

A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION

station to the prison at Pretoria was both amusing and dramatic. At times their speech reached the epic.

The sad side was poor Sam Jameson, crippled and broken with rheumatism—a seriously ill man—accompanied to the very prison gates by his ever-faithful wife; and the second lot of Reformers, sent to Pretoria the following morning, met with an experience which some of them have never since been able to speak of without turning white. By the hour of their arrival the whole country round about Pretoria knew of their coming, and a large and violent mob was gathered at the railroad station to receive them. Through some misadventure, an inadequate guard was detailed to march them to the gaol. The prisoners were set upon by the mob, reviled, stoned, and spat upon, the officers in charge trampling them under their horses' hoofs, in their vain and excited endeavours to protect them. The poor prisoners reached the jail in a full run, bruised and breathless, but thankful for the

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asylum the prison door afforded them from their merciless pursuers. They were quickly locked into cells. For many hours they had not tasted food. The first Reformers imprisoned slipped in to them a part of their own provisions, but as it was quickly and stealthily done one cell would receive the pannikin of meat, another the tin of potatoes, &c. The cells were in a filthy condition. As has been truly said, a Boer prison is not built for gentlemen. It was an unavoidable misfortune that this prison, which had up to this time housed only refractory Kaffirs, should by force of circumstance become the domicile for six long dreary months, and through a hot tropical summer, of gentlemen nurtured in every decency. Captain Mein told me that he stood the greater part of that first night rather than sit upon the filthy floor, but exhaustion at length conquered his repugnance. These were times which proved men's natures. It distilled the very essence of a man, and if anywhere in his make-up was the salt of selfishness,

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it was pretty sure to appear. Many who before had appreciated Charlie Butter's open hospitality, realised now that it was more than kindness which prompted him to give up his last swallow of whisky to a man who was older or weaker than himself. And they tell me that my own good man's cheery spirits helped along many a fellow of more biliary temperament.

The four leaders were put into a cell 11 feet by 11 feet, which was closed in by an inner court. There was no window, only a narrow grille over the door. The floor was of earth and overrun by vermin. Of the four canvas cots two were blood-stained, and all hideously dirty. They were locked in at 6 o'clock—one of them ill with dysentery—and there they remained sweltering and gasping through the tropical night until six of the morning. For two weeks they remained in this cell. Meanwhile, I knew nothing of my husband's plight, being mercifully deceived by both him and our friends, every day Mr. Heath bringing to

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Parktown telegrams from my husband assuring me of his good treatment by the Government, and imploring me not to worry.

The Reform Committee consisted of seventy-eight members; sixty-four were arrested. One of this number subsequently committed suicide in a temporary fit of insanity caused by protracted anxiety and prison hardship.

The Committee was composed of men of many nationalitiés and various professions—lawyers, doctors, and, with only one or two exceptions, all the leading mining men on the Rand. The Young Men's Christian Association was well represented, and a Sunday-school Superintendent was one of the list.

I returned to my home, and was in the doctor's care, and attended by a professional nurse.

By my Journal I see how good was Mr. Seymour Fort and how faithful Mr. Manion, the American Consular Agent, during this time of trial. From the flat of my back I

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listened to and took into consideration many plans suggested for the liberation of my husband. One lady proposed getting up a petition, which she would take to England to the Queen. It was to be headed with my name, as wife of one of the leaders: Mrs. Lionel Phillips being in Europe, and Mrs. George Farrar at the Cape; Colonel Rhodes a bachelor. I had small hopes of the success of things which had to be sent to Court, or placed before Courts. The subject was dismissed.

Then there was another plan thought out by a very shrewd man, and brought to my bedside, 'news which concerns your husband' being a passport to any one. I was to go at once to Cape Town, see Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and demand one hundred thousand dollars from him.

'What for?' I asked.

'You see,' said the gentleman, 'your husband and those other men are going to be tried *sure*, and we need money to lobby Pretoria.'

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I was stupid—it was my first Revolution—and I hadn't the least idea what lobbying Pretoria meant. My friend gave me a sketchy view of its meaning, and assured me it was usually done in grave cases.

'But it will kill me to leave my bed and start for Cape Town to-morrow,' I exclaimed.

My adviser delicately hinted that my husband's life was of more value than my own. On this point we agreed. I was to make Mr. Rhodes understand that we didn't want any more 'tom-fool military men up here to ball up the game.'

He was to give the money to me unconditionally, to be disbursed as my friend saw fit. We rehearsed the part several times; I was hopelessly dull!

'And now,' he questioned, 'if Rhodes refuses to give you the money, what will you do?'

I thought of Jael and Charlotte Corday, and all the other women who had to do

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with history, and said, 'I suppose I'll have to shoot him.'

My preceptor looked discouraged. We went over the part once again.

It is but fair to say that he had made every provision for my comfort. Attendants were ready, and at the right moment I have no doubt but that a neat pine coffin could have been produced. Reflection, however, showed me the inadvisability of this project; but I was happily spared the embarrassment of drawing back from promised compliance.

There was a higher power ruling. The next morning's papers announced the sailing of C. J. Rhodes for England.

The morning of January 10th, Johannesburg disarmed, and the Reformers in prison, the President of the Transvaal Republic issued a proclamation offering pardon to all who should lay down their arms, and declaring them to be exempt from prosecution on account of what had occurred at Johannesburg—*'with the exception of all persons*

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or bodies who may appear to be principal criminals, leaders, instigators, or perpetrators of the troubles at Johannesburg and suburbs. Such persons or bodies will justify themselves before the legal and competent Courts of this Republic.'

The principal criminals, leaders, instigators, or perpetrators were the same to whom was tendered the olive-branch brought from Pretoria by Messrs. Malan and Marais, acting envoys by the unanimous vote of the Executive; and three of these same principal criminals, leaders, instigators, or perpetrators were received seven days since, as representatives of the Reform Committee, in a conciliatory spirit by the Government's Special Commission, and told that their demands would be earnestly considered. During the intervening seven days Dr. Jameson had been conquered at Doornkop and made a prisoner of the State. The Reform Committee, in obedience to Sir Jacobus de Wet's long and prolix solicitation, and the strong appeal of Sir Sydney

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Shippard, assuring them that Jameson's life was in imminent danger, and the Government had made Johannesburg's disarmament the one condition of his safety, laid down their arms to preserve the life of a man already protected by the terms of his own surrender. 'Placing themselves,' cables the High Commissioner to Mr. Chamberlain, 'and their interests unreservedly in my hands, in the fullest confidence that I will see justice done them.' The sixty-four Reformers were then promptly driven into jail, and their property placed under an interdict.

Six months later, the four principal leaders were tried and sentenced to be hanged by their necks until they were dead, by a judge *brought from a neighbouring Republic, the Orange Free State*, for that purpose.

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IV

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12.—Mr. and Mrs. Perkins called this morning to advise Betty's not going immediately to Pretoria, as was her intention. Mr. Perkins said that the Boer feeling was very bitter, and foreign women were insulted in the streets. Advocate Wessels has also written to me, insisting upon my waiting two or three days, as my presence in Pretoria [could do no good, and might prejudice my husband's cause. A little trunk was packed and sent to my husband last night. I got out of bed to superintend, and felt tragically tender as I watched the things laid in. A fresh suit of clothes, some personal and bed linen, towels, shoes, family photographs, flea powder, ginger-snaps, beef essence, soap, my little down pillow, and his beloved and well-

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read Shakespeare. I was able to sit up for an hour this afternoon to receive Sir Sydney Shippard, Mr. Seymour Fort, and Mr. Manion.

Yesterday the Governor of Natal, Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson, started for Pretoria to confer with the High Commissioner in regard to the transport of Dr. Jameson and his men through Natal. They are to be handed over to the English Government.

Search parties of mounted Boers are going about looking for hidden guns. The Robinson Mine seems to be the spot most suspected.

Yesterday's 'Volksstem'—a Government organ—recalled to the minds of the Boers the Slachter Nek affair of eighty years ago—a story of Boers hung by Englishmen for their insistence in punishing a negro slave according to established custom. What a cruel sinister suggestion underlies this! ¹

¹ This affair was the result of an interference by the English. It arose out of the ill-treatment of a negro slave. The Boers resisted arrest, there was a clash of arms, and four of the Boers were hanged.

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Keen resentment is felt here against the young German Emperor and his indiscreet message to Kruger. I never dreamed years ago, when I used to see him, a tall, slender-legged boy in Berlin, that in maturity I should have so strong a desire to chastise him. England has commissioned a Flying Squadron, and the forces at Cape Town are to be strongly augmented.

JANUARY 13.—Mr. Manion showed me to-day a cable from the United States Secretary of State, Mr. Olney. 'Take instant measures to protect John Hays Hammond, and see that he has fair play.' It brought such a feeling of confidence and comfort! All he wants *is* fair play, and I pray to God that he may be protected until he gets it.

Many business meetings had to be postponed to-day on account of the large number of influential men in jail. I hear from Mr. — that on Thursday and Friday it was most difficult to keep the Boers from storming the town. President Kruger dissuaded them by promising each a new suit of

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clothes. These they have since been seen carrying, tied to the cantle of their saddles.

Feeling is strong and bitter against the leaders; they are held responsible for all the trouble brought about by the Jameson invasion.

Commandant Cronje's Burgher force paraded the street this morning—they are the men who captured Jameson. Jameson is the god of the hour, and Johannesburg resented the intrusion; but for the sake of their hero, still in the power of the Government, there was no indication of intolerance beyond a few audible sarcasms; remarks which were answered in kind by the Burghers.

Betty says they were an interesting-looking body of men; strong-framed, heavy-featured, with long unkempt hair and beards. They rode shaggy, moth-eaten-looking little ponies, each man with a bundle of hay bound to his saddle and a sausage in his wallet. Fathers among them as hale as the brawny

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sons by their sides. They looked capable of any amount of fatigue.

Numbers of stray dogs and cats attest the many deserted homes.

JANUARY 15.—Every train brings women and children, hobby-horses and canary birds back to their homes in Johannesburg. Betty has returned, accompanied by Mr. Seymour Fort, from Pretoria. She gives a very spirited account of her visit. Through Mr. Sauer, one of the advocates retained by the Reformers, a visiting permit was obtained. She and Mr. Fort were obliged to wait several hours, in company with a crowd of wives, at the prison gates, under a broiling sun. All were loaded down with offerings.

Betty's own donation was several green-lined umbrellas (a god-send in a white-washed court beat upon by a tropical sun). After being admitted each lady was taken into a private room and 'felt all over by a Boer woman,' who was so fat, Betty declares, 'she must have grown up in the

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room, as she could not possibly have got through the door, even sideways.'

In the prison court the prisoners were sitting about in great diversity of costume, pyjamas predominating. The weather was suffocatingly hot. To while away the tedious time some were playing marbles, others reading, and a few of the most active brains on the Rand were caught dozing at midday, in a strip of shadow the width of one's hand, the sole shade in the whole enclosure. Colonel Bettington sat on a bench near the entrance in a peculiar and striking costume which proved to be, to those who had courage to linger and analyse, pyjama drawers rolled to the knees, a crash towel draped with happy blending of coolness and perfect propriety around body, noble Bedouin arrangement of wet crash towel on head, single eyeglass in eye, merry smile. Mr. Lace was the only one of the company who could suddenly have been set down in Piccadilly without confusion to himself and beholders. He wore a neat

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brown suit, pale pink shirt, and a *stylish* straw sailor hat. The prisoners showed a touching interest, Betty says, in the distribution of their gifts. One husband asked his wife almost before she was within arm's length what she had brought him. She had brought him a box of Pasta Mack tabloids, and unfortunately there was not at that time a bath in the whole prison. Another gentleman was presented with a Cologne spray. He was the envy of the jail; within twenty-four hours every Cologne spray in Pretoria was bought up and in the possession of the Reform Committee.

The four leaders are kept apart. After much ceremony my husband was allowed to see his sister at the door of the inner court where they are housed. Jameson and his men are in a tiny cottage by themselves, and no communication whatever is allowed between the prisoners. Arrangements have been made with the authorities to allow food to be served to the Reformers from the Pretoria Club at the prisoners' expense.

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The head jailer, Du Plessis, is a cousin of Kruger's. A ponderous man with a wild beard, a blood-shot eye, and a heavy voice. He is said to have gone to the President several days after the arrest and said, 'Those men are not like us, they are gentlemen, and cannot stand such hardships.' \$250,000,000 are estimated as being represented by the men within the four walls of the Pretoria jail.

President Kruger suggests the adjournment of the Volksraad. Every one feels this to be a wise move while party spirit runs so high. The Hollanders in the Transvaal are much more rabid against the Reformers than the Boers.

Mr. Chamberlain has cabled to the High Commissioner respecting the leaders in the recent rising. He points out that their imprisonment may disorganise the mining industry, and inquires as to what will be the likely penalties.

America has asked Great Britain to protect Americans arrested in Johannes-

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burg. I hear that a Burgher, who saw some of the great iron pipes of the Waterworks Company being put in the ground, reached Pretoria in a state of intense excitement, exclaiming that he had seen 'miles of big guns at Johannesburg.'

Mr. Andrew Trimble, chief detective and head of the Uitlander police, quitted Johannesburg the night of the arrest with much precipitation; unfortunately, before indeed he had filed away his most important private papers. Following his hasty flight his office was carefully guarded by Zarps; no one was allowed to enter—'Oh yes, the Kaffir boy might go in to clean up.' A good friend of Mr. Trimble's, with stern aspect, instructed the boy to make a 'good job' of the room and burn all the papers strewn over the floor and desks. This was faithfully done by the unconscious negro, to the entire satisfaction of all save the Zarps in charge.

It is said Dr. Jameson entered the Transvaal with his despatch-box filled with

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important papers in cypher, *and the cypher code with it*. I cannot believe this of any man in his sound senses.

The High Commissioner left Pretoria by special train yesterday. This was the man who offered his service as Mediator and was accepted by both Uitlander and Boer. To placate the Boer he refrained from visiting Dr. Jameson and his men imprisoned at Pretoria, nor did he permit Sir Jacobus de Wet to visit them. He never acquainted himself with the terms of Dr. Jameson's surrender. He commanded Johannesburg to disarm to appease the Boer, and this being successfully accomplished through the self-control of the Reform Committee, he departed with his gout and other belongings, leaving the unarmed betrayed Reformers to shift for themselves. Was this being a Mediator?

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V

JANUARY 21.—The Burghers are disbanding and returning to their homes.

Trade is thoroughly unsettled, and business of every kind is in an unsatisfactory condition. Great disorder prevails in the town. Scarcely a night but there is some sort of disturbance between citizens and police; the latter are mostly raw German recruits.

Dr. Jameson and his officers left Pretoria yesterday. Dr. Jameson looked very downcast, and sat gazing stolidly before him until the train started. They were cheered at many places along the route. The United States Government has thanked Mr. Chamberlain for his offer to protect Americans in the Transvaal.

All travellers coming into the country

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must submit to a rigorous personal search for firearms at Vereeniging. In one case even the infant of the party was overhauled for guns and ammunition before being handed over to the loving father, who had come down to meet his little family.

LATER.—I came up to Pretoria this afternoon with Betty and the sick nurse. We were stopped at the station while the officials examined our handbags for cannon. This delay would have been irritating, but the men were so universally good-natured—a little dull-witted, with no appreciation of fitness, but good-natured. We drove at once to the Grand Hotel, and I went to bed that I might look rested when I saw my husband on the morrow. Lady de Wet and Dr. Messum, the prison physician, called to tell me the four men had been moved into the Jameson Cottage, but I was asleep, and not allowed to be roused. There is comfort in being this much nearer to my poor prisoner. The hotel is full of Reformers' wives, and there is much excite-

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ment and coming and going. We are warned to be cautious in what we say in public places, because of spies. Every woman has a nervous look on her face, and some of them shut the windows and doors before uttering even the most commonplace remarks.

Pretoria lies in a shallow basin in the heart of the hills—a fitting home for the Sleeping Princess. It is hushed and drowsy and overrun by a tangle of roses. Weeping willows edge the streets, which are wide and as neglected as a country road. Open gutters carry off, or rather contain, the sewage of the town. Its altitude is lower than that of Johannesburg, and the climate very relaxing. Every month or couple of months the town is full of stir and life. The Boers trek in from neighbouring farms with their long span of oxen, as many as eighteen and twenty being yoked to a wagon. They buy and sell, and partake of the *Nacht Maal*, or sacrament, laagered around the Dopper Church; and with their dogs, Kaffirs, and

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oxen make of that square a most unsavoury spot.

JANUARY 24.—I have been several times to the prison, and have seen my husband. He looks thin, but his face is much rested. He was greatly distressed on my first visit at the change in my appearance, which I declared was most ungrateful, as I had put on my best clothes for the occasion. His mouth showed a tendency to grow square at the corners; I had seen his children's do the same a thousand times in our nursery, and I turned away to conceal my emotion.

The leaders are still kept apart from the other Reformers, a chalked line showing the margin of their liberty. They are fairly comfortable in the Jameson Cottage. It contains two tiny rooms; in one all four sleep, and the other is used for a sitting-room. These are kept very clean and bright. Mr. Farrar is housekeeper, and 'tidies up' with such vigour that his three comrades threaten to give up their lodgings and decamp.

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'Hang it all,' says Mr. Phillips, 'we never sit down to a meal that George does not begin to sweep the floor'; 'And he takes our cups away and begins washing them before we've finished our coffee,' complains the Colonel. Mr. Farrar reproaches me for my husband's want of order. He says I have not trained him at all, which is quite the truth. Each man has his chief treasures on a little shelf above his bed. The three husbands have photographs of wife and children; Colonel Rhodes, the bachelor, a sponge-bag and pin-cushion. Every day I find a short list of things which they want got for them. It is many a long year since they had such simple desires: bed-sheets and pillow-cases, a shade for their window, Dutch dictionary, and lead pencils.

JANUARY 25.—The Reformers, with the exceptions of Messrs. Lionel Phillips, George Farrar, Colonel Rhodes, John Hays Hammond, and Percy Fitzpatrick, are released to-day on bail of ten thousand

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dollars each. They are not permitted to leave Pretoria however.

JANUARY 27.—Dr. Jameson has sailed on the 'Victoria' for England. The Governor of Natal was hooted at Volksrust for congratulating President Kruger on his defeat of Jameson.

We are again in Pretoria. I have asked for an interview with the President.

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My First Prison Pass

BEWIJS VAN TOEGANG

Aan den Cipier van de Gevangenis te
Pretoria.

Verlof wordt verliend aan Mrs. Hammond en Miss Hammond en Lady de Wet

Om den gevangene genaamd Hammond, Phillips, Rhodes en Farrar te bezoeken in Uwe tegenwoordigheid.

Den 22nd—1—1896.

VI

SIR JAMES SIVEWRIGHT said, as I left my rooms for the President's house, 'I am glad that you are going. You will find a man with a rough appearance but a kind heart.' Mr. Sammy Marx accompanied me.

The home of the President of the South African Republic is an unpretentious dwelling, built of wood and on one floor. There is a little piazza running across the front, upon which he is frequently seen sitting, smoking his pipe of strong Boer tobacco, with a couple of his trusted burghers beside him. Two armed sentinels stood at the latch gate. I hurried through the entrance. A negro nurse was scurrying across the hall with a plump baby in her arms. A young man with a pleasant face

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met me at the sitting-room door and invited me to enter. It was an old-fashioned parlour, furnished with black horse-hair, glass globes, and artificial flowers. A marble-topped centre table supported bulky volumes bound in pressed leather with large gilt titles. There were several men already in the room, Boers. Those nearest the door I saw regard me with a scowl. I was a woman from the enemy's camp. At the further end of the long room sat a large sallow-skinned man with long grizzled hair swept abruptly up from his forehead. His eyes, which were keen, were partly obscured by heavy swollen lids. The nose was massive, but not handsome. The thin-lipped mouth was large and flexible, and showed both sweetness and firmness. A fine mouth! He wore a beard. It was President Kruger. He was filling his pipe from a moleskin pouch, and I noticed that his broad stooping shoulders ended in arms abnormally long. We shook hands, and he continued to fill and

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light his pipe. Mr. Grobler, the pleasant-faced young man, grandson and Secretary to the President, observing that I was trembling with fatigue and suppressed excitement, offered me a chair. We sat opposite each other, the President in the middle. I spoke slowly, Mr. Grobler interpreting. This was hardly necessary, President Kruger answering much that I said before it was interpreted. I could understand him perfectly from my familiarity with German and especially *Platt-Deutsch*.

I explained that I had not come to talk politics. 'No, no politics,' interrupted the President in a thick loud voice. Nor had I come to ask favour for my husband, as I felt assured that the honesty of his motives would speak for themselves at the day of his trial; but I *had* come as a woman and daughter of a Republic to ask him to continue the clemency which he had thus far shown, and to thank Mrs. Kruger for the tears which she had shed when Johannesburg was in peril.

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President Kruger relaxed a little. 'That is true, she did weep.' He fixed me with his shrewd glance. 'Where were you?' he asked abruptly.

'I was in Johannesburg with my husband.'

'Were you not afraid?'

'Yes, those days have robbed me of my youth.'

'What did you think I was going to do?'

'I hoped that you would come to an understanding with the Reformers.'

His face darkened.

'I was disappointed that the Americans went against me,' he said.

Mr. Sammy Marx rose and left the room. I was seized with one of those sudden and unaccountable panics, and from sheer embarrassment—my mood was far too tragic to admit of flippancy—blurted out, 'You must come to America, Mr. President, as soon as all this trouble is settled, and see how *we* manage matters.'

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Kruger's face lighted up with interest.

'I am too old to go so far.'

'No man is older than his brain, Mr. President'; and Kruger, who knew that in all the trouble he had shown the mental vigour of a man in his prime, accepted my praise with a hearty laugh. This was joined in by the Boers from the other end of the room.

Mrs. Kruger refused to see me, and I liked her none the less for her honest prejudice. I stood to go. President Kruger rose, removed the pipe from between his teeth, and, coughing violently, gave me his hand.

Mr. Grobler escorted me to the gate. 'Mrs. Hammond, I shall be glad to serve you in any way possible to me,' he said with courtesy.

'Then will you say to Mrs. Kruger that I am praying to the same God that peace may come?'

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3.—The preliminary trial of the Reform Committee prisoners

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was called this morning. The hearing was in the second Raadzaal. Although the accommodation for the public was limited there was a large crowd of Johannesburgers present.

Shortly before ten o'clock an armed escort marched up to the jail for Messrs. Hammond, Phillips, Farrar, Fitz-Patrick, and Rhodes. The other Reformers stood in a bunch at the entrance of the hall. All the principal Government officials were present. Sir Jacobus de Wet appeared, accompanied by Mr. J. Rose Innes, Q.C., who had come from the Cape to watch the case on behalf of the Imperial Government.

Punctually at ten the State Attorney, Coster, took his seat, and, beginning with my husband's name, called the accused into Court.

The sixty-four prisoners were assigned to rows of cane-bottomed chairs in the north-west corner of the building. The proceedings were in Dutch, and continued

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throughout the day. With the exception of a few, none of the Reformers understood Dutch. The hall was without ventilation, and overcrowded, and sixty-four more bored and disconsolate-looking men, I believe, were never brought together. Some of them fanned vigorously with their hats, others gave themselves up to circumstance and sank into apathy. On the second day, profiting by experience, fans and paper-backed novels were brought into the Court room by the arraigned.

When the Reformers filed in I noticed my husband was not amongst them. Captain Mein caught my eye and beckoned me to come down from the ladies' gallery. I hurried to him in some alarm. He told me that my husband was not well, and handed me a permit which Advocate Sauer had procured for me. I went at once to the prison, and found my husband with acute symptoms of dysentery, a feeble pulse, and a heart which murmured when it beat.

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'Jack,' I said, 'I am going to dig you out of this jail !'

He looked incredulous, and said despondently, 'I'd rather stay *here* than go to the prison hospital.'

'I'm not thinking of the prison hospital,' simply to reassure him, and with absolutely no plan of procedure in mind I smiled wisely.

On my way back to the hotel I was perplexed and uncertain which end to try first—the American Government or the Government of the Transvaal. I decided upon the latter, and, assisted by Advocate Scholtz, set to work with such good effect that by the end of the day I had received permission to remove my invalid into a private house and personally attend him. Captain Mein cabled to Mr. David Benjamin, who was in England, for the use of his cottage. An answer returned within a few hours, granting us cordial possession.

I was told that we should be kept under strict guard and that an officer would be

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lodged in the house with us. Colonel Bettington advised me to ask the Government that this officer might be Lieutenant de Korte, who was a gentleman, and a man of kindly instincts. This I did, and again my wishes were generously considered. My first act in the cottage home was to cable the United States Secretary of State of my privilege ; Betty and my faithful housemaid, Parker, were allowed to be with us.

Thirteen men were stationed on guard around the tiny flower-covered cottage. No letters or telegrams were allowed to be sent or received without first being read by Lieutenant de Korte ; visitors were obliged to obtain permits to see us, and many were the times I saw my best friends hang disconsolate faces over the garden gate, because the prescribed number of passes had already been distributed.

The ladies of the house were allowed to go out twice in the week. I never accepted this freedom. Betty did once, and returning after hours was refused entrance by the

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sentinel. Fortunately Mr. de Korte came to the rescue. Another time, in consequence of a change of guard, he himself was obliged to show his papers before being allowed to leave the premises. Lieutenant de Korte was excessively strict, as was his duty to the Government, but throughout the two weeks we were under his care he proved himself entirely worthy of Colonel Bettington's praise, 'A gentleman and a man of kindly instincts!' One piece of kindness I particularly appreciated. *He never wore his uniform in the house.* When he sat down to table it was in the usual evening dress of a man of the world, and our conversation was always on pleasant subjects. We never forgot, however, that we were prisoners. My husband and I slept like Royalty in the throne-room, with all the Court assembled. One guard sat at our bedroom door, gun in hand, and two others on the verandah just outside the low window. I could hear their breathing throughout the night. My husband and I could never ex-

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change a private word; sometimes I would write a message which was hurriedly burnt in the bedroom candle. The day we moved into the cottage I saw a rose in the garden which I thought would please and refresh my patient. I stepped over the threshold to find my nose in conjunction with the highly-polished barrel of an unfriendly rifle. There was no necessity for me to understand the guttural speech of the guard, to appreciate that he desired me to return into the house at once. I did so. Efforts to induce Mr. Hammond to take a little exercise in the garden I soon gave over. After a few steps (a guard only two feet behind him) he would be utterly exhausted, and would almost faint away on reaching his chair again. Under these petty irritations my husband showed an angelic patience and fortitude that alarmed me. It was so unlike his normal self. I longed to hear him cuss a cosy swear; it would have braced us both. But he was gentle, and appreciative of little

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kindnesses; so, to keep from weakening tears, I took to swearing myself.

Pretoria was like a steam bath. Frequent thunderstorms were followed by a blazing sun. Vegetation grew inches in a day, and emitted a rank smell. People were sallow and languid, and went about with yellow-white lips. My husband was losing strength perceptibly.

I called upon Dr. Messum, and begged that he would summon Dr. Murray, our family physician, from Johannesburg, in consultation. He preferred a Hollander. I would have none of them! We haggled, and he gave in. Dr. Murray came to Pretoria. He was very grave when he came out of my husband's sick room. His report to the Government gained the allowance of a daily drive, but even for this slight exertion the sick man was soon too feeble. I wanted to take him to the bracing heights of Johannesburg, but lawyers and physicians advised me not to make this request. Johannesburg was

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still a red rag to the Government, and I would be sure to meet with a rebuff. Notwithstanding, I went one night at eleven o'clock, escorted by Lieutenant de Korte, carrying a glimmering lantern, to interview Dr. Schaagen van Leuwen, and laid the case before him.

My husband would surely die if kept in Pretoria; the Government physician who had been attending him could attest the truth of my statement. I begged to be allowed to take him to his home in Johannesburg, under whatever restrictions or guard the Government might choose to impose. *Johannesburg was my desire*, and I positively refused to accept any alternative. Dr. Schaagen van Leuwen was very kind, and promised to do all he could to help me, and he gave me good reason to hope that my request would be considered.

In the morning I went again to visit Dr. Messum, this time with Mr. Percy Farrar. I urged him to send in his report of my husband's case at once, as he seemed

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inclined to let the matter drift. Mr. Farrar and I also drew his attention to the condition of the Jameson Cottage. The walls were covered with mildew from the recent rains and the floor damp with seepage water. Mr. Phillips was suffering from lumbago, and Mr. Fitzpatrick with acute neuralgia.

Next day we were pleasantly surprised by a call at the cottage from Messrs. Phillips, Farrar, and Colonel Rhodes, liberated under the same conditions as was my husband—a bail of 50,000 dollars and a heavy guard. They were then on their way to a cottage at Sunnyside. Mrs. Farrar and I hugged each other with joy, and were quite ready to do the same to the lawyers who had been so successful in attaining this end. When I learned a little later that consent had been given for Mr. Hammond to be taken to Johannesburg my measure of happiness seemed indeed complete.

With all speed Parker and I tied up our belongings. Lieutenant de Korte, with nine

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guards, was to attend us as far as Johannesburg. A bed was made for the sick man on one of the seats, and frequent stimulants helped him bear the journey. The thought of going home did as much as the cordials to stay his strength, I shall always believe. A number of gentlemen of my husband's staff were at the station to meet us. Mr. Catlin's kind face I could see above all the others, and dear Pope Yeatman's. Before we could exchange greetings we were whisked off into our carriage by the officer whose duty it was to take us in charge. A soldier hopped up on the box, and another planted himself on the seat opposite to us—to my inconvenience, and Parker's intense indignation. Our home was alight. There was a good dinner on the table, and my husband, with his natural hospitality, invited the officer to share it with us. I think I should have shot him if he had accepted—but he did not accept.

There had been a fearful dynamite explosion at Fordsburg, a suburb of Johannes-

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burg, late in the afternoon, and he was busied with bringing in the wounded. Very politely he asked me to take him through the house. This I did, grimly remarking, as I pointed to the window in my dressing-room, 'That is the one he will escape by when we have made up our minds to run.' This cheap wit cost me weeks of inconvenience, for the literal Hollander took me at my word, and posted a guard directly opposite this window. Being a Vrywilliger¹ and a gentleman, this poor man suffered as sharply from his position as did I. That night two armed men stood at our chamber door. One was stationed at each of our bedroom windows. Another guarded the house entrance, and the remainder of the guard were dispersed around the yard. Their guns were loaded, and a bandolier of cartridges crossed their breasts. All this to restrain a poor, broken man, who could not walk a dozen yards!

¹ A volunteer.

VII

ASH WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19.—The dynamite explosion was something terrific. Fifty-five tons exploded at one time, wounding 700 people, killing 80, and leaving 1,500 homeless. It ripped a chasm in the earth deep enough to hold an Atlantic steamer with all her rigging. The Kaffirs thought the sun had burst. Betty says the noise of the report was something awful. Little Jacky was digging in the garden at the time. He returned to the house at once with a very troubled face. The coachman coming from town an hour later told of the dreadful catastrophe. Jacky took his aunt aside: 'Aunt Bet, I heard that great big noise when I was diggin' and I thought I had dug up hell.'

The explosion was the result of neglect.

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For four days fifty-five and a half tons of dynamite lay under a hot sun at the Netherlands Railroad junction, left in charge of an inexperienced youth of twenty who had 'forgotten to remove it' as was ordered the day before the explosion occurred.

Fordsburg is populated by poor Dutch and Boers. With generous disregard of recent conflicts, the Uitlanders at once gave help and sympathy to the afflicted. Seven of the members on the Relief Committee were Reformers; and Reformers' wives were among the first to nurse the wounded. President Kruger came over to Johannesburg to visit the scene of the accident. He visited the wounded at the Wanderers' and hospital, and seemed greatly affected. He made a speech in which he begged the sufferers to turn their eyes to the Great Healer, who alone could comfort. He also said that he was gratified to hear that the subscriptions in aid of the distressed had reached so high a figure; 'Johannesburg had come nobly to the rescue, and he was glad to know

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it.' He quoted the words of the Saviour, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' In benefiting others he declared they would benefit themselves.

FEBRUARY 23.—I am housed with my ill husband. Betty comes in and goes out in constant service to the sufferers from the dynamite explosion. We can think of nothing else. All the tragic stories we hear from friends and read in the papers fill our days with sadness.

A friend of my cook's was visiting a neighbour at Fordsburg. She stood on the threshold, an infant in her arms, and a three-year-old boy at her side. The explosion came. Her baby was killed outright, and the child clinging to her skirts dropped with one leg ripped entirely from the socket. The mother was not even scratched. Another woman was sewing on a sewing machine. After recovering from the shock, she found herself unhurt, her house collapsed, and the sewing machine entirely disappeared. Most of the houses fell outward and not inward,

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and those persons near the explosion describe their experience of the shock as falling asleep or going off in a trance.

The society women of Johannesburg are doing noble work. Dr. Murray says it is astonishing how intelligently alert and self-sacrificing they are proving themselves to be. A story has been told me of a Boer woman who was fearfully mangled; she bore the necessary surgical operation with fortitude, but wept copiously when a green baize petticoat, which she had recently made out of a tablecloth, was taken off. Only a solemn promise from Mrs. Joel, her lady nurse, to keep the garment safe until her recovery, appeased her outcries.

I asked the officer in charge yesterday if I might see some of my friends who called, the sentinels having thus far denied them entrance. 'Yes, but there are some women in the place whom I do not care to have come here.' 'And who might they be?' I asked. 'The wives of the Reformers,' he answered. 'Then,' I flashed out, 'I do not

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care to accept *any* favours at your hands ; those women are my personal friends, and the only persons under existing circumstances whom I wish to see.'

(We were under this gentleman's surveillance for some time, and he afterwards proved very friendly, so *my husband says*, but I never spoke to him again. I did not like him. His voice was unpleasant and he had a high, hard nose, and I do not fancy people with hard, high noses.)

A poor little two-year-old baby was found wandering among the ruins at Fordsburg, with only a slight scratch on her wrist. It is supposed that she has been lying unconscious under the débris.

A Malay woman was discovered cowering over the ruins of what was once her home, crooning to a dead child at her breast.

The Netherlands Railroad Company, *under whose auspices* the accident took place, have donated 50,000 dollars to the Relief Fund ; and the Transvaal Government has

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set aside 125,000 dollars for the same purpose; the Uitlanders, 325,000 dollars, which was collected within a few hours after the explosion.

FEBRUARY 25.—Business continues stagnant.

A deputation of mining men go to Pretoria in regard to the depression in the mining industry resulting from the imprisonment of the leaders. I hear many of the mines will have to shut down.

England's Queen and President Kruger have exchanged messages over the explosion.

A Kaffir has been found in the wrecked station at Fordsburg; although he had been imprisoned five days in the débris, he was still alive, and revived promptly after being given food. (He succumbed however, some days later to pneumonia brought on by the exposure).

1,500 of the survivors from the dynamite disaster are now encamped at the Agricultural Show Yard. The Relief Com-

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mittee are doing all possible to assuage their sufferings. Poor people! many of them are utterly crushed, and sit about dazed and listless; while the little children, unconscious of the despair surrounding them, frolic about with the chickens, and make mud-pies as if nothing had happened. But for the thoughtless elasticity of childhood, how few of us could live to grow up!

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VIII

THE preliminary trial dragged its undignified course through the Courts with a fortnight's interruption, because a youth named Shumacher refused to give his opinions on a certain subject to the Attorney-General, and was committed to prison for contempt.

The High Commissioner was going through genuflexions before the Boer President. Peace, peace, at any price! at the cost of broken promises, humiliating compromises, and the lives of sixty-four Reformers, if need be.¹

¹ Cablegram of the High Commissioner to Mr. Chamberlain, January 8, 1896:—

'I intend, if I find that the Johannesburg people have substantially complied with the Ultimatum, to insist on the fulfilment of promises as regards prisoners and consideration of grievances, and will not allow, at this stage, the introduction of any fresh conditions as regards the London Convention of 1884. Do you approve?'

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Mr. Chamberlain had caught the infection, and was salaaming across the world to Mr. Kruger, like a marionette out of a box. Thoughtful people began to wonder if he were swung by a heavy weight, which was unknown to us. Sir William Harcourt was giving the House of Commons, in England, ill-founded and flippant assurances that 'the Uitlanders desired no interference from the outside, whether British or other, but preferred rather to work out their own salvation.' He added many unpleasant remarks about the Reformers. I said to one of his countrymen, 'Why does he, in his safety, flourish about, pinning us deeper down in the wreckage?'

'Don't let that distress you. Everybody understands that he belongs to the other party. If he were of the party in power he would be howling for the Reformers. Remember, Mrs. Hammond, that our system of party politics seems to call for such attitudes of injustice.' I didn't quite understand the argument, but the gentle-