

Uit de Transvaal

By John MacBride
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We are doing well with our Irish Brigade. In a couple of weeks we hope to be assisting our friends, the Boers, to drive the English robbers into the Indian Ocean. Our deputation waited on the President and Executive on Wednesday last, and we are to be made full burghers at once. Wolmarans said it would be time enough when the war was over, but the President struck the table with his clenched hand and said, 'The Irishmen have come to the assistance of the Republic in its hour of danger and they must be made burghers at once.' And the other members of the Executive unanimously supported the old man.

Bains called a workingmen's meeting here yesterday and the Jingo and capitalist crowd started in to smash it up. The zarps (police) behaved splendidly. They rode through the crowd quietly, driving the riders back to the footpaths, but never once drawing their batons or swords. I was looking on, and I could not help comparing the self-restraint and humanity of the zarps with the barbarity of the police in Ireland who would have charged and bludgeoned that crowd on a tithe the provocation.

Thirty thousand Britishers have left Johannesburg during the past couple of months. What cowardly curs these fellows are! The fellows who got up the agitation were the first to clear. Monypeny, the Editor of the *Star* cleared away some time ago to Capetown, intending to go to England. Milner, the High Commissioner, stopped him at the Cape and induced him to come back here to continue his mud-slinging at the Boers. So back he came—and ran away again in a couple of weeks. This poor creature is the most miserable card of the lot.

Pakeman, the editor of the *Leader*, who was arrested and released on bail some time ago went up to Pretoria a day or two later and appealed to the Government to permit him to accompany his wife and children down to Natal. On giving his word of honour that he would return to stand his trial the Government allowed him to go, but when he got over the border he refused to come back. An Englishman's honour! There is not enough among the whole 'Anglo-Saxon' race to cover a tikkie!

MAYO.