

# Newspapers from the Front.

Private W. O. Swatridge of G. company, First Canadian Contingent, now on the March to Pretoria, has sent to a PROGRESS employee several copies of The Friend, a newspaper published at Bloemfontein and edited by the war correspondents with Lord Roberts' forces, which prove very interesting. Private Swatridge at the time of writing states that many of the Contingent are down with enteric fever and an article from The Friend will give some idea of what the disease is like. The paper is printed in the English and Dutch languages and contains many of the proclamations issued by Lord Roberts, a sample of which PROGRESS reproduces. "Billy" as he was called here by his many friends, wishes to be remembered to them all, and states that he is thoroughly enjoying himself, although his work is hard.

(An interesting narrative told in The Friend.)

Caught by the Boers.

After three weeks spent in 'bluffing' the Colesberg Boers, by holding various kopjes with a half company at the top, and half at the bottom, I found myself one fine February morning seized with a sudden attack of 'Mauseritis,' and so, forced to watch the rest of a disastrous rearward action without taking part in it.

My company and one other, having spent a very cold night on a kopje N. W. of Rensburg came down at 5 a. m. to find our other companies 'not lost but gone before' to Arundel, and a sudden and unexpected Boer cross-fire brought on the aforesaid 'attack.' From 6 to 8 I lay watching little puffs of dust in the immediate vicinity, caused by our men returning the fire; as a lot of the Boers had followed us up, and were lying down about 300 yards from me.

At eight our fire stopped, and up galloped batches of the ragged ruffians, the first two pointing Mausers at me, and asking 'Rooiniek wounded?' My answer 'yes' seemed to relieve them, and they jumped off their horses and quickly relieving me of carbine and belt (the only things they took) galloped on. At intervals of ten minutes all sorts and conditions followed them, with 'good morning old chap,' and they seemed very sorry at seeing me wounded. At ten, four of them under the guidance of a commandant, carried me in a bit of sacking a mile to Rensburg station, to the 'station commandant's' room, and I spent a happy day till five p. m. with eleven of our men, all air prevented from coming in by our inquisitive friends, the enemy, who 'held' both doors and windows with great success, making the place a regular Black Hole.

They seemed quite happy, just standing still, staring at us, and never uttering a syllable, though they would do anything we asked. At last, after hours of waiting they moved us to a coachhouse close by and 'dressed' us. We stayed there till 5 the next day, and I had many interesting talks with them. One old man gave us a blessing, with 'I wish Chamberlain was here to see you now.' Their sole idea was that Jos. C. and Rhodes were entirely responsible for the war. Many such questions as 'Were you compelled to fight?' etc., were asked me, and a small box of 'sparklets' cartridges was a source of much wonder. My next move was to an empty store in Colesberg, where Hofman (of the Cape Parliament) had a Russian German and Dutch Ambulance combined (one of his men had been fighting against us, and now covered with Red Crosses, helped to carry us about) I stayed there a week, having devoured more figs and grapes than ever before.

All the English ladies and the Dutch Minister in particular, brought us fruit, and I should like to thank them personally. Only the Dutch people were allowed in to see us, and were very keen on getting our buttons and badges as keepsakes. They turned us out of the field hospital one night at 9, and we were jolted along in buck wagons till 5 the next morning, then a halt of 5 hours, and at last we got to Norval's Point at 5 p. m.; after the worst journey I ever hope to have. It was quite a treat seeing trees again, as some of the country we passed through was really pretty. Our ambulance train, consisted of layers of stretchers, one above the other, in a large 'bogie' truck. At Springfontein we were entrusted to a German ambulance, from Hamburg, covered with crosses doctors, nurses and patient helps, but they were very kind to us.

We got news daily from the station telegraphist, Mr. Fryer, and Mr. Shipp, also employed on the station; till the escape from Pretoria put a stop to our visitors. The hospital was half full of Boers, and

they seem perfectly happy sitting still the whole day long doing nothing, but smoking hard. Two engines were always left ready for emergency; the line being 100 yards away; so sleep at night was a matter of difficulty. Just when I was hoping we should be relieved, they moved us under the safe-keeping of a Bloemfontein Policeman in a gorgeous blue uniform to the Volks Hospital here, passing through hundreds of sleeping Burghers in the station. Here we languished in the utmost comfort, till the famous Tuesday when little black specks on the veldt and the arrival here of 'Bobs' made our scarce-believing eyes quite certain that we were no longer Boer prisoners.

(One of Lord Roberts' proclamations in English and Dutch.)

## PROCLAMATIE.

De Proclamatie No. 600, g'dateerd 9 len December 1899 en g'publiceerd in de "Gouvernements Courant" van den 15den Decemb'r 1899, waarbij onnodig wordt verklaard het protesteeren van Wissel Brieven, Promesses en andere Handels-papieren, wordt hiermede verklaard van nul en geene waarde te zijn van af datum dezies in alle deelen van het grondgebied van den Oranje Vrij Staat in bezit van de strijd machten van Hare Majesteit; en van hieraan zal Hooftst. XCIX, O. V. S. Wetboek, betrekking hebbende op Wissels volle kracht en effect hebben.

Gegeven onder mijne hand, te Bloemfontein, dez n 15den dag van Maart 1900.

GOD ZEGENE DE KONINGIN.

ROBERTS,  
Veld Maarschalk.

## PROCLAMATION.

The Proclamation No. 600, dated 9th December, 1899, and published in the "Government Gazette" of the 15th December, 1899, rendering unnecessary the protesting of Promissory Notes, Bills of Ex-

change, and other negotiable paper, is hereby declared null and void from this date in all parts of the territory of the Orange Free State occupied by Her Majesty's Forces, and henceforth Law, Chapter XCIX, O. V. S. Wetboek, relating to Bills of Exchange, shall be in full force and effect.

Given under my hand, at Bloemfontein, this 15th day of March, 1900.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

ROBERTS,  
Field Marshal.

(The Friend has a balloting competition for a new name for the Orange Free State.) Following are some names suggested:

Alxandra,	Adamantia,
Albertia,	Altruria,
A'kins'com,	Aurenia,
Brand S ate,	Brandesia,
Brittania,	British South Africa,
British Colonia,	Brandeland,
Buckland,	Burghers' State,
Central Colony,	Centuria,
Campania,	Carnatia,
Cameraria,	Chamberlainia,
Cecilia,	Crucipatria,
Colonia,	Cisvaal,
Closer Union,	Conquered Territories,
Crown State,	Centralia,
Capricornia,	Cilonia,
Concordia,	Diamond Colony,
Diadem State,	Empire State,
Encia,	Empressland,
Frere State,	Fontein land,
Fonteinia,	Freer State,
Frereland,	Federalis,
Filia State,	Federaldom,
Grassland,	Garlep Sovereignty,
Guel'land,	Helena,
Immigratis,	Imperia,
Imperial Orange Colony,	
Jubileelard,	Kandaharia,
Khaki State,	Khakiland,
Kopj sia,	Lanceria,
Leonida,	Marchland,
Mimosaland,	Malaria,

Midleria,  
Middle Colony,  
Mdrietia,  
New Alexandria,  
New Albion,  
New Era,  
New Colony,  
Northern Province,  
New Egypt,  
Orange State,  
Orangia,  
Orange Colony,  
Provincia,  
Pastoria,  
Robertland,

Midland,  
Mid-South Africa,  
New Ireland,  
New Victoria,  
North Cape Colony,  
New Canada,  
New Rietania,  
New Gualia,  
New Edward's Land,  
Orange,  
Orangeland,  
Orange Sovereignty,  
Pasturia,  
Queen's Free State,  
Rietania,

(Editorial taken from the Friend:  
The End of the War.)

We are constantly asked when this war will end. We wish we could give the date—or could feel ourselves able to judge within a month thereof.

This we do know: that the war planned by the Boers for many, many years and actually begun last October came to an end with the relief of Ladysmith, the freeing of Kimberley and the entrance of Field Marshal Lord Roberts' army into what had been the Orange Free State.

That war to which we refer was a war of extermination of the British in South Africa. The programme laid down by the Boers was the capture of the British territories, Natal and Cape Colony, and the driving of their loyal inhabitants into the sea at Table Bay and Durban.

There was contemplated nothing short of the conquest of two of the Queen's Colonies. It did not take into account any fighting on Boer territory or any invasion of such territory. It was to be fought out on British soil to the damage of British property and the slaughter of such British as did not flee from their homes.

That war ended quickly in a complete failure.

Now, another struggle is going on for the settlement of the questions whether the two races are to live in peace as neighbors in South Africa, whether the Boers are to continue to obstruct modern progress with seventeenth century narrowness, whether white men who elect to live here are to have white men's rights and white men's liberty.

These questions are so simple and the only answer to them is so sure that we cannot believe the war is to last much longer.

The Editors of The Friend have received two exchange copies of Oas Land. They hereby request that no further copies may be sent. If the Editors of The Friend could have their way no such publication as Oas Land would exist.

The Friend reproduces one of the Boers' fake reports with its own comments thereupon.

## How History is Made.

### "RUSSIANS CAPTURE LONDON."

BLOEMFONTEIN, Thursday, received Friday (Rauter).

Kruger is reported to have proclaimed the annexation of the Free State to the Transvaal.

It is also reported that he is circulating a proclamation that England is in dire straits, the Russians have occupied London, and proclaimed it Russian territory.

It is painful to think that Lord Roberts is totally unaware that he is fighting for a country that has ceased to exist, that St. Paul's is now a Greek chapel, that the Thames is called the Temsky River, that our beloved Queen is a prisoner at Moscow and that Lord Salisbury is already trudging the weary snowbound way to the mines at Kara in Siberia.

Why do you laugh?  
To us it seems awful!

The following article on enteric fever will be of special interest.

### Enteric Fever.

No disease causes such havoc in modern campaigns as typhoid or enteric fever, and it becomes the duty of every one having authority to impress this fact upon the men committed to their charge. More especially is this duty imperative when troops are on the march for many a valuable life is thrown away by the want of the strong hand of a wise discipline. When thirsty, men will drink anything, and it is here that good may be done. It is reported that one regiment on the march recently made the use of water bottles a matter of drill, the word of command being given every hour for a mouthful of water to be drunk. As a result, men arrived in many cases at their bivouac, with some water still left from their morning supply, without being one whit more thirsty than their neighbors. Typhoid in the vast majority of cases is water borne, and hence the greatest care should be taken to avoid any dubious pan or pool. The only real preventative of this disease is to boil all water used, and although this may be impracticable on service, surely discipline will prevent the drinking of doubtful water. No medical observer can help wondering why more men were not inoculated on their way out from home. The inoculation does no harm, its pain is a small matter, and its utility in modifying the severity of the disease is now well established. Take a case in point; two officers in the same regiment, one aged 31 and the other 24, contracted the disease on the same day from the same source. On the usual lines, the younger man should have had the worst attack, and yet although physically the weaker he recovered and his senior died. The younger man had been inoculated, but the other had not! Some will say that it was the senior's kismet, but let that pass. The campaign is now well begun, and it is not too late even now to furnish supplies of lymph to medical officers for use with their units.

The disease now so rife is marked by an absence of abdominal symptoms and may, in its early stage, be overlooked. It is during this period of uncertainty that harm may be done by a solid diet and it is safer by far for anyone suspecting himself to be suffering from influenza or other vague disease to restrict himself for a few days to a milk diet. Then if the febrile condition passes off, no harm is done, but it is to be feared that few will take this amount of trouble over themselves.

Fair customer—Can you make a match for this ribbon?

No. 30—My dear young lady, matches are made in heaven.



A DAUGHTER OF THE PHAROS.