Continuation of my notes on the Siege of Raafking
Sunday 29th - Divine services.

No thunder, no cannon, terror;
And I have therefore got ample opportunity to sit down and think before I jot down anything about my experience of the past week. I have discovered nearly everything about war and find that artillery, in war, is of no use. The Boers seem to have started hostilities the whole of their release leaning on the strength and number of their cannon and they are as surely discovering their mistake. I do not think that they will have more luck to do anything better than what they did on Wednesday and we can therefore expect that they will either go away or settle round us until the troops arrive. To give a short account of what I found war to be I can say:

No music is so thrilling and as innately captivating as to listen to the firing of the guns on your own side. It is like enjoying supernatural melodies in a furnace; to hear one or two shots fired off the armoured train but in vain, can suitably depict the fascination of the music produced by the action of a machine, which to hear ears from pure, is an epatering gallerie that not only disturbs the ear but also disorganizes the free circulation of the listener's blood. At the Battle of Kapsch, they have been entertained

Of learned from me I distain with melodious tones of bug guns, sounding 'Grand Prix' of war, like a quille gulliver's instrument, some 80 paces, and est.
remote as thinking; they have listened to it I am told, with cheerful hearts for the just mistake it for what it is not. Undoubtedly the enrapturing charm of this delectable music will give place to a most wretched discord when they have discovered that, so far from it being the action of the modern Britisher's workmanship, going for the Dutch, it is the "boom" of the State Artillerist, giving us thunder and lightning with his guns.

I was roaming along the river, with at 12 o'clock with David yesterday when we were disturbed by the incessant sounds and clapping of drummers to the back of the town; and all of a sudden 4 or 5 "booms" from

The Armoured Train

Ganged their muzzle: it was like a member of the laquey family, silencing a bounteous crowd with the prelude of a selection she is going to give on the violin. When their beady fires "blazed" the musician began to play: it was like listening to the Kimberley & C Choir, with their organ, rendering one of their mellifluous Chorals on Christmas Eve and it could fairly be compared with the jubilee singers performing one of their many quaint and classical odes; but after everything desirable it ceased almost immediately.
The matan is everybody's favourite here. However, there is an almost sickening battle of mansions. You can always hear them enquiring amongst themselves when "Makaroni" is going to 'legalize' the ladies. They are fond of shooting. They do not wait until they see anything but only at the date of 100 rounds per minute at the least. Provocation is not enough, and they would simply shake it until there is not a single bullet left to renew the loss of the others. One can almost fancy that prior to their leaving the state, their weapons were first inspected by some military authority, and the following are my reasons for believing that the State ammunition had been cursed.

When I passed the jail yesterday afternoon, the jailer told me that while some prisoners were busy working in front of the jail that afternoon, one of them was hit by a heavier bullet from the wall, and on the ribs. They repeated the man to drop down dead, but the bullet dropped down (dead) instead. Immediately after another hit an European, thing: it penetrated the clothes but failed to pierce his skin, and just as if to verify this information another came round and struck the shoulder of a white man, who was shocked but stood as firm, though nothing had happened, when the bullet dropped down in front of him.

On Wednesday, the day of the general attack, I was surprised to find that no getting to town not one person was killed. Ambulances were busy all the evening after
On Friday morning, Colonel Campion and 16 others crept along the river until they were very close to the bank of trees, who were being sniping the location from ambuscades. They killed 8 of them and wounded several; they were all going to return without a hitch, if they did not advance to take the dead men's arms, when Campion received a slight wound on the shoulder.

Yesterday 12 Irishmen went out into the brick fields, which may be said to be the latest on what I call "disputed territory." They took shelter amongst the bricks and killed several of them, which used the letter to such an extent that they pitched one of their Yagers and cocked it right into the kilns. Our men lay flat against the bricks, 1-pounder shells crashing amongst them with the liberty of the elements. They went for the bricks, knocked Iots out of the ground, lay on arms, shattered the wood, works of their rifles, between and alongside them; in fact, they worked everything except the flesh of human beings. It afforded several of its metallic discharge over them and when captured that everyone of them was sheer it cleared away leaving the 12 men quite sound but so badly armed that if the Yagers had the courage to approach they would have led them away by the hands. The German is very long needing their 10th, two of which are quite irreplaceable and the men are having holidays in consequence.
Our ears cannot stand anything like the beating of a door: the racket of some stores near by makes one inwardly, all of these times have assumed the attitude of death dealing instruments of torture resemble firearms or Dutch cannon. We often hear the alarm from outside, but find nothing wrong and such alarms too often the motion of the pillow of one was about lying down, sound was yesterday evening, "Oh what a restless life: If I knew that things were going to turn this way, I would never have left Havel Month.

After I left the Walklamb yesterday I came through the coal yard on to the Radway. As there the fence were like trail in the main road to our village. I had just left fence when one flew over my head, with a "piing," giving me such a fright as caused me to sit down on the footpath. Some one behind me exclaimed that I was nearly killed and I looked round to see who my sympathetic was. When I did so another screamed through his lip with a "whip-f, z-f, z-f" and dropped between the two of us. I continued my journey in company with this man during which I heard a scream and a top behind me, saw it was a waister bullet and as there can be no question about a fellow's death when it entered his brain through the lodge I knew at the moment that I had been transmited from this temporary life on to eternal. I imagined I held the nickel bullet in
but that was merely the faculty of the soul recognizing (in an ordinary first mortal dream) who occasioned its departure for I was dead! Dead & rise no more. A few seconds elapsed after which I found myself scarring the bullet between my fingers and thumb to realize that it was but a dream.

It is very difficult to remember the days of the week routines of war. When I returned from the river early this morning I found David still in bed and he asked me if there was any sign of their advance. He was dejected when I said that they were not likely to advance on this day Sunday. What? Sunday? — he thought it was Tuesday! (ha! ha.)

Monday 30th. During this day we received another ultimatum that if we did not surrender we would be bombarded until dawn. We knew that the big gun had been well used for more than a week and as she failed to shake us in May, I am afraid that the British are merely fooling themselves to imagine that we entertain any fear in being bombarded for so far from being alarmed we are fitting used to it. I look back to reflect on the slight damage caused by the shells to nearly 200 which had already been wasted in the town. Considering the expense of one of them (opinion on this point differs some 30 & some 800.) she is really not worth the fuss. Meanwhile a portion of the big Com-
Commandos at Lobelhausen is being moved to a spot about 3 miles west of here and 6 miles from the Eastern to another spot 3 miles to the North.

We are anxiously waiting to see what tomorrow's day will bring forth.

Tuesday 26th. Long before 5 o'clock we were awoke by reports of heavy going as rapid as it did on Wednesday last week. It was accompanied by the enemy's 10 pound all other pounders. We woke, dressed, and went to the rocks to find things really very serious at Lobelhausen. They were shelling Lobelhausen and the dust was simply like a cloud around our little fort. The enemy were advancing toward the fortified like a swarm of cockroaches; the came creeping under cover of their shells which were flying over their heads and proceeding directly upon us like a lot of helpless perishing, until they opened fire with their muskets at long range. Their fire was very heavy for the whole of the Dutch army had come down from all around Lobelhausen and turned their attention toward our little fort at Lobelhausen. They have evidently discovered that to capture the whole place at once was hopeless and they have therefore decided on capturing one by one of our forts until they capture every one of them in the end.

As there was no chance of any bullet coming very near we had a fair chance of observing the whole of the proceedings, without fear. The plaster has such an advantage over the situation that it is quite unapproachable amongst the trees and the hedges, while the surroundings are a wide
inadequate plan, which one can examine from the rocks without being observed. That is one reason why Fortiho was held out against the Boers for so many years. It had only been defeated once and that was when the Boers had their headquarters at Suda before Xhosa was the Capital.

Colonel W. I. think I have already stated that the Boers attributed their failure to the fact that we never leave our trenches to give them a chance of going for us in the open. This morning they must have thought that they would easily compel us to do so by weakening Rhokana and naturally letting us to move to her assistance and thereby affording them an opportunity of getting for us in the plain between this and there. If this was their expectation they were sorely disappointed for nobody cared.

They went for the little fort from East South West with muskets and artillery. No former river valley from about 800 hands but nobody noticed or anywhere else was anyone troubled his soul about it. The volunteers turned about the place seeing that all of the fine were turned towards Rhokana and up and admired the operations as though it was a performance on Theatre Stage. It must have taken them handbread to kind such a multitude of them advancing towards a fat occupant by only 10 officers 2 men of the 8th Act Police and nobody caring to go their assistance but this was not all. The enemy came quite close and still not a single shot came from within.
The mysterious little fort I believe the真心，
(who always let off a number of cannon in necessity) must have thought that everyone was dead for about 2 hours, as they had already been shelled into the fort. The fort, the fortifications looked quite old and ragged in consequence. All of a sudden there came volley after volley from the drum fort, but when the brain began to play some dead, some wounded and some of the off chance of clearing away tonight. Their officers, who were mounted behind them and urging them on, were hit by one of the very first pieces and at 9 o'clock they hit by the red cross. Their ambulances and hospitals were busy "feeding" till about midnight. 3 officers, 7 men killed and 6 wounded.

This engagement was very unfortunate to me as it deprived me of one of my dearest friends in the person of Captain John. Captain Hareham. These experienced soldiers never care how fast bullets may fly about them; they shrill about in a hurry with more precision than we do in our walk through a shower of rain and that is why he was killed. He was going to give him a name far too heavy for his weight.

The following is the official publication on the 8.
The enemy having had the reverse of their attack we had a very quiet day.

Wednesday 1st December. Nothing had happened during the day but in the evening my dear friend Mr. E. G. Parlow was murdered by secret instruction without any official publication yesterday. This murder has not only deprived me of a good friend but it has weakened me financially. He paid for my little services as liberally that I never felt the price of foodstuffs that preceded that peace. The cause of the murder is incomprehensible and hardly tangible.

Thursday 2nd. We have on this day received more shells than on any other occasion, since the 26th U.K., but we are gradually getting used to them and it is getting more like a holiday than a siege.

Saturday 4th. A shell burst near the church this morning and a fragment hit a Yololada's arm which was amputated—poor fellow. A heavier bullet hit Mr. Graham at the Women's Lodge she is taken to the hospital where she is doing well.

Sunday 5th. Sunny, another day. The usual prayers and thanksgivings. Late last evening about 1000 boers were seen coming from the southern hills over to the hills of the town but as it soon became dark we lost sight of them. Just about this time "The Grum," always tries her "lead-a-night"

...
We heard the report coming from the North instead of South, so we knew nothing of it as it might have been that our ears were mistaken. Next morning however it was discovered that it was an explosion that went off. The Railway line is a gradual for a few miles north of the town the boers filled a trolley with dynamite, tied a fuse to it and pushed it into the town down the inclining line into the town. Their intention was apparently to sit down and wait until the dynamite exploded somewhere near the Railway Station and kill everybody when they would walk and publish to the civilized world that they had taken nothing at the barrel of the barrel, but God forbade it and the determination has been frustrated. The dynamite exploded 2 miles beyond the farm on the way the trolley that carried it, tore up the line and blew up the ground. While some of us were paying homage to the Alms Father in places of worship, some were busy arranging the line so that nothing of its kind may occur again. A very quiet day. Soft and pleasant rains fell this.

Monday 6th. "Our Donna" gave us leave in the early morning and about 6 o'clock she was moved from her old post to about 2 1/2 miles South-East of the town. They must have got a report about the arrival of the troops and are temporarily stationing the troops preparing to her departure if it is not for the purpose of
Letting a letter come on of the town. She
made her debut at her new quarters at
3:30 in much the same manner, viz.,
as near Jackal Tree.

20 Baradwigs under Paul went to an
company of whites, who went to attack
the occupants of the Cam down the
River. More than 50 volunteered to go but
on learning that they are not going to the
Dutch Canoes which causes a great deal
of annoyance from the blacks. On this day
we proceeded on an
errand with such a trifling design.
I find it easy to count Canoe's photo
every day, and will put every days number
in brackets after the date.

Yesterday 7/18 (50) Early this morning we
were woke by the rattling of blankets and
Artillery to the West and specially pleasing
was the "baa...baa...baa...baa..." of the
bees, in accompaniment to the whole
of the affair bounded along and
echoed along the ridge, in the distance in
splendid harmony. The whole of the pro-
cedure was so entertaining that I felt that
I should never cease to respect it when we even
came back. Meanwhile we could see them
helicoptering in the way between the two
Lands and we knew they were calling for reinforce-
ment and shortly after a force of about 200 men
could be seen circuiting round our range
and menacing for the scene of operations.
Our men got there in the dark and waited until they could see the tents very clearly, then they started peppering rollers after rollers in the middle of the Camp, which was soon enveloped in a thick cloud of smoke and some boys running away. The continued to fire while they retreated closer and the 20 of our people who accompanied the party, said that even thing was executed in splendid style. They were respected when they saw the boys running away and leaving their big gun behind 120 yards this side of the Camp. If there were enough of them they could have made straight for that gun and captured it despite any Pucunche order to the contrary. All it was ready when the boys and that they were being informed that they had return the fire. All this caused the loss of our horse shot one volunteer severely and 3 slightly wounded. Colonel Harland fell his horse was amongst the killed. It was shot whilst he held it by the bridle. Later on we saw two ambulances came and we spent a quiet day after.

Wednesday 9th (10). -- An occasional burst from a piece of the State Battery kept us on our toes. Otherwise all quiet.

Thursday 10th (11). -- Peace and quiet be the order of the day.
Friday 10th. (3) A Subchaine finished his term of imprisonment t-day. He was taken from jail direct to Lt. Doe, where he saw no doubt, that there was plenty of food in it. He was provided with his own choice in turned food, becuase he just as many as he could carry. He was blindfolded and led across the line.

Saturday 11th. (2) Today we had a chill at 6:30 a.m. and another at 10:30 and the same never moved since. Oh how we wished that she should be silent for good. We were only molested by the thinner artillery during the day but there are not much account.

Sunday 12th. We have a black Sherlock Holmes in the person of Mr. Smith's son. Fred who swimming from country with some purpose this morrow he is coming from country with some purpose in company with Mr. Smith's brown horse. Fred is on horseback which is very risky to cross the enemy's lines with. The horseman remained behind and Fred came across a party of 60 Boers at Wafeng. He met the latter and went straight up them. They searched him for letters and on finding nothing on his person they became very friendly. More so when one of the party recognized him as an old friend of his. They gave him a quantity of tobacco which he roated on the date and had breakfast at the same time as his friends. They left the place at 5:00 pm, giving him an opportunity of fetching a letter.
He reached his home (Wa-Nolinda) in the evening and laid two letters on an arrangement close by. Our friend the houseman, who met no Boers, arrived the same evening. Freddy advised him to return to the bush and hide his horse all day next day (Saturday) until it was dark, when they would plan the best way of getting it into town. In the morning Freddy came doubtful of the man's attitude and requested him to hand over his letters to him for safe keeping which he did. In the evening a party of 40 Boers rode past deliberately and asked Freddy where the cattle were. Subsequently another party (of 90 this time) also came back. This last party observed the signs of a horse driven after leaving Freddy's place. They traced it to a small village a little beyond (so far from say to where Freddy showed them the path of this village) then the inhabitants perceived the party approaching along the horse's path they decided to give them to understand that it belonged to a man the owner of the village and that his son had been riding it looking for stray cattle. There was an interpreter of some sort and he strongly advanced to meet the ephemeral conquerors of hit and related to them the history of the house. The old man overheard this and blurted out that he was lying. This incensed the Boers who sentenced the interpreter to receive 55 cuts with a stinging leather for his lie and made a prisoner of one foolish farm wildlife while the interpreter was undergoing the sentence. When he![...](he was) - in - law got arrested the other...
he was not the only offender. There was another
man ahead with the half-Christian letters and
they came from Klany together. The Boers
returned to Frederick's tent with such thorough
and necessary that they disbelieved their prisoners.
They searched his person, his house, and every
thing had failed to find them; and Frederick
walked calmly in here with both dispatches.
this morning.

From Frederick's information the reason
why we are having such quiet days is be cause
the Boers have gone in different parties
to look for clock. We have been
grazing off next year they will be pursuing them
back to us in much the same manner as
they did 14 years ago.

We spent this day in church and the
pulpit was occupied by Mr. Stoffel, who
warned his hearers to be very careful in their
prayers and remember that their God was
the Enemy's God, and however near the
domestic scale in our favour as we have
never raised our little prices in retaliation
of the Transvaal Government or committed an
act that could justify their losing our cattle
and shooting our children in the manner they
are doing. The wheat has been good and so
chilling and Manning were conspicuous with
their silence. We wished that Sundays
would come a little oftener.
Monday 13th — (2) The sun was shining. We went to Kypoo. We had a good time. We got a very quiet day. Only two shells came in from "Sands" and Muners. Not quite a thousand.

Tuesday 14th — (3) Went a short walk during the afternoon. Lovely flowers and air. Weather fine. And altogether one fairly contented lad. Life is really worth living even during a Siege.

Wednesday 15th — (3) Pleasant soft rain all day long. Some fighting in town without any results on our side. The cause of our daily supply of “gunna” shells may be hit they are running short of ammunition. On that last Tuesday Dutchmen told them that the thing is doing no damage and are cutting the defence and fuse they have in firing one. I have never had a shelling burst near me but this afternoon while at the Residency one of them exploded somewhere to the front. A fragment came along found its way through the roof, across the ceiling, hit the opposite wall and dropped on the floor. This was in one of the rooms but thought that the whole house was coming down on one and I could barely figure to myself a number of volunteers picking up fragments of my body, freeing them together. Fortunately their having last on the floor. This how ever did not come to pass for turn I would not have been able to write any notes on the occurrence.
Thursday 6th. — Heavy rains fell during the night and they continued somewhat pleasantly all day today. This will soon be a great improvement to the stock in the place as they are not permitted to go more than a mile for food. Besides there are no signs of them that the ground in the neighbourhood of the Camp was quite naked. Replenishment grass, after a rain like this, take a very short time to grow and by this time next week we will have the country as green as a garden. This and the near approach of the troops will render Ranthoomohal's dream of starving us out, an impossibility. A 7-pounder shell, from the East burnt Brandy Railway Bridge; a piece of it came all the way from there and struck the pole of a picket fence in the Plant. Killed very much but is reflected too.

Friday 14th. — What a lovely morning after yesterday's rains. It is really rare to disturb a quiet morning like this with the rattling of keavers and the explosion of shells. An Indian appears to have been sharpening his bow for a very religious and quiet service by 7 o'clock. Wonders were also very cheerful today as the Indian knew what their bowels are shooting at! They will on the average only use one (per shot) for foul after finding 5000 rounds of muskets and...
but very nearly a man. The dark clouds came
by early this afternoon and by sunset we had 2
heavy rains. One of "Tannin" shell detonated
the sitting room at

And played havoc with the furniture. Mrs. Edelman
who was shot at the Women's League on Saturday
the 6th was progressing favorably: a fragment
of a shell that burst near the Recreation Room
fected her face and frightened her so
much that she broke one of her blood vessels
sick in consequence. She was a young
widow and leaves three little children to
fight life's battle without parents. Panna, however
being away a month, mice of all kinds filled
the room and kept a commotion as loud as gunners.

Saturday, 18th

(4) What a pleasant morning.

One often wish that it could be mutually
agreed on both sides that all should lay aside
their guns and Grant peace, and not
resume operations until Monday morning
January 25th, when the troops will be in
the country for certain. When the truce
the people in the street is used by people
arguing over
the meaning of the unusual meaning of
the movements of the people on the lower
down at Koi-kois war. By telephone
discovered that it was the enemy taking
from one neighborhood.

Oh how we missed them God speed and a
safe departure across the border.
Everybody was pleased at the Rangers appearing that morning. I was out for a walk for the first time since the Siege. Happened to remark that the sun set whilst I was still on horseback.

We have just got definite information that the Troops landed at Cape Town on the 13th, and that they are giving 6 days rest prior to proceeding North. There is a general movement of troops, with the objective where their movements were not being studied before. Telegraphic communication between this and the Cape of Good Hope, etc., were rarely entered that they would be here on the 30th, but they are now 200 miles away. We are all prepared to see them. I have the honour of forwarding this message to having received them to report here on January 1st, I pretty sure we will be here by then. 

The prices of provisions are very high, at 10% to 20% above current, with the staple article in proportion. The Orange Closed its doors on the 12th of July, and closed its doors on the 13th of August, and the Intelligence was that we will receive 12th of October. Together with, the troops will also be here by then. The Siege also went from 7 to 1/10 for about 100 pounds. No letters from our friends in the British Army.
has since the bridge been working only with full
and I think it is in work and that should be
be replenished to little of them; this was the fact
that it keep pace with the head forces by means of
Ennings town &c. constructions war Appendmen
(though not quite like my late construction plan)
were fairly dealt; the first reasons were. I should
bring the 23rd line.

Sunday 19th. I have forgotten to mention that some
time ago the church bells, which were used for so
other purposes than to announce the public that it was
hour by which the church hour was turned to
some other purpose, they may in case of an alarm
The church bell, which has always been a
sound to them, are now a reminder of the
realization of the power of the enemy. During the
first week of hostilities, the alarm was sounded by a
siren, followed from one end of the camp by
the bugle, until all were gone, while others echo the
strains to all corners of the camp.

One has to
defend his hearthside for service, which we
allant very seldom unless that it is necessary
Amer. War to do. 
Regardless of all that the
impossibility of a time when there are no
sorrow, thanksgiving, the use of the
Almighty are with our sincere and blessing
on more than on ordinary occasions. It might
like a Sabbath morning, when often a day of
of terror and desolation, as thoughts little of it
right to live in this world, more than the liberty
of breathing freely and enjoying the atmosphere,
which gives a different and all beloved respect to
the other days of the week. Pray and remember also
thank God for the leisure and work that.

Amen.
Three Sundays in every week.

David triumphed the back of a big snake with his boot in pool last night. Then he burnt made for his leg. He picked up a shot and killed it.

The Government have started a cheap grazier close to the banks of the Poonah and the Goulburn.

Monday 25th. - Wireless telegraphy brought news that Crouse had been recalled by order from Pretoria to reinforce the South. He left the late Burgesses under Baden-Bottes to look after us. He left gun was broken and another arrived from Pretoria to replace the broken one. It is the intention of the remaining troops to continue shelling until the inhabitants are reduced to eating horses (night-mare), which they are now to do. The Boers are able to stop round them for a year or two. An American who carried Reuters dispatches from Cape on Saturday last slipped safely through the Boer lines.

Our Family was very brisk this morning, hardly giving us any time to dress and wash our faces.

Miss Mathilde came home with a "dog" with great pleasure during the rainy times, and was yesterday delivered of a Big Horse to our relief; we can now command both another adult son to the care of the children with the profit that have the two and child born.

The heavy and menacing evidences of the past four weeks will not effect us.
life at the little one. We are continually being shown by news from the United States this is so interesting that we always forget our distress in comparison of our troubles. How we would cheer if we heard similar reports from Kimberley. I altogether more shots were fired than in any day since the 26th ultimo. 43 all told. 38 is from the big gun only.

Tuesday 21st (9) About 30 shots from the "Thunder" Artillery and 20 or 30 from the"Zimmer" Artillery and 20 or 30 from the same of Kimberley's work as usual. 30 shots a day.

Wednesday 22nd (924) All of the smaller artillery except one 7-pounder appear to have left us and is therefore easy to mention the total number of shots that were fired this day. The number 8 x 3 at the beginning of the first page in last day's note means 8 times the number of shots fired by "Zimmer" first of the 7-pounders after.

Thursday 23rd (10) Lag's Birthday. The weather was much cloudy but occasional sun. first dessert was from taking it in boats. The ice and the waves did not have a good effect. Able to slaughter one in honour of the occasion. We and all the boats were on a cigar we were able to finish one after the other. The day was the hottest since the 26th ultimo and Mr. Pearson refreshed us on the afternoon on his visit. Mr. Pearson had the most birthday cake I ever saw.
between both the mother and father part not on a similar plane to their one when he
at times under the pressure between me with broken means of communication.
Completely alien one from reality thin and
him into a compartmentalized one

I was interpreting for the court
Officers for a second time last night. I will
be at it again this morning at 9 and tonight
at 7. They are a sort of old men's jury
through a similar formality with a
mystification there of for some other conduct.

One is always wondering whether we'll
get a bill from "Our Company" will not smash
up the roof and crush our horses.

Such courts however treat a lot
of business in a very short time and the
evidence is taken by a short hand write
which causes one to extremely rapidly
as you have to fire away without stopping.

The authorities have since the rape
been in the hunt of "Stealing" Peterson,
partically because he was suspected
as being one of reasonable conduct. While
there was a good many of them they planed
the best scheme how to catch the Coon's book of
the goods guards, under the balance, and
then out; like all lawless schemes
this reached the ears of the authorities and
they were promptly brought to book. But the
guard man named Walker was
brought in trouble running himself by being
acquainted with this party. The man ran
William Walker, describing himself as a Scotchman, but preferring to express himself in Dutch was charged with treason and in the absence of an efficient and qualified Dutch interpreter he was acquitted.

I have since joined the Court of summary jurisdiction.

Friday 24th. heard anything worth mentioning beyond the usual rattling of muskets of born of Canning.

Saturday 25th. The summary jurisdiction Court are not as posted particularly, as our Divisional Court, about punctuality. Right before last I was warned to be at the Office about at 7 p.m. I mistook the writing and went to the Court hence until they sent for! me about half an hour later. Last night I was told to be at the Office at 6.15. I mistook the time this time and turned up at 7. I thought that these warriors would pistol me as this was my second offence but the view the matter with total unconsciousness this morning I turned up at 10 minutes late. This affords to be in disgrace with which I am inflected and feel very uncomfortable as it seem continual and I will see it does not occur again. The short hand-written was also 15 minutes. The officers finding me an irremovable unreliable wobbler they engage the services of a white man as the witnesses and prisoners were principally Bosers but the fellow being an
amateur interpreter was completely flabbergasted and I took this place to serious advantage. This situation appears like a disease with which I am infected and I will see if it does not occur again. I feel very uncomfortable in my conscience. This evening they gave me an opportunity of realizing what it is to wait for others and all turned up at 6.15 sharp, but the presiding officer failed to put in an appearance at 7.20. He was sent for and his excuse was that he had forgotten all about it. My patient was so exhausted that I would have knocked him down if I had the means. I was very steamed in court for Laman's bad night also always come between 8 & 9 p.m. the court was over at 8.25 p.m. when I left it flashed through my brain that Laman's close up is always directed to the town. However, had my doubts and wondered if this evening they may not prefer to knock shorts out of the B.S.A. camp when the whole blame I am to traverse would just lie in the course of the shell I ran in order to cut quick across this dangerous ground. I had no sooner reached the outskirts of the State when a big red flame was visible to the east and imagine my joy at the forethought for second came the internal row then the loud humm which really turns aside the towns and went to hunker bits of bricks out of the B.S.A. building! Thank God I ran and it didn't fly everywhere
Sunday 26th. A lovely morning no thunder only prayers and thanksgivings.

I sneaked the following from the C.C.'s diary today. "Beef came out of their trenches and sat in long rows on the embankment and gaze upon marching with covetous eyes and they no doubt marvel at our holding out so long after five weeks of continuous shelling they cannot understand what became of us so they never see anyone and rat-tat-tat of the machine gun and peep of the hermit fort are the only sounds emanating from this mysterious town.

About forty people went to church today. "Disturb the world in the Dutch Reformed Church" told the men that they held service there for the first time today. About 40 people went to the English Church where there was much danger if people only went and now that there is practically no danger to go. Surely the people of War are merely "the servants of the Lord.""

Sunday 27th. Nothing worth mentioning.

Tuesday 29th. Last night a part of our line was moving up the line. A dusk "tannen" was heard and later the sound of rifle fire was heard. No serious damage was done to our men. The crowd was heard shouting 'Of course we believe what we see' for a boy saw an airman over on the next line and surely not be a single fellow alive as the number. But is this between 10 and 11 hundred.
Wednesday 24th. A fine morning. The last summer sun in the east, with dark moving clouds in the west indicate rain. It is quiet easy to walk to walk downtown today. The Dutchmen being conscious with their silence one talks with the privilege of a fellow man. Jones Street Netherland. We are having that music so delightful to the ear, when our guns are firing.

Captain T. H. Schuyler was this day determined to give the Goons his show. We went out to a little fort that has just been made before the Decoration, which placed the best field within musket range. At first he would fire a volley of shots every time they dispersed when the gun is about to discharge the shot - the always run away when they have finished to load and run in about to shoot. It afterwards disallowed them ever to come near her at all, firing at them every time they approached, until the man practically made it better to them to approach their own gun. This thing is not very beneficial to us as it is done and to hell with any of them, still they are good as they show the Boers that they are not going to have things all their own way and that accounts for the nominal figures which represent our supply of today.

We had heavy rain at last until
O'tis still raining and I expect it to continue all night and probably all day tomorrow.
Yesterday there came news of the "Upholding War" that the Boers crossed the Orange River Bridge, neared Pretoria, on the 15th inst., and occupied Colenso, that others crossed the Bethulie Bridge and destroyed the lines across the Orange - this is the line for Burgersdorp - where only little family is and I came most simply command them to the care of the Aborigines, as I am and the Judge President and most likely not down below they will probably be in this case. All this is very truly I have heard up to the 15th of October. Mr. Burgersdorp in particular was quiet while it matters emigration. This morning there came a dispatch (official) and there is a different complexion in the situation entirely. Had the Boers attempted to cross the Orange River and found it impassable. One could almost fancy that yesterday's news were from across the border for it not only came the storm on our side, but also added that the Transvaal the Pretoria the Transvaal done such splendid work with a little while ago, and the Natal side of the Komnuurss Border are now pulling back to East Coast and that the Colenso Camp is surrounded up in consequence (Bad Henry). The whole of the Country between the border and the Ugly or proclaimed Free State Territory. It now remains for us to judge whether we have to the leave the "Upholding War" or service, which a the Official Dispatch or in difference between the two so great must have an effect between the Transvaal and the Cape. I would however, prefer to believe the Official Service.
it not accompanied by the following bloodstained, execrable lie: "The leg was at his feet, whispering to him, cannot be worked on at all of any sort. I fancy sending trout & people who are under constant threat from the fire that cannot be worked. The truthful - or worthless - news of both places exactly between the Devil and the deep blue sea if it does not remove relief as remote as ever."

Thursday 30th Early this morning Capt. J. O'rear was taken sick again and declined to feed the bears an opportunity of coming near their own feet. This must have annoyed them very much as they tried to approach in large numbers andknock the check out of our feet without success. They were quickly silenced and we enjoyed that cool and exhilarating music from our muskettes. Then in an entertainment of the most delightful music that was momentous when slow rolling after roll, the night before the new moon and then the 7th pounder would harmonize the proceedings with an occasional boom in sweet harmony and the proceedings go on safe as ever at an Affair.

( )

Friday 1st A very lovely morning after the
breakfast round in the
all of the tent. All the
bait, no bait at all, but I see that in the town guess, mistakes
so the one pounder known to come; at the
same time the other 2 pounders between the one
that used to always be here, yen take a

endowment by the school head, and the voice of the
Saturday 2nd 

he received a lot of news today, by people from across the border and also from a despised side. The latter is freely 289.2. He is a member of the Gifford family & they were out in the U.S. One time arrived there he 

found the Cafe Police in the German Camp. He 

inquired: 'The missionary (Mr. J.T. Moore) 

who had the 'k-kein' residence & his 

dwelling house, would not even look at him, 

but he drove him away directly. He learned 

that the man was from Berlin and also 

volunteered to help him which was a 

right way into the German Camp. He 

however delivered his dispatch and on 

his way back he called at Gannado, where 

he was caught and searched by Berlin & 

finding these letters on him took him to 

Dorpfeld. They reached there on the right 

night, and were in bed on one of the dock while 

they were busy reading his newspapers. He 

returned to Gannado that very same night 

and on the following day, met with his 

friends in an interview with the Chief 

Lehmann. The chief on being asked with 

which side his sympathies were said to 

sympathize with he told it was quite 

neutral from the first, but he was 

only going to ride with the winning 

side at the end of the trouble. Very 

fellow. The smaller artillery round the town fired at 

night. I wonder whether the Gifford Rebels 

were
That we are afraid of a 7-pounder for the lot of them put together are not men. Even 14 of the 7-lb. Therefore, after 60 or 70 7-lb. under 94-pound shells, it is fully to think any number of 577-pounders would shatter anything out of us.

From across the border we learn that it was quite true the 2 of the enemy's guns on the 29th and that the following is the result of the occasional fighting between, Braden-Powell's 205 and Crongie's estimate that number Braden-Powell 227 19

Great Grantham, this does not include the fight on October 14th and the beginning on Oct 21st.

That fight, with three games, were against the Syrians. Both teams called the Syrains and the exclusivity of Crongie who only fought on October the 23rd, the occasion of the all-round attack on October 23rd, the fight attack on the real

Wantes. Oct 21st, and on the morning of 23rd the 1st day.

P.S. I have allowed Crongie too much; he did not score 19. I was, however, killed by the Nuncis' Eagle and by Crongie of the 2nd attack. Our left gun is responsible for the battle.

Sunday 22nd. This is the Lords Day. All our heavy instruments have been laid aside and we are now thinking of the goodness of the 3rd Father and His Incalculable Wisdom. I am not sure if I should worship. I wonder how we shall
If that was not the case, then the end of the front and not find ourselves asleep on Friday morning. We congratulate ourselves as we will have only three days more before the blessed Sabbath, on which we will get out of this horrible Thunder for a Día. Here is only one thing we are particular about and that is not to stray too far within the "happier ground" forming the perimeter of the belt between us and the enemy's lines, as this is disputed territory.

It is very pleasant to see flocks from the landing place. The river has been their great advantage for all the week, and then crossing became

banks, fatten &c. from the rinks, all the way from Monday to Friday, our beleaguered home the appearance of Judgment day. While to day, it looks like a Clay structure.

Here were all sorts of folk today, Southeners, Taffy, Basque and others.

I found that

They bring news of Kimberley having been successfully relieved on the 23rd Ulster by a force of 20,000 troops, and that Lord Leitrim was coming up with 50,000 more men.

Kimberley which we thought had been relieved about a month ago had only just been relieved on Christmas Day. She was surely long overdue a great birthday of her happiness.

She has only 3 stores from France as

the foremost and none in the rear. While this getting down these notes I looked at my watch to find that it was 9.30. "Goodnight" had already
always came between 8 & 9. Some saying 'Fuehrer' that
the old term is not going to "though this
to be heard! Frazer's "man" was a
terrible report. The sharp bend then another a
broad stream. Opinions and other reports when this
reedy fragments rendered to complete their missions.
This is an abominable life.

Here is one view about rubber having
perforated a lot of Boers. Captured cattle,
threw, waggons, ammunition & a lot of women.

The latter were requested to their
own shoots, as surely as might else in Britain.
Women are not of any value in war. But
Boers near the subject differently.

The majority of women were coming from their
war, not a "women" and Bert of the Boers. Only
a few women, came from the place where they were sent, bundle on
their heads. The Boers what a bundle of their
head. The Fuehrer of a rubber sketch is
Dietrich, Minister of the
bundle. "Bahn his baden fels".

An Office of the F.A. sent his wife to Bahn for
safety. She afterwards went to Soutpans,
that Boers were existing almost daily, and at 8am. She subsequently found
Soutpans intolerable and decided to go
with the Boers, and ask them for a friend
in Ceylon. The Boers detained her
at the device and sent her to Mr. Powell
that they could only receive her leadership
provided one Peters in place (a previous murderer
months' hard labour for theft) to attend to
the patient. I wonder what will be the end
of the capture?
Tuesday 4th

Had a busy time today. A white man was charged with committing murder on a Native girl. The Police rescued her off him and made a prisoner of him. I interpreted in this case and just when the evidence was about to reach its fullest Superior Authorities (Military) demanded my services and I departed only to return towards its conclusion when interpreting in it was quite ceremonial. The Military Courts cares grated for any such cases, I believe we will keep the evidence till the roads are open and commit him for trial before the Judge next Apr.

I did not return to town this afternoon, the heaviest rain of the season having graced: MD with a visit. Suddenly, if things favor at this rate the few, with whose plumage the effects of this war did cut ineffective, will have too much grain for home consumptions. The shower was heavy, but quiet—so quiet that I fell asleep and only woke to find the village flooded. As I wakened up, and do not know what took place, I will leave the MM to describe the affair.

Dear Pumpkin, thinking of all the drowned cats and turkeys that come tumbling down the flood is what I am Swift said me his description of a city shower. He assures me his mentioning dead pumpkins and drowned cats that he meant it was raining "cats and dogs." We do not know the origin of the "cats and dogs" shower but if it means "Kate Yerks" as some have written, suffice it to say...
We think it rained "cats and dogs" yesterday. A
sprinkling of over 1 inches in about an hour is
decidedly contrary to experience. Fortunately
we are so positioned that there is ample natural
drainage to take away even the excessive quantity
of water which fell yesterday, and the trenches
were soon filled and from them the water could
not run. More damage was probably done
by the storm than the Boers could ever accomplish
in their "storming." barracks were destroyed, kis
washed away, and in one case a man was
nearly drowned, or strangled, in the mud.
He shipped in unfortunately feet downward, and
had not two of his companions been near
him and promptly heaved him back again
he would have been done for. At the hospital
flooded the underground shelter was flooded
with six feet of water, the dinner-lid spoiled
and various little "extras" the men had subs
scribed to buy, were lost. The women's cloth
arrangements were ruined. The Cape Police bat an
town giving me a 7 feet deep, coffee-coloured hole, for heating generation,
while everyone had an experience of
wetness and discomfort which it is the
hope I will remain unique, but which
was borne by the whole Garrison in the
same cheerful manner which has been shown
during all the time of the Siege. We hope
our present the enemy surprised him, and
to help clear him up, we should like to tell
how that through his lack of men and fur-

he missed a chance yesterday to annoy a
wrest which is never likely to present itself again.
Some people had been over to the
area twice to "hunting" cattle. They managed
to get four - accidentally for they just
one to the Chief, along with a pot of
meat and retired to their balance. I did not avail
myself of the opportunity of feeding and what
with food and water like as the hanno had slaughtered
a fat whether sheep. Hamburger and the heart
of it is not very desirable, where the veritable
mutton is disgusting about.
Wednesday, 5th - Went to town for a while in
the morning. They visited the hoober whose
children have been very ill. At 3pm. I
got to see "Vere Chief" on business. We
left the hotel and went for a stroll in
the open air where we were met by a loud
Bang just at Old German blacksmith
shop. Exactly opposite where we were, he
looked out and saw things mighty "burning" with
blacksmith shop, frozen up folks screaming
in the dark smoke like quacksmen after
"Goaathame". While Old Germans could
be seen watching about in front of the shop
his face as black as that of a corner mun.
offices. The shop was
It turned out to
be an explosion of an originally unexploded
shell which had been sold picked up and
sold to some one and the purchaser, like
all others, took it to pour the German to swept
the face and powder. The German told him
during many of them but no there exceptions in
all one, this particularly the stock in ordination.
but burst with the impact of a shell directed from "Sonne". Knocked off her head, her hands broken, tights off, her face stained with powder, tore her trousers and vents to pieces beside "other wounded and injured," as to her Green his assistant, it went for his leg (his favourite foot) a sheath was pulled over it, command it not to be amputated, but an unfortunate person, a refugee from Johannesburg, named Smith happened to be passing in front of the scene of the accident, most of the house of the explosives had blown, he being battered in such a manner as from fully battered that he was only able to remain at the blast. When I reached there he lay quite quiet and the dead fell around us.

The shop was full of customers and the staff employed, it entered through the roof, travelled between the roof and ceiling, chattering the beams until it destroyed the ceiling and entered through the whole shop. Some small fragments made a rush for the Railway Station, during which a Heroic Shop Clerk — a refugee from Johannesburg — was killed. The crowd in the shop recoiled, without injury, Amanda came round in the afternoon. It entered the private house of our Young Town Clerk, pierced the outer wall and went on to a room in which the town clerk was. It destroyed the room and wrecked everything inside the room. Except the Town Clerk in a marvellous escape; one fragment ent
to the kitchen, where the cook, a very stout bastard lady, was and shook her so vehemently that she nearly lost the perfect circulation of her blood disorganised.

Thursday 14th - A lovely morning. After I got up I rode in the direction of the mess to inquire where last nights shot fell as it burst in the street. I found that it had fallen on the ground near a wagon wheel to which a cow was tied, hence the broken shell made for the wagon. Cow, despatched it to Awendim, and splintered the strong wagon and severely wounded a chaffcut that was lying on the other side of the wagon. Bits of earth were scattered in every direction. When from these shelling proceeded very briskly from "Samma" and the smaller Artillery which are of minor importance, only Samma is our "muzzle". While I was on the road and just after I reached the railway line the alarm bells chimed. The pony knew them already and he became so infuriated and bucket like a dun cow while I tried to make him stand on the lee of Whitley,Walker Co's stone. He was still barking when a shell flew over head with a sharp sound him and burst in the direction of the Railway. Things were too serious to permit of a fellow hanging about the streets of Wapping; and I turned round the cottage as fast as my legs could carry me. The next shell burst just when I reached the outskirts of the village.

During my short stay there I learnt that the first shell of this morning burst near one of the Railway Cottages which killed a young fellow by blowing off his belly and scattering...
his intestines on to the opposite roof.

The woman Phil-June has been allowed to go so Lady Sarah Wilson reached her this morning. She says the Bantu at the ranger say that their forces are 9000's of the English everywhere - at least as they are told - but they are prepared as to how Lord Lieutenant managed to reach Kimberley if that was the case.

I wonder why the Boers are so "kwaai" today. During the last few days we seldom had a German shell during the forenoon and then a day's complement was only between 2 & 4, but this morning we had a 7 between 7 a.m. & 8 a.m. from "Canna" seven a heavy thunder from the smaller hills, and a shower ofCansters which played the accompaniment. The middle of the day was somewhat quiet but operations were resumed at 3-40 p.m. with great vigour. I was obliged to stop going to town this afternoon despite pressing private affairs. The afternoon quiet continued till sunset but "Canna" just to show that she is older and mightier than the rest kept up her guns as long as the moon was shining - till 8.30 p.m.

It will be a serious business if the Boers are going to give us no more sleep whilst the moon is shining. We always had only one shell "the bad night shot" prior to us between 8 & 9 p.m.
This whole one we found most inconvenient as it made everyone to imagine, at sunset, that he was going to have his legs shattered or a flannel bullet wound escape, if he was not annihilated to death; but if we are going to have them as regular as we have, then this, they are might as well expect to soon be throwing up the sponge soon. Our patience is altogether exhausted.

When the trouble commenced no one expected that we would still be held sequestered at the end of November. Others gave the troops only up to Oct 24 to arrive here. I however gave them up to Oct 30 to reach Kimberley and to arrive here on the 25th. According which was about the most liberal of the lot but here we are today, December 7th losing people daily and not 12 get the letter. The troops are. Surely if everybody knew that this was going to be the case, we would never have had the perseverance to start it. The result of yesterday afternoon's Sanna Patty two whites and a native, killed, and 2 white wounded. If we are going to die at this rate I am sure there will only be wounded people dropping about with amputated legs to till the history of the siege.

One of the killed was Mr. Steele's bar (Cumberland Hotel.) They are dead against our front, ex-Mayor; when they shelled but with 12 + 9 howitzers. on the 22 Oct., Mr. Steele was the only person left at his residence. I have asked for his family but have not answered that when "Sanna" before she was christened gave her debut in theater. On October 28th Mr. Steele.
was his first religion. It seems for him in a
quaint manner, as some flames lead to the
put out, which has never been the case on any
other explosion up till this day. They have since
been going for his out houses. Back Cathedral
Governor's Rooms and W. C. have the time
merciless manner. I have never before
realized to beauty. I am walking
on the brink of the grave. It is really shocking
while still meditating how one of your fellow
creatures met his fate at the shell of the
Dutch Cannon to hear that many more
had their legs, he, and kings.
shattered somewhere; and it is
an abominable death to be packed
up by a H. F. Brinmer. People say
the reason is that shells being less for a
given shot, the inhabitants are less
particular about taking the necessary
precautions; I however attribute
the ludicrous failure of the Sanna,
during the months of October and November to
the fact that people were considerably
alarmed and fished to their Creator - of
whose presence they were then perfectly certain
nearly every recent; their philosopher's stone
as far stretched by the great pressure of
their position that on their contemplation there
was no room for the one word God and the
seated from the company of this angel that
they cared to meditate on. Such cases are
have so far forotten themselves as to imagine
that their failure was attributable not to...
Providing local protection, but to Cronje's misfortune and our good luck at this cowardice and our valour — what an odd notion.

Friday, 9th

We rose in high spirits preparing for a heavy day's shelling. We wonder whether yesterday's rapid success is because they received a fresh supply of ammunition or that they had just begun to throw them. They had just begun to throw them, not only but harder. But during the day only an occasional shreech and abrupt leaping from their guns. Artillery kept us informed of the front that we are deceivably with a contract to unfortunate yesterday.

As a rule the Native Question has always been a question of its day. The present siege has been an exception to this rule for reasons that always precede a preoccupation in its own statistics. The following list of public property and I have decided in reproducing it on offenses.

Ann. army seems to have been closed now. Here when she discovered today did considerable damage. It came at 1:25 just as I was returning from bed. It cut across my tent and sent two B.O. E. flying in a most wounding explosion. It entered the
The stable where and former several Artillery
Regiments attending their horses; killed 2 and
wounded 20. The dead man was singing at the time
it went for him.

It is marvellous that while we had
"Senna" shells at the rate of 60 per demi. besides
hundreds from the thinner Artillery, but lost
no one; but now every one of her shots kills
someone and injures several. I am
more keen about my suppression of yesterday:
people have started football; Crickets; Polo, etc.,
in defiance of shells. The Sunday is a day of
Anthropology, meetings and recreations,
which serve as strong counter attractions to
divine Services. Here surely must be one
of the causes of the decadence of the daily
worship now. I had entered my fancy
for a race on meet Trendle Irace — erly
buddy, who knows how, was banquered
that he would take the price but those decide
to withdraw him today, lest I be guilty of
flagrant sacrilegious and thereby further
injure my already dangerous condition.
I only one shot being fired during a
very quiet day, and carrying off some
three roost persons by a single stroke.

Saturday 7th. No little, if anything, has been said
in praise of the part played by the gallant
Britons - the Barlong herdrnag. Cattle
are now grazing on what may be termed "British
territory", just where the Dutch and English
volleys cross each other; and it is touching to
see how pacificities write their blocks and
on the bright sunshine.
along the wide plain -- before the start -- especially when after filling his belly with a lunch of black coffee and bread the Dutch Artillery would turn his attention to them and rake his siege guns, whining by sending a shell right in the midst of a group of them. God would quickly it foil them. Flinging over their little heads and would rend a mortal fire near them: it is an amusing sight to see them each running after a fragment and calmly picking it up. They would quietly mind their stock or drive them home under a severe shell fire with the tendency of the Africans in all matters were cattle are concerned. The Chippie killed by the shell that struck the hospital last month was turning goats on the rushes at the back of the hospital. The Boers made a small retrenchment within easy range of a mortar south of the Stadt. They had intended to aim the Stadt from them, but the Stadt folks made it hot from them last week a few hours when straight up to it and brought home some tin beef biltong and 2 geese. Two other herds went out last night. They went out as far as Jack Halt Reef where they laid down on the grass in the Boer camp where the enemy were busy outspaning. It was raining at the time, and the oxen were tied up to the yokes they waited until the owners sheltered themselves from the rain.
then advance and successful loosened four of the oxen without detection.
One of the smart thieves led them away by their reins while his confederate drove their loot behind.

There is a regiment composed of mixture of Zulu, Chankan, Zembi, and other Transkeian breeds. These are comp for
just where the railway passes Bokone, some of these fellows by sentry duty saw
their Randlong brethren advancing with their high prize but negligibly posession.
The party is mad and an eruption such as nearly startled the revolutions in the whole place their incited. Their row was such as could have attracted considerable attention if Autana
was not the lawful claimant of our attention. The case was itching up and the Colonel judged against the
Transkeians as the Randlong could.

I could substantiate. Substantiate their claim by the reins they carried in their hands. The Zulus swore that they
brought the cattle from the Boer-farmer. The Colonel gave the Randlong the third ox and as they were abnormally fat animals he bought the others of them.

This cattle theft has put the Boers of the alert. On Thursday I sent out a man to
Kimberley for Velt-Stent, he and companion tried to cross along the railway line
but they found the country so excell-
entsly guarded by the Boers that to get through was an impossibility. They too the north-west with the same verdict and they are now planning a scheme for a fresh try to carry the Bred ways had a breach in my estimate miniature with the enemy this morning.

About 190 Boers were observed 10
miles to the South of the Bredt. Waiting for
our cattle. Then the cattle were clear away from Bredt range the Boers stormed the hedges. Who found it impossible to drive the cattle.

Here Cornelius stood firm to be about and he alone manages to keep the Boers until his bandolier was empty. Just then about 40 men came up and drove the Boers off. One of the men of a slight wound and the Boers wounded 3 cows and a donkey. We only hope we have given them some thing my return.

Friday 105 -- the usual Holy holiday
No manumission. We have not received any despatch since last week when we heard of the relief of Kimberley. The story that our men found the Boers lying are responsible must be proved once this accounts for our not receiving any despatch. Some three of our men have been to the Transvaal to look cattle. They went out on Friday and slept at a farm house occupied by only a family. They killed a dog and fowls and suffered in their

They stayed in a hole all Saturday evening.

[Handwritten notes and corrections]
advanced towards a farm homestead which they have been watching for during the day.
One of them went to guard the door of the homestead, with his Martini well loaded and ready to "smoke" directly a Dutchman coming puts out his head bolt, while the others went to match the kraal of 14 heads of cattle that were in it. They looked every one of them.

They brought us some interesting news. While at the poultry house they heard some voices in the dark, which they recognized as those of some of our Kalahari's now Beaufort West. These Kalahari's were from delivering some Dutch letters at the Eastern Leage, and expresses regret at not having met our men prior to delivering them as they would have handed them over for our information and let the Boers "sweat".

These Kalahari's reported having heard at the Lager that there was a heavy fight between Kimberley and Jame river, or other—probably the Vaal—between the end of last month (end of November) in which both sides lost heavily. The Dutch called "mynheemers" and the English lost "vrijheemers" and the Dutch lost theirs.

Our friend Mr. Oomje was also there and his commando was scattered in every direction.

The usual grief and movement took place in the afternoon.

There being no stamps, I took the horse and went out from a point near "Grapevile" Brandt and saw the trees so close that I nearly fell.
niches to go over and leave a chat with them, as they were seated on the ridge of their trend, looking at some figures lying near, one being with hanging legs. This however is a serious crime and cannot bring trouble upon myself in that manner. They undoubtedly work of what stuff we are made of to look so little the worst for this long siege. I wonder whether they have forgotten that while Cape Town and many important Colonies have been left to seat of Dutch Government and still wear Dutch names, Mafeking has never been current well being a Root Despise, despite their strenuous endeavours to make it such. It still bears the name given to it by Van's great of Breed Some, who came throned from Lake Waffani about 1750. They were a peaceful lot of men but plundered every body who dared interfere with their migration and through a peaceful lot of men they cannot for themselves the title "Baga Prunyana le Anglo".

To return to our subject these West Transvaalians ought to remember that Mafeking has always held her own against her cunning Dutch and the only Boer who ever owned Mafeking was the one who came by the honour of the Queen. It is a pleasant don fair and cloudy with an occasional shower every now and then.

Monday 11th. I went to Town early this morning to fetch Mr. Hamilton (no 7) to take pictures in our village for Black and White which takes he represents beside the London Times. A bell burned while two at the Regimentary.
where I always feel comfortable even if the alarms bells go. It flew overhead and travelled for miles in a North-Westly direction. I went to Reclat for Hamilton and the bells rang while he was still preparing. He discomfort I endured can easily be imagined for Reclat is a place where I always have to pass quick even if there is nothing in the wind. It however went towards the Railway Estate and Exploded there. We then left. We Belleriff is not the road to travel being exposed to the Eastern breezes and shells, particularly when one is on horseback so we went to cross by the Reclat-van's foot-drift (Reclat's new dam). While we were in the plain between the town and village, we observed some heaving motion going to the South of the Plate. At the foot-drift we were met by several women, who said they were nearly all hit by Mauser bullets while resting "Reclatvan" for just having to come home minus the wood during a hail of bullets which fortunately missed them. When we reached Dr. Lefevre's house & showed the trenchman where lived my old uncle who kept 90 bars off on Saturday. I had scarcely finished when the Old dance came to meet us sent in a format me that he had just come home wounded. With the prejudice put forth of the Europeans Mr. Hamilton had every requisite with him and after we had dismounted he went in and worked and dressed the wound, which was
however not very bad, having entered to the left
armful and entered through the leading part of the left
breast, bowling us loose. Little Weg, Chief of
the younger Corps, made one of his left but felt
plight, tightly off and two other fellows were
wounded each on the leg — more dangerous.
This gave one the idea that the Dutch muskets like
their Artillery leave their carcases taken of for
this is really the Paralyzing first casualties. The
war broke out. I am afraid that they have
given the Havers nothing in return for directly to
get a sufficient view of the Havers the latter are
becoming hurriedly.

We received news that 2 Sepoyli Vahns\nwere trying to come in here on Monday,
night but were fired at by Bares. During
their run for dear life the Sepoyli Ush was
and they have now gone back to Camps.

The man named Bephy, who shelter the Bares
of Camp on a few days back was known
hiding with his wife and day before next
fired at us in the stomach; his wife was
shot in the thigh and they were both taken to the
Leads; the former is not expected to live.

The Hares have been seen picking 130 men owners
for the purpose of reinforcing the North. They
say the English are so numerous that it
is feared they will build the line.

The Hares much have thought that
we were now winding off and were running
as they while flags leaving for all of the times
remain about us. It was all taken down
reading out copies of the accompanying order.
to the Burgars as he says it is exclusively for them and not for their Officers, and Colonels rebels. It is a stirring manifesto, at least to me, but I wonder what its effect will be on their ears.

We had a quiet day. Some rains started in the forenoon.

Tuesday 12th. "Barilla" never moved in her steam. The small shells and other shells were very mild.

We had a Civil Court today. A lot of the Barile were there for the trial of Julienne Waller, the "Broadside", for want of work. Mr. Tecumseh Butler, C.L. B. B. C. (now dead man) appeared before the court for J. P. D'Arcy, attorney. The plaintiff, C. F. D. D. de Bosset, attorney. He had a small court. It was a novel court: only the parties concerned looked as usual (but the court). The plaintiff, attorney. He had military attire. The court for the defence must have been since the judge had a third-hand suit, without a collar, looked more like a farmer than an attorney. They themselves without jacket or coat, looked more like a member of a football team or a college student than a court official. All of thenature, but me, carried their cases.

Wednesday 13th, we held a tug meeting in the
all hands attending.

The Col. is undoubtedly dismissing Col. Paden's military
commander, and in fact it was a great change in the situation
as they are now on the defensive.

One good purpose it served in that they sent out
newspaper to the Col. It probably contradicts his
statement that their men are kept in the dark.

Apart from what the Col. writes, the Col. to see
in this paper (The Valletta News) contains an
account of a big fight at Morden River,
in which Comrie, supported by some Free States
commanders made a gallant stand against
Lord Lovell.

The English, it seems, in the
best of it as they had to advance in the open
towards the well fortified opponent. They avoided
the S. flank and crossed the River and
the Free States retired. Comrie held his position
well but was compelled to retire by the retreat
of the Free States, who left their dead
in the field to Jecobabad. On the way to Jecobabad.

This is an excellent entertainment considering
the long time we remained without news.

Thursday, 11th.

"Panna" was quiet all the
morning and started-commenced duty in
the afternoon. She seems to have turned her
attention entirely to the location. The first shot
made straight for poor Sehale's house. It was
full of people - women and children - including
Husainbhai's wife & children. It falls to
shock the whole house upon them: some of
the walls or of the house cut off her legs,
severed her head. The left leg was broken because...
The news came to see the ruin of his business,

was met with the ruin of his wife. He came so quickly that he returned to the flat

hardly knowing what he was doing until

they told him that his wife was now alone.

He visited us in genuine humbleness for

he had spent most of the day dead already,

and had a look at her before she was removed
to the hospital. The time was 2:45 and she
died at 6 in the evening, leaving the home

band with a little girl to mourn her loss.

We are very hard up for news, since

despatches came on week and didn't return
to say they found the place in ruins impossible.

We hear always received 2 despatches

every week now we have not received any

for ten days and we really feel the strain.

Friday 15th

Mr. P. Rodgers was

buried at 3 o'clock this morning. She

had been in the street yesterday morning

and her husband came to call her back
to the scene of the disaster. They went to the

residence together. When her husband found

that she had remained at her

ill-fated home and waited unconcerned

for the hour of her sudden tragedy. The

little girl is not cognizant of her bereavement

and seems almost well at her grandmother's place.
There was a fight at the Hotel Kreitzin whose general conduct, how, were completed, disastrous and large number of them killed, and General Wiltz itself taken prisoner.

We have previously received nearly all our news by telegraph to the Kaiser's camp where we were conveyed to many people into it, itself with help to continue, locating on some of the casualties, but they may be recent on that none of their cases as a matter of fact, the places, present

converted a great effect to account them more later. Now even if General himself is not caught, we will say that it is some very important things, whose arrest during considerable press in Krones.

Then the battle which regards the native as a mere German war to say. Although the following statement, from native sources, may be only rumors retailed as many of the reports brought to being through similar channels have been corroborated by official channels received some weeks later that we feel disposed to give more credence to a taxpayer since they flunk them as form of the same. Amongst official intelligence is to be relied upon, there were at the end of last month 10,000 black mi. Lady fusty and General Beiler were manning with 25,000 more if that is not strange than seeing what then happened. Many privates from Captain the old General. I cannot make out why are not being any departure for here we leave people, other than the sacrifices, losing our own. There must be something radically wrong in
Monday 18th

This has been an exceptionally quiet day. Our cannon never moved at all. Only the Union Artillery and a few skirmishers shook the dust off their feet a little. This is the first long holiday. "Zampa" gave us notice this morning that her debut on the 27th October — about 8 mos ago.

We received some news on Sunday, but still we would not object to more, particularly since what we received was not in black and white. She had a very interesting item to cheer us up, but as we could test the authenticity of this with our field-glasses we instantly flung it back to his face with thanks.

Two fellow were seen on disputed Territory this morning. They were arrested and pleaded that they had left last night for "hutto inconnu" which got their farms too tough. They said, they said, seven loads of wagons leaving Zampa's fort, for Glenside during the night. One of the wagons contained Zampa's "beg" (and drawn by 16 mules) minus one leg, which were drawn by 10 mules. We are not experts, hence as they would not have paid back has only 3 wheels, still a good many white, and the majority of our people still believed our field-glass in favour of this line for Zampa's cannon did not discharge a single shot all day. Only
Yesterday 10th. Early this morning we were awoken by the sound of big guns to the West, North, East and South East. They were the English; indicating the Boers, who have heretofore been having things all their own way. The tapping of the heaviest entrenchments with that awful music I have already described, and we are given to understand.

The English are among the foremost nations of their day. Here we have only a few soldiers representing the wisdom of their nation in a manner that demonstrates its power. They not only wish victory, but know how to utilize time at random under thunder and lightning through all circumstances. The large number representing our daily supply of water, for ship, have only been filed, and some are in an anxious to reach up the little English boys, who dare to fire their guns in the Beers' eye. They are only within a stone's throw of the big gun but it failed to hit them as not a single Boerman can see them. They can only see the people behind the rocks. The Boers who fought European style, under direction, many years ago, firmly believe that if all their men the Boers brought power to the half the eye of Beers. They have started a writing if resistance to bring the white flag after it burst two shells in their village; but today through the words of the Englishman Beers is regarded more as a member of the Community, also titlised to earn a lioebast.

I have not mentioned that there a dog that does not come off neither it can not explore w
1-pounder Rattle Shell @ 10 - 6
The new 5-pounder:
  a 7-pounder 15-0
  a 9-pounder 6 - 6 - 0

The prices are on the ascent as shell are becoming rare (Sanna former sold at £3 - 10). Even if Sanna did explode people do not come for her fragments. We have only fetched 100' and the numerous fragments may bring 100-200 for one explosion up to two guineas guineas. These shells are therefore a boon in our arms.

Wednesday 20th

Saturday was the hottest day we have had since the siege last winter. The heat was intense. The column had to clear to the limit. With the children, as the house was becoming an oven. I tried to stay and fight it out but was compelled to leave the house at about 11 a.m. I slept on the lee of the house, which I found convenient as no wind of an afternoon I slept soundly until woken by a chill breeze at 1 a.m., a marvel of a change for 12 hours surely. I felt quite peculiar, the moment I wakened up the wind was again. I knew that it had done me a lot of harm for I had a very slight head ache. The heat caused me to feel very uncomfortable and I never felt any pain since the beginning of the siege. In the morning, I was not able to get up but it was not hot all day.

Early this morning, one came still
as that hick's pretty little daughter used to break her heart and so did Ootabiki, an important personage among the Okinawas. Mr. Sumner very much. Our big guns started the firing this morning but the latter made no response. They went for them again this afternoon and a few shots were exchanged. One ship passed through the town today. Big Ben has so much to do. Directly under his nose, that little, no times be firing at the homes of women, children and sick people.

Hindustan. I have not been able to learn anything. I hear a thief has been sentenced to death today. The Court of Summary Jurisdiction will of course have to receive the case before the sentence is executed.

At 12 o'clock, Sumner's small ship arrived. The crowd burst in town with extraordinary force. I hear it has once more gone for the premises of the last hotel. I wonder what Mr. Besse and all these Poons are feeling. They feel the strain very much. It is 17 days since we last heard news. Mr. Besse wrote some letters to me the other day. I wonder what was in them.

Friday, 22nd. A quiet morning. I got ready to sail. It is reinforced on the 21st.

Hear 2 Mangarevans had been sent to look after. They managed to get off in their canoe and, when they were some hours after the morning of these about some to land. The two Besse's on their bark went off as usual. The 2 Mangarevans were not certain as usual.