

## FOURTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING.

THE Fourth Ordinary General Meeting of the Session was held at the Grosvenor Gallery Library, on Tuesday, 13th February, 1883.

SIR HENRY BARKLY, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., Member of Council, in the chair.

THE HONORARY SECRETARY read the Minutes of the last Ordinary General Meeting, which were confirmed, and announced that 26 Fellows had been elected, viz., 11 Resident and 15 Non-Resident.

Resident Fellows :—

*The Rev. John Bridger, Charles W. Eves, Esq., H. Fletcher, Esq., Colonel Edward McMurdo, William Manley, Esq., The Right Hon. Lord Robert Montagu, William Reid, Esq., Samuel Spalding, Esq., J. Spencer, B. Todd, Esq., C.M.G.; William Weinholt, Esq.*

Non-Resident Fellows :—

*G. W. R. Campbell, Esq. (Ceylon), Hon. R. S. Cheesman, M. L. C. (St. Vincent), Arthur R. Clarence, Esq. (Kimberley), Alfred E. Caldecott, Esq. (Kimberley), James F. Fane, Esq. (Antigua, W.I.), Hon. Alfred P. Hensman, (Attorney-General, West Australia), Isaac Jacobs, Esq. (Melbourne), E. W. Jarvis, Esq. (Manitoba), Andrew Ochse, Esq. (Kimberley), Frank Parsons, Esq. (Orange Free State), Thomas Rome, Esq. (Queensland), W. Ross, Esq. (Kimberley), M. S. Runchman, Esq. (Kimberley), J. H. Turner, Esq. (British Columbia), Alexander B. Webster, Esq. (Queensland).*

Donations to the Library of books, pamphlets, &c., since the last Ordinary General Meeting, were announced.

THE CHAIRMAN then called upon PARKER GILLMORE, Esq., to read the following Paper :—

## SOUTH AFRICA :

## THE TERRITORIES ADJACENT TO THE KALAHARI DESERT.

The paper which I have had the pleasure and privilege of preparing for this assembly differs somewhat from those usually read to the members of the Royal Colonial Institute, inasmuch as a large portion of it treats of a country which does not belong to the Empire at present. It may possibly, however, become a part of it at some future date; and, at all events, from its geographical position and latent resources, cannot fail to be of interest to our fellow-countrymen in South Africa. The district I am about to

refer to is nearly five hundred miles in extent from North to South, possesses valleys of great agricultural wealth, as well as slopes, uplands and woodveldt, admirably suited for pastoral farming. Moreover, the inhabitants of this little known portion of the earth—who are all members of the great Bechuana race, and are subdivided into the following tribes, Batlapins, Baralongs, Bangwaketse, Bakwena, Bamanwatos, each governed by an independent chief—are remarkable for their attachment to and respect for the British people, if we except Sechele, whose protestations of affection I have no faith in, and thoroughly believe that he would join Boer or Englishman with perfect indifference to ward off a momentary or temporary difficulty. To say the least harm about him is to designate him an old fox, and I much fear the son and heir-apparent is worse than the parent; still, this cunning and want of balance in the chief does not appear to affect his subjects, for I have received much kindness from the Bakwena tribe.

The manliness and affection of these people is to be attributed to the labours of the missionaries, and it must be admitted that in this portion of the globe their work has been wonderfully successful, when we consider that little more than a quarter of a century ago these regions were almost totally unknown to the white man, that male and female went about in a state of nature, that little or no soil was cultivated, and that the game of the country or the mangled carcasses left by beasts of prey afforded almost their sole support; while at the present time the Bechuanas cultivate large districts (particularly on the margins of the Kuruman, Maritsani, Molopo and Notowani Rivers) with maize, or mealies, Kaffir corn, beans, melons, and gourds, while every hill and valley team with oxen, sheep, and goats, and scarcely can a mature individual be seen who is not properly clothed, except those belonging to the Vaal-pans, or slave race of the desert.

A well-known missionary at Soochong, in Bamanwato, once said to me, "You may rely upon it that the rifle is destined to be the great civiliser of this country and of the entire interior." At the time this remark was made I could not understand how such a result could be brought about by such extraordinary means, but the correctness of his assertion is now apparent. Fire-arms were introduced in large quantities, being given in payment for labour at the diamond fields, or smuggled through our lines of demarcation, in order to purchase cattle or other marketable commodities that the country produced. These guns, however, were not devoted solely to warlike purposes, but also to the destruction of game, which

soon became so decimated, that, to save the tribes from starvation, cultivation of the soil and raising flocks and herds became imperative, while their surplus supplies found a ready market in the white man's country. This intercourse with civilisation produced many beneficial results, not the least of which was the adoption of clothing of European manufacture, and learning the religion of our people, which the missionary labourer was so anxious to instil into their minds.

Those subjects of our Crown residing in "The Colony," who have only been accustomed to have intercourse with Korannas and Griquas, are too apt to conclude that all indigenous nations are like these degraded representatives of the human race, than whom, with the exception of the Digger Indians of the Rocky Mountains of America, or the bushmen of the countries north of the Orange River, none of the *genus* man occupy so low a scale. Not so with the Bechuana race; they are well-formed, of a good height, upright in their bearing, courteous in their manner, and, as I have seen myself, sufficiently brave to repulse the Boers, when provided with suitable arms and ammunition, even when out-numbered by their opponents.

It has been the custom for both black and white men to call the Bechuanas effeminate. This fabrication has originated from reports circulated by those men of Dutch descent who dwell upon their frontier, but such a groundless assertion is easily accounted for. Twenty or more years ago the Boers were in the habit of making raids upon the inoffensive Bechuanas for the purpose of capturing children, whom they carried off into slavery infinitely more degrading than that I have witnessed in the Southern States of America or in the Spanish West Indies. On these incursions the raiders were abundantly supplied with ammunition and fire-arms, while the unfortunate victims had nothing but assegais to oppose to the murderous bullets of their foes.

Having said so much to introduce my hearers who have honoured me this evening with their presence, to a good and kindly people, who have ever shown to the deserving white man respect and courtesy, I will narrate the chief incidents of my late journey, as well as a few of my adventures during three previous visits to this comparatively speaking unknown land. I would qualify this expression by saying that the persons acquainted with it are either the missionaries of the London Missionary Society, who report progress only to their own association; the pastors of the Lutheran Missionary Society, who are either German or Danish, and whose

reports seldom reach English ears ; and traders, who, for policy of their own, do not let the British public know what they are doing, or from want of education are unable to relate what have been their experiences. Giving publicity to such a land is, moreover, a dangerous course for the trader to pursue, and one which might at any moment wreck all his hopes ; for if one of the missionaries chose to find fault with what the trader stated, or considered that he had invited more insight into the land than they deemed desirable, in the briefest space of time they could for ever ruin him, by preventing him from reaping any of the advantages of trade.

To the missionaries of the London Missionary Society this is more strictly applicable, for they receive annually £120 to £150, and are forbidden to trade. The Lutherans receive £60, and have permission to trade. The latter buy their goods from the trader ; the former would willingly shut out the dealer, so that the natives might purchase at other marts, rather than the white man should come into their land and have association with the people in their pure and indigenous state. It is a reproach that those who devote their lives to the London Missionary Society should have to subsist on such a pittance, for they are generally splendid men—frequently skilful mechanics, or persons who have studied medicine, and are compelled to labour on day after day, and year after year, for a moiety of what they ought to receive. When the trader comes in among the races over whom the missionary presides, their money becomes depreciated, and hence there arises a desire to keep the trader out. Africa, up country, is the most expensive land in the world to live in. Our missionaries open their doors to the traveller, feed and shelter him ; but little does the stranger think that by accepting this hospitality he is depriving his host and family of the means of going home to the fatherland for possibly another year, or enjoying luxuries which are almost necessaries in this climate.

Without further preamble, I will come to my last journey. I sailed from England on the 17th January, 1882, and in due course of time reached Kimberley, on the Diamond Fields. At that period prosperity stamped the place, and all the inhabitants confidently counted on reaping such rewards for their enterprise and hardihood in coming so far from home, that in a few years they would be enabled to wander about London or their native counties with well-filled pockets. It may here be mentioned that the computed export of diamonds from the Cape Colony during the five years ended 1880 amounted in value to £18,807,231. I was delayed two weeks at Kimberley, waiting for my greyhounds and

heavy baggage. This period was devoted to the purchase of waggons, horses, and trek bullocks, but time did not hang heavily on my hands, for I became a member of the Craven Club, and nightly met the leading Government officials, who kept me well informed on all matters likely to be of interest in connection with the interior. My chief object was hunting, and the study of natural history. I had inherited from my father a love for the latter science, and it was subsequently fostered by the able and much lamented Inspector of Fisheries, Mr. Frank Buckland. The direct course to the hunting grounds situated on the water-sheds between the Crocodile River and Zambesi was through the Transvaal. But the Western Boers, regardless of promises and treaties, were waging a most brutal and relentless war against those chiefs living on their own lands, beyond the line laid down by Keate's award, for no other reason than that the unfortunate Bechuanas had evinced from the date of the annexation of the Transvaal the strongest sympathy with Great Britain. As my stock of ammunition and guns was large and valuable, and, therefore, a booty most likely to excite the cupidity of these lawless freebooters, I resolved to alter my former plan and select a more western course, viz., by Kuruman. Even by this route, as you will hereafter see, I was extremely near falling into the hands of the enemy. Being obliged to take as attendants whatever boys I could procure at Kimberley, all of whom were from the East Coast, and as bad as bad could be, I feared that I should be able to make but a feeble defence of my goods and chattels.

No one who has not experienced the difficulty of making a start on a distant journey in Africa can conceive the trouble it engenders. Your servants most mysteriously disappear to have a final drink of "smoke," or "square face," while your bullocks obstinately refuse to draw, or break loose and wildly gallop about the veldt.

At length patience receives its reward; and in no country is this virtue so much required. The lumbering waggons toil slowly through the heavy sand, and the powerful whips of the drivers awaken echoes from the adjoining *kopjes*.

Barkly, on the Vaal River, is passed through; the situation is attractive, but its inhabitants evince so great a want of energy that it may well recall the far-famed "Sleepy Hollow." Onward we toil, through a very heavy country, to Boosup the Greater, two miles before reaching which we pass through Boosup the Less, which, by a strange anomaly, is much more extensive than the first-mentioned village. This precedence of name may be accounted for by its con-

taining the barrack of the Griqualand Mounted Police, under the command of Major Lowe, from whom I learned much regarding the cruelties which the natives across the frontier had been suffering at the hands of the invading Boers.

Having traversed Griqualand and crossed the Hartz River, I entered Moncoran's country. Here were assembled a number of traders, all British subjects, and innumerable natives, chiefly women and children, who had fled from their homes, leaving all their belongings behind them; for life, as long as it lasted, was sweet, although starvation in the desert looked them in the face. The traders alluded to had all been robbed, their waggons and oxen appropriated, and themselves exposed to every indignity which imprisonment and insult could subject them to. In truth, I know as a fact that a Boer Commando crossed into Griqualand—a portion of Her Majesty's dominions—seized the waggons of a colonist, most cruelly ill-used their owner, appropriated all his goods, and carried off his oxen and horses, but not before they had made a bonfire of his conveyances. News having reached the Boers that I was *en route* for the large game country, they sent a strong force to capture me; but, as I treked night and day, I succeeded in reaching Kuruman before being overtaken. A circumstance which I cannot help believing operated on their tardiness was, that I circulated among all Boer sympathisers my intention of blowing up the waggons with dynamite the moment a sufficient number of them were in possession. This was sufficiently easy of accomplishment: it needed only the pulling of a cord which hung over my bed.

At Kuruman all was excitement. The Boers had made a descent upon a farm fifteen miles off, carried away three hundred head of cattle, and further circulated their intention of attacking the Mission station. I have no doubt that Mr. Mackenzie, aided by his teachers, pupils, and traders, would have been able to beat the intruders off, for the buildings which composed the school and dwelling-houses were constructed in such a manner, that the eye of a soldier could at once perceive that the designer had instructions so to plan the establishment that it could not only be utilised as a place of education, but as a position of defence. Nevertheless, so great was the scare, that the leading traders were about to send, or had already sent, their cattle and waggons to distant springs among the mountains.

At Kuruman I remained several days, and then proceeded, by way of old Mr. Moffat's Missionary station, to Bareki's country, which I entered on the fourth day. At the first village, Tsining, I found

all the chiefs assembled to discuss ways and means to repel the invading Boers. Having reported my arrival, I was received with every mark of respect, and my advice was eagerly sought. I counselled them to see Mr. Mackenzie, and be guided by him, for he was a true and sincere friend of the natives. This they consented to do; so I handed Bareki one hundred and fifty rounds of Martini-Henry ammunition, and wished him "God-speed."

All through Bareki's country up to Honey-vley I found the inhabitants flying to the Lange-berg—a ridge of mountains that verge on the Kalahari Desert, and are under the control of Chief Toto. Their unanimous cry was that the Boers had driven them from their homes, appropriated their cattle, slaughtered their husbands, and carried their children into captivity.

This Honey-vley is remarkable for the quantity of honey which a cave on its margin contains, and also for having been the headquarters of the well-known hunter, Gordon Cumming. Game is still very plentiful in this neighbourhood, and lions abound. A few weeks previously, Bareki and his followers were proceeding on their way to meet the conclave of chiefs before alluded to, when their progress was arrested by a troop of lions. Bareki sent a messenger to explain the cause of his delay, but the unfortunate runner was killed by these ferocious animals before he had accomplished half his journey.

I crossed Bareki's country, and entered Montsioa's in safety. Here the north of the road is bounded by the dry bed of the Maritani River, where I met Macosi and a large number of his people, who were accompanied by innumerable herds of cattle and twenty-three waggons; all having deserted their homes to save their children from slavery and themselves from death, at the hands of the Boers.

From the point where I met the last-mentioned chief, I proceeded to Pitsani, a Bechuana station of considerable magnitude. Here, also, the people were suffering from the war panic, and were leaving the village in large numbers, to seek the desert and its hardships as a resting-place. All complained that the promises of the British Government had led them into their present difficulties, but not one upbraided me with the part I had played when assuring them three years before that the Imperial Government would never leave them at the mercy of the Boers.

While at Pitsani, a note was put in my hands by Mr. Alexander, a trader at this station. It was from Mr. Bethel, who at one time had been a Government official, stationed at Montsioa's. He is a

cousin of Colonel Warren—the most popular as well as the most capable military man who had visited Africa. Its contents were as follows: “I hear that Commandant Gillmore is coming up country with a good supply of ammunition; beg of him to come to Montsioa’s station, for our supply is entirely exhausted, and we have nothing now to repulse the Boers that are beleaguering Molemo but our assegais.” I despatched the messenger to assure Mr. Bethel that I would meet him near Vaalpens-vley. We lost three days, however, on account of the heaviness of the sand and the want of water on the route; and before our destination was attained, upwards of a dozen of Montsioa’s people joined me as an escort. This was fortunate, as a force of the enemy came down through the brushwood, but their presence was betrayed by the neighing of one of their horses. We immediately dispersed in the brush, and, prostrate upon our stomachs, fired a few salutary shots amongst the foe, when they departed for parts unknown.

About ten miles from Vaalpens-vley, I met Bethel, accompanied by a large escort of Montsioa’s people. His advice was: “If you wish to serve the Baralong people go to Kania, and wait for me there.” In a few days he made his appearance, having fought his way through the lines of the enemy that surrounded Molemo, the chief’s head-quarters. I resolved, therefore, at a later date to return with him, that I might witness the dastardly conduct of those who had broken their treaties with the Imperial Government, and tangibly show to the natives that I was no *particeps criminis* in their being left in their present predicament.

Hashesheba, chief of Kania, a man I had well known in past years, who had proved his attachment to the Imperial Government by arresting the Griqualand rebels and handing them over to our officials, was at this time a prisoner at Pretoria, and his release was refused until two thousand head of oxen were paid as an indemnity. For what, pray? A party of Boers, accompanied by a force of Transvaal natives, invaded his land, perpetrating devastation and robbery wherever they went. Hashesheba called out his followers, attacked the foe, repulsed them, and drove them back into their own country across the Notowani river. A few of his young men, in the ardour of pursuit, did not halt at this line of demarcation, but imprudently continued the pursuit a short distance further. This trifling misdemeanour the Triumvirate of the Republic considered as equivalent to a declaration of war, and ordered Hashesheba to report himself at Pretoria, failing which they would carry fire and sword into his land, destroy his stations, and carry off his

cattle. So it was that the poor old man, bowed down with grief and years, was now suffering the degradation of imprisonment at the hands of the relentless and blood-thirsty enemies of all black races.

The position of Kania is both interesting and picturesque, situated as it is on a table-land twelve hundred feet above the surrounding country, the slopes that lead up to it being extremely rugged and precipitous. Along the west, south, and east there are only two *poorts* or modes of approach to the summit, each of which can be easily fortified so as to make it next to impossible for an attacking party to force an entrance. I spent two days in pointing out where a few barricades should be thrown up, for rumours were still afloat that the Boers might be expected daily. On visiting the north front of the position, a much more serious task was before me, as the slope from the plain was gradual, and presented no obstacles that even cavalry could not move over. However, towards the crest of the hill a succession of strong earthworks, each commanding the other, were thrown up.

The country beyond Kania is extremely beautiful. Valley after valley is traversed; these have long been under cultivation, while the hills that fringe them are frequently most grotesque in outline, rocks and boulders of most extraordinary size being piled one upon another to a remarkable elevation. The formation is sandstone of a very dark colour, which, when not exposed to the action of the atmosphere, is as soft as lava. But above all other beauties which contribute to make this part of the journey attractive is the abundance of sub-tropical vegetation which thickly clothes the soil not under cultivation, prominent among which could be noted many different varieties of acacia, Indian fig, euphorbias, and parasitic plants, the last producing wonderfully attractive flora and fruit. But in the majority of instances these jewels of the vegetable world have to be avoided, for beneath their gorgeous colouring and fascinating shape lurks poison of the deadliest description. After journeying about fifteen miles through this charming country we reached Pilan, which occupies a most picturesque situation for any dwelling of man—whether it be the round hut of the Bechuana or the mansion or *château* of the educated and wealthy white man. This portion of the country is evidently a water-shed, for on one side of it water flows west by south, on the other east by south. The war scare at Pilan was not so great as at Kania, but further to the eastward, and consequently closer to the Transvaal frontier, the people of poor old Machapin (who is now dead) are sorely troubled, for cattle have been

seized and herdsmen killed, without the invaders assigning any other reason for their conduct than that might is right. Around this station are miles and miles of arable land, which is very productive indeed, but I fear that it frequently suffers from want of water. The deprivation of this *sine qua non* for successful cultivation of cereals could, in my opinion, be obviated by erecting large tanks, which, from the natural irregularities of the country, would be far from a difficult task.

I have said little of the appearance of the country in the vicinity of the Vaal River, or of its probable mineral wealth. I will, therefore, return to Barkly, which possesses the richest river diamond-washings yet made use of. I say "yet made use of," for the reason that I firmly believe that these precious stones can be found in equal abundance on many other portions of this wonderful river. This I affirm because I have travelled from Klip River junction with the Vaal down to the drift where it is crossed near Klerks-dorp, and have known of fine stones being found all along this portion of its course. I do not mean to convey the idea that no prospecting has been made on the upper waters of the Vaal, but that where it has been made, it has been done by persons of such limited means and resources that they have invariably failed. But to return to Barkly. The country between it and Boosup is far from unattractive, being undulating and in many places hilly. Many of these heights are a mass of broken rocks, the vegetation consisting of little else than the interminable ivory needle thorn. Certainly an occasional locust tree is at times to be seen, but these are so few and far between that they can scarcely be considered features in the landscape. From Boosup to Kuruman the early part of the route is most uninteresting, the track being surrounded by the most dense description of thorn bush, in which three persons who left the path (either in pursuit of game or otherwise) have never since been heard of. The last instance was that of one of the Griqualand Mounted Police, who was ordered to the neighbourhood on picquet duty. Next day his horse returned riderless to headquarters. This exciting the suspicion of the commanding officer, the little garrison was turned out, and a most thorough but ineffectual search was made for the missing man. Lions are known to exist in this extensive bush, but more dangerous animals still—the pigmy desert breed of bushmen—also inhabit it, still retaining the primitive habits of their forefathers, and using the bow and poisoned arrows in lieu of the more modern invention of fire-arms. After leaving this impenetrable bush the country becomes open, undulating, and

park-like; water, although scarce, is not absolutely wanting, but as one progresses the hills become higher and water abundant. On the ridges I found partridges, guinea-fowl, and pauw (bustard) abundant, while steyne-buck, duiker-buck, and hares kept my greyhounds actively employed. These frequent hunts had a most beneficial result, for my Zulu attendants, who previously evinced a very discontented spirit at being taken so far away from their homes, exchanged their sour expressions for smiles, and shouted, cheered, and ran after the game almost as fast as their canine friends.

Fifteen miles from Kuruman we passed a farm where lung sickness was raging amongst the cattle. We consequently hurried forward to the missionary station, through a lovely country, well watered and possessing every requisite that could be desired for agricultural or pastoral farming. The town itself (which lies across the river, and exactly opposite the school and church) is of the Dutch type of architecture, and is fairly embedded in gardens of fruit and handsome shade trees.

The life of a missionary residing here is truly cast in a pleasant place. In fact, Kuruman would make an admirable sanitarium for the overworked officials and chiefs of the mercantile community at the Diamond Fields. After the brightness of the last stopping place my further journey suffered from comparison, although trees were far from scarce, water abundant, and hills numerous; but at Tsining, where I halted a day, the country is extensively cultivated, and far in the western distance stretches the picturesque Land-berg range, which is remarkable alike for its beauty of outline and softness of colouring. On its western face it overlooks barren wastes that extend to the South Atlantic Ocean; to the east it crowns what was once the home of a free and contented people, possessing all that made life desirable. How horribly has all this been changed since England restored to the unworthy descendants of Dutchmen a country they were unfit to govern, but, worse than all, placing at their mercy a people who, although black and deficient in education, are fit to be recognised as deserving of a prominent place among the nations of the earth.

Thus far I have observed no evidences of mineral wealth, but along the attractive Maritsani to Pitsani are indications of iron. The expense of transport in this land must, however, be a barrier to mines being opened or worked here. Further on, in the vicinity of Kania, iron and copper are known to exist, the latter in great quantities, while gold is found in the streams flowing to the Limpopo or Crocodile River.

I have given my hearers, so far as time will permit, an outline of the country I traversed last year when pursuing my course to the north, when I had no intention of stopping until many hundred additional miles had been covered. But this resolve became altered when day after day messengers overtook me with information of the fearful deeds of rapine and bloodshed which the Boers were committing many miles beyond the frontier as awarded by Keate, and in direct contradiction to the terms of the treaty that had been made previous to the Imperial Government handing them back the Transvaal. I confess to loving these black sons of Adam, and why should I not, when I have, with scarcely an exception, received from them the greatest kindness and hospitality? It was this that induced me to retrace my steps, that I might actually be an eye-witness of the barbarities they were suffering, and, if the Almighty spared me to return home, let the people of England know what injustice had been done to a brave, loyal, and hitherto happy people.

In the company of Mr. Bethel I left Kania for Montsioa's station or capital, by name Molemo, and situated upon the Molopo River. The journey took three days, on the last of which we had a brief engagement with the enemy; but straight shooting and good ammunition were strong arguments, which did not fail to convince our antagonists that safety was in some other locality than in the position they had selected for opposing our advance. At 2 a.m. we passed the outlying picquet of the Baralongs, and soon after were inside the beleaguered town. From this time I saw the good old chief daily, and scarcely a week passed over but that several skirmishes with the enemy took place. The Boers had selected, with considerable judgment, two situations on which to build a camp. The larger was to the south of Molemo, distant about three miles, and consisted of seventy waggons, surrounded by an earthwork about seven feet high, thickly loopholed. The other, to the north of the town, on the margin of the Molopo River, commanded a drift. The latter, although not so strong as the first-mentioned laager, was sufficiently formidable to give any troops trouble who were not provided with artillery. Space will not permit me to recount all the brushes the Baralongs had with the enemy in my presence; but the last fight I was in is worthy of being sketched, for the Boers and their allies—men of Machettie's tribe—had no less than thirty-nine killed, while Montsioa's people lost only ten. This was an action, in the early part of which the great value of mounted skirmishers—I prefer this term to mounted infantry, for it is much

more appropriate—proved itself. I select this instance for the reason that for years I have advocated the addition of such a force to our service, a force that would be of the utmost utility in any country where horses can be used. It is simply absurd to think that a common infantry soldier, or even a cavalry trooper, is fitted for such a purpose. The material we certainly possess, but the men should be specially trained and educated for this important branch of the service.

In the first place, all who compose such a corps should be active young men, light weights, good horsemen, and good shots. Their horses they should be familiar with ; for the voice of a rider who is known by his mount will always soothe and reassure an animal, whatever be the danger in which it is placed or the excitement or bustle that temporarily surrounds it. Horses for such service should never exceed fifteen hands, so as to afford the rider the greatest facility in mounting. As to colour, bays and dark chesnuts should be selected, white and light grey horses being studiously avoided, as they are certain to be specially selected by a foe for the object of his aim. The clothes of the men should be made of strong russet moleskin cloth, with a slouch hat of the same colour ; and their entire kit, for campaigning, consist of great coat, blanket, soap, and horse-brush. Swords and bayonets are utterly absurd for such a force ; the only weapon which should be used (judging from my own experience) being long-barrelled rifles and revolvers. The bucket, for carrying the rifle, as adopted by the War Office, and tried frequently by me, is useless, because, being fastened to the tree of the saddle, if the horse fall or even make a severe stumble, the small of the butt is certain to get fractured and so rendered worthless. As the rifle is most fatiguing to carry on a long march (particularly if the pace is sharp), each man should be supplied with a leather bag about a foot deep and sufficiently wide for the butt of the rifle to be inserted in it ; this bag to be suspended from the side of the cantle of the saddle by two straps immediately behind the off-flap. Thus the barrel of the rifle passes under the right arm of the trooper, the slightest pressure of which secures the weapon in its place. Injury to a gun, if thus carried, is not likely to occur, even should the horse fall or be shot under the rider.

To return to the action of Molema. It commenced by the Boers making a descent on three hundred head of cattle belonging to the Vaal-pans—the serfs of the Baralongs—who had incautiously allowed their beasts to wander beyond their usual limit. At the

time the alarm was sounded by the women, I was at breakfast, but the horses were soon saddled, and we, four Europeans all told, in an incredibly short space of time were galloping to the front, escorted by fifteen mounted natives, while about fifty infantry were turned out and ordered to follow at their best pace to support us in case we found the enemy too numerous. The instructions issued to the foot men were that they should take up a position on the crest of the ridge nearest to where we opened fire, and there remain under cover, awaiting further orders. The fire was not rapid, for all in the cavalry division were instructed not to do any guesswork, but to cover the object of their aim before pressing the trigger, and this order appeared to me to be faithfully obeyed. The horses were left in a hollow, so that they were out of sight of the enemy, and, consequently, safe from the Boers' bullets. For over half an hour we held our own, and many of the foe were seen to fall; but, to our amazement, we found our diminutive force out-flanked, when we were compelled to retire upon our horses and gallop to the rear of the infantry support, the men composing which were now all prostrate among the bush; consequently, their ambushade was unknown to our assailants. Getting in rear of our foot men, we again dismounted, and made a rush for the crest of the high land on which they were stationed. We were not a moment too soon, for the Boer force had already topped the ground which we had just vacated. They came on in a scattered line, little knowing the strength of the force we had prepared for their reception; still, they considerably outnumbered us. Orders were now issued that no firing should take place until two shots in quick succession were heard. On advanced the enemy, till little over two hundred yards divided them from us. Then the double-barrelled express spoke, and so skilfully was it handled that a riderless horse galloped over the flat and a dismounted man was seen struggling to the rear, before the echoes of the reports ceased to vibrate from the adjacent *kopjes*. The fusilade along the Baralong line now became general, and so effectual that ere many minutes had elapsed the invaders were beating a precipitous retreat. Montsioa's people followed them for four miles, recapturing the Vaal-pans' cattle, and inflicting further loss upon their foes.

During the retreat of the Baralongs to gain the rear of the infantry, I witnessed a deed of prowess performed by one of the King's sons, that would have eminently entitled him to the Victoria Cross, if serving with one of our field forces. A stray Boer bullet struck a horse, and instantly killed it, the rider being thrown

heavily and much injured. As soon as this casualty was discovered, Montsioa's second son rode back about two hundred yards amidst a storm of bullets, dragged the dismounted man upon his saddle, and, strange to say, rider, man, and horse escaped scathless.

About mid-day, flushed with victory, we retired to a spring to off-saddle and otherwise refresh our nags, having previously left videttes on some of the neighbouring heights. In the meantime a second force of foot men joined us, and were at once instructed to make the nearly dry bed of the Molopo River their stronghold in case of a second action. These late arrivals were under the command of Israel—a nephew of the chief—than whom a braver or more able man could not have been selected for so important a service.

About 3 p.m. the videttes signalled the approach of the enemy; they were at once called in, so as to leave the foe in ignorance that the Baralongs were aware of their presence. This hostile force was numerically much larger than that which we contended with in the morning. Our entire mounted force moved to the front, with orders to retard the advance of their opponents as much as possible, while twenty riflemen were placed on the summit of a ridge in rear of the river, and directly behind the foot men stationed in the deep-sunk bed of the Molopo. This action was almost a repetition of what had occurred in the morning; but the loss inflicted on the Boers and their allies was much more severe. A straggling fire lasted until after sunset, but ere darkness set in the discomfited enemy had retired to the protection of their laager.

Since our disasters at Laing's Neck, Majuba Mountain, &c., it has become fashionable to decry the shooting of our troops. This is simply absurd. Where the mistake lies is, that our men have not learned to judge distance in the rarefied atmosphere of the high lands of South Africa. I can give a personal instance that occurred to me two days' trek to the north of Harrismith, Orange Free State, in the year 1876. At the break of day my attendants informed me that we were in the middle of an enormous flock of spring and bless-buck, the first of these animals I had encountered on my journey from Maritzburg, Natal, so I eagerly hurried forth. Fruitlessly I fired shot after shot, the bullets invariably falling short. Of course, after the manner of sportsmen, I blamed, in succession, rifle and ammunition. There were the animals standing out so clear and defined, that it never occurred to me that the fault was mine and mine only. I paced the distance, and soon discovered that the game I imagined to be two hundred yards off, often exceeded that space by over thirty per cent. The action on the Molopo proved to me that Europeans and Baralongs

could shoot quite as well as Boers. Although I consider myself far from being a crack shot, I have never entered into a contest with these people without its having a successful termination. And I should like to know where I should be among a Wimbledon team? Simply nowhere. In narrating the incidents connected with the fight at Molemo, on the margin of the Molopo, it must be remembered that the Boers were forty miles to the westward of Keate's award, beyond which line of demarcation (according to treaty with the Imperial Government) they were bound not to trespass. But what do such men care for treaties? Not the value of the paper on which they are written. Or what importance do they attach to promises? No more than to deny them a few minutes after they are given. Montsioa's sole offence was, that he had proved himself a true and devoted supporter of the British *régime*; and as such, forsooth, he and his tribe must be exterminated, or driven into some remote corner of the earth, where disease or starvation would soon put a termination to their existence.

But the time had come for me to turn my face homewards. My final interview with the chief was touching indeed, for he—the bravest of the brave—wept like a child, while again and again he importuned me to tell the English people what he was suffering on our account. I made that promise, and am now doing what in my power lies to keep it.

We left Molemo at midnight, and met with no interruption until daybreak, when rather a sharp rifle fire was showered upon our waggon, but without producing casualties except amongst the oxen. So we forced our passage, and on the third day entered Kania.

Old Hashesheba had returned from Pretoria; but he suffered severely at the hands of the despoilers, almost enough cattle being taken from him to reduce his tribe to starvation.

Having remained at Kania a few days to refresh my horses I pushed on to Linikani, a Lutheran missionary station presided over by Mr. Jansen, a more hospitable person than whom it would be hard to find; but even my short visit to this charmingly situated abode was marked hourly by most painful incidents.

The same tale rang in my ears morning, noon, and night; the last narrated was but an echo of its predecessors, which can all be summed up in the three words—rapine, bloodshed, and slavery.

E'Calapin, the proud, the brave, and the descendant of kings who had reigned in this land for centuries, fairly caused me to break down when I saw the large tears fill his dark and expressive eyes.

The following line immediately flashed through my brain, and never before did I so appreciate its force :—

“Talk not of grief, till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men.”

Yes, this splendid fellow, who had supplied us with two hundred and twenty-eight men during the late Zulu war, without a question of pay or remuneration, was now an utterly ruined man, with a large population depending upon him for support.

When I visited him three years ago, in the service of the Imperial Government, the first words he addressed to me were : “ You have travelled far, your horses are worn-out, and you are weary ; tarry with me, and my food shall be your food.” E'Calapin is a true gentleman, although his skin is black ; and his manners would be deemed unexceptionable in either Belgravia or Mayfair. The quiet dignity of his deportment and the force and power of his pure, earnest language, stamp him at once as a person of no ordinary attainments. It is hard to think, harder still to say, that our beloved country has committed a grave and fearful injury to friends who served us in the hour of our trial, and whom we had assured time after time that neither argument nor force would ever compel us to withdraw from the land that had been added to our gracious Sovereign's dominions. Again and again I wrote to Mr. Hudson, the Resident at Pretoria ; Mr. Bethel did likewise, but all without avail. At a subsequent date when I met him at the Diamond Fields, and took the opportunity of remonstrating with him on the lack of courtesy he had displayed in not responding to our communications, all the answer he could vouchsafe was, “ What can I do ? ” A pretty answer from the representative of our Sovereign—and that Sovereign the Suzerain of the land !

From Linikani to Zeerust, in Haute Marico—a distance of eighteen miles—was my next stage. Never in my life was I more surprised at the change which had come over this village ; many of the principal stores were closed, and those that were open did not appear to do an iota of trade. Three years before, scarcely an hour passed without a dozen waggons arriving with produce for sale ; now you might sit on the *stoup* of any of the houses in the main street and not see one during the entire day. Change, even for a sovereign, was almost impossible to obtain. But the mischief did not stop here. Rustenburg, Jacobsdal, and Leichtenberg were in exactly the same predicament. Jacobsdal in 1879 was a flourishing place, with five stores doing a remunerative business ; it was also possessed

of a flour mill. Where are they now? The tenements remain, but the proprietors have fled.

Near to this last-named town is the line of demarcation between the native tribes and the Transvaal, and where the cattle stolen from the unfortunate natives are passed across the boundary line. On the Transvaal side of Keate's award the Boers have built an enormous laager, into which they retire with their booty, and on more than one occasion they have sought its protection when worsted in fair fight. There the natives dare not pursue them, in case the so-called South African Republic (*vide* the headings of all their official documents) should consider it a *casus belli*, and thus justify to the world an invasion on a large scale of the countries of Montsioa and Barekei. The Government officials at Pretoria frequently deny that such dastardly deeds are being committed by their burghers, or plead that they have not the power to control those citizens who perpetrate them. This is absolutely and utterly false, for it is a well-known fact that one of the famous Triumvirate was present when one of the *razias* of oxen arrived from the independent native country to the west, and that he superintended, or at least assisted, in their distribution. It should be remembered that these men are all signers of the late treaty with Great Britain, and, moreover, each is a candidate for the presidential chair.

The country between Jacobsdal and Lichtenberg is monotonous, sparsely wooded, and indifferently watered; except, however, in very dry seasons it provides pasturage for large droves of horned cattle. But instead of narrating the trifles of a two days' most uninteresting and fatiguing ride, I must once more revert to bloodshed, breach of faith, and murder of the basest kind.

Montsioa had a cattle kraal and village several miles within his boundary, which the Boers thought proper to attack. The adult male population, under the leadership of their native missionary, fought with such resolution and bravery that the enemy were kept at bay for several days. Water commenced to fail the little garrison, so it was proposed that—under a flag of truce—the missionary should negotiate terms of surrender. These were agreed to, viz., that on giving up their arms all should be permitted to return to Molemo. But no sooner had these unfortunate Baralongs parted with their weapons than they were seized, bound, and forced into the cattle kraal, where all (twenty-nine in number) were shot in cold blood—the missionary alone being permitted to escape. The details of this dastardly outrage were narrated to me by a trader, two European missionaries, and Montsioa himself. Strange as it

may appear, the story had not become exaggerated by age or distance, and can be substantiated by many persons whose veracity is unimpeachable.

I reached Lichtenberg on Sunday, just before the congregation left their place of worship. As several of the residents knew me, I only halted for a few minutes to obtain some bread, and then pushed forward at a rapid pace for fifteen or twenty miles. At sunset I was at the German Mission, at the Klep Hartz Spruit, where I was most hospitably entertained; but, before retiring, I had again to hear of fresh acts of barbarity, which were being daily enacted against the inoffensive natives both in the Transvaal and beyond its western boundary.

My next sleeping-place was Mr. Andrews's. Unbounded hospitality, with tales of more deeds of horror, passed the evening till bed-time.

My horses were sent forward soon after break of day, and my host drove me fifteen miles to the place appointed for me to meet them. This he did as a large meeting of Boers was to assemble that forenoon at the Field Cornet's house, to devise ways and means for the more rapid capture of Taungs, the head-quarters of Moncoran. Fortunately he did so; for but for his presence I should have suffered injury at their hands.

Two hours after dark I reached Maquassi Spruit, thence proceeded to Reit-vley, and next evening after sunset I entered Bloemhof. The following night saw me in Christiania. The last few days of my journey I pursued with much interest, as it was over the route that I had so earnestly recommended our authorities to adopt, in order to reduce the insurgent Boers to submission. What I said of it then to Sir Archibald Alison and others, I now endorse; in fact it is to be doubted if nature ever made so admirable a country for the manœuvring of disciplined troops, while water, wood, and forage are to be obtained in unlimited quantities as far as Potchefstroom, or even Pretoria.

The lateness of the hour forbids my further occupying your time or overtaxing your patience, but, before concluding, I would say that the Transvaal is now financially bankrupt; that every respectable burgher grieves over the day when British protection was withdrawn, and complains sadly that no aid was sent to assist them in resisting the insurrectionists. This complaint, in the western country, is but too well founded.

I may here remark, that in my long ride from Kania to Christiania I overtook or met only three native waggons; a few years

ago from fifty to a hundred would have been seen each day. It may well be asked, what has stopped this interior traffic? An empty treasury and a prohibitory tariff.

If my judgment and knowledge of this unhappy country be accurate, in five years from the date of the signing of the treaty which caused the withdrawal of our troops from the Transvaal, the Boer population will be clamouring to be again permitted to return to the guardianship and guidance of our great and glorious British Empire.

#### DISCUSSION.

The CHAIRMAN (Sir Henry Barkly, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.): In inviting discussion on the very interesting paper just read by Mr. Parker Gillmore, for the contents of which I need hardly say he alone is responsible, I beg to remind gentlemen who are about to speak that, according to the customary practice at meetings of the Royal Colonial Institute, all home party politics must be avoided. The topic is rather an exciting one, so perhaps it is not amiss that I should give that hint.

Mr. GWYNNE OWEN: As a very old resident in South Africa, I can fully appreciate the paper which has been read by the gallant Captain. We have all to thank him for a great deal of information that has been conveyed to us in his short paper this evening. But as a resident of nearly seventeen years in South Africa, and knowing the Boers and the Kaffirs thoroughly, and having travelled over most of the country described by Mr. Gillmore, as well as the Transvaal, I regret that I am obliged to challenge a number of his facts. I think I should be lacking in my duty to the country in which I have dwelt so long, were I to allow a paper of the nature read to-night to go unchallenged. I know it has been the habit and the fashion of travellers who make a flying tour through South Africa for the sake of a little shooting and sport, to come back and convey to paper a lot of stories, true or not, which they have picked up from interested persons—in many cases evolved out of a fertile imagination. I would say, for the information of this audience, as well as all others interested in South Africa—it is unnecessary to do this for South Africans, because they know very well the fashion that has been in vogue for many years to try and split up the white inhabitants of that country—Dutch against English, and *vice versa*—I regret very much that the speaker has introduced so much spleen and venom into the paper against a worthy portion of the white inhabitants of South Africa; and I say,

without fear of contradiction, that the Boers, although engaged in wars with many of the predatory tribes of South Africa, have never perpetrated the cruelties alleged in Mr. Gillmore's essay. (Oh! and a voice, "Query.") Well, I will produce a newspaper which I received by mail this afternoon from Africa; and I may mention that I had the Blue-books before me this afternoon, the last of the Blue-books having reference to this very boundary line and the feud now existing there, it being the key and authority to all that has been stated by Mr. Gillmore. These Blue-books were very voluminous, and knowing that I should only have ten minutes to speak, I did not think it necessary to bring them. But they do not contain one single item, so far as I could find, corroborative of the so-called facts in the Paper read before this audience. I saw in some of the English papers three or four weeks ago that the Boers had taken two English gentlemen prisoners, put them in chains, and, instead of conveying them to prison in the nearest town, they had shot them in cold blood to avoid the trouble of placing them in gaol. This was currently believed in England and Cape Town. I said at the time I did not believe there was a particle of truth in the statements made. Knowing that it is customary to run down the Boers and decry their acts, especially since we were so signally defeated in the Transvaal, I will, with your permission, read a letter which appeared in the *Volkstein* of January 13 last, containing the particulars of the murder of these two Englishmen. [The speaker here read from the *Volkstein*, a paper published in Pretoria, a long statement contradicting the assertion that two Englishmen had been put in chains and afterwards murdered by the Boers.] I am one at least of those who think that persons who are calumniated at a distance too remote to meet and answer the allegations are deserving of our sympathy and defence. If the Boers were here to speak for themselves I should not have risen to defend them. I know that many people have been too ready to pit the Boers against the English in South Africa, and *vice versá*. I regret to say the practice has caused the prestige of the English to wane throughout our Colonies. I hope and trust that it will soon become the fashion to try and cement the white inhabitants of South Africa in a bond of union and friendship, not necessarily against the black races then we shall be able to hold our own against all comers, and it will tend to strengthen the Greater Britain of which we are all so proud. I say that during the seventeen years of my residence in that country I have never seen a real act of cruelty committed by the Boers against the blacks. As to their being taken by the Boers and sold

into slavery, I do not think that can be proved ; it is not the case that they have apprenticed destitute men, women, and children ; as I believe we have often done. I remember during one of our little wars—and our Chairman (Sir H. Barkly, late Governor at the Cape) this evening will recollect it perfectly well, when Colonel Warren was sent down to Griqualand West, to put an end to a little war then on hand—that a great many hundreds of prisoners—the gaol and court yards were full of them—viz., men, women, and children, were brought into Kimberley, and apprenticed for some two, three, and four years. I took several myself, and never thought it any sin ; on the contrary, I considered it an act of charity to those prisoners ; and I repeat, that so long as I have known South Africa, the Boers have never done more than that. When, however, the predatory tribes have committed acts of aggression, the Boers have resented it and made war upon them ; but I do not think it can be proved that any acts of cruelty have been perpetrated by the Boers on those people. With reference to this unfortunate war which has been raging on the south-western borders, I am afraid the reader of this interesting paper forgot to give us the history of it. In 1871 a Commission was arranged between the Transvaal Republic and Sir H. Barkly to define the boundaries of that Republic with reference to the various Kafir tribes on the border. I was summoned on that Commission as a witness, and was present for over forty days. The evidence taken on that Commission was finally submitted to Lieut.-Governor Keate, who decided against the Boers by narrowing their border very considerably, and actually giving two of their towns to the Kafirs ; one of which—Bloemhof—was then thirty years old. The Boers always looked upon this decision as unfair. The Royal Commission which sat in 1881 at Newcastle altered the line, and gave back to the Dutch a considerable portion of this country, and removed the line, giving them a piece of territory 100 miles long by 36 miles broad. The Boers, when they had this country handed over to them by the Convention, ordered the Kafirs who had located themselves upon that tract of the country to retire beyond the boundary or to come under their government ; but the latter thought they had possession, and that was nine points at law. However, the Boers insisted upon their order being carried out—viz., either that the natives should retire beyond the line, or respect it, and give their allegiance to the Dutch Government. Kalapin, a rebel chief, built a fortification on the Government lands within sight of the town of Lichtenberg. The Transvaal naturally had to reduce the recalcitrant chief to order, or

compel him to leave the Republic. And when you remember that the white inhabitants of the Transvaal are only as one to 200 blacks, I think you will agree with me that the Boers, if they are to hold their own, must see that the chiefs within their country are kept in order. Finally, and briefly, I may say that our blundering in the Transvaal for the last twelve years has been the cause of the present war with Boers and Kafirs on the south-west border. I think the matter of the twenty-nine Kafirs instanced by the reader of the paper as having been cruelly butchered in their kraal, after delivering themselves up under a white flag, will be met with a denial at the proper time, as in the case of poor McGilvray and his friend—real Bulgarian atrocities in fact!

Mr. WALTER PEACE: Our friend who just sat down, having been wound up, has now discharged himself. I am not going to occupy your time for one-fourth of the space he has done; and I am not going to speak on anything that can be called a controverted political question. My position debars me from speaking on any such point. But Mr. Owen has said so much too much, that I am obliged to challenge him on the question of the immaculate immunity of the Boers of the Transvaal Republic from all charges of cruelty, and I do it from a personal sense of duty. When I left Natal in 1879 I parted from an esteemed friend, a gentleman whose name you have heard before; and I will ask the gentleman who has just resumed his seat if he will tell me what was the character of the transaction in which my poor friend, Major Elliot, was shot in the stream as he was crossing? I will ask him what was the character of the ambuscade when, the distance having been measured off foot by foot, the British troops were shot down on the line at Brunker's Spruit, no declaration of war having been made? Was that fair warfare? I ask whether, when this gentleman says the Boers were so pure, and having regard to those two circumstances alone, the Boers are still the people he has described them to be?

Mr. OWEN: Yes.

Mr. WALTER PEACE: Then I have nothing more to say.

Rev. Canon GAUL: I should like, if I may, to express my pleasure at meeting to-night Mr. Gillmore, who, I believe, on his first expedition to Africa, stayed for some time in my parish of Dutoitspan at the Diamond Fields, and made the acquaintance of my predecessor. I should also like to express my pleasure at listening to his interesting paper; and, thirdly, I should like to express my gratification at being here to do honour, if my friend Mr. Owen will allow me, to

Mr. Gillmore, as one of that very valuable class of men who leave their homes, travel thousands of miles, and come back with their quota of facts—differing from their conclusions as we may if we choose—but who return to England to lay their experiences at the feet of their country here, in order that our rulers at home, in their anxious and noble work of governing the Empire, may draw righteous conclusions and form just principles of action in the administration of the Colonies. Mr. Gillmore has read an instructive paper, and it seems to me there are two points to which attention may be directed upon it. First, the description of the country; and, secondly, the definite charges of cruelty which he has brought against the Transvaal Boers, with regard to the natives. He has also charged the Transvaal Boers with breaking the treaties signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of Her Majesty's Commissioner. I shall say nothing with reference to the description of the country—that speaks for itself. With respect to his charges of individual cruelty, Mr. Gillmore is a gentleman who I am quite sure would not make statements that he is not prepared to prove. On the other hand, I feel sure Mr. Owen is a gentleman of large experience in South Africa, and fully believes that the charges are not quite correct. If, Sir, I may be allowed, I would venture to suggest that one of the chief causes of mischief in the Colonies is the easy way in which our friends at Home generalise from particulars. Now, those of us who were out in Africa at the time of the Zulu war will remember how that, because three or four pariahs chose to go and dog the footsteps of our troops and swindle our soldiers because they happened to be at war, and made large and unjust profits out of the difficulties in which our military men were placed, owing to the intricacies of the country and so forth, therefore respectable London papers generalised from those two or three particular cases, and said that all Colonists in Natal had urged on the war in order to enrich themselves. I beg to suggest with all humility, for I am only a parson, and have a right to be humble, but I venture to suggest a warning, and that is, that the English public know very little indeed about South Africa, and are likely, therefore, to draw too sweeping conclusions. I have been travelling about lately all over England and Ireland. I have spoken at meeting after meeting, and have met most intelligent audiences, and have come in contact with friends who have read books on South Africa, and yet I have had the most astounding questions addressed to me about that country. I was asked by one gentleman this question: “You have just come from the Cape Colony—did you come

*overland?* " And another friend said to me, " Are you married ? " I said, " Yes, I have the satisfaction of being married." He then said, " And is your wife black ? " I am afraid our friends know little about South Africa, and I much fear they are very likely to generalise from individual instances of Boer cruelty and individual instances of breach of faith with our Government such as Mr. Gillmore has referred to. I do not know that his statements are not true. I suppose, of course, that he is able to prove them. But English people will, I fear, draw the conclusions from these special charges that all Boers in South Africa are cruel, and all generally disposed to break treaties which they make with England and other countries. I say that is an unjust inference ; and as I have lived among the Dutch in the Free State for years, having travelled amongst them and stayed with them in my ministerial journeyings, and had occasion to need their friendship and help, both in the middle of the night as well as by day, I say that I never met with anything but kindness and hospitality at their hands. The fact is this, that as long as human nature is human nature, *some* men everywhere will exist simply on selfish principles. They seem only to live for themselves, and care not for anyone who lives next to them—care for nobody, so long as they have their own selfish way ; and no doubt there will be always some Boers lending themselves to overt acts of cruelty to their neighbours. Are there not, however, men calling themselves Englishmen, in this London, who kidnap innocent girls, and take them abroad and sell them into a more frightful slavery and bondage than any bondage painted about the Boers of South Africa ? I say, are there not creatures calling themselves Irishmen who ruthlessly slaughter helpless women and children in Ireland, and strike the dastardly dagger into the back of a man who has only simply tried to do his duty ? I say these are individual instances of cruelty and brutality happening at home, but every true Englishman and Irishman hates and despises them. And if those individuals mentioned by Mr. Gillmore were brought into the Orange Free State—a Dutch Republic—and if the cases were laid before Mr. Chief Justice Rietz, Mr. Justice de Villiers, or Mr. Justice Gregorowski, or before that just and worthy man, the friend of all true men in the Colony, whether Dutch, English, or Natives—President Sir John Brand—they would be the first to demand that justice should be done to those evil-doers in the Transvaal. Therefore, I should be sorry to let it go forth to the world that cruelty and faithlessness are the general characteristics of the Boers. I only suggest that this is what Mr.

Owen and the other gentleman who has spoken really mean. Thank God we live under a Constitution which is not founded on selfishness, but on the highest sanctions of religion and morality, and the purest principles of justice and freedom; and I say this, with regard to the paper read to-night, that it is a very solemn paper for us to listen to, and it ought to be also to our Government officials and the Secretary of State for the Colonies when they read it; and I think it is the duty of those in authority to see whether the facts stated there are true or false, and to demand that justice should be done, and that these Transvaal Boers should keep the treaty which they have signed. What we want in the Colonies is to get out of that method of "drifting," which is so common. Then do not let things go on year after year, and then when a capable Governor arises, with a grasp of his subject and a grip of the Colonial problem, recall him for slight reasons or for party interests, and bring him home. You are satisfied too easily with your Governor so long as he only acts as a head clerk, just to receive and despatch telegrams, and make long reports. I say our Governors require more freedom and more power, and require to be trusted more than they are by the heads of departments at Home. Great Britain has a brilliant future and a glorious destiny before it, and it will realise it by the *Home* England and the *Colonial* England working heartily and loyally together—it will realise it, I hope, by the help of this Royal Colonial Institute. Let us trust that Great Britain will rise and shake itself, and look abroad with a kinder feeling and a truer knowledge upon the Greater Britain in the Colonies, and will see the glorious Empire which is hers, not so much by her physical capacity to keep and guard, as by her far stronger, far nobler, power of ruling justly and governing wisely.

MR. MORTON GREEN: I rise with considerable diffidence to speak on this subject, but it is one with which I have considerable acquaintance. I have listened to the remarks of Mr. Owen with regard to the Boers, and in some measure I think that false reports get about and very much exaggerate the truth; but I cannot follow Mr. Owen in his laudation of the Transvaal Boers. I will, with your permission, Sir, give my experience of a few facts. Now, the other day it was said in the papers that the Boers were using dynamite to blow up the wretched natives in the caves where they had taken refuge. That is a state of barbarous warfare with which no civilised person will agree. There was some doubt thrown upon it, and a friend asked me, "Mr. Green, where do you think they

obtained the dynamite?" I said, "I cannot give you an answer now, but I will do so in the course of two or three days, as I have to meet some gentlemen who will know, and I shall get the information from them." Curiously enough, I subsequently attended a meeting of a mining company with which I am connected, and there the subject cropped up, and it transpired that dynamite belonging to the company which was intended for works which had to be abandoned in the Transvaal in consequence of the disturbed state of the country, had actually been sold, without the knowledge or sanction of the directors, by the agent, to General Joubert, the Boer leader; and I turned to the Chairman and said, "This fact will look well in the newspapers to-morrow;" and I surmised that it was this dynamite which has been used to blow up these poor wretches, because I know dynamite cannot be purchased there like a glass of beer in London. This is the fact. Well, I thought it was necessary to bring this out. In reference to the natives not being shot down and made slaves of, I am looking back at my early life up country, when I had in my service a man named Snam and his wife. He was a good, honest, and faithful servant to me for a number of years, and was a runaway slave from the Transvaal; his tales of horror of his early life among the Dopper Boers were terrible. His back was something horrible to look upon. He said that all his elderly relatives were shot down when he was a child, and he escaped years afterwards, and became my servant for some years. Now Mr. Owen alluded to Laing's Nek, and spoke about the thrashing that the English underwent. Far be it from me to cast one word of reflection upon the deceased British General, but he knew, and there are gentlemen in this room who know, that that disaster was brought about through the misfortune of General Colley losing his head. There is not the least doubt that if he had attacked the Boers by night, thus in a measure equalising the shooting, they would have fled at once, or offered but slight resistance. [The speaker here read an article from the *Kimberley Independent* of January 10 last, purporting to contain information obtained by Mr. Rutherford, Secretary to the British Resident in the Transvaal, of certain outrages perpetrated by the Boers on the natives.] With regard to the Boers, we heard from Canon Gaul just now very true remarks in respect of them. I, too, have many friends among the Boers—many gentlemen, I may term them—who have assisted me in times past and would assist me again; and I know that those men would be ashamed of the atrocities committed by what are called the Dopper portion of

their brethren. I have seen the Boers in Natal and the Transvaal look with astonishment and disdain upon the Dopper Boers, whom they do not like. The majority of Free State men are splendid fellows, and so are the Natal Boers, but the others I speak of are the irreconcilables of the irreconcilables. It is they who are termed the Doppers, and I pity them. In my opinion the time has arrived for Her Majesty, as suzerain, to assert her right and carry out the terms of the convention entered into, and the sooner it is done the better. These sort of things keep up a perpetual state of agitation throughout the South African Colonies, and bode no good to us; and, indeed, they destroy the belief of the natives in the invincibility and the promises of England, which are now completely shattered. That may be seen in the Transvaal, and again in Zululand. When Cetewayo was taken from Zululand, the people were told officially that he would never return to them. But what has brought about his restoration? You have deputations harassing the Secretary of State for the Colonies continually, and you have Lady Florence Dixie agitating the country in the matter also. I recollect, and gentlemen in this room will recollect, that she wrote to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and to the newspapers, stating that the question of peace or war in Zululand was in her hands! In her hands, forsooth! Is not this kind of interference monstrous—the Crown to be dictated to! The sooner an alteration takes place the better. I think I see around me gentlemen capable of using their influence with the authorities at Home judiciously, and I should like to point out that, after the war, we understood there would be a definite policy pursued in regard to South African affairs, and that we are not to be continually made the shuttlecock for the political battle-doors of this country, and that is what it has been; and if a firm policy is pursued—a chart, in fact, to steer by, interrupted neither by Liberal, Conservative, nor Radical, nor any reformation of Government—we shall go on prospering; but otherwise we shall be in a continuous state of retrogression, and the prosperity of the country will be retarded greatly.

MR. R. W. MURRAY: I feel called upon, after hearing the able paper of Mr. Gillmore, and Mr. Owen's comments thereupon, to make a few remarks. My friend Mr. Gwynne Owen has challenged the statements which Mr. Gillmore has placed before us, and led us to believe that he was going to refute them. He has classed Mr. Gillmore amongst those rambling visitors to South Africa who, going there for pleasure, or to write books to feed their own vanity and

see themselves in print, come home and publish flippant and inaccurate statements to create a prejudice against the Boers. There is no doubt about the fact that men have been guilty of writing flippantly about South Africa, and misrepresenting it for purposes of their own—ay, men eminent in the world of English literature have, after rushing through the country in hot haste, come home and published books about South Africa containing much flippancy and more inaccuracies, and have thus done irreparable mischief to the colonists and country. I will, however, remind Mr. Owen that there are two classes of men who have done great injury, and who are always doing great injury, to South Africa. There is the flippant and inaccurate writer who misrepresents it in books and newspapers; and there is another class, amongst which are men who boast of their being born Englishmen, but who, as residents amongst the Boers, sell their nationality, and are always ready to sell it, for place, pay, or grants of land. The latter are the most to be dreaded of the two. Had one of these classes succeeded in getting their way when the Diamond Fields were first discovered, the Diamond Fields, so rich in value to the population there, and which have brought great wealth to England, would have been filched away from Waterboer, and that land of his on the Barkly side of the river would have been collared by the Transvaal. I consider that any man who, having visited the country, has seen for himself, and come home and said how shamefully the fulfilment of the Keate Award has been dealt with by the Imperial Government, as Mr. Gillmore has shown to-night, is entitled to the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen, and to the gratitude of every South African who cares for his country. For myself, I feel deeply grateful to Mr. Gillmore for his manly exposure of that shameful piece of business, and that gratitude will be shared in by every colonist in South Africa whose gratitude is worthy of Mr. Gillmore's acceptance. Now for Mr. Owen's refutation of Mr. Gillmore's statements. Mr. Owen read a contradiction of a statement that two Englishmen had been previously put in irons and afterwards murdered by the Boers. This single error of a newspaper was put forward as a thorough refutation of Mr. Gillmore's statements, and proof positive that none of these things occurred in Boerdom; that Boerdom is and always was pure and immaculate; that it was never guilty of cruelty to a native, and never practised slavery. If Mr. Owen calls that refutation of the statements of the lecturer, I would suggest to him, that he had better give up challenging statements again. Then he says, "Don't divide English from Dutch and Dutch from English." Who wants

to create such divisions? We do not. We want the union of the two; we brought Transvaal Boerdom into our embrace, and they went into conflict with us to divide themselves from us, and with the sad result that the Imperial Government permitted them to be the conquerors and then disannexed the country. Was it not a fact that, from the time England emancipated the slaves, the Boers had divided themselves from us, pushing their way into the far interior, out of the reach of the just and equal laws of England and Englishmen, carrying their prejudices against us with them, in order that they might indulge in the practices to which they were accustomed before emancipation had become the principle of British legislation? Would Mr. Owen challenge that statement? He had better do so before he accused Englishmen of dividing the white population of South Africa. I know how tender the Royal Colonial Institute is about anyone talking politics in this hall. I will respect the rule as far as possible, and will only say, that the cruellest act ever committed by any Government to South Africa was that of the abandonment of the Transvaal. The whole country suffered, and is suffering from it, from one end of South Africa to the other. I quite agree with the Rev. Canon Gaul, that the paper before us is a very solemn one. It is therefore that the reverend gentleman's light and jaunty way of dealing with it is so objectionable. It is not a paper to be put aside with such remarks as that there are good and bad people in every country. I am speaking, as the lecturer has done, of Boerdom, and not of particular persons amongst Boers, and it is begging the question to say that one nation is as good as another; besides, it is not so. Does the reverend gentleman mean to say that the character of Boerdom is the same as that of the English nation; that the disposition, habits, practices, and laws of both are alike? It would seem so. Is the kidnapping of girls by vile women to be regarded in a national point of view with the practices of kidnapping in Boerdom? Are the agrarian and brutal assassinations committed by ruffians in Ireland to be taken as the national characteristic of that country in the same way as the onslaughts made on native tribes by Boers? Certainly not. Canon Gaul has told us that he is only a parson, and he has treated the subject just like a parson. He has glossed over the whole matter, and slipped it along as if the paper was not a solemn one. To this I object. The paper is indeed a solemn one; the statements in it need inquiry and consideration, and it is the duty of the Government, which has left the Boers to their own sweet wills to deal with the natives as they pleased, to inquire into and solemnly consider the subject. I agree

with Canon Gaul that there are Boers as good, as kind, and as hospitable as men can be. In fact, when I speak of Boerdom and its wrong-doing, I always feel fearful that I may be misunderstood by Boers from whom I have received the greatest kindness uniformly. I know Boers all over South Africa whose hospitality, generosity, and uprightness have proclaimed themselves through the land. I know Boers whose kindness and generosity, whose hospitality and integrity, have endeared them to me, and many of their faces come back to my memory at this moment, amongst the faces I have known in South Africa, the features of which will be ever dear to me. But I have been speaking of Boerdom, and not of particular Boers. The challenging of Mr. Gillmore's statements has come to nothing. Here is a gentleman who, in putting forward his statements, says, "This I have seen with my own eyes, that I have heard from authorities not to be doubted, and the other I have realised." Mr. Gillmore is a man of character and position, and in return for this labour of love that he has performed, is he to be rewarded by the branding of untruthfulness upon him? No. "I am an Englishman born," said Mr. Owen. Well, I presume that all present are desirous of upholding British supremacy in South Africa. That being the case, it is our duty to weigh well such statements as those which Mr. Gillmore has given us—statements which, instead of being refuted, have been confirmed by the report of Mr. Richard Rutherford, which Mr. Morton Green has read to us. It is the duty of all here to regard the questions raised by Mr. Gillmore as solemn; not to gloss them over, but to make them tell impressively upon those from whom alone a remedy can be obtained. I thank you for the attention you have given me, and hope I have not transgressed the rule limiting the time.

Colonel Sir OWEN LANYON, K.C.M.G., C.B. : I had not intended to have spoken here to-night had it not been for one statement that was made by the first speaker after the address. I refer to the remarks of Mr. Owen, which I think must have been made by mistake or from forgetfulness. He stated that at one time Colonel Warren brought a large number of prisoners to the Diamond Fields—some two thousand persons, I think he said—and there they were apprenticed out in the same way that children used to be apprenticed in former days in the Transvaal. All I wish to remark is that he is entirely wrong. Colonel Warren had nothing to do with the matter. I was the one responsible, as the administrator of the Diamond Fields. The numbers were at the outside some three or four hundred. I do not exactly remember how many now, but

the children were dealt with according to the written laws of the Cape Colony, they having been brought in on account of their being in a starving condition. Therefore the idea of stating that there is any parallel, whatever, to be drawn with regard to these children, brought in and dealt with according to the law of a British Colony by a judge, and whatever may have happened or did happen in other places, is utterly out of the argument, and I am sorry it was used.

Mr. PARKER GILLMORE, in reply, said : I can quite endorse what has been said, that if you do meet a better class of Boer, an educated man, he is one of the most agreeable persons you can come in contact with. They are most hospitable ; and, although not possessed of the polish of people brought up in old countries, like France or England, yet they are kindness personified. But the Boers I have been speaking about are not that class of people at all ; they are not known by the educated Boer, such men as would be Landroost of Potchestroom or of Zeerust, who would not associate with the men who are committing these depredations ; and they speak of them as hartebeest or quagga Boers. I do not know that they do so now, but at one time they lived entirely by their rifles, on the game of the country. Their houses are abominably filthy places, built up with wattles, the two or three feet next the ground being splashed over with mud. Such is the dwelling-places of these western Boers ; and, as to their dispensing hospitality, experience has taught me the reverse. Once I was asked to take a meal. The game we were to eat was put upon the table, and the effluvia from it was enough to knock a horse down. But when I saw the grandmother going round the room, with a thing they call a faddock in her hand, and wiping the plates with it and her face too—it was a warm day—I bolted. In nine places out of ten in Western Transvaal that is the kind of thing you would experience. As to slavery in the Transvaal, I happened to be drawn a good deal in contact with it. In the first place, we all know Livingstone's writing about Sechele's tribe being attacked and his people carried off. I know him. I do not love him much ; but he is a superior class of person, and he has told me of the most outrageous acts perpetrated by the Boers. His own children were taken away ; and, as a rule, they will not take any but the youngest, so that when they grow up they have lost all memory of their homes. I have seen children of eight, ten, and twelve years so burnt, scalded, and covered with sores as to make my heart bleed for them. At Bamangwato I out-spanned close to Mr. Mackenzie's Missionary

Station. He had a number of children he had rescued from the Boers. The captors were on their return from Lake N'gami, and they brought down dozens of these children; and you never saw the hold of a slaver—I have once or twice in the West Indies seen such—packed as were these waggons. I have seen also little bits of things not above two or five years of age in the possession of Boers. Their cruelty as a race has passed into a proverb. I also know, when passing up through the Free State near Hilbron, two or three days' ride north of Harrismith, a Boer lost a sheep, and went in search of it; at last he came to a Kafir kraal in which he saw the lost animal. Calling out the old captain, he accused him of stealing it. "No, sir, I have not; my young men were out in the morning among the kopjies, and found it and brought it down, and I thought it yours, and was going to bring it home to you." The Boer said it was a lie, and taking a reim,\* tied it round the old man's head, started at a rapid pace on his horse homewards, and dragged the unfortunate victim for three miles. Was this brute ever punished? No! This I know positively for a fact. This was one of your kind-hearted Boers. I have never seen more brutality than amongst them.

The CHAIRMAN: But for the accident of my being in the chair to-night in consequence of the absence of the Duke of Manchester, I should probably have ventured to take part in the debate at an earlier period of the evening, for the subject is one in which I feel a deep and painful interest. That I think you will understand when I say that it was out of the arbitration which was arranged between myself and President Pretorius at the Diamond Fields in 1871, that the Keate Award so often alluded to in the paper arose. However, I am not going to enter into the discussion of the subject at this late hour of the evening. I do not think I have any business to do so as chairman. Indeed, I do not know that it is not an advantage on all accounts to bring this discussion, which has been rather an excited one, to a close; because, if it is a fact, as Mr. Parker Gillmore has told us, that in his judgment within the next three or four years the Boers themselves will be clamouring for the restoration of British rule, it is manifestly the wisest plan to leave things to take their course, and not to stir up ill-feeling by mutual recrimination. But, at the same time, it is so difficult to get at the truth of what occurs in those distant regions, as we may judge from the conflicting statements placed before us to-night, that I am sure

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\* A thong of raw hide in general use in South Africa for tying up oxen and horses.

you will all agree with me that a gentleman like Mr. Gillmore, who comes forward to state what he has seen and what he has done, is entitled to our gratitude; and I am sure you will join with me in awarding him the usual thanks for the interesting paper he has been good enough to read.

The vote was carried unanimously and the proceedings closed.

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