

# KIPLING AT CAPE TOWN.

## Severe Arraignment of Treacherous Afrikanders and Demand for Condign Punishment By and By.

From a Special Cablegram by Rudyard Kipling to Harper's Weekly.

Let us suppose that you who read these lines had been out with Rimington's jayhawkers or somebody else's flybynights, riding hard and sleeping light for weeks. Suppose, now, by forethought and a little luck you had caught a few dozen veritable rebels, neither Free Staters nor Transvaalers, but registered voters who had been firing at you as you blundered desperately across barbed-wire fences. Suppose that you had not shot your prizes, but had turned them over to the military authorities. Suppose now that through some accident of marching these registered voters across a section not under martial law the civil authorities had received them with open arms; had prepared feather beds for them to fall upon, and by some hankypanky of civil law which you, ordered out on a new expedition, could by no means counteract, had sentenced them to practically nominal punishment.

I am, of course, putting a purely supposititious case, but suppose at last that you were sent down to Cape Town sick, and met above the white table cloth and crystal which you had not seen since November a clean, quiet, collected gentleman in authority who had never been further than Stellenbosch since the war began, and that gentleman chaffed you about your ill success with your captives, and you had the best of reason to believe that he and a few friends of his had used their authority to undo all the work you had paid for with sweat and saddle chafe and dysentery and sun fever. I put it to you, what would you say to that urbane and well-washed friend smiling craftily across the table?

So it comes about that social relations in Cape Town are a trifle strained, and that men have given up talking to one another who once preserved the semblance of civility. No, it did not pay to be loyal in 1881. That is one reason why men who were loyal then are fighting hard against us, and it pays very little better now. The loyalist on the border has his house ripped inside out by Boers or rebels, or both; the disloyalist's farm is respected, and in return he supplies the enemy with food, horses, and information. His risk is small. He may possibly—but not if his friends can stop it—be arrested on a charge of treason. He may then be sent down country to be tried by a sympathetic jury. He hopes, and not without reason, to have his farm restored to him after he has undergone some absurdly inadequate punishment.

Meanwhile the loyalist's piano is lying wireless on the veranda; photographs of his house show the rooms as though cyclones had met to wrestle there; his flocks and nerds are gone; and the baby linen is lying on the dung heap. He and his family crawl into Cape Town in overpacked trains, and get what consolation they can from singing "Britons Never Shall Be Slaves" on the platform. Then do Messrs. Krüger and Steyn enter into correspondence with Lord Roberts as to the atrocities committed on a virtuous population by a brutal and licentious soldiery. And out in the dust and glare to eastward the various jayhawkers and night cats and catchemalives of our irregular corps may be forgiven if they vow that the next time they are fired upon from a registered voter's farm they will not wait for an authorization countersigned by fifteen officers ere annexing all the registered voter's stock. In sober truth, only a Gilbert & Sullivan operetta can parallel some of the affairs in which the military and civil authorities have met over the bodies of suspected farmers, or the correspondence of disinterested officials.

The loyalists declare that, properly handled, open disloyalty could be reduced to a neglectable quantity. "What, then," they demand, "is the sense of creating and propping and supporting the thing as you created and propped and supported the Transvaal till it bit you?" They have a certain amount of reason on their side, and it may as well be set out to defeat, to delay, to evade, and nullify the workings of a just punishment, at first cautiously, but later made bold by toleration, with an insolent carelessness of security, to preach sedition under guise of abject loyalty. To malign unscrupulously and to lie malignantly and with knowledge among an ignorant people is a merry and profitable game while it endures. The players, however, do not see, or busy with their small intrigues, will not realize, that for each man whose neck they save arises another, and yet another, desiring nothing less than their necks. It is a brutal way to put it, but things are not all cream and honey in Cape Town just now, and I confess it gives me the cold creeps to watch these smooth-talking, smiling men explaining to their intimates, as they have explained these ten years past, how this and that will surely be softened down in the interest of some imperiled rebel; how help will come from here, and support from another quarter, and how little in any case to be feared is the British Government. They will attend to it all; they will arrange, they will explain, they will influence, they will speak with the enemy in the matter. Truly the guns and men and the steadily arriving ships are annoying factors, but England cannot keep up the supply. She has drawn on her last resources, the capitalists are nearly tired, and, above all, the military are immensely fools and most easily hoodwinked. The home Government is weak and of many minds, they are present, omnipresent, they maintain intimate relations with all sides, with the front and the far more important "back front," which begins at Pretoria.

First news of all our movements comes to their hands, and also first news of all our reverses. They can make it unpleasant for the Magistrate who does, and the civil servant who sees, too much; for the zealous station master, or the uncommunicative telegraph clerk. Above all—and it was that that gave me the shudder up my back, the same which you get when you see a man rioting a little before his end—they are persuaded that their own lives are absolutely safe. Nothing untoward can befall gentlemen of such address and influence, so they devote themselves to their gospel, which preaches that it is not wise politically or departmentally to be over-loyal. "We admit all that," say the sagacious and the statesmanlike, "but when the war is over and the British flags come out of all the back cupboards, and men are filing claims for compensation for disturbance by the wicked Free Staters and Transvaalers, these men will see which side their bread is buttered, and will work loyally with the constituted authorities. Our first business is to break up the Boer armies and confront them with the accomplished fact." This may be statecraft, and the foreknowledge that these gentlemen will enjoy positions of distinction and emolument under a peace which will have been won in the teeth of their efforts, seems a mighty poor present equipment for the loyal colonist. He consoles himself, however, with the hope that at the end he will be permitted to file affidavits and bring witnesses—hundreds of witnesses—charging certain men, not with isolated acts of treason and sedition, but with deliberate and calculated treason extending over a long period. He believes that the British public, who by then will have lost no small number of friends and relatives, may listen to something so fantastic and absurd as an impeachment, and a trial far away from kindly supporters and admirers; and it rests with you, O British public, to fulfil his hope when you hear, as you will hear, what you will call a howl go up from this side of South Africa demanding that certain men be put on trial for certain definite offenses. Do not, I beseech you, shut your ears. There is no need to be vindictive; there is a great need for justice—such justice as is dealt coldly and deliberately months or years after his crime to the murderer or the man-slayer. They will pray you to let bygones be bygones; they will beguile you, and buy men to beguile you, with lies of the danger of increasing

race hatred; they will appeal tearfully to your magnanimity behind the victories of your men; they will shelter themselves for their very misdeeds; they will take credit to themselves, urging that if they had not done a little evil greater harm would have befallen the colony. They will coax, they will threaten, they will bribe, and in the last resort they may turn Queen's evidence, but when that time comes listen at least to the case for the prosecution; take the trouble to read through the affidavits, and see that some of those hoary heads come to the trial.

### Contributions for the Dewey Arch.

The Dewey Arch Committee yesterday received a check for \$1,000 from Charles Broadway Rouss for the arch fund. Other subscriptions received made the total addition to the fund yesterday \$1,300. A check for \$100 was recently received from Sir Henry Irving, who, with the check sent his regrets that he could not appear at the theatrical performance that is to be given for the benefit of the fund.