

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

A Review of Events Leading Up to the Recent Outbreak.

Strength of the Opposing Forces and Probable Outcome—What Commercial Results Will Be.

[The following article was written expressly for the Nugget by a gentleman who has spent 20 years in South Africa and who is thoroughly familiar with the questions upon which he deals.]

As day by day we receive telegrams which record the commencement of a struggle pregnant with interest, politically and financially, to the world in general, as it directly affects the fate of the continent of Africa and the future ownership of the largest contributor to the world's gold output, i. e. the Transvaal. It is of interest and importance to our readers to have facts and issues at stake placed clearly before them. In order to understand the situation let us review this question. What is this bone of contention, known commonly as English vs. Dutch, Boers vs. British, Uitlander vs. Boer, England vs. Transvaal. Is it a question of freedom of race, of freedom of religion, of imperial versus republican principles, of the strong oppressing the weak, or is it a question of an intelligent and energetic mass of immigrants in a new and alien country, weary at last after 18 years of oppression and taxation without representation, earnestly appealing to the mother country for relief, or, in lieu of this, crying out "if you will not help us, then let us make the best terms we can for ourselves?"

The Uitlander, English, American, German, French, represented by such men as Lionel Phillips, Hays Hammond, Alfred Beit, De Rouillot, say we pay seven eighths of the taxation, give us representation. Give us the right to educate our children in our own language, remove our religious disabilities; because we are Jews or Catholics, do not prevent us from holding official positions. Let us have the right of carrying arms in self-defence; let us have a high court, composed of educated and honest men, whose decisions, after hearing evidence, shall be final. Such are the demands of the Uitlanders. The Boer answer to this is: We will grant you a small modica of these demands hampered by such conditions as to render them nugatory, provided that England abrogate the suzerainty and thus surrender her supremacy in Africa. This is today the position of Boer vs. Uitlander.

Now, let us glance at the territories composing South Africa. We have the Cape Colony, with Cape Town as its capital. On the west we have German Southwest Africa. On the north west we have Betschuanaland, with Mafeking as its chief town—this territory is a portion of Cape Colony. On the east we have Natal, with its capital Pieter Maritzburg, bounded on the west and partially separated from the Orange Free State by Basutoland, which is a semi-independent nation of Kaffir warriors under British protection. North-east again is the Transvaal or South African Republic, with its capital, Pretoria, and chief town Johannesburg. North of this is British South Africa or Rhodesia, with Bulawayo as its capital and Cecil John Rhodes king de jure, if not de facto. A narrow strip running up the east coast is Portuguese East Africa, with Delagoa as capital.

These different portions of South Africa are linked together with railways from Cape Town to Kimberley or the diamond fields; thence to Mafeking up the Western border of the Transvaal to Palapsw; thence to Ruuwayo. From Port Durban, Natal, to Johannesburg; from Delagoa bay to Barberton, Transvaal; from Cape Town via the Free States to Johannesburg. We omit smaller branch lines.

Grouped together with a view to the coming struggle, we have on the one side Cape Colony, Natal, Betschuanaland, Basutoland, Rhodesia, or British South Africa. On the other side we have the Transvaal or South African Republic and the Orange Free State. From the experience of the oldest South Africans it may be gathered that the natives and the Boers will never fight side by side, and in the case of the Free State and Basutoland most bitter animosity has existed for years, and reprisals are more likely. German Southwest Africa and Portuguese East Africa, in this coming struggle, need not be reckoned. Now, as to the forces which will be in the field by the 16th of October, the Imperial British regular troops will

amount to 30,000, irregular colonial troops, 5000; Rhodesian volunteers, 1000; Basutos, if required to attack the Free State, 10,000 mounted men. On the Transvaal and Free State side added to any of their Natal or Cape Colony adherents whom may deem fit to assist them it will be liberal allowance if we apportion 20,000 thousand to the Transvaal, 10,000 to the Free State, 3000 to disaffected Boers in the Cape Colony and Natal.

In the case of the Transvaal and Free State attacking England, the points of attack will be Mafeking in Betschuanaland on the main line between Cape Town and Buluwayo, situated 25 miles from the Transvaal boundary; Kimberly, in Cape Colony; Dundee, Lady-smith, Harrisinth in Natal.

In the event of the British Imperial troops attacking the Free State, Bloemfontein will be the objective. It is needless here to anticipate the eventual results of the campaign. The immediate effects will be that 100,000 of our fellow-men will be in the agonies of a death struggle. The gold output of the world will be diminished monthly by 500,000 ounces, or \$7,500,000 per month; 60,000 miners, black and white, will be thrown out of employment, market values of stocks depreciated by millions, incalculable damage to mines, machinery and plant will be caused. Racial hatred will be fanned into a blaze, which will take a century to extinguish, and even we in far off frozen Alaska will feel those dire effects of this fearful disaster in the withdrawal of capital and tightening of the pursestrings of South African capitalists already deeply interested here on these fields in some of the larger undertakings.

Jim Donaldson on Nome.

Jim Donaldson, who arrived on the Yukoner, is one of the best known sports in town. James went out by way of Nome and is full of interesting reminiscences of this summer's events there. At a miners' meeting on Anyil creek to discuss the frauds sailing under the name of powers of attorney, the miners who were from Dawson and knew Jim's fairness and backbone, invited him to take the chair. He consented and was immediately notified by the soldiery that the meeting would not be allowed to discuss the frauds, and that if any attempt was made to put a motion on the power-of-attorney question, he would be arrested at once. Jim maintained the strictest order in the meeting, but when one of the miners rose to his feet with a motion to the all important question which he wished to discuss, the speaker was promptly arrested and carried to St. Michaels.

Jim further relates how a number of the jumpers of the fraudulently held claims were carried off to St. Michaels and jailed, though afterwards released. One, however, remained and his case was pushed to a conclusion as a test suit. Judge Norton heard it and promptly decided in favor of the imprisoned man. Immediately there were a swarm of other jumpers to have their cases tried. Their grounds were in many cases exactly similar and nothing but a decision in their favor could have resulted with the precedent of the foregoing case. Then, by some hocus pocus or other the judge vanished from the vision of the supplicants, and to the time that Jim left had not reappeared.

Jim bought in on Anvil before leaving for the states, and has received some very promising information from there since then.

The Nome excitement in Seattle is intense and growing, but Jim is impressed with the idea that it is to be a "cheap" camp, by reason of the ease by which it can be reached by steamer. He expects next summer to find the restaurants serving meals at 25 cents, with everything in proportion, though it is to undoubtedly be a "great" camp, in the sense that it will be filled with people, with plenty of money being exchanged.

What struck Jim as much as any thing else was the remarkable condition of law and order at Nome. In every respect it was as quiet and orderly as Dawson, which, as all must admit, has been a surprise to the world. With fraud in government circles as rampant as it ever was at this place the people are just as patient and long-suffering as they were in the Yukon territory.

Letter at Nugget office for Rev. C. J. Larsen, from Juneau, Alaska.

The only qualified horse and dog doctor practicing in Dawson. Dr. Strong, D. V. S., Pioneer barber shop.

Beer, ale, porter and wines served to table guests on Sunday at Cafe Royal.

Steam thawers, pipe and pipe fittings and valves, stoves, tin and sheet iron work at J. H. Holme & Co.'s, opposite Fairview.

THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

A good joke was attempted on the crowd of people, who witnessed the arrival of the steamboat Anglian last Sunday morning. Lottie Oatley, the clever variety actress, was one of the passengers. Her return to Dawson was not unexpected, for she telegraphed to Nigger Jim from Selkirk. Charlie Hill, a mutual friend was at the dock to bid her welcome and was one of the very first to cross the gang-plank and board the boat. Lottie was standing forward leaning against the port rail, and held in her arms something which was carefully wrapped in heavy blue cloth. After Charlie had greeted her, she gave him the bundle. Much care was exercised by him in properly arranging it in his arms, and she was exceedingly particular to tuck in the loose ends of the blue wrap. He preceded her in walking up the dock from the steamboat. Many sports and well-known characters around town, who lined the rail on each side, exchanged significant glances, and passed remarks in an undertone. One acquaintance, with more temerity than the rest, asked Miss Oatley:

"Is that yours?" and pointed to the bundle in blue.

"Certainly," she replied, as if annoyed by such inquisitiveness.

Just as Hill reached the entrance of the warehouse, through which the passengers were obliged to pass, the plaintive mew of a kitten betrayed what the wrap contained. Hill blushed like a school girl listening to a proposal of marriage. Lottie turned in the direction of her inquiring friend, but the latter was well on his way towards the Aurora wharf. The sports smiled, and gathered around Goggles, one of the returning passengers, who had news from the gang in Spokane.

An hour in Inspector Primrose's court is often amusing and always edifying. As a specimen, the Stroller reports the following:

"What's your case?" the inspector asks large nosed, strong-featured young man.

"Your honor, I think its about time I got my money. Here's \$25 been paid into court on my account and I want it bad, and—"

"Hasn't the other side given notice of appeal?" asked Primrose. "Then, you don't think I'm going to pay over this money until the default?" and the young man who has pleaded his own case for six weeks passed on, perfectly convinced that justice and law were Antonyms.

"Next," said the justice to a weazen-faced man of middle age. "What's the matter with you."

In low, hesitating and half-scared manner, the stranger told his story. "Aye came from de creek. Aye drink a little. Aye have poke plenty big when Aye come; now Ay'm bust. Aye no dance, but Aye tank Aye take a drink. Aye drink too much and der girl, she say we better go up stairs. Aye wake up and Ay'm bust."

"Constable!" to one of the court attendants. "Go with this man and get his money if he lost it. Next! What's the matter with you?"

"Your honor, I built me a boat at Stewart. When I went to come down here the boat was gone. I find the boat in a man's cache here and I want it."

"Why don't you go through due process of law and get it?"

"I don't want to go to the expense. These men all know I built the boat, and its mine, and the man is up the creek. Can I take it?"

"Yes, take it, but leave your name and address in case he disputes your right. Next!"

"Your honor, I raised him from a pup, and—"

"Raised what? And what are you talking about?"

"The dog, your honor. You see when he came in last summer I loaned him my dog and—"

"Loaned the pup the dog?" in surprise.

"No, your honor, the man that's got my dog. He's a brindle cross, and I could tell him anywhere I—"

"You must talk more definite if you want relief here. Now, which was the brindle, the man or the dog?"

"The dog, your honor. He was coming down on a boat ahead of me and thought he could use the team till I got to Dawson. I can prove he's mine, because his tail and feet are tipped with white. He said he'd turn the dog over to me any time I wanted him, and now he says I must pay for his board. I think he's earned his board in two months work, and he ought to let me have him, for I want to use him on the new snow, and—"

"Constable!" in disgust. Find out if anyone has got this man's dog."

The Stroller stepped into the Monte

Carlo for a dance on Monday night a week ago, and when the waltzers got onto the floor they stuck there like flies on fly-paper. The intelligent floor cleaner had mistaken a barrel of granulated sugar for the barrel of pulverized wax, and had used it liberally on the floor.

"You won't? Then, what in the world did you come to this country for?" he was heard by the Stroller to say to the girl he was buzzing in the corner.

"O, just to hear the ice make 'cracks,' and see the waves go broke against the 'banks,'" she remarked calmly.

Another Sourdough Gone.

Andrew Hunker, the discoverer of the now famous Hunker creek, which bears his name, left by the steamer Clara on her last trip for the outside. Mr. Hunker has been a continuous resident on the Yukon for the past five years and has been one of the most successful miners in the Yukon basin. In addition to being possessor of wealth he carries with him the enviable reputation of having acquired his fortune in legitimate and honorable manner. He will visit London, Berlin and Wurtemberg, Germany, his native place, where there awaits him a legacy by his late father. He will return to Dawson in the spring. Mr. Hunker was married recently at Dawson to Mrs. A. M. Harnisch. His wife accompanies him on the trip.

Thawing Machines.

R. P. Elliot, of New York city, arrived Sunday evening with three large scow-loads of thawing machines now unloading at Klondike city. These represent and are the original parent thawing machine method of the Klondike country, eight of which worked so successfully last winter on Eldorado and Bonanza creeks. Great improvements have been made which will enable the machines to execute wonderful work; also pulsometer water force pumps that will keep any shaft or drift dry. Would advise mine owners to hunt up Mr. Elliot at once, at Klondike City or Grand Forks.

Quartz Claim Sold.

Gates & Wilcoxon on Monday came into possession of the Cariboo quartz claim staked by John Reiter, and which crosses Hunker at No. 42 above. The lead, it will be remembered, crosses the dome between Hunker and Sulphur, and is being extensively prospected on the claims of Col. Hill. Already the prospects have enhanced to a point which will make it profitable to work the ground.

Dr. Duncan, who has charge of Dr. Simpson's practice, has removed to Room 3, of the Hotel McDonald.

Excellent service and moderate prices at the Cafe Royal.

THEATRES.

OPERA HOUSE.

NEW PEOPLE.
NEW PEOPLE.

The Latest Songs and Dances.
Entirely New Sketches.

UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER. SUPREME JOLLITY.

Every Monday night a complete change of program. Come early and see the fun. Under management of

OPERA HOUSE COMPANY.

Grand Opera House

Under management of Geo. L. Hillyer.

WILL RE-OPEN

...ON...

Monday Evening

With a grand spectacular production of

"FAUST."

A STRICTLY LEGITIMATE THEATRE.

THE

Monte Carlo

...THEATRE...

Crowded To The Doors Each Night.

Entire Change of Program Every Week.

SEE OUR NEW PEOPLE.

The Monte Carlo has recently been newly refitted and is now the handsomest theatre in the northwest. Drop in and have some fun.