

themselves in Zulu as in their own language. My experience in four and a half years amongst them is that hardly in three cases in succession will you find them speaking any particular language. First you will hear them speaking Dutch, then you will see one of them meet another man and to him—also a Boer—he will talk Zulu. So far as my own personal contact with them was, they did not seem to have any decided language of their own.

HABITS OF THE BOERS.

The Boer man is a rather dilapidated looking individual at the best of times. He has never used a razor in his life, and to look at his face you would say he has never washed in his life. I have on various occasions seen him make the attempt, but it has always been a failure. He hates water like the proverbial cat, and the only bath he is treated to the year round is the involuntary one when a soaking thunder-storm drenches him or he happens to fall into a river.

When the Boers retire, whether to sleep on the ground or on their beds, their clothes remain on them, and it is reported on good authority that they never change their clothes from the time they put them on until they are worn out. I have not been among them sufficiently to state that that is positively true, but it has been told to me by those who should know.

In conclusion, let me say that after having lived amongst these people four and a half years, having practised medicine amongst them, visiting them in their homes, and having felt and known something of the throbbings and groanings of South Africa after liberty, I cannot but feel an intense personal interest in the tremendous struggle now going on—one of the