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BOER TRAITTS.

THEIR PRESENT CHARACTER AND PAST ACHIEVEMENTS.

The Farmers of the Transvaal Wilderness Have a Stirring History—The Great Trek—How They Conquered the Zulus.

AMONG all the white men now thronging Johannesburg and other parts of the Transvaal in search of gold, writes a correspondent of the London Times, how many can say with truth that they know anything of the Dutch farmer? Not one man in a hundred. They will sneer at him, laugh at his guttural tongue and his heavy, uncouth ways, rail at his Government; but as for taking the trouble to acquire his language and find out something of the inner heart of the man, they will not

lay dead round the Dutch laager; the stream flowing by, ever since called the Blood River, ran crimson; and the power of Dingaan and his nation was for years broken. To this hour the Transvaal Dutch annually meet to celebrate "Dingaan's Day," and return humble thanks for their crowning mercy, that wonderful victory over the Zulu host.

In their warfare with the Zulus, in the country now called Natal, the Dutch farmers used that plan of battle—laagering their wagons in square formation—which has been found ever since an invaluable aid against the over-powering numbers of savage tribes. Only so lately as in the Matabele war this old Boer method was adopted; and by its use—sided of course, immensely by Maxim guns—the colonists of Mashonaland won their brilliant victories, and destroyed the long and cruel Matabele tyranny.

About this same period—1836-'37—another great portion of the Great

by the sheer terror of his name and arms, to the "Voor-Trekert." We English, in a miserably mismanaged war, and after a shameful peace, have had our bad moments with the Transvaal Boers. But, now that time has somewhat assuaged the bitter memories of Majuba Hill, those of us who know and appreciate the sterling qualities of the Boer character—the stubborn determination, the simple yet sublime faith, the deep love of "ons land," as they call the country of their adoption—cannot deny to these rude farmers their need of praise.

For years after the battles with the Zulu and Matabele tribes the Boers as a body settled themselves quietly in the Orange Free State and Transvaal, peopling the country, growing their crops, and amassing great flocks and herds.

The more adventurous spirits among them—the elephant hunters—went annually into the hunting veldt, and when they had denuded their own country of great game, trekked far afield in every direction in pursuit of ivory. It has been the custom to charge the average Boer with a lack of courage. I cannot follow this imputation. The Afrikaander Dutchman is, I will grant, inert and hard to move. Even in the agitation among the Transvaal farmers, before the Boer war, in which, undoubtedly, a large proportion of the population viewed the British annexation with extreme anger and indignation, they were very slow to go "out." As in former struggles, the vrons did an immense deal in screwing up their husbands to the fighting point. The Dutch wife has great influence over her man; she is usually possessed of indomitable spirit and determination; and in moments of danger and difficulty she counts for a good deal in South African movements.

When the Boers finally took the field in 1881, they fought well, as even we ourselves must admit. It is no light matter to take up arms successfully against the strength of Britain as these farmers did. By a series of lucky accidents, the Boers found arrayed against them troops weak in numbers, mostly consisting of young and unseasoned soldiers, led by a General who, after a series of extraordinary blunders, paid with his own life the penalty of rashness and lack of judgment.

At Laing's Nek and Ingogo River the Boers undoubtedly had our men at immense disadvantage, and by the help of their very excellent shooting scored their victories. But at Majuba Hill, where less than 150 Dutchmen stormed a mountain held by 400 British troops and defeated them with the loss of their General, six officers, and ninety men killed and a large number wounded, want of courage can scarcely be charged against these ignorant, undrilled farmers. They themselves still look upon that event in their simple way as more an act of God than of their own courage. Nor, in the far more desperate fighting against the Zulus and Matabele during the Great Trek, can want of courage be urged against the frontier Boers.

General Longstreet's Account.

General James Longstreet, the Confederate veteran who took a prominent part in the Civil War, has written a history of that momentous struggle. It is called "From Man-



GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

assas to Appomattox," and the Chicago Times-Herald says that it is "a truthful, impartial and unfevered account of the Confederate side's tactics and movements during the war."

A Four-Dollar Bill.

Yesterday forenoon a man appeared at the Sub-Treasury and presented a four-dollar bill of the old "Continental currency" for redemption. He hit Bert Farrar, the paying teller, and nearly paralyzed that person by asking \$10,000 in liquidation of the ancient obligation. He obtained that result by figuring compound interest from the date of issue, 1777, and was displeased when Mr. Farrar suggested that "ten cents per 100 pounds" was about the probable value of such stuff. Finding that neither \$10,000 nor any other sum was forthcoming, he gathered up his precious possession and sorrowfully departed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A STANLEY AMONG WOMEN.

Miss Mary Kingsley's Feats as an African Traveler.

Miss Mary Kingsley, niece of the clergyman-author, has been accorded rank with Livingstone, Speke, Grant, Burton, Cameron, Johnson, Selous and Stanley. She has just returned from a long journey of exploration in West Africa, and is much surprised to



MISS MARY KINGSLEY.

find herself famous. Miss Kingsley is a modest, diffident little woman in society, however brave and assertive she may be in the jungle, and had no idea that she was a celebrity. Barring Mme. Ida Pfeiffer, who traveled about the greater part of the earth alone, and Mrs. French-Sheldon, of America, Miss Kingsley has made a record as an explorer unapproachable by any woman. She traveled in Africa from Old Calabar through the French Gaboon, penetrating the gorilla country of the interior and proceeding up the Ogowe River to N'Djole. It is a dangerous waste region and borders the country of the Fangs, who have no cemeteries. They not only eat their own dead but such stray strangers as they may fortunately find. Miss Kingsley was regarded by this hospitable folk as fetich, and was thus insured against forming part of the bill of fare of a Fangwe banquet. She had much difficulty to retain her eight or ten native attendants however, and it was only by strong threats of punishment by the French Government that she saved the lives of her men. She came across a Nation of vicious dwarfs near the Fangs. These were more dangerous than their man-eating neighbors, but Miss Kingsley's party evaded the poisoned arrows and maintained the full integrity of the muster roll. Her chief feat was the navigating of Lake N'Govi, hitherto unexplored, the crossing of the Sierra del Cristat Mountains, and canoeing down the Rumbi River. During all her travels Miss Kingsley's health was in perfect condition.

Rubber-Cushioned Horseshoe.

Nothing is so hard on a horse as an asphalt pavement, and an inventive genius has produced to offset the evils thereof a rubber-cushioned horseshoe. It consists of a forged-steel frame, pierced with slats, through and around which a rubber cushion is vulcanized to form a compact and solid but elastic shoe, composed partly of rubber and partly of steel. The rubber takes the concussion of the foot on the pavement of the hoof, leg and shoulder of the horse. The rubber also prevents slipping on smooth pavements.

Novel Thing in Cycles.

Over in London they have a new cycle—whether to give it the prefix uni or bi has not yet been determined—which is altogether different from the models seen in this country. Instead of being on the wheel the rider is inside. As shown in the picture, there are two wheels, one inside the other. The inner wheel maintains a stationary position, which is necessary because it has fastened to it the rider's seat. Around it revolves the outer wheel, with which it has three points of contact, three grooved wheels, that form a runway. The power is obtained by the simple action of a spring attached to the treadles, and it is promised that great speed will be made when the wheel is properly used.



A NOVEL CYCLE.

Lightness and simplicity of construction seem to be its best points. The rider, being suspended below the machine's center of gravity, maintains a level seat whatever the seat or grade.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

PHILOSOPHER'S EXPERIENCE AS A GARDENER.

Tells of His Success in Raising Fine Vegetables.

"Fate cannot harm me—I have dined today." That is the way we feel just after a good dinner, especially if we have earned it—worked for it bodily and wanted it. But I have heard folks say they were never hungry and not even the odor of cucumbers and onions in the dining room would excite their appetite. I have heard others say they had the appetite, but were afraid to indulge it because of digestion. Such folks are to be pitied. They have my sympathy. I ut I sincerely believe that work or physical exercise is a remedy for both. I suppose that Shakespeare suffered in this way, for he says, "Now, let digestion wait on appetite and health on both." Certain it is his death was sudden and premature, for he lived only fifty years. Milton understood this trouble too, for he says that Adam's sleep was sweet, being bred from pure indigestion. That's the secret—working in the garden—I inherited that trait from the old man—Adam, I mean—and I sleep sweetly, too, after I have worked in my garden. There is no insomnia about me, but Mrs. Arr suffers from it sometimes when I am snoring like a hippopotamus.

I was ruminating about the value of a good garden to the family—we had an excellent dinner today, and I counted up the cost. We have five in the family and the dinner cost us only 5 cents apiece, and there was enough left for two or three more. We had a small piece of midding meat, about half a pound, that was boiled with the beans, and there were seven different kinds of vegetables from my garden. The butter and buttermilk were home-made. The rice and cornmeal and huckleberries cost a little—not much. Everything was well cooked, and all that was wanted was an appetite and good digestion.

I am reasonably proud of my garden, for it is all my own work. I prepared the ground and dressed it and opened the furrows and planted the seed and cultivated the plants and killed the weeds, and it is my especial pleasure to watch everything as it grows, and gather the vegetables and wash them at the back door and call the good wife and children out to see them and listen to their compliments. We have had a long drought, but I had fortified against it. Every hill was first spaded out a foot deep and filled with water, and after it had soaked into the ground I filled up the hole with a mixture of top soil and barnyard scrapings and sifted ashes and put on some more water. Every furrow I opened for beans and peas and beets I let water run in it, and then put the fertilizer in and planted the seed. I had eighty holes to dig for tomatoes and forty for squashes, and notwithstanding the drought, everything has grown vigorously. It is hard work, and takes patience to lay the foundation in this way, but it pays. My squash vines cover a space of four feet square to each hill, and my tomato plants are five feet high and full of healthy fruit. Well, now, to tell the whole truth, I have a hydrant in the center of the garden, and when the dry, hot weather was at its worst I opened small trenches close by the roots of the plants and turned the water on and let it run slowly and soak in, and afterwards covered the trenches with dry dirt. This too, is trouble, but it paid well. Some folks sprinkle, but that does harm and no good. It bakes the surface and never reaches the roots. Sprinkle nothing but grass.

Where water is plentiful and convenient there is no excuse for a poor garden. It is better to dig deep and fertilize and cultivate a square rod well than to skim over half an acre "nigger fashion" and see it all dry up when the dry drought, as Cobe calls it, comes. The intensive system is the best for gardens, I know from long experience. It made me sad to see the crops on the railroad between Marietta and Atlanta the other day. Acres and acres of corn not six inches high and cotton almost invisible. It did look like perishing to death in the name of the Lord. It is a poor country, I know, but they could sow it down in peas and gradually improve it so that a Georgian wouldn't be ashamed for travelers to look out of the car window as they ride through it.

It is astonishing how much influence one good farmer has over the neighborhood in which he lives. They are very envious of each other and will try to keep up with the best. I hear some say that their oats crop is a total failure and will not be fit to cut. I see a few acres of oats in a field not far from me that will make a good crop. Of course there is something in the land, but there is more in the farming. Deep plowing to begin with is absolutely necessary in farming. I don't mean deep turning, but deep plowing. I know a farmer who always follows

the turn plow with a bull-tongue in the same furrow, and he makes good crops whether it rains or not. My good neighbor, Widow Fields, has no hydrant in her garden, but she always has the finest garden in the town, and the secret is deep plowing and fertilizing. I can overlook her work from my window, and it excites me to keep in hailing distance. She has an acre in the highest state of cultivation, and will make more on it than will be made on fifty acres of that land below Marietta. Work on the gardens must not stop. Keep planting successive crops every ten days or two weeks, and have a fresh supply. A good, arge family can live well on an acre for five months in the year. Raise your own strawberries and raspberries and buy wild berries enough for jam and jelly. Then, if you have grapes and peaches around, you can live like a prince and always have something nice for company. A few flowers in the garden will help to make it attractive; and my wife wants all the old-fashioned herbs, like sage and mint and balm and thyme and calamus and camomile. She has horse radish enough for a hotel.

Gardening is the first work of which we have any history, and it is the most pleasant and healthy of all occupations. If a man is a good gardener he will be good farmer. As you travel overland through the country you can tell a good farmer by looking at his garden, just as you can tell a good wife and daughter by looking at the flowers and vines in the front yard. They are a sign of good taste and refinement and good housekeeping and contentment. They save doctor bills, for half the diseases come from diseased minds—mental misery—borrowing trouble and nursing it. The cultivation of flowers is a good tonic for indigestion. I have noticed that the people who are the most diligent in such occupations are the least concerned about politics and silver and gold and the next presidential election. The farm and the home absorb them, and are a bigger thing than the spoils of office. The average politician wants something for nothing. As Cobe says, "He is just sidwiping around hunting the orthography of an office," and when he gets it the first lesson he learns is how to log-roll. He will vote for anybody's bill if they will vote for his. You tickle me and I will tickle you is the motto, and they call it a compromise of conflicting interests. Congress has at last voted every member a private secretary with \$1,200 salary. Merciful heavens! When will this thing stop? Now let them apply for a receiver and sell out the concern.

But I am off the subject, and will get in a bad frame of mind and have a fit of indigestion; and so I will quit and go to my garden, where I am always calm and serene.—BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution

THE STRANGE STORY OF A RING.

It is stated upon what appears to be good authority that in one of the parks in the Spanish capital city of Madrid a magnificent ring hangs by a silken cord about the neck of the statue of the Maid of Almojima, the patron saint of Madrid. This ring, though set with diamonds and pearls, is nevertheless entirely unguarded. The police pay no attention to it, nor is there any provision made for watching it by special officers, because it is not believed that any thief, however daring, would venture to appropriate it to his own use; and when the history of the ring is considered, it is hardly to be wondered at that a superstitious people prefer to give it a wide berth. According to the story that is told of it, the ring was made for King Alfonso XII., the father of the present boy King of Spain. Alfonso presented it to his cousin Mercedes on the day of their betrothal. How short her married life was all know, and on her death the King presented the ring to his grandmother, Queen Christina. Shortly afterwards Queen Christina died, and the King gave the ring to his sister, the Infanta del Pilar, who died within the month following. The ring was then given to the youngest daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. In less than three months she died, and Alfonso, by this time fearing that there was some unlucky omen connected with the bauble, put it away in his own treasure-box. In less than a year the King himself died, and it was deemed best to put the ring away from all the living. Hence it was hung about the neck of the bronze effigy of the Maid of Almojima, where it appears to be as safe as though surrounded by a cordon of police.

According to Mr. Peterson, an expert dog-trainer in London, the life of a performing dog extends to about eight or ten years. The education of a dog for the stage, according to Mr. Peterson's ideas, should not commence before the animal is a year old, and generally lasts for a year. Some animals, however, are quicker than others, and a dog found in the streets repaid his rescuers from the lethal chamber by picking up all that was taught him and going on the stage in three months.

THEORIZING.

They were discussing the new boarder. "He slips in and out of the house so quietly," said the widow. "that I think he must have been a married man once." "Maybe it is that," said Mrs. Hatcher, "as a troubled look came over her face, and maybe he is in the habit of getting behind with his board."



BURGER SOLDIERS OF THE BOER REPUBLIC.

do it—in their feverish search for fortune they have not the time.

And yet this farmer of the wilderness, rough and uncouth, and often surly and suspicious as he is, and a great and stirring history behind him in South Africa, of which he is and has a right to be proud. He and his have struggled, and trekked, and warred, and been massacred, and have suffered in blood and purse and pastoral wealth these 250 years past. I doubt whether an equal number of English peasants, farmers, soldiers and settlers, if they had been planted at the Cape in 1652, as the early Dutch were, would have emerged from the long struggle so little spoiled, and having lost so little of their National characteristics.

The Dutch Afrikaners are still of pure European blood, they still cling with the simplest and sublimest faith to the literal teaching of their Bibles, still cherish with deep affection their wives and families, still go about their herding and hunting and trekking in the old slow, unconquerable, dogged spirit of their ancestors, still turn their faces north, and as their pastures grow small and crowded, trek for new lands with undimmed hope and vigor.

In the "Great Trek," as it is called, hundreds of farmers quitted Cape Colony, selling their farms for anything they would fetch in a forced market, and, with their families bestowed in their wagons and their flocks and herds around them, crossed the Orange River and sought new homes and pastures. The present republics of the Transvaal and Orange Free State owe their origin to this movement.

The history of the Great Trek, if it ever comes to be written, will furnish one of the most inspiring of epics. These despised and slow-moving Dutch farmers, armed with only flintlock

Trek made its way into the present territory of the Orange Free State, and thence, crossing the Vaal, succeeded, after some bloody and disastrous reverses, in driving Mosilikatse (father of Lobengula) beyond the Limpopo into the country now called Matabeleland. Mosilikatse was then the most redoubtable native captain in South Africa, and his men, almost all pure-bred Zulus, who had migrated from Zululand with him in a body, were as fearless, as fierce, as cruel, and as highly trained as Chaka's and Dingaan's finest warriors. Yet the Trek Boers vanquished Mosilikatse as they had vanquished Dingaan, and took possession of that fair and rich country now called Transvaal.

One battle was fought in laager against Mosilikatse's Matabele hordes. There were but forty grown Dutchmen in the camp, but the women and even the children (President Kruger, then a boy, was, I believe, among the number) served in the defence, loading the long smooth-bore guns as fast as they were emptied, and the Boers finally beat off their savage enemy with great loss. After this fight reinforcements came in and small bands of mounted farmers attacked the Matabele in their own kraals.

In the last of these daring campaigns 135 Boers followed up and fell upon Mosilikatse in person on the Marico River. Mosilikatse commanded no fewer than 10,000 of his finest soldiers. Fierce as they were, however, they lacked horses and guns, and found themselves no match for the mounted Dutch farmers, all fine game shots, and all imbued with an invincible determination. For more than a week the Boers, with nothing but biting (sun dried game meat) to eat, and no bed but the bare veldt, harried and harassed the Matabele hosts. Again and again the Matabele tried to entrap their active opponents,



BOERS TRAVELING BY OX-CART IN THE TRANSVAAL.

guns, after suffering cruel reverses and the bloodiest treachery, met and conquered the whole Zulu army, then at the height of its strength and military discipline. Fewer than 450 Boers successfully resisted 12,000 of the fiercest Zulu warriors. At the close of that Sunday morning battle, fought upon December 16, 1838, 3000 Zulus

to bring them to close quarters, when their stabbing assegais might be brought into play. But the mounted men always evaded them, and at length, after losing large numbers of warriors, Mosilikatse gave up the contest, retreating beyond the Limpopo, and left the whole vast territory of the Transvaal, which he had long held