

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JUNE 26, 1897.

SOUTH AFRICAN OUTCAST.

THEIR LIFE IN THE LAND OF LOST REPUTATIONS.

Englishmen who have disgraced their families at home now exiled to South Africa instead of Australia—Their readiness for more Jameson Raids.

When the young Englishman goes wrong, he either runs away to South Africa, or his family meet in council and banish him there. Formerly Australia was the popular resort of such exiles, but of late years it has been considered that the prodigal has a better chance to retrieve his reputation in the land of the Kaffir than in that of the Maori. For it must be clearly comprehended, when one is a prodigal, a British prodigal, that one must not come back with a few old husks and penitential tears, but with something more obviously indicative of a changed disposition and a clean heart—a bankbook, or shares in a gold mine, or diamonds galore; something tangible, clear proof that a new reputation has been gained. The fatted calf will be killed, rest assured, only when a herd of bees follows the returning sinner.

The exile departs under varied conditions. He may possess a £10 note beyond his steamer fare; he may possess a few hundred pounds; he may have a guarantee of a quarterly allowance on his promise to remain away from his respectable brothers and sisters. With the exception of the class last indicated, which is speedily wiped out by drink, the fate of the prodigals is almost always the same. Nine times out of ten they drift further and further away from self-respectfulness, and never acquire that will-o'-the-wisp they seek, a fortune. But the object sought by the old folks at home has at least been gained. In burying themselves on the veldt they have buried the past, the shame. Therefore South Africa has been called 'the land of lost reputations.'

The average prodigal thus banished is a peculiarly useless creature in a new land, because he is generally of respectable middle class, frequently of aristocratic parentage. He or his friends at home never realize how helpless he is until a week or two after his arrival, when he finds there is no work for him which he can do. He is not a carpenter or bricklayer, or mason, or engineer. If he were—and how he wishes he was—he would be worth \$4 or \$5 a day in Johannesburg or Pretoria or Barberton. He is reduced, as a rule, to very sad extremities, when he finds at last a career which is open to him. He has discovered that Cecil Rhodes has monopolized the diamond industry, and works the mines by convict labor—there he is not wanted. On the gold reef in the Transvaal he has no capital to invest, and there he is not wanted. But there is an opening for him if he is of sound body, and can ride a bit and shoot a bit. He can enlist, and the prodigal, in innumerable cases, gives up all hope of making a fortune and goes soldiering. There is the real cemetery of lost hopes, the real graveyard of the past—the colonial forces of South Africa.

It is real soldiering; there is always war or rumor of war. There are several commands to choose from when one has decided to join, and they are nearly all kept busily moving. There are the Cape Mounted Rifles, the Natal mounted police, the British South African Company's police, the Bechuanaland border police and others. It has been stated in recent despatches that England can bring the Transvaal to her bidding with 20,000 men. These forces are not inclusive of the African commands, which hardly seems to be taken into consideration. As a matter of fact, although they are not great in numbers, each member of these battalions ought to be worth two regular regiments. They are inured to the climate, they know the country, they understand something of the natives, and they have had frequent skirmishes with the Kaffir tribes. In the Zulu war, some of the best work was done by irregulars of the country. Last year Cecil Rhodes pacified Rhodesia and raised the siege of Bulawayo without calling for a single imperial soldier. The B. B. P. (Bechuanaland border police) are constantly on the borders of President Kruger's country and mingling every day with Boers. Such quickly moving troops, knowing the lay of the land, and backed up by volunteers from the veldt of Mashonaland and Matabeleland—every one of whom is, by force of circumstances, an expert shot and cavalryman—could do more damage in less time to Boer or Kaffir than columns of heavily equipped

and slowly moving soldiers from England. They would fight as the insurgents do in Cuba, as the Americans did in the Revolutionary war, facing the Boer with the Boer's methods, not forming up to be shot down in platoons at another Majuba Hill. It is doubtful if there is any need for anything like 20,000 troops to maintain British supremacy in Africa. The object in sending out so many is probably to menace Germany but, as a matter of fact, the Germans would be a good deal lost campaigning in such a country. They have had absolutely no experience of wars where all Von Moltk's plots and deeply laid schemes would be useless. One does not fight by the code in Africa. One has no railroads to help mobilization. Five hundred men, such as Rhodes led into Matabeleland, could render ineffective the whole 3,000 Germans who have lately been sent out to the German colony, while the English army in Burmah, Afghanistan, the Sudan, all over the shop, has been constantly drilled in savage and guerilla warfare—the only kind of warfare likely to take place in the Transvaal, at which the veteran of Sedan would be as useless as a lumpish recruit.

Such an audacious raid as that of Dr. Jameson could not have been made save with the backing of a number of desperate adventurers, such as swarm all over South Africa—the English outcasts. They have cut away from home ties and the past forever, poor prodigals! Their only trust lies in desperate remedies. They are ready for anything. They have nothing to lose, save life, and that is little to them. It is to be supposed that 3,000 free lances like these, rough riders, sharpshooters, make up a force to be reckoned with. In their ranks, side by side, stirrup to stirrup, ride the son of an aristocrat and the son of the small farmer, the university man and the jailbird. Death levels all ranks; so does the veldt.

It is not well, when among them, to be too curious in conversation about a man's antecedents. But occasionally a flash of bitterness, a burst of confidence throws a gleam of light upon the past of a trooper, who interests you. Once, in the barracks of the B. B. P. at Vryburg, in Bechuanaland, I lay on a bunk talking to a trooper, to whom I mentioned I was going home. Home always means England out there. He was a stout, mustachioed man, but his lips quivered and his eyes filled with tears. 'I can never go home,' he said. He was the son of a baronet and a Cambridge man. His closest friend was an illiterate man from London, who had worked his passage out to escape imprisonment. There are thousands like that in the country. They can never go home, and the thought of it makes them reckless and magnificently daring soldiers. The Kaffir has a certain contempt for a redear; the Boer jeers at him. But both the Kaffir and the Boer respect the dingy corduroys of the B. B. P. and the B. S. A. Co.'s men.

In 1892 and 1893 there was hard times at Johannesburg and all over South Africa—very hard times, and an all-pervading peace. So quite was everything that Mr. Rhodes, having occupied Mashonaland and signed a treaty with King Lobengula of the Matabeles, and having no trouble with President Kruger, disbanded his troops in the conquered country and these swarmed down to the gold fields and to Kimberley. They had money in their pockets but, out of the scores I knew in these years, not one of them thought of going home. They were under promise, as it were, to bury their reputations and the interment was not finished. A wilder lot, a more reckless I never saw, even on the plains in America. They were very angry at being disbanded and at having no new territory shown them immediately to raid and to ravish. All the other frontier companies were full, and there was nothing for them to do. The money was soon spent, and then their helplessness when out of ranks and in the cities became apparent. I doubt if there was a mechanic in the lot. One can imagine how these fellows would flock to the standard of Mr. Jameson or any other adventurer, who would lead them on a rousing raid and keep them from thinking of their past.

The troopers I was chiefly mixed up with were gentlemen. I mean, of course, that they were mostly men of education, some of excellent birth and breeding. Every man had his own secret, the one shame which had wrecked his life, but there were among them no criminals. In the technical meaning of the word. When the full recognition of their position came to them, the fact that, as troopers, they were not wanted, that their money was spent, and that there was no employment for them, they buckled to in the most cheerily desperate way to tide over the hard

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times. None of them dreamed of writing home for assistance. They had, none of them, trades. The petty artifices of the swindler or the beggar were impossible to them. They were willing to annex a few hundred square miles of other people's country and be proud of the feat, but they would have been horrified at the idea of trespassing with evil intent on another man's back yard. Their shifts were pitifully amusing.

I remember in these days the "Anglo-African Laundering Company," and how I laughed to see a trooper, still in his military breeches, burning a hole in a dress shirt in a brave attempt to iron it. There was also the "Mashonaland restaurant, all meals one shilling, eat as much as you please and come again." There were partners in the concern, and they found it impossible to turn a hungry man away because he had not the luck to have a shilling. As there were innumerable poor and hungry men in Johannesburg in the hard times, and they all "passed the word" to one another, the restaurant was not a success. One man made some money by riding out to native kraals and bringing in gangs of raw Kaffirs to work in the gold mines. That is a legitimate business, done on commission, but his success was phenomenal, until he was nearly murdered by an outraged gang of Kaffirs when it turned out that he had been driving them into town in front of a loaded revolver. In those days—hand-to-mouth days for all of us—was established also the Johannesburg Chronicle. It consisted of one small sheet, containing a lurid tale of the Rand, and the story began thus:

"Upon a dark and thunderous night a solitary man might have been seen wending his way homeward along Commissioner street. He was clad in a long dark waterproof cloak which he had bought at the well known shop of Messrs Aaron & Gluckenstein, who furnish, &c."

About twenty advertisements were worked in thus in the course of the sensational yarn, and the Chronicle was distributed gratis. Fifty dollars resulted from that venture, but the paper never progressed further than vol. 1, No. 1.

Thanks to that gentle climate, sleeping out was no very great hardship when things were so bad that we could not pay the exorbitant price charged in Johannesburg for a bed. On the Pretoria road, not far from the Rand, were some rocky hills, and in the crannies and recesses of the rocks the outcasts often slept, lying awake far into the morning, taking over wildly impossible schemes to make money. I think they often talked on and on, on purpose, dreading to sleep and dream—dream of green hedges and cricket fields and trout brooks and the old folks and the sisters at home, never to be seen and kissed again. The dreaming was all right, but the awakening was agony.

The one great and permanent success achieved by any member of that hopeless band was made by 'Joe,' a man who had been a London reporter. Joe read a chance paragraph in the Star stating that the Mine Owners' Association was going to bring out a number of skilled Cornish miners, with their families, to settle on the reef. Joe pondered over that, and talked about it to some miners of his acquaintance. He discovered that such action on the part of the 'bosses' would hurt the pockets of the miners and constitute a grievance. He argued that an independent bachelor miner could make his own terms, but a man with a family would have to take what wages were offered him. He worked himself and others into the belief that the owners were contemplating a big cut in wages. Up to that time there had been no union among the miners. They had been perfectly contented. But Joe turned out to be a born agitator. He called a meeting in Market square and mounted a table. I believe he knew the difference between a spade and a shovel himself, and his hands were the long, slim, steely ones of the man who had never known manual labor, but his opening words—"Fellow workmen"—were quite impressive. He formed his union, and was appointed secretary at \$30 a week

and grew gray quickly, inventing grievances to lay before the weekly meetings and keep the members up to the subscribing pitch.

The jolly, reckless, hopeless outcasts! Their daily prayer was that 'old Lobengula' would run amuck, and place them in the saddle again. He has since then, and been wiped out, and Dr. Jameson has led the exiles on his foray, and now there are stirring times out there, and I have no doubt my old chums are as happy as they ever can be, pulling at the leash and yelping to be loosed at somebody's throat.—P. Y. Black, in N. Y. Sun.

THE HAIR-DRESSERS GRATITUDE.
He Heard About the Crown Jewels and told the Secret.

On the 16th of September, 1792, the crown jewels of France were stolen. The following curious story of their theft and recovery was afterward contributed to the Revue Retrospective by Sergeant Marceau, an official of the National Assembly. Marceau was one day visiting the prisons, when a convict sent for him. The creature was shivering with fear, and begged piteously that he might be allowed to be shaved. This was against the prison regulations, but the man was insistent, crying out:

'Oh be merciful, Monsieur Administrator and let me be shaved! I, who never have done anybody any harm, look like some ferocious assassin with my hair thus! Let me be shaved and decently dressed, so that I may receive some pity when I go to the scaffold! I was by occupation a ladies' hairdresser, so you can see I was not a scoundrel.'

Marceau was so touched by this strange and pathetic appeal that he granted the favor.

In the stress of affairs he thought no more about the wretched barber, who he supposed had been executed. Shortly afterward the crown jewels disappeared, and though every effort was made no trace of them could be found. One day a mulatto woman, who came constantly to the tribune of the Jacobin Club, approached Marceau, who was a member, and said:

'What would you say if I enabled you to recover the missing crown jewels? I know a man who has the secret, but he declares

he will reveal it to no living human being but you. He is under an obligation to you, he says.'

With little faith in the woman's story, Marceau answered:

'Bring him in at once!'

An hour later a man dressed in the uniform of the National Guard entered the apartment, and said, in a faltering voice:

'Monsieur Administrator, I can show you where to find the crown jewels, but you must give me your word of honor not to denounce me.'

'Denounce you for rendering such an important service?' replied Marceau. 'You will rather deserve a reward.'

'I can take no reward except my life. My name cannot appear in this matter without risking my head.'

'Speak! I promise you what you ask,' said the magistrate.

'Do you not recognize me, then, monsieur?' inquired the National Guardsman. 'No, I never saw you before.'

'Oh, sir, let me have your word as a magistrate that you will not give me up!' cried the man again.

'Why all this mystery?' demanded the magistrate. 'If you know anything, reveal it. If you were an accomplice, I will protect you.'

'No, sir,' was the reply. 'I had nothing to do with it. I am Lamievette, the hairdresser whom you allowed to be shaved at the conciergerie. Although I have been set free by the popular judges, the tribunal may arrest me again.'

'Do not be afraid,' said Marceau. 'Tell what you know about this theft.'

After kissing the magistrate's hand the hairdresser continued:

'Two fellow prisoners of mine were talking together one night about the theft, and although they used thieves' slang, I was able to understand them. I pretended to be asleep, and I heard them say that all the crown jewels were concealed in two beams of a house in Dash Street. Send there as quickly as possible, for they may not yet have been taken away. But I entreat you not to mention my name!'

The search was made, and the jewels were discovered, concealed exactly where the hairdresser had said they were. The thieves were never traced.

Conjugal Repartee.

'Jack, dear, it isn't a bit nice of you to let such small troubles worry you so soon after our marriage.'

'They do seem insignificant when I think of that.'—Life.

The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

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