mortifying.

Many tell you, in cool moments, the Government from home is becoming an absurdity, and that *home* people are all at sea as to who are their friends and who their enemies—in South Africa.*

* There are many who do not hesitate to hint to us more plainly than the writer, that, if future Imperial legislation for South Africa be dictated by home *party considerations*, many there who have now been fighting for us, might be found in the, I hope most unlikely, event of fresh disturbances, to be in antagonism to the Mother Country.—B. C. F.

I only wish business would look up just to divert attention (as it always does) from politics. People are anxious as to taxation in the future, and the majority are by no means in a contented mood. You would be much amused at the contemptuous tone adopted as to the lionising of the Boer visitors to England—as England's latest craze.

Of course, to the South African, the path looks so straight and so well-defined, that he can't understand the constant tendency of the home authorities to strike off to the right or left—when apparently heading for the goal.

It seems all relegated to a *toss-up* how matters go in South Africa, in spite of our ruler being one of the cleverest men in the Empire.—I am, yours sincerely.

JOHANNESBURG,

4th August 1902.

I missed posting this last week.

Kruger as Statesman.—The deification of Paul Kruger has done much harm. His religion was of a certain Calvinistic variety, which imposed the very slightest of moral

restraint on its advocate, and therefore was very easy to follow and to harangue his fellows about. He has shown glaring want of *common foresight* again and again. Apart from his *determination*, his was a most commonplace character, in which avarice and cunning were always visible.

Note on previous remarks regarding Hollanders, D.R. parsons, etc. :—*

A stranger to the South African question might think, on reading some of my letters, that I was prejudiced against certain races and classes of men, such, for instance, as Hollanders, Dutch parsons, Boers, etc. Though I know that you understand my remarks apply only to the objectionable portion of those named, yet I may as well state that we have Hollanders here whom any man may well be pleased to reckon among his friends. So with the Dutch clergy again, we find men who are faithfully doing their duty, and who endeavour to allay rather than to excite racial or other unrest. Such men suffer at times for the acts and words of their less discreet brothers. The *political* Dutch parson is not a pleasing type of his order. He is generally the best housed,

* Dutch Reformed Church.—B. C. F.

best fed, best groomed man in the neighbourhood, and when he and his family move about among the tents and waggons at the quarterly "naachtmaal" service, among the homely Boers, the contrast is as great as if a prize pen of "south downs" from a show, were let loose among a flock of mountain sheep.

As to the Boer race, though no one can shut his eyes to the blunders and follies they have committed during the last few years, it would, to me, be much more congenial work to write of their good qualities, such as their hospitality to strangers. After a hot ride of fifty miles, I have come on a lonely homestead among the kopjes, and have been invited to off-saddle and stay for the night, and have been looked after as kindly as if I had been a long absent son, instead of an unknown stranger.

Nothing stirs up more bitter feeling against the plotting Bondsmen, than the memories of those good old days, and of the scenes among those peaceful homes, now desolate. Boers are a fine race physically, as a result of several generations being brought up to outdoor life. The wealthy Cape Dutchman, urban as well as rural, shares this advantage, and his

patriarchal instincts save him from certain vulgarisms. As a rule, his relations with poorer members of his family are pleasing, and he is not much given to aping a "society" exterior. Probably the greatest drawback to the entire race has been the maintenance of the Taal, which has kept it (with the exception of a few wealthy town residents) shut out from literature and modern thought; just as the humbler classes of Belgium are excluded, by their patois, from good French literature—a civilising influence which keeps the well-to-do classes abreast of the age.

JOHANNESBURG,

11th August 1902.

We seem to be going through an anxious time, and I must own I feel less able to gauge the position than at any time during the last ten years. Lord Milner can't split himself into ten, and his task seems almost superhuman.

Well-to-do people take a patient view of the case, but a large mass of men appear to be very discontented. Were it mainly French instead of British populations, I should think

we were on the eve of revolution, but of course there is more smoke than fire. A few weeks of the "better times" looked for, would effect more than the aid of all the statesmen in the Empire. Some papers say the root-cause of depression is the struggle to reduce black miners' pay to 30s. per month, (the rumour I mentioned in my last as to an advance offer was incorrect, as I supposed it must be). I shall be amazed if the Kaffirs accept 30s.

War Taxation.—The uncertainties on this head, and the fear of Transvaal being saddled with a heavy debt, is another serious cause of anxiety, which is no doubt preventing money coming into the country to relieve the pressure.

These considerations, combined, are causing a deadlock, but for which the bulk of the population would not trouble very much about politics. As it is, politics are very unpleasantly to the fore, and I hear Englishmen express opinions which I much regret hearing from them.

Rumours.—Beside all this there are mischievous rumours in the air, as to the real terms of peace being still a secret. All the Boers assert this with confidence. The

foreigners also affect to expect some surprise.

These rumours, and the uncertainties as to some heavy claim on the part of England, the non-suspension of Cape Constitution, and the way in which Boers are being "petted" here, and lionised at home, are altogether causing a great deal of unrest. I fear that the heaviest work of Lord Milner has yet to come. I told you that on my arrival here I was much surprised at the suspicion expressed, and this has rapidly grown. Can't Government recoup itself out of Crown lands to a great extent?

They are between two difficulties. Any heavy taxation announced now, in the depression, would retard recovery; while, on the other hand, the knowledge that something is kept back from them is a serious source of unrest with our people.

With a less able man than Lord Milner at the helm, I should be very uneasy indeed. What an awful loss to him Rhodes must be!

One argument used here is, that the Rand should not be heavily burdened, because the people here have already suffered such loss, while the Cape, which aided the rebels, escape

paying any war tribute, though enriched by the expenditure; and also because they were the victims, not the cause, of war, which might have been averted had their years of warnings been listened to. Among other canards the foreigners have is, that the new Vice-Administrator's appointment is only the prelude to the recall of Lord Milner! However wild any report may be, it all adds fuel to the fire.

As I said in my last, the Boer *women* are dreadfully bitter. That the Kaffir Labour Pay Question should have cropped up now is *deplorable* beyond all words—and it is unfortunate that the mines are so largely kept going by Continental capital, or, rather, that Continental holdings are so large.

It will be sad, indeed, if, after spending two hundred millions, the settling down should be hindered by the comparative trifle required to keep local interests going. Were the Chamber of Mines to notify to-morrow that they would give Kaffirs the old pay, it would greatly relieve the position all round—but under present circumstances, I really fear hearing of any taxing measures from England.

The common saying of the Dutch, "We told you that you would wish Kruger back," is

becoming as frequent as it is offensive, and of course all such things tend to evil.

Had I Lord Milner's ability, I would not take his present burden on my shoulders, and without him South Africa would lapse into hopeless anarchy.

Unless the Home Government and the Mines can come to terms, it is thought by many that the drifting backwards will be more and more serious.

We little expected all this difficulty at the close of the war.—I am, yours sincerely.

JOHANNESBURG,
18th August 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—*Native affairs.*
Grave enough, but I cannot see the men I want. White missionaries all give Bible teaching—on the momentous social and political questions, all are pulling in different directions.

Newspaper cuttings enclosed of much interest. See appreciation of your father's work, twenty years late!

The writing of Jeremiads is unpleasant work,

if only because an improvement in business, by relieving the bread-and-butter question, may for the time throw discredit on the prophet of evil. But I must write to Mr —— to send you some letters of '96, my forecasts in which have been so dismally verified. If certain of the Home Press can take a hint, those ignorant, self-satisfied scribblers may cease from the abusive rubbish they are now pouring on the men of the Rand—the one place from which British influence must radiate *if South Africa is ever to be British except in name.*

I have for some weeks made notes which I have delayed putting on paper to you. But the other evening at dinner a young friend repeated such a striking conversation that I use it as a text. He was sent on business to a Dutchman in D——, an educated man of about 33 or 35.

After finishing his business, the following was said:—

Englishman.—Were you long on commando?

Dutchman.—Yes, from the outbreak of war till the great “drives” showed the game was up—when I surrendered.

Englishman.—We all knew it would be a

terrible war, and were in great fear of it, and did not want it to come.

Dutchman.—I did not know that before the war. It was only when our commandos found how utterly unprepared you were, that I saw that Paul Kruger had made the war! You have beaten, but what have you gained? The Rand is more discontented than under Kruger. You will be more heavily taxed, and you have even less voice in government, if possible. Everything stands still with the mines out of work. The companies could get thousands of boys, native miners, to-morrow, but they want first to see what Chamberlain is going to do. If things go on as they are, it means only one thing—Revolution.

It was our generals' delay that saved you; had the Boers rushed for the ports (as they wanted to) the country would have risen and you would have been crushed!

I believe this political diagnosis is as accurate as the strategic.

The separate items are familiar to my ears—but the condensed summary and the quarter from which it came, set me thinking far into the small hours.

My own belief is that South Africa is

“drifting” as fast as before the war, though perhaps not exactly in the same direction. Only *Lord Milner’s personality* keeps the public voice as quiet as it is. There is an idea abroad that he is not as heartily backed at home as he was. His task is superhuman. Important departments in a state of chaos! with ten times as much circumlocution and red tape as under Paul Kruger—enough, in fact, for the “Sublime Porte”! At first I thought the “*Leader*”* was a disturbing element, but on further inquiry, I think it is a *safety-valve*.

Any *elective* body (however purely *advisory*) would form a *buffer* between people and Government. . . .

Mr Chamberlain said the other day that there was no need for hurry in the Transvaal. There is *every* need. But for public confidence in Lord Milner there would be some ugly complaints made. All classes are disgusted at the abusive, ignorant clap-trap of some London papers, and think that home politicians and writers are as profoundly in the dark about the Transvaal as before the war.

It is *not* the sluggards and fossils who find their way here, but the enterprising son of the

* *The Transvaal Leader* newspaper.

family, and the ambitious man of the village. The rumours of heavy taxation have a most disturbing effect. Men ask why we should pay for a war for which Cape Colony is quite as responsible.

Our sacrifice of life and money is far larger than that of any part of the Empire already, and had we been listened to years ago there would have been no war. . . .—I am, yours sincerely.

JOHANNESBURG,

25th August 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—There is little or no change here. Of course, every one is very anxious as to the debt to be apportioned to us, as it is a life and death matter.

The only bright feature in our surroundings is the confidence placed in Lord Milner by all people. There is such gloomy foreboding as to debt to be apportioned to this state. The element of uncertainty is as bad as the evil itself, stopping, as it does, all enterprise, and causing widespread discontent. But for the universal confidence in Lord Milner, I should consider the outlook very black.

I do not refer only to Transvaal, but to all South Africa. In the Cape it looks as if all the predictions of the "Suspensionists" were going to be fulfilled, at an earlier period than I personally expected.

There are so many different views taken. Stock Exchange magnates and Club men are most easy, and often tell you that all is going on right. Commercial men are very gloomy, and tell you that the country is in a worse hole than ever, and labouring men and mechanics too often draw very ugly comparisons, between the old regime and the new. The most wealthy, of course, can make as much money out of a great slump and depression as out of a boom; they have got hold of both ends of the stick, and are all right either way.

To commercial men it means steady impoverishment. As to the poorer classes, we have not merely their suffering to consider, but the discontent so *sedulously* fostered by all who are not firm to the English cause. The Africanders from here to Cape Town are all intently watching what is done here.

I think the Home Government would have its eyes wonderfully opened, if the following

small experiment were tried—*i.e.*, Send out two or three *travelled* men (men who know the Colonies, and not West-end exquisites.) Give them *no* introductions. (If they are passed on from official to official, and from club to club, they will return home as wise as the editor of the “— —.”) Let them smoke their pipes in the common room at country inns, from Cape Town to Graaf Reinet, and in Johannesburg hotels and bars, and mix with all sorts and conditions of men. They could then tell Mr Chamberlain a great deal more than he now knows. In England there is so much mere academic knowledge that is not practical. We have given the Africander back the spoils of victory. I could fill a ream with the remarks that come to my ears. To simmer it down, perhaps the following gives the pith:—

“In a few years’ time we shall be as strong as ever, and then we shall not be alone, but shall have two-thirds of you Uitlanders fighting on our side!”

These, to me, are odious words, but they are commonly spoken, among the poorer of both races, and the tendency is known and realised throughout South Africa.

The Uitlander feels that he has fallen between two stools. He sees our late enemies started in life afresh, while he has spent all his savings during the war, and finds that the community he belongs to is the only one in South Africa to be taxed in South Africa, though it is the most loyal one, and the one that gave advice which, had it been taken seven or eight years ago, would have prevented war.

As I said in my last, anything that revived trade and gave employment to all, would silence the local unrest; but it is no use disregarding it. Were "things brisk," less would be said about some of the appointments that have been made. . . .

I see the Home Press says that, as some of the men sent out are not a success, they should try *Indian* Civil Servants. Is their object to insult South Africans? There are hundreds of young men in South Africa, who have won their spurs in the class-room and the battle-field. Had I sons who were open to compete for these posts, I should be most indignant at the tone expressed.

The effect of this has been altogether out

of proportion to the money interest involved, which is trifling.

I am sure you will understand my meaning. I speak impartially, as neither I nor any of my family are interested. The upper posts have caused less ill-feeling than the lower ones, to which larger numbers are aspiring.

I asked Mr ——— to send you some typed copies of letters of '96. There is too much of the Old Moore's almanac prediction about them, though correct in the main.

I shall be most thankful when we can see our way before us. Our lives are being spent at *fever* heat at present. What are our anxieties to Lord Milner's!

Anxious days and sleepless nights are the rule with the great majority.—I am, yours sincerely.

JOHANNESBURG,

1st September 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—What we want in this country is an influx of intelligent, active young *English farmers*, whom I remember in my youth as a splendid type of manhood. Have they migrated into towns, or are they

all too well off to move? * I thought it was quite otherwise, and that their labour barely found them necessaries of life. *They are the men to do here*, and the men to make South Africa British. . . .

There is, of course, much uneasiness as to the situation from the Cape upwards. But opinions vary strangely. *Officials* and *new-comers* see nothing the matter, and describe it all as "grouching." It is amusing how new-comers think the place highly prosperous! Were trade to improve, and full demand for labour arise, it would at once greatly relieve the position. Lord Milner's presence does much to keep men patient and rational. The fear of the debt to be imposed on Transvaal is greatly responsible for things not settling down. The idea is, that the long oppressed Uitlander is (as a matter of expediency) to be made the scapegoat for the sins of rebellion of all other parts of South Africa, which he, the Uitlander, fought to put down and punish. The element of *uncertainty* is such a disturbing one, and half paralyses business in many directions.

* Compare, alas, Rider Haggard's *Rural England* to answer this question.—B. C. F.

It looks as if non-suspension was very early about to prove the great blunder we all here saw it to be from the first. We are as much under Bond rule as ever. By what wonderful stretch of imagination, could the Home Government have expected to see any effective re-distribution bill carried, after giving a new lease of life to the Bond. It was as intensely disheartening to the English populations of South Africa as anything could be, and puts it in the power of the disaffected to point to the hopelessness of Downing Street rule—which they do not fail to do.

In the matter of appointments, South African opinion seems to be ignored in a most remarkable way. Boers, new-comers, and even foreigners—come before the Uitlander in various ways. This is, I believe, all the work of a lot of subordinates and nobodies. It is all a matter of opinion how things will shape in Cape Colony. But I sometimes have a dread that England will need one more downright frightening to bring her to her senses. They seem to suppose that the signing of peace finished the business, and that they can afford again to play the fool. An old Colonist in khaki, and with stars on his shoulder, stopped

me in the street and said, "When I went back to Pretoria one of the first things I heard was, 'You had better get out of khaki as quick as possible, or *your professional interests will suffer.*'" He added, "And that in our newest colony!" I am no alarmist, and am not now suggesting any danger, but, at the same time, I and crowds of others think that Englishmen are still in a fool's paradise, and are in the dark as to the position.

The suggestion in my last was good, *i.e.*, to let a few travelled men knock about South Africa *incog.* and without introductions to officials (which would make the whole thing useless). Then let them send home the results of their journey weekly.

Some of the officials see and hear very little, and move in only one groove. . . . I refer to the necessity of their travelling in Cape Colony, quite as much as here.

Yours sincerely.

MISSIONS AND THE NATIVE QUESTION. 147.

JOHANNESBURG,

September 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—*Native Question*.—

. . . I think that the *mission* phase of the native question needs revision and reconsideration as much as any other. The rival sects are the nuisance that complicate things, *ten times* as much as they do in any other church work. Our Archbishop pointed out the great trouble when I was in Cape Town. It appears to me that the only missions conducted on really *rational* lines, are those of the Moravians and the Trappist Monasteries — rather different creeds.

These are under no compulsion to “play up to the gallery,” or, rather, to the London platform. The misfortune is, that the missionary steam is so largely dependent on the fuel annually supplied at Exeter Hall. I should like to write a short article for publication on the native question, only it would shock too many worthy excellent people, who can't distinguish between reform and profanity.

The movements of a people are sometimes

strangely simultaneous. When I wrote at about the time of peace proclamation, I heard from various parts, as well as here, of an apparent expectation of a "new order of things" among the natives; but the wave subsided. The best we can hope is that our own settlement will be accomplished before the native question assumes its active stage.

Martial Law.—I have just heard that a further extension of the period of Martial Law has been gazetted. It will be very unpopular here, but it is a wise step. I only hope it is true.

Separation of Provinces.—Whichever way Suspension goes, separation is a trump card if England would only see it. It would knock the bottom out of Cape Town politics. In Eastern Province, British feeling (now neutralised) would at once tell, and though, in the North, the Boers, and also the German shopkeepers in up-country "dorps," may be indifferent, still, were separation once adopted, the improved fiscal position resulting from severance from West would be appreciated at once. They would re-arrange customs tariffs, and no longer see the lion's share absorbed by the West as they do now.

As ——* admitted, "*Cape Town is our objective.*" Breaking the extended influence of that hereditary anti-British centre, would relieve the tension over all South Africa, just as the relief of Kimberley did in the war.

An outrageous effort at centralisation is at this time in contemplation, namely, the abolition of the Eastern Districts Court, which is one more important step towards centralising everything at foot of Table Mountain.

Some English papers are very depressing. The "——" sees a necessity that South Africa should in future be ruled from England—the very cause of all the blunders of the century past!

The Home Press is far from infallible. I know a correspondent of a home paper, whose knowledge of South Africa is nearly confined to the Rand. The other day I mentioned an abuse to him. Next day he told me he had interviewed all the "heads of departments," who told him that what I said was all a mistake (of course), and that *he* meant to stand by Lord Milner! We had different horizons in view.

I asked Mr —— to send some letters of mine of '96 for you to read. When I spoke of

* One of the Boer leaders.—B, C. F.

them as so much like almanac predictions, I did not refer to the matter, but to the style, which suggested a condition which some of us felt that we were under—as men with the sword of Damocles hanging over us. . . .—
Yours, etc.

JOHANNESBURG,
15th September 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—I enclose some newspaper cuttings. It is sheer nonsense to talk about the discontent as the result of a slump in the share-market. This denotes an acquaintance with Johannesburg, not of this day but of several years ago, when every shop-keeper, clerk, and mechanic had a few pounds invested in shares. Now, not one man in fifty, perhaps in a hundred, deals in scrip.

The statement is a misinformed exaggeration of the fact I have stated, namely, that any financial improvement in the position would make the discontent less audible.

For fear of playing the alarmist, I have kept within limits in speaking of the discontent, which is considerable. Some is unavoidable in the reconstruction, but very much is from

causes that should not exist, but do exist.

There is still that uneasy suspicion I mentioned some time ago, that Lord Milner is not heartily backed from home, and that the disastrous policy of over-ruling the man on the spot, is again, as twenty years ago, beginning to show itself. Men fear that for English party purposes, Transvaal is to be loaded with taxation in which all South Africa should share, but which Home Government is afraid to levy. Already taxation is heavier than under Kruger. They took something off stamps (postage), but laid a vastly heavier burden on all sorts of other things. Instead of going on quietly with the old gold-law, a new one is framed, on the merits of which I am unable to form an opinion, but great dissatisfaction is caused. Then, Government departments, which by now should be in fair working order, are in confusion. Business men, who don't trouble about politics, complain that transactions they could put through in days under the Boers, now take weeks! involving loss of time and interest of money. You hear it at every turn. Some of the appointments made by the nobodies above

alluded to are certainly very curious. Fancy the annoyance of men, after long, needless delay, and loss of interest of money, seeing an official unable to reckon 5 per cent. on £10,000! and a group of men waiting at the Customs' Office, while another official is trying to find out the third of eleven shillings and threepence, who, though told, stopped to work it out in several school-book methods before he was certain! and another man counting every individual stamp on a ten-shilling sheet! Mr —— told me cases of these "patronised" new arrivals being given appointments on the "repatriation" staff—of all things in the world! When they got among the Boers, neither could understand a word the other said. You may fancy the deadlock. Many men say to these things, "There is more corruption in the new régime than in the old." These may seem small matters to you, but they create much friction, and add to Lord Milner's enormous burden. The salaries paid are a bagatelle, to which the results are out of all proportion.

I think the Home Government much under-rates the magnitude of the task still to be done, and the amount of combustible elements

in South Africa. The Bond is as determined as ever to hamper British Rule. . . .

I suspect that no one in the place is more aware of the grievances, and regrets them more, than Lord Milner.

If the Home Government are trifling with him, it means ruin for us, and nothing need surprise you in this chosen land of paradoxes and absurdities.—I am, yours sincerely.

JOHANNESBURG,

5th October 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—*Boer Generals*.—I hope the eyes of the public are really and permanently opened by the manifesto, though some papers appeared to be inviting them to say smooth things, and explain away the mischievous tone which they adopted. ——— is no doubt aware now, that the manifesto was too plain-spoken, and that in an unguarded moment the mask had been cast aside.

Nothing is more certain than that the Boers (that is, the political section and wire-pullers) regard the end of the war in the light of a mere check, which, though very serious, is only a check. Successful emigration would,

of course, finally set the matter at rest. Whatever newspapers say, or omit to mention, or perhaps do not hear of, I am sorry to learn through private individuals that the boycott of English is no mere *canard*, but a most substantial fact. The Cape Attorney-General ordered that every case of boycott should be reported to Government. But men (young and old) from all parts of South Africa, are coming here, and complain of boycott, and say, "We have nothing tangible that we can report to Government." The attorney says, "Men no longer care to employ us," and the trader says, "Farmers no longer come to buy of us, but go to a Dutch or German store."

It is well that our rulers should see behind the scenes, and not be deceived by Boer journals, who, to gain their ends, may profess friendliness. I used to set down the boycott to mere talk, till I found that long-established middle-aged men had to look about for fresh pastures. This has disappointed many on this side, and should undeceive over-optimism at home. Apart from the generally defiant tone in the more purely Boer districts, many little facts crop up which suggest that watchfulness is needed. For instance, a very clever Trans-

vaal Dutchman, who often outwitted English commanders, has, since his return from banishment, been travelling to and fro between ———, ———, ———, and other anti-British towns, instead of following the business for which he threw up farming, before the war. There are few more able, sharp-witted men in the country.

Lord Milner wants such a lieutenant as Jameson was to Rhodes, with a dash of the Cromwell in him, and ability to take short cuts and brush aside precedent and officialism.

I send the *Leader*, with report of meeting for formation of Political Association.* I believe the movers in the matter are sound, loyal men, and of moderate views. As in all such cases, many leading lights stand aside for the time being, and a number of men whom Lord Milner has consulted at times, or nominated to the Town Council, naturally hesitate to join an association, the action of which experience only can prove, though the motives of its leaders are correct. I think it will prove a healthy safety-valve. Men feel

* The danger in this movement is from the demagogue element, which at once showed itself, and may cause it to be dropped.

sore at the fact that, while a Parliament with an openly disloyal majority sits at the Cape, *they here* should have no voice at all, though they have been chief sufferers by the war, and are to be taxed to defray its expenses—expenses to a large extent resulting from *rebellion in Cape Colony*.

The Transvaal has a strong case as against the neighbouring Colonies. I can't understand why no advocate has yet stood forward in its cause. With a less powerful man than Lord Milner, our case would be hopeless.

He probably knows as well as we do, the labyrinth of muddle in which some of his subordinates are groping about, and the public duly appreciates his manly rectitude, in at once cancelling proclamations issued, when the stupidities which escaped his legal advisers were pointed out. This does *not* refer to the judges, who are among the fortunate appointments, and in whom all have confidence.—I am, yours very truly.

JOHANNESBURG,

9th November 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—One of the most useful pieces of legislation that we have seen, has just been carried through by Lord Milner's Government, by its imposing a duty of fourteen shillings a gallon on *Cape brandy*. Whether such an item of news is likely to find its way into the Home Press, I am not aware. The fiscal advantage is but trifling compared with the political effect. Sprigg has already made the discovery, that a Customs union may be very desirable.

This duty is the most disconcerting fact that the Cape Town party has had to face for a long time, and their only consolation is in the fact that, owing to the war, there is so much money among the native population of the Eastern Province, and that they have plenty of money still left with which to buy brandy!

The voting power of beer in the Imperial Parliament, is nothing to that of *brandy* in the Cape Parliament.

I cannot understand why the authorities refuse to see the important bearings of this, on

the question of Separation of the Provinces. This is no mere hobby of mine. Separation is the *trump card* of the Home Government, an instantaneous remedy for a long-standing disease. Our Transvaal consumption of brandy is smaller than that of the Eastern Province, whose population is only too anxious to tax it, as a check to native drunkenness, and, at the same time, as a means of lowering the tariff on necessaries.

Of course separation would bring the chief anti-British population to its knees, and give to a new and friendly state, the dominant position at present held by a practically hostile one.

If Mr Chamberlain grants separation, the South African problem will be finally solved.*

Hopelessness is not a British trait, but I fear that a certain degree of it has settled down on Eastern Colonists.

* While the writer takes this strong view of the necessity of cutting off the Western half of Cape Colony from the Eastern, others, as I have mentioned in a previous footnote (Western men, but equally loyal), consider that possibly there might thus be produced a Colony in which loyalty got *no* voice.

Yet surely the strongest, and therefore safest, course might be to separate the two, and, if necessary, have special political arrangements for the West, as

I heard the other day from an able writer on politics, and he told me that he would not attend the Press Congress at Cape Town this year, and subject himself to coming in contact with —— and ——, whose defection had been too odious and contemptible for the men to be met as honourable opponents.

Even hopelessness is excusable in a fight against *impossible odds!* and this is the position of the British half of Cape Colony. I believe, and I find most old Colonists believe, that Mr Chamberlain will find his most serious business, *not* in the Transvaal, but in *Cape Town*. Whatever optimistic liberals may say, the Africander Bond has *not budged one inch from its old programme*.

I mention *old Colonists* for this reason. I often seriously doubt whether the British public is as well informed of South African questions as it might be. Johannesburg has become the "hub" of South Africa, and perhaps contains its most able professional writers. But not a

long as it continues untrustworthy—if needed, even Martial Law tactfully administered. Indeed, we may make up our minds that unless we can clearly perceive, and firmly deal with questions of this sort, we really may as well give up trying to retain the control of an Empire at all.—B. C. F.

few of them know nothing of South Africa *outside* the *hub*, and they too often come out to write up preconceived ideas, and do not want to hear facts which do not back up those ideas.

The most intricate task of Lord Milner is in front of him. It is an immense misfortune that there is no Rhodes to relieve the pressure at the circumference of the circle, and to keep men like —— and —— in their places. New men, though clever, have much to learn, and, when told so, are apt to hint that you are not *sound* on the British side!*

When peace was declared, I told you that there were signs of native restlessness. This

* A crying need, not only in South Africa, but in *all* our Colonies, is the growth of a leisured class of fairly well-to-do men—a sufficiency of whom could pursue a political career, untrammelled by business cares, and free to devote their time solely to the interests of the public.

So many of our successful Colonists, appear to regard the land in which they have spent their active and useful lives, as a mere counting-house, which they quit the moment they can, to hurry back to England, buy a “place” and “found a family.”

Why cannot they, so to speak, do both—keep up their interest in the Colony, and constitute themselves pillars of that State, as well as supports to the Old Country during part of every year?—B. C. F.

strangely subsided, and they are much as before, at present. But this does not alter the fact, that the native question looms very *large* and *certain* in the future.*

Another matter has changed for the better. Some months back there was much angry discontent expressed by the white population, and a very unpleasant tone adopted. Times are still as hard, perhaps worse in some respects, and there is still discontent, but the more general tone now is (as I heard a man say yesterday), "We can't help it, but must grin and bear it."

We are all very anxious as to the results of Mr Chamberlain's mission. If they allay the fears which are now keeping capital out of the country, and thus set things going and give employment to all, men of both races will soon settle down quietly. I take it that no class of men are so dangerous as the unemployed—in any country; and just now there is much irritation, on account of railway

* For a good political essay on this and many kindred topics, that bear on the general question of our dealings with the fringes of the Empire, see Roosevelt's *Strenuous Life*, chapter "Expansion and Peace," a chapter which one would like to see the whole House of Commons forced to learn by heart!—B. C. F.

clerks and men in a variety of subordinate positions being imported men.

10th.—The cable summary of the *Spectator's* article on Germany is very unpleasant reading, but I trust that the subject (like our native question) is not one of the immediate future.

I have lived in a state of chronic anxiety as to the possibility of European trouble.

Whatever the papers may say, there is still an abundant supply of Boer small arms and ammunition about the country, and the occasional captures made do not materially affect the gross amount.* Boers in friendly conversation not only admit this, but treat it as a matter of course, and Colonial volunteers believe it. Probably the authorities know how the matter stands, but military men do not encourage civilians to ask questions, or suggest anything on matters concerning their profession—but are decidedly stand-off, if questioned.

Only last week I heard, on undoubted authority, of a great danger we escaped early

* I hear that quantities of arms and ammunition are even now being imported, and that the Cape Colony authorities say they are powerless to prevent this, as it is a "free country."

in the war. That fine old veteran, Colonel Schermbrucker, M.L.A., addressed a meeting of the German settlers in Kaffraria; the sedative effects we recognised at the time, but we did not then know how imminent had been the danger. Costly mausers were seen in the cottages of many of these very poor and *penurious* people, and I am assured that they were on the point of rising, when Colonel Schermbrucker, their old friend, went round and won them over to loyalty. Had they risen, much of the large German substratum in East London and Port Elizabeth must inevitably have joined, and thus the enemy would have had an enormous accession of strength, and in a district which, as things turned out, rendered us much aid.

I am greatly surprised at the Boers being brought back in such numbers at this stage.

People talk calmly about "all coming right with patience." Were we merely going through a commercial crisis this would be quite true. But I am sure that there are many risks in allowing the present stagnation to continue too long. It has just been decided, by a test case, that all *rents* and interest on bonds for the period of the war must be paid

up, a decision which has caused dismay to hundreds. It was on a technical point—that is, that Kruger's proclamation had not been "confirmed by the *Raad*."

This, and many other troubles, would lose their keen edge if the general business of the Rand was set going.

The suspense as to Mr Chamberlain's taxation schemes, hangs like a cloud over, not only the Rand, but all South Africa.

Once restore a feeling of security, and the disaffected part of the population will find themselves in a hopeless minority.—I remain, dear Sir Bartle Frere, yours sincerely.

SHIPPING RING

JOHANNESBURG,
24th November 1902.

Dear Sir Bartle Frere,—I enclose some newspaper cuttings; possibly the subject of that on the *Shipping Ring* is already well known at home, but I doubt if the commercial community realises *how grave the situation is, or how immediate* the danger to British

interests. It has been so long talked of, that it has become too familiar to rouse men to the action demanded, and the old fiction is repeated that competition must set these things right. Endless debates on $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. preferential duties, in favour of British goods, are simply waste of time, when a grasping shipping ring is driving thousands of tons of shipping, from British to Continental ports. A remedy by fiscal means, is merely a case of "in at the spigot and out at the bung-hole."

Individual merchants can do nothing, however patriotic. They say, that for them to act against the ring, is not only to lose their own trade, but to hand it over to those who work with the ring.

As far as South Africa is concerned, those optimistic reports and plausible statistics, published from time to time on British trade, are mere delusion—of course every nation can show an advance.

The fact that remains in the background is, that Continentals and Americans are strengthening their foothold here, and England is not. An importer remarked to me that, as far as he could see, everything pointed to the decline of our trade as compared with the trade of the

foreigners, with South Africa. The latter are increasing their manufacturing plant faster than we are, in all directions, and can take orders for quantities and for quick delivery, that the English are obliged to refuse. This, plus our conservative ideas on makes and patterns, etc., is bad enough of itself, without the curse of a shipping ring. England, like the Rand, suffers from *too much gold in too few hands*.

The men who built up her trade in the first half of the century got rich, and their sons and grandsons look on the factory and office as necessary evils, encroaching on athletics, golf, and grouse shooting. If our neighbours throw their whole energy into trade, they will find that the "survival of the fittest" is an immutable law, and so shall we.

There is great depression here, and the uncertainty, and long delay in declaration of taxation measures, is working much mischief, and checking enterprise. And as all South Africa looks, directly or indirectly, to share Rand prosperity, the recovery of the whole country is retarded. There is far less angry talk; but the contrast is striking, between the buoyant population of five or six years ago,

and the waiting, anxious crowd of to-day. The tone of English papers and reviews adds not a little to the unrest. With all the thousands travelling to and from England, I cannot understand the utterly unreal editorial pictures drawn of the Rand and its men. When they do grasp some fact, it is generally neutralised by assumptions and guesses. Everything is presented out of perspective; as in pre-Raphael work, in which the dead leaf or the bird is as prominent as the mountain.

Taxing the Rand population is like imposing a tax on a man for having been burnt out of his house. Beside the Boers, we are the *only* people who have lost by the war. Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and Durban have had a splendid harvest, and in this the districts adjacent to them have shared. Again, there is the bitter remembrance, that the Cape Bond party shares equally with the Pretoria oligarchy, the responsibility for the war.—I remain, Sir Bartle Frere, yours sincerely.

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