

town I had crept away from as a fugitive six months before, I hurried forward, and, with the Duke of Marlborough, soon overtook General Pole-Carew who, with his staff, was advancing towards the railway station. We passed through a narrow cleft in the southern wall of mountains, and Pretoria lay before us — a picturesque little town with red and blue roofs peeping out among the masses of trees, and here and there an occasional spire or factory chimney. Behind us, on the hills we had taken, the brown forts were crowded with British soldiers. Scarcely two hundred yards away stood the railway station.

Arrived at this point, General Pole-Carew was compelled to wait to let his infantry catch him up; and while we were delayed a locomotive whistle sounded loudly, and to our astonishment — for had not the town surrendered? — a train drawn by two engines steamed out of the station on the Delagoa Bay line. For a moment we stared at the insolent breach of the customs of war, and a dozen staff-officers, aid-de-camps, and orderlies (no mounted troops being at hand) started off at a furious gallop in the hopes of compelling the train to stop, or at least of shooting the engine-driver and so sending it to its destruction. But wire fences and the gardens of the houses impeded the pursuers, and, in spite of all their efforts, the train escaped, carrying with it ten trucks of horses, which might have been very useful and one truck-load of Hollanders.”

Churchill gave a somewhat different account of the same incident in his book *My early life*, p. 365: “Early on the morning of the 5th Marlborough and I rode out together and soon reached the head of an infantry column already in the outskirts of the town. There were no military precautions, and we arrived, a large group of officers, at the closed gates of the railway level crossing. Quite slowly there now steamed past before our eyes a long train drawn by two engines and crammed with armed Boers whose rifles bristled from every window. We gazed at each other dumb-founded at three yards distance. A single shot would have precipitated a horrible carnage on both sides. Although sorry that the train should escape, it was with unfeigned relief that we saw the last carriage glide slowly past our noses.”

But to continue his story as told in *Ian Hamilton's March*: “Three engines with steam up and several trains, however, remained in the station, and the leading company of Guards, doubling forward, captured them and their occupants. These Boers attempted to resist the troops with pistols, but surrendered after two volleys had been fired, no one, fortunately, being hurt in the scrimmage.

After a further delay, the Guards, fixing bayonets, began to enter the town, marching through the main street, which was crowded with people, toward the central square, and posting sentries and pickets as they went. We were naturally very anxious to know what had befallen our comrades held prisoners all these long months. Rumour said they had been removed during the night to Waterfal Boven, 200 miles down the Delagoa Bay line. But nothing definite was known.

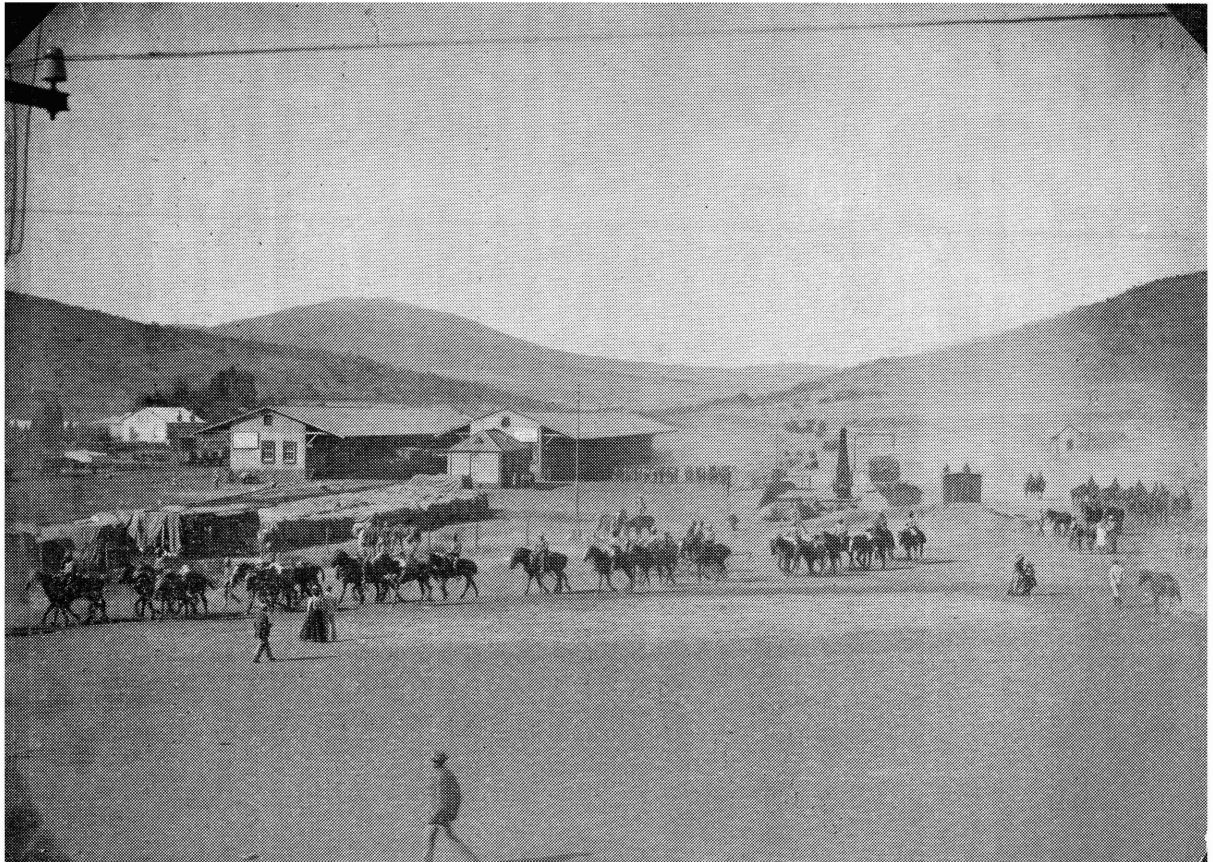
The Duke of Marlborough, however, found a Dutchman who said he knew where all the officers were confined, and who undertook to guide us, and without waiting for the troops who were advancing with all due precautions, we set off at a gallop.

The distance was scarcely three-quarters of a mile, and in a few minutes, turning a corner and crossing a little brook, we saw before us a long tin building, surrounded by a dense wire entanglement. Seeing this, and knowing its meaning too well, I raised my hat and cheered. The cry was instantly answered from within. What followed resembled the end of an Adelphi melodrama . . .

At two o'clock Lord Roberts, the staff, and the foreign attachés entered the town, and proceeded to the central square, wherein the Town Hall, the Parliament House, and other public buildings are situated. The British flag was hoisted over the Parliament House amid some cheers. The victorious army then began to parade past it, Pole-Carew's Division, with the Guards leading, coming from the south, and Ian Hamilton's force from the west. For three hours the broad river of steel and khaki flowed unceasingly, and the townfolk gazed in awe and wonder at those majestic soldiers, whose discipline neither perils nor hardships had disturbed, whose relentless march no obstacles could prevent.

With such pomp and the roling of drums the new order of things was ushered in. The former Government had ended without dignity. One thought to find the President — stolid old Dutchman — seated on his stoep, reading the Bible and smoking his pipe. But he chose a different course. On the Friday preceding the British occupation he left the capital and withdrew along the Delagoa Bay Railway, taking with him a million pounds in gold and leaving behind him a crowd of officials clamouring for pay and far from satisfied with the worthless cheques they had received, and Mrs. Kruger, concerning whose health the British people need not further concern themselves."

The following report is from the book of the Earl of Rosslyn, *Twice captured* (Edinburgh, 1900), pp. 402-406. He did not enter Pretoria with



Lord Roberts' army, but at that time was a prisoner of war on parole, having been captured in the battle at Mosterdshoek by General De Wet.

"The morning of June 5th dawned joyously. Our troops were in the railway station, and the khaki advance-guard was approaching, when I sent of a cable to London announcing the news. The wire to Lourenço Marques had not been cut, and I hoped to be the first correspondent to get the news through before the British took possession of the telegraph-office. About nine o'clock a small detachment rode down Market Street. As they passed me standing on the balcony, I heard a shout, 'Hullo, there's Harry!' It was Marlborough, who had recognised me. A tremendous cheer, taken up on both sides, rent the air as Major Maude, the first British officer, entered Church Square. This small party was presently followed by another, and soon the streets became full of the bearded and begrimed soldiers who had so bravely fought their way from the Modder river. The Guards and Lincolns were the earliest on the scene. All the streets were at once lined, ingress and exit being strictly barred, while sentries were stationed on the various Government buildings . . .

I cannot pretend to depict the ever-changing scenes which preceded Lord Roberts' arrival at two o'clock — scenes which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them. Dutchmen and Hollanders kept themselves tactfully in the background. Friend met friend with the warmest handshake; men who had never seen each other offer their heartiest congratulation. The black population joined in the universal rejoicing; and through the chaos of it, the chief officials went about their various duties . . .

Church Square was surrounded by a khaki line of glittering bayonets, and every available position was soon occupied from which a glimpse could be had of the coming spectacle. The Transvaal flags had been torn down, to make way for union-jacks which had so long been concealed. Kodaks and cameras were almost as plentiful as pocket-handkerchiefs, and the hotel-bar keepers did a roaring trade. At two o'clock a body of mounted men, wending its way down Market Street towards Church Square from the railway station, heralded the arrival of Lord Roberts and his brilliant staff. The distant cheers swelled into a gigantic roar as the Commander-in-Chief took up his position opposite the Raadzaal, and the union-jack was hoisted to the top of the flagstaff . . .

Then came the review. The Guards led the way. As regiment succeeded



British troops entering Pretoria, past the railway station, on June 5th, 1900.

regiment at the saluting base each received its ovation from the excited crowd. Perhaps the kilted warriors — Gordons, Black Watch, and Camerounians — were specially favoured in their reception, to say nothing of the goat of the Welsh regiment. But when the South African and other Colonial forces took their places with the C.I.V. they were greeted with a perfect torrent of enthusiasm.

Almost a hush fell on the spectators at the size and number of our guns, and the niggers rolled their eyes and opened their still greater mouths. One felt that comparisons were out of place, and that the honours rested equally with the whole of that brave force which for so many months has fought its way slowly but steadily to Pretoria.”

Major-general W. H. Mackinnon gave the following account in his *Journal of the C.I.V. in South Africa* (London, 1901) pp. 86-88:

“June 5. — An eventful day. We marched at 7, leaving four companies behind us as rear-guard under Albermarle. Every one’s spirits are very high at prospect of seeing Pretoria. Our march was much impeded by every regiment wishing, apparently, to be first in. At 9.30, on ascending some high ground, the city burst upon our view, and I must say it was an impressive moment. We marched on to our bivouac, a mile short of the race-course, and arrived there at 12.45, the actual distance being only seven miles. We at once received orders to parade for a march through the town at 1.45, which was subsequently changed to 2.45.

We turned out as strong as possible, and the battalion, which looked very serviceable, marched past Lord Roberts in the big square in the middle of the town, the ground being kept by the Guards Brigade. We then passed through the principal streets, and as we were getting to the outskirts, Colonel Ward came up and said, ‘I congratulate you; the feature of the march past was the C.I.V. . . .’

I issued the following order to-night:

‘In congratulating the battalion on the splendid march they have made, which commenced at Springfontein on Easter Monday, 16th April, and terminated in the creditable and soldier-like parade before the Field Marshal Commander-in-Chief in Pretoria yesterday, the Commandant publishes for information the following figures: - The march has lasted for fifty-one days; forty of which have been marching days, the distance covered was 523 miles, which gives an average of over 13 miles per marching day.’”

From another member of the City Imperial Volunteers, J. Barclay

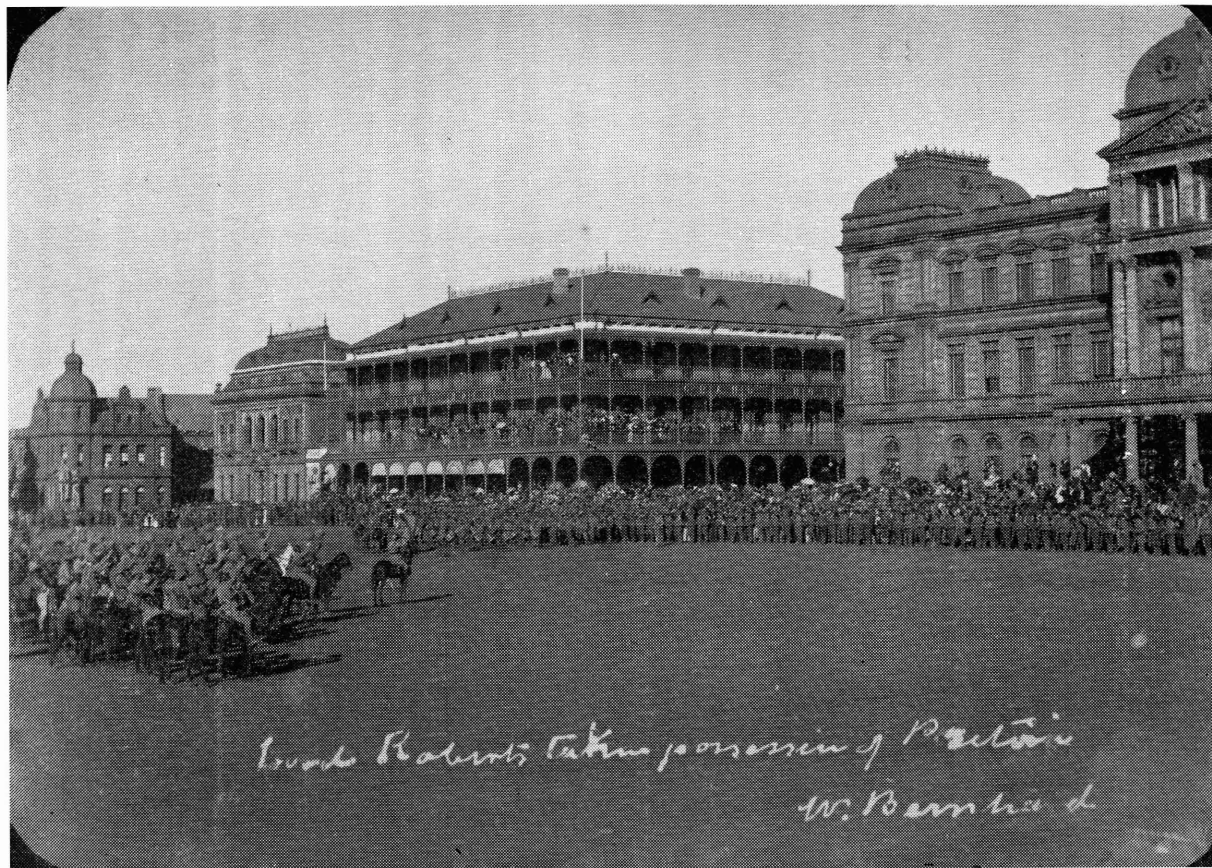
Lloyd's *One thousand miles with the C.I.V.* (London, 1901), pp. 193-198, we have the following narrative:

"Next day, the 5th of June, Lord Roberts and the victorious army marched into Pretoria. I do not believe that any man who took part in that triumphal ceremony, and who marched past the commander and his magnificent staff massed beside the vacant pedestal in the market square of the conquered Boer capital, can ever or will ever recall a moment of greater elation. Surely there was not one in our regiment of volunteers. Such sensations are entirely indescribable . . .

That morning we arose early, before dawn, as is customary, with the hoar frost glistening on our blankets in the starlight, and the bitter cold numbing our hands and making the packing of kit the usual bitter penance; and, as the day broke, we marched up along the valley and through the passes commanded on all sides by the rugged heights that make the situation of Pretoria one of the strongest military positions in the world. Then tramping down the broad high-road, we entered the smiling valley, and after rounding the shoulders of some lower hills, could see the trees and spires of the city in the distance. About ten o'clock the whole column left the road and marched up the stony slopes of a rounded hill, and forming up on the summit, we lay down beside our arms, with the whole broad valley and the city three miles away to the east in full view before us.

And here before our eyes the whole of Lord Roberts's column, with the Chief himself at its head and the Guards Brigade leading, marched along the valley road and on to the town itself to receive the final surrender, while we, whose seats to view the spectacle would have commanded prices incalculable at home, slept quietly in the sunshine. At midday we were roused and marched down again to our camping-ground just opposite the historic racecourse, where bully beef was served — unheard of luxury — and a biscuit per man to eat it with. Then at two o'clock, we, the whole 21st Brigade, once more formed up, with the Sussex Regiment leading, then the Derbyshires, the Cameron Highlanders next, and in the rear, as junior battalion, the City Imperial Volunteers.

Marching in fours, with the Cyclist Section and the Signallers at the head of the regiment, the C.I.V. swung along, covering quickly the two miles of red and dirty road that led into the city, passing firstly the racecourse, then some scattered outlying houses and sheds. Then entering the tree-shaded streets of the town itself, we marched right by the famous little house of the old President, with its world-famous stoep, with the much-pictured lions on either side the entrance. And there were sitting three sundry old Boers, with sad and gloomy faces, and in front were two young British sentries, clean and shaved but war-worn in apparel, with fixed bayonets.



*London Roberts taking possession of Pretoria
W. Barnhill*

Then up the sloping street with new-built shops on either side and at the end the great church on the Market Square. Half a mile more, and we swung round to the right and there opposite the great Raad House, in the centre of the square, was a crowded mass of horsemen, smart and clean and bright, but all in dim khaki dress; and as the pipers ceased piping the massed bands struck up, and thirty paces ahead the stretcher-bearers of the Cameron Highlanders passed beyond the centre of the staff, a little man with a small brown face and a large grey moustache drew his horse a trifle forward from the crowd, and leaning forward acknowledged the "Cyclists, eyes left!" (the command I was privileged to give) with hand and cap and a proud fatherly smile, while a burst of cheering rose from the crowd of the Grand Hotel across the broad square and even from the staff itself . . .

So through the tree-grown town, among the poplars and willows and running water, we marched away, and back to our camp, thinking our work was done and that when we marched again it would be for the sea and home.

Next day came our great disappointment."

The last extract is from H. F. Mackern, *Side lights on the march*. The experience of an American journalist in South Africa, (London, 1901), pp. 215-230.

"Next morning, 5th June, the 11th Division awoke from their bivouac uncertain whether or not the enemy was still in position on the hills in front of them: we had as yet not heard of any surrender. There was no evidence of movement on the hills around Pretoria, and the forts seemed to stand out solitary and deserted.

Gradually the news began to leak out that Pretoria had been evacuated during the night. We could hardly believe it; the expected long siege, after the boast of the Boers that we would never take Pretoria, dwindling to a little afternoon fight, seemed ludicrous. General Pole-Carew and the Guards' Brigade moved in cautiously . . . I rode on, following some of the troops who were evidently taking the main road and who came to a halt just on the outskirts.

From the number of troops and people about the railroad station, which I could see directly in front of me, it was evident that something was going on. Several companies of infantry were guarding the approaches to the rail-



Lord Roberts, taking the salute, on Church Square, June 5th, 1900.

road station, on one side of which was a motley crowd of excited Pretoria citizens

On the platform General Pole-Carew was walking about with the happy expression which is characteristic of him, every now and then stopping to give directions to some of his staff who were busy looking after the prisoners and surrendered arms, and so forth. After an hour or so some of the searching parties began coming into the station with their arms full of rifles, carbines, shot-guns, swords, and arms of every description. These, as they were piled up, presented a collection varied enough to have satisfied any curiosity hunter . . .

At about two o'clock I found myself in the public square. The Guards' Brigade was already drawn up close to the pavement, in single file all around and facing the Dutch Reformed Church or centre of the square. Outside the soldiers, the people in what almost seemed like gala attire, turned out *en masse*; some, who were at last able to express their long pent-up feelings, came from motives of patriotism; others, doubtless the majority, from mere curiosity.

At the head of Market Street, opening into the square, quite a large number of officers could be seen. There is something about their appearance which attracts my attention as differing from the rest. Their faces, instead of being sunburnt and having that fresh, healthy look derived from life on the veldt, are pale, and appear as though they must have been in confinement for some time. Their uniforms, differing from those of their fortunate comrades, are neat, the light colour of the khaki giving but too strong evidence of many washings. Some look thoughtful; some are unable to shake off that constrained look; some, by a nervous sort of laugh, show feelings of a strained temperament. Who are they? These are the greater part of the British officers who were released that morning.

The crowd is getting thicker and thicker; the balcony of the Grand Hotel, to the left of the Raadzaal, and opposite the Dutch Reformed Church, is full of people; the column to the right of the church, on which the statue of Mr. Kruger was to have been placed, is thronged with people endeavouring to get a good point of vantage. The ever-irripressible small boy has long ago chosen his favourite gallery seat on the tops of lampposts, or on rickety building scaffolding. All of a sudden across the square, near where the ex-prisoners are standing, the people break away, and the line of Guardsmen make an opening, as Lord Roberts accompanied by his entire Staff, the foreign attachés, and the body-guard, amid a waving of handkerchiefs and huzzas from the people, rides into the square and takes up a position in front of the church, directly opposite the Raadzaal. An under-current of suppressed excitement seems to be visible during the next few

moments. All faces are turned towards the flagstaff on the top of the Raadzaal. A little flutter of something red white and blue rivets our attention, and slowly, but surely, symbolic of progress and civilization, the Union Jack rises to the top.

As the flag ascends the troops present arms, and those of us who do not wear the uniform stand with uncovered heads while the band plays the National Anthem. Lord Roberts, moving his horse a few yards further into the square, and lifting his helmet, calls for three cheers for the Queen; and then the pent-up feelings of troops and people burst out into wild and prolonged hurahs — a sight never to be forgotten, as the troops, with their helmets poised on the points of their bayoneted rifles, rend the air with cheer after cheer for the Queen whom they love — yea worship!

General Pole-Carew, commanding the 11th Division, then stepped forward and called for three cheers for Lord Roberts, Commander-in-Chief, which troops and people gave lustily, second only to those for the Queen.

It was rather a strange coincidence as I was standing on the back of my faithful old “Blunderbuss” (his horse) . . . I should see standing beside me none other but Captain Arthur Haggard, whose brother, the noted author, with his own hands, in 1871, under the Shepstone régime, raised the Union Jack over the same capital. That flag was raised with a wavering hand, only to come down; but this one, never again!

When the formalities had been gone through, as many of the troops as were near at hand and could be spared from guard duty were marched in review in front of the Commander-in-Chief and across the square. As the men marched briskly to the strains of the band, their step was so firm and steady that it was hard to realise that these fellows had trudged over many a weary hundred miles; but their tattered and torn clothes, patched here and there with anything that would fill up the vacancy, and their sunburnt faces, begrimed with sweat and dust, were ample proofs to dispel any doubts.

Towards evening the review was over, and Pretoria, the capital of the South African Republic, was British.

Pretoria was rather a surprise to me, as I believe it was to most of us

We did not expect to see quite so large a town, and one with so many modern buildings . . . It is, to me, by far the most picturesque town that I have as yet seen . . . As you ride through the streets of Pretoria, especially the residential portion, there is an air of comfort and thrift that is very noticeable.”

F. J. du T. Spies.

A letter by Winston Churchill

Below is a letter Winston Churchill wrote to J. Howard, manager of the cole mine at Witbank, which served as a hidingplace for him after his escape from Pretoria. The gold watches, mentioned in this letter, were intended for those who helped him in his escape. A fotostatic copy of the letter was given to me by the son of Mr. Howard some years ago.

J. Ploeger.

February 26th, 1901.

J. Howard, Esq.

Imperial Collieries,

Near Middleburg,

Transvaal Colony.

Dear Howard,

I am sending to South Africa by next weeks mail a consignment of 8 gold watches, which are all of them engraved with suitable inscriptions. I thought it better in the present state of the country not to send these watches further than the Standard Bank of Capetown, and I have instructed the Manager of the Standard Bank to hold them until you or Mr. Addams are able to take them yourselves personally. I hope you will all do me the honour to accept these small keepsakes of our remarkable adventure, and believe that they also represent my sincere gratitude for the help and assistance you all afforded me. I may add that I am bringing your names to the notice of the Secretary of State for War in the hopes that you may be granted the medal, but it is not of course in my power to decide that point. I will instruct the Bank to notify you when the watches arrive.

Yours truly,

Winston Churchill.