

# CHRONICLE OF THE FAMILY.

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## WAR.

Soon after the last number of this Chronicle appeared, came the news of the outbreak of this terrible European war. It fell as a thunderbolt upon Europe and the whole world. The following letter has come through from Switzerland and probably expresses feelings awakened in every civilized country. The situation brings to mind some words of Tennyson:

"For life is not as idle ore,  
But iron dug from central glooms,  
And heated hot with burning fears,  
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,  
And battered with the shocks of doom  
To shape and use."

God grant that the unthinkable, unspeakable, unrealizable suffering of this war will result in a great purification of humanity. All barriers of race and language seem to be breaking down, white men, yellow men, black men are fighting side by side, are meeting death with equal heroism and devotion.

England's allies are France, Belgium, Russia, Japan, and India has risen in her majesty to stand heart and soul with England. Canada, Australia and New Zealand are doing the same. A vast portion of humanity thus stands united in war. We can but hope and pray and trust that a great and enduring and noble peace will be the result of this vast union of nations. One is reminded of Elijah's vision at the mouth of the cave, the war of the elements, earthquake, hurricane, fire, and at last the still

small voice through which spoke clearly the voice of God. It seems again as if all that can be broken will be broken and only the eternal unshakable truths will stand.

"Reconciliation"

Word overall, beautiful as the sky,  
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage  
must in time be utterly lost,  
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night  
incessantly softly wash again, and ever  
again, this soil'd world;  
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself  
is dead,  
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the  
coffin—I draw near,  
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the  
white face in the coffin."

WALT WHITMAN.

La Gergilland (Diablerets).  
Vaud, July 25th, 1914.

"In what a beautiful spot we are! Do you know the Vallée des Ormonts, further than Aigle at the frontière of the Vaud and Calais cantons? A marvellous valley, so verdant, and varied with high mountains, and at the end the marvellous glacier of the Diablerets, and everywhere those delightful mazots and chalets. We too have our little nest here, a simple rustique chalet consisting of a room and kitchen below, another little room above, simple furniture, and outside a gallery where we take our meals. Quite near a torrent, and constantly before our eyes the panorama of the glacier with its ceaseless changes and varied aspects, one more beautiful than the other. What sun-rises and sun-sets! It is perhaps still more beautiful at noon-time when the full sun glitters on the ice sea. I do not know.

We are quite above the village (1300 mètres d'altitude). Further there are other houses, but ours is away by itself and we do as we like. We enjoy the delicious fresh milk and good bread. What an economy to live here. The journey is a little expensive, but we make up by this economy. The price of our castle for the whole season is 60 francs.

But now, do we dream? Has a veil fallen before our eyes and where is the pure and simple joy? All vanished, everything marred, darkened! The word WAR has echoed in our ears. War! the terrible word fills our ears. Our eyes are veiled with tears! War has broken out. Oh God have mercy upon Europe, stop the dreadful deed! Our dear land has heard the call, Switzerland, the land of peace has to call her children to defend her frontiers. Is it a dream? Are we already so far away from the beautiful hours we lived at the beginning of July when we celebrated solemnly the anniversary of the entrance of Geneva in the Swiss Confederation. I was first going to describe those manifestations to you, although they are indescribable after this new test of our union, of our common ideal for peace, for concord, our land is menaced too and we have to stand against a possible invasion of our territory. What is then this civilization of which Europe is so proud. Oh shame to those who were not courageous enough to avoid such a calamity.

August 1st. Such a marvellous day! Not a cloud, the glaciers shine as they never did, it seems. August 1st, the Swiss day that we were going to celebrate more beautifully than ever this year.

No, our hearts are so sad, our minds so anxious, every soldier has been called and in each of our surrounding chalets they are going to quit the beautiful mountains to go to the barracks. How many tears are shed on this beautiful anniversary when joy should fill our hearts. The peasants have to leave their fields unown, all have to go, the country is calling her children and they answer willingly.

August 2nd. The fires were lit on our mountains yesterday night, but what a silence round them, the national hymns have been sung, but the last notes in sobs. The ringing of the bells sounded sadly. Oh my dear dear land, God preserve it.

To-morrow we shall see the departure of the regiment. If you saw the sad look of our peasants and what anxiety.

August 20th. I do not know why I have not sent my letter at once. We have been in such confusion. You see our sojourn has been troubled. Seventeen days only were we in the mountains. The news was so sad that we came down at once. We could not stay and enjoy ourselves when so much suffering and anxiety was in the land. How dreadful this war, what an iniquity, and all under the pretence of Culture and Civilization. What a responsibility for those who began it. We suffer so much here in our dear Switzerland for all the suffering spread all round us in the neighbouring countries. I cannot sleep, always the thought of what is going on even during the night. We can't realize that such barbarity has seized Europe, not only Europe but the whole world.

We who have the privilege of inhabiting dear Switzerland are broken only by the miseries of others, what must it be for the lands of the belligerents. We are thankful to live in a land of peace. But still, war has already its consequences, work has stopped, hundreds of families are helpless and anxious about the future. What an expense for the country this mobilisation of our army! God only knows! Everything is also more expensive. My husband too has just one pupil. I have begun school again. We shall have a hard year before us, but we shall help all those we can help. We never forget how friends have been kind to us, and we shall share every piece of bread we have "\_\_\_\_\_"

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### EDITORIAL.

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This Magazine comes out three times a year. April, August, and December.

Contributions must reach the editor not later than the beginning of the first weeks of March, July, and November.

The annual subscription is 15/- and should be sent to the Treasurer within the first quar-

ter of the year. Extra copies may be had for 1/6 each.

Matter to be written in clear hand writing on one side of the paper only, leaving a small space at the top of each page and a margin at the left hand side. Pages to be numbered in small figures in the left hand corner.

Contributions may sometimes be held over until a following number on account of shortage of space.

*The Financial Statement for 1914* appears at the end of this number. We would like to mention that we are indebted to Gwen Bisset for designing the cover. In one of the coming numbers we hope to give a short account of the two family coats of arms in the design. Percy Molteno very kindly had the block made and sent out from London which has saved the *Chronicle* considerable expense.

It would be a great help if subscribers would send in their subscriptions for 1915 as early in the year as possible. We feel that at this present time many have numerous demands on them, but we sincerely hope that all will continue to support the *Chronicle* in every way, and that eventually it will prove to have been well worth while.

To many the subscription may appear to be unduly heavy, but that is entirely owing to the small number of subscriptions. We hope that the circle may gradually widen, and in that way, the burden be lessened for each. At the same time it must be remembered that the design of the *Chronicle* is not alone to provide current news of the family but rather to furnish a permanent record whose interest and value will increase with time. For that reason it is not sufficient that each household should take a copy but that each member of the family should possess an unbroken series.

We trust that this explanation will result in making some of the younger members realize the value of becoming subscribers on their own account.

## GENERAL NEWS.

Owing to the outbreak of war, May's wedding will not take place this year, as had been arranged. She and her mother have therefore had for the present, to postpone their visit to England.

Barkly Molteno is Flag Captain of H.M.S. "Antrim" of the 3rd Cruiser Squadron, which is part of the Fleet in the North Sea.

We have been thankful to be able to hear from him fairly regularly and to know that he is keeping well and cheerful in spite of the long strain of hardship and anxiety. He is never able to leave the upper bridge of his ship nor to take off his clothes day and night.

The need of this incessant vigilance was proved in a very narrow escape they had recently of being blown up by a torpedo.

The periscope of a submarine appeared above the water, for scarcely 30 seconds, at a distance of 70 yards. Instantly the ship was put back, full speed astern and it was well that not a moment was lost for a torpedo passed them at 30 yards, followed by a second at 5 yards!! One scarcely likes to realize so narrow a shave of an awful catastrophe.

Vincent Molteno is a Sub Lieut. on H.M.S. Hyacinth.

Ernest Anderson left for the front with his regiment, the 1st Life Guards, in the beginning of October. Percy visited him when he was encamped on Salisbury Plain. He found him very fit and well. He describes the regiment as splendidly mounted.

Here is an extract from his second letter:—

24th October, 1914.

"Much has happened since I last wrote to you. After cruising about the country after Uhlans we suddenly, without any warning, bumped up against what we afterwards heard was a Division of Germans. We held them during the day and then retired.

The shell fire was pretty bad and the range very close. I got left while my Regiment retired from one position to another as I was attending to some wounded and trying to get them back, which I am glad to say was managed. My horse was slightly wounded but that was all. The next day we had an equally strenuous time holding a ridge. However the French gave way and we had to retire also. The following day we re-inforced some of our own men in the same ridge but near the town and held it for the day. Twice we left the ridge and both times we got it back. The Germans, I am told, could be seen in heaps on the other side. I was kept very busy with the wounded just below the ridge behind a couple of batteries. We appear to have done very good work, I mean the Regiment, and were told so by the General the next day.

The following day we were taken to another part of the line, but held in reserve, and did not come into action. We were in the wooded grounds of a chateau.

The day following we went to another portion of the line and tried to get into the trenches to relieve some others. The shell fire was so fierce however that we had to wait till dark. One shell wounded the Colonel of the 2nd — Major Brassey (in command of ours, as the Duke of Teck has had to go home ill), the Marquis of Tweedale, and a bullet passed through the boot of the General without injuring him. The shell fire over the trenches is extremely hot, but the men don't mind the rifles. Last night we came down and relieved the men in the trenches. Pares and I took up quarters in a small house just in the rear. Several sharp bursts of rifle bullets during the night, but no definite attacks like the night before.

Shelling is fierce again now and we have a battery just behind this house, some shells pass over it, and the noise is rather alarming.

I saw a Zeppelin yesterday afternoon and I think it was brought down by our shells as it came down very quickly, but I lost sight of it behind the trees.

Some Black Marias shelled our camp last night and killed about 30 horses. The 2nd have come off badly and lost seven officers already.

*4th November.* We have been at it now for 14 days running, and are all very tired and filthy.

The constant shelling is really demoralising and everybody feels the strain. We have lost more than 100 men and about half our officers by now. We had to retire from the place I last wrote from under tremendous shell fire. How we got away I don't know. We lost one whole squadron and the last we heard of them was that they were using their revolvers. It was a very thinly held line, just cavalry regiments without supports and the trenches quite far apart. I am surprised the Germans did not break it before. We certainly all along seem to have been put in weak places and I think they were very pleased with what we had done.

The 7th Division have lost most heavily, some regiments almost all their officers. I think it very fine, however, how the fellows are sticking it. It is certainly the most bloody battle that has even been. One can't get away from the shells and at night time one is also troubled. The night before last three Jack Johnsons burst right on our farm, killing nine horses. The afternoon before we had to move right across the front at a gallop, amidst masses of bursting shrapnel and lost 17 horses. It was a curious experience.

About four days ago we held an important ridge and the Germans shelled it heavily. These shells kept bursting not 15 yds. from us, covering us with earth and debris and almost deafening us with the row. Brassey was wounded and I got a few scratches in my hand and head. It was an awful time.

The Germans have got longer ranged and heavier guns than we and, of course, more men. They keep making night attacks and get repulsed with great losses.

I must say that they are a very stubborn enemy, but if we can keep pace with this awful drain we must win. I lost my cloak in the re-

treat the other day as I could not get back to the house after attending some wounded, and my British warm one has been stolen. I shall take a cloak from a dead man.

The rations here are very good indeed and the supply arrangements excellent. I don't think the men have anything to complain of in that line. It is very cold now and we are out, of course, all day and most often sleep out too. The postal arrangements are, I fancy, not very good. I have had only about 6 letters since I came, and only 4 deliveries."

Willie Anderson has remained at Limoges where he continues the treatment he was under going at a Sanatorium. He writes that numbers of wounded have been brought there. He describes it as a lovely place and one is glad to think of the wounded convalescing there.—The following is an extract from his last letter:

Sanatorium des Paris,  
Lamotte Bauron,  
Loire & Cher,  
Paris.

"We have 55 wounded here now and amongst them 4 black chaps from Senegal—as black as coal. Poor fellows—little do they understand about the reasons for this war. We have an Englishman too, and much of my time is taken up looking after him.

He had a narrow escape as the ball had traversed an artery, which was bleeding internally. However, the operation was carried out successfully and he is now going on well. He is just a poor fellow from the slums of London, but he shone out in the light of a hero during the painful operation. He refused to have chloroform and bore his sufferings with wonderful courage.

He was nearly 2 hours in the operating room. Of course they gave him injections just round the wound to deaden the pain but still everyone was lost in admiration of his courage. It made me feel quite proud of my fellow countryman.

It is amusing to hear him making his French room-mates understand him. They seem quite fond of him and say they could never be dull

with him in the room. He orders them about, too, in a very dictatorial manner, but they take it all in good part.

From all one hears and sees of one's country men one feels very proud of them."

Kenah, now Captain Murray, has been serving in the Defence Force since September. He had a month or more of very hard work at the Castle and then another month at Wynberg Camp. At both places he saw many wounded men and heard many interesting accounts of their experiences.

At Wynberg he and his colleague, Dr. van Collier, were very busy training their ambulance men and making preparations to start for the North at a moment's notice. On the morning of the 11th the summons came and that evening we saw him off for Bloemfontein. Extracts of his diary appear in this magazine. Dr. Murray is working his practice for him in the meantime.

Murray Bisset joined the D.E.O.V.R. as a private, thereby setting a splendid example which fired many others but, to his intense disappointment, he was compelled, after a month's training, to resign, by the doctor's orders.

Gladys Bisset and Ursula are attending nursing lectures and working at the Wynberg Hospital. Brenda Molteno is doing the same thing, but works at the Woodstock hospital.

Frank Molteno has thrown himself, with his usual energy, into the organization and carrying out of the work of the Citizens' Training Association and especially of the Claremont Branch of which he is now Commanding Officer, with the title of Battalion Commander. He has had real hard work in the organization as well as the drilling.

Jarvis and Lenox Murray with Maurice Southey have joined the E. African Mounted Rifles and are in C. Squadron which was referred to by Mr. Harcourt, in the House of Commons on October 5th.

Mr. Harcourt specially records a gallant affair between the Magadi railway and the frontier. Here a German force of 35 Europeans and 150 natives, with two maxims, attacked "C" Squadron of the East African Mounted Rifles, numbering only 30. For an hour there was severe fighting in the thick bush, and at last the enemy were compelled to hastily retreat."

John Molteno and Desmond Crowe, with 18 other students from Middleburg Agricultural College, have joined the Graaff-Reinet Commando under Commandant Pohl. His parents have had several post cards from him, the last from beyond Upington. He said the heat of the Karoo was nothing compared with what they experienced and there was no shade except low bushes over which they spread their blankets. Their rations were meat, biscuit and black coffee. He seemed in good spirits and said their men were all mounted and looked fine. (His horse was a chestnut which tripled.) He could give news but was not allowed. His address is Troop 2, Squadron C. Army Post Office, Cape Town.

Their Commando has evidently been in action, as we see from the casualty list.

Five of his Middleburg College companions met with a very sad end. They were out on patrol and suddenly came upon a force of rebels. Finding themselves hopelessly outnumbered they held up their hands. The rebels advanced to within a few yards of them and fired, killing all but one, who managed to escape, though badly wounded.

George Pigot-Moodie, Minna's eldest brother, who is in the Scot's Greys, was wounded in his regiment's famous charge at Mons, he was specially mentioned in dispatches by Prince Arthur of Connaught for his gallant behaviour.

Mr. Montague White has been doing voluntary work at the War Office in London, as a Censor, in 6 languages.

All will regret to hear that Mrs Häm has met with an accident and will have to lay up for some time. She has been very energetic, setting a splendid example to all who have any spare land, by planting all possible kinds of foodstuffs. She planted wheat which has not before been grown at Faucourt, and she looks forward after Christmas to having bread made from the wheat grown on the place.

Willie Blenkins has of course had to put off his proposed trip round the world.

Margaret Molteno is now at Girton, studying Agriculture, and Islay Bisset at Newnham, working for the history trips.

Miss Bingle has changed her residence, her new address will be seen in the list of subscribers.

Percy and Bessie Molteno celebrated their silver wedding on September 18th at Glenlyon, in Scotland. All the members of their family in South Africa united in presenting them with a picture, by Miss Glossop, of Table Mountain viewed from Blauwberg, across the sea, the morning light touching a beautiful cloud resting on its summit.

We have lately heard the news of Marjorie Wisely's engagement to Sub-lieut. Ferguson, R.N., who is at present in the Mediterranean.

Celia's husband, Captain Craven of the Royal Horse Artillery, is fighting in France. We have just heard that he was dangerously wounded and is in hospital in Boulogne. Celia and Lady Mirrieles have gone over to be with him.

On October 22nd Effie had a delightful birthday gathering at Tressilian to celebrate the three birthdays, her father's, Caroline Murray's and Elsie Buchanan's.

Marjorie Blackburn is now settled in her new home which is just below the line, not far from Kenilworth Station. The name of the house is "Kelso".

Eric and Henri Elliott, sons of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Elliott, who used to live at Courland's Kloof, Nel's Poort, are both fighting against the rebels. Eric was taken prisoner by De Wet near Heilbron, but we hear since that he has escaped.

Clare Molteno and her family spent the last two weeks of October at Miller's Point. Fortunately while they were there the "Hycynth" twice came into Simon's Bay for a short time, and, being so near they were able to see something of Vincent, who is not allowed to go anywhere beyond Simon's Town.

Cecil Southey has rejoined the Cape Garrison Artillery and is now stationed at Cape Town. Helena has returned with him and is staying at Indian House, Kenilworth. Gordon Murray is looking after their farm while they are away.

Friends saw Billy Hull while he was camped at Rhodes' Estate with the I.L.H. He was again seen by Helena Southey at De Aar when she was passing through on her way to Cape Town.

Bessie Beard returned from England in the "Kildonan" on November 21st, bringing back Doris who left school in July.

Kathleen Murray returned from England in the "Kildonan Castle" on the 21st of November after an absence of nearly seven months.

After a long interval letters have arrived at last from Jarvis and Lenox Murray. The following are some extracts. Jarvis writes:—

Nuguruman's Nek,  
Overlooking Lake Natron.  
10th Oct., 1914.

..... When war broke out I was surveying for the government in Northern Kenia, just beyond Lenox's and had no idea we should be mixed up in it. The first intimation I had was when I sent in for stores, and my boys returned with a letter on 8th August saying that no food stuffs could be supplied, and that war had been declared. I had to dismiss all my boys at once, as I had no food for them, and came in to Nairobi with Maurice Southey who has been with me in Northern Kenia. We found that the Germans had crossed our border in several places and occupied the village of Tavetta and were threatening the line at Voi. All the able-bodied men have been called out. So far the married men have been left in their respective districts and will probably be left there as a protection against native unrest. Lenox and I have joined the East African Mounted Rifles with Maurice. At present we have very few troops in the country and are strictly on the defensive. Up to the present the Germans have been over our border on several occasions. When war broke out we had only about 1,000 native troops in the country—all belonging to the King's African Rifles. A number of these, with about 100 Indian reservists are being used to guard the railway. In two or three places the Germans attempted to damage the line but have not so far succeeded.

Just after I reached Nairobi 800 Indian troops arrived with much needed ammunition, but only brought 4 or 5 maxims with them. In B.E. Africa we only had 4 maxims, two placed on the armoured train, 3 Hotchkiss guns and 3 old muzzle loading 7 pounders, so that we have practically no artillery. We expect 6,000 more Indian troops with proper artillery but they don't appear to have arrived yet, which is probably due to the Konigsberg hanging about near Mombasa and Zanzibar. Seven of us including Lenox and myself were almost immediately detailed off to guard this pass which is the only way, for many miles, of get-

ting into the Rift Valley from German territory. Don't have any anxiety about us as there is very little likelihood of an attempt being made to use this pass. There seems very little doubt but that the Germans have decided to come in from the the neighbourhood of Kilimanjaro, or up the Mala River. The country round here is too waterless for troops to operate in. We are stationed on the top of the Escarpment which overlooks both Lake Natron and Lake Magadi, which is the terminus of the Magadi Railway, and is about 30 miles from us. What with guarding the railway, etc., we have very few available troops. We white men number about 700 of which 400 or 500 are mounted. We have 6 or 700 native troops at Voi where there have been two or three engagements so far, of the results of which, up to the present, there have been no definite accounts. On September 26th our men had a brush with the Germans in the direction of Kilimanjaro and lost 8 killed and 4 wounded, and at Kesie the native troops had another engagement and lost 2 officers and 25 men while the Germans lost 80 killed and wounded. I expect the bulk of the fighting will be done by the Indian troops and all we shall do is to keep the Germans back until these arrive. We have very good officers and men in the mounted troop. We hear very little of what is going on even in this country. We heard that the Pegasus was disabled at Zanzibar, but hear nothing from Europe.

12th October. We hear that 1800 more Indian troops have just arrived....."

The address of Lenox's letter has been torn off by the Censor. It is dated October 21st, 1914. He writes:—

"..... A few of us are still camped here about 8 miles on the German East side. We have been here on outpost duty for the past five weeks. We captured a German patrol and in doing so three of them got shot. We are still waiting for more Indian troops before we make a general move into German East Africa. We expect to join up with our main troop in

about a week's time. The government here are calling out practically all the Settlers. We only have about 500 white men in the field, the rest being native and Indian troops. The Germans have done quite a lot of attacking, chiefly our outposts. In one rather large engagement they had 500 native spearmen with them. This is a great mistake as you can imagine the horrible things that take place. It means that wounded men are murdered. We get very little news here. I enclose a cutting about a tight corner 30 of our troop got into and it is a wonder any got away\*. I was away on patrol when it happened so did not take part. It appears we rode right into the German camp in thick bush and they opened fire on us. They say that four of our wounded men were killed by natives after they were wounded, that is they were full of bayonet wounds as well as bullets. It is no good talking about these things as war has to be horrible and I expect our native troops, especially Abyssinians, will act in the same way.

Although we have a fairly hard time and have had to do several very long tramps I am very well and quite fit.

Our mounted troops are nearly all South Africans, then we have another troop all Dutch and then two troops of English.

We have been told that we are to be given the important work....."

October 24th. .... The government are taking all our oxen, wagons, etc., and not giving us good value. We shall soon have 10,000 in the country. We mean to take German East Africa and I only wish we could hurry up and get it over. We are using chiefly Indian troops. Segar Bastard has not joined, but is looking after my things as well as his own ....."

Lenox's address is:

L. B. Murray,  
C. Squadron, No. 2,  
East African Mounted Rifles,  
Nairobi House, .

Nairobi, British East Africa.

\*The incident referred to is put further back in this column.

Many members of our family circle know and are old friends of the Elliotts of Courland's Kloof. We have to tell them the very sad news of Dudley Elliott's death. He was shot in a fight against the rebels near Winburg, on Sunday November 8th. It seems his mother got a letter from him written in the early part of that week, telling her that he had been called out as the rebels were all round. He said that up to the time of his writing he had only been doing picket duty, but that they were expecting Brandt on Saturday with his men, and that then they expected to go out after Conroy, who was leading the rebels. He must have been shot in the first engagement. He said in his letter that his farm, which is near Winburg, was looking so lovely that it broke his heart to leave it. His fiancée, a Miss Harley, to whom he had been engaged for several years had lent him her horse as a better mount than his and she was going over to his farm from time to time to superintend in his absence.

Dudley was a splendid young fellow in every way and highly spoken of by all. His death has been a great blow to all of us who knew him and we feel deeply for his parents who are alone at present on a farm near Philipopolus.

Extract from Gordon's letter to Cecil Southey.

Reedfontein, Cedarville, November 22nd 1914.

We have had a "native scare" and quite exciting times up here this last week.

On Sunday, at about 4 o'clock, we heard a motor car passing. I went out and saw Mrs Tod, Dorothy and all the children, in Dotteridge's car. The two ladies had both been weeping and looked very scared. They could hardly stop to tell me that messages were being sent round the district warning everyone to be in Cedarville or Matatiele before sunset, as the natives were expected to rise.

We all got into the bus and, on our way to Cedarville, met Maartens who said "They were already fighting round Matatiele."

On reaching Cedarville we found most of the neighbours there and no end of Dutch families—everyone much scared.

All the women had to sleep in the Dutch Church and the men had to go out on patrols and mount guard all round the village. During the night a wire came from the Magistrate saying he expected both Matatiele and Cedarville to be attacked at about 3 o'clock in the morning. However nothing came of it, but the next day was spent in making sand bag entrenchments and barbed wire entanglements.

Apparently the natives have resented the 7 days' compulsory dipping. Several of them that were summoned, refused to come in—they destroyed several tanks and also looted a couple of stores.

On Tuesday a patrol went out from Cedarville towards Mvenyane and found some natives looting a store, they fired on them as they were making off, but luckily did not hit any, so far as they know.

Quite a lot of troops have been brought up and the scare has subsided but people think there will still be trouble when they begin to arrest any natives.

Nearly all the women who could get away went by motors to Kokstad but most have come home again.

Our farm boys have gone on with their work just as usual and profess to know nothing of the trouble beyond that a couple of tanks were broken.

It is the Fingoes who are giving the trouble; they are called Alubis and live Mount Flecher way, all down the Mvenyane and Kenega.

I went down to fetch your guns but could find only your shot gun. Did you have a rifle? The ammunition tin was also empty. My rifle has also disappeared, I have had to borrow a martini from Hector.

Some months ago Mrs. Pare (Lucy Brooke) came to the Cape with her three small children, to spend about six months with her parents, Archdeacon and Mrs. Brooke, at Kalk Bay. When war was declared, her husband cabled to her, from the Seychelles, to return immediate-

ly. As there was no way of getting to Durban by sea, they went by rail and, on arrival there, found they would have to wait a week while their ship the "Palamcotta" took in provisions for the Seyschelles. At Zanzibar they lay alongside the "Pegasus" and constantly met her officers. During this time the "Pegasus" heard that the "Koningsberg" was in that neighbourhood, upon which the "Palamcotta" made for Mombassa and hid in Kilindini harbour. The passengers had orders to be ready to leave the ship and land, should the Germans appear.

After about a week of suspense, it was decided that it was not safe to attempt the voyage to the Seyschelles and the "Palamcotta" went on instead, direct to Bombay where they remained for three weeks. Then they were brought back to Mombassa and only quite recently the Brookes had a cable to say that, after two and a half months of wandering, Lucy and her children had at last arrived safely at their destination.

Ella Molteno and Brenda have been successful competitors lately at two flower shows. At Wynberg Ella gained two second prizes for sweet peas and a third for godesias while Brenda won the first prize for the best twelve varieties of garden flowers. At Rondebosch, Ella got two first prizes for sweet peas and Brenda a second prize for a bowl of sweet peas.

#### STOP PRESS NOTICE.

We have to announce the good news that May Murray's marriage has at last been fixed to take place early in March and she sails in the "Balmoral" on the 26th. It is unfortunate that she must travel alone but she has a loving welcome awaiting her from Percy and Bessie who will do all that is possible to fill her parents' place and see her safely settled into her new home. It cannot but be with mingled feelings that we bid her God speed grieving for our loss but rejoicing in her and Dr. Parker's happiness.

As both our editors, May and Effie, are leaving the Peninsula it has been decided that Kathleen Murray shall take their place. She will undertake her new duties, as editor, at once.

not very heavy. They weighed 48 lbs. each, one was six foot one and a half inches long and the other five foot eleven inches. I have sent you down the tail, which has long hair on it. In the box, amongst other things, you will find a pair of Bongo-horns which are very valuable. They are the only horns we did not shoot. I have seen a good deal of Lennie Wright the last few days. He is very well and in good spirits. The grant of half a million pounds to this country and Uganda will be expended on the railways and the harbours at Mombassa and Lake Victoria. The railway to the Soda lake is being pushed ahead. The rails are laid for 33 miles and the whole length is about 100 miles. When it is opened it will mean a great deal of added traffic and the idea is that the railway between Mombassa and Nairobi, will be at once doubled. There is a great demand for everything in the way of farm produce, especially stock. This is greatly due to the natives refusing to sell stock. People are going in strongly for coffee both here and in Uganda. I believe the Uganda crops are heavier than here. There is a Syndicate in Uganda owning 3,000 acres of Freehold land. They have 600 acres under coffee trees, now in bearing. The coffee trees are interplanted with para rubber. I hear that they get a ton of coffee per acre, which fetches £80 per ton. When the rubber can be tapped they will, if necessary, cut out the coffee. Lenox is going to try coffee and wattle on our land. Wattle is sure to do well and I think coffee may also answer on the top farm. Lenox will have a very nice fellow, named Price, as a neighbour; he is also very handy and would help him in any fencing or building he does. I have just met Lucy Brooke's husband, who has come over from the Seyshelles, to look at this country.

Nairobi,

August 12th, 1912.

I am leaving to-morrow morning to commence my survey in the Rift Valley. It is quite a big job and will take me the best part of a year to complete. I have first to define

the Masai boundary which is about 60 miles long and runs from a mountain called Onyokie to Lake Nakuru. The Masai will get all the land south of that, between the Amala and Uaso Nyero, which is a very fine country, I believe. Two of the officers of the 'Hermes' are going to be with me for about 10 days for some shooting. This survey is all very healthy country but the water will be scarce. I am taking donkeys and will probably require only 3 or 4 boys. I have at present 6 donkeys but will probably want more later on. I have changed my weapons once more and have two excellent rifles which are very accurate. One is a 256 Manlicher Tehrenauer and the other a Jeffrey 404 Mauser. I found my 355 Manlicher was not accurate enough so changed it for the smaller one. I shall be surveying near "Iuswa" which is supposed to be the largest extinct volcano in the world. I am sending you a map by this mail which will keep you in touch with where Lenox and I are. After defining the Masai boundary, I have to cut up all the land lying between this boundary and the existing farms, about 100,000 acres, with farms varying from 2,000 to 5,000 acres. I will try and get you some specimens of the different fibres grown in this country, which are quite interesting to see. Ramie does very well and Lisal is used a great deal in making binding-twine for cutting machines. This country is so new that quite a lot of good "spees" have recently been made. Cott, the man for whom Lennie Wright is working, bought the whole of the foreshore of Kilifi harbour for £200. Kilifi is about 30 miles north of Mombassa and is a perfect harbour, having deep water up to the shore. They say that both the Tana and Juba rivers are wonderfully adapted for irrigation in the same system as the Nile and that great developments will take place along them.

(From Lenox).

Narumuru River,  
P.O. Nyeri.

September 24th, 1912

I think I wrote last week telling of the leopard getting into the kraal and killing 4

Commander and a lieutenant in order to put on his land togs, and who told us desperately that we must come at once and have tea or else we would lose the train. We had a merry tea in the Admiral's cabin and then tore up, got our coats and rushed down the gangway into the launch. We had a three mile journey up the river to a quaint little place called Port Victoria where we caught a train for Dartford. There was no hurry about that train—but then what can you expect when you go through places such as “Belunkel”! We changed at Gravesend and again at Waterloo Bridge and reached Gomshall just before seven after having had a perfectly glorious day.

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## SPRING IN THE PENINSULA.

We should like to give our distant readers some idea of the exquisite beauty of this spring season. Wild flowers and garden flowers have rushed out in prodigal profusion, as if they did not know sufficiently how to express their sense of beauty and joy in life. In the midst of all this sorrow and gloom and anxiety in the past few months, this joyous abandon of nature brought hope and healing and refreshment. Man's sorrow and man's anxieties in no way touched the beautiful flower world, unless one imagined the flowers to be doing their best to undo the ravages that man was committing. And the ordinary little common flowers like the Nasturtium have been beautiful and brilliant as butterflies and take advantage of every vacant spot to revel in the sunshine and sweet air.

Kirstenbosch! No one who has an opportunity of visiting Kirstenbosch should fail to do so. It is a veritable fairyland; soul and spirit can breathe in this world of ravishing beauty. Along Rhodes' Road the purple geranium and the pink bells of the watsonia make a blaze of colour that is intoxicating. Some hours spent in this beauty fill one with fresh life and hope and with a new courage to face life

no matter what it may have in store for us. Lovers of the silver tree will receive a rude shock to see so many prostrate forms of this lovely friend, breaking the ranks of the famous St. Cecilia woods. Hundreds of trees have fallen and the woodman's axe is busy, and a great sale of firewood must be going on. Kind intentions, well meant efforts to protect this beautiful vegetation by removing the young fir trees and bush wood was the cause of the disaster. The recent high winds swept through the forest of silver trees, laying them low on every side. For after all they had relied upon the support of the fir trees and the bush wood, but it is hoped that a forest of sturdier young silver trees will in time take their place and that they will be able to support their proud position of sole mastery of that lovely spot.

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## Letters from East Africa (cont.).

(From Jarvis Murray).

Kyāke,

July 27th, 1912.

I am sorry it is so long since I last wrote but I have been away in the Aberdare mountains and Lenox and I have both been very busy since I returned. Lenox is at last on the move to Kenia. He is very much pleased with the idea of soon being there. He, Segar Bastard and Maurice Southey, go up together. The weather now is very pleasant, cool but no rain. I have a survey to do on the Thika River about 30 miles from Nairobi.

29th, Nairobi.—Since writing the above the government have asked me to survey 81,000 acres along the railway, two stations beyond Naivasha, so I shall not do the survey on the Thika now which was only a simple sub-division. Don't be worried about the big game—Lenox and I are both very careful. It is usually the men who have done a good deal of shooting and get careless, who come to harm. I shot a second elephant while I was in the Aberdare and got £44 for his tusks which were

## A VISIT TO H.M.S. ANTRIM.

At about 9 o'clock on Saturday, May 4th, a party of four, which included Miss Cowan, Margaret Molteno and Islay and Gwen Bisset, left Parklands on a visit to Sheerness to see Cousin Barkly Molteno who is Flag Captain of H.M.S. Antrim, of the 3rd Cruiser Squadron.

The journey up to London Bridge was quite uneventful but it was there that our adventures really began. We were supplied with a large package of sandwiches, chocolates and magazines but with absolutely nothing where with to quench our thirst. So after looking around us we perceived in the distance a doubtful looking room labelled "Refreshments" to which we wended our way. Arrived there we boldly entered and asked for four bottles of ginger beer. Some of us were for carrying them off just as they were, but Miss Cowan's sense of propriety overruled that suggestion and we finally departed carrying them wrapped up in paper bags. Meanwhile Miss Cowan was getting anxious about our train so for the third time she approached a portly official and made fresh enquiries about it. Having been reassured once more we waited patiently until it came and then settled down comfortably in our carriage. Comfortably did I say? Alas it was not so! For our carriage was just over the wheels and we bumped about so much that our bones positively rattled and we were hardly able to read. Even such discomfort did not damp our spirits and we vigorously discussed the possibilities of a smooth journey across to the cruiser. Seeing a canal gently ruffled by the wind made us all feel rather nervous but we decided that not for the world would we disgrace Cousin Barkly and we hoped for the best. Before Strood we started making preparations for lunch and were just making a start when to our horror a porter came along and informed us that we must change at once and go to the front part of the train. We hastily collected our baggage and fled forward to another carriage where we started our meal

once again. Then began the difficulty of opening the gingerbeer bottles. Miss Cowan insisted upon us pointing them out of the window in case they suddenly burst and blew off our heads but that was a needless precaution as nothing we could do would make the cork budge. After Islay had broken the point off Gwen's hat pin and Gwen had broken the cork in half we resolved to do without drink and contented ourselves with eating. At Gravesend we had to wait nearly half an hour during which time we had the gingerbeer bottles opened, and on the way to Sheerness Dock Road we finally drank them. To our great disappointment they were not worth the trouble we had had, for the taste was to say the least peculiar and most of the beverage went out of the window. Arrived at Sheerness we were met by Cousin Barkly looking splendid in his blue and gold uniform. Then began our royal progress through the dock yard to the launch which was to convey us across to the ship. None of us had ever been in such distinguished company before and our heads were in danger of being turned. Mercifully the water was fairly smooth and we arrived safely, feeling perfectly well. Islay was the first to run up the gangway and to her horror and confusion she suddenly found herself being saluted by three smart looking officers and several sailors. She blushed violently, bowed jerkily and looked very uncomfortable until the rest of the party arrived after what seemed (to her) a considerable wait. After introductions were over we went to Cousin Barkly's lovely cabin and took off our coats. Then we started off on our tour of inspection. Up ladders we went to the navigation deck from where we saw three ships going out—the Lord Nelson, the Falmouth and the Russell, all of which saluted the Antrim as they passed. Then we went into several of the conning towers and were shown the working of the guns and steering, etc. We went down many greasy and steep ladders and saw the torpedo chamber, the bakery, the men's sleeping quarters and all sorts of other interesting things. Finally we met Cousin Barkly, who had left us with the

of my imported merino sheep. It is a frightful loss specially as these sheep can't be replaced in this country and were just about acclimated. They were just going to do well and the balance are doing well—I still have my best ram and 26 ewes. This week I have had two attempts by lions to get into my cattle kraal. On the last occasion he set the trap gun off I can't say whether he was hit as I found no blood but I found a lot of long hair out of his mane stuck on the thorns. He must have been a big one. The cattle and sheep kraals are quite close to the house. The cow-bell you sent is a great help for as soon as anything disturbs the cattle, it rings. I am going to try to get some made in Nairobi as I think they help to scare the lions when they start ringing. I like this part more and more every day. If anyone comes up this way try to get them to bring some dogs. You can't imagine how hard they are to get up here and how valuable they really are as a protection against wild animals.

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## REMINISCENCES.

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Besides the yearly journeys to Cape Town the travelling waggon or "Boldervag" was also used when Papa took us all with him on his visits to the Nelspoort farms. I can just recall the pleasurable excitement of change and travel as well as a certain feeling of disappointment when we reached the bare comfortless little farm houses with earth floors and not a scrap of green or shade about them. The only thing that brought any life or interest to us was the bleating flocks that came, in the evenings, to the kraals. At this time the parents of the present generation of Elliotts and Jacksons' occupied the different Nelspoort farms. I wonder whether their descendants ever try to realize, in the contrast, to-day, of their luxurious homes and surroundings the vision that comes to me of that stern struggling past and especially of the heroic patient mothers upon whom the heaviest part of the

burden fell. It is a memory that may well be treasured with reverent admiration as well as with gratitude for upon their endurance and sacrifices were slowly built up the comforts their children now enjoy. I sometimes wonder what are we building up for the future.

When I was about five years old there came upon us a crushing sorrow. Our little brother Jarvis, who was about two and a half years old, was taken from us after a very short illness which we called "white sore throat". He was a dear serious little fellow and I still have a picture in my memory of his little face and figure as he gravely walked about under the big walnut tree as if his mind were full of thoughts. Papa was passionately devoted to his only boy and had made him his constant companion. The blow fell so suddenly that he was almost distracted with grief and the darkness of those days is still deeply shadowed in my memory. Papa could not bear to separate himself from the precious little earthly remains which were laid temporarily in a sacred spot in our garden to be removed to wherever we should eventually make our home. When, some years after, we had settled down at Claremont House and when our little brother Alfred died and was laid in St. Saviours' churchyard, then the two older brothers were laid with him in the same grave.

The last of the family that was born in Beaufort was Charlie. He was one year old, Betty was eight, Maria four and I was seven when we made our last journey through the Great Karroo to Cape Town. It was more than twenty years after that I again passed through that strange yet fascinating desert and gazed out upon it from the window of a railway carriage with a thrill of old memories like from another world.

The months of the Parliamentary session which we spent every year at Cape Town were a great joy to us all and especially to Mamma who always wished to be as near as possible to Somerset Road. One session Papa hired Murchison House at Rondebosch but Mamma felt herself isolated there for, with no trams

nor trains, and only about one omnibus a day to Cape Town, it seemed quite far away in the country. Usually Papa hired a house somewhere at Green Point which had then only a few scattered houses with large grounds around them. Once we had a house belonging to Mr. de Jongh. It was close to the sea and within an easy walk of Somerset Road across the bare wide common which, in the spring was gaily carpeted with pink and yellow sorrel flowers or "surung blommetjes" as we called them. We spent many happy hours of play upon that common. In places it was dotted over with low thorny bushes upon which the butcher bird or bokmakirrie impaled its poor little victims—lizards, nadjes and all kinds of strange creatures, but mostly little frogs with their legs stretched out stiff and dry so that when we collected them and planted them in the ground in rows like armies of soldiers, they looked as if brandishing their weapons for some furious attack. Then what patient searches, and to me always vain ones, we used to have for the mysterious Kookamaacranka. I never did understand why we searched for them so earnestly. But best of all I remember and loved the evenings when the light was low on the wide open space with its great horizon, and the piled up masses of thunderclouds were touched with the glory of the setting sun.

The common, as I remember it, has completely vanished. A railway, trees, golf links and trams have brought a wholly new environment to it as well as to all those scenes of our childhood grouped around the once so dearly loved Somerset Road which in its "slummy" atmosphere of to-day has nothing left of its old dignity and aloofness.

How well I remember there the feeling of the fresh early morning air on the stoep before breakfast when the "fruit boys" would come to the steps with their tempting baskets. They were all Malays and carried their two large round baskets, suspended from a bamboo pole across their shoulders. This was before the days of fruit shops, and our present medley of nationalities.

Bazett and Willie Blenkins were our only playmates. We took the keenest interest in their school life and friendships and read all their books—mostly tales of school-boy life and of adventure. Reading was always our greatest delight and resource. I remember once there were two little white-haired boys who used to play with them. They were Mr. Abram Fischer, afterwards the only Prime Minister of the Free State, and his brother.

One of the secret terrors of that time to me was the little monkey, Jacko, who used to be tied up in the woodhouse and made a great pet of by Bazett and Willie.

Behind the house we could wander up the bare slopes of the Lion's Rump where, in the spring, we used to amuse ourselves by threading long chains of the gay "surung blommetjes" with which they were carpeted.

I can remember, in the evenings, sitting on the steps of the stoep with Aunt Betty Bisset and watching her with loving admiration as we followed her gaze into the distant sky while she told us some story or repeated some poem that seemed to carry us away into another world. I wonder whether any children ever loved and worshipped their aunts as we did ours.

And now, after this last journey up from Beaufort, came the great event which opened a completely new chapter in our lives—our visit, of 18 months, to Europe. It was just 10 years since Papa's last visit, before he and Mamma had yet even met one another.

Visits to Europe were not then the common event they are to-day nor were they accomplished with the ease and speed and luxury to which we are now accustomed.

There was one mail steamer a month with a voyage averaging 35 days. The penny postage of to-day was then 1/-. With the small steamers, ill-ventilated and smelling of oil, it was no wonder that there were always some "bad sailors" to whom the entire voyage was a martyrdom. But just when we were ready to start there sailed into the Bay a large vessel from Australia called the "Westbourne".

Ships always fascinated Papa and he was immediately seized with the idea of our making the voyage in her. With all speed the arrangements were completed and our large party safely embarked—boats from the "Jetty" in Adderley Street, taking us to the ship. Our party consisted of Papa and Mamma, the four children with our coloured nurse Meitje, (old Meme Hannah's daughter), and to our great joy, our dear Aunt Betty who was then a girl of 17.

Grandpapa and Grandmama came to see us off and brought us many toys for the long voyage. It must have been an anxious parting for them for it would probably be at least four months before they could get any news of us. Fortunately we made an exceptionally good passage of only seven weeks.

Captain Bruce and his brother, who was first mate, did all they could to make us comfortable and we had splendid big stern cabins but, though Papa found inexhaustible interest in the navigation of the ship, I think that, to Mamma and Aunt Betty, the voyage must have been rather monotonous for, apparently, they had little in common with the Australian passengers.

Although we sighted no land the whole way yet we constantly saw ships and passed many within speaking distance (with the "trumpet" as we called it). More than once boats came off to make some exchange of provisions and great ceremonies were observed crossing the Line, all of which gave the children endless variety of interest and enjoyment.

I remember particularly the days when there was a dead calm and the sailors would all sit on the deck mending the sails while we sat and talked beside them.

Sometimes the sea would be covered, as far as eye could reach, with the tiny white sails of the "Portuguese men-of-war" and the sailors would give us tins, perforated with holes, with which to fish for them—painful experience had taught us to avoid, with great respect, their long blue tentacles.

Ship's fare, in those days, was not luxurious. It seemed, as far as I can remember, that, at the childrens' table, our daily dinner consisted of roast pork and preserved potatoes. Sundays we had tinned salmon and, after dinner, on deck, the steward filled our pinafores with nuts and raisins, which compensated for many shortcomings. There were lovely evenings on the silent deck, lit only by the stars or moon when we would listen in thrilled delight to Aunt Betty's stories as we nestled round her as closely as we could.

Altogether there was, about that leisurely voyage, a feeling of peace and comradeship with our environment and with the life of the great ocean which can never be experienced in the luxury and bustle with which we now race across the great highway of the Atlantic

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## ART.

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Madge Cook (Mrs. Denham) is doing some more of her lovely work. She is working at a picture of Effie which promises to be a success. She is also making a charming picture of Lucy and Carol, and has begun one of John which is sure to be good. Undoubtedly she has a great gift for this kind of work.

Just now Mrs. Penstone (Mrs. Croslin Robinson) has an exhibition in 42 Burg Street which well repays a visit. She has seized the poetry and charm of the little dark children who make our streets and lanes so picturesque, and has made such captivating pictures of some of them as to furnish one's mental gallery with lovely additions. She seems to conceive of them as Nature's sprites, not yet become wholly human but still belonging to the region of elves and gnomes. She has also painted a Dutch dove cot which is a little poem in itself.

Madge Cook's beautiful imaginative picture of Lyndall (Olive Schreiner's South African Farm) has a haunting beauty that one cannot forget, and our splendid Miss Glossop is slightly represented. Anyone who knows the scenery

of the borders of Basutoland will understand from one of her pictures how profoundly she has seized the spirit of this wierdy and tragically beautiful scenery. Her animals live in canvas, she endows them with individuality, with souls. She gives us fresh eyes for the animal creation.

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### KENAH'S DIARY.

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November 11th, 1914. Left Cape Town 8 30 p.m.—attached to 7th M.B.F.A.—Major Usmar and Captain van Collier. Took valvless on strength of unit.

November 12th. En route.

November 13th. Arrived Bloemfontein about 2 30 p.m. Reported at Tempe and put up at Major Usmar's. A fair number of wounded came in during the day to the Civil Hospital.

November 14th. Spent day in completing arrangements. Usmar took over civil hospital in morning. I went in car to visit various departments to secure our mules, wagons, harness, horses, etc. The only trouble was lack of ambulance wagons. Not one to be had.

Saw coach fitter in regard to conversion of light wagons. Afternoon at Hospital taking over wounded.

November 15th, Sunday. There are altogether over sixty wounded, and fourteen sick now under our care so we have our hands full as all the proper machinery for correct routine, has to be set in motion and, at the same time, our brigade outfitted. After tea visited the National Memorial to the women and children who died during the late war. Fine simple structure.

November 16th and 17th. Had a busy time. Warned in the morning to expect a considerable number of wounded from a fight at Virginia near Kroonstad. The day was spent in clearing the hospital of all those who were fit enough to travel or be sent to Convalescent Hospital. Van Collier went over to Tempe to open the Military Hospital there, for convalescents. 16 wounded arrived about 9 30 p.m.—

all were serious cases. One had been shot through the abdomen and was obviously dying from internal hemorrhage. I operated but it was hopeless and he succumbed about an hour later. Turned in about 1 30 a.m.

To-day (17th) heard something of the fight at Virginia. De Wet, with about, 1,500 men, or more, tried to capture the railway station which was held by about 250 of our fellows. They held out pluckily until re-inforcements and an armoured train arrived. The wounded men said the rebels were very badly armed. They were using all sorts of weapons, even shot guns, and had very little ammunition of any sort but they were all splendidly mounted.

A man, named van Niekerk, one of the rebel leaders, was brought in to-day, he gave rather an interesting account of how he was wounded. It appears that he saw a body of men advancing consisting of about the number of his own troop. As they came up he recognised Colonel Toby Smuts, who had mistaken his (van Niekerk's) party for his own side. As soon as they came up van Niekerk drew his revolver with the intention of ordering Smuts to surrender but, as he raised his hand, Smuts' son recognised their mistake, and fired at him, at 20 yards. The bullet passed just above his heart but does not appear, up to the present, to have done much harm. This occurred at Mushroom Valley where the first lot of wounded came in, on the day of our arrival.

This evening Col. Brand was brought in, on the armoured train, suffering from acute appendicitis. He did not get to the hospital till after midnight. We found it necessary to operate immediately — — — — — Col. de Kock operated—the latter was at the Dioscesan College with me in 1890-94 and I had not met him since those days. He is A.D.M.S. here.

Colonel Brand's condition is undoubtedly critical. He was brought in by a young medico called Swanepoel. The latter had been captured by the rebels at Mushroom Valley and re-taken later on by Botha. He said he was attending some wounded when he noticed that a flanking force was coming up—his own

troops having already left the area he was in. He did not bother as he supposed the rebels would not interfere with him. He was, however, rudely disillusioned when he found they were firing at him. They continued firing until within 15 yards in spite of the fact that he was unarmed and wore a red cross on his arm. He expostulated and pointed to his arm but they only called on him to hold up his hands which, as he was a non-combatant, he refused to do. One of them fired again, at 15 yards, and missed him at which Swanepoel called out that, if he fired again, he would give him a thrashing. Swanepoel is 6 foot 3 inches and broad in proportion. He said the rebels were armed with all sorts of weapons including shot guns and even air guns. Most of their ammunition is sporting, that is to say the bullets are of the dum-dum type.

The rebels are wearing their Defence Force uniforms and also have adopted the white badge on their left arm which our troops have been ordered to wear to distinguish them from the rebels.

They are looting and destroying the farms of the loyalists and even wantonly destroying the thoroughbred stock and imported cattle and sheep.

I don't think the rebellion can last much longer as they have no ammunition and, in the great majority of cases, I think their hearts are not in it.

November 18th. The days are pretty full now. Having been up till 4.30 with Col. Brand, we had to be at work again in the hospital at 9. Amongst the last wounded (16 in number) 7 have shattered thigh bones and 5 smashed elbows. The wounds are very bad owing to the use of dum-dum bullets. We extracted a dum-dum from one case this morning.

I have made friends with an old carpenter who is making wooden splints for me and is much interested in the work.

We have heard to-day that we are to get 3 motor ambulances instead of the ordinary mule wagons.

November 19th. Had the first good uninterrupted sleep since leaving home and enjoyed it much. The air is so dry and bracing that in spite of little sleep, which usually gives one a head, I have noticed no discomfort and feel very fit and well.

My chief work, at present, is devising splints for shattered arms and legs. The dum-dum bullets the rebels are using, break up the bones and make it hopeless to wire them. The only chance is to get really rigid, and yet comfortable, splints. The old carpenter I have struck is working well and his splints are proving very satisfactory.

November 20th. A fairly quiet day, by which I mean that nothing very unexpected turned up. The whole scheme of life is so changed, one does not know from hour to hour where one will be next. Everything lies ready for an immediate move to any required destination.

To-night is our first mess night and we are inviting Mr. Steyn, and President of the National Hospital Board of Management—also Col. de Kock A.D.M.S. of this district.

November 21st. Our dinner went off well and, being the first official dinner of our mess, everyone present was made to say a few words.

This morning I had orders to proceed to Senekal with one of the ambulance trains. I went to the station but found, on arrival, that a train had just gone from Kroonstad, so had to turn back.

There has evidently been more fighting up that way. Yesterday 6 wounded rebels arrived. I never saw a more wretched-looking set of fellows.

November 22nd. Last night we had a very interesting account of the Mushroom Valley fight from a Lieut. Fraser, one of Sir John Fraser's sons, who took an active part as one of Brand's commandoes and was wounded—he had a very narrow escape. The bullet pierced through his left arm, then through his handkerchief pocket it passed on and struck the man next to him, passing in below his left arm and finally lodging in his spine at the level of the 9th vertebra where we can see it with the X

rays. This second man's name is Lieut. Coetzee. He came off worst as one of his legs is paralysed. However, both are getting on well.

So far the papers have published but little about Mushroom Valley, so some account of it will be interesting.

It seems that Col. Brand's commando was given the billet of following up de Wet while Botha and the others went off to other parts to cut off his retreat.

Col. Brand had about 1,300 men in his commando and carried out a very rapid journey, in fact they only rested for an hour at a time for three whole days and nights. At the end of this time they made a final march of 21 miles and came on de Wet in the Mushroom Valley, in the early morning.

The rebels were so confident that there was no one near that they had not even put outposts or sentries. The whole rebel laager was asleep when Brand's men opened fire and Fraser described a scene of the utmost confusion.

The rebels had large numbers of horses which they had looted and these stampeded and the whole laager was a scene of wildest confusion.

De Wet made off and just managed to escape owing to Col. Lukin's commando not having been able to get to its post in time.

Fraser told us that his commando buried 62 rebels and since then, wounded and dead have been picked up in various directions.

About 500 horses were captured and all their wagons, carts, stores and ammunition. The rebels were scattered in all directions so that the defeat was much more complete than the official news described.

The rebels have been looting all the stores in the villages and destroying the houses of the loyalists.

De Wet is therefore, for all practical purposes, a fugitive.

There are still two fairly large commandoes, one near Hoopstad and one under Kemp down along the Orange River.

November 23rd. Yesterday we had a church parade at the Cathedral and, after that, one

of the quietest days we have yet had for which I think we were all thankful.

No more wounded have come in for some time past and it is our duty to get them away as soon as they are fit to travel, the work is beginning to slacken.

November 24th. I had a chat with one of the rebels this morning (I have had all the rebels in one of my wards). He told me that he had been called out by de Wet who had told them all that they were simply assembling to show who had the greater following—Botha or Hertzog. On arriving at the laager, quite unarmed, this man was told that they were going to fight the Government and he must accompany the commando until he could get a rifle. He was one of the first wounded at Zand River, near Virginia, though he never had a weapon in his hands. He then went on to say that there were many rebels who had never intended to fight, that the leaders had kept back all information and that the most of them were quite unaware of the annesty.

One of De Wet's staff, who has just been captured, says that de Wet is furious with Hertzog who, he says has let them all down and funkcd coming out himself.

I think Hertzog comes out of this affair worse than any.

So far the Government have allowed none but the burgher commandoes to do the attacking work and it is wonderful to see the enthusiasm of the men to "wipe out the stain on the name of their race", as they put it.

One of the Commandants in Brand's commando, under my care, did not turn back, in storming a Kopje, until he had been shot through both arms and the abdominal wall. He said he had a good horse and was able to steer it with his knees until he got back to his own lines. It is wonderful to see where a bullet will go without killing.

I have one man shot through the neck who is slowly getting well. Another who was shot through one eye, the bullet going out through the back of his head. This man is now quite well physically but at times is upset mentally.

Several have survived shots through the chest, and what is more, seemed to suffer but the slightest inconvenience.

There news this morning is encouraging. There seems to have been a fair amount of fighting all over the country but there is no doubt that the rebellion is now practically squashed though there will still be a good deal of clearing up work to be done.

De Wet seems to be flying hither and thither, only four men with him and pursued night and day so I don't think it can be long before he is either taken or shot.

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### EFFIE'S WEDDING.

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Evangeline Anderson to Elliot Stanford.  
December 15th, 1914.

Effie's wedding is just over and she and Elliot are whirling their way in their car, to Miller's Point. How its beauty and peace will appeal to them after the bustle and excitement of this last week culminating in the ceremony and function of this afternoon! Nothing could have been more perfectly satisfactory than the beautiful service in Claremont Church, or the gathering afterwards under the glorious oaks of Claremont House.

It was Frank's and Ella's suggestion that the wedding reception should take place in the old home with its many precious associations and the dear old place did look its best with its rich leafy shade and its gardens gay with colour.

The stately drawing room made an ideal setting for the wedding group. Mrs. Lindley, assisted by Aunt Emmie, Brenda and Kathleen had arranged, with exquisite taste, tall groups of white agapanthus with cool looking palms, white Californian poppies, trails of white jasmine and masses of most delicious blue hydrangias. In the hall and rooms leading to the drawing room, Bessie Beard, assisted by Ursula had shewn an expert's skill and taste in

the arrangement of masses of Dorothy Perkins roses and other pink flowers in varying shades and it was a delightful vista through which the eye wandered from the entrance hall till it rested upon the bridal party grouped before the lofty window leading into the conservatory.

In the church too, were cool groups of blue and white agapanthus and palms of various kinds, beautifully arranged by Brenda, Doris Beard, Monica, Doris Blackburn and the Misses East. As the bridal party entered, the choir sang the hymn "The voice that breathed o'er Eden" to the tune of "The Church's one Foundation". Mr. Anderson had spent much thought upon the selection of the four hymns to be sung and printed copies were in every pew.

It was a solemn and very beautiful service, conducted by the Rev. Saul Solomon, the Rector.

On their return from the church, the guests approached Claremont House by the wide oak avenue and were received in the hall by Mr. Anderson and Mrs. Murray. The latter wore a dainty gown of soft black satin draped with white and black ninon, made by "Nigel." Her hat was transparent black tulle and lace trimmed with white ostrich feathers shaded into mauve and she carried a bouquet of pale pink and mauve sweet peas. The guests then passed on to give their congratulations to the bride and bridegroom. The bridal party made a very charming group. The bride, who carried a beautiful sheaf of Madonna lilies, had never looked more attractive than she did on this important day. She wore the lovely Brussels lace of her mother's wedding dress which had been beautifully toned with the softest deep cream satin, draped with marquissette and pearl and diamanté trimming, making a result worthy of the renowned modist "Nigel." Her wreath of orange blossoms was prettily arranged by Lilian Blackburn and also the lovely veil of Honiton lace lent by her aunt, Mrs. Blackburn, which was as becoming to Effie as it had been to Marjorie. The one cloud upon the otherwise completely successful

day, was Marjorie's illness which prevented her taking her place with the bridesmaids, as "matron of honour." Happily May was able to fill the gap and she and the other bridesmaids, Lilian Blackburn and Alice Stanford, looked perfectly charming in their frocks of soft apricot pink crêpe satin with vest and undersleeves of cream lace and waist outlined with black tulle, finished in front with a butterfly bow of the same. Their hats were of black tulle with large velvet anemonies to match the dresses and each bridesmaid carried a charming bouquet of deep salmon pink sweet peas.

After congratulating the bride, the guests passed through the wide open windows to the cool shade of the oaks where many small tables and chairs had been arranged and where refreshments were served.

Presently the newly married pair, attended by their bridesmaids and the best man, Dr. Lawrence, in Defence Force uniform, took their stand behind the bridal table and proceeded to cut the wedding cake. While the champagne was being handed round, Sir James Rose Innes, in an appropriate speech, proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom to which the bridegroom replied in a few simple words of thanks.

At about 5 o'clock the guests lined up on either side of the front door and the bridal pair, amid a shower of rose petals and hearty cheers, stepped into the car and drove off to Miller's Point.

The bride's going away dress was made of a silky material of a charming shade of green with long pleated tunic and corsage relieved with cream embroidered lawn and finished at the waist by a smart shash and bow of floral chiné ribbon.

The bride much regretted that she was unable to let all her friends see the numerous and beautiful presents she had received but as she was leaving so soon for her distant home she had been obliged to have them packed before the wedding.

All the careful thought which Mr. Anderson had given, to every detail of the arrangements, was well repaid by the entirely successful re-

sult. We must not forget to mention that the delicious wedding cake was made by Effie's faithful cook, Minna, who had stipulated for that privilege directly she had heard of the engagement. Effie is to be congratulated that she accompanies her to her new home.

It was a disappointment to everyone that Nellie Bisset was unable, through illness, to be present at Effie's wedding in which she had taken so great an interest.

Ted Molteno leaves in the "Balmoral" on the 26th for England and has placed his services at the disposal of the Government to assist in the carrying out of the scheme and the selection of suitable people.

#### LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS AND THEIR ADDRESSES.

- Anderson, T. J., Tressilian, Kenilworth, Cape.  
 Anderson, Effie (Mrs. E. Stanford.) Inungi, Kokstad.  
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 Anderson, Harold, Rietfontein, P.O. Venterstadt, Cape  
 Province.  
 Anderson, Willie, c/o Lloyds Bank, Lombard Street,  
 London.  
 Surgeon Lieut. E. D. Anderson, 1st Life Guards, 7th  
 Household Cavalry Brigade, 3rd Cavalry Division,  
 Expeditionary Force, c/o G.P.O. London.  
 Bisset, Mrs. (senior) Beauleigh, Kenilworth, Cape.  
 Bisset, Willie, Aboyne, Kenilworth, Cape.  
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 Bisset, Ursula, Larne, Kenilworth, Cape.  
 Beard, Bessie, Belford, Kenilworth, Cape.  
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Jarvis, Miss E., Beaufort Villa, Kenilworth, Cape.	Molteno, Brenda, Claremont House, Claremont, Cape.
Molteno, Lady, Glen Elgin, Elgin, Cape.	Molteno, Clarisa, Ballochmyle, Kenilworth, Cape.
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Molteno, Sir J. T., Ballochmyle, Kenilworth, Cape.	Murray, May, Kenilworth, Cape.
Molteno, V. G., Fir Lodge, Wynberg, Cape.	Murray, Kathleen, Kenilworth, Cape.
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Molteno, Jervis, Trinity College, Cambridge.	
Molteno, Mrs. P. A., 10 Palace Court, London W. Eng.	

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