

Sir Hercules Robinson *did* "come into town early" that Monday morning, and confronted with admirable coolness the perplexed situation. The first thing was to find if Jameson had actually started. He telegraphed to the Resident Commissioner, Mafeking, mentioning Jameson's violation of the border as a rumour, asking if it were true, and directing Mr. Newton, if so, to send a special messenger on a fast horse ordering him to return immediately, and carrying appropriate warnings, peremptory in tone, also to Jameson's officers. It was the first message to go through on the restored wire.

Thanks to the success of the troopers sent to cut the southward wire, and the drunken failure of those who should have cut the wire to Pretoria, Cape Town, like Johannesburg, had its first authentic news of the raid from President Kruger's capital. Earlier on Monday morning the British Agent at Pretoria, Sir Jacobus de Wet, had sent a telegram which puts on record what a tension public feeling had reached already before Jameson's move was heard of:—

"Great excitement prevails here, and a feeling of disturbance and insecurity is very strong on both sides. Rumours of fully armed strong force of burghers freely circulated. Disturbance may happen at any moment; it is a critical state of affairs. Should I call on President South African Republic, and ask him what provisions have been made for protection of law-abiding British subjects?"

This Sir Jacobus followed up by another telegram, recounting that the President had just sent for him, when General Joubert had read a telegram from the Landdrost of Zeerust, giving the news. Sir Jacobus de Wet had assured the President that he could not believe the force consisted of English troops. General Joubert said they might be Mashonaland or Bechuanaland Police, but whoever they were, he would take immediate steps to stop them. The President wanted to know what the High Commissioner had to say to it, and the British Agent, poor man, turned upon by the Executive Council in its

dismay, was driven almost wild by a block on the wires, which prevented him from receiving the answers from Government House, clearly defining the High Commissioner's attitude towards Jameson, till he had sent a number of more and more agitated messages, one of which concluded: "The Government has already sent for me twice. Possibly blood has already been shed."

Meantime, Sir Hercules Robinson had to deal with Mr. Rhodes, an old political co-worker, to whom he found himself in a tryingly new relation. Mr. Rhodes must be made to range himself either as an ally of the High Commissioner against Jameson, or as an abettor of Jameson against the orders of Her Majesty's representative. Sir Hercules was prompt to present the alternative, but in view of the ascendancy which Mr. Rhodes had come to wield alike in the Colony and in Downing Street, he must have been glad to receive, as he did on Monday morning, the remarkable cablegram which Mr. Chamberlain had despatched on the previous day, showing that Sir Hercules would have Her Majesty's Government behind him in sternly asserting the Queen's treaty obligations:

"(Strictly confidential.)

"It has been suggested, although I do not think it probable, that an endeavour might be made to force matters at Johannesburg to a head by some one in the service of the Company advancing from Bechuanaland Protectorate with police.

"Were this to be done, I should have to take action under Articles 22 and 8 of the Charter. Therefore, if necessary, but not otherwise, remind Rhodes of these Articles, and intimate to him that, in your opinion, he would not have my support, and point out the consequences which would follow."

This message, dated from London, 5.30 p.m., the 29th of December, and therefore despatched just between the time of the parade at Pitsani and the parade at Mafeking preliminary to starting, is an odd coincidence, and sounds like a case for the Psychical Research Society. A Minister of the Colony (Sir James Sivewright) has even had the indiscretion to refer to

it once in debate as matter for inquiry. But, as Mr. Chamberlain afterwards explained in the House of Commons with great simplicity, it was really due to the fact that Mr. Secretary Fairfield, who has South Africa under his special wing at the Colonial Office, had been led by the publication of the Leonard Manifesto in the *Times* of the previous day, and by the growing confidence of certain club and private rumours, as described in a previous chapter, to convey an urgent representation to his Chief, which made the latter feel that he must at once put the High Commissioner on his guard.

The High Commissioner then took steps to corner Mr. Rhodes at once, but Mr. Rhodes was not to be found. Instead of sitting in the Premier's Office in Grave Street, besieged by long queues of callers waiting to see him in one or other of his multifarious capacities, he discreetly remained all day in the umbrageous seclusion of Groote Schuur.

Some years ago, when Mr. Rhodes decided to leave off living *en garçon* at the club, and to take unto himself a house, he bought an old Dutch grange, with rococo gables and a pillared stoep in the ancient colonial style, built on the Rondebosch slopes of the Devil's Peak. This he restored, lined it with teak, filled it with the old Dutch furniture now becoming rare, and bought up the best piece of Table Mountain to create a free menagerie for all Cape Town to wander in by stocking the labyrinthine glades and woods with antelopes, rare birds, and all the fast disappearing fauna of South Africa. It is his habit to get up at five or six in the morning and go for a gallop along some of the immensely various mountain paths of this great pleasance.

On Monday, the 30th of December, 1895, those who sought Mr. Rhodes at Cape Town learnt that he was at Groote Schuur, and those who sought him at Groote Schuur learnt that he was riding the slopes of Table Mountain.

The Blue Book contains two stiff and formal letters from the Imperial Secretary to the Right Honourable C. Rhodes, Rondebosch, of which this sentence strikes the key:—

"I have called several times at your office this morning for the purpose of conveying to you His Excellency's instructions for the immediate recall of Dr. Jameson, but you have not, so far as is known, been at any of the public offices, or at the British South Africa Company's offices. I therefore send this note by special messenger to your private residence."

Which two letters evoked the following undated, laconic, and characteristically informal reply:—

"MY DEAR BOWER,—

"Jameson has gone in without my authority. I hope our messages may have stopped him. I am sorry to have missed you.

"Yours,

"C. J. RHODES."

Meanwhile, the persistence and reality of the apprehensions roused at the Colonial Office that Sunday and Monday were again shown by the receipt at Government House of a telegram following up the warning about Jameson's possible intentions. Sir Hercules had crossed the first warning by a message remarking (on the strength of Mr. Rhodes' "damp squib" expression) that the movement at Johannesburg seemed to have collapsed through internal divisions, and that leaders of the National Union would probably now make the best terms they could with President Kruger. To this (Saturday) telegram Mr. Chamberlain now replied: "Are you sure Jameson has not moved in consequence of collapse? See my telegram of yesterday." It was not till very late on Monday or early on Tuesday morning that Sir Hercules got Mr. Chamberlain's reply to his definite news of the crossing of the border: "Your action," said Mr. Chamberlain, "is cordially approved. I presume that Mr. Rhodes will co-operate with you in recalling Administrator of Matabeleland. Keep me informed fully of political situation in all its aspects. It is not understood here. Leave no stone unturned to prevent mischief."

Mr. Rhodes was not destined wholly to escape being cornered on this first day of the crisis.

The first intelligence of the raid to the Cape Government,

Mr. Rhodes' colleagues in the Cape Ministry, came not from him, but in due official course from Mr. Boyes, Resident Magistrate at Mafeking. He wired on Monday to his chief, the Attorney-General, nominally 8 a.m. (received in Cape Town when the wire was restored at 1 o'clock), reporting the departure of the Mafeking part of the column, 150 strong, and stating their intention of joining another column from Pitsani, under Jameson, as a rumour "currently reported." Mr. Schreiner had this about two o'clock, and so utterly scouted the "currently reported" story that he sent back a stiff "snub"—so the magistrate afterwards complained—beginning "your agitated telegram received." But on the heels of Mr. Boyes' telegram came a more detailed one from Inspector Fuller of the Cape Police, and at last, instead of snubs, semi-apologetic instructions had to be sent north. The local officials were advised of the correct attitude of the Colony towards an "unauthorized mad proceeding," and told to keep quiet watch along the border, and telegraph any news.

Mr. Schreiner could not believe his eyes, nor could Mr. Faure, the Minister for Agriculture, the first of his colleagues whom he happened to meet, but the reports were too circumstantial.

None of Mr. Rhodes' colleagues, and few of his friends, have been closer to him than his late Attorney-General. Of German parentage, but born and educated in the Colony till he went to Cambridge and London, the Honourable W. P. Schreiner, Q.C., is perhaps the sincerest, as he is quite the most intellectual, specimen of the young Afrikaner patriot in Cape Colony, where those who call themselves by this name are apt to be of no great parts and of still less straightforwardness. All the Schreiners are clever, are in earnest, are headstrong, fine minded, and a little incalculable. Some of the genius which Olive Schreiner put into the "Story of an African Farm" this brother has turned into the dry channel of Roman-Dutch law. Another brother and another sister are extraordinarily earnest Temperance reformers. A profound and subtle

legal scholar, sharing with Mr. Rose-Innes the leadership of the Cape Bar, Mr. Schreiner was carried into politics at the chariot wheels of Mr. Rhodes. He was likely to go far, because his rather paradoxical mind has sincerely arrived by some strange speculative course at nearly all the identical fossilized beliefs which make up the mental equipment of the most ignorant member of the Afrikander Bond. Mr. Rhodes found in him a young lieutenant who would defend all the Afrikander side of his policy with both brains and conviction, while Mr. Schreiner fell in love with Mr. Rhodes' personality; which, with all its crudities, casts a strange spell on many men of different temperaments. No man in all South Africa was more truly cut to the heart by the Jameson Raid than Mr. Schreiner, but he has risked his ambitions and lost ground with many of those whose leadership he was almost winning away from Mr. Hofmeyr, now out of Parliament, because since the raid, he will insist on speaking of Mr. Rhodes always with sorrow rather than with anger.

The critical meeting between the two colleagues was thus one for a psychological novelist.

On the fateful Sunday evening Mr. Schreiner had seen Mr. Rhodes for a few minutes and asked: "Have you seen Charlie Leonard?" "Yes," said Mr. Rhodes indifferently, "I have seen him." "For goodness' sake," said Mr. Schreiner, "keep yourself clear from that entanglement at Johannesburg. If there is any disturbance they are sure to try and mix you up with it."

Mr. Rhodes, as Mr. Schreiner observed to the Select Committee, is not a man of many words. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Oh! that is all right."

On Monday evening Mr. Schreiner hurried out to Groote Schuur with the amazing telegrams from Bechuanaland. Mr. Rhodes was still on the mountain side. Mr. Schreiner left an urgent message asking to see him, and after supper, Mr. Rhodes' confidential man went across and asked him to come over at once. Mr. Schreiner hurried through the wood in the

dark—he lives on the edge of Mr. Rhodes' grounds—Mr. Rhodes' man lighting him with a lantern.

For three hours the two colleagues were closeted in Mr. Rhodes' library. It was a significant, and in a sense a memorable interview, because it typified the great struggle between Afrikaner sympathies with the Transvaal and Afrikaner devotion to Mr. Rhodes over which so many friends and supporters have agonized since.

The library at Groote Schuur is a cosy, teak-lined room, furnished in keeping with the old-fashioned Dutch style of the house. The principal feature of the book shelves is a unique collection of "cribs" of almost the whole of classical literature, —cribs carefully made and typewritten to Mr. Rhodes' order, and sumptuously bound. On one wall hangs a tattered Union Jack from some scene of battle, also a flag taken from the Portuguese by Mr. Rhodes' pioneers at the time of the "Manica Incident," when that funny little scuffle took place at Massikessi which ended so differently from the scuffle at Krugersdorp.

Nothing could be more dramatic, nor, to those who know Mr. Rhodes' manner, more expressively accurate, than Mr. Schreiner's own account of their talk :—

"I went into his study with the telegrams in my hand.

"The moment I saw him I saw a man I had never seen before. His appearance was utterly dejected and different.

"Before I could say a word, he said : 'Yes, yes, it is true. Old Jameson has upset my apple-cart. It is all true.'

"I said I had some telegrams.

"He said : 'Never mind. It is all true. Old Jameson has upset my apple-cart,' reiterating in the way he does when he is moved.

"I was staggered. I said : 'What do you mean, what can you mean?'

"He said : 'Yes, it is quite true, he has ridden in. Go and write out your resignation. Go, I know you will.'

"And so I said : 'It is not a question of my going to write out my resignation'; but I elicited from him a good many facts in relation to this matter, and I told him that it was his duty to convene a Cabinet meeting at once.

"During this entire interview Mr. Rhodes was really broken down. He

was broken down. He was not the man who could be playing that part. Whatever the reason may have been, when I spoke to him he was broken down. If it were unfair I would not say it, but it is true. He could not have acted that part; if he did he is the best actor I have ever seen. He was absolutely broken down in spirit; ruined.

"I said: 'Why do you not stop him? Although he has ridden in, you can still stop him.'

"He said: 'Poor old Jameson. Twenty years we have been friends, and now he goes in and ruins me. I cannot hinder him. I cannot go and destroy him.'

"That was how he put it. That was the attitude he assumed to me. Much took place between us. I do not want to go into that. I left in very great distress. It was impossible to do anything on that night, and I left with the understanding that the first thing in the morning he would convene the Cabinet.

"We did meet. It was never after uncertain, from the moment that we met Mr. Rhodes there, that Mr. Rhodes must resign."

It should be added that though Mr. Schreiner frankly told the Select Committee that he was not certain in his own mind that part of Mr. Rhodes' agitation may not have been due to the threatening cablegram which had been communicated to him from Mr. Chamberlain that afternoon, yet that he personally had no doubt, after all the subsequent disclosures, that Mr. Rhodes did strongly disapprove of Jameson going in at that time. He added:—

"You would ask me for my theory why Mr. Rhodes did not use more energy and vigour in stopping Dr. Jameson. I have given you all that I could gather from him when he, in a heart-broken way, said, 'Poor old Jameson, poor old Jameson, we have been friends twenty years, he is ruining me now, but I cannot go and pull him back.'"

In short, from Mr. Schreiner's point of view,—

"His honour rooted in dishonour stood,  
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

When Mr. Rhodes did meet his Cabinet he set himself desperately to hold it together long enough to give Jameson time to get to Johannesburg, and in the sequel, through a con-



junction of causes, the resignation which he hastened to place in the Governor's hands, and which neither the Governor nor Mr. Chamberlain would accept as long as there was hope or pretence of Mr. Rhodes co-operating with them against Jameson, was only accepted by telegram when the Governor was on his way up to Pretoria. An emergency Ministry was then gathered together by Sir Gordon Sprigg, lately Mr. Rhodes' Treasurer-General, but a person with whom the formation of Cape Ministries is almost a habit, and that Ministry, having survived the emergency, seems now fairly rooted to its bench.

With Mr. Hofmeyr soon afterwards Mr. Rhodes was scarcely less frank than with Mr. Schreiner. His two interviews with the Bond Leader, the last they are likely to have for many a long day, may fitly conclude this chapter, the contents of which are mainly personal. The relation between these two men, each so strong and shrewd, and sure of what he himself wanted, has been one of the curiosities of Cape politics, of which for half a dozen years they had been the great twin brethren. The writer well remembers a little birthday feast at Mr. Hofmeyr's house, when a presentation was made to him by Members of Parliament in connection with his retirement from the Chamber where he had so often made and unmade the Ministries he would never enter. It was Mr. Rhodes who proposed his friend's health. He recalled how, when he himself first entered Cape Politics, in the first bitterness after the Transvaal struggle, he was an arrant rooinek Britisher; how, in Mr. Hofmeyr, the leader of the opposite party in the Colony, he had found the fairest of opponents, yet the staunchest of allies; how they had gradually come to find that their points of view were not so dissimilar, and at last to work gradually together. "People have disputed whether I led Mr. Hofmeyr or Mr. Hofmeyr led me," said Mr. Rhodes in his blunt way. "I say that our minds worked in the same direction," and then came a curious passage—it struck one hearer, at least, as curious at the time—"Every man," Mr. Rhodes said in a

hesitating way, "works for personal ends. Mr. Hofmeyr's personal end was, nothing for himself, but it was to get the best position he could for his own people in this country." The speaker paused, and one half expected him to add that *his* personal end was to do the like for *his* countrymen, but he broke off, concluding lamely—"and therefore I ask you to drink to Mr. Hofmeyr, as a true patriot," and buried his remarks in his glass of champagne.

Mr. Rhodes did not conceal from Mr. Hofmeyr that he knew more than appeared on the surface about all that had led up to Jameson's move, and Mr. Hofmeyr did not, at that first interview, waste time on reproaches, or moralities, or ejaculations about being hoodwinked by his friend up to the very moment of the crisis. With that practical mind of his he set himself to induce Mr. Rhodes to come out with a strong public repudiation of Jameson, but Mr. Hofmeyr and the High Commissioner and Mr. Chamberlain together could not wring that out of the Cape Premier. Had they known all, they would not have tried. That Jameson had gone in without his consent; that the sudden move was a surprise to him; that he had tried to stop Jameson too late; so much Mr. Rhodes would say, but not a word more, nor would he conceal that so far from a spirit of denunciation, he cherished a wild hope that Jameson might somehow win and tumble Paul Kruger down.

"You will not pretend to me," said Mr. Hofmeyr, for indeed there had never been any pretences in their relations, "that you have mixed yourself up with this outrage from an overwhelming democratic sympathy with the poor, down-trodden, working-men who are now drawing big wages on the Rand?"

"No," said Mr. Rhodes coldly, "I shall not pretend," and they parted, each knowing well that this was the parting of the ways of their two careers.

Days afterwards, when the worst was over, friends who could not face the rending in twain of the joint-party which had looked to the two as leaders, contrived to bring them together for another interview. In the meantime Mr. Hofmeyr, already

denounced by the zealots of the neighbouring Republics as one of the Rhodolaters who had brought this trouble on South Africa, had been compelled to make public various bitter expressions. He now justified himself. He spoke with emotion. He declared it was difficult not to use the word perfidy. "I could explain better," he said, "if you had ever been a married man. You were never married. I have not yet forgotten the relation of perfect trust and intimacy which a man has with his wife. We have often disagreed, you and I, but I would no more have thought of distrusting you than a man and his wife think of distrusting each other in any joint undertaking. So it was till now; and now you have let me go on being apparently intimate while you knew that this was preparing, and said nothing." Perhaps Mr. Rhodes felt that the reproach was just. Perhaps he felt that it was over-charged and that Mr. Hofmeyr was pretending to take the popular and conventional view of a position, the tangled casuistry of which he at least might have done justice to. At any rate he was not able or willing to pour forth the exculpation which seemed to be expected of him, and sullenly or stoically he let pass the storm, and with it the opportunity for patching up any kind of peace.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hofmeyr was left free to take whatever steps against Mr. Rhodes might be demanded by just indignation or by political exigencies. He has taken few public steps. But he does not come of a forgiving stock.

Such was the upsetting of a Premier's apple-cart at Cape Town. We must now go back to the powder-cart at Johannesburg.

<sup>1</sup> It seems that Mr. Hofmeyr had used the same matrimonial illustration to other less intimate persons, one of whom had repeated it to Mr. Rhodes just before the meeting with Mr. Hofmeyr. Thus the effect was somewhat staled.

## Chapter XII

## A BOOM IN REVOLUTIONS

**T**UESDAY, *December 31st.*—The last day of the old year dawned upon a position of unparalleled complexity. Here was a town entirely, as events proved, unprepared for the serious work of war, with Jameson marching to its relief on the one hand, and Pretoria preparing for attack on the other. Public opinion was bitterly hostile towards Pretoria, yet shrank from joining forces with Jameson. This was in the early hours of Tuesday morning, December 31st. The Reform Committee then made up their minds to accept the situation as just described, and formally repudiated Jameson. Through their organ,<sup>1</sup> they disavowed “any knowledge of, or sympathy with, the entry into the Republic of an armed force from the Bechuanaland side,” and denied having been “in any way privy to the lamentable step.” At an early hour of the morning the Committee published the following solemn declaration :—

“SIR,—I am directed to state for the information of the public that it is reported a large force has crossed the Border into Transvaal territory, and to say that this has taken place without the knowledge of the Committee. A deputation consisting of Messrs. Lionel Phillips, J. G. Auret, W. E. Hudson, D. Lingham, and Max Langermann is leaving this evening to meet Government in reference to the situation.

“By order,

“A. KELSEY,

“Secretary Reform Committee.”

<sup>1</sup> The *Star* was not *officially* the Reform Committee's mouthpiece; but practically it became so, and a very vigorous and eloquent one.

Unhappily, nobody could yet make up his mind to provide Johannesburg as Pretoria was presently provided, with the simple clue to the mystery, viz., that Jameson had been first invited and then stopped or adjourned.

The air thus cleared by simple repudiation of Jameson, the Committee were free to consider again the question "Under which flag," which the new development made again insistent. Was it to be the Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes, or the "Vierkleur"? The matter was a weighty one, and on it the unanimity of the Committee, and, therefore, as it then seemed, the success of the Cause depended. The matter was earnestly debated in the Council Chamber of the "Goldfields" building. Only the day before Captain Mein of the Robinson, as typical a Yankee as ever chewed tobacco, declared that Americans did not want the British flag, but if it came to a matter of choice between the English flag and the Pretoria Government they would fight for the former. But the Jameson news changed this attitude, and Mr. J. H. Hammond, pressed by excited compatriots, insisted that the Committee should now publicly register the previous formal decision of the smaller junto to abide by the flag of the *status quo*.

But where was the flag to hoist? Mr. Hammond first tried to borrow a *vierkleur* from a Government official, who, however, could not be persuaded that the purpose was not one of insult. Eventually, the necessary bunting was secured from a linen-draper. He brought this into the room where the Committee was now sitting in perpetual session, and somebody set the example of signifying allegiance to the flag of the Republic with uplifted hand.

At half-past eleven a figure was observed by the crowd outside the "Goldfield" offices to emerge upon the balcony, and point up at an unfurled *vierkleur*, with its red, white, green, and blue stripes; one or two other figures came out and also pointed up. Such was the formal public act of dedication.

Thousands of people who loitered in the vicinity looked on with silent amazement, not knowing what it all meant. The

“Flag Question” wrangling had never extended to the people at large.

Subsequently the flag was hoisted to the roof of the building, and from that position it fluttered unmolested in the breeze until the downfall of the Uitlander cause, when bunting of this particular make became more in request at Pretoria.

The “Flag Question” settled, the Committee now turned their attention to a matter of more cogent importance. It was known that the burgher forces had been instructed to repel the invasion, and, although Johannesburg had formerly and officially repudiated Jameson, it was deemed politic to put the city into a state of defence against a possible surprise. Compromise was now once again in the air, and the bearing of the Reform Committee might be gauged from the following official notice posted on the “Goldfields” doors shortly after high noon :—

“Notice is hereby given that this Reform Committee adheres to the National Union Manifesto and reiterates its desire to maintain the independence of the Republic. The fact that rumours are in course of circulation to the effect that a force has crossed the Bechuanaland border, renders it necessary to take active steps for the defence of Johannesburg and preservation of order. The Committee earnestly desire that the inhabitants should refrain from taking any action which can be construed as an overt act of hostility against the Government.

“By order of the Committee,

“J. PERCY FITZPATRICK,

“Secretary.”

The military preparations were very much *en evidence* now. Throughout the night arms and ammunition had been served out at the “Goldfields” office and at the Simmer and Jack Mine. At an early hour of the morning the townspeople were afforded other signs of the thorough preparedness, as it then appeared, of the Reform Committee. Some strings of horses, between fourteen and fifteen hands, were brought into town, some from the Robinson Mine, others from the Simmer and Jack, the Langlaagte Estate, and other places. The ponies

were taken to Reform Committee stables, where they were saddled and accoutred, and generally made ready for service in the field. There was a business-like air about the whole proceeding. Colonel R. Bettington, an old Colonial hand, was in charge, and the forces that were being mounted now became known as Bettington's Horse. There were two troops each sixty strong, of as serviceable a body of men as could well be imagined. Their uniform was kharki suits, with leggings, smasher hats with red bands.

As fast as companies of twenty or thirty were mounted and accoutred, they departed, and great commotion was occasioned by a body of them riding out in the direction of Viljoen's Drift on the Vaal River—the popular surmise being that they had gone to guard the Vaal River bridge.

Recruiting was continued at a brisk pace throughout the day. Nearly a dozen different agencies were employed. Several mines had shut down the previous night, and the men thus liberated flocked into town to enrol in the Reform Committee's forces, to receive arms, and to undergo drill. As the men were enrolled they were formed into companies under commanders, who for the most part had had some experience of Kafir warfare, and were at once marched to one or other of the several squares, and put through their first drill.

Offers of outside assistance, from the Colony and Natal, poured in upon the Reform Committee, and the publication of this fact stirred a lively spirit in town. "South Africa is with us!"

The commonplaces about avoiding bloodshed flickered out. The glitter and trappings of war caught the popular imagination, and the changing humour of the town responded to the morning's preparations. By the luncheon hour, war-talk held the streets. Men now began to doubt whether, after all, the Reform Committee had done well and wisely in repudiating Jameson. Rumour came in that Jameson had engaged a large number of Boers in the course of his march, and had beaten them off; that he was pressing on victorious towards the

Golden City. "He'll be here on Thursday," was the cry that went up, and the manner of his reception was already being discussed.

The ferment increased hour by hour. Tradesmen commenced barricading their shop windows and doors, and armed their employees for the protection of their premises, while jewellers removed their valuables to safe keeping in the vaults of the Johannesburg Safe Deposit Company. Great excitement was occasioned early in the afternoon by the receipt of a wire from Pretoria to the effect that a well-known townsman had met the Executive Council and represented the perfect organization and equipment behind the Uitlander movement.

"The President was amazed," so ran the wire, "at the large number of Maxim guns which are at our command, and was especially staggered at the Nordenfeldt guns in the possession of the Reform Committee." He might well be. They had no such thing as a Nordenfeldt among them.

The panic of the cautious and the mercantile had its natural sequel in a run on the Banks. All day long the banking halls were thronged by people madly anxious to withdraw money. Nothing but gold would suffice. People who were leaving drew their all. People who had money about them in the shape of paper converted it into sovereigns, and the notes of the National Bank of the Transvaal, so far as street exchange was concerned, were at a discount. The biggest run of all was upon the National Bank, from which, on behalf of the Government, the Post Office Savings Bank was supplied. Numbers of customers of this institution withdrew their deposits to the last penny. Some at once transferred the gold to the Standard Bank, whilst others took the hoard home and secreted it about their farms. One farmer took three thousand British sovereigns, which he said he would bury in his land. The National Bank kept open after hours to meet the demand; but all requirements were satisfied, the Bank receiving a special consignment of gold from the State Mint.

Another development of the situation was the formation of



a field ambulance corps, and a hospital corps. The doctors of the town and district to the number of seventy, met at the Rand Club, and appointed an Executive consisting of the leading medicos. The St. John Ambulance Association undertook to provide nurses, orders were placed for all necessary requirements, and the Wanderers' Pavilion, the Rand Club, and the Freemasons' Hall were placed at the disposal of the Committee for hospital purposes. In this connection the following advertisements were published :—

### AMBULANCE NURSES REQUIRED.

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ALL QUALIFIED NURSES OR LADIES willing to assist in case of need, please apply, personally, so soon as possible for instructions to

Dr. HUNT PHILLIPS,  
70, Jeppe Street, or  
Dr. F. H. SIMMONDS,  
87, Jeppe St., Von Brandis Sq.

By order,  
ST. JOHN AMBULANCE SOCIETY.

### AMBULANCE CORPS.

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VOLUNTEER STRETCHER BEARERS  
required for the  
AMBULANCE CORPS.

Apply to Johannesburg Ambulance Committee,  
Masonic Hall,  
Jeppe Street.

To the eternal fame of such ladies as still remained in Johannesburg, there was no lack of offers in reply to the first-mentioned advertisement. Ladies came willingly forward to discharge their part in the national movement; their names were duly enrolled, and as far as time and circumstances would permit, they were instructed in the principles of First Aid. Another humane feature of the crisis was the formation of a Relief Fund in aid of such as might suffer in con-

sequence of the movement. The first subscribers comprise the following :<sup>1</sup>

	£
H. Eckstein & Co. ... ..	10,000
Lionel Phillips ... ..	5,000
Consolidated Goldfields ... ..	15,000
George Farrar ... ..	10,000
Lace & Thompson ... ..	5,000
Lingham Timber Syndicate, Ltd. ... ..	1,000
Abe Bailey ... ..	5,000
S. Neumann & Co. ... ..	10,000
Barnato Bros. ... ..	10,000
Fehr & Du Bois ... ..	1,000
H. B. Marshall ... ..	2,000
W. D. ("Karri") Davies ... ..	1,000
W. H. Adler ... ..	1,000
Victor Wolff ... ..	250
Johannesburg Hebrew Congregation ... ..	100

The disposal of this princely fund was entrusted to the Rev. Mr. Kelly, who discharged his duty to the general satisfaction.

With the growing tension of feeling in the streets as the day wore on, a crowd of men, estimated at ten thousand, assembled in the neighbourhood of the "Goldfields," and anxiously awaited some sign from the Committee. A new fear was in the air. The distribution of arms had been suspended, and rumour got abroad that the Reform Committee was not so well prepared after all. The thought was maddening, and there were loud and persistent calls for some one or other of the leaders to come out and explain.

"Make J. W. Leonard speak," Jameson had remarked in one of the cipher telegrams ; and the eloquent Q.C., brother

<sup>1</sup> As this list is published it should be added that Messrs. Barnato, Bailey, and Lace eventually, on some pretext about the application of the fund, refused to contribute the second instalment of their donations, and should therefore be credited with only half of the amounts stated.

of the National Union Chairman, now stepped into the breach. Addressing the multitude from horseback, Mr. Leonard declared that every precaution that prudence combined with capital military knowledge and political sagacity could take had been taken to ensure the safety of the town. There were, he declared, sufficient organized, armed, and equipped men ready to cope with any force the Boers might send against them. There would be a satisfactory settlement of the difficulty before long. There was a Reform Committee, which was practically a Provisional Government, consisting of the best and strongest men that could be found in the place, who were taking charge of affairs. The constitution of such a committee was inevitable. It was, however, only provisional, and there was no intention to go back on the feelings of the people of this place or to impose upon them anything of which they might not ultimately approve. Needless to say, these sentiments were cheered to the echo. There was now a Provisional Government, and the first shadow of its authority appeared almost immediately in the shape of a small detachment of mounted riflemen who rode up and stationed themselves in front of the "Goldfields" building.

This informal declaration of a Provisional Government stimulated activity amongst Government officials. A meeting was hastily summoned, and at its close the Commandant of Police came outside the Government Buildings and addressed a gathering of some hundreds, chiefly of the Boer class. Amongst other things, he said that they wanted to maintain the independence of the State. If necessary, they were prepared to resort to force of arms, though they sincerely trusted that no such ultimatum would be necessary. He counselled them all to keep their mouths shut and not create any disturbance. The Government relied upon the townspeople coming forward in case of need, and arms would be served out if necessary. *There were several thousand Boers outside the town in case of emergency*, but they trusted they would get over the difficulty without their aid.

This emphatic statement concerning the army of Boers which thus early in the crisis were massed near Johannesburg sounded as if the Government was well prepared beforehand for *something*, if not exactly for the raid.

The next official tribute to the seriousness of the situation was even more striking. The Commandant of Police agreed with the Reform Committee that to "avoid possible collisions,"



MR. CHARLES LEONARD.

he should entirely withdraw the Government police from the town. The Committee undertook to police Johannesburg. The first function of a Government was thus deliberately transferred to the rebels. At eight o'clock that evening the S.A.R. police, commonly known as "Zarps," mounted and foot, about one hundred strong, fully armed, were marched from the police station in the town to the police barracks on Hospital

Hill, a position of great strategic importance, which, in the event of hostilities beginning, must have been assaulted by the town forces as a first necessity. The revolutionary plan for such an emergency was a night attack.

Here the Zarps joined forces with a number of burghers who were camped in the depressions a little further along the veld.

It should be added here that the Committee performed the task which thus devolved upon it, of policing Johannesburg, to admiration. This aggregation of cosmopolites, so often described as containing some of the scum of the earth, was never governed so orderly, before or since, as during the brief reign of Uitlander authority. The Uitlander Government was prohibitionist and martinet. Canteens were closed by absolute fiat. The contents of some were bought up regardless of expense and destroyed. For a few days the chronic scandal of undetected thefts and murders in broad daylight utterly ceased. An informal court of first instance was set up under Trimble, the head of the Government Detective Department, lately extruded as not being a burgher—an absurdity which had cost the Government the resignation of the last Afrikaner State Attorney. This court was summary. One man, caught red-handed breaking half-drunk into a store, was flogged; and that he did not dispute the justice of his punishment may be assumed from the fact that when brought up later to testify against the Committee's usurpation of magistracy he declined blankly to remember either why he was flogged or by whom, or anything about it except that he was uncommonly sore next day.

As the afternoon closed in, with the Government and the revolution thus openly in the lists, Mr. J. W. Leonard's oratorical gifts were again called into requisition to give the right bent to the rising fever of excitement. He addressed the "Afrikaner Brigade." Some 7,000 or 8,000 persons assembled "between the chains," and Mr. Leonard spoke from the balcony of Eckstein's building. They had, he declared, borne

with tyranny long enough, and the people were going to tell the tyrants once for all that they were face to face with the issue. Let them not fear men born and bred on the same soil as themselves. Other speakers followed in similar if less eloquent strain, and the assembly eventually dispersed to the strains of "Rule Britannia."

During the afternoon two remarkable messages reached the Provisional Government of Johannesburg. Mr. Eugene Marais wired an appeal from Pretoria asking the Committee to meet an unofficial deputation representative of the enlightened and educated burghers, to discuss the situation in the endeavour to effect a compromise. The request was at once complied with, and thereupon an intimation was received from the Executive Council at Pretoria stating that the deputation would have official status. President Kruger further wired requesting a palaver, to extend over twenty-four hours, "with the intention of coming to terms if possible."

This looked well. The Provisional Government willingly consented to twenty-four hours' palaver. The deputation came over from Pretoria in the evening, Mr. Marais being accompanied by Mr. Malan, son-in-law of General Joubert. The Conference took place at the "Goldfields," and it was then that Government representatives were first made acquainted with the character of the forces which were behind the Uitlander movement and of the military character of the organization. The members of the deputation were passed into the "Goldfields" building through an armed guard, and each was furnished with the password for the day. Here it may not be inappropriate to indicate the means that were taken to guard the headquarters of the revolutionary party. The building, three storeys high, has its entrance, a fine large doorway set in a framework of ornamental terra-cotta work, on the Simmonds Street side. There is another entrance from the Fox Street side, but this is by means of a narrow doorway, through a tortuous yard and a narrow passage. The main door was closed and barricaded, and so too were the ground floor and first floor windows of the

whole building. Access was, therefore, possible only through the narrow back doorway in Fox Street. But it would probably have been easier for the proverbial camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a Reform Committee foe to enter openly the headquarters of the agitation. The place was converted into a citadel, impregnable save against the assaults of cannon. It was held day and night by the employees of the Goldfields Company, all armed, and supplied with sufficient ammunition and provisions to stand a siege. The corps in charge, officially enrolled as the Devil's Own, consisted of a grand body of men, not humble quill-drivers, but athletes and men who for the most part had had military training and experience. Amongst them were the "eleven fine diamonds" which were despatched from De Beers a few days before the upheaval set in. No better guard system could have been devised. The visitor had first of all to be provided with the password, which was changed every twelve hours, sometimes, especially during the summit of the crisis, more frequently. The password was known only to members of the Provisional Government, and their trusty men. I was fortunate enough to have enjoyed the confidence of the revolutionary leaders, and was notified as a special favour of every change in the shibboleth for the day. So many of the secrets of the "Goldfields" have been made public since those eventful days, that no harm can now possibly be done by disclosing the character of the words which passed one from the vulgar crowd in the street into the innermost recesses of the Reformers' citadel. "Quebec" was one of the first, a curious choice; "Maxim" was another; "Citadel," a third; "Ricochet," a fourth; "Fortification," a fifth; and oh! the grim humour of it, "Doornkop" was one of the last. There were a dozen others, but they were for a few hours' duration only, and were upon disuse chased from the memory by more pressing considerations. The password had first of all to be whispered to a double guard on either side of the doorway, and repeated every few paces upon the silent demand of one or other of the armed men who lined

either side of the passages and staircase from the street to the rooms where the Executive was to be found.

It was under circumstances such as these that the Government deputation were admitted to the headquarters of the Provisional Government of Johannesburg. The password for the night was, if memory serves, "Maxim." Having passed the passage and staircase and reached as far as the inquiry office, the deputation were brought to a standstill, whilst their guide announced their presence to a body of men occupying the board room. After a pause of a couple of minutes the word was passed for the deputation to enter. Messrs. Marais and Malan passed in, and there beheld the conclave, fifty of the leading men of Johannesburg, all the members of the Reform Committee in town, seated round the table.

Entering with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, black with grease to the elbow, Mr. George Farrar artlessly begged the deputation to excuse him, "as he had been unpacking rifles for some hours."

The deputation gave an account of its mission, which led one of the Committee to sum up, "In short, the Government holds out the olive branch?" and the deputation accepted that description, though Mr. Marais remarked that Jameson would undoubtedly be stopped with the full force of the Republic. If the Committee would send a deputation to Pretoria, things would be amicably settled, and they would get practically what they asked in the manifesto. The Government offered the two persons of its deputation to Johannesburg as hostages for the safety of the proposed deputation from the Reform Committee; but the Reformers politely waived that.

Messrs. Marais and Malan made it quite clear that they had been commissioned to come by the Executive, and cited as a token of the Government's pacific intentions the fact that it had that evening withdrawn the police from the town.

The meeting accepted the invitation, and Messrs. Marais and Malan returned to Pretoria by the special train which had been kept waiting. On the way to the station a call was made



at the Rand Club, and there the deputation, in an incidental sort of way, were shown a Maxim.

The question in the crowded streets that night was, "Where was Jameson? Had he beaten off the Boers? Would he get through?" That was uppermost in men's minds, as they saw the Old Year out. The current of public opinion had changed marvellously during the day. In the morning the Reform Committee had repudiated Jameson, and the excited populace had upheld the repudiation. But that was twelve hours ago, and a great deal had happened since then. The Government were afraid! The Government wanted to palaver! The Government had made the first overtures! Why repudiate Jameson any longer? Why not join forces with him, and bring Oom Paul finally to his knees? These were the sentiments one heard expressed amongst the war party in the street.

Inside the "Goldfields" building the same sentiments began to take shape. On this night news came that the High Commissioner was repudiating and recalling Jameson, Mr. Chamberlain approving the High Commissioner's action. This news at first created consternation; then indignation. The very men who had found it necessary to repudiate Jameson in the morning—they, a revolutionary camarilla with no international obligations—were now furious with Her Majesty's representative for doing the like. Downing Street, like the absent, is always in the wrong.

What made things worse in the inner circle was the rooted impression already referred to, that the Colonial Office, at the last moment, had "come in." It had gone round diligently just before this that Chamberlain was behind Jameson. Chamberlain must be behind Jameson! Yet here was Chamberlain disavowing Jameson, and spiking his guns. Curses sounded loud and deep.

I chanced to be present in the "Goldfields" building at midnight at this fateful time, and discussed the situation as it now existed, with one of the Executive of the Reform Committee;

and there could be no mistaking this attitude towards the proclamation.

Mr. Chamberlain's ears must have tingled for the things said in the "Goldfields" building during the moments while the Old Year passed away, and 1896 was born.

*Wednesday, New Year's Day.*—The Reform Committee loyally observed the compact that had been made overnight with the official deputation from Pretoria. Ere the last wassail-note was sung for a "happy New Year," Messrs. Lionel Phillips, G. Auret, Abe Bailey, and Max Langermann, a representative rather than a personally powerful deputation, left for Pretoria. Here they were not admitted to the holy of holies. Sir Theophilus Shepstone used to say that you could trust Paul Kruger's word, but you must be extraordinarily careful to tie him down exactly as to what that word was. To facilitate the elasticity on this point, which the Transvaal Government always provides for where possible, the Government appointed a Commission as a buffer between itself and the Johannesburg deputation that it had invited.

The Commission consisted of Chief Justice Kotzé, Judge Ameshoff, and Mr. Kock, a member of the Executive Council. There were mutual explanations. Friendly discussion of grievances and remedies ensued at length, and one momentous admission was made.

Mr. Phillips frankly and boldly avowed that the Reform Committee were aware of Dr. Jameson being on the border with an armed force, and had an arrangement with him "in writing" to come to their help if called on, but declared that he had crossed the border without their knowledge or consent.

Mr. Kock was staggered.

"If you have arms in your hands, and have invited Jameson, then you are rebels!" exclaimed the Councillor.

"You may call us what you like; we only ask for justice, and we shall stand by Jameson," rejoined Mr. Phillips.

Then the conversation turned on the question of stopping Jameson without bloodshed. The deputation said they had

no means of stopping the Doctor ; but as proof of good faith they offered their own persons as hostages that Dr. Jameson would leave Johannesburg peacefully and retire across the border, if he were allowed to come in unmolested.

"Who are the Reform Committee?" queried one of the Government Commission, and then this guileless deputation, to show, as they said, their *bonâ fides*, telegraphed to Johannesburg for a complete list of the Committee. The list was sent, and proved very useful indeed when arrests had to be made in the following week.

Having elicited all possible information, the Chief Justice declared that he and his colleagues were not authorized to make a settlement. They had simply to report to the Executive Council what had passed. The two deputations separated only to meet again in the afternoon. Then the Chief Justice produced a written statement embodying the decision of the Executive. This document was referred to at the trial of the Reform Committee, and ran as follows :—

"Sir Hercules Robinson has offered his services with a view to a peaceful settlement. The Government of the South African Republic has accepted his offer. Pending his arrival no steps will be taken against Johannesburg providing Johannesburg takes no hostile action against the Government. In terms of the proclamation recently issued by the President the grievances will be earnestly considered."

The Rand deputation believed that their cause was won. The promise just recorded was vague maybe on the larger political question, though clear on the immediate military one. But the Government Commission had done its work so as to convey the maximum of assurance with the minimum in black and white, and at the Pretoria Club a crowd of sympathetic Pretorians was assured, by Mr. Abe Bailey and the others, "We have got *all* we wanted!"

Many bumpers of champagne were drunk in honour of the event.

In these terms, with these hopes, and to these libations,

was concluded that armistice between the Reform Committee and the Government which has one simple justification.

The leaders knew that the town was not really ready to fight, for *it had not ammunition to last an hour!* As the plot was first arranged, Johannesburg was to have got in 5,000 rifles, and one million rounds, and Jameson was to have come in with a larger force and a spare rifle to every man in it. Alas! 1,000,000 cartridges means thirty tons, and all had to come in concealed in machinery! Nobody had thought of that difficulty. So when Jameson rushed, the Johannesburg leaders doubted, not for a moment his getting through, but their own plight when he did so. The armistice gave them time to turn round they thought.

Very early on Wednesday morning a couple of cyclists were despatched from the Johannesburg headquarters to communicate with the column. Colonel Rhodes scribbled a note, which, torn up and afterwards recovered from the battle-field, reads in the Green Book as follows :—

“Dear Dr.

“The rumour of massa . . . Johannesburg that started yo . . . our relief was not true. We a . . . right feeling intense. We have armed . . . a lot of men. I shall be very glad to see you. . . . not in possess . . . town. . . . men to . . . fellow . . .

“Yours ever,

“F. R.”

“We will all drink a glass along . . . you

“L. .”

“31st.

“11.30 Kruger has asked for . . . go over and treat armistice for . . . to . . . my view is that they are in a funk in Pretoria and they were *wrong* to agree from here.

“DR. JAMESON.

“F. R.”

The following is a correct restoration of the torn parts of this document :—

“DEAR DOCTOR,—The rumour of massacre at Johannesburg that started you to our relief was not true. We are all right. Feeling intense. We

have armed quite a lot of men. I shall be very glad to see you. We are not in possession of the town. Would you like me to send you some men to show you the way? You are a fine fellow. Here's wishing you good luck.

“Yours ever,

“F(RANK) R(HODES).”

“We will all drink a glass along with you.

“L(IONEL) P(HILLIPS).”

“31st, 11.30. Kruger has asked for some of us from here to go over and treat for armistice. They have agreed to this. My view is that they are in a funk at Pretoria, and they were wrong to agree from here.

“F. R.”

Mr. Phillips' postscript was scribbled in pencil on Col. Rhodes' note. Col. Rhodes' second note, scribbled while the cyclists were waiting, reflects an impulse of the moment which events have turned into a thoughtful conclusion. Jameson's reply to these messages has been recorded in an earlier chapter. It, or rather the cyclists carrying it, were intercepted by the Boers.

Meanwhile, all was toil and moil this Wednesday in Johannesburg. Men were astir in the grey dawn, anxious for news of Jameson. No information was forthcoming. The Reform Committee knew nothing. Sixty hours had passed since Jameson set out on his march to the Rand, but the Reform Committee were utterly ignorant of his whereabouts. There was a vague idea, from the character of the man, that Jameson was “pushing on,” and there was unbounded confidence that he would “brush aside,” as it was termed, any attempt to arrest his progress. Absorbed in the colossal task of feeding, drilling and organizing Johannesburg, the Reform Committee was behindhand with any sort of Intelligence Department to bring in news from outside. Government remained in charge of the telegraph system of the country, and upon the outbreak of trouble had promptly sent confidential Hollander telegraph censors to scrutinize all messages sent to or from Johannesburg. Thus, the ordinary channels of intelligence were closed, and no

effectual steps seem to have been taken to utilise, until almost too late, the splendid corps of cyclists which the Wanderers' Club might have furnished. But though news of Jameson's whereabouts was not at hand until late in the day, Johannesburg made up its mind very early to accept the situation—Jameson and all. The recall of Jameson by the High Commissioner had rather incited than discouraged the Reform Committee in adopting him. In their position of wretched impotence—for they had but 2,000 rifles, though more than ten times that number of men—the Committee determined to accept the man whom only the day before they had openly and formally repudiated. The assistance of the column must, it was given out, be accepted in defiance of all consideration, and international jurists might beat the air until they were blue in the face with exertion. Necessity knew no law, and Johannesburg's need was great and urgent. As the mouthpiece of the Reform Committee put it:—

“What was initially a grave crime on the part of Dr. Jameson, his gallant officers and brave men, becomes, by sheer stress of events, a magnificent achievement. Its success will silence all criticisms of his conduct. It will be justified by the event. He may fairly claim, if he gets through after repulsing every commando sent to stay his advance, to be the saviour of the situation, because we ardently believe that his presence here, his junction with our own forces, will end the campaign. It will compel an unconditional surrender. The Boer Government will go down, to be replaced by one of our own creation under the same flag. For the present, as desperate men, we have no time to consider the welter of international complications which may possibly arise. We have to establish ourselves in possession of the reins of Government first; reflection will have to come afterwards. There is no backward path and no returning.”

It was determined to address the High Commissioner, blandly treating the Imperial Government as responsible for Jameson, and Jameson for the massing of Boers on Johan-

nesburg, calling on Her Majesty's representative to intervene and make peace, and generally putting him, as local slang has it, "in the cart."

The following telegram was sent :—

"Lionel Phillips, George Farrar, Colonel Rhodes, J. H. Hammond, Percy Fitzpatrick, and other inhabitants, Johannesburg, to His Excellency the High Commissioner, Cape Town.

"*January 1st, 1896.*—Rumour prevalent that Doctor Jameson has crossed the border ; we know nothing of this. The result of this report is massing of Boers, who are threatening Johannesburg. We presume, if Dr. Jameson has left, that it is on behalf of Imperial Government to avert bloodshed here. We invoke your immediate assistance to prevent civil war, and urge you to come up at once and establish peace."

No reply was received to this. It puzzled the recipient exceedingly, and well it might, for he had just had put into his hands a copy of the letter of invitation purporting to be signed by the very men who here denied any knowledge of Jameson's actions. Sir Hercules had not the clue to this puzzle, and he let the telegram alone.

Presently it was followed up by one still more urgent :—

"Percy Fitzpatrick, Secretary, Reform Committee, Johannesburg, to His Excellency the High Commissioner, Cape Town.

"*January 1st.*—We have absolute information that large numbers of Boers are commanded to attack Johannesburg at once, and are authorized by Commandant-General to shoot at sight all who are concerned in the present agitation. Matters are so critical that we call upon you again to intervene to protect the lives and properties of citizens who have for years agitated constitutionally for their rights."

It must be understood that the situation here depicted was fully known only to the inner circle of the Reform Committee, for, save when the full Committee were called together to impress Messrs. Marais and Malan, the direction of affairs was left in the hands of about a dozen men, who tired themselves out with perpetual session, sleeping, some of them, on the floor at the "Goldfields." The masses who thronged the streets were utterly ignorant at the time of the circumstances that had

compelled the Reform deputation at Pretoria to agree to an armistice. The fiction that there were rifles sufficient to arm every man in the town was not yet exploded among the masses, and this, together with the implicit faith that Jameson would be "in" by the morrow, resulted in a great and continued rush to the several recruiting offices.

The pay was princely—10s. a day and all found. This revolution was not done "on the cheap" in any single particular. Some of the corps were billeted at the expense of the Reform Committee on the best hotels. During the morning the several corps paraded, and elected their officers, whilst bands played military airs to keep up the enthusiasm.

The scene which Johannesburg presented on this memorable New Year's day will not soon be forgotten by those who looked on at the strange medley.

By noon it was given out at the "Goldfields" that for the present no more recruits would be enlisted, or rifles served out. Then it was that the ugly truth—creeping outwards already from the inner circle—began to dawn on the people at large. The Committee were short of firearms! Attempts were made to reassure the people, but in vain.

The crowds that but now were all enthusiasm began to despond, and to throw blame on the leaders.

The temper of the crowd began to look ugly, when it was diverted for the moment by an incident which looked like "business." The outposts reported that about 150 Boers were approaching, and were likely to strike the camp at two o'clock. A strong detachment came into town and escorted a couple of Maxims out of town towards Langlaagte, in which direction everybody looked for signs of Jameson's approach.

With the arrival of the time for the evening meetings the spirits of the masses rose again. At seven o'clock that evening first definite news of the fighting was brought into town by cyclists, and a large body of the Uitlander forces, mounted and infantry, were despatched in the direction where Jameson was expected to show himself. Simultaneously it



was known that the Boer forces were closing in on the town from various sides.

In the nick of time to reassure the Committee, Mr. Lionel Phillips and the other members of the deputation returned to Johannesburg. They arrived about seven in the evening. The Reform Committee met, and readily acquiesced in the terms the deputation had made with the Government at Pretoria. It had been agreed that a member of the Reform Committee should go out and convince Jameson that the armistice was no Government fiction. Accordingly Mr. Lacey was sent on this not wholly grateful errand.

The stir at headquarters was not lost upon the packed street outside the "Goldfields," and in response to repeated calls Mr. Lionel Phillips, shortly before ten o'clock at night, stepped out on to the balcony and addressed the multitude. He said he had just returned from Pretoria, where he had interviewed a Commission appointed by the Government to see if they could not arrange matters amicably. They were informed that Her Majesty's High Commissioner had been invited to come up in order to act as mediator. He had informed the commission that they intended to stand by Dr. Jameson—(immense cheering)—who had come all this way with his brave little band for their succour. If necessary, they were prepared to continue the movement they had seen fit to commence with their guns. (More cheering.)

These declarations were received with the utmost enthusiasm. In answer to shouts for Dr. Jameson, Mr. Phillips stated that he was within fifteen miles of Johannesburg. Mr. Phillips called for three cheers for Dr. Jameson, and Mr. J. W. Leonard called for three cheers for Mr. Phillips, and jubilation reigned in Johannesburg; while eighteen miles away the man they were cheering suddenly bivouacked beside the "pan" amid the dropping fire of the Boers.

Such irony of events does not need the bitter embellishment of the story that the ammunition sent from the Pretoria arsenal to replenish the Boers at Krugersdorp, who were

running short, actually went through Johannesburg in the train which carried the Rand deputation back in apparent triumph from the capital. As a matter of fact, some ammunition went the day before, along with Messrs. Marais and Malan, Field-Cornet Van Wyk and others, sent from Krugersdorp to procure it.

It was thus the Government deputation, not the Rand one, that travelled in the ammunition train ; and those who had guns covered them with their macintoshes, fearing that the presence of ammunition might be discovered.

The ammunition which really replenished the Boers when they were running short on Thursday was not taken through Johannesburg at all, but sent by wagon across country. So says the officer who took it.

And so that Wednesday evening, the first evening of 1896, the Uitlander cause was cheered in Johannesburg and lost at Krugersdorp, and nobody knew.

## Chapter XIII

## THE STORY OF THE PROCLAMATION

IN Cape Town, Monday, December 30th, was a day of strange, undefined tension of feeling, through the general expectancy strained towards Johannesburg, not towards the border, and although the actual news was known to nobody that day beyond some half-dozen people. So unromantic a person as Sir Gordon Sprigg confessed to "presentiments." But even Mr. Hofmeyr, who was presently to become counsellor-in-chief by telegram to the Pretoria Government, had as yet heard nothing. The writer had been pestering the leader of Dutch Cape Colony for an interview or utterance of some kind in sympathy with the Uitlander demand for citizenship; and late on Monday evening, the town being full of vague rumours of action at Johannesburg, Mr. Hofmeyr was drawn to the *Cape Times* Office for news. Owing to the block on the wires the evening telegrams had not yet come in; one of which, much later, brought the incredible information, and to this alone it was due that there could be pumped out of the reticent Bond leader even the few guarded words of sympathetic interest in the Uitlander grievances which duly appeared in print next morning as an interview, concluding as follows:—

His views on the franchise demand Mr. Hofmeyr has expressed years ago. He favoured a compromise then, but it found no support at Pretoria. Now it would be useless to offer the compromise which then might have satisfied legitimate aspirations.

On reading this over Mr Hofmeyr found the tone of it expressive only of one side of his feelings in this difficult question, in which he

felt himself, he confessed, pulled both ways; and he desired the addition in clear terms that in spite of the manner in which his efforts on behalf of the Transvaal had been received, and though he regretted that no statesmanlike compromise had been arrived at, the Transvaal still kept his strong sympathies and affection. "Blood is thicker than water."

The point being put that the blood of many young Afrikaner "Uitlanders" was closer to many Cape families even than the blood of the Boers, Mr. Hofmeyr admitted the fact. "But then," he said, smiling, "how if those Afrikaner 'Uitlanders' also found that blood was thicker than water?"

"But they are solid with the other 'Uitlanders,' that is just the point," it was rejoined to this; and the question added:

"Suppose war broken out, Mr. Hofmeyr, what would you yourself do?"

"God knows! . . . Try to get peace made as soon as possible, I suppose, like last time," said Mr. Hofmeyr.

And not one word could be got out of him.

Mr. Hofmeyr gone, enter one of the two Johannesburg emissaries, visibly excited, mysterious as to the reason, but urgent in the same question, "Have you any news?" Enter later the Imperial Secretary, looking ill with anxiety, but constant even then to the habitual officialism which deems it a sin to tell a newspaper anything except what it already knows. His was the same question, "Have you any special news?" which, by now, it was possible to answer, and from him was eventually obtained the authority to state that the High Commissioner had repudiated and recalled Jameson, an item which accordingly accompanied the brief announcement in Tuesday's *Cape Times* of what was there called "the almost incredible fact, presumably due to a brave, wild, mad, foolish impulse," and to exaggerated rumours from Johannesburg.

These possible excuses for Jameson, by the way, for one must speak by the card in these matters, were no part of what Sir Graham Bower authorized or suggested. The author heard no word from him or any Imperial official during the crisis otherwise than deploring and disapproving of Jameson's action.

Enter again, still later on that well-remembered evening, the Johannesburg emissary aforesaid, who was provoked to passionate remonstrance by the tenor of a half-finished leading article begun at the very first receipt of the news, in which, while it was remarked that "the first shot fired in the Transvaal must needs make many people round its fringes, alike in Colonies and Republic, hard to hold," yet "through all such events the High Commissioner's duty is to stand high above the quarrels—even the just quarrels—of the Uitlanders, for it is to him that all South Africa will look to hold the balance even and to mould the united statesmanship of South Africa into the great settlement which must inevitably ensue upon the struggle." To this, and much more which need not be here repeated in the way of argument against the Imperial Power allowing itself to be in any way implicated in Jameson's mad attempt, the burden of the Johannesburg leader's answer was: "Then all I can say is—the Imperial Power will lose South Africa." Jameson, he admitted, had precipitated and upset the plans of Rhodes and the plans of everybody, but while admitting all this, the Johannesburg man declared that Jameson would undoubtedly carry the whole thing through if the Imperial Government would let him, and the policy of repudiation and recall would never, he declared, be forgiven by the Uitlanders.

It was hard to see anything clear in that first rush of surprise, but one thing did seem clear to the writer, and he clung to it accordingly. Though heart and soul with the Johannesburg Revolution if only the Uitlanders would make it, he could not see that the Imperial Government had the right to interfere and make it for them. The Johannesburg leader left the office unconvinced and fuming.

The story of how the news came to Cape Town, and how it was received by various people from various points of view is one which can best be illustrated by concrete example and personal reminiscences; hence these recollections of one night at a Newspaper Office, bringing across the stage as it does so

conveniently a quick succession of figures typical of the different forces engaged in the crisis. Let me add that at the *Cape Times* Office this news, that is, the Jameson part of it, and the much later discovery of Mr. Rhodes' full relation to that part, was as much a surprise that evening as it was to Ministers and to Cape Town generally when it appeared in print next morning. Let me add also this, that the foregoing conversations, joined to the imperfect knowledge at the time of what might have led to Jameson's act, give all the key that any candid person will require to the following telegram which the writer addressed next day to the *Star*, Johannesburg, after hearing of the coming proclamation :—

“ You must expect, and not misunderstand, a proclamation putting Jameson formally in the wrong. Imperial authorities have no other course. Don't let this weaken or divide you. This merely for your information.”

It was merely a private reading of the situation exchanged between two journalists, perfectly understood by the recipient, and conveying a common-sense hint which proved of some small use in the confused brouhaha at Johannesburg. Why it should have been seized on by the Transvaal Government as a great find, and immortalized in a Green Book, and even debated in the Cape Parliament, is a mystery only to be explained by the epoch of suspicious unreason which the crisis produced. As all this was done, the matter is just mentioned here.

*December 31st, 1895, in Cape Town.*—At Government House a great part of Tuesday was occupied by the great fight about the proclamation. Abundant evidence came to hand during the morning to show what passion and indignation the news of the raid had evoked wherever it was known in Dutch South Africa. A message from the Acting President of the Free State referred to Jameson's cool reply to the Commandant of Marico, and expressed anxiety for the “peace and welfare of South Africa.” The Free State, in fact, was up in arms. 1,600 burghers were commandeered to take up a position about sixteen miles on the Free State side of the Vaal, and

mounted expresses scoured the country and the border, and it may be recalled as a significant fact that in one district twice the number of burghers commandeered responded to the call.

But it was in the person of Mr. Hofmeyr that Dutch South Africa really marched into Government House that Tuesday morning.

Mr. Rhodes had called and assured Sir Hercules that Dr. Jameson acted without his authority, adding something about the stopping telegram and the cut wires, and offering to resign if either Mr. Chamberlain or Sir Hercules thought it necessary.

Mr. Hofmeyr came up scarcely knowing what to think. He openly suspected the attitude of Mr. Rhodes towards Jameson, and covertly, perhaps, that of the Imperial Government. Indeed, he has since confessed that what cleared and composed his mind in this matter was simply the transparently candid personality of one man—Sir Hercules Robinson. Mr. Rhodes had said a year before that only one man had enough prestige with Dutch South Africa to be fit to cope with the coming racial crisis and save a war. This one man was now to make good the words—if not quite to the purpose their author had dreamed of.

It may be said that Lord Rosmead, in South African politics, is now a man of one idea. But the point is that that one idea was, for the beginning of 1896, the right one—the only feasible one. Mr. Chamberlain had to come to see it; Mr. Rhodes saw it before and probably sees it now again; perhaps it will dawn some day even on Lord Rosmead's own countrymen in the colonies, to whom to-day he is even as Mr. Gladstone once was in the Jingo Party.

The writer had the opportunity to see this old and ill man in the thick of the crisis. His was the coolest head there.

"It is almost impossible to know what to do next," he remarked to a visitor at almost the most puzzling moment of all; "but I have an old formula which I have always found come out well in the end—and that is, 'Don't trouble about a policy,' but do the thing that you see to be *right*."

The Right Honourable Sir Hercules George Robert Robinson, Bart., G.C.M.G., lately created Baron Rosmead of Rosmead in Ireland and Tafelberg in South Africa, has exceeded the Psalmist's limit of years, and spent more than half of it in viceregal functions. He has represented the Queen in the West Indies, Hong Kong, Ceylon, New South Wales, New Zealand, and South Africa, but his chief work has been done under the shadow of the grand old mountain from which he has chosen part of his title; and the distinctive note of that work has been to gain and keep for the Queen's Government the confidence of those Afrikanders to whose language that title pays a delicate compliment. He was Governor and High Commissioner during the stormiest years of South African history, and the Transvaal has never forgotten what a good interpreter he was of the spirit of fairness and magnanimity which dictated the retrocession of the Republic. As Mr. Rhodes became a power, and struck the self-same Afrikander note in his policy harmonising with the self-same British Colonial patriotism, the two men seemed to be working perfectly together. Both had a share in keeping open the north, though it was Mr. Rhodes who alone had the means and the impetus to add "Rhodesia" to the Empire. Both seemed at one for years in the policy which made this process of indirect Colonial expansion palatable to the Dutch, and indeed Sir Hercules Robinson got into sore trouble with Downing Street in 1889 by emphasizing, in a farewell speech after nine years of office, the half truth that there was only place left for the Imperial Factor in South Africa in its form of Colonialism, not in its form of direct Imperialism. In other words, it was the Rhodes kind of Imperialism, the kind implied in his great British-Colonial Company, that would be the real force to meet and conquer the force of Anti-British Republicanism on its own ground.

When Sir Henry Loch had to be replaced, the Colonial Office had come round to see what Sir Hercules meant in 1889, just as Mr. Rhodes and others have come, since that



again, to see more clearly the other side of the shield, the direct Imperial side. But it was notorious that only the insistence of Mr Rhodes made the Colonial Office insist strongly enough to drag Sir Hercules back to South Africa, the "Grave of Reputations," from his well-earned leisure. There were obvious objections to the appointment, and it was Mr. Chamberlain, destined soon to become the new Governor's chief, and later his convert, who voiced them in Parliament. Sir Hercules having retired into private life had been elected to various boards of public companies, and of course all his South African directorships and interests had to be given up when he was thrust back into Government House. As it was Mr. Rhodes who pressed the Colonial Office to appoint him, so it was Mr. Rhodes who pressed his old co-worker not to decline. It is even whispered that Mr. Rhodes, fearing that he might now seem to have grown too masterful at the Cape since Sir Hercules and he had last worked together, wrote to Sir Hercules impulsively promising that if they ever came to loggerheads he would admit *ipso facto* that he must be in the wrong. They did come to loggerheads, for to Sir Hercules fell the hard task of remaining coldly consistent to Mr. Rhodes' own policy while Mr. Rhodes himself floundered in an impossible departure from it. "Don't altogether desert the Doctor" was Mr. Rhodes' cry, when once his friend had started on the perilous march. But that was just what Her Majesty's representative had to do.

Five minutes with Sir Hercules Robinson dissipated from Mr. Hofmeyr's mind the ugly dream of any complicity on his part. But Mr. Hofmeyr at once made it clear that the repudiation by the Imperial authority must be made far more public and unequivocal than by mere messages sent through Mr. Newton and Sir Jacobus de Wet. The Bond leader enforced this view with the trenchant decisiveness which he can show on critical occasions. He scouted the idea that Jameson would stop for the messages, and pointed out that the public would not know of these. There must be a procla-

mation repudiating Jameson in the name of the Queen, and calling on all British subjects to hold aloof from him. The moment such a proclamation was suggested it was seen to be a necessity, a logical sequel to the Imperial disavowal of the raiders. Sir Hercules called the Imperial Secretary, sat down with Mr. Hofmeyr, and proceeded to draft the proclamation. Mr. Rhodes had gone out of town again, but Mr. Schreiner, the Attorney-General, approved of the draft on behalf of the Colonial Cabinet. Meanwhile, however, representatives of English, as well as Dutch, Cape Colony had made their appearance. Mr. Hofmeyr had won ready hearing when he described what would be the feeling of *his* kindred ; but it was impossible to ignore the somewhat different sentiments which the first news of Jameson's act had aroused among South African Britishers everywhere.

Remember that it was universally assumed at that time that Jameson had moved upon some definite intelligence which might justify him. Remember, too, that for weeks the provocation had been thought of as coming from Pretoria to Johannesburg, not from Jameson to Pretoria. Remember, too, that it was supposed that at that moment the Uitlanders had struck, were striking, or were about to strike, a blow for rights which commanded general sympathy. Even those Englishmen who most shook their heads over the immediate outlook, and who admitted that the Imperial Government could not back Jameson, were not prepared for such extreme action on the other side as the practical outlawing of the man in the Queen's name, accompanied by an injunction to the Queen's subjects to stand aside, and apparently abandon their own justifiable hostility to the Government, simply because of Jameson's action.

Dr. Harris, and subsequently Mr. Rhodes, whom he fetched post haste back to town from Rondebosch, urged on some such grounds as these that the proclamation should not be issued at all. Failing that, they set themselves at least to gain time. Mr. Rhodes exclaimed again and again, very much

moved, "It's making an outlaw of the Doctor!" His line was, that since his friend had broken away and the deed was now past recall, he should be given a fair field, and perhaps all would yet be well. He took the same line with his colleagues in the Cabinet. But in arguing against the proclamation *in toto* these gentlemen went too far; for they cut at the whole position taken up by His Excellency. Repudiation of Jameson was an international, honourable obligation. Anything else would not only have implied complicity, it would have been complicity. And of repudiation by the Queen a Royal Proclamation, once suggested, was seen to be a logical *sequitur*. In spite of all that Mr. Rhodes could say, therefore, Sir Hercules remained firm, and the process of drafting, approving, copying, signing, sealing, publishing, and telegraphing the document proceeded as expeditiously as such things can in Government Offices.

A small part of the purpose in which these gentlemen made so little headway was achieved, as it happens, by another agency, acting quite independently of them. Naturally the journalists heard of the coming proclamation as soon as the publicists, and one journalistic caller, known to Sir Hercules Robinson, it may be said, as one who cared for the honour of England considerably more than for any conceivable interest of Mr. Rhodes or of Johannesburg, had the privilege of a conversation with him about the draft proclamation.

This caller's criticism was directed solely to that part of the proclamation which might be considered as interfering in the internal affairs of the Republic. It was one thing to proclaim Jameson's external intervention. It was quite another thing to use words tantamount to an internal interference between the Transvaal Government and certain Transvaal inhabitants. The Imperial policy towards the Johannesburg movement *per se* had been, so far, one of strict impartiality. It could neither promise the Uitlanders support nor could it officiously bid them sit down under their grievances. It might intervene to part the combatants, as the Power mainly responsible for the peace

of South Africa ; or to prevent whichever side won from proceeding to extreme action against the other ; but the conversation of the Johannesburg leaders then in Cape Town sufficed to show how deeply Johannesburg would resent any act on the part of the Imperial Government that could fairly be described as first leaving the Uitlanders to work out their own salvation against an armed Government, and then stepping in to divide and paralyse their ranks the moment they began to do it.

Sir Hercules weighed the English side, as it may be called, as gravely and fairly as he had weighed the Dutch. Unfortunately, it was too late to keep raid and revolution wholly distinct, and the proclamation, as finally published, did to some extent discourage British subjects from abetting either. One sentence, however, which was especially obnoxious to this objection disappeared from the draft. It was the last, which called upon British subjects even to abstain from demonstrations or any action calculated to disturb public order. It was undeniable that an injunction which vetoed even the calling of a public meeting would be, in spirit, a breach of the Convention.

Perhaps, in practice, the alteration amounted to little, for Johannesburg would be less influenced by the exact wording than by the general tenor of the Bull issued against their rash ally. But, as it happened, it was this alteration which led to a delay, afterwards the subject of bitter controversy.

The idea of the proclamation was Mr. Hofmeyr's ; the first draft had been approved by Mr. Hofmeyr, and it was its prospective issue that led him to co-operate with the High Commissioner in the advice which he was now proffering over the telegraph to Pretoria, particularly as regards the acceptance of the High Commissioner's mediation.

The Imperial Secretary, therefore, felt bound to give Mr. Hofmeyr an opportunity of objecting to the alteration, and as Mr. Hofmeyr could not be found for some little time a delay of about an hour and a half was caused.

That is the full explanation of an incident which has been

absurdly exaggerated. A verbatim copy of the proclamation was telegraphed at 4.20 p.m. to the Acting President of the Free State and to the British Agent at Pretoria. It was published in a *Cape Gazette Extraordinary* at a quarter to six. It was communicated by the British Agent to President Kruger some time after eight, and about the same time telegraphed to the Reform Committee, Johannesburg, who may be regarded as the persons mainly addressed by it. Sir Jacobus got a copy through to Jameson on Thursday morning.

When, late that evening, a telegram arrived from President Kruger, evidently acting on advice received from Mr. Hofmeyr earlier in the day, asking for a proclamation to be issued, and bringing to remembrance a proclamation of his own which helped "to damp the trek" to Mashonaland in April, 1891, the High Commissioner was able to reply that the President's wishes had been anticipated.

#### PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency the Right Honourable Sir HERCULES GEORGE ROBERT ROBINSON, Baronet, a member of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Colony of the Cape of Good Hope in South Africa, and of the territories and dependencies thereof, Governor of the territory of British Bechuanaland, and Her Majesty's High Commissioner, etc., etc., etc.

Whereas it has come to my knowledge that certain British subjects, said to be under the leadership of Dr. Jameson, have violated the territory of the South African Republic, and have cut telegraph wires, and done various other illegal acts :

And whereas the South African Republic is a friendly State in amity with Her Majesty's Government :

And whereas it is my desire to respect the independence of the said State :

Now, therefore, I do hereby command the said Dr. Jameson, and all persons accompanying him, to immediately retire from the territory of the South African Republic on pain of the penalties attached to their illegal proceedings.

And I do further hereby call upon all British subjects in the South African Republic to abstain from giving the said Dr. Jameson any coun-

tenance or assistance in his armed violation of the territory of a friendly State.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Given under my hand and seal this 31st day of December, 1895.

HERCULES ROBINSON,  
High Commissioner.

By command of His Excellency the High Commissioner,  
GRAHAM BOWER,  
Imperial Secretary.

Owing to the extraordinary block and breakdown which, at this crisis, affected alike the wires in South Africa and the cables to England, it was not till Wednesday morning that Sir Hercules Robinson received a message sent by Mr. Chamberlain in the middle of the day before, which, repeating the warning to Mr. Rhodes about the Chartered Company paying the piper, is also interesting from the hint it gives as to what circumstances might have been taken to excuse the entrance of a force; a hint fully consonant with the attitude of the Imperial Government as explained in Chapter IV. Here is an extract:—

“ You should represent to Mr. Rhodes the true character of Dr. Jameson’s action in breaking into a foreign State which is in friendly treaty relations with Her Majesty, in time of peace. It is an act of war, or rather of filibustering. If the Government of the South African Republic had been overthrown, or had there been anarchy at Johannesburg, there might have been some shadow of excuse for this unprecedented act. If it can be proved that the British South Africa Company set Dr. Jameson in motion, or were privy to his marauding action, Her Majesty’s Government would at once have to face a demand that the Charter should be revoked and the Corporation dissolved.”

Sir Hercules read this message to Mr. Rhodes when the latter called at Government House during Wednesday morning. In doing so Sir Hercules was urgent with Mr. Rhodes that he should make a public disavowal of all complicity with Jameson, but to all such advances, whether from the High Commissioner, or from Mr. Hofmeyr, or from Cabinet col-

leagues, Mr. Rhodes was sullenly impenetrable ; his note to the Imperial Secretary—"Jameson has gone in without my orders"—represented the utmost point of repudiation that he would go to either to save himself or his cherished Company, and in all the mutual recriminations which followed upon so many sides, it is refreshing to notice that Mr. Rhodes never yielded to the temptation to emphasize the long series of messages which, as we now know, were sent to stop the actual raid, nor could Jameson be led, on his side, to emphasize the degree of Mr. Rhodes' complicity in the plans originally made for a raid of some sort. The two friends have been strikingly true to each other.

Mr. Chamberlain was evidently not quite clear how to take Mr. Rhodes' somewhat meagre disavowal of responsibility. On Wednesday he cabled :—

"Glad to hear of Rhodes' repudiation of Jameson, who must be mad. I see no need for Rhodes to resign. . . . Of course the B.S.A. Company, however innocent, will have to make amends for this outrage. . . . Take all steps you may think necessary in this crisis. I have full confidence in your discretion. The chief things are promptitude and vigour."

At the same time Mr. Chamberlain was cornering the British South Africa Company on the same point, and by way of encouragement to the Directors to commit themselves, informed them that Mr. Rhodes had repudiated Jameson and offered to resign as Cape Premier, but that he appeared to him, Mr. Chamberlain, to have done his best to counteract the mischief. On Thursday Mr. Chamberlain cabled to Sir Hercules to "take strongest line with Jameson, whose continued refusal to obey would be an act of rebellion. Rhodes must send message to similar effect, otherwise B.S.A. Company will be held responsible for Jameson's action."

During all the time of suspense, while news was momentarily expected of a collision between the column and the Boers, the burden of Mr. Rhodes' representations to Sir Hercules Robinson was "Go up to Pretoria." As we have seen, much weight

had been placed by the confederates on Mr. Rhodes' undertaking to press this advice. Events had not fallen out quite as had been counted upon, but there was all the more need for the High Commissioner to get his countrymen out of their pickle. Chief Justice Kotzé, of the Transvaal, an astute councillor in whom Afrikaner patriotism and reform sympathies are subject to a passion for intrigue which seems to flourish on legal soil, strongly opposed the acceptance of such mediation by the Transvaal Government as a sign of fear, and it was some time before Mr. Hofmeyr committed himself at all strongly to the favourable view. However, he did so at last.

The High Commissioner received, in the course of Wednesday, two telegrams from the Reform Committee invoking him "to prevent civil war, and to come up at once to establish peace," and again calling upon him "to intervene to protect the lives and properties of citizens who have for years agitated constitutionally for their rights." The Reform Committee messages, however, were received by Sir Hercules with some reserve, as they were accompanied with expressions disclaiming any connection with Jameson's reported movement, and presuming that Jameson must be acting on behalf of the Imperial Government, an attitude which, at the moment, His Excellency was much puzzled how to reconcile with a copy of the historic letter of invitation which had just been put into his hands by the Cape Town confederates.<sup>1</sup>

However, whatever was the position of the Reform Committee, the duty of the High Commissioner to offer his services as peacemaker was dependent only on the discovery of a decent occasion. If Johannesburg would only do something, however small, on its own account, so that it could be treated as a threatening factor to the public peace!

As an onlooker at Cape Town cynically remarked: "Those Johannesburg fellows might at least shoot one Zarp" (*Anglice*,

<sup>1</sup> When Jameson "rushed," the Cape Town confederates cabled a copy of the letter to the *Times*, London, where it appeared January 1st. The date, left blank in original, was filled in as December 20th by Dr. Wolff.



policeman). The Johannesburg rebels did not shoot a Zarp, but their usurpation of the Government of Johannesburg became sufficiently overt to lead the special correspondent of the *Cape Times* to telegraph that the Reform Committee had declared itself the Provisional Government. As a matter of fact, the proclamation to this effect was set up, but never printed. However, it was upon this intimation on Wednesday morning that the High Commissioner directed Sir Jacobus de Wet to see the President at once, and ask if he would wish Her Majesty's representative to come to Pretoria and co-operate towards a peaceful settlement. At six o'clock that afternoon came the following reply :—

“ I accept Your Excellency's offer, delivered to me by Sir Jacobus de Wet, to come to Pretoria to assist to prevent further bloodshed, as I have received information that Dr. Jameson has not given effect to your orders, and has fired on my burghers.”

To any one who knew President Kruger this agitated message at once betrayed that he was by no means certain of the event. So far, indeed, his only messages from the Commandants engaged had a formidable ring about them. The column, spread out in the formation which has been described, looked larger than it really was, and the carts and artillery increased the threatening look. The burghers were still retiring before the column.

When Mr. Rhodes heard of Oom Paul's message it seemed as if the clouds lifted. Jameson, after all, was going to pull everything through ; the burghers were retiring before him ; he would reach Johannesburg, which would rise like one man, and then, when the lists were pitched, the High Commissioner would arrive to bid both sides lay down their arms and effect a settlement which would bring about all that had been counted on. “ Kruger's in a tight place,” he exclaimed. “ He comes crying to the High Commissioner, ‘ Please come and help me ; Jameson has been firing on my poor burghers.’ ” So he remarked to a friend. To the High Commissioner he urgently

tendered the advice that he should start at once, should order a special train that very evening. Sir Hercules, however, decided to leave the following evening, and cabled for Mr. Chamberlain's approval.

Late the next morning official intimation reached Government House that Jameson had surrendered.

The writer remembers vividly seeing Mr. Rhodes issue from Government House just after this news had been received. In Cape Town it was still unknown.

His face was horribly changed from the exultant man of the night before.

He paused to speak, checked himself, jumped into a cart which was waiting to drive him to Rondebosch, then, as he started, turned the same dreadful face over his shoulder and jerked out in an odd, falsetto voice that he sometimes has :—  
“Well, there is a little history being made ; that is all.”

It was a most mournful, characteristically English attempt to carry off lightly the sudden, crushing ruin of a career. The bitterest ingredient in the cup just then was the black uncertainty as to the fate of Jameson.

There was at first some idea of Mr. Hofmeyr accompanying the High Commissioner northwards. Mr. Hofmeyr's own attitude to the proposal was uncertain for some time. Sir Hercules had asked Mr. Hofmeyr on Tuesday. Local Afrikanders were anxious that he should have a hand in the settlement, and one at least of the Johannesburg emissaries in Cape Town evidently regarded his moderating influence as an Uitlander asset. The special train on Thursday evening was boarded by Mr. Charles Leonard, of the National Union, and Mr. Graaff, a prominent Bondman, member of the Legislative Council and friend of Mr. Hofmeyr. They begged Sir Hercules to press Mr. Hofmeyr to come, declaring that he would yield to pressure. Sir Hercules did telegraph to Mr. Hofmeyr, *en route*, inviting him to come up by next night's mail train, remarking that he had never doubted the loyalty and peaceful co-operation of the Afrikander population, and adding that his own desire from the