fertile spots in the newly discovered territory, and established the villages of Utrecht, Lydenburg, Potchefstrom, and Zoutpansberg.

When the Volksraad was found to be inadequate to meet the requirements of the situation these villages were transformed into republics, each with a government independent of the others. The government of the limited areas of land occupied by the four republics was fairly successful, but the surrounding territory became a practical no-man's-land, where roamed the worst criminals of the country and hundreds of detached bands of marauding natives.

The Boers imposed a labour tax upon all the natives who lived in the territory claimed by the four republics, and for a period of ten years the taxes were paid without a murmur. About that time, however, the native tribes had recovered from the great losses inflicted upon them by the emigrant farmers, and they were numerous enough to make an armed resistance to the demands of the governments. White women and children were massacred

and property was destroyed at every opportunity.

For purposes of self-preservation the four republics decided to unite the governments under one head, and, after many disputes and disorders, succeeded, in May, 1864, in forming a single republic, with Marthinus Wessel Pretorius as President, and Paul Kruger as commandant-general of the army.

Ten months after the organization of the republic the Barampula tribe and a number of lawless Europeans rebelled against the authority of the Government, and Kruger was obliged to attempt their subjugation. Owing to a lack of ammunition and funds, he failed to end the rebellion, and as a result the Boers were compelled to withdraw from a large part of the territory they had occupied. Up to this time the Boers had not been interfered with by the Government of Cape Colony, but another tribal rebellion that followed the Barampula disturbance led to the establishment of a court of arbitration, in which the English governor of Natal figured as umpire.

The result of the arbitration was that the rebellious tribes were awarded their independence, and that a large part of the Boers' territory was taken from them. The emigrant farmers who had settled the country maintained that President Pretorius was responsible for the loss of territory and compelled him to resign, after which the Rev. Thomas François Burgers, a shrewd but just clergyman-lawyer, was elected head of the republic. Burgers believed that the republic was destined to become a power of world-wide magnitude, and instantly used his position to attain that object. He went to Holland to secure money, immigrants, and teachers for the state schools. He secured half a million dollars with which to build a railroad from his seat of government to Delagoa Bay, and sent the railway material to Lourenzo Marques, where the rust is eating it to-day.

When Burgers returned to Pretoria, the capital of the republic, he found that Chief Secoceni, of the big Bapedi tribe, had defied the power of his Government, and was murdering the white immigrants in cold blood.

Burgers led his army in person to punish Secoceni, and captured one of the native strongholds, but was so badly defeated afterward that his soldiers became disheartened and decided to return to their homes.

Heavy war taxes were levied, and when the farmers were unable to pay them the Government was impotent to conduct its ordinary affairs, much less quell the rebellion of the natives. The Boers were divided among themselves on the subject of further procedure, and a civil war was imminent. The British Government, hearing of the condition of the republic's affairs, sent Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who had held a minor office at Natal, to Pretoria with almost limitless powers. He called upon President Burgers and stated to him that his mission was to annex the country to England, and gave as his reasons for such a proceeding the excuse that the unsettled condition of the native races demanded it.

Burgers pointed out to Shepstone that the native races had not harmed the English colonies, and that a new constitution, modelled after that of America, with a standing police

force of two hundred mounted men, would put an end to all the republic's troubles with the natives. Shepstone, however, had the moral support of a small party of Boers who were dissatisfied with Burgers' administration, and on April 12, 1877, declared the republic a possession of the British Empire. Burgers retired from the presidency under protest, and Shepstone established a form of government that for a short time proved acceptable to many of the Boers. He renamed the country Transvaal, and added a considerable military force.

But the Boers were not accustomed to foreign interference in their affairs, and twice sent deputations to England to have the government of the country returned to their own hands. Paul Kruger was a member of both deputations, which showed ample proof that the annexation was made without the consent of the majority of the Boers, but the English Colonial Office refused to withdraw the British flag from the Transvaal.

Sir Owen Lanyon, a man of no tact and an inordinate hater of the Boers, succeeded

Shepstone as administrator of the Transvaal in 1879, and in a short time aroused the anger of his subjects to such an extent that an armed resistance to the British Government was decided upon. The open rebellion was delayed a short time by the election of Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister of England, and, as he had publicly declared the righteousness of the Boer cause, the people of the Transvaal looked to him for their independence. When Mr. Gladstone refused to interfere in the Transvaal affairs the Boers held a meeting on the present site of Krugersdorp, and elected Paul Kruger, M. W. Pretorius, and Pieter J. Joubert a triumvirate to conduct the government.

At this meeting each Boer, holding a stone in his hand, took an oath before the Almighty that he would shed the last drop of blood, if need were, for his beloved country. The stones were cast into one great heap, over which a tall monument was erected several years afterward. The monument is annually made the rendezvous of large numbers of Boers, who there renew the solemn pledges to protect their country from aggressors.

On the national holiday, Dingaan's Day, December 16, 1880, the four-colour flag of the republic was again raised at the temporary capital at Heidelberg. The triumvirate sent a manifesto to Sir Owen Lanyon explaining the causes of discontent, and ending with this significant sentence, which has ever remained a motto of the individual Boers:

"We declare before God, who knows the heart, and before the world, that the people of the South African Republic have never been subjects of Her Majesty, and never will be."

Lanyon cursed the men who brought the manifesto to him, and straightway proceeded to execute the authority he possessed. His soldiers fired on a party of Boers proceeding toward Potchefstrom, where they intended to have the proclamation of independence printed. The Boers defeated the soldiers the same day the Transvaal flag was hoisted at Heidelberg, and the war, which had been impending for several months, was suddenly precipitated before either of the contestants was prepared.

Lanyon ordered the garrison of two hundred and sixty-four men at Leydenburg, under

Colonel Anstruther, to proceed to Pretoria, the English capital. At Bronkhorst Spruit, Colonel Anstruther's force was met by an equal number of Boers, who immediately attacked him. The engagement was brief but terrible, and the English forces were compelled to surrender.

Lanyon then sent to Natal for assistance, and Sir George Colley and a body of more than a thousand trained soldiers and volunteers set out to assist the English in the Transvaal, who for the most part were besieged in the different towns. Commandant-General Pieter Joubert, with a force of about fifteen hundred Boers, went forward into Natal for the purpose of meeting Colley, and occupied a narrow passage in the mountains known as Laing's Nek. Colley attempted to force the pass on January 28, 1881, but the Boers inflicted such a heavy loss upon his forces that he was compelled to retreat to Mount Prospect and await the arrival of fresh troops from England.

Eleven days after the battle of Laing's Nek, General Colley and three hundred men,

while patrolling the road near the Ingogo River, were attacked by a body of Boers under Commandant Nicholaas Smit. The Boers killed and wounded two thirds of the English force engaged, and compelled the others to retreat in disorder. Up to this time the Boers had lost seventeen men killed and twenty-eight wounded, while the British loss was two hundred and fifty killed and three hundred and fifty wounded.

During the night of February 26th General Colley made a move which was responsible for one of the greatest displays of bravery the world has ever seen. The fight at Majuba Hill was won by the Boers against greater odds than have been encountered by any volunteer force in modern times, and is an example of the courage, bravery, and absolute confidence of the Boers when they believe they are divinely guided.

Between the camps of General Colley and Commandant-General Joubert lay Majuba Hill, a plateau with precipitous sides and a perfectly level top about twenty-five hundred feet above the camps. In point of resemblance

Majuba Hill, where one hundred and fifty Boer volunteers defeated six hundred British soldiers.

the hill was a huge inverted tub whose summit could only be reached by a narrow path. General Colley and six hundred men, almost all of whom were trained soldiers fresh from England, ascended the narrow path by moonlight, and when the sun rose in the morning were able to look from the summit of the hill and see the Boer camp in the valley.

The plan of campaign was that the regiments that had been left behind in camp should attempt to force the pass through Laing's Nek, and that the force on Majuba Hill should make a new attack on the Boers and in that manner crush the enemy in the pass. So positive were the soldiers of the success that awaited their plans that they looked down from their lofty position into the enemy's lines and speculated on the number of Boers that would live to tell the story of the battle.

It was Sunday morning, and had the distance between the two armies been less, the soldiers on the hill might have heard the sound of many voices singing hymns of praise and the prayers that were being offered by

the Boers kneeling in the valley. The English held their enemies in the palm of their hand, it seemed, and with a few heavy guns they could have killed them by the score. The sides of the hill were so steep that it did not enter the minds of the English that the Boers would attempt to ascend except by the same path which they had traversed, and that was impossible, because the path leading from the base was occupied by the remaining English forces.

The idea that the Boers would climb from terrace to terrace, from one bush to another, and gain the summit in that manner, occurred to no one. Before there was any stir in the Boers' camp the English soldiers stood on the edge of the summit and, shaking their fists in exultation, challenged the enemy: "Come up here, you beggars!"

The Boers soon discovered the presence of the English on the hill, and the camp presented such an animated scene that the English soldiers were led to imagine that consternation had seized the Boers, and that they were preparing for a retreat.

A short time afterward, when the Boers marched toward the base of the hill, the illusion was dispelled; and still later, when one hundred and fifty volunteers from the Boer army commenced to ascend the sides of the hill, the former spirit of braggadocio which characterized the British soldier resolved itself into a feeling of nervousness. During the forenoon the British soldiers fired at such of the climbing Boers as they could see, but the Boers succeeded in dodging from one stone to another, so that only one of their number was killed in the ascent.

When the one hundred and fifty Boers reached the summit of the hill, after an arduous climb of more than five hours, they lay behind rocks at the edge and commenced a hot fire at the English soldiers, who had retreated into the centre of the plateau, thirty yards distant. The English soldiers had been ordered to fix their bayonets and were prepared to charge, but the order was never given. A fresh party of Boers had reached the summit and threatened to flank the English, who, having lost many of their offi-

cers and scores of men, became wildly panic-stricken.

Several minutes after General Colley was killed, the British soldiers who had escaped from the storm of bullets broke for the edge of the summit and allowed themselves to drop and roll down the sides of the hill. When the list of casualties was completed it was found that the Boers had killed ninety-two, wounded one hundred and thirty-four, and taken prisoners fifty-nine soldiers of the six hundred who ascended the hill. The loss on the Boers' side was one killed and five wounded.

A short time after the fight at Majuba Hill an armistice was arranged between Sir Evelyn Wood, the successor of General Colley, and the Triumvirate, and this led to the partial restoration of the independence of the South African Republic. By the terms of peace concluded between the two Governments, the suzerainty of Great Britain was imposed as one of the conditions, but this was afterward modified so that the Transvaal became absolutely independent in

everything relating to its internal affairs. Great Britain, however, retained the right to veto treaties which the Transvaal Government might make with foreign countries.

CHAPTER III

THE JOHANNESBURG GOLD FIELDS

SOUTH AFRICA has many stories concerning the early history of the Witwatersrandt gold district, so that it is well-nigh impossible to discriminate between the fiction and the truth. One of the most probable stories has it that the former owner of the Randt region died recently in an almshouse in Surrey, England. He had a marvellous war record, having fought with the British army in the Crimea, at Sebastopol, in the Indian Mutiny, Zululand, and at Majuba Hill. With his savings of four thousand dollars he is said to have purchased fifteen thousand acres of land in the southern part of the Transvaal. He was obliged to forfeit his property to the Boer Government in 1882, because he had taken up arms against the Boers when they were fighting for their independence.

The actual discovery of gold in the Trans-

vaal territory is credited to a German named Mauch, who travelled through that part of the country early in the century. He returned to Berlin with wonderful reports of the gold he had found, and attempted to enlist capital to work the mines. Whether his reports were not credited, or whether the Germans feared the natives, is not recorded, but Mauch is not heard of again in connection with the later history of the country. In 1854 a Dutchman named Jan Marais, who had a short time before returned from the Australian gold fields, prospected in the Transvaal, and found many evidences of gold. The Boers, fearing that their land would be overrun with gold-seekers, paid five hundred pounds to Marais, and sent him home after extracting a promise that he would not reveal his secret to any one.

It was not until 1884 that England heard of the presence of gold in South Africa. A man named Fred Stuben, who had spent several years in the country, spread such marvellous reports of the underground wealth of the Transvaal that only a short time elapsed before hundreds of prospectors and miners left

England for South Africa. When the first prospectors discovered auriferous veins of wonderful quality on a farm called Sterkfontein, the gold boom had its birth. It required the lapse of only a short time for the news to reach Europe, America, and Australia, and immediately thereafter that vast and widely scattered army of men and women which constantly awaits the announcement of new discoveries of gold was set in motion toward the Randt.

The Indian, Russian, American, and Australian gold fields were deserted, and the steamships and sailing vessels to South Africa were overladen with men and women of all degrees and nationalities. The journey to the Randt was expensive, dangerous, and comfortless, but before a year had passed almost twenty thousand persons had crossed the deserts and the plains and had settled on claims purchased from the Boers. In December, 1885, the first stamp mill was erected for the purpose of crushing the gneiss rock in which the gold lay hidden. This enterprise marks the real beginning of the gold fields of the Randt, which now yield one third of the world's total product of the

precious metal. The advent of thousands of foreigners was a boon to the Boers, who owned the large farms on which the auriferous veins were located. Options on farms that were of little value a short time before were sold at incredible figures, and the prices paid for small claims would have purchased farms of thousands of acres two years before.

In July, 1886, the Government opened nine farms to the miners, and all have since become the best properties on the Randt. The names by which the farms were known were retained by the mines which were located upon them afterward, and, as they give an idea of the nomenclature of the country, are worth repetition: Langlaagte, Dreifontein, Rantjeslaagte, Doornfontein, Vogelstruitsfontein, Paardeplaats, Turffontein, Elandsfontein, and Roodepoort.

The railroad from Cape Town extended only as far north as the diamond mines at Kimberley, and the remainder of the distance, about five hundred miles, had to be traversed with ox-teams or on foot; but the gold-seekers yielded to no impediments, and marched in bodies of hundreds to the new fields. The ma-

chinery necessary to operate the mines and extract the gold from the rocks, as well as every ounce of food and every inch of lumber, was dragged overland by ox-teams, and the vast plains that had seen naught but the herds of Boer farmers and the wandering tribes of natives were quickly transformed into scenes of unparalleled activity.

On the Randt the California scenes of '49 were being re-enacted. Tents and houses of sheet iron were erected with picturesque lack of beauty and uniformity, and during the latter part of 1886 the community had reached such proportions that the Government marked off a township and called it Johannesburg. The Government, which owned the greater part of the land, held three sales of building lots, or "stands," as they are called in the Transvaal, and realized more than three hundred thousand dollars from the sales. The prices of stands measuring fifty by one hundred feet ranged from one dollar to one thousand dollars. Millions were secured in England and Europe for the development of the mines, and the individual miner sold his claims to companies with un-

limited capital. The incredibly large dividends that were realized by some of the investors led to too heavy investments in the Stock Exchange in 1889, and a panic resulted. Investors lost thousands of pounds, and for several months the future of the gold fields appeared to be most gloomy. The opening of the railway to Johannesburg and the re-establishment of stock values caused a renewal of confidence, and the growth and development of the Randt was imbued with renewed vigour.

Owing to the Boers' lack of training and consequent inability to share in the development of the gold fields, the new industry remained almost entirely in the hands of the newcomers, the Uitlanders, and two totally different communities were created in the republic. The Uitlanders, who, in 1890, numbered about one hundred thousand, lived almost exclusively in Johannesburg and the suburbs along the Randt. The Boers, having disposed of their farms and lands on the Randt, were obliged to occupy the other parts of the republic, where they could follow their pastoral and agricultural pursuits.

The natural contempt which the Englishmen, who composed the majority of the Uitlander population, always have for persons and races not their intellectual or social equals, soon created a gulf between the Boers and the newcomers. This line of cleavage was extended when the newcomers attempted to obtain a foothold in the politics of the country. The Boers, who had been suddenly outnumbered three to one, naturally resented the interference, especially as it came from persons who had no desire to become permanent residents of the country, and who wanted a voice in the conduct of the national affairs only as a means to attain their own ends, without caring about the welfare of the entire republic.

The Uitlanders had many good and honest men among them, but the majority consisted of speculators, cutthroats, "I. D. B.," * and such others as were exiled from their native

* Illicit Diamond Buyers. Every diamond mined in the country must be registered with the Government, and may not be sold except by a licensed broker. Transgression of this law is called illicit diamond buying or selling, and is punishable with long imprisonment on the Breakwater at Cape Town.

lands by reason of crimes they had committed. Their cry was "Gold!" and honour and justice were cast to the winds. The Boer Government was blamed for famine, drought, and the locusts, and everything was done to embarrass those who were trying to administer justice to Boer and Uitlander alike.

One example is sufficient to show the conduct of the Uitlanders toward the Boers, but thousands could be given. President Kruger journeyed to Johannesburg in order to learn from the newcomers what his government might do to improve the industry. A crowd met Mr. Kruger, and, after rude remarks on his personal appearance, sang "God save the Queen." Later the Transvaal flag was torn down from a staff in front of the house in which the President was conferring with leading residents of the city. The Transvaal Government, on the other hand, sought by all means in its power to secure the good-will of the newcomers, and frequent conferences between leading men of the Randt and the officials of the Government were held with that object in view. The Second Volksraad was created, so that the Uit-

landers might have a voice in the Government, and many reforms, which at the time were warmly approved by the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines, representing the mining population, were instituted, and would have been completed, satisfactory to all, had the Uitlanders waited, instead of plotting for the overthrow of the Government.

When the disturbing element of the Uitlander population found that their efforts to govern the Randt according to their own desires were fruitless, Cecil J. Rhodes, then Premier of Cape Colony and at the height of his influence, began his campaign for the control of the Boer territory. He brought to bear all the power at his command to harass the Pretorian Government, and tried in a score of ways to induce the colonial secretary to interfere in behalf of the Uitlanders, even going to the extent of offering to Secretary for the Colonies Chamberlain the payment of an equal share in the cost of a war with the Transvaal.

Whether Mr. Rhodes's real object in attempting to secure possession of the Transvaal was that he and other capitalists might

consolidate the mines and limit the output, as he had done at Kimberley, or whether his earth-hunger impelled him, is known only to himself. Whatever the reason, he planned like a professional South American revolutionist, and by his boldness caused the amateur revolutionists of the Randt to gasp.

The opening prelude of the Jameson raid was a mass meeting held in November, 1895, by the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines, which had always shown marked friendliness to the Pretorian Government. The president of the organization, Lionel Phillips, created a sensation by reading a mass of alleged grievances against the Government, as formulated by an organization called the "Transvaal National Union," and threatening that, unless the Government gave immediate remedy, revolutionary methods would be adopted in order to obtain redress. The plot had begun its evolution, and its success was to be attained in a certain well-defined way.

The speech of Mr. Phillips was to serve as Johannesburg's ultimatum to the Boers. If the Government gave no heed, the revolution-

ary party was to seize Johannesburg by force of arms, declare a provisional government of the country, and march against Pretoria. Once in possession of the seat of government, it was planned to lay their grievances before the world, and ask that the future government of the country be placed in the hands of the majority of the white population. It was believed that if the plans were thoroughly perfected the plot could be carried to a successful conclusion without the firing of a single shot. In order to be amply prepared in case the Boers should make an unexpected resistance to the revolutionists, it had been arranged with Dr. Leander Starr Jameson, who was then in charge of the troops of Mr. Rhodes's British South Africa Company, to ride across the border to Johannesburg, a journey of several days, and assist in the engagement. The revolution was perfectly planned, and it would have required only half an effort on the part of a Haytien revolutionist to carry it out successfully; but Mr. Rhodes, the brains of the movement, was in Cape Town, and unable to do anything more practical than imagine that his

plans were being followed. By common agreement among the revolutionists, Dr. Jameson and Mr. Rhodes, it was decided to have the uprising in Johannesburg about the 28th of December, and everything had been planned accordingly. From Kimberley Mr. Rhodes's De Beers Company had sent two thousand rifles—the Boers say twenty thousand—one hundred and twenty-five cases of ammunition, and three Maxims in oil casks across the border into Johannesburg, where the Uitlanders were secretly organizing and drilling military companies. In the British territory Dr. Jameson and his six hundred troopers were polishing their rifles and Maxims, and waiting for the day when they should march toward Johannesburg.

Under pretence that they were to be used in connection with a new stage line to be opened, "canteens," or feeding places, had been established several miles apart on the road over which the troopers were supposed to enter Johannesburg, and all had been bountifully stocked with provisions for soldier and horse. The Government at Pretoria had been

led to believe that Johannesburg was armed to the teeth, and that nothing could prevent the dissolution of the republic.

When the 28th day of December arrived, the well-advertised revolution had not materialized, and nothing more martial was to be seen than several regiments of civilians drilling in the streets. Thousands of men, women, and children, fearing that the Boers might attack the city at any moment, besieged the railway station, and fought like so many uncivilized beings to board the trains leaving for Natal and Cape Colony. Among those who displayed the greatest eagerness to escape from the city were many wealthy Englishmen, who several days before had been the most rabid sympathizers of the revolutionary movement. The city was in the hands of the Uitlanders, because the handful of Transvaal police, commonly called "Zarps," had been withdrawn by the Boer authorities, who depended on the power of the guns in the fort on the outskirts of the town to quell any disturbance that might be made. There was no actual revolution, because the Uitlanders were divided among

themselves as to the course to be pursued. The Englishmen, as soon as the success of the movement seemed so close at hand, aroused the enmity of the other Uitlanders by asking them to consent to the raising of the British flag as soon as the Boer Republic had been obliterated. This campaign placed the revolution in an entirely different light to those of the Uitlanders who had no particular liking for England, and the result was that the revolutionary party was divided into two camps. On the side of the Englishmen were the Uitlanders from British colonies—Scotchmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, Canadians, Australians, and all the Americans who were employed by British mines. In the other camp were the Germans, Frenchmen, Scandinavians, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, and Finlanders.

The majority of the Americans felt that a revolution was unjustifiable, although some of the grievances complained of were undoubtedly just, and ranged themselves on the anti-English side. Another reason for the Americans' attitude at that time was President Cleveland's warlike message to England on the Vene-

zuelan boundary dispute. The real American patriot is found ten thousand miles from home, and those in America who were excited when they heard of England's attempt to grasp a swamp in far-away Venezuela can readily imagine the spirit of the Americans in the Transvaal who saw England attempting to steal a valuable country without the shadow of an excuse.

The following day, the 29th of December, Dr. Jameson and his troopers, believing that the revolutionists at Johannesburg had seized the city, as it had been planned they should do, crossed the border into the Transvaal. Messages had been sent to Mr. Rhodes and others of the leaders, stating the time of the departure from British territory and the time set for their arrival in Johannesburg. Several troopers were sent ahead to cut the telegraph wires, so that no news of the expedition should reach the outside world; but the anticipated joy of reaching Johannesburg and assisting in raising the "Union Jack" intoxicated the men, and they succeeded in cutting only the wire which led to Cape Town. The wire to Pretoria remained

untouched, and before the troopers had proceeded fifty miles into Transvaal territory the Pretorian Government was aware of their approach, and made preparations to meet them.

The Uitlanders in Johannesburg had been led to believe by their *dilettante* leaders that Dr. Jameson's incursion had been postponed, and they were ignorant of his whereabouts until the following day, when a member of the Pretorian Government kind-heartedly gave the information to several of the Uitlander leaders, who had journeyed to Pretoria with rifles in one hand and demands in the other. When the news of the invasion reached Johannesburg the excitement became intensified. A reform committee of about one hundred persons was quickly formed, and into their hands was given the conduct of the revolution. Speeches were made from the balcony of the Stock Exchange, until some practical speaker suggested that it would be proper to unpack the rifles and ammunition from the oil casks if the revolution was to be undertaken.

The suggestion was acted upon, and late that night five hundred of the rifles to be used

in the overthrow of a republic were being carried to and fro in the streets of Johannesburg on the shoulders of men who were willing to do the work for ten dollars a night. The following day, while Dr. Jameson and his troopers were marching over the veldt toward Johannesburg, the leaders of the movement made more speeches to the crowd at the Stock Exchange, and waited for news from Pretoria instead of making news for Pretoria.

The first part of the plot—the capture of Johannesburg—had been successful without the discharge of a rifle, because the Boers had withdrawn their police, and there remained no one at which the *opéra-bouffe* revolutionists might fire.

The next step was the capture of Pretoria, and for this purpose a small expedition started for the capital city; but returned hastily and without their rifles and ammunition when they saw a thousand Boers, each with the usual accompaniment of a rifle, attending the annual "Nachtmaal," or communion, in the city.

The last day of the year saw the Uitlanders undecided as to what action to take. On

the one hand was Dr. Jameson coming to their relief, while on the other was the Pretorian Government preparing to quell an insurrection which had not even started. The Reform Committee, whose members a few weeks before had made arrangements for Dr. Jameson's coming, denied that they had any connection with the invasion. Dr. Jameson having been repudiated, the committee debated for many hours on the subject of which flag should be hoisted in the event that the revolution was successful, and finally sent John Hays Hammond, an American member of the committee, to secure the four-colour of the Transvaal.

Then and there the most ludicrous incident of the Uitlander rising took place. With uplifted hands the members of the committee, who were the leaders of the revolution, swore allegiance to the red, white, green, and blue flag of the Transvaal, which for days and months before they had reviled and insulted. After having vowed loyalty to the Transvaal flag, the committee continued the preparations for the defence of the city and the drilling of the volunteers who were enrolled at a score of

different shops in the city. A rumour that Dr. Jameson had been attacked by the Boer forces, but had repulsed them, gave additional zest to the military preparations, and the advisability of sending some of the mounted troops to meet him was discussed but not acted upon. The reported victory of Dr. Jameson's troopers, coupled with a request from the Pretorian Government for a conference to discuss methods of ending the troubles, caused the Reform Committee to repent their hasty action in swearing allegiance to the Transvaal flag, and they were on the point of breaking their obligation, and sending aid to the invading troopers, when, during the last hour of the year, they learned that the secretary for the colonies, Mr. Chamberlain, had repudiated and recalled Dr. Jameson.

The first day of the new year the spirit of the Uitlanders was dampened by the information that the Boers were massing troops on the outskirts of the town; and, fearing that the town might be attacked at any moment, the Reform Committee, which had been spending

much energy in informing the Pretorian Government of the city's great military preparation, telegraphed pathetic appeals for assistance to the British High Commissioner at Cape Town. Couriers arrived from the outskirts of the city and reported that Dr. Jameson and his troopers were within fifteen miles of Johannesburg, and plans were made to receive him. One small regiment left the city to meet the troopers and escort them into the city, while the remainder of the revolutionary forces held jubilation festivities in honour of Dr. Jameson's anticipated arrival.

While Johannesburg, which had promised to do the fighting, was in the midst of its festival joys, Dr. Jameson and those of his six hundred troopers who were not dead on the fields of battle were waving a Hottentot woman's white apron in token of their surrender to the Boer forces at Doornkop, eighteen miles away. The Johannesburg revolt, initiated by magnificent promises, ended with an inglorious display of that quality which the British have been wont to attribute to Boers—"funk." The British have their Balaclava and Sebastopol, but they

also have their Majuba Hill and the Johannesburg revolt.

The final scenes of the Jameson raid, which might more fittingly be called "the Johannesburg funk," were enacted in Pretoria, where Dr. Jameson and the other prisoners were taken, and in London, where the officers of the expedition were tried and virtually acquitted. The revolutionists in Johannesburg yielded all their arms and ammunition to the Boer Government, which in turn made every possible effort to effect an amicable settlement of the grievances of the Uitlanders. But the raid left a deeper impress upon Johannesburg and its interests than any of its organizers or supporters had ever dreamed of. Almost one fifth of the inhabitants of the city left the country for more peaceable localities in the three months following the disturbance, and business became stagnant. Capitalists declined to invest more money in the gold mines while the unsettled condition of the political affairs continued, and scores of mines were compelled to abandon operations. Stocks fell in value, and thousands of pounds were lost by innocent shareholders

in Europe, who were ignorant of the political affairs of the country. For two years the depression continued, and so acute were its results that hundreds of respectable miners and business men, who had been accustomed to live in luxury, became bankrupt, and were obliged to beg for their food. Those who were able to do so sold their interests in the city and left the country, while hundreds of others would have been happy to leave had they been able to secure passage to their native countries.

During the last year the effects of the raid have been disappearing and the commercial interests of the Randt have been improving, but the political atmosphere has been kept vibrating at a continuous loss to the industries that are represented in the country. All South Africa was similarly affected by the depression, which naturally cut off the revenue from the gold fields and that derived from passengers and freight coming into the country from foreign shores. To add to the general dismay, the entire country was scourged with the rinderpest, a disease which

killed more than a million and a half cattle; clouds of locusts, that destroyed all vegetation and made life miserable; and a long drought.

After the scourges had passed, and the political atmosphere had become somewhat clarified, the industries of Johannesburg and the Randt returned to their normal condition, and the development of the natural resources of the territory was resumed. Many of those persons who deserted the city during its period of depression returned with renewed energy, and those who had successfully combated the storm joined with the newcomers in welcoming the return of prosperous times. Confidence was restored among the European capitalists, and money was again freely invested and trade relations firmly re-established.

Johannesburg after the Jameson raid was a distressing scene; the Johannesburg of today is a wondrous testimonial to the energy and progress of mankind.

If there were no other remarkable features to mark the last decade of the twentieth cen-

tury, the marvellous city which has been built near the heart of the Dark Continent would alone be a fitting monument to the enterprise and achievements of the white race during that period of time.

CHAPTER IV

THE BOER OF TO-DAY

THE wholesale slander and misrepresentation with which the Boers of South Africa have been pursued can not be outlived by them in a hundred years. It originated when the British forces took possession of the Cape of Good Hope, and it has continued with unabated vigour ever since. Recently the chief writers of fiction have been prominent Englishmen, who, on hunting expeditions or rapid tours through the country, saw the object of their venom from car windows or in the less favourable environments of a trackless veldt.

In earlier days the outside world gleaned its knowledge of the Boers from certain British statesmen, who, by grace of Downing Street, controlled the country's colonial policy, and consequently felt obliged to conjure up weird descriptions of their far-distant subjects in order

to make the application of certain harsh policies appear more applicable and necessary. Missionaries to South Africa, traders, and, not least of all, speculators, all found it convenient to traduce the Boers to the people in England, and the object in almost every case was the attainment of some personal end. Had there been any variety in the complaints, there might have been reason to suppose they were justifiable, but the similarity of the reports led to the conclusion that the British in South Africa were conducting the campaign of misrepresentation for the single purpose of arousing the enmity of the home people against the Boers. The unbiased reports were generally of such a nature that they were drowned by the roar of the malicious ones, and, instead of creating a better popular opinion of the race, only assisted in stirring the opposition to greater flights of fancy.

American interests in South Africa having been so infinitesimal until the last decade, our own knowledge of the country and its people naturally was of the same proportions. When Americans learned anything concerning South

Africa or the Boers it came by way of London, which had vaster interests in the country, and should have been able to give exact information. But, like other colonial information, it was discoloured with London additions, and the result was that American views of the Boers tallied with those of the Englishman.

Among the more prominent Englishmen who have recently studied the Boers from a car window, and have given the world the benefit of their opinions, is a man who has declared that the Boer blocked the way in South Africa, and must go. Among other declarations with which this usually well-informed writer has taken up the cudgel in behalf of his friend Mr. Rhodes, he has called the Boers "utterly detestable," "guilty of indecencies and family immorality," and even so "benighted and uncivilized" as to preclude the possibility of writing about them. All this he is reported to have said about a race that has been lauded beyond measure by the editors of every country in the world except those under the English flag. The real cause of it all is found in the Boers' disposition to carry their own burdens, and

their disinclination to allow England to be their keeper. Their opinions of justice and right were formed years ago in Cape Colony, and so long as their fighting ability has not been proved in a negative manner, so long will the Boers be reviled by the covetous Englishmen of South Africa and their friends.

The Boer of to-day is a man who loves solitude above all things. He and his ancestors have enjoyed that chief product of South Africa for so many generations that it is his greatest delight to be alone. The nomadic spirit of the early settler courses in his veins, and will not be eradicated though cities be built up all around him and railroads hem him in on all sides.

He loves to be out on the veldt, where nothing but the tall grass obstructs his view of the horizon, and his happiness is complete when, gun in hand, he can stalk the buck or raise the covey on soil never upturned by the share of a plough. The real Boer is a real son of the soil. It is his natural environment, and he chafes when he is compelled to go where there

are more than a dozen dwellings in the same square mile of area.

The pastoral life he and his ancestors have been leading has endowed him with a happy-go-lucky disposition. Some call him lazy and sluggish because he has plenty of time at his disposal and "counts ten" before acting. Others might call that disposition a realization of his necessities, and his chosen method of providing for them.

The watching of herds of cattle and flocks of sheep has since biblical times been considered an easier business than the digging of minerals or the manufacture of iron, and the Boer has realized that many years ago. He has also realized the utter uselessness of digging for minerals and the manufacture of iron when the products of either were valueless at a distance of a thousand miles from the nearest market. Taking these facts in consideration, the Boer has done what other less nomadic people have done. He has improved the opportunities which lay before him, and has allowed the others to pass untouched.

The Boers are not an agricultural people, because the nature of the country affords no encouragement for the following of that pursuit. The great heat of the summer removes rivers in a week and leaves rivulets hardly big enough to quench the thirst of the cattle. Irrigation is out of the question, as the great rivers are too far distant and the country too level to warrant the building of artificial waterways. Taking all things into consideration, there is nothing for a Boer to do but raise cattle and sheep, and he may regard himself particularly fortunate at the end of each year if drought and disease have not carried away one half of this wealth.

The Boer's habits and mode of life are similar to those of the American ranchman, and in reality there is not much difference between the two except that the latter is not so far removed from civilization. The Boer likes to be out of the sight of the smoke of his neighbour's house, and to live fifteen or twenty miles from another dwelling is a matter of satisfaction rather than regret to him. The patriarchal custom of the people provides against the lack

of companionship which naturally would follow this custom.

When a Boer's children marry they settle within a short distance of the original family homestead; generally several hundred yards distant. In this way, in a few years, a small village is formed on the family estates, which may consist of from five hundred to ten thousand acres of uninclosed grazing ground. Every son when he marries is entitled to a share of the estate, which he is supposed to use for the support of himself and his family, and in that way the various estates grow smaller each generation. When an estate grows too small to support the owner, he "treks" to another part of the country, and receives from the state such an amount of territory as he may require.

Boer houses, as a rule, are situated a long distance away from the tracks of the transport wagons, in order that passing infected animals may not introduce disease into the flocks and herds of the farmer. Strangers are seldom seen as a result of this isolation, and news from the outer world does not reach the Boers unless

they travel to the towns to make the annual purchases of necessaries.

Their chief recreation is the shooting of game, which abounds in almost all parts of the country. Besides being their recreation, it is also their duty, for it is much cheaper to kill a buck and use it to supply the family larder than to kill an ox or a sheep for the same purpose. It is seldom that a Boer misses his aim, be the target a deer or an Englishman, and he has ample time to become proficient in the use of the rifle. His gun is his constant companion on the veldt and at his home, and the long alliance has resulted in earning for him the distinction of being the best marksman and the best irregular soldier in the world. The Boer is not a sportsman in the American sense of the word. He is a hunter, pure and simple, and finds no delight in following the Englishman's example of spending many weeks in the Zambezi forests or the dangerous Kalahari Desert, and returning with a giraffe tail and a few horns and feathers as trophies of the chase. He hunts because he needs meat for his family and leather for sjam-bok whips with

which to drive his cattle, and not because it gives him personal gratification to be able to demonstrate his supreme skill in the tracking of game.

The dress of the Boer is of the roughest description and material, and suited to his occupation. Corduroy and flannel for the body, a wide-brimmed felt hat for the head, and soft leather-soled boots fitted for walking on the grass, complete the regulation Boer costume, which is picturesque as well as serviceable. The clothing, which is generally made by the Boer's vrouw, or wife, makes no pretension of fit or style, and is quite satisfactory to the wearer if it clings to the body. In most instances it is built on plans made and approved by the Voortrekkers of 1835, and quite satisfactory to the present Boers, their sons, and grandsons.

Physically, the Boers are the equals, if not the superiors, of their old-time enemy, the Zulus. It would be difficult to find anywhere an entire race of such physical giants as the Boers of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. The roving existence, the life in the open air, and the freedom from disturbing

cares have combined to make of the Boers a race that is almost physically perfect. If an average height of all the full-grown males in the country were taken, it would be found to be not less than six feet two inches, and probably more. Their physique, notwithstanding their comparatively idle mode of living, is magnificently developed.

The action of the almost abnormally developed muscles of the legs and arms, discernible through their closely fitting garments, gives an idea of the remarkable powers of endurance which the Boers have displayed on many occasions when engaged in native and other campaigns. They can withstand almost any amount of physical pain and discomfort, and can live for a remarkably long time on the smallest quantity of food. It is a matter of common knowledge that a Boer can subsist on a five-pound slice of "biltong"—beef that has been dried in the sun until it is almost as hard as stone—for from ten to fifteen days without suffering any pangs of hunger. In times of war, "biltong" is the principal item in the army rations, and in peace, when he is follow-

ing his flocks, it also is the Boer shepherd's chief article of diet.

The religion of the Boers is one of their greatest characteristics, and one that can hardly be understood when it is taken into consideration that they have been separated for almost two hundred years from the refining influences of a higher civilization. The simple faith in a Supreme Being, which the original emigrants from Europe carried to South Africa, has been handed down from one generation to another, and in two centuries of fighting, trekking, and ranching has lost none of its pristine depth and fervour.

With the Boer his religion is his first and uppermost thought. The Old Testament is the pattern which he strives to follow. The father of the family reads from its pages every day, and from it he formulates his ideas of right and wrong as they are to be applied to the work of the day. Whether he wishes to exchange cattle with his neighbour or give his daughter in marriage to a neighbour's son, he consults the Testament, and finds therein the advice that is applicable to the situation. He

Kirk Street. Pretoria. with the State Church in the distance.

reads nothing but the Bible, and consequently his belief in its teachings is indestructible and supreme.

His religious temperament is portrayed in almost every sentence he utters, and his repetition of biblical parables and sayings is a custom which so impresses itself upon the mind of the stranger that it is but natural that those who are unacquainted with the Boer should declare it a sure sign of his hypocrisy. He does not quote Scripture merely to impress upon the mind of his hearer the fact that he is a devout Christian, but does it for the same reasons that a sailor speaks the language of the seafarer.

The Boer is a low churchman among low churchmen. He abhors anything that has the slightest tendency toward show or outward signs of display in religious worship. He is simple in his other habits, and in his religious observances he is almost primitively simple. To him the wearing of gorgeous raiment, special attitudes, musical accompaniment to hymns, and special demonstrations are the rankest sacrilege. Of the nine legal holidays in the Trans-