

A  
Woman's  
Part  
in a  
Revolution

Mrs John Hays  
Hammond

A WOMAN'S PART IN  
A REVOLUTION

BY

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## PREFACE

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To the American Public, whose sympathy was my chief support through days of bitter trial, this book is gratefully dedicated. My personal experience forms the subject of my story. The causes of the Revolt in Johannesburg, and the ensuing political questions, are but lightly touched upon, in deference to the silence enforced upon my husband as one of the terms of his liberation by the Boer Government.

NATALIE HAMMOND.

BOUGHTON: BICKLEY, KENT.

*February, 1897.*

A

## WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION



I hope I may be able to tell the truth always, and to see it aright according to the eyes which God Almighty gives me.—THACKERAY.

### I.

TOTSEY the terrier lay blinking in the hot African sun, while Cecilia Rhodes, the house kitten, languished in a cigar box wrapped about with twine to represent bars of iron. Above her meek face was a large label marked 'African Lion.' Her captor, my young son Jack, was out again among the flower-beds in quest of other big game, armed with my riding-crop. The canvas awnings flapped gently in the cool breeze. Every now and then a fan-like arm of one

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

of the large Madeira chairs would catch the impetus and go speeding down the wide red-tiled verandah. I looked up from the little garment which I was making, upon this quiet picture. It was the last restful moment I was to know for many long months—such months of suffering and agonised apprehension as God in His mercy sends to few women.

David, my husband's black coachman, drove rapidly through the gate, and, coming up to me, handed me a letter. It was from his master and briefly written. Jameson had crossed the Border; Johannesburg was filled with strange people, and he thought it wise for me to move with our family and servants into town. Rooms had been secured for us at Heath's Hotel, and he would meet us that night at dinner. This summons was not entirely unexpected. For many months the political kettle had been simmering. Johannesburg had grown tired of sending petitions in to the Government to be answered by promises which were

## A. WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

never redeemed. An appalling death-rate of fifty-six in each thousand, directly traceable to lack of proper sanitation, resulting from bad government, spurred the general discontent, and a number of representative citizens, unwilling longer to wait upon gods and Government, finding all attempts to obtain redress of their grievances by constitutional means ineffectual, determined to enforce their demands for right by arms if necessary. As arms for the Uitlander under the law of the Transvaal could only be obtained by a permit, guns and ammunition were smuggled into the country, hidden away in oil tanks and coal cars.

My husband had vast interests in his charge; many million pounds sterling had been invested at his instance in the mining industry of the country, and, actuated by a sense of duty and responsibility to those who had confided in him, he felt in honour bound to take an active part in the movement, for the protection and preservation of the property placed under his control.

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

My leaving for the Cape, in case affairs should assume a dangerous phase, was frequently discussed between us, but I could not make up my mind to leave my husband, feeling that the separation would be more trying than if I remained, even should a conflict be forced upon us. In addition to my wish to be with him, I knew that many of his staff had their wives and children in Johannesburg, and would be unable to send them away, and for me, the wife of their chief, 'to bundle to the rear' would subject my husband, as well as myself, to harsh, and not unjust, criticism.

The Leonard Manifesto was published December 26th, setting forth the demands of the Uitlander.

'We want,' it reads :

'1. The establishment of this Republic as a true Republic.

'2. A Grondwet or constitution which shall be framed by competent persons selected by representatives of the whole people, and framed on lines laid down by

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

them ; a constitution which shall be safeguarded against hasty alteration.

'3. An equitable Franchise law and fair representation.

'4. Equality of the Dutch and English languages.

'5. Responsibility to the Legislature of the heads of the great departments.

'6. Removal of religious disabilities.

'7. Independence of the Courts of Justice, with adequate and secured remuneration of the judges.

'8. Liberal and comprehensive education.

'9. An efficient Civil Service, with adequate provision for pay and pension.

'10. Free Trade in South African products.'

It was further planned to hold another meeting of the 'National Union,' and afterward make a last demand upon the Government to redress our wrongs.

Arrangement meanwhile was made with Dr. Jameson, who was encamped on the

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

western border of the Republic with a body of the Chartered Company's troops. In case of a disturbance he was to come to the aid of Johannesburg with at least a thousand men and 1,500 guns. It was also distinctly understood between him and the five gentlemen who were the recognised leaders of the movement, that he should not start until he had received instructions to do so directly from them.

I gathered my household about me, explained the situation, and gave the servants their choice, whether they would go into town or remain in the house. The four white servants decided to remain, but the native boys begged leave to depart under various pretexts. One to get his missis from Pretoria because he was afraid the Boers might kill her. Another to tell his mother in Natal that he was all right. Another frankly said, that as the white men were going to fight among themselves, this was no place for Kaffirs.

I arranged to leave Mr. Hammond's

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

secretary in charge of the house. We hastily packed up a few of our most precious belongings, and left, to take possession of four tiny rooms at the hotel in town. With a full heart I looked back at my pretty home. The afternoon shadows were beginning to lengthen; I saw the broad verandah, the long easy chairs suggestive of rest; my books on the sill of the low bedroom window; the quiet flower garden, sweet with old-fashioned posies associated with peace and thrift. We were going to—WHAT?

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

### II

My diary carries the story on :—

DECEMBER 30.—We find the town intensely excited, but there is no disorder. Men are hurrying about in cabs and on foot with determined-looking faces, but no other visible evidence of the day's tragedy.

My husband ran in to see how we were faring about 8 o'clock this evening. I had not seen him since early morning. He told me that a Reform Committee had been formed of the leading men of the city. Also that the Americans had called a meeting in the course of the afternoon to hear the results of a Special Deputation, consisting of Messrs. Hennen Jennings and Perkins, to President Kruger. Mr. Jennings reported the President as having listened to them attentively while they conveyed to him what

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

they believed to be the sentiment of the Americans on the Rand. They assured him that, although the Americans recognised the rights of the Boers as well as those of the Uitlanders, unless he could in some way meet the demand of the unenfranchised people of the Transvaal he could not expect their support when the revolution came. They also told him that the Americans wanted to see the Republic preserved, but on a truer basis. And when questioned by the President if in case of rebellion the Americans would be with or against the Government, they answered bluntly, 'They would be against the Government.'

President Kruger dogmatically declared 'this was no time for discussion, but a time for the people to obey the law,' and with this they were dismissed.

A Committee of three is appointed to visit Pretoria to-morrow and again lay before the President a statement of the demands of the Uitlanders, the attitude of the Americans and their wish to preserve the

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

integrity of the Republic, but also to warn him that, if the Government insists upon ignoring these just demands, and thus precipitates war, the Americans must array themselves on the side of the other Uitlanders.

A large mass meeting is called to receive these gentlemen on their return from Pretoria and to decide upon the Americans' future course of action.

The mail train to Cape Town was crowded with hundreds of terror-stricken women and children sent away by anxious husbands to a place of safety. The ordinary accommodation was far too inadequate to supply the sudden rush. They were crowded like sheep on cattle trucks. I fear the journey of a thousand miles will be one of great discomfort.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The sufferings of this hapless crowd were acute. Provisions were hard to obtain at the way stations. The water supply gave out. A little child died of exposure, and the heart-broken mother held the lifeless body twenty-four hours on her lap. There was no room to lay it to one side. Another woman gave birth to an infant.

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

There are many anxious souls in Johannesburg to-night.

Betty and I are sitting up. The night is sultry, and we have dragged our chairs out on to the verandah which overhangs the street.

MIDNIGHT.—The town has quieted down. Once a wild horseman clattered down the street towards the 'Gold Fields' shouting, 'A despatch, men! a despatch. We've licked the Dutchmen!' A few heads peered out of windows—but that was all.

DECEMBER 31.—My husband came in at 4 o'clock this morning, looking very tired. He was on the point of going to bed, when a messenger came from the 'Gold Fields' and hurried him away.

The streets are alive at a very early hour, and the excitement increases. The Reform Committee sits in perpetual session in the offices of the 'Gold Fields.' They are appointing sub-committees for the safeguard and comfort of the town; 51,000*l.* for the relief of the poor has already been

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

raised. Messengers are sent out to call in all the women and children from the mines. Arrangements are being made for the housing and feeding of these. Nothing is forgotten, and everything goes on with the utmost method and precision. It is like a great, splendid piece of machinery.

The merchants have sent up a deputation to try to bring the President to reason. He has temporarily removed the dues from food stuffs as a result of the interview. The Government has prohibited all telegraphic communication. *We are cut off from the world.*

The Reform Committee repudiates Dr. Jameson's inroad, but publishes its intention to adhere to the National Union Manifesto, and 'earnestly desires that the inhabitants should refrain from taking any action which can be construed as an overt act of hostility against the Government.' A certain tone of security and dignity pervades all the notices of the Reform Committee. The town is sure of success.

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

In order to silence rumours in regard to the hoisting of the English flag, Mr. Hammond after some difficulty secured a flag of the Transvaal, and took it into the committee room this morning. The entire body of men swore allegiance with uncovered heads and upraised hands. The flag now floats from the roof of the 'Gold Fields.' The merchants have closed their shops and battened up the windows with thick boards and plates of corrugated iron. Boer police are withdrawn from the town. Excitement at fever heat, but everything running smoothly. No drunkenness nor rioting. The streets are filled with earnest-looking men. Near the Court House arms are being distributed. At another point horses are given over to the newly-enrolled volunteers.

4 P.M.—I have driven from one end of the town to the other, through busy crowded streets, without seeing one disorderly person, or being regarded a second time by one of the thousands of men filing solemnly past

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

my carriage. They would form into squads and march gravely to their posts of duty. A splendid-looking set of men, ranging in age from 25 to 35. Men from every walk in life, professional men, robust miners, and pale clerks, some among the faces being very familiar. My eyes filled when I thought of what the future might be bringing them. At the hotel dinner Mrs. Dodd, Betty and I were the only women present. The room was crowded with men who spoke excitedly of a possible war and exchanged specimen cartridges across the table. I hear that one thousand Lee-Metford rifles have been given out. The town is now policed by Uitlanders under Trimble.

The Americans have held another meeting. Five hundred men were present, and with only five dissenting votes determined to stand by the Manifesto. After this meeting, the George Washington Corps of 150 members was formed.

Following are the names of the various Brigades :—

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

Australian, Scotch, Africander, Cycle, Colonial, Natal, Irish, Northumbrian, Cornish, and Bettington's Horse and the Ambulance Corps. Most of the mines are closing down. Women and children are still flying from the town. Alas! some men, too, who are heartily jeered by the crowd at the railroad station.<sup>1</sup>

St. John's Ambulance Society is advertising for qualified nurses or ladies willing to assist.

Natives are in a state of great panic. One of the Kaffir servants in the hotel gave me a tremendous shock this morning by rushing into my room to fling himself at my feet, sobbing and imploring me not to allow the Boers to kill him.

LATER.—The sultry day has cooled down into a calm, moonlit night.

<sup>1</sup> The Cornish miners were politely presented at Kimberley and other places en route with bunches of white feathers by the howling mob. One Cornishman afterwards related that he was pulled out at every station and made to fight. After the fourth mauling he turned round and went back to Johannesburg, preferring to take his chances with the Boers.

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

This evening the Reform Committee received a deputation from the Government consisting of Messrs. Marais and Malan; these gentlemen showed their authority from the Government, and were duly accredited. They are both progressive Boers and highly respected by the Uitlanders. They stated that they had come with the olive branch, that the Government had sent them to the Reform Committee to invite a delegation of that Committee to meet in Pretoria a Commission of Government officials, with the object of arranging an amicable settlement of the political questions. They emphatically asserted that the Government would meet the Reform Committee half-way—that the Government was anxious to prevent bloodshed, &c. That they could promise that the Government would redress the Uitlander grievances upon the lines laid down in the Manifesto, but that of course all the demands would not be conceded at once, and both sides must be willing to compromise. The Reform Committee met to

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

consider this proposal, and after long discussion decided to send a deputation to Pretoria. These gentlemen leave with Messrs. Malan and Marais on a special train to-night for Pretoria.

Johannesburg is quiet as ever was country town. The streets deserted. Nothing to suggest a city girt around by a cordon of soldiers, and yet such it is.

At midnight my husband ran in for a moment to see how we had stood the strain of the day.

'Is the news from Jameson really true?' I asked, still hoping it was rumour.

'I am afraid so.'

'And are those heavy wagons just going down the street carrying the big guns to the outskirts?'

'Yes. Good-night, dear.' He was gone.

III

JANUARY 1, 1896.—With the dawn of day I am out of bed and at the window waiting for the cry of the newsboy.

What will the New Year bring us ?

With nervous dread I opened the paper brought to my door. In large headlines it told of disaster.

The Natal train filled with refugee women and children has been wrecked, with great loss of life. The papers say forty have been killed outright, and many fearfully injured. Entire families have been wiped out in some cases. Mr. — has lost his wife, his sister, and three little children. This is the result of a Boer concession. The accident was caused by the Netherlands carriages being poorly built and top-heavy. In rounding a curve they

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

were swung off the track—collapsed at once like card-houses, crushing and mangling the helpless and crowded occupants.

The deputation to Pretoria did not leave last night, as was expected. They go this morning instead.

My husband is greatly disturbed at the delay. He says time is all important, and the Reform Committee's hands should not be tied while the Boers gain time.

Reports of Jameson's meeting the enemy have been amplified. Now it is said that fifty of his men have been killed and three hundred Boers. Sir John Willoughby is believed to be shot.

I drove out to my home to reassure my women, Mr. Sharwood having brought in word that the coachman Adams had almost caused a panic by his garish tipsy account of 'what was going on in town,' and 'the many risks he ran when taking the mistress out.'

Parker was overjoyed to see me, and so was Totsey. I found all staunch, and

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

ready, not only to protect themselves, but to fight anything, particularly the valiant Adams.

On my way back to town I heard firing beyond the ridge east of us. Some men at practice probably, but it gave me a wrench and detracted from Adams's dignified bearing. More organising and drilling of troops. I hear there is much suffering among them. The book-keeper, clerks, and indoor men find the unaccustomed exposure and fatigue trying in the extreme. But they are a plucky lot, and stand for hours on guard in the scorching sun, and walk miles with their poor blistered feet with pathetic cheerfulness; swooning in many cases at their posts rather than give in; to a man, eager to fight.

Betty and I began our daily visits to the women and children at the Wanderers' and Tattersall's to-day. At the Wanderers' alone are nearly three hundred. The wonderful provision made for their health and comfort spoke well for the intelligence as

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

well as heart of the Reform Committee, and Mr. Lingham, an American, who has that especial department in charge. We found the dancing-hall of the Wanderers' converted into a huge dormitory, the supper-room into a sick ward, and the skating-rink reserved for women newly confined—fright and excitement having brought on many premature births. There is a matron in charge of the sick, and a medical inspector, who comes twice a day to visit the different wards. I overheard him soundly berate a mother who kept her children too much indoors. The food was good, and there was plenty of it. Fresh cow's milk was supplied to the children. I noticed a large vessel of galvanised iron marked 'Boiled water for drinking purposes.' The little children were romping and tumbling about with great energy. The women were wonderfully patient, I thought, and firm in their adherence to the cause. This in some cases was but vaguely understood, but there was a general belief that there was 'goin' to be

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

some fighten,' which was sure to make us all better off. I heard but one complaint, and that from a hulking slouch of a man who had sneaked in from duty to take a nap on the foot of his sick wife's pallet. He complained of the food, showing me the remains of dainties given out to the sick woman, and *which he had helped her to eat*. The woman looked up at me with haggard eyes: 'It ain't the vittles, but the pain that's worrying me, ma'am.'

A touching sight were the yelping dogs of every breed, family pets tethered to the fence outside. All canteens are closed by order of the Reform Committee as a precautionary measure, and where there was doubt of these precautions being observed, the liquors were bought and thrown away.

Hundreds of varying rumours are afloat, which rush and swirl along until lost in distorting eddies.

This afternoon a horseman went through the town distributing a Proclamation from

A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

the High Commissioner, Sir Hercules  
Robinson :—

PROCLAMATION BY

*His Excellency the Right Hon. Sir Hercules George  
Robinson, Bart., Member of Her Majesty's  
Most Hon. Privy Council, K.C.B., of the Most  
Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St.  
George, Governor, Commander-in-Chief of Her  
Majesty's Colony of the Cape of Good Hope in  
South Africa, and of the Territories, Depen-  
dencies thereof, Governor of the Territory of  
British Bechuanaland, and Her Majesty's Com-  
missioner, &c., &c.*

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

‘WHEREAS the South African Republic  
is a friendly State in amity with Her  
Majesty's Government ; and WHEREAS it is  
my desire to respect the independence of  
the said State :

A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

‘ Now THEREFORE I hereby command the said Dr. Jameson and all persons accompanying him, to immediately retire from the territory of the South African Republic, on pain of the penalties attached to their illegal proceedings ; and I do further hereby call upon all British subjects in the South African Republic to abstain from giving the said Dr. Jameson any countenance or assistance in his armed violation of the territory of a friendly State.

‘ GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

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

‘ HERCULES ROBINSON,  
‘ High Commissioner.

‘ By command of His Excellency the High Commissioner.’

Johannesburg is dumfounded !

The sixth edition of the ‘ Star ’ this evening says that Jameson is only fifteen miles away, and that he has had a second

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

encounter with the Boers. The populace has recovered from the Proclamation, and their wild enthusiasm can scarcely be restrained. They want to go out to meet Jameson and bring him in with triumphal outcry. It is hard to be only a 'she-thing' and stay in the house with a couple of limber-kneed men, when such stirring happenings are abroad.

11 P.M.—Mr. Lionel Phillips has just addressed the crowd collected around the 'Gold Fields' waiting for news. He told them that the Reform Committee Delegation—of which he was one—had been received with courtesy by the Government Commission, the Chief Justice of the Republic acting as chairman.

They were assured that their proposals should be earnestly considered. Mr. Phillips then explained what was wanted, and reiterated the Reform Committee's determination to stand by the Manifesto. He also told the Commission that the leaders of the Reform Committee had

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

arranged with Jameson to come to their assistance when necessary, but that unfortunately he had come before required, probably through some misunderstanding or false report. While the Reform Committee regretted Jameson's precipitate action, they would stand by him. And as they had no means of stopping him they offered to prove their good faith by giving their own persons as hostages that Jameson should leave Johannesburg peacefully if he were allowed to come in unmolested. This offer was rejected by the Commission, but a list of the names of the Reform Committee was asked for.<sup>1</sup>

As a result of this interview the Government decided to accept the offer made by Her Majesty's High Commissioner to come to Pretoria to settle differences and avoid bloodshed. An armistice was then agreed upon pending the High Commissioner's arrival. Mr. Phillips was often interrupted

<sup>1</sup> This list was used as a roll-call a week later in the arrest of the sixty-four members.

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

by the crowd, some with cheers and others hooting. One voice called out, 'And how about Jameson?' Mr. Phillips answered, 'I am instructed by the Reform Committee to state to you, as I did to the Government, that we intend to stand by Jameson. Gentlemen, I now call upon you to give three cheers for Dr. Jameson.' There was prolonged and enthusiastic cheering.

The Reform Committee has sent out J. J. Lace to escort a messenger from the British Agent, who carries the Proclamation, and also to explain the situation to Dr. Jameson.

It is said that Lieutenant Eloff was captured by Jameson some miles beyond Krugersdorp. Eloff declaring he had official orders to obstruct his advance, Jameson expressed his determination to go on, but added that he had no hostile intentions against the Government.

JANUARY 2.—Betty and I sat up all night. The excitement is too intense to admit of hunger or fatigue. We know

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

nothing beyond the rumours of the street. Jameson is said to be at Langlaagte, fighting his way into town, the Boers in hot pursuit.

Mademoiselle has asked leave to go to the Convent to make her will.

In the streets, private carriages, army wagons, Cape carts and ambulances graze wheels. Every hour or two a fresh edition of the 'Star' is published; public excitement climbing these bulletins, like steps on a stair. We sit a half-dozen women in the parlour at Heath's Hotel. Two sisters weep silently in a corner. Their father is manager of the 'George and May'; a battle has been fought there a couple of hours ago. No later news has come to them. A physician, with a huge red-cross badge around his arm, puts his head in at the door, and tells his wife that he is going out with an ambulance to bring in the wounded. At this we are whiter than before, if it were possible.

Poor Mademoiselle returned an hour

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

ago and was obliged to go to bed, done up with the nervous tension.

Jacky is loose on the community; in spite of energetic endeavours (accompanied by the laying-on of hands in my case) his Aunt Betty and I cannot restrain his activity. He is intimate with the frequenters of the hotel bar, and on speaking terms with half the town. The day seems endless.

Things have gone so far, men want the issue settled, and perhaps the irresponsible are eager for a little blood-letting; there are certain primitive instincts which are latent in us all, and the thought of war is stimulating.

Mr. Lace returned this afternoon and reported that he had ridden through the lines to Jameson. He had had very little speech with the doctor, as the time was short, and the messenger bearing the proclamation of the High Commissioner was also present. Jameson asked where the troops were. Lace told him that he

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

could not rely on any assistance from the Uitlanders, as they were unprepared, and an armistice had been declared between the Boer Government and the people of Johannesburg.

LATER.—News is brought of a battle fought at Doornkop this forenoon, and *Jameson has surrendered*. Johannesburg has gone mad.

MIDNIGHT.—My husband has just come in, his face as white and drawn as a death mask.

We talked earnestly, and then I insisted upon his going to bed, and for the first time in three days he drew off his clothes and lay down to rest. The exhausted man now sleeps heavily; I sit beside him writing by the spluttering candle. Now, while it is fresh in my mind, I am trying to put down all that I have just heard from my husband.

He told me the Reform Committee were greatly surprised when they received the report of Mr. Luce, as Jameson had no right

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

to expect aid and succour from Johannesburg for the following reasons :—

*First.*—In answer to a telegram from Jameson, expressing restlessness at the delay, my husband wired him on December 27 a vigorous protest against his coming.

*Second.*—Strong and emphatic messages were taken by Major Heaney, one of Jameson's own officers, to the same effect, also by Mr. Holden. Major Heaney went by special train from Kimberley, and Mr. Holden on horseback across country.

These messages informed Dr. Jameson that the time had not arrived for his coming ; that the people of Johannesburg were without arms, and that his coming would defeat the aim and purposes of the whole movement ; and, further, that he could not expect any aid or co-operation from the people of Johannesburg.

Notwithstanding all this, Jameson left Pitsani Sunday night, and the first intimation which Johannesburg had of his advance

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

was through telegrams received Monday afternoon.

The Reform Committee, thus informed of Jameson's coming, and knowing that he was fully aware of their unarmed condition, believed that he relied only on his own forces to reach Johannesburg; and the Committee were assured by Major Heaney and Captain White (two of Jameson's officers, the latter having two brothers with the invading force) that no Boer force could stop him in his march; and this was confirmed by one of Jameson's troopers, who came from him this morning of the surrender, and reported that he was getting along well; that, although his horses were tired, he would reach Johannesburg within a few hours, and that he needed no assistance.

The hope of the Committee was that, after receiving the proclamation of the High Commissioner, Jameson would retrace his steps instead of pushing on.

Monday, when we first heard of his starting, there were only 1,000 guns, and very

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

little ammunition in the country, and these were hidden away at the different mines. One thousand five hundred more guns arrived next day. So desperate was the extremity, these guns were smuggled in at great risk of being discovered by the Boer Custom House officials, under a thin covering of coke on ordinary coal cars. But for the bold courage of several men, who rushed the coke through, they would have fallen into the hands of the Boers. The leaders had taken as few men as was possible into their confidence, so as to reduce to a minimum all liability of their plans being discovered by the Government. They had made almost no organisation, and Jameson's sudden oncoming placed them in a terrible position. To confess at this juncture that the Reform Committee was short of guns would have demoralised the people, and placed Johannesburg entirely at the mercy of the Boers. These leaders played a losing game with splendid courage. Realising that all would be lost if the true situation were suspected,

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

and feeling the fearful responsibility of their position, they kept their counsel, and turned bold faces to the world, continuing to treat with Government with the independence of well-armed men, and men ready to fight.

When the news of Jameson's surrender was confirmed this evening, the surging crowd around the 'Gold Fields' became an excited and dangerous mob. Pressing thickly together, in their frenzy, they began to mutter threats against the Reform Committee, and demanded, 'Where is Jameson? We thought you promised to stand by Jameson! Why didn't you give us guns and let us go out to help Jameson?'

Plans were made to blow up the 'Gold Fields' where the Reformers sat in session. Several gentlemen of the Committee essayed to speak from the windows, but were received with howls and curses from the stormy tumult below. At last Mr. Samuel Jameson, brother to Dr. Jameson, made himself heard:—

'I beg you, for my brother's sake, to

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

maintain a spirit of calm restraint. We have done everything in our power for him, and used our very best judgment. In face of the complicated circumstances, no other course could have been taken.'

It was as oil on the troubled waters.

JANUARY 3.—

FROM THE REFORM COMMITTEE.

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.

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

‘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.’

Deep and universal depression follows upon the great excitement. Jameson and his men are prisoners of war in Pretoria. Armed Boer troops encircle the town.

One man said to me to-day: ‘If we do get the franchise after losing only thirty men, how much we will have gained and at how cheap a price.’

It was a man's view; birth and death could never mean so little to a woman!

JANUARY 4.—The High Commissioner has arrived at Pretoria.

They say poor Dr. Jameson is greatly dejected, and never speaks to a soul.

JANUARY 5.—This beautiful Sunday, quiet and serene, dawns upon us free of

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

the sounds of the past week. No cries of newspaper boys nor hurry of wheels. A couple of bands of recruits drilled for a while sedately on Government Square, and then marched away. It is wonderful to an American woman, who still retains a vivid recollection of Presidential Elections, to see two warring factions at the most critical point of dispute mutually agree to put down arms and wait over the Sabbath, and more wonderful yet seems the self-restraint of going without the daily paper. The George Washington Corps attended a special service. The hymns were warlike and the sermon strong and anything but pacific.

JANUARY 6.—The Government issues an ultimatum: Johannesburg must lay down its arms.

The letter of invitation signed by Messrs. Charles Leonard, Francis Rhodes, Lionel Phillips, John Hays Hammond and George Farrar, inviting Dr. Jameson to come to the succour of Johannesburg

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

under certain contingencies, was printed in this morning's paper. It was picked up on the battlefield, in a leathern pouch, supposed to be Dr. Jameson's saddle-bag. *Why in the name of all that is discreet and honourable didn't he eat it!*

Two messengers from the High Commissioner, Sir Jacobus de Wet, the British Agent, and Sir Sydney Shippard, were received by the Reform Committee this morning. De Wet told them that Johannesburg must lay down its arms to save Jameson and his officers' lives; that unless they complied with this appeal, which he made on behalf of the High Commissioner, who was in Pretoria ready to open negotiations, Johannesburg would be responsible for the sacrifice of Jameson and his fellow prisoners. It would be impossible for the Government to conduct negotiations with the High Commissioner for redress of grievances until arms were laid down. He urged them to comply with this appeal to prevent bloodshed, and pro-

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

mised that they could depend upon the protection of the High Commissioner, and that not 'a hair of their heads would be touched.' After much discussion, the Committee agreed to lay down their arms.

Betty and Mrs. Clement were busy all the morning giving out books and flowers which had been generously sent by various ladies and commercial firms for distribution among the women and children at the Wanderers' and Tattersall's. Betty says the women were most grateful. They are busy, hard-working women, and the enforced leisure is very trying to them. She spoke with the manager of Tattersall's; he thanked her for her gifts, remarking, with some weariness in his tone: 'You don't know, Miss, how hard it is to keep the women amused and contented—and several of them have been confined!' as if that, too, were a proof of insubordination.

My husband tells me that the Committee is to hold a meeting at midnight, and another at six to-morrow morning. He

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

says that Lionel Phillips nearly fainted from exhaustion to-day. Mr. Phillips is consistent and brave, and George Farrar, too, is proving himself a hero. Dear old Colonel, with the kind thoughtfulness so characteristic of him, never fails to ask how we are bearing the trial.

JANUARY 7.—Sir Jacobus de Wet and Sir Sydney Shippard addressed the populace from the Rand Club balcony, exhorting them to accept the ultimatum.

LATER.—I have had such a reassuring conversation with Sir Sydney Shippard this evening. He is a most intelligent man, and speaks with such fluent decisiveness that all he says carries conviction. I am told that Sir Jacobus's speech was a rambling, poor affair and weak; the crowd showed a restlessness that at one time threatened to become dangerous. He was fortunately pulled down by his coat-tails before the crowd lost self-control.

Sir Sydney's speech, on the contrary, was strong and full of feeling. He told the

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

people that he sympathised deeply with them in their struggle for what he believed to be their just rights, but that being an English Government official he could take no part. He reminded them that Jameson was lying in prison, his life and the lives of his followers in great jeopardy. The Government had made one condition for his safety: the giving up of their arms. 'Deliver them up to your High Commissioner, and not only Jameson and his men will be safe, but also the welfare of those concerned in this movement—I mean the leaders.' He continued: 'I, whose heart and soul are 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.'

JANUARY 8.—Arms are being delivered up. About 1,800 guns already handed in. The Government assert that we are not keeping our agreement and are holding back

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

the bulk of the guns. My husband tells me that these are being given up as fast as possible, but that there are not over 2,700 among the entire Uitlander population. The Reform Committee has assured the High Commissioner that they are keeping good faith, but that they never had more than about 2,700. The disarmament is universally considered the first step to an amicable settlement. The Reform Committee has sent out orders and the guns are coming quietly in. Everybody feels a certain relief now that the strain is eased; the members of the Committee are dropping down into all sorts of odd places to make up for the lost sleep of the past week. Dozens are stretched on the floor of the club rooms. Some steady-going gentlemen of abstemious habit are unprejudiced enough to allow themselves to be found under the tables wrapped in slumber as profound as that of infancy.

In contrast to my feelings of yesterday I am almost joyous. But for poor im-

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

petuous Jameson and the newly dead and wounded of Doornkop, I could laugh again.

The women are going back to the mines. Many brave little men who have remained in the shade to comfort their wives now step boldly to the front and tell us what they would have done if it had really come to a question of fighting. There is so much talk of *moral courage* from these heroes, I fear it is the only kind of courage which they possess. One gentleman, not conspicuous for his bravery during the preceding days, gravely said to me: 'If there had been war, I wonder if I should have had the moral courage to keep out of the fight?' I looked into his face, and, seeing there his character, answered with dryness, 'Oh! I suspect you would.' He was too complaisant to appreciate the sarcasm. God made little as well as great things! I suppose we should love all humanity, even if it be in the spirit of a collector of curios.

The protracted excitement has caused several deaths from heart failure, and I

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

heard of two cases of acute mania. There would doubtless have been a far greater mortality but for the fact that Johannesburg is populated by young and, for the most part, vigorous men and women.

I hear that Dr. Jameson answered, when asked after his first night in the Pretoria jail if there was anything he would like to have, 'Nothing, thank you, but flea powder.'

I sat on the verandah with Sir Sydney Shippard and Betty this evening and watched the 'Zarps'<sup>1</sup> take control of the town. There was no remonstrance on the part of the populace.

LATER.—It is rumoured that a Com-mando of Boers will attack the town to-night. The place is practically defenceless; most of the men having returned to their work and the companies being disbanded.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Abbreviated term for South African police.

<sup>2</sup> The following cablegram will show that there were very substantial grounds for the rumour:—

'Sir Hercules Robinson (Pretoria) to Mr. Chamberlain.—8th January—No. 8. Since my telegram No. 1 of this morning matters have not been going so smoothly. When

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

JANUARY 9.—There is a fearful impression abroad this morning that the Reform Committee, or at least the leaders, will be arrested. My husband comforts me by saying the Government could not pursue such a course after having recognised the Reform Committee and offered not only to consider, but reform the grievances which have brought all this trouble about. He declares that Great Britain would not allow this after commanding her subjects to disarm and promising them her protection, and to see that their wrongs were righted.

the Executive Council met I received a message that only 1,814 rifles and three Maxim guns had been surrendered, which the Government of the South African Republic did not consider a fulfilment of the ultimatum, and orders would be immediately issued to a Commando to attack Johannesburg. I at once replied that the ultimatum required the surrender of guns and ammunition for which no permit of importation had been obtained, and that onus rested with the Transvaal Government to show that guns and ammunition were concealed for which no permit had been issued. If before this was done any hostile step were taken against Johannesburg I should consider it a violation of the undertaking for which I had made myself personally responsible to the people of Johannesburg, and I should leave the issue in the hands of Her Majesty's Government. . . .'

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

'It would be the worst sort of faith,' he insists.

Noon.—The situation is very strained. I can see that my husband is trying to prepare me for his possible arrest. 'It will merely be a matter of form.' Ah me! I can read in his grave face another truth. May God in His mercy grant us a happy issue out of all our afflictions.

At a quarter to ten on the night of January 9, my husband, with two dozen others of the Reform Committee, was arrested and thrown into jail on the charge of rebellion and high treason. They had heard that this was probable several hours earlier in the day.

The four leaders were secretly offered a safe conduct over the border, but refused to forsake their comrades and the Cause. Leaving word where he was to be found, and with the further stipulation that no handcuffs were to be used in his arrest, or 'he would blow the brains out of the first man who approached him,' my husband

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

hastened to break the news gently to us. I packed a tiny handbag with necessaries and filled his pockets with cakes of chocolate; chocolate was nourishing, and would sustain a hungry man hours, even days. We sat down hand in hand to wait for the officer, Betty in delicacy having left us alone together.

The Australians were giving a banquet below stairs, and as we clung to each other we could hear their shouts of boisterous mirth and hand-clapping. We started up at a tap on the door. A friend to tell us the officer was waiting at the street entrance. I helped my husband into his coat and we kissed each other good-bye. He was filled with solicitude for me. My thoughts were of the two thousand excited Boers laagered between Johannesburg and Pretoria, but recollection of my unborn child steadied me and gave me self-command.

Kind Mrs. Heath came to me, and, putting her arms about my shoulders, led me gently back into the bedroom. 'Mrs.

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

Heath, will you please tell my sister-in-law that I am alone?' and Betty knew what had happened and came to me at once. Some time later Mr. John Stroyan brought a note from my husband:—

Johannesburg Jail—2 A.M.

'We are well—a couple of dozen—waiting for the train to Pretoria. Don't worry.

'Yours, J. H. H.'

Then nature came to my relief. My overtaxed nerves refused to bear any more—they were paralysed. I threw myself across the foot of my little boy's bed, and lay like a dead woman until the morning broke. . .

Many days afterward I heard further details of the arrest. Some of the incidences were amusing, as was the polite borrowing and making use of Mr. King's carriage—he being one of the Reformers—for conveyance of the prisoners to the gaol. At the Rand Club there was so large a

## A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

collection of Reformers, that the carriages, even over-crowded, could not carry them all. Lieuts. de Korte and Pietersen, the officers in charge, said in the most friendly manner, 'Very well, gentlemen, some of you must wait until we can come back for you.' And they *did* wait. Colonel Rhodes was taken from his own home; roused from his bed, he stood brushing his hair with martial precision, and expressing to the officer his regret at putting him to the trouble of waiting while he dressed, Mr. Seymour Fort meanwhile packing his valise. 'Fort, old man, put in some books,' said the Colonel, who is a great reader; 'all the books you can find;' and Mr. Fort threw in book after book—big ones and little ones; and for this lavish provision the poor Colonel paid dearly some hours later, in company with several husbands, whose wives in excess of tenderness had provided them with every known toilette luxury filled into silver-topped cut crystal bottles. The sight of these afflicted men carrying their heavy burdens from the