

first to have Mr. Hofmeyr's help was strengthened by finding that he enjoyed the confidence of the Chairman of the National Union. Mr. Hofmeyr's answer was as follows :—

“ Thanks kind wire. Owing to physical complaint I shall go only when supreme necessity arises, which is not yet. Am preparing reply to Chamberlain's wire, which I will send you, and in which intend pressing for searching inquiry into working of Charter and genesis Jameson expedition.”

In announcing his departure the High Commissioner telegraphed to President Kruger :—

“ I earnestly entreat Your Honour, for the sake of humanity, as well as for the sake of South Africa in general, to arrange for a suspension of hostilities till my arrival.”

This, as we have seen, was done. Having spent Friday and Saturday in the train, Sir Hercules Robinson arrived at Pretoria on the evening of the 4th January. What state of things he found there we shall see presently. But meanwhile we must return to Johannesburg. We have only seen the “boom in revolutions” : we have to study the “slump.”

Chapter XIV

A "SLUMP" IN REVOLUTIONS

THURSDAY, *January 2nd.* — The town was early astir on the following day, Thursday, January 2nd. This was the day when Jameson was to enter the beleaguered city like a conquering hero. And Johannesburg was going to give him a reception that would thrill a continent. All the brigades and all the corps such as were not on duty at the various camps on the outskirts had been ordered to muster at nine a.m. Besides the Town Bodyguard, a thousand and more strong, there were the Afrikaner Corps, 1,100 strong, to which Mr. F. Eckstein had presented a flag—Transvaal colours—the previous night; there was the Scottish Brigade, reported to be 1,300 strong, and corps and brigades representative of the Irish, the Welsh, Australians, Americans, the Natal Horse, West Countrymen, North Countrymen, and so forth and so on.

All were to assemble at nine a.m.; the Reform Committee were to take formal control and the bands were to play Jameson and his heroes in. The ladies got ready bouquets to shower on them. It should be "roses, roses all the way." That was the programme.

Men were up early, and such as were not attached to the military organization betook themselves to the rise at Fordsburg, which commands a magnificent view of the undulating country stretching out towards Krugersdorp. The position was in charge of a troop of Horse, and a Maxim gun scientifically placed gave a business-like appearance to the scene.

Alas! during the morning hours when Jameson's triumphal pomp was a-preparing, he was fighting for dear life under the

ridge of Doornkop ; his men had strayed into a rat-trap, and the Boers were "potting" the rats at pleasure. Soon the Hottentot "tanta's" apron would go up at Farmer Brink's out house, and all be over.

Very early on Thursday morning there did reach the "Gold-fields" offices an authentic word from Jameson. His second message, the verbal one sent by a trooper after the miserable night bivouac under fire, was successfully brought in between six and seven. Colonel Rhodes, who was sleeping on the floor, was the only man in authority on the premises.

"The Doctor's all right, but he says now he would like some men sent out to meet him."

Such was the message.

It might be wrong ; it might be a breach of the armistice ; it might be bad policy ; it might be madness ; but Colonel Rhodes could only send one answer.

He jumped up, found Bettington, and in as short a time as was needed to get the men together Bettington's Horse—meaning in this case some hundred and twenty mounted men with rifles—started off westward in the general direction where the firing was supposed to be located.

Meanwhile the Reform Committee was being got together, and Colonel Rhodes reported what he had done. Immediately there was a tremendous outcry. Johannesburg had made an armistice. It was not really in a position to resist attack. Jameson was responsible for exposing it to that risk before it was ready. A member of the Reform Committee had gone out, and was perhaps even now meeting Jameson with a copy of the proclamation and a distinct explanation why the Committee could not openly assist him. His messenger did not clearly say that he required assistance. Evidently he was fighting his way in. The small number of men who had been sent could be of no real help to the column, while Johannesburg would be damned with the Boer Government as much by the sending of 120 as by the sending of 2,000. The idea of sending a larger force, on the other hand, and thus taking away the de-

fences of the town at the very time that they were defying the Boer Government by breach of the armistice, was equally untenable.

Either now Jameson was coming in without their help, in which case their arrangement with Pretoria made their leaders hostages for his harmless return, while the Government had practically promised to give them all they wanted ; or in the alternative, if Jameson could not come in, the proclamation and the Reform Committee's messenger gave him a way out of the dilemma. He could surrender honourably to the proclamation. There was a vague idea that the hostage arrangement with the Government would operate in this case, equally as in the case of Jameson's success, to secure him a safe conduct outside the country. The upshot of it all was that twenty minutes after the troop had started a mounted messenger rode after it and stopped it by order of the Committee. The troop was then among the mines at the outskirts of the town, and though the Government got wind of its having sallied forth, the incident was successfully passed off as a measure for keeping order among the Kaffirs at one of the mines, and in the trials which followed the one tentative effort or impulse of Johannesburg to send out help to Jameson was, of course, the one thing above all others which the prisoners could not afford to avow.

Jameson, the reader will bear in mind, surrendered between eight and nine o'clock. It may well be argued that if Bettington's troop had known just exactly where to go, and had successfully evaded the vigilance of the Boers in reaching a point within earshot or eyeshot of the column, that surrender would not have taken place when it did. They would just have been in time to save it. What the after result would have been is another question. Here the fact is merely put on record that Jameson did, at the eleventh hour, ask help from Johannesburg, that the decision to give that help was countermanded, and that the Reform Committee is responsible for this decision. It should be added that Mr. Lionel Phillips and other pro-

minent leaders readily assume the burden of justifying the decision, and indeed of showing that no other decision could have been justified for a moment in the difficult circumstances ; while one of those clearest upon the point was Jameson's own brother, whose message telling the Doctor to wait for the signal had been the most emphatic, and whose sense of duty to Johannesburg and to his colleagues first and foremost rose above every other consideration at that painful juncture.

The rumour that ammunition had been run out to Krugersdorp by the railway to be fired against Jameson, being bruited about on Thursday morning, caused great excitement. A Reform Committee deputation represented to the "Government Commission"—a few officials who now alone represented the Govern-hierarchy in the town—that "unless Government stop the use of the railway line in the direction of Krugersdorp they cannot restrain their people any longer, and they will not be answerable for the consequences." Government made no response.

It has often been asked why Johannesburg had not even the enterprise to break up this line, and so interfere with the Boer connections. No armistice need have stopped *that* !

As a matter of fact, an attempt was made, but, as with so much else, not soon enough and not thoroughly enough. A man went out and put a dynamite cartridge on the line, but bungled the job, and the little damage done was soon repaired.

The hours wore away, and still no sign of Jameson. The most powerful field-glass could detect nothing in the far distance save three rising wreaths of smoke, such as battery-house chimneys might send up. As no batteries were working, but one construction could be placed upon this. Jameson had, of course, beaten the Boers off, and was resting his men preparatory to riding into town. One report, which was repeated with great authority, and purported to be the result of a reconnaissance, said that Jameson had lost 100 men, including Sir John Willoughby, but was forcing his way through all opposition.

News, as it happened, was more obtainable in town than

towards Langlaagte. Having the invaders completely hemmed in and at their mercy, the Government had no objection to driblets of news going along the wires to Johannesburg; and the telegraph agencies published scraps as rapidly as received. The afternoon wore on, however, before anything beyond scraps about the earlier incidents of the fighting had come credibly to hand. However, those scraps were enough to change eager hope to anxiety.

The populace clamoured around the "Goldfields" building, and demanded that word should be given for the town forces to go out to the relief of Jameson, who, as belated rumour had it, was surrounded and in dire peril. In response to the angry demand the Hon. J. W. Leonard stepped to the balcony of the building, and declared that the report that Dr. Jameson was surrounded by Boers was not correct. "He was not surrounded" (the newspaper report continues), "neither had he surrendered, and he was sure that if his hearers were the men he took them to be, they would believe his statement."

One irresistibly recalls "Much Ado":—

"Second Watch.—How if they will not?

"Dogberry.—Why, then, let them alone till they are sober; and if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for."

"The announcement" (continues the report) "was received with unbounded enthusiasm. Mr. Leonard further stated that Dr. Jameson was within an hour and a half from Johannesburg."

It would be cruel to recall some of the details of the fighting as issued from Reform Committee sources on the fatal day, and passed on, some of them, to anxious inquirers at Cape Town and elsewhere. Here are a few extracts from the records of the hour:—"Dr. Jameson is fighting his way into town against heavy odds. Report after report has been brought in by the despatch riders showing that Dr. Jameson is very much nearer Johannesburg than last night, the latest account stating that he is at Roodepoort, and coming in very fast indeed, fight-

ing all the time. The Boers are massing behind him, and not in front of him, as stated, and it looks as if the gallant Doctor will be able to fight his way into town." This was the news which purported to come from the battle-field, and which was published in Johannesburg at two o'clock in the afternoon—three hours after the completion of the surrender.

To show in what perfect good faith the Reform Committee passed on these rumours, the question which was now exercising their minds was what action the Committee should take when Jameson joined forces with the Uitlander outposts at Langlaagte. That the Committee were thoroughly competent to hold the town of Johannesburg by their own resources and dispositions did not, for official purposes, admit of doubt. But suppose Jameson fought his way up to the town outposts, and wanted aid—what then? It was maintained that there would be no alternative but to lend him all the support possible, and accept the situation in all its entirety. This, of course, would be very improper in view of the armistice agreed upon at Pretoria the day before, but how could desperate men discuss points of international law at the cannon's mouth? Johannesburg, as represented by the Reform Committee, abundantly recanted its earlier repudiation of Jameson. This was the knotty point which was under discussion when the Committee learnt beyond the possibility of further doubt that Jameson had surrendered hours before, and, report pitilessly added, had cursed the Johannesburg leaders for a lot of cowards. For, to some one who got a few words from him at Krugersdorp immediately after his surrender, Dr. Jameson said he failed "owing to lack of support expected when the Krugersdorp railway terminus from Johannesburg was reached." There had been no *arrangement* for a junction, there or elsewhere, as has been seen in earlier chapters.

The fact of the surrender was known to the Government officials at Johannesburg and their Hollander friends by two o'clock, and several wine parties were instantly organized amongst this exclusive set.

They soon hastened to crow over the Reform leaders.

The naked truth was, however, withheld from the masses until very late in the afternoon.

When it came out, it was a black hour for Johannesburg. Happily, the mob was unarmed. All the firearms at the disposal of the Reform Committee were in the possession of the forces encamped at the Waterworks plantation, the Simmer mine, the Robinson mine, Colonel Bettington's, Colonel Wollaston's, and the Bonanza Corps. The thousands of men who composed the brigades and corps before mentioned carried no more murderous weapons than walking-sticks. All day long the people wandered to and from the Fordsburg eminence. Some camped out there, and others rode out a few miles further, but returned quickly and in haste, lest Jameson should have taken another route to town and they would have lost the opportunity of witnessing the heroes' triumphal entry into the city. It was weary waiting, and as the hours sped on the fear began to seize the patient watchers that Jameson had not, after all, found it such an easy thing to break the Boer obstruction.

By five o'clock in the afternoon the report had got well abroad that Jameson had surrendered.

An indescribable whirlwind of frenzy seized the mob.

All the magnificent order and restraint of the few preceding days gave way to a wild delirium of rage against the leaders of the movement. Ten thousand excited persons clamoured around the headquarters of the Uitlander Organization, venting their rage and shame, and, in the manner of mobs, seeking scapegoats. Why were the forces held in town, when Jameson wanted relief only a few miles away? First one, then another of the Reform Committee was called on by name to come out and speak. Presently Mr. Lionel Phillips appeared on the balcony and appealed for silence.

"In reply to cries of 'Where's Jameson?' Mr. Phillips said, 'I'll tell you about that presently.' Continuing, he said many citizens had applied for enrolment, but the Committee were now considering that question.

With regard to Dr. Jameson, he said that a despatch containing the High Commissioner's proclamation had been sent by special messenger to Krugersdorp yesterday. That despatch had been delivered to Dr. Jameson, and he had surrendered to the authority of the proclamation."

Later, Colonel Rhodes spoke. It is painful to think of a gallant and popular British officer in such a cruel position. Neither then nor since did he save himself at the expense of his colleagues by trading on the Bettington's Horse incident.

"As to the relief of Jameson, they would believe him when he said that if anything could have been done it would have been done. It was only at the last moment Jameson was known to be in the position he was. He thought that with the force Jameson had he would have come in without the slightest difficulty. If they thought that he (Colonel Rhodes) behaved like a cur he was prepared to take the penalty of their resentment. The moment he heard of the news of the Jameson disaster was the bitterest of his life. Dr. Jameson and his men had been promised safety."

The bitter truth was out at last! Shouts of derision went up from the crowds in the street. They demanded to be taken out, and declared that they would rescue Jameson. It was the case of the Tiber bridge over again :

"Those behind cried 'Forward!' And those in front cried 'Back!'"

All doubt as to what course the Reform Committee would take was set at rest by the following official notice which was issued later in the evening :

"The Committee recognise that at this juncture the interests of Dr. Jameson are paramount, and that any ill-considered or aggressive step taken by this Committee will grievously complicate the situation.

"Her Majesty's High Commissioner will arrive on Saturday, and the Committee urge upon the inhabitants of Johannesburg the absolute necessity for preservation of order. The Government has given an assurance that the marching of troops on Johannesburg is not contemplated, and further states that it will give no cause for conflict.

"Meanwhile, the Committee have taken all necessary steps for the public safety.

"By order of the Committee,

"J. PERCY FITZPATRICK."

And again official assurances were repeated of the extent and thoroughness of the dispositions for the town's defence: the total number of men who could be put under arms, and who were mostly at present under arms, publicly and privately, being boldly announced as about 25,000. And thus appearances were kept up. But it was not against the Boers that the guards on duty at the "Goldfields" buildings were doubled that night.

Were the leaders indeed cowards they would have been trembling within. But they were not really cowards, as they were soon to show under sentence of death. They were only men put by a series of blunders and a dead-set of circumstances into a horrible appearance of cowardice. So, exhausted and miserable, but sleepless, they waited out the night.

What an end to the day that had risen in such fine colours!

Friday, January 3rd.—Morning broke in Johannesburg upon a scene vastly different from those that had ruled during the previous four or five days. There was an ominous absence of the crowds in the streets, of the six o'clock demand for newspapers, and of the bustling to and fro that had been the features of the week. Agreeably to the order of the Reform Committee, the various corps and brigades paraded on Marshall Square, and drilling proceeded. The idea was a good one, since it prevented that demoralization that would inevitably have set in had the men been left to their own resources.

The general public recovered somewhat from the shock of the day before, and crowded into the streets. A demagogue or two mounted a cab and addressed the crowd, denouncing the Reform Committee, and declaring the time had come to depose them, and elect a People's Committee. There could be no mistaking the fact that a strong feeling existed against the Reform Committee for consenting to any armistice which did not include Jameson. Members of the Committee explained that they considered Jameson well able to look after himself. The town was so much upset that the Stock Ex-

change went into recess, mining magnates' offices and hotel bars were closed, merchants and tradesmen strengthened the guards on duty at their various stores and shops, and, generally, the town and every business house therein was put into a condition of defence. The enemy thus provided against was not the Boer forces, though burghers were pretty thick on the ground outside, and some even came into town to have a look round. Johannesburg was being protected against itself, for no one knew what course the public disappointment would take. Happily, as events proved, there was no need for these precautions, Trimble's special police force of one thousand men kept splendid order.

Jameson received popular canonization. Even the Government and Robinson organs joined the chorus, the latter calling him "lion-hearted," and his march a "glorious possession of the Anglo-Saxon race." Mr. J. B. Robinson dismissed his editor and staff by cable—but in Johannesburg that week no man could or would write otherwise.

People awaited with much concern the publication of the afternoon paper, which throughout the crisis had been the recognised mouthpiece of the Reform Committee. Commenting on the previous day's disaster, the journal said :

"A brilliant career has ended in glorious ignominy. The ignominy will be but a fleeting shadow; the lurid glory of Dr. Jameson's epic march and surrender will be held in passionate remembrance so long as the hearts of Englishmen—nay, so long as the hearts of all who are men—continue to beat true to their best traditions. Dr. Jameson was a hero before; he is ten times a hero to-day, and if it can be any consolation to him and his gallant officers and men in their bitter captivity, they may receive the proud though heart-broken assurance of this city that their names are enshrined for ever in the pages of history; the fault redeemed, obliterated, and forgotten; the motive transfigured with a radiance which will never die."

So far the vanquished; now the victors :

“Happily for the country, happily for the armistice which now endures, ay ! happily for the Government itself, which has thus vindicated its authority, that no stern, revengeful order for the actual annihilation of the column was taken into the field. The forces of the Government kept well within the dictates of humanity and what are recognised as the laws of war. The consideration shown to these heroes of a forlorn hope after their surrender will go far to redeem the bitter obloquy which has too often been cast upon the Boer name for unnecessary cruelty in the field ; and this attendant incident of the pitiable story has done much to restrain a distracted community from an excess of dangerous frenzy. Government in its wisdom will continue to exhibit, in the custody of its prisoners of war—for in that light are they honourably regarded—that same humanity and consideration ; and by such an attitude it may be possible to appease public feeling and smooth the way to successful mediation between us by the High Commissioner.”

As far as one could gather by moving amongst huge masses of men in the street “dangerous frenzy” did not prevail against the Boer ; what ill-humour there was was directed against the Reform Committee for failing to succour Jameson. The Committee’s organ had little difficulty in finding a scape-goat. Listen to this :

“We blame the paralyzing intervention of the High Commissioner ; we blame the departure from all implied by the original resolution to raise the Transvaal flag. The offices of the High Commissioner should have been declined, although such steps as he might have deemed necessary as representing the predominant Power in South Africa for the preservation of peace, even by pouring in Imperial troops to keep both Boer and Uitlander down, we could not have resisted. But the High Commissioner, if the intention were for the Imperial authority to come in at all, should have intervened at an earlier stage. It is another illustration of the lamentable ill-fortune which seems so consistently to overtake the overt exer-

cise of Imperial influence in South Africa. Fortune pursues it with a peculiar malignity."

Still, it was authoritatively given out that the Cause remained. Johannesburg was lying prostrate at the feet of the Boer; the Committee had an army of 25,000 men, and guns sufficient for 2,000 only, but yet "the Cause remained!" It was further declared that any one who abandoned his post was a traitor to the Cause. The city was pronounced to be, beyond doubt, in a position of adequate defence. The doubt was rather, Defence against what?—as was shown by the following notice posted at the "Goldfields" early in the morning:—

"From Her Majesty's Agent, Pretoria.
"To the Secretary of the Reform Committee,
Johannesburg.

"Upon the request of your deputation, I waited upon His Honour the President, and he has given me the assurance that, pending the arrival of the High Commissioner, who has left Cape Town this evening, Johannesburg will not be invested or surrounded by burghers, provided that no acts of hostility against the Government, or breaking of the law, is committed by the Johannesburg people, or anything leading to hostilities or breaking the law.

"(Signed) A. DE WET,
"Her Majesty's Agent."

The deputation referred to in Sir Jacobus de Wet's message consisted of Messrs. W. E. Hudson and Van Halsteyn (partner of Mr. Chas. Leonard), who had been sent over to Pretoria the night before to confer with the British Agent on the security of the town.

By way of further calming public feeling the Reform Committee issued the following notice at noon:—

"Resolved: That in view of the declaration by the Transvaal Government to Her Majesty's Agent that the mediation of the High Commissioner has been accepted, and that no hostile action will be taken against Johannesburg pending the results of these negotiations, the Committee emphatically direct that under no circumstances must any

hostile action be taken by the supporters of the Reform Committee, and that in the event of aggressive action being taken against them a flag of truce be shown and the position explained.

“ In order to avoid any possibility of collision definite orders have been given. The matter is now left with the mediation of the High Commissioner, and any breach of the peace in the meanwhile would be an act of bad faith.

“ By order of the Committee.”

These various notices had, on the whole, a soothing effect. It seemed that something was being done, somebody was in charge of affairs, some danger was being averted. As the day wore on it was apparent that no excesses in any direction would be committed by the mobs who thronged the streets. In the fitness of things the military display of the last few days was greatly curtailed. The Reform Committee began the disarmament of the forces not actually engaged on outpost duty. Business was resumed in a tentative, half-ashamed fashion, and in likewise the railway contractor recommenced the delivery of goods. Prices on morning market were thus : forage, £15 per 100 bundles ; boer meal, 60s per bag ; mealies, 50s per bag ; potatoes, 40s. per bag. A quiet night succeeded a quiet day. Stagnancy after storm : an apathetic reaction ruled. After the habit of Johannesburg, the “ boom ” had brought forth the “ slump.”

Chapter XV

JOHANNESBURG PUTS ITS COAT ON AGAIN

SATURDAY, *Jan. 4th.*—When Saturday arrived all eyes were turned towards Pretoria, where the High Commissioner was expected to arrive in the course of the afternoon. A project to interview His Excellency, as he passed through Elandsfontein Junction, seven miles out of town, had to be abandoned, the intimation having been conveyed that it would be more convenient that His Excellency should see the President before communicating with the Uitlanders. The Reform leaders hoped much from the negotiations thus preparing, and took comfort in the reflection that the moral position of the Cause in Government eyes had been, or should have been, immensely strengthened by the fact that no attempt had been made to effect a junction with Jameson's column. Government was also reported to be painfully anxious to avoid civil war; and altogether the fiction was very tolerably supported that something like parity existed between the Government and the revolution—the burghers and the Uitlander forces. The Government, however, was not as tender with this fiction as could have been wished. At an early hour of the morning its representatives at Johannesburg were preparing for the first act in the drama of the Great Humiliation. The Commandant of Police notified that he intended drafting 500 burghers into the town. Instantly the Reform Committee telegraphed the news to the British Resident and claimed protection. Sir Jacobus de Wet could only pass on somewhat dry assurances from Government that it was with no

menacing intent that this was done, and that no apprehension need be entertained. The men came in before long—a lot of unkempt-looking fellows, on shaggy ponies, very distressing to the eye of the townsmen. These uncouth warriors carried their rifles, and rode about the streets at pleasure, seeming to enjoy the novelty of the large crowds and bustle of the town. If the Government's one pre-occupation had been to avoid all risks of collision, the step showed little discretion. However, nothing happened.

Gradually, the Government officials picked up the dropped reins, and resumed direction of affairs. During the day a civic bodyguard of 800 Germans, Hollanders, and other Continentals were sworn in, the temptation to join being a sort of half promise of the franchise. Swaggering and exultant, these creatures of the winning side made themselves as offensive as the Government could have wished, and rubbed in the bitterness of defeat.

In the various camps on the outskirts of the town, however, quite a bellicose spirit was kept up. There were plenty of men here who, maddened with the course of events, had the wish, as well as the means, to shoot. They were at once quieted down and buoyed up with the belief that Imperial troops were coming up from the Cape and Natal. This idea must have been diligently circulated by somebody, for the same language was used about it at camps distantly situated one from the other. There was real need of inducements to keep the Reform troops playing the dull, waiting game without retaliating for the petty annoyances levied by the burgher forces who were hanging about more and more openly. The Boers looted cattle, commandeered meat at the slaughter-houses, lifted wash clothes from Kaffir boys, and, however stern were the orders which came from Pretoria, it was patent that the ordinary burgher felt it more than human nature could do to resist the golden occasion for tweaking the Uitlander's nose. These little amenities nearly resulted in an engagement. The Bonanza Corps

located at the Robinson mine saw a mob of burghers steal towards a troop of cattle, which were being kept for Sunday's dinner, evidently with the object of lifting them. Quick as lightning the Bonanza Corps were off to the rescue. The Boers outnumbered the troop by ten to one. A blow or a shot might have lit a flame. Fortunately, the officers on both sides were able to check the men in time, and the risk passed by.

The marvel of the day was the *volte face* of the leaders of the Reform movement about "the Imperial factor." Execrated and jeered at till now, to-day the High Commissioner's intervention was the only hope. Johannesburg, as represented by the Reform Committee, was again British to the finger-tips, and would have sung "Rule Britannia," but that nobody had the heart to sing that day.

Sunday, January 5th, brought little relief from the excitement of the times. No news was forthcoming from Pretoria. Sermons bearing on the situation were preached in the various churches. Some pleaded for peace at any price, but the general burden was "peace with honour—or quit yourselves like men." The Rector of the English Church delivered his soul in a diatribe, hitting out all round, which provoked much discussion. The newspapers refused to publish the sermon. The Church militant had to consume its own smoke.

Monday (it seemed strange to remember) was to have been the day of the great adjourned mass meetings, when, according to the Leonard Manifesto of a week before, having decided what it wanted, Johannesburg was to declare further "how to get it." How, indeed? The day found the town more ready to ask than answer anything, while a meeting was the last thing anybody felt inclined for. The oppression of failure, of unaccountable disgrace, hung over the town like a thundercloud. The war party was again in the ascendant, but there were no recognised leaders. The Reform Committee, conscious of a weakness it could not publish to every follower, was all for conciliation and compromise. Any straw was

caught at if happily out of the drowning swirl of disaster some solid concession might be won. The *Star* again declared that Imperialism had no place in the movement for reform ; it was given out with every show of authority that "Johannesburg would gladly surrender that diplomatic fiction, the London Convention, in return for full burgher rights." The Reform Committee, having chosen pacification as the only policy, carried it out with logical consistency and thoroughness. Notices were issued requesting that all miners and employees of mining companies should return to their duties, as work was being resumed. Amongst the miscellaneous notices posted outside the Reform Committee's office was the following :—

"The Reform Committee desire to make it known that negotiations between the Government and the High Commissioner will be opened to-day. It is believed that the negotiations will necessarily take some considerable time, and the Committee therefore warns the public against accepting any rumours that may be put about. In the meantime, the Committee promises to use every endeavour to obtain and publish authentic news, and appeals to those not directly employed in maintaining order and protecting life and property to resume their usual occupation, which course will greatly facilitate negotiations. The Committee has neglected no means to lay before the Government and the High Commissioner the facts of the situation.

"By order of the Committee,
"J. PERCY FITZPATRICK."

This was the first occasion during the crisis that the Committee had shown any disposition to take the public into their confidence.

What next? On this the mind of the Reform Committee was now made up for them without further choice by the following cogent message, which was received shortly before noon :—

"PRETORIA, 6th January, 1896.

"From H.M. Agent to Reform Committee, Johannesburg.

"I am directed to inform you that the High Commissioner met the President, the Executive and the Judges to-day. The President announced

the decision of the Government to be, that Johannesburg must *lay down its arms unconditionally, as a condition precedent* to a discussion and consideration of grievances. The High Commissioner endeavoured to obtain some indication of the steps which would be taken in the event of disarmament, but *without success*, it being intimated that the Government had nothing more to say on that subject than had already been embodied in the President's proclamation. The High Commissioner inquired whether any decision had been come to as regards the disposal of the prisoners, and received a reply in the negative. The President said that, as his burghers, to the number of eight thousand, had been collected and could not be asked to remain indefinitely, he must request a reply—yes or no—to this ultimatum within twenty-four hours."

Note the words here italicized. Such was the ultimatum which the 6th January brought forth, instead of the ultimatum proposed a week before to be formulated on this day by a citizen army to the Government.

"What would Kruger do with the Reform Committee?" That was the question which now dominated public attention, and especially certain members' attention. The man in the street canvassed it with a merely philosophical curiosity. An ultimatum requiring the disarmament of the town and the arrest of the Reform Committee was regarded by the saner minds as certain. But it was by no means assumed in the street that it would be meekly received. Even the Reform Committee itself cherished lingering hopes from the presence of the High Commissioner at Pretoria, and seemed to think that the Imperial Power would, after all, step in to pull them out of the mess, and prevent any undue humiliation.

Unfortunately, the fiction that the "paralyzing intervention of the High Commissioner" was holding Johannesburg off the throat of the burghers, not the burghers off the throat of Johannesburg, was not one which could be maintained either to the High Commissioner himself or to the Pretoria Government.

Tuesday, January 7th, was the day of the Great Humiliation. News of the Government ultimatum was not published until this morning. Sir Sidney Shippard, who, as an old Imperial

official who happened to be in Johannesburg, had been sent to Pretoria to explain the Uitlander position to the High Commissioner, returned with the news of the ultimatum, and was followed by Sir Jacobus de Wet, sent as British Agent by the High Commissioner.

Now to recall the situation for a moment. The hard, cold fact, admitted by Johannesburg emissaries to the High Commissioner, was that the leaders could not but accept the Government ultimatum; while the followers, led away by "bluff" meant for the edification of the Government, were ready to cry, "*Nous sommes trahis*," like a French mob, if not to add, "*A la lanterne !*" and proceed to lynching. The High Commissioner's task, as he conceived it, was simply to provide a golden ladder for a climb-down. Probably he would have failed, for a thousand or two of men in the camps, armed and angry, and no more cowards than others of their race or races elsewhere, were undoubtedly ready to "go and have a bang at the Boers," where or to what end they cared not, if a leader had started up to lead them. But now came into play, as against the fiction which overlay hard fact in the camps at Johannesburg, another fiction from Pretoria—the misunderstanding or misrepresentation about the life of Jameson. Not a soul, as has been seen, knew that Jameson's life (though not his liberty) was technically secured by Cronje's unreported word. It was, of course, really in danger; for a whole day the War Council clamoured for it, till shrewd old Oom Paul adjourned them; and had hostilities begun again, Jameson would probably have been shot, officers and all, and neither the world, nor Sir Hercules Robinson, nor, perhaps, the Pretoria Government, ever heard that terms of surrender had been so much as discussed. But whether or no, all these implicitly believed Jameson's life to be now hanging by a thread; Sir Hercules seized the golden ladder; the climb-down at Johannesburg became a foregone conclusion; a flood of generous emotion swept all other considerations away.

The British Agent informed the Committee that he had had

several interviews with the Executive Council, and had been greatly impressed by their desire to meet the people of Johannesburg in a conciliatory spirit. It must at the same time be remembered that Dr. Jameson's life was in danger. The Executive had, however, intimated its intention of handing the Doctor and all his men over to the High Commissioner, provided Johannesburg immediately disarmed.¹ Sir Jacobus then read the following telegram which he had received from Her Majesty's High Commissioner:—

“It is urgent that you should inform the people of Johannesburg that I consider that if they lay down their arms they will be acting loyally and honourably, and that if they do not comply with my request they will forfeit all claim to sympathy from Her Majesty's Government and from British subjects throughout the world, as the lives of Jameson and the prisoners are now practically in their hands.”

Sir Jacobus (adds the *Star*):—

“Further impressed upon the Committee that the disarmament was a condition precedent to all negotiations between the High Commissioner and the Government, and that any delay would only have the effect of prejudicing those negotiations, besides prolonging the position, which was pregnant with serious possibilities. The Government, he added, was prepared to guarantee the preservation of law and order.

“The Committee decided to accept the advice of the High Commissioner, and comply with the terms.”

Various members of the Committee have stated since that Sir Jacobus said to them many other things which he had certainly no authority to say, guaranteeing that “not a hair of the Committee's heads should be touched,” that the Government would “grant” reforms as well as “consider” them, etc., etc. Probably Sir Jacobus, among his anxious questioners, went further than he remembers in reassuring them as to what he thought was the outlook; but the contemporary reports of

¹ The Government denied afterwards having treated this as provisional; but then it even disputed the “armistice” made in writing with the Reform deputation, which, as Sir Hercules pointed out, was mere verbal hair-splitting.

the Committee's official organ, here quoted, mention no such promises as are now talked of.

Accordingly at noon the following notice was issued :—

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THE REFORM COMMITTEE

Notify hereby that

**ALL RIFLES ISSUED FOR THE DEFENCE OF LIFE AND PROPERTY,
IN TOWN AND ON THE MINES,
Are to be returned**

AT ONCE TO THE CENTRAL OFFICE,

In order to enable [the Committee to carry out the agreement with the Government, upon the faithful observance of which so much is dependent.

By order of the Committee,

J. PERCY FITZPATRICK,

Secretary.

In further notices the Committee did full justice to the basis of the High Commissioner's appeal, and, in short, invited Johannesburg to a competition in magnanimous self-denial with the Government. Johannesburg could rescue Jameson with its rifles—by giving them up. All it had to do was to surrender the Lee-Metfords served out by the Reform Committee seven days before, for which, of course, there were no permits, and which were thus contraband by law. His own proper rifle any man might keep.

To one notice about "arms and the man," the rifles and Jameson, signed by the Committee's Secretary and the British Agent jointly, this was appended :—

"The Committee can add nothing to the above, and feel that there will not be one man among the thousands who have joined the Reform movement who will not find it consistent with honour and humanity to co-operate loyally in the carrying out of the Committee's decision.

"By order of the Committee (7th Jan.),

"J. PERCY FITZPATRICK, Secretary."

But all did not go without a struggle. It was understood that the Reform Committee had been given until three o'clock

in the afternoon to decide upon the question of the disarmament. In view of possible refusal, or trouble during the process, the Netherlands Railway Company had been instructed to get everything in readiness to remove by train from Johannesburg all who wished to leave, giving preference to the women and children.

Meanwhile preparations were being made at the Police Barracks on Hospital Hill, where a detachment of the Staats Artillery and the burgher forces were massed, to carry out the ultimatum, if necessary, by shelling the town.

The Government, fleshed on the raiders, was in earnest: the roused burghers still more. Indeed, the High Commissioner had presently to use very firm language. But the Reform Committee was powerless to do more than advise, and their request for rifles fell on deaf ears—and abusive mouths.

Early in the afternoon it was decided that a public appeal should be made to the people by the agents of the High Commissioner, Sir Jacobus de Wet and Sir Sidney Shippard, from the balcony of the Rand Club. Notice given, a crowd of several thousands of people assembled in no time. This crowd proved very intolerant of anything like impartiality in the references to Jameson, the Government, and the Reform Committee. Sir Jacobus spoke of "Dr. Jameson and his brave little band, misguided though they might have been, but brave they were."—(Loud cheers):—

"A terrible mistake had been committed undoubtedly by Dr. Jameson, which had placed all of them in a most awkward and painful position. (Uproar.) It had also placed Her Majesty's Government in a most painful position. He rejoiced, however, to be able to announce to them officially that Dr. Jameson and his men would be honourably handed over to Her Majesty's Government, to be dealt with at the latter's discretion. But before that could be done the men of Johannesburg must lay down their arms. (Loud cries of 'Never,' 'Who to?') As their friend, as an official pledged to Her Majesty's Government from the time of his manhood up to the present moment, he appealed to them as Britons with large hearts and with brave hearts, as men of sense, not to act idiotically, but to give up their arms. (Renewed cries of 'Who to?') . . . Though

they might fight as bravely as lions, as Englishmen always did—(cheers and uproar)—it was utterly impossible for them to hold their position against the forces opposed to them. With all their valour, with all their determination, with all their pluck, they would have to die, and what was the good of dying ?”

This very direct appeal to the first of instincts Sir Jacobus proceeded to reinforce by reference to the women and children, the horrors of a siege, starvation, Johannesburg in ashes, etc. “Don’t frighten us !” shouted a voice ; but “We shall have to ‘take it’ now !” was the dry comment of another. Sir Sidney Shippard, after much more to the same effect, took up the tale, answering the persistent and pertinent, if ungrammatical “*Who to ?*” by “Give them up to your High Commissioner.” Sir Sidney struck a wrong note when he reinforced the plea of Jameson’s safety by adding “and of the leaders”—(interruptions)—and another wrong note when he insisted on the magnanimity and even generosity that the Government was showing. But it was evident that the speeches had the expected effect, and would duly work.

Sir Sidney concluded :—

“I, whose heart and soul is with you, say again that you should follow the advice of the High Commissioner, and I beg you to go home and to your ordinary avocations, deliver up your arms to your High Commissioner, and if you do that you will have no occasion to repent it.” (Cheers.)

It must be understood that the crowd which heard these speeches was practically unarmed. But the word went round to the armed outskirts of the town, and disarming began in a very practical way shortly after the break-up of the meeting. Men in the camps, on hearing the orders of the Committee, threw their rifles away in disgust ; some smashed the weapons, and others bent the barrels so as to render them useless. The whole force showed signs of disbandment and demoralization.

The guns were collected and taken to the Reform Committee offices, most of this work being done under the kindly cover of the night. Later on the rifles and Maxims were

handed over by the wagon-load to a commission, consisting of Mr. J. C. Krogh, Administrator of Swaziland, and Mr. Joubert, Landdrost of Ermelo, who came over for the purpose. Before midnight the Reform Committee formally reported that the disarmament was complete. All the corps on outpost and camp duty were recalled, the defences were abandoned, and the Reform Committee disappeared as a militant factor in the situation.

The town passed a quiet night, save for one extraordinary incident. Lieutenant Eloff, with thirty Boers from Krugersdorp in uniform, rode through the main thoroughfares firing blank cartridge. The young man was arrested and escorted to Krugersdorp, and the Government War Commission publicly apologised for his tomfoolery.

The worst over, Johannesburg lost no time in getting back into the groove of every-day life. The town settled down with extraordinary quickness after the wild scenes of the last twelve days. On Wednesday morning, January 8th, most of the disarmed brigades paraded, were paid for their services—from 15s. to £1 per day—for the past week, and were dismissed with the injunction that the individual members would resume their normal avocations without delay. Before noon the town had got back something of its old aspect; work was resumed in some of the Government offices; men bought and sold as usual "between the chains"; the vicinity of the "Goldfields" building was no longer the great rallying-place; barricades were generally removed from shops and stores, and assistants smoothed their faces to the wonted smile; hotel bars reopened, and the thirst of the parched was quenched at the usual, not at siege, prices; the boom of the "hooters" signalled that the mines were making up arrears in the "output"; butchers' and bakers' carts rattled on their rounds again; the market on the square was once more in swing; fugitives returned; women and children were no more rare in the streets; there was a renewal of confidence in the banks—more deposits than withdrawals; while the Government police, no more "withdrawn

to avoid possible collisions," stalked along the thoroughfares on their accustomed beats.

The Reform Committee began to tumble to pieces. Members resigned, discovering that they had never been made acquainted with the real nature of the business in hand, and



MR. J. H. HOFMEYR.

From a Photograph by J. HAACK, Capetown.

that the first intimation they had of armed force was the distribution of rifles and the parading of the Maxims, from which they now thought well to dissociate themselves.

Meanwhile, a veritable riddle of the Rand had presented

itself. Up to two o'clock in the afternoon 2,100 Lee-Metfords, three Maxims, and 300 boxes of ammunition only had been delivered up to the Special Commission. The Reform Committee gave the assurance that that comprised the sum total of the arms and munitions of war in the possession of the organization ; but the Commission were not satisfied, and left for Pretoria to report the matter to Government. A large number of the rifles were damaged, and the principal screws of two of the Maxims were missing. During the night a dozen detectives searched the "Goldfields" building from ceiling to cellar for arms, but without avail. Sir Jacobus de Wet again came over from Pretoria to reason with the Committee, and to represent the difficulty in which the High Commissioner was placed by the keeping back of arms. The Committee, in reply, assured Her Majesty's Agent that there never were more than 2,100 rifles at the disposal of the organization. Government remained sceptical, and early in the evening a proclamation by the President was published, stating that, as the Government was aware that all the arms and ammunition illegally held without special permit from the Government in Johannesburg had not been handed over by the Reform Committee, it was notified that, unless such handing over was completed before six o'clock on Friday night, steps would be taken to enforce the law of the land. Further, a pardon was granted to all who took up arms against the Republic in Johannesburg with the exception of the leaders, the members of the Reform Committee, and captains of troops and drill instructors and all engaged in the training of the men.

The explanation of this discrepancy about the rifles—which nearly shelled Johannesburg, for the order to attack in a few hours was only withdrawn on the High Commissioner's plain threat of war—is one of the humours of the crisis. It came of the policy of "bluff." The Committee had advertised, for Government edification, 25,000 rifles, and Maxims by the half-dozen, and two worthy old gentlemen, Government officials, had been induced to take a drain pipe in a cart for a large

piece of ordnance. Now the Government insisted on those 25,000 rifles and batteries of ordnance being produced! And for weeks afterwards went on, at all sorts of times and absurd places, the comedy of the search for those "bluff" rifles.

Throughout the day there was a big scramble to get out of town. The deadlock between the Government and the Reform Committee respecting the disarmament was magnified into a matter of grave importance, and trouble was freely prophesied. With a view to preventing the departure of what the Government proclamation described as "the principal criminals, leaders, instigators, or perpetrators of the trouble at Johannesburg," a rigorous passport system was instituted. Exit from town by road was prohibited, and some people who ventured beyond the three mile radius were shot at. The only way out was by rail, but none were permitted to leave even by that means save upon the presentation of a return half of a railway ticket. This was the certificate of *bonâ fides* upon which a passport was granted, this and none other. Passports being in demand, the normal business instincts of the Johannesburger impelled him to "make a bit." A trade in passports sprang up, and the price ruled as high as £4 apiece.

Having used the Committee to disarm Johannesburg, the Government could now afford to come down on the Committee. Thursday, 9th January, is the date of the following:—

"PROCLAMATION by HIS Honour STEPHANUS JOHANNES PAULUS KRUGER, State President of the South African Republic, with the advice and consent of the Most Honourable the Executive Council.

"WHEREAS, according to the resolution of the Government of the South African Republic, dated Monday, January 6th, 1896, by which to all persons at Johannesburg and suburbs twenty-four hours were granted, within which time they had to lay down, unconditionally, all arms and ammunition for which no permit could be produced, and unconditionally to hand them over to the Government, and whereas the said term of twenty-four hours had already elapsed at 4 o'clock p.m. on Tuesday, January 7th, and

"Whereas, the so-called Reform Committee and other British subjects have intimated their willingness and resolution to comply unconditionally

with the decision of the Government, and considering that several persons already have given up and surrendered their arms and ammunition as aforesaid, and whereas the laying down and surrendering still continues, and whereas it is desirable and serviceable that this shall take place as soon as possible in a satisfactory manner, and a period shall be fixed for that purpose ; so it is that I, Johannes Stephanus Paulus Kruger, State President of the South African Republic, with advice and consent of the Executive Council, do command and proclaim according to Article 5 of their Minutes, that up to Friday, January 10th, 1896, at 6 o'clock in the afternoon, time shall be given for that purpose.

“All persons or bodies who after that time are found in possession of guns and ammunition for which no permit from the Government can be produced by them shall be dealt with according to law.

“And considering that the laying down and surrendering of arms and ammunition should take place unconditionally,

“So it is that I further proclaim, that all persons who have already laid down and surrendered the arms and ammunition as aforesaid, or shall do such before 6 o'clock of Friday afternoon, January 10th, 1896, will be exempt from all prosecution, and will be pardoned for, and on account of, all that has been committed at Johannesburg and suburbs, with the exception of all persons and bodies that may appear to be principal criminals, leaders, instigators, or perpetrators of the troubles at Johannesburg and suburbs.

“Such persons or bodies as the last mentioned shall have to justify themselves before the legal and competent courts of this Republic. Further, I do proclaim, that I will address the inhabitants of Johannesburg and suburbs to-morrow by a particular proclamation.—GOD SAVE LAND AND PEOPLE !”

The anticipated action against the Reform Committee took place on the 9th and 10th, when the Government effected a *coup d'état* in a prompt and business-like way. As many of the members of the Committee as could be found at their houses and resorts were quietly, politely, but firmly escorted to Doornfontein gaol by a motley crowd consisting of members of the State Artillery, mounted and foot police, and detectives. Excellent arrangements had been made for their reception. They were to eat, though they were also to be eaten ; for, like all Transvaal gaols, the town prison is “alive with vermin.” One batch safely deposited, the police scoured the town in search of others, till all had been collected. The prisoners—sixty-four



THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF
PRESIDENT KRUGER.

in number—were conveyed to Pretoria, and thus severed, for the time being, their connection with the Rand and its political affairs.

The following final notices were issued on this day, Friday, January 10th :—

“NOTICE.

“It is hereby requested any who have goods or other articles of whatsoever nature, the property of the above Fund, or moneys, will kindly return the same to Tattersall’s Bar. Those also who have horses belonging to the Fund, please communicate at the above address without delay.

“By Order.”

“RELIEF FUND.

“It is hereby desired that all Tradespeople and other Persons who have Accounts against the above will at once render the same for examination to Tattersall’s Bar, so that a settlement can be effected as soon as possible.

“By Order.”

“REFORM COMMITTEE.

“All Accounts against the Commissariat must be filed immediately, as all affairs are being wound up. The temporary offices are in Tattersall’s Buildings.”

In short, the members of the Reform Committee were in gaol, the affairs of the Committee were being wound up, and the headquarters were removed from the lordly “Goldfields” building to Tattersall’s. At noon the final prosaic touch was given to the dream of a Johannesburg Government by a proclamation in which the President, with tears in his voice, offered the town—a non-elective Burgomaster !

“TO ALL THE RESIDENTS OF JOHANNESBURG.

“I, S. J. P. Kruger, State President of the South African Republic, with the advice and consent of the Executive Council, by virtue of Article 6 of the Minutes of the Council, dated January 10th, 1896, do hereby make known to all the residents of Johannesburg and neighbourhood that I am inexpressibly thankful to God that the despicable and treacherous incursion into my country has been prevented, and the independence of the Republic saved, through the courage and bravery of my burghers.

“The persons who have been guilty of this crime (misdryf) must naturally be punished according to law, that is to say, they must stand their trial before the High Court and a jury, but there are thousands who have been misled and deceived, and it has clearly appeared to me that even among the so-called leaders of the movement there are many who have been deceived.

“A small number of intriguers in and outside of the country ingeniously incited a number of the residents of Johannesburg and surroundings to struggle, under the guise of standing up for political rights, and day by day, as it were, urged them on, and when in their stupidity they thought that the moment had arrived, they (the intriguers) caused one Dr. Jameson to cross the boundary of the Republic.

“Did they ever ask themselves to what they were exposing you?

“I shudder when I think what bloodshed could have resulted had a merciful Providence not saved you and my burghers.

“I will not refer to the financial damage.

“Now I approach you with full confidence; work together with the Government of this Republic and strengthen their hands to make this country a land wherein people of all nationalities may reside in common brotherhood.

“For months and months I have planned which changes and reforms could have been considered desirable in the Government and the State, but the loathsome agitation, especially of the Press, has restrained me.

“The same men who have publicly come forward as leaders have demanded reforms from me, and in a tone and a manner which they would not have ventured to have done in their own country, owing to fear for the criminal law. For that cause, it was made impossible for me and my burghers, the founders of this Republic, to take their preposterous proposals in consideration.

“It is my intention to submit a Draft Law, at the first ordinary session of the Raad, whereby a municipality, with a Mayor at the head, would be granted to Johannesburg, to whom the control of the city will be entrusted. According to all constitutional principles, the Municipal Board will be elected by the people of the town.

“I earnestly request you, laying your hands on your hearts, to answer me this question: After what has happened, can and may I submit this to the representatives of the people? My reply is, I know there are thousands in Johannesburg and the suburbs to whom I can entrust such elective powers. Inhabitants of Johannesburg render it possible for the Government to go before the Volksraad with the motto:

“‘FORGOTTEN AND FORGIVEN.’”

Chapter XVI

SCENES AT PRETORIA, CAPE TOWN, AND
ELSEWHERE

THE excitement at Pretoria during the critical week was scarcely less than at Johannesburg itself.

Pretoria, it must be remembered, though the seat of Government, is a town of merchants, shopkeepers, and professional men, largely Uitlander in sympathy; and a person of Uitlander sympathies, living under the very nose of Dr. Leyds and in daily touch with the Hollander bureaucracy, is apt to become a Jingo outright. The general division is between the Government set and the Hollanders on the one hand, and on the other hand the Afrikanders and the Jingo. At the beginning of the crisis these last two classes were driven together by their common hatred of the Hollander and sympathy with the Uitlander.

A revulsion of feeling came with the news of Jameson that drove the Afrikanders into the Government camp at once. Men who had been in the warmest sympathy with Johannesburg volunteered to go out against Jameson, and, in fact, while the effect of the Jameson news in Johannesburg was mixed, its effect at Pretoria was almost unanimously damning to the cause. That uncertain and sometimes vanishing quantity, the progressive Boer, especially the progressive Raadsman, who, a day or two before had taken his cue of tempered sympathy with Johannesburg from General Joubert, the leader of the party, now saw its hopes of making head against the Krugerites swamped by the wave of reaction certain to be conjured up by Jameson's act among the burghers at large. There are

many stories like the one which is told of a number of men sulkily declining to be commandeered to watch Johannesburg just before the irruption, and the same men eagerly rushing to arms the moment after against the invader of their country. In Pretoria itself the feelings aroused were complicated by two strong impressions. "There is intense indignation here," telegraphed Sir Jacobus de Wet to the High Commissioner on the Tuesday. "There is a strong suspicion that Her Majesty's Government countenanced the movement, or, at all events, must be cognizant of what was intended." That was one idea, and the other was the rooted conviction that Jameson was marching on Pretoria, and that it was the Capital, rather than Johannesburg, which would be the scene of battle, murder, and sudden death. The crowding of trains, the bivouacking in back gardens, and frantic precautionary measures about wives and families were, therefore, incidents of the crisis at Pretoria as much as at the great mining town thirty miles off.

One scene is worthy of commemoration from its personal interest and from its historic value as showing that the Pretoria Government, and even the hard old man at its head, had their moments of panic apprehension just before the turn of the tide. It is a Watch Night incident, the scene of it being the stiff, farmhouse-parlour-like reception-room in the President's villa in the outskirts of Pretoria. The time, the witching hour when 1895 was merging into 1896.

About one o'clock of that New Year's morning the slumbers of the British Agent were broken by the urgent hand of Commissioner of Police Van Niekerk, whose name, by the way, recalls a previous South African raid, the Boer one of Stellaland. The Commissioner begged Sir Jacobus de Wet to get up and come to the Presidency at once. The British Agent, Sir Jacobus, dressed and went. He found His Honour *en d eshabill e*, surrounded by all the Members of the Executive save General Joubert, and, of course, Dr. Leyds, who was in Europe, together with three judges of the High Court, and a number of Raad officials. All of these gentlemen seemed to

labour under strong excitement and alarm, and the President, who seemed with difficulty to control his feelings, told Sir Jacobus with that wealth of gesture and force of emphasis which he commonly uses when in animated talk, that he had just received reliable information from Johannesburg that large armed forces, 2,000 at least, with Maxims and cannons, were then marching upon Pretoria, undoubtedly with the object of taking possession of the seat of Government.

Sir Jacobus expressed his incredulity, and assured the President of his willingness to assist him in any possible way to stay the onward march of the 2,000.

An escort to conduct Sir Jacobus through the Boer lines was suggested, but the President, after considerable discussion, remarked: "No; my burghers might take you for a spy, and shoot you." So that idea was abandoned, and Sir Jacobus bade the imaginary 2,000 halt in the Queen's name by telegram to the Reform Committee.

Everything was made ready for the President's escape from the supposed invaders. A horse stood at his door ready saddled—"and he not been across a horse for twenty years," as Mevrouw Kruger put it afterwards.

The old man himself sat up, all on the *qui vive*, and the Chief Justice sat up with him.

Where were the *Nachtmaal* burghers now? Alas! mostly gone to the front, to meet Jameson or threaten Johannesburg, leaving Church Square once more empty. Even next day, when a strong guard was stationed at the Presidency, a heterogeneous guard of volunteers and burghers, the good wife's suspicions were still alert. Among them were many young Afrikanders, whose medium of conversation was English. She overheard some of them on guard duty chatting together, and at once despatched a messenger to His Honour, who was then in the Government Buildings, ordering that the volunteers should be removed "*als hulle Engelse praat.*" The change was speedily made, and the burgher guard increased in numbers.

The panic of that Tuesday night spread from the Presidency in widening circles. Acting Field-cornets, who had been making themselves ingratiatingly officious for the past few days, were on the alert, and went from house to house warning all and sundry to repair to the camp, alleging that the town was going to be stormed. Women and children, scared out of bed, were to be seen scurrying towards the artillery camp, clasping a few of their dearest possessions in their hands. One philosophical Dutch dame, however, after hearing all, remarked testily that "whatever else the English might be going to do, confound them! she supposed they would let the women alone." And so went back to bed.

The acting manager of the *Press*, the Robinson-cum-Government organ at Pretoria, declared that its offices would be the first place sacked—the angry crowds at Cape Town and Johannesburg did threaten the *Telegraph* and *Diggers' News* offices during the crisis—and he actually gave the hands orders to destroy the machinery and "pye" the type on the first alarm.

Then there was the great joke of the "Vigilants," a set of special constables for the occasion. "Among this motley crew," wrote the *Cape Times* Pretoria correspondent, "were parsons and painters, actors and attorneys, masons, 'free' and otherwise, and many strange fowl. It was not till after the surrender at Doornkop, however, that the Vigilants became a strong body. Then there were many valiant men enrolled. A Vigilant's was generally a thankless billet, but it was not without its humorous side. To see a brother 'Vig,' a Raad Member, 'running in' a provoking Kaffir, or another in the loving embrace of a French milliner who had taken too much stimulant to fortify herself in the terrors of the hour, was amusement sufficient to relieve the monotony of one night's guard. Luckily many Vigilants, although provided with guns, had no ammunition, and in consequence those over whom they kept guard slumbered peacefully. The Government buildings, too, were considered to be a likely object of attack, and hasty

entrenchments, excavated by the entire strength of the convicts in gaol, were thrown up during the course of the day. A strong guard of Hollanders and others, many of whom had never before handled a rifle, but who were on this occasion little walking arsenals, were stationed inside the building."

Great difficulty (the same correspondent adds) was experienced in feeding the burghers in Pretoria, and every little canteen and large hotel were requisitioned to supply them with meals. As much as £4 per 100 bundles was paid for forage, and a wagon-load that happened to reach Pretoria was snapped up by the Landdrost, who at first was in serious doubt as to whether he should buy at the price, but on a well-known, shrewd Pretorian remarking, "De Engelse zal daarvoor betaal" (the English will have to foot the bill), the thrifty Landdrost quickly made up his mind and bought the lot.

Even a crisis, thank Heaven! has its humours. But to more serious matter. On the High Commissioner's first day in Pretoria, on the Sunday following the Sunday of Jameson's start, he could only exchange polite greetings with the Sabbatarian President. But from the Rand and the Reform Committee came messengers urgent and confidential: Sir Sidney Shippard and Mr. Seymour Fort. They told the High Commissioner shortly that Johannesburg could not stand attack. The crowds and the Committee's posters kept up the fiction of an armed community straining at the leash of the armistice. But the leaders wished His Excellency to know the fact that, while provisioned for a month's siege, the town had no means of preventing its water supply being cut off, while—consideration which made all else a detail—the stock of ammunition would not outlast a general attack of half an hour's to an hour's duration. Jameson had moved when they were all unready: they had not been able to help him, and they could not now help themselves with 8,000 exultant Boers surrounding their show of half-armed earthworks.

The only thing for Sir Hercules to do was to keep these facts locked in his bosom, make the best terms he could,

and enable the inevitable disarmament to take place with as good a grace as might be.

However, in cabling to Mr. Chamberlain the state of affairs, Sir Hercules fully represented that the Johannesburg crowd, as apart from the Reform Committee, were ready to "elect their own leaders and fight it out," if they could not get promises of reform, as well as of Jameson's safety, as the price of disarmament.

Early on Monday (6th January), Sir Hercules met the President and the Executive Council. His illness had increased on the tedious train journey and under the wear and tear of anxiety; but he lay on a sofa, and the President and Council, who have a great respect for Sir Hercules, sat round him.

"The judges (he writes), the chief officials, and the delegates from the Orange Free State were also present. The Government ultimatum was that Johannesburg must surrender its arms and submit unconditionally as a precedent to any discussion and consideration of grievances. The promises in the President's proclamation of 30th December, 1895, would be observed, and grievances put forth constitutionally would be carefully considered and brought before the Volksraad without delay. No decision had been come to up to that time as to disposal of Dr. Jameson and other prisoners. I at once communicated terms of this ultimatum to the Reform Committee at Johannesburg, through Her Majesty's Agent, and advised their acceptance of them. It appeared to me the case of the Johannesburg people would have been hopeless in the event of an appeal to arms."

That afternoon, the Council, through Sir Jacobus de Wet, promised to hand over Jameson and the officers, but "not until Johannesburg had complied with the terms of the ultimatum." Sir Hercules at once sent Sir Jacobus to Johannesburg to make the people, "who were infuriated with the Reform Committee," see the true state of the case, and on Tuesday morning helped him by telegraphing the message which (as we have seen) practically disarmed Johannesburg. Armed with the Committee's acceptance of the ultimatum (7th January), and with a brief but able summary of the Johan-

nesburg grievances cabled by Mr. Chamberlain on January 4th, Sir Hercules thought he could "now confer with President and Executive as to prisoners and redress of grievances." Unfortunately, hitches arose as to "prisoners," and Sir Hercules was not destined to get to "grievances" at all.

On the 7th and 8th Sir Hercules was engaged in checking the impulse of his chief to make a demonstration and despatch troops to South Africa, first on the pretext of preventing any further raid from Bulawayo, such as the Pretoria Government still professed to anticipate, and secondly, to "provide for all eventualities." Mr. Chamberlain's ardent desire to be doing something eventually led the harassed High Commissioner to entreat him rather sharply to "leave the matter in my hands," which Mr. Chamberlain then did. Sir Hercules, however, could be firm when occasion required. On the 8th came the hitch about the disarmament, when the Government calmly announced that they were not satisfied with the number of arms given up, and that unless many more came to hand an attack on Johannesburg would be ordered that evening. Sir Hercules at once told the Government that if any such hostile step were taken he would regard it "as a violation of an agreement for which he had made himself personally responsible, and would place the issue in the hands of her Majesty's Government." The effect of this language was immediate and sufficient. The disarmament satisfactorily over, arrangements for taking over the raiders and sending them to England took till the 14th of January, on which day Sir Hercules left for Cape Town, after having only one other direct interview with the President and Council, making two in all,—the rest of the negotiations having had to be carried on through the Imperial Secretary and British Agent, while Sir Hercules was more or less in bed. The fact was that the collapse of Johannesburg, the defeat of Jameson, and the discovery of the startling evidence as to the details of the recent plot had entirely changed the situation since the moment when, just in the nick of time, Sir Hercules had obtained the President's assent to

mediation. One mediates between combatants. A mediator is handicapped when one combatant is already practically sitting on the other's head. Sir Hercules saw plainly enough that to expect to get anything really done about reforms at this juncture was idle. No sensible person, indeed, had expected anything more than vague promises in this direction even when he set out from Cape Town. He had to return with scarcely even that; the Government, indeed, having politely intimated to him that, while much obliged for his assistance, they, as he puts it, "found no further inducement to request me to lengthen my stay." "I thought it more politic," he adds, "to rest content meanwhile with the concession of Municipal Government which the President had promised, and with the statement in his proclamation of the 30th December, 1895, that all grievances advanced in a constitutional manner would be carefully considered and brought before the Volksraad without loss of time."

Cape Town folk will not easily forget the look of St. George's Street during the week of the crisis: a recurrent sea of heads, waiting on the slips that the papers issued as the confused and broken news came in, hours late, over the blocked wires; leading politicians jostling the man in the street and showing the alternations of joy, anxiety, and despair in their faces. Turning back to the file of the *Cape Times* for that week, the scene comes vividly back as in a mirror. It is like turning up an old diary, jotted down in days of *Sturm und Drang*. Here are a few extracts from the hurried leading articles of those days and nights:—

"*Tuesday, December 31st.*—(With news of Jameson's start, 'due to a wild—brave—mad—silly impulse,' but fraught with most 'solemn issues':) —'God defend the right.' Which is the right in this quarrel from the standpoint of the Afrikanders of the Cape Colony? We know well that many of them, as Mr. Hofmeyr says in the interesting talk reported in another column, will find their hearts sorely pulled both ways. In the War of Independence the farmers of Cape Colony sympathised deeply with the farmers of the Transvaal. It was that sympathy, more than any other factor, which moved England to give back the country; and

England knows well that the same feeling to-day would be as strong as ever against re-annexation. But there is no question of re-annexation. England asks nothing of the Transvaal to-day for herself ; only one or two things for South Africa. England is not in this quarrel at all—unless she is dragged in simply as peacemaker. But, in one sense, the struggle to-day is the same as the struggle of 1881 : only the parts are reversed. What did the burghers fight for then ? For the right to govern themselves, to be free men, not to have to obey the laws of other people. And what are the ' Uitlanders ' fighting for to-day—if to fight they are forced ? For that very same right to govern themselves, to be free men, to have laws of their own, not of other people's. The burghers called God to vindicate a right in 1881. The ' Uitlanders ' can call God to vindicate the very same right in 1895. The ' Uitlanders ' are struggling for their freedom, ay, and for their country, for they feel that it is their country. The Boer began the making of it, but they are finishing it ; it is their work that has added all that power, and prosperity, and wealth, all those outward and visible signs of a great Republic, of which the Boer is as proud as anybody when he outspans his wagon at Nachemaal in the square at Pretoria and looks at the splendid Raadzaal. . . . For, never forget, it is the South African cause for which these men are fighting. South Africa for the South Africans, and not for Hollanders, might be their motto. Take the programme which they have put out in their manifesto and think what it will mean to the Cape Colony if they are ever in a position to carry it out. All that we have been struggling for, all that Paul Kruger in his fatuous hatred of the Cape has so strenuously denied us, a Railway Union, a Customs Union, a South African labour policy based on the application of a general Glen Grey principle throughout these territories, the free exchange of all South African commodities—the very boon which the Paarl farmers looked to get when they had helped Paul Kruger back into the saddle, and out of which he has cynically cheated them ever since. Afrikaners are in the forefront of this movement, with men bearing such names as Wessels and Auret, familiar in our colonial countrysides as household words. There can be few Cape families that have not a son, a nephew, a cousin, among the men whom the Transvaal Government degrades as unfit to be citizens. These are the men whom the immediate clique of the President hates worse than the *rooinek*. And these frowning arsenals of the Government's are an allegory. It is upon South Africa at large, us as well as them, that the Government's Hollander clerk and German officers turn the guns of their Continental policy, in maniac hatred of that Government under which the Afrikaners of the Cape Colony live in contented freedom. The Krugerites have been selling the birthright of the Afrikaner to every Hollander that would give a mess of pottage for it. If blood be shed

as the result of this policy, no matter who fires the first shot, heavy will lie the responsibility on the head of one obstinate old man."

The above, entitled "To all Afrikanders," was got out in Dutch as well as English; a novelty, however, which it proved too great a strain to keep up throughout the crisis.

"*Wednesday, Jan 1st.*—(No news of Column. Proclamation. *Title, 'ONE MAN'S MADNESS.'*)—'I am no longer pulled two ways,' Mr. Hofmeyr remarked, yesterday, with reference to a phrase in the interview we published. 'Jameson has decided me.' There is no cloaking the fact that this is the general verdict of Afrikanders. Dr. Jameson's colossal blunder, in taking the aggressive, instead of helping the political revolution in the Transvaal, has checked the rising sentiment of sympathy with the 'Uitlanders.' Had the act not been disowned promptly and fully by the Chartered Company and the Imperial Government (and the same will apply, no doubt, to the rumours from Bulawayo), the situation in South Africa to-day would be very serious. As it is, the question is reduced to the dare-devil impulse of one man; and as that man is now in so critical, so isolated, perhaps so tragic a situation, we spare further comment, and try simply to conceive the frame of mind in which he and his companions may have gone to work. . . .

"In the case of trouble at Johannesburg every man of them individually would be burning to join his friends. To expect them to stay twiddling their thumbs on the border a couple of days away, while those friends were being shot down by Mr Kruger's quick-firing guns, would be expecting too much—or two little—of human nature. They would not wait on the slow and uncertain chances of an Imperial pacification: they would not stop for niceties of international law. In one form or another—in twos or threes, or as a specially recruited column of volunteers—they would make a rush for the Rand. And if at this moment Mr. Kruger's German guns, under German officers, were shooting Afrikanders down, we take it most colonists would wish them Godspeed. In some such sense as that, we doubt not—though we have no direct authority for saying—that Mr. Rhodes himself would have been willing to turn a blind eye on his young men's indiscretion. And we think he would have carried, on the whole, Colonial feeling with him, even if 'Dr. Jim' had gone in in official capacity. But unluckily, Dr. Jameson did not wait for an actual break-out. He received, probably, an appeal or a report, or something which was too much for his hot-head temper. . . .

"And now what of the amazing Doctor and his men? In the dearth of news and stoppage of wires they seem to have disappeared under an impenetrable black storm-cloud, charged with lightnings and with thunders

When the dark pall lifts, who will emerge? What wild work will have been done under its mantle? Will it be:

“Then they rode back: but not,
Not the six hundred?”

“It was a black responsibility that Dr. Jameson took when he crossed the border; but it was a still blacker risk; and they knew it. They flung careers and commissions to the winds, took their lives in their hands, and went in: Ishmaels of the desert. Their one haste was to get beyond recall: and if they had meant to turn back for a recall, they would never have started. They rode lightly in, with a price upon their heads, a mark that every man who lists may shoot at. There is something in the sheer audacity of the thing that disarms. But it will not disarm the Boer commandoes. To-day, if uninterrupted, Dr. Jameson should be effecting a junction with any forces which Johannesburg may push out to meet him; and nobody supposes that the Boers will allow that junction to be made without bloodshed. It is a grisly thought that for that blood Dr. Jameson is liable to be hanged like a felon. Never, surely, was such a gamester’s throw, with the peace of half a continent trembling in the balance. All we can do is to wait for news, and hope for the best, most of us with sympathies painfully divided.”

“*Thursday, January 2nd.*—(Contradictory news of column. Belief that Johannesburg effecting junction. Kruger has accepted High Commissioner’s mediation.) ‘*Peace-making: Thanks to —?*’—Dr. Jameson’s men may not be out of danger yet; but clearly Johannesburg is. We hear no more of the commandoes which, according to yesterday’s positive statements, had been ordered to close upon the town now for some days in open, if passive, rebellion. The Government have had enough to think of with Dr. Jameson. There is no disguising the fact that, however wrong he was in taking the initiative, he has carried the cause of the revolution which we all sympathise with. Bloodshed, according to his evident belief, which subsequent news has done so much to justify, was imminent on the Rand. He has stopped it, at the cost of other bloodshed, perhaps less than would have flowed in the revolution. For none of us doubt that if once that teeming town began it must needs carry on the contest till it won. Yet the struggle might have been prolonged. The community on the Rand, in spite of these packed trains, still consists of men, women and children. There are but a few thousand arms among the lot, and the possibilities of indiscriminate shooting among the streets are terrible to contemplate. Half-armed, unorganized, undrilled, inexperienced, and hampered with non-combatants—that is a fair description of the Rand revolutionists. Dr. Jameson’s compact little force was just the opposite.

“In practice, then, this proclaimed invader may have economized in

bloodshed ; and he has won the cause which South Africa admits that others, at least, had some sort of right to shed their blood for. For what means this sudden gush of promises of sweeping reforms? What this acceptance of mediation which cannot but recognise the justice of nearly all the revolutionary committee has formulated? We see the President actually proffering the franchise to all who refrain from joining in the demand for it. What has brought him to this pass? A sudden conviction of the soundness of arguments long familiar even to staleness? We trow not. The arming of Johannesburg is the argument that has converted President Kruger and his Hollanders ; and this audacity of Dr. Jameson's, in taking sides in a civil war prematurely, has made the President accept the very settlement which would have averted everything, without putting the arms of the townsman to actual test.

“Matters still hang in the balance. It was a wild New Year's Day this : Cape Town half pale with suspense, eager knots discussing news in the streets, and the noisy mirth of some of our perambulating coloured friends jarring terribly on strained nerves. But we have hopes now of a less dark sequel to it. The Paramount Power has held the scales firmly even.”

“*Friday, January 3rd.*—(News of surrender resolutely disbelieved.) The *Cape Times* could get no news though ; nor could the *Argus* ; and Cape Town utterly refused to accept the real news, which came from a Transvaal Government source to Mr. J. B. Robinson's *Telegraph*. Drawbacks of an official Censorship ! Cape Town was now feverishly Jingo, and resented even the moderate censures of the *Cape Times* on Jameson. One article of to-day was headed ‘In Suspense.’ A second dealt with ‘The dead-set against Mr. Rhodes’ : ‘Save us from the horrors of a race war in South Africa.’ There is not one of us so light-headed or so callous-hearted as not to breathe that prayer. By a spite of fate, this struggle has come to have the race-war look ; but remember, it was no race war as it stood a few days back, it is no race war now in its essence. Dutch against English? No ! It is Progressive Colonists throughout South Africa against Retrogressive—Unionists against Disunionists, free government against corrupt oligarchy. There are monopolists and capitalists on both sides, Dutch Afrikanders and English Afrikanders on both sides, working-men and Republicans on both sides. We are glad to note that general disgust has been excited by the attempt to rouse race-hatred against Mr. Rhodes in Cape Colony over this unhappy business. Perhaps it is bound to come. But it is time to point out that those who are combining to foster it, and are making one supreme dead-set to hound the Prime Minister out of public-life, are a big combination of his financial and political rivals, operating largely through the Press. . . .”

Saturday, January 4th.—Dismal certainty about Jameson: but Johannesburg?—The article headed “Revolution by Proxy,” given here as a faithful record of the feeling of that black hour, was preceded by a sort of prophetic forenote, which fuller knowledge has since brought to fulfilment. *Then* Cape Town, and the world, had not the clue to the “desertion”:—

REVOLUTION BY PROXY.

[“ We know there must be brave men on the Rand. We feel that we do not yet know all. We shall always uphold the rights of the ‘ Uillanders ’ to free government, and we rejoice that more blood has not been shed to win them, so long as they are won. But on what we know we feel impelled to express the intensely bitter disappointment of the following article: which, though struck off at heat, certainly voices a feeling universal in the capital. Some day, perhaps, we may be enabled to take back some of our reproaches.”]

“ THERE is a saying that one cannot make a revolution with rosewater. Johannesburg is to be congratulated on an even more luxurious *tour de force*. It has made a revolution by proxy. ‘ I am not one of those tame moralists,’ said one of the most eloquent of Irish rebels in a famous peroration, ‘ who hold that liberty is not worth the spilling of one drop of blood.’ The revolutionists of the Rand agree with Meagher. They have found that their emancipation from political servitude was quite well worth the cost of blood—other people’s. For weeks past we have been edified by columns of eloquence upon the wrongs, intolerable to manhood, under which they smarted. Their ultimatum to the Government was declared to represent a charter of freedom for which ten thousand men were ready, if forced, to take up arms. With the irony of coincidence, it is to-day that a *Times* article is telegraphed declaring that while Mr. Leonard’s manifesto asked for little more than the programme adopted by the National Union last year, there was this important difference, ‘ that those who endorse the manifesto of 1895 will take the responsibility of enforcing it.’ In reality, it appears, the extent of the stern resolve of the citizen army of ten thousand was to invite a handful of other men to enforce it for them. We owe an apology to the Kruger Government and to its organs for refusing for a whole night and day to believe their statements of this plain, simple fact. We simply laughed away, as a fantastic fiction, the news that Johannesburg had sat inactive for four-and-twenty hours within earshot, ay, almost within eyeshot, of the stubborn struggle of a few hundred lads to push their way into town through two or three thousand Boers; that they had

refrained, with a 'calm restraint,' perhaps unparalleled in the records of philosophy, from so much as sending out a patrol to reconnoitre. Before this, when an armistice was suggested to them by the Boer commandant, it does not seem to have occurred to them that an armistice which excludes the only fighting part of your belligerents leaves something to be desired. So they made their armistice, saw the Boers massing at their convenience in Jameson's path, and—made speeches. That was all the support 'Dr. Jim' got from those 'principal residents' who, as he wrote in his characteristic little scrawl to the Commandant of Marico, had invited him to 'assist them in their demand for justice.'

"The streets of Cape Town yesterday were a curious sight. People's faces were as gloomy as if everybody had lost a near friend—as, indeed, not a few must have done. The abstract rights of the people of Johannesburg are the same as ever, no doubt—and the revolutionists by proxy say now that they are all to be conceded. But while the cause is the same, and all Cape Colonists support it, you cannot to-day conjure out of Cape Town the ghost of a cheer for the 'Uitlanders' of Johannesburg. It may be wrong, but it is well that Johannesburg should know it, should feel that it lies under a great and grievous need to clear itself before the world.

"The whole business is simply incomprehensible. The Reform Committee puts the blame on the High Commissioner's proclamation. Since the Imperial Government disavowed Jameson, they must, of course, follow suit. Did they really expect the Imperial Government to personally conduct their revolution? The way the average Johannesburger talks over his drinks never led us to suppose that his political judgment was so fettered by the proprieties of Downing Street. These people, whose representatives invited Jameson in, can they not see that while it was inevitable for us to disavow him, it was grotesque for them? It was for us to deplore civil war—which is always deplorable. *They* had declared themselves ready, if forced, to make it. Yet a proclamation addressed to British subjects when they had just sworn allegiance to the Transvaal flag suffices to make them coldly repudiate their ally. The *Star*, which has been preaching sedition bravely for a week, actually congratulated the forces of the Government on having defeated him, and the whole of Johannesburg looks on unmoved while the Boers draw on the ammunition in the town for those supplies which might have saved Jameson. And then, when the mass of people suddenly realized their disgrace, and in a passion of shame and anguish turn on the Committee, one of these gentlemen looks out of a window and declares, like Mrs. Micawber, 'that it is no use asking him, the Committee will never desert Dr. Jameson.'

"We say nothing as to whether Jameson had the right to take a contract for somebody else's revolution. We do not care at this moment to repeat our original verdict upon that. The one thing now left for Johannesburg,

before it finally lay down its arms, is to put the release of Jameson with full honours of war before any other claim that it presses on the President. For, as is written above the petition for which we bespeak our readers' signatures, Cape Colony 'had rather the "Uitlanders" went voteless for ever than that a hair of Jameson's head should be touched.'"

The petition referred to ran as follows (addressed to the High Commissioner at Pretoria):—

"We, the undersigned Cape Colonists, desire earnestly to represent to Your Excellency that in the interests of the general reconciliation and peaceful settlement now happily in progress, after the late deplorable bloodshed, Your Excellency should treat the release of Dr. Jameson and his comrades as of more importance than any other conditions which the Government of the South African Republic is asked to grant."

Part of every copy of the *Cape Times* one day was made into a form for this petition, and in a few days 10,000 signatures, in twos, and tens, and fifties, had come in; and the Mayor telegraphed the fact to the High Commissioner. The *Cape Times* Petition ran through the Colony: Kimberley, Port Elizabeth, and East London did the like; there were many Afrikaner names among the signatures; and the united voice found an echo in the watchwords of the negotiations then in progress.

In London the suspense of those days was aggravated by a cable breakdown, which kept them over a week without any detailed news, and then things came to hand in the wrong order! At Bulawayo a mass meeting was ready to send 1,000 men if Mr. Rhodes or Dr. Jameson held up a finger.

It was indeed wired that the Rhodesia Horse had started, but that, as seized papers show, was part of the pre-arranged "complot," a mere announcement for effect. It would take the Horse weeks to reach the Transvaal.

Of the two Johannesburg emissaries whom the crisis left stranded at Cape Town, one, Mr. Hamilton, of the *Star*, went honourably back to face arrest; the other, the chairman, the chief, the manifesto man, left for England. His nerves gave way in the crash, and he sailed for London,

as it was assumed, to unmask Mr. Rhodes as the villain of the Johannesburg piece, Mr. Rhodes being already off on a flying visit to the Colonial Office, *en route* to Rhodesia. Eager anti-Rhodes Afrikaners appear to have helped Mr. Leonard off on his mission—to have worked on his fears to make him go, instead of returning to share his comrades' durance, helped him to disguise himself at a Cape Town barber's (the disguise was never needed), and were woefully "sold" when Mr. Leonard, recovered by the voyage, turned up in London an "Uitlander" renewed, though retired. Whether or no the remissness of the Transvaal Government was designed and prompted by what its friends at Cape Town had gathered as to the National Union Chairman's attitude to Mr. Rhodes¹ cannot be said. But while it got all the smaller fish extradited, it left Mr. Leonard hanging about Cape Town for weeks, though twice reminded by the Cape Attorney-General that he had as yet no warrant to arrest on. As soon as Mr. Leonard was a day at sea—lo! the warrant. No traitor, but an honest, well-meaning man, Fate cast the National Union Chairman for a part he could not play. It was his eloquent brother, by the way, not he, who in a wild moment drafted a Provisional Ministry of the Transvaal, with the portfolios elaborately distributed among the Reform leaders, which was printed and very nearly published in the thick of the crisis at Johannesburg.

Mr. Hofmeyr, who ordered the proclamation and wired to President Kruger on the 31st, "hoping that his burghers would play the man when they met Jameson's filibusters"—an odd, anxious note in that, by the way—struck one good blow for

¹ The idea was that Mr. Rhodes must have sent Jameson a private hint to go in. Mr. Rhodes at first thought the Johannesburg leaders must have done so. It has been ascertained both from Holden and Heany that they duly gave their "Stop!" messages to Jameson, and no contrary hint from either Cape Town or Johannesburg. An alleged diary of "Bobby" White's, with the entry, "Sun., Dec. 29th.—Received orders from Rt. Hon. C. J. Rhodes to cross the Border" (a discovery first published in *Cape Times*, May 10th), is admitted by Transvaal State Attorney (who bought it) to be a forgery.

English as well as for Dutch, a few days later. This rambling chapter shall end with it, and with the memorable episode of the Kaiser's telegram. The blunder of one hot-head had cleft a chasm between Dutch and English South Africa. The blunder of another hot-head was the one lucky stroke in those disastrous first few days of 1896 that for a moment closed the chasm up again. In pursuance of the subterranean intrigue with Germany, referred to in Chapter I., Dr. Leyds was, at the very moment when the crisis came, hanging about the Court of Berlin on a mission diplomatically described as "consulting German specialists about his throat." His state of mind when the cable reported the raid may be imagined. Had the revolution succeeded there was an end of him and his Hollanders in the Transvaal. If it failed there were fine times coming. The moment offered a supreme chance of completing the German entanglement. Exactly what passed between Dr. Leyds and the Kaiser is not known. What is known is that on Monday, the 30th December, a Member of the Executive Council of the Transvaal solemnly informed the British Agent at Pretoria that assistance had been asked from Germany, he added also from France. President Kruger has since stigmatized this statement of one of his own officials as a dastardly lie, and the only plausible explanation of it must be one which removes the onus of making the request from official Pretoria to the State Secretary's unofficial pranks at Berlin. However this may be, the German Consul and the German Foreign Office did agree by cable on the landing of certain German marines from Delagoa Bay, of course only "for protection of German interests," interests which have lately been expanded officially into a veto *inter alia* on any South African federation. The German Government did apply for leave to pass these troops through Portuguese territory, and the Portuguese Government did refuse that leave. Lastly, no sooner was Jameson defeated than there was given to the world this telegram :—