

THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC

We take the following review from the Dublin Freeman's Journal. It is the first to appear of "Fifty Years of the History of the Republic in South Africa (1795-1846) By J. C. Volz, M.D. Published by G. C. Lister & Co. Most appropriate for the true appreciation of the British policy of aggression upon the Transvaal people and nation has the appearance of Dr. Volz's work with the fifty years of the Republic from 1795 to 1846, and have practically untouched the later events of the story. But the student of the volume realizes at once how consistent throughout in principle, growth, and content for international law and right has been English policy in its dealings with these brave chieftains of liberty and international right, the Boer nation. There is, in fact, a beginning lack of originality about the later developments of the Orange Company and propaganda. Even Dr. Jamieson was anticipated by half a century, and the attempt to rush the Rand in 1886 was merely a repetition of the exploit by which Natal and its seaboard were freed from the ill-governed people that had "trekked" beyond the Drakensberg Mountains to escape the stupid misgovernment, oligarchy, and tyranny which marked the British administration of the Cape in the earlier half of the present century. The leaders of the Republic had fought and won the battle of self-government against the misrule of the Dutch East India Company. They had established their Republic when the English appeared upon the scene to challenge their half won rights and demand their surrender. They resisted; were overpowered, resisted again, and had their reward when the Batavian Republic emerged out of the English confusion. The British despotism was once more imposed by force of arms, and the Afrikaner who continued to struggle for the rights of nationality and native rule which the English invader suppressed was treated as a "rebel." The hanging of the Afrikaner patriots at Slachternek in 1815, in the land which their fathers had rescued from barbarism, was one of the most atrocious exercises of conscientious power chronicled even in the annals of England. The usurper had not the excuse of offering the people whose rights he had usurped, a more efficient government. Disorder was the consequence of his appearance. Corruption in the seat of power and constant march from safety forces which the Government could not withstand and which it was even wont to press into its service to make war upon the white "rebels," such was the Government which the English established at the Cape. To occupy its ten thousand of the Afrikaners bade farewell to the homes of their fathers, to the lands that they had reclaimed from the wild, and like the Israelites passing into the desert, they set their faces to the south and unknown lands beyond the Orange River, preferring independence, with the chance of life in the wild, to the stupid misrule imposed upon them by external force. Their attempt to establish a new centre of civilization was completely successful. When the Natal Republic was founded. The Voortrekkers had created a country of their own, about as large as that which still owned the sway of England. The new land was more beautiful and more valuable than the old. The old country had taken one hundred and eighty-eight years—nearly two centuries—to grow to the size it then was, and to attain to the civilization in which it stood. And what was that condition? Its frontiers ruined, depopulated, abandoned to barbarians; its inhabitants disheartened and unhappy; its commerce, its property, vanishing; its government vacillating, unpoplar, and incapable; life and property unsafe, murder and pillage going unpunished in its domains. And how was it at the time in the new land which the emigrants had sought, to which they had brought their flocks, and in which they had built their homes? From the banks of the Orange River to the Zoutpansberg range, from the Indian Ocean to the great Kalahari Desert, there was not a single native tribe which defied the power of the Pioneers. The great military depots which had sought to destroy them had been humbled and shattered. The Matabele had fled to the North. The hostile Zulu power had been broken. Its place had been taken by a friendly subject State. There was no further danger from hostile native tribes. Towns and villages were being built both east and west of the Drakensberg Mountains. Flourishing farms and homesteads had been established in the basins of the Umgeni, Umvoti, Umhlanga, and on the Upper Tugela tributaries, as well as along the Vaal, Moot, and other rivers. Large numbers of stock farmers continued to leave the British Colony, because they saw better prospects for themselves and their children in the new territories occupied by the emigrants, where life and property were safe—thanks to the energy and perseverance of the Voortrekkers—and where the further development and progress of the country were not, as in the Colony, menaced by hostile natives and unwise legislation. Peace and prosperity were assured, not only for white settlers, but for the numerous native tribes which previously had been subjected and oppressed by the Zulu and Matabele Powers. So effectively were the weaker natives protected in this new State that in a generation their numbers quadrupled. The greedy eyes of the English expansionists were, however, soon turned on this land of promise which the emigrants had found behind the desert. It was to repeat the history of the past twenty years to tell the story of the destruction of their work and the spoliation of their homes. The greed of the spoiler was, as now, vanquished over by a presence of principle. What the franchise is to the present agitation "the rights of the natives" were then. The Power that was to blow the Matabele up with dynamite and now down the Zulu with machine guns, advanced in the name of native rights to grab Natal, as it is now seeking to grab the Rand. The British missionary marched as the pion-

er in the fraud, and the shillabhotha of British "supremacy," "superiority," and "paramountcy" were shouted as now to justify the crime. The performance opened with a "raid," followed up by a regular invasion, as Jamieson would have been followed if it had succeeded. The Boers fought with determined bravery, boys of twelve beside men of seventy, but they had been caught napping and paid the penalty. The names of the heroes of the fight are still familiar, proving that the breed is not extinct. Among these aged volunteers was the grey-haired Pieter Jonker. When a young man he had fought for the Republic of Graaff Reinet against the British. Afterwards he had taken part in the Kaffir wars in Cape Colony. At the time of the great Emigration he had been one of the Voortrekker leaders. Then, when an old man, he had served the company against Dingaan's armies. Many of his relatives had fallen in battle. He himself was reduced to poverty by the losses which he had sustained during the trying times through which his adopted country had passed, but was held in great esteem by all who knew him. On presenting himself at the Congella laager, this veteran, bent and stooping though he was with the weight of more than seventy years of a frontiersman's life, but still resolutely grasping his heavy rifle, requested that he might be allowed to serve with forefathers of the company. Pretorius felt constrained to refuse this request, although he at the same time attempted to mollify an objection to the effect of his refusal by asking the old man's advice on various points connected with the plan of campaign, and with the disposition of the burgher force already in the field. When he was about to start, the Commandant was eluded out to one of the advanced patrols, he met the aged volunteer going forward in the same direction—as in fact, with rifle resting on the bent and feeble shoulder, and mumbled, evidently very much disconcerted: "Well, uncle! this is not the way to our laager. Whither art thou bound now?" "Oh! Commandant, leave me alone! I have come here to fight your officer, Moolenaar, and want to make a cattleherd of me. I am not used to that kind of work. I wish to help in the defence of my country." The old man prevailed and kept watch on the night the British attack upon the laager was surprised and beaten off. But the little nation was divided and weakened, and the treacherous attack succeeded at length. The Boers were victorious so abused. The English had to share the same proclamation as outlawed the leaders of the nation whose territory they invaded, and to offer a reward in money to whoever, white man or Kaffir, should bring them into their hands. They looked the Kaffirs on the defenceless homes where the women and children of the Boers were unprotected. Needless to say, such foul brutality had its reward. Beaten the Boers were, but not overcome. They "trekked" once more from beneath the folds of the flag that had become associated in their minds with so much misgovernment and so much fraud. It was the women who determined that they should not be reduced to the British Commission. Their spokeswoman was the wife of an old Boer chaplain. "You have invaded our country," she said. "You have seized our harbor. You have allowed the Kaffirs to overwhelm us. You have suppressed our flag and ruined our land. We are footsore and weary with wandering and suffering; but we shall march once more across the mountains to liberty or death." The declaration was stoutly fulfilled. Once more through the mountain passes of the Drakensburg trudged the pilgrims—old and feeble men, young and stalwart burghers and yeomen, brave men and little children—westward by their route. A woman the woman had wept when they looked back from the mountain slopes on that fair land where they had left their homes, and where so many of the loved ones lay buried. At the side of the camp fire among the silent mountain peaks they sang their hymns of hope and trust and faith in God. When the dark clouds and the mists rolled over the crags down the ravine, and the drenching showers descended in torrents, the old men pointed to the rainbow in the western sky and the children admired the bright colors—white, blue and green they seemed. The wanderers were often hungry, weary and faint. The weakly and feeble ones among them, the little children and some of the aged Voortrekkers suffered much from the privations they had to endure. The heat was at times excessive during the day and the nights were bitterly cold among the mountains. They went out with headache, and with pain and stiffness, and distress; their own beloved land, for which they had suffered and bled, in the grasp of that Power which they now regarded as the oppressor and the spoiler, homeless outcasts, in misery and poverty, with barren rocks and inhospitable crags around, and the wilds of the wilderness in front of them; the pilgrims did not yet lose heart. The White Man's Republic was not dead. The Cause was not lost. Beyond the mountains their countrymen awaited their coming. Though Natal was lost, the flag of the Afrikaner would still wave over the country north of the Orange River; and beyond the Vaal, onwards to the great Limpopo, the banner of the Voortrekkers would hold its own against fraud or force. In sufferings like these the Afrikaner Republic had their birth. They are again menaced by the same Power, they stand themselves behind the mark of hypocrisy, moved by the same lust of territory and gold. Hemmed in on all sides, there can never again be an exodus. If assailed they must conquer, yield, or die. No one can doubt where the banner of Dr. Volz's "what their choice" will be; and neither can be doubt the criminal nature of the conspiracy that menaces the existence of a nation that has cherished the flag of liberty against greater odds than any other during the nineteenth century. They will have the sympathy of the civilized world in resisting to the last.

AN IRISHMAN TO BE CHIEF OF AN INDIAN TRIBE. Black Hawk, the most noted of the chiefs of the Winnebago, Winnebago Indians, died recently, in the town of Brookway, aged ninety years. He was always the friend of the whites and on several occasions prevented the Winnebagoes from taking the war path. Thomas B. Broddy, an Irishman of Chicago, will succeed Black Hawk as chief of the Winnebago tribe. The old chieftain, in the winter of 1897, realizing his approaching end, asked the tribe to name his successor, and indicated Broddy as his choice. The latter had been born among the Winnebagoes, reared in their midst, and spoke their language and that of the neighboring Chippewas and Potawatomes. There was a general consent to the succession going to a white man, but Green Cloud and a few of his clique opposed the selection. They failed, however, to turn their tribesmen from their intention, but got a delay of the matter under the specious plea that the old Indian ought not to be permitted to abdicate. Black Hawk's request was not acted upon by the council until after his death, when that body registered his desire by declaring in favor of Broddy. The new chief, whose name will be White Buffalo, is forty years old. He is the son of an Irish trader, who settled among the Winnebago Indians at Black River half a century ago, and by honest methods won their esteem. His boy grew up with the youngsters in the Indian village, and acquired the habits and woodcraft of his aboriginal associates. His education in later years in the institutions of learning for white boys never turned his thoughts away from his native companions. The tribe ever which he will preside is a fair sample of the tribes of the continent, and numbers 1,500 persons. It maintains a sort of tribal form of government, sufficient to emphasize its native character.—Boston Pilot.

In his Vegetable Pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruit of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions Parmelee's Pills are like a charm. Taken in the morning, they are both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

THE BIGGEST SHIP IN THE WORLD. The Oceanic, of the White Star Line of steamers, arrived in New York, on Wednesday of last week. She was a hour late. It is not easy for the mind to grasp at present that she is the largest fact. One hour behind schedule time, on a voyage of three thousand miles or so across the Western Ocean, and not very long ago, a ship might be a day, a week, or even a month late, without exciting much surprise, or any fear in the minds of her consignees. But the Oceanic is expected to report at her dock on either side of the Atlantic as punctuality as a railroad, and without judging from her maiden trip, she will do so.

The vessel is a wonder—704 feet long—about the length of the average city's four blocks; very narrow in comparison with the famous Great Eastern, which she exceeds in length, depth, tonnage and displacement, capable of accommodating 2,000 persons, and, as she proved on this first voyage, of making twenty-two knots an hour, and a speed of sixteen knots per hour. The passenger on the Oceanic can travel first class at any millionaire price up to almost \$1,000 for a state room, or as cheaply as \$25 for steerage, and the sure of good service in all capacities.

It is a wonderful triumph of naval architecture, this biggest ship ever built by man, barring Noah, fitted out like a hotel and run like a railroad train. The main stacks are sixteen feet in diameter, and meet the tremendous draught of the furnace needed to drive such a mass of machinery through the water at that tremendous speed.

The Oceanic is of Irish build, and, without doubt, the greatest triumph of naval art ever constructed. Some day, beyond question, a ship will be built in Ireland we hope, to cross the ocean ferry in three or four days, on schedule time, and then the Oceanic does very well as a forerunner—very well indeed.

Parmelee's Pills possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, to regulate action, the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. J. Howell, General E. J. O'Neil, writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."



NESTLE'S FOOD is a complete and entire diet for babies, and elderly persons' mother's milk. One of all the world Nestle's Food has been recognized for more than thirty years as possessing great value. Nestle's Food is safe. It requires only the addition of water to prepare it for use. The great danger attendant on the use of cow's milk is thus avoided. Consult your doctor about Nestle's Food and send to us for a large sample can and our book, "The Baby's Health," with full directions for application. Also ask for "Baby's Birthday Book."

LEEMING, MILES & CO., 53 St. Sulpice St., Montreal.

Agents Wanted. Male or female agents wanted in all the parishes of the archdiocese of Toronto to canvass for Catholic Pictures and Books. Good commission allowed. Address M. BURNS, 44 Care street, Toronto.

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF ONTARIO, LIMITED. Incorporated 1889.

Our Annual Report for 1898 shows as the result of the year's operations the following: Substantial Increase in the important items shown below:

Premium Income, \$	88,264.57	\$ 16,741.15
Interest Income	9,003.03	1,848.22
Total Income	118,921.60	37,443.38
Death Claims	283,497.99	26,444.53
Gross Assets	881,696.18	30,544.53
Reserve	821,197.31	48,497.73
New Insurance	1,155,000.00	448,969.00
Insurance in force, 3,183,963.15	378,616.00	

AND DECREASES IN Death Claims, Death Rate, in ratio of Expenses to new Insurance, in interest due and accrued, and outstanding premiums.

K. F. CLARKE, M.P., President
E. MARSHALL, Secretary
J. M. KENNY, Manager

BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS. Tiles, Grates, Hearths, Mantels.

RICE LEWIS & SON, (LIMITED), COR. KING & VICTORIA STREETS TORONTO.

RENFREW'S Fur House 5 KING ST. EAST.

Importers and Manufacturers of Ladies Fine Furs, Fur Rugs, Mounted Heads, Fur-lined Overcoats, Evening Wraps, Circulars, Etc., etc. Fur show rooms open at all seasons. Ladies' Furs repaired and remodeled at low prices during the summer months.

G. R. RENFREW & CO. 5 King St. East, Toronto. 35 and 37 Beade St., Quebec

WE WANT YOUR WORK. And we are going to have it if GOOD WORK and LOW PRICES will do the business.

PROGRESSIVE PRINTERS OF EVERYTHING NOTHING TOO SMALL TOO LARGE

No such Printery in ye West and no such types since ye disceverie of printing, as ye Printer man now has *

The Catholic Register JOB DEPARTMENT 40 LOMBARD ST. TORONTO

ASK FOR..... EDDY'S House, Horse, Scrub and Stove BRUSHES. The most DURABLE on the market. They are manufactured by a new process and will OUTLAST any other kind offered for sale.

Success in Love in Business. is the direction plainly written upon a good Envelope. A hasty letter, written upon poor, old-style paper, may make discord of a harmonious correspondence. Many ladies use "REGAL" Notepaper, one of our newest creations and a much-admired line. Made in White and the most fashionable shade of pale Blue. Put up in elegant five-quire boxes with envelopes to match. Ask your Station for "REGAL" Note, manufactured by THE BARBER & ELLIS CO., Limited Nos. 43, 45, 47, 49 Bay Street, TORONTO.

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY. CAPITAL, - \$2,000,000. Office, No. 87 Church Street, Toronto. DIRECTORS: HON. SIR FRANK SMITH, Senator, President. EUGENE O'KEEFE, Vice-President. JOHN FOY, EDWARD STOKY, JOHN RYAN. SOLICITOR: JAMES J. FOY, Q.C., M.L.A. Deposits Received from 20c upwards, and interest at current rates allowed thereon. Money loaned in small and large sums at reasonable rates of interest, and on easy terms of payment, on Mortgages on Real Estate, and on the Collateral Security of Bank and other Stocks, and Government and Municipal Debentures purchased. No Valuation Fee charged for insuring property. Office Hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays—9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 7 to 9 p.m. JAMES MASON, Manager.

The Congregate Brewery Co. OF TORONTO, Ltd. Maltsters, Brewers and Bottlers TORONTO. Ales and Brown Stouts. Brewed from the finest Malt and best Breweries brewed of Home. They are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty for their purity and strengthening qualities. Awarded the Highest Prizes at the International Exhibitions, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, and several Expositions of Quality. Respectable Honorary, Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals, Awards, 1884. Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St. TELEPHONE No. 264.

Empress Hotel. Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO. Terms: \$1.50 per day. Electric Cars from the Union Station every Three Minutes. RICHARD DISSETTE - PROPRIETOR. For Croisiers, Beads, St. Anthony's Medals, Little Chaplets of St. Anthony, and Canceled Postage Stamps, write to Agency Bethlehem Apostolic School, 153 Shaw Street, Montreal, Que.

THE TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OFFERS THE Best Plans of Rates and the Most Desirable Terms of Life Insurance Obtainable. For desired information apply to an Agent of the Company, or to H. SUTHERLAND, Manager. HON. G. W. ROSS, President. Head Office: "Globe" Building, corner Jordan and Melinda Sts., Toronto.

THE YORK COUNTY Loan and Savings Company. Has the..... BEST SYSTEM for accumulating money. Head Office: Confederation Life Building Toronto.....

MADE ON HONOR. SIMPLE STRONG. SINGER Sewing Machines. 16 Millions Made and Sold. Always Improving. Now better than ever. See the Latest Model. THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. Factory at Montreal. Offices all over the Dominion.