

condition incidental to a crowded railway carriage until we reached the border station at Komati Poort. I have related this little incident, comparatively trivial and unimportant as it was, because it so forcibly reminded me of the stories of ~~her~~ atrocities and attacks upon woman and children <sup>told</sup> by a certain section of the Press just prior to the commencement of the war, <sup>particularly during the exodus from Johannesburg</sup> and because it seemed to prove that nothing could possibly have been farther from the truth than the stories in question.

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[So we travelled with varying speed, towards the eastern boundary of the South African Republic. Komati Poort, the border station, was reached about five o'clock and left after a short delay for the examination of luggage and passports, and at twenty minutes past five we slowly steamed past the white <sup>beacon</sup> ~~post~~ which indicates the boundary between Transvaal and Portuguese territory, and I had left the Transvaal behind me after nearly thirteen years residence in the country; eight months of it in all

the stress and turmoil of war;

[In concluding this short narrative of life in the Transvaal during the war, I cannot in common justice refrain from bearing testimony to the perfectly scrupulous manner in which the Boers observed their international obligations towards the British subjects who accepted their hospitality by remaining in their country whilst at war with their - the Britishers' - own nation.

[Personally, I expected nothing else, <sup>or I should not have remained.</sup> ~~my~~ long experience had proved to me that so far from the Boers being the barbarians and brutal people they have so frequently been represented ~~as being~~ <sup>to be</sup>, they are, on the contrary as kindly and courteous, taken as a whole, as any nation in the world. The experience of others may have differed from mine, but all I can say is, speaking personally and on the principle of "speak of a man as you find him," and applying the same excellent principle to nations <sup>well as</sup> as to individuals, in the whole of my experience and <sup>offer</sup> having come in

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225 insert, deprec

personal contact with Boers of every description and  
 from President Kruger and members of the Government  
 to the humblest 'bygones' and Boer policeman.  
 I have never once, during my thirteen years' residence  
 in the Transvaal, received an uncivil, much  
 less a brutal word from a Boer.

Nor do I believe ~~that~~ that my experience  
 is in any way exceptional, but is simply due ~~to~~  
 to the fact that I have treated the Boers with the  
 same degree of civility that I have expected to  
 be shown towards me, and I am firmly of the opinion  
 that anyone who can say the same thing can recount  
 a similar experience. Personally, I retain nothing  
 but the kindest recollections, so far as the Boers  
 themselves are concerned, of my sojourn in their  
 country and especially of the eight months spent  
 in it as a British subject under permit during  
 the war.

FINIS.

insert leaves.

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