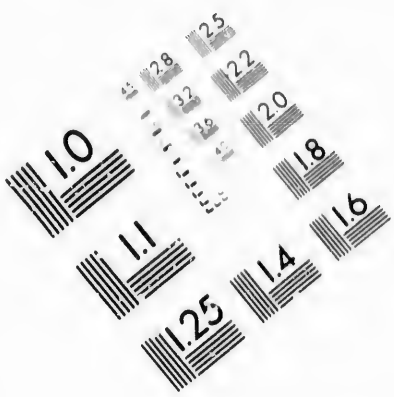


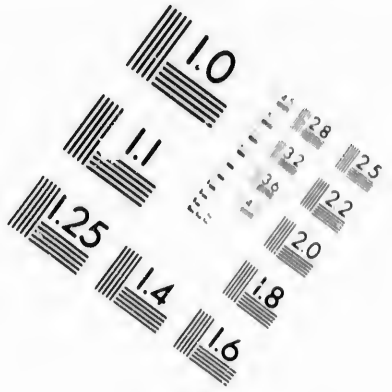
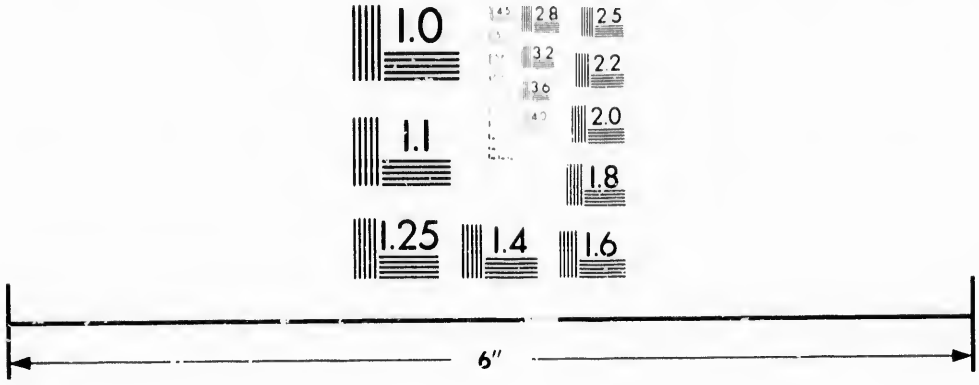
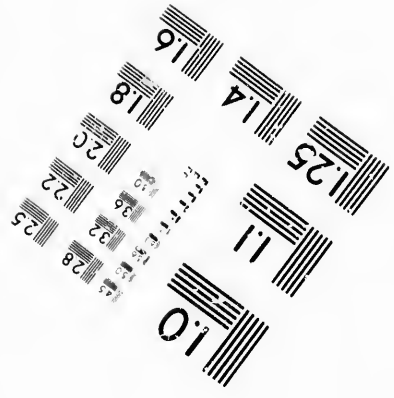
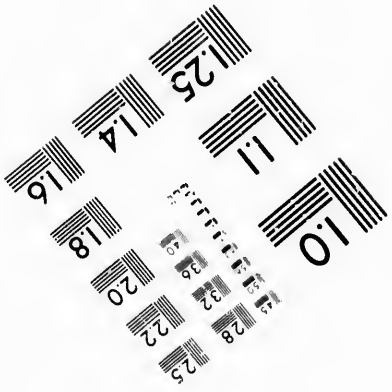


IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)







Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.

CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- [x] Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- [ ] Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- [ ] Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- [ ] Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [ ] Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- [ ] Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- [ ] Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- [ ] Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- [ ] Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- [ ] Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- [ ] Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- [ ] Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- [ ] Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- [ ] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [ ] Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- [ ] Showthrough/ Transparence
- [ ] Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- [ ] Includes supplementary material/ Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- [ ] Only edition available/ Seule édition disponible
- [ ] Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/ Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont ète filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
							x				

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

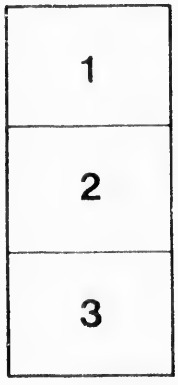
Library of Congress
Photoduplication Service

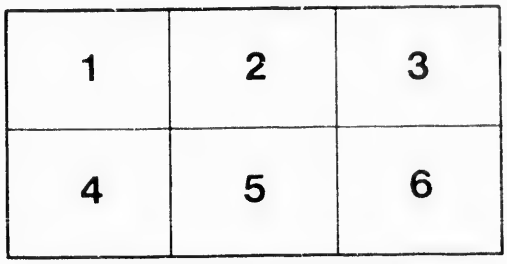
The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol → (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:





L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Library of Congress
Photoduplication Service

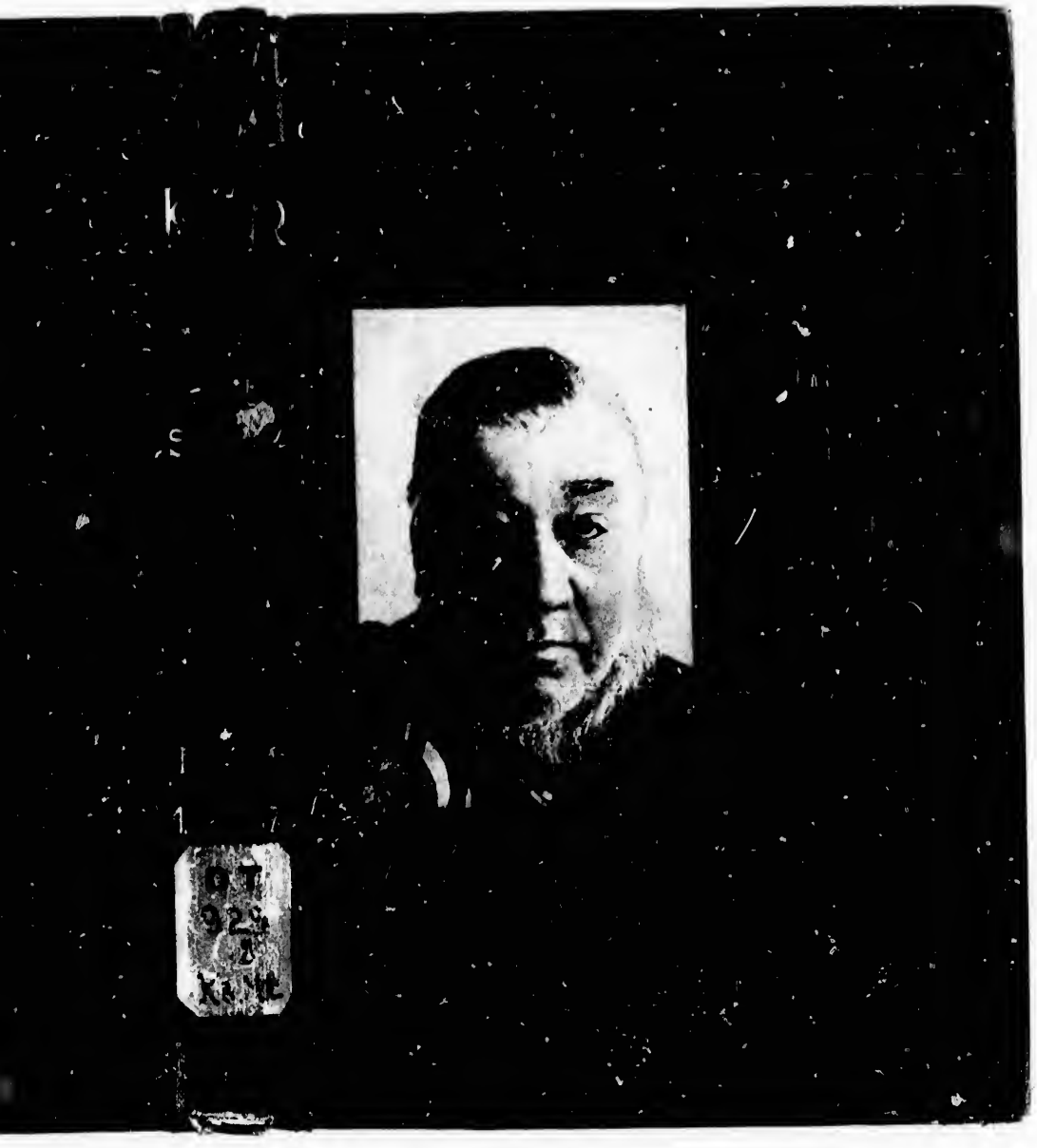
Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole → signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

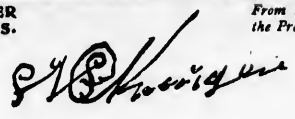
Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

32X



PRESIDENT KRUGER IN OFFICIAL DRESS.
With Autograph Signature.

From the Painting in the Pretoria Raadzaal.



...m the Painting in Pretoria Raadsaal.

PAUL KRUGER:

HIS LIFE STORY.

BY

FRED. A. McKENZIE.

WITH FOURTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS.

THIRD EDITION.

London:
JAMES BOWDEN,
10, HENRIETTA STREET, W.C.
1900.

FOREWORD.

THIS little volume is not a political pamphlet in disguise. Those who want transcripts of State papers, the text of Conventions or the like, will have to seek them elsewhere. My aim has been to tell the story of Kruger the Man, not to write a history of the Transvaal. What sort of a man is he? What are his ideals, his ambitions, his methods? What was the condition of things that made the autocratic rule of this patriarch so long possible at the end of the nineteenth century? Why his distrust of and enmity to England? These questions I have endeavoured to answer.

Fair play forbids, and loyalty to England does not require, that because Oom Paul is now at war with us I should seek to put the worst construction on all his acts, or should repeat

every scrap of idle gossip against him that is floating around Cape Town bar-rooms.

So far as possible, facts have been obtained at first hand from men who participated in the events here described. Free use has been made of the information given by contemporary writers. Newspapers, from the Cape Town *Colonist* of seventy-four years ago to the last arrivals by mail, have been pressed into service; and in the chapters describing the early life of Kruger I have been indebted to the many books of South African travel issued by missionaries, explorers, and others, during the first half of this century.

F. A. M.

CONTENTS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER I.

PRESIDENT, PREACHER, AND PATRIARCH.

PAUL KRUGER is a primitive man, who, by sheer force of commanding personality, has succeeded in life without any of the aids of modern civilisation. If we can fancy a patriarch of the days of Abraham planted down amongst us, he would find himself less out of touch with the ways and manners of our time than is this Boer ruler. Brought up from early boyhood, almost wholly out of touch with the complex emotions and artificial ways of the nineteenth century, he is one in whom the essential passions of humanity were allowed free play. He has studied life, not from books but from nature, in defending himself against savages, in protecting his herds against wild beasts. Of city life, he even to-day knows almost nothing. Existence in close streets

would suffocate him. His home in Pretoria would be regarded by the European as quite rural, and during his seventy-five years he has not spent more than a few weeks in large centres of population.

Apart from gunpowder, tobacco, and steel, he owes civilisation for little. We rely for our safety on the policeman and the soldier: he long looked for his to his readiness with his rifle. Our lines of action are fixed for us by hoary law: his were, for nearly fifty years, those dictated by family tradition and personal will. We pride ourselves on our complex needs, on our education, on our manifold interests in life: his needs are of the simplest—a gun, a bag of oatmeal, and a strip of dried meat suffice him. Even now, surrounded by men who indulge in all the luxuries of life, he still keeps to the simplest fare. Of education, in the scholastic sense of the term, he has next to none. He can only read his Bible slowly, and ordinary writing is practically incomprehensible to him. Books and newspapers, save the one Book, are ignored by him; and the one form of secular literature he looks at is

State papers. His writing is confined to signing his own name, and that is an operation only performed with difficulty. His language is a patois limited to a few hundred words; and, though he understands English, he never speaks it.

To-day, as President of the Transvaal Republic, a millionaire, and the practical autocrat of a State as large as France, he still lives after the manner of a simple farmer. Up at five in the morning in summer, and a little later in winter, he drinks an early bowl of coffee, and then takes his big pipe and goes out on the verandah of his house to receive visitors. Men of all kinds come to see him. Once he welcomed all; to-day his door is shut on most strangers. None can wonder that he has tired of receiving curious globe-trotters, who gazed at him as at some wild beast, only to come back to Europe and write ridiculing his manners and appearance. A visitor now has to be introduced by one of the President's friends; but a burgher, however poor or rough, can walk in without ceremony, and discuss the affairs of the land with the utmost freedom.

It is a sight worth going far to look on the President and a party of burghers laughing together, poking each other in the ribs to emphasise their own wit, and filling the air with their tobacco smoke.

About half-past seven the informal levée ends, and Kruger enters his sitting-room for family prayers. A brief address accompanies the short passage of Scripture, and is followed by a long prayer. After breakfast come affairs of State. Though head of a Republic, Kruger no longer trusts himself unprotected amidst the people. Two sentries stand always in front of the gateway to his house, and when he leaves home for the Government buildings, escorts of armed cavalry precede and follow his carriage, bearing with them the Transvaal flag. When the Volksraad, or Parliament, is meeting, sittings begin at nine in the morning, and Kruger is a constant attendant, taking part in all the debates. Four hours of political work, varied by frequent adjournments for smoking and conversation, bring him to dinner-time.

He has no merely nominal task in this work of government. Everything centres around

him. The Volksraad is more or less subordinate to him, and his political influence is sufficient to carry everything he wants. Time after time great efforts have been made to break his power there. Cliques have been formed amongst the members. Great sums of money have been spent in bribing representatives to oppose the President. But the end has always been the same. If the Raad resists too strongly, Kruger simply says that he will resign, and that threat is enough to bring all to their senses. For it is an article of faith among the rural Boers of to-day that the safety of their State is bound up with Paul Kruger.

He has to see to everything himself. His assistants can arrange details, but the final decision, even in the most trivial affair, rests with the Executive Council, which means the President. Those who picture him as the tool of clever Hollanders hardly know the man. He uses Hollanders so far as they serve his purpose, but no further; and the moment anyone sets himself against him, that man is practically wiped out of Transvaal politics. Needless to say, all this cannot be done

without a real knowledge of men. The President knows the best way to influence his often obstinate subjects. To one he appeals on religious grounds, silencing him with a text of Scripture, or the example of an Old Testament patriarch; another he convinces by a harsh and vivid parable; a third he laughs down. Friends and foes alike admit that he is most obstinate. Once an idea gets into his head, it remains there; and once he has fixed on a purpose he carries it out, however far round he has to go to get to it. He may turn and twist for a time, but his end is always the same. He has not, perhaps, the nimbleness of thought on which men of to-day pride themselves; but he is not dependent on the latest visitor for his ideas.

When the morning's work is done he returns home for dinner, to his modest one-storied house. Mrs. Kruger, like the good German housewife she is, cares nothing for her husband's political affairs, but takes every care to see that his clothes are properly aired, and his meals are cooked to his liking. His food is of the simplest. He has not yet lost the old love for

fat mutton, or for such homely dishes as "kop en portgis" (sheep's head and trotters). Coffee is his great drink—coffee first thing in the morning, coffee last thing at night. The State allows him, besides his salary of £8,000 a year, a further grant of £300 for "coffee money," and rumour says that his good wife makes the coffee money meet all the household expenses. He takes meat three times a day; chop or steak for breakfast, a roast for dinner, and meat of some kind for supper; and at dinner time he likes to have plenty of vegetables. He drinks no wines or spirits, varying his coffee with milk.

After dinner comes a brief nap, and then again to affairs of State. It is often about six o'clock before the old man can withdraw from routine business, and go again out on his verandah with his pipe. Once more visitors flock in, usually only the more intimate being then received. The President's tobacco pouch is passed round, and much business is done on that stoep. At about seven the President again leads in family worship, then comes supper, and soon after eight o'clock he is in bed.

Illness is almost unknown to him, though

during the past three years he has shown signs of the great strain his position involves. But his nerves were hardened by many years on the veldt, and he is almost indifferent to pain. It is told how once when in Europe, suffering from toothache one night at Lisbon, he deliberately hacked away at his gum with a pocket knife until the tooth was out.

In any attempt to estimate President Kruger two things must be remembered. First, he is sincerely religious; secondly, his ideas of political morality are not those of Europe. None who impartially considers the man can doubt the sincerity and strength of his religious convictions. They permeate his every action and speech, and nothing makes him so indignant as to be charged with falseness. The one thing he has never forgiven Mr. Chamberlain is the accusation that he did not keep his promises. His Bible, as has been said, is his one book; once a month he conducts the service in the little "Dopper" church near his home, and he is never so happy as when discussing points of doctrine with strangers. Although a member of the most extreme

Protestant sect in the world, he does not carry the doctrines or practices of his Church to their utmost. For instance he now discards the favourite and orthodox dress of his communion, the short jacket and wide-brimmed hat. He does not insist on the excommunication of all who are not "Doppers." But while willing to look with lenient eye on partly orthodox folks, such as Presbyterians, Lutherans, or members of the regular Dutch Church, he regards Jews and Roman Catholics as outside the pale, and no Jew or Roman Catholic can participate in any way in the government of the Transvaal Republic.

His ideal is not so much a Republic as a Theocracy. The vision of a Kingdom of God on earth, a kind of modern reproduction of Palestine under Solomon, haunts his dreams. He sincerely regards the Boers as the Chosen People of God, and the great mass of his subjects accept the same view. In the days of President Burgers he led an attack on that ruler because he had started a war "when God was not on our side." He regards the victory at Majuba Hill as a direct interposition of

Providence in favour of his people. "The nation that fears God and obeys Him is the only prosperous nation" is his motto.

But alongside with this sincere piety is a side of his character which repels one trained in English morality. The Boer in old days could only survive by using his wits against the black man. He learnt from the Kaffir a subtlety, a power of drawing fine distinctions, a cunningness, and a way of keeping promises in the letter but not in the spirit, which to us seem to ill accord with common honesty. "Cunning is accounted amongst the Boers the highest proof of talent," wrote a traveller nearly seventy years ago. "No people can trick or lie with more apparent sincerity, their phlegmatic insensibility to shame and external simplicity of demeanour alike contributing to their success." To deceive an opponent, as was done with the Johannesburgers after the capture of Jameson, to tell half truths, to fool, is accounted the height of strategy, especially when you are dealing with an adversary in whose honour or honesty you as little believe as Kruger does in ours.

Nor is his view of political rectitude of a kind that commends itself to Englishmen. He believes in sticking to his friends, whatever those friends may have done; and if one is too zealous, and plunders a treasury, or brutally ill-treats a native, or injures an Englishman, and is convicted by a court of law and sentenced to fine or imprisonment, the President is almost sure to remit the imprisonment or to find a way of making up the fine. He does this, not because he sanctions the wrong-doing, but because he feels he must loyally stand by his friends.

Like most Boers, he sees no harm in personal profit out of politics. There is little reason to believe that he himself has ever been largely bribed; and his great wealth acquired in recent years can be easily accounted for by the increased value of his land. But he sanctions and openly defends politicians and members of the Volkraad accepting presents from interested parties. He heaps up posts and public wealth on his relations in a way that would put Tammany Hall to shame. He believes it is lawful for the Chosen People to "spoil the Egyptians."

In short, President Kruger is not an ideal character such as novelists create. He is a strong man, of great virtues and great faults, one whose character is singularly noble in many ways, and sadly deficient in others. In remembering the conditions from which he has come, one may well wonder that the limitations are not greater.

He makes an easy subject for ridicule. His uncouth appearance, his odd attempts at state and show of dignity, his old-fashioned dress, his strange prejudices, are the subjects of many a laugh throughout South Africa. He was in 1891 asked to be patron of the Queen's Birthday Ball. He declined in horror, alleging that a ball was a kind of Baal worship, akin to those practices for which the Lord had, through His servant Moses, ordained the punishment of death. "As it is therefore contrary to His Honour's principles, His Honour cannot consent to the misuse of his name in such a connection," his secretary wrote. His dress is certainly not made in Bond-street. The baggy trousers, the shiny frock coat fastened by the top button, and the old silk hat, strike every

visitor as ludicrous. Nor are his manners those that would pass muster in Belgravia. He spits freely wherever he is, and he shares the common Boer idea that pocket-handkerchiefs are more for ornament than for use. He does not see the necessity of a daily shave, and the stubbly beard of four days' growth adds no attractiveness to his appearance.

Yet his sense of humour is in some ways keen. It often takes the boyish form of giving his companion a sly dig in his side, or coming unexpectedly behind a companion and tapping him on the head with anything that is handy. It is sometimes hard for the outsider to appreciate this humour. A Boer jailor once showed it in its highest form. He was flogging a prisoner, and, after laying on twenty-five lashes with the cat, demanded that the prisoner should say "Thank you" for what he had received. The Kaffir refused, whereupon the jailor gave him another cut. It is true that it requires a special sense to appreciate the funniness of this.

Mr. Kruger's humour sometimes takes the form of sly verbal digs, especially at his religious

opponents. Once the Jews presented a petition asking for grants for their schools. The old President turned on them with benevolent gaze. "Why are you so small-minded?" he asked. "I am not. I take your Old Testament and read it, why do you not take my New Testament? If you do, you will have the same privileges as others. I will lay your grievances before the Executive Council. Your religion is free, but you must obey the law."

On another occasion he consented to open a Jewish Tabernacle. "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I declare this building open," he said in a loud voice, so that all could hear.

Yet a third example of his humour. When the members of the Johannesburg Reform Committee were released from prison, some of them went to thank the President. Kruger naturally despised them. "You know," he said, "I sometimes have to punish my dogs, and I find that there are two kinds of dogs. Some of them who are good come back and lick my boots. Others go away and snarl at

petition
The old
evolent
d ?" he
stament
y New
ave the
y your
Council.
bey the

o open
of the
building
ll could

When
Reform
some of
Kruger
ow," he
ny dogs,
of dogs.
ack and
snarl at

PRESIDENT KRUGER
AMONG HIS FRIENDS
ON THE HOUSE "STOEP."

MR. AND MRS. KRUGER.

From a Photograph by BARNETT, *Johannesburgh.*

me. I see some are still snarling, but I am glad you are not like them."

"Oh, that was only my joke," he said, when he saw that they took the parable ill.

From a Photograph by
BARNETT, *Johannesburgh.*

MR. AND MRS. KRUGER.

CHAPTER II.

First Impressions.

Paul Kruger was born under the British flag, and for the first ten years of his life was a British subject. Of direct German descent —not Dutch, as is popularly supposed—he came from the family of one Jacob Kruger, who, in 1713, arrived in Cape Town a youth of seventeen, in the service of the Dutch East India Company. Caspar Kruger, a descendant of Jacob, settled down on a farm in Beulhock, near Colesberg; and on October 10th, 1825, his son Stephanus Johannes Paulus was born.

It is said that the impressions one receives in early childhood remain throughout life; and, in the case of Paul Kruger, childish impressions were one and all calculated to give a hatred of British rule. Cape Colony was then at its lowest point. The Dutch farmers,

who had been hastily transferred to the British Crown, did not appreciate the change; and it must be confessed that the actions of the British officials were not calculated to give them a very high idea of the value of their new citizenship. Cape Colony was on the very boundaries of civilisation; and its white population was so thinly scattered that each family had perforce to be an isolated unit, almost wholly out of touch with its neighbours. In former years each farmer had been given as much land as he could walk across in half an hour, and consequently most of the farms were three miles in diameter, their boundaries marked by heaps of stones, and only a very small portion of the land cultivated.

Schools were practically unknown, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that the children could be taught to read. Young Paul never got beyond being able to trace out his name and to spell his Bible. The usual teachers were old and discharged soldiers, who were taken on the farms because they were fit for nothing else, and who, as the farmers used laughingly to remark: "Must be fit to teach because they

could do no other thing." It will be remembered how when M. Stoubert was appointed to the cure of Ban de la Roche, he asked to be taken to the chief school, and was shown a miserable hovel where a number of children were crowded together—noisy, wild, and making no attempt to learn. A little, withered old man was lying on a bed in the corner. Stoubert went up to him. "Are you the schoolmaster, my good friend?" "Yes, sir." "And what do you teach the children?" "Nothing, sir." "Nothing! how is that?" "Because," replied the old man simply, "I myself know nothing." "Why, then, were you appointed schoolmaster?" "Why, sir, I had been taking care of the Waldbach pigs for a great number of years, and when I got too old and infirm for that, they sent me here to take care of the children."

The same system applied in Cape Colony. All of young Kruger's book learning was obtained from a "Meister" such as this, and from an old Boer woman.

It is difficult for us to now realise that in his childhood Kruger was brought up amidst

the slave population. Around the farm would be, as on every farm, a number of blacks, whose future was wholly in his father's hands. If his parents took him into the town on a market day, he could see in the central square slaves being publicly flogged for theft and other petty offences; and his eye could hardly avoid gazing on placards with announcements like this :—

A SLAVE WOMAN AND HER FOUR CHILDREN.

At Messrs. JONES & COOK'S sale on Saturday morning will be sold the slaves named as below stated :

AMDOCA, a female, 28 years old, housemaid.
MUGTILDA, a female, 14 years old, housemaid.
TITUS, a boy, 10 years old, apprenticed to a tailor.
JOHN, five years old.
AUGUST, one year and three months old.

The two latter will be sold with their mother.

A credit of six months, with interest from day of sale, will be given upon approved security,

WOLFF & BARTMAN,
Auctioneers.

The colony was at least ten weeks' distance from England, and no news could reach it from Europe until months after the event. Books were scarce, newspapers few, small and dear. There had been a museum, but it was

closed for want of support; and the public library consisted of a stock of almost useless volumes, mainly old divinity. One of the amusements of the people of Cape Town was visiting the convict ships that called on their way to Van Diemen's Land.

All the colonists were most desperately poor, and the dollar, nominally worth four shillings, only realised eighteen pence. Civil servants were often months behind with their salaries. Credit was universal, and there was hardly a farm in the colony which was not mortgaged.

The white men, divided in the two great cliques of the English administrators and the Dutch farmers, lived in almost hourly peril of their lives. On the farms it was necessary to be continually armed; and long before the boy Kruger was strong enough to hold a musket he could use a bow and arrow with considerable skill, helping with them to drive off the wild animals attacking his father's cattle. The farmers were threatened with two great perils. The Kaffirs and Bushmen were continually leaving their borders and killing whatever whites they could find. The 36,000

slaves in the colony were never to be relied on. The white man held his own only by his skill with his rifle and his readiness in wielding the sjambok. The farmers were—most of them—in the worst straits, especially those on the frontiers. A local journal in 1835 described them as "miserably deficient in clothing, in furniture, in culinary utensils, in apartments—half a dozen people often sleeping in the same room, without instruction, destitute of books." They lived in the simplest fashion, making almost everything for themselves that they required, lacking what are now considered the most elementary requirements of civilisation or of even common decency. They mostly slept in the same clothes as they worked in, often not changing their attire for weeks together. In some parts there almost seemed a danger of their sinking to the depths of the ignorance and superstition of the Hottentots. From this they were only saved by two things—their passionate love of liberty and their zeal for religion.

In the Kruger household religion was regarded as the main affair of life. The father

was a member of the narrowest section of the Dutch Church in South Africa, afterwards known as Doppers. It is difficult for an outsider to understand the real differences between the Doppers and the Established Church. The principal one was that the Doppers would sing only psalms in their worship, objecting to "man-made" hymns on the ground that they were "carnal." They further believed it was not right to follow changes of fashion in personal dress, and they could be distinguished by their large vests buttoned up to the chin, their short jackets and wide-brimmed hats. But the Dopper spirit went below that. To be a Dopper meant [illegible]bject to change of any sort in any way, to [illegible]y reform, good or evil, simply because [illegible] reform, to be imbued with a spirit o[illegible]ryism, such as to the people of Europe would seem incomprehensible and incredible.

The Krugers and all the Dutch farmers had not taken kindly to English rule. They had many grievances. Our Government would not permit them to fight the native tribes with the same severity as formerly. They blamed

ction of
erwards
an out-
between
h. The
uld sing
ting to
at they
it was
nion in
guished
e chin,
d hats.
To be
of any
good or
to be
ch as to
compre-

ers had
ney had
would
oes with
blamed

From a Photo by N. P. Erwin.

A TYPICAL BOER FARM.

A PARTY OF BOERS
ON THE VELD.

From a Photo. by
N. P. Edwards.

us for the depreciation of the coinage. They said they had been ill-treated by England withdrawing her preferential tariff on Cape wines. Then came the final blow. In 1833 and 1834 England ordered the emancipation of the slaves. Compensation was allowed to the owners, but the regulations and restrictions were such that very few of the farmers received the money the English Parliament had granted them. The Cape Colony was flooded with a number of idle wanderers hanging around every farm, refusing to work, making the country unsafe. The emancipation of the slaves alone would not have turned the Dutch farmers from us, but that, coming on the top of many other grievances, made the burden intolerable. "We white African farmers," they said, "cannot live with any feeling of security in a country with so many black tribes under Her Majesty's Government. We have been oppressed under British rule, which oppressions we cannot even name, for these no newspaper could contain: they would certainly fill a large volume." Many had already by ones and twos made the plunge in the great unknown country

A PARTY OF BOERS ON THE VELD.

to the north. It was now determined to do this on a large scale. Under the leadership of Potgieter, a great army of farmers abandoned their homes, piled their belongings in big ox-wagons, and trekked to the far interior. They had strange visions, these wanderers—not only were they escaping from British rule but they hoped to penetrate through the wild country right into Palestine, the land which was rightly theirs as the chosen people of the Lord. Among these wanderers Caspar Kruger held a prominent place; and young Paul Kruger, then ten years old, marched at the head of an ox-wagon going due north.

CHAPTER III.

The Making of the Man.

In South Africa the drift of civilisation is ever not westward but northwards. The Vortreekers were, as they knew, taking their lives in their hands in thus plunging into the wilderness; but the spirit of the wanderer was in their veins; and most of them were never so happy as when, with all their household goods in an ox-wagon, they roamed the land, surrounded by their flocks and herds.

Caspar Kruger was comparatively a rich man, and possessed numerous flocks; so he did not go in the forefront of the expedition, and did not seek for adventures. For some time he remained near the Caledon river, and in 1837 he went to Natal.

Young Paul, with flint-lock over his shoulder and whip in hand, was ever busy

defending his father's flocks. He was, as all the stories of that time go to show, a high-spirited, bright lad, capable of doing almost anything in the saddle or with his rifle. Tradition says that when only eight years old he once defended himself and a little girl from an attack by a wild beast with a jack-knife alone. He could ride as well bare-backed as in the saddle. When galloping at full speed, pursued by some angry buffalo, he could turn round, detach his rifle, fire at and hit in the centre of the head his pursuer. It was a life which none but the hardiest could survive. Battle and death were the subjects of hourly talk. He had to be ever on the *qui vive* to save his father's flocks from wild beasts; and even before he reached his teens his adventures as a lion-killer were sufficient to throw those of some famous modern travellers in the shade. He seldom talks about those old days now, and he takes the adventures of that time so much as a matter of course that he does not think them worth mentioning. "When I was a child," he says, "I had to look after the sheep and the cattle of my father. In those days I

killed such a great number of lions, elephants, buffaloes, and rhinoceroses, that it is impossible for me to say the exact number I shot. I had to keep them away from the cattle, and I succeeded in doing so."

His father was a famous hunter, and set the boy an example—if example were needed—of coolness of nerve and steadiness of aim. An old traveller, long since dead, told the following story :—

"The father of young Kruger," said he, "was celebrated in this part of the country for his exploits in lion-hunting with his son. The latter came unexpectedly on a lion and fired, but missed his aim, when the animal rushed fiercely upon him. The father, who witnessed from a distance what had occurred, with all that coolness and confidence which those only who are accustomed to such encounters can command, came to his son's assistance. Approaching within a few yards of where the lion lay growling over its victim, whom it seemed to press closer to the earth as if fearful of losing its prey, he levelled his piece and fired. The ball passed through the animal's head, when it

rolled over, and, after a few struggles, expired near the body of the young man, who, to the inexpressible joy of his parent, had sustained no serious injury. On my remarking that it was a surprising deliverance, 'Yes,' he replied emphatically, 'God was there.'"

The invading Boers had time after time to fight the native tribes. Paul was at Vechtkop (Battle Hill) when the great host of Matabele tried to storm the Boer laager. Half a hundred wagons were lashed together in a circle, the interstices being filled with bushes. Behind the bushes stood the Boer men and boys, ready to sell their lives dearly, and on rushed five thousand Matabele warriors, flinging their clouds of assegais into the laager, and seeking to storm the position. The host surged forward till the bloodshot gleam of their dull eyes could be seen by the defenders, and till the hot breath of their mouths could be almost felt. They rent the air with their war cries. Steadily the Boers poured their fire into the black bodies ; and amongst the defenders was young Paul, then only a boy of eleven, but doing his part in front like any man. Lads

have to develop early on the veldt. At last the Matabele were driven off, but not before they had stolen the strangers' cattle. That night in the Boer camp were prayers and hymns of thanks to God for their victory.

In 1837, an event happened which could not but impress itself on the imagination of the lad. The Boers had spread themselves over one part of Natal, and were anxious to secure from Dingaan, the Zulu leader, a treaty giving them legal rights to the land. Piet Retief, the leader, attended by an imposing party of Boers, made a state visit to Dingaan's kraal, bearing many presents. Dingaan received them in a most friendly way, and had all manner of festivities in their honour. A treaty was drawn up ceding the land to the Boers, and was signed by the king and his chiefs. Then Dingaan invited Retief and his followers to lay their arms on one side, and, as a final sign of confidence, to share unarmed in a drink of peace. Not suspecting treachery, they did so, and, while the cup was in their hands, Dingaan's warriors flung themselves on them, assegaied every man, and hacked and mutilated the bodies.

Then the Zulus, intoxicated with their success, made expeditions to the outlying farms, and slew hundreds of the Boers. A small party of farmers got together, formed their wagons into a laager, and prepared to sell their lives dearly. The girls and women loaded the muskets, or themselves took part in the shooting; and for three hours the fighting steadily continued, till at last a party of Boers finally routed the Zulu impi by an unexpected charge.

It was a strange school for the boy—a school where one learns self-control, self-confidence, watchfulness, and foresight; but where the virtues of tenderness and pity have perforce to go to the wall. The Boer had to shoot or be shot. He then was the Uitlander, and as an Uitlander had to be prepared to defend his invasion by straight shooting. This was by no means the only time that Paul stood in laager resisting the savage attacks.

In 1838 the Krugers moved up to the Mooi river, and in 1842 they finally settled in the beautiful and fertile district of Rustenburg. For nearly seven years they had no settled

home; and of the many stories of Kruger which have come down since that time, and which are now repeated each night on a hundred Boer stoeps, perhaps the favourite is of how he lost his thumb. He was out hunting, and, being anxious to shoot a rhinoceros, he crammed an extra charge of powder down his muzzle and fired. The gun burst, shattering the top joint of his left thumb. He was far from possible help, so, with the usual rough surgery of the veldt, he bound up his thumb and made for home. But soon the thumb began festering and threatened to mortify. The lad knew well that this meant death, so, without hesitation, he took out his pocket-knife and cut off the top joint of the thumb. Even this was of no avail, for the mortification had spread too low. Again Kruger took out his knife, and cut off the thumb by the second joint, when, happily, the wound healed.

He was specially noted for his skill as a runner, and was reputed to be able to run as fast as a horse. Once he actually had a race with a man on horseback over a course about eight hundred yards long, and he won. Another

time he had a foot race against picked Kaffir champions, the stake being a number of cattle. Mr. Poultney Bigelow, who had the story from Kruger himself, thus relates it in his book, "White Man's Africa" :—

"It was a long, hilly, difficult run across country, past certain well-known landmarks, among others his own father's house. Young Kruger soon distanced all his pursuers, and when he reached his father's house he was so far ahead that he went in and had some coffee. His father, however, was so angry with him for running across country without his rifle that he very nearly gave his son a flogging. But he made the boy take a light rifle with him when he left to finish his race.

"On sped young Kruger, the Kaffir braves toiling after him as well as they could. They threw away their impediments as their muscles weakened; their path became strewn with shields, spears, clubs, and even the bangles they wore on their legs and arms. But, in spite of it all, Paul Kruger kept far ahead of them all; and as the day waned he found himself so completely the master of the situation

that he commenced to look about for an ante lope which he might bring into camp by way of replenishing the larder. He saw through the tall grass a patch of colour which made him think that it belonged to a buck taking its ease. He aimed and pulled the trigger, but the gun missed fire; and instead of an antelope there bounded up a huge lion, which had been disturbed by the sound. The two faced each other, the lion glaring at Kruger and he returning that glare by the steady gaze of his fearless eyes. The lion retreated a few steps, and Kruger made as many steps forward; then Kruger commenced slowly taking one step backward, followed by a second and then a third. But the lion followed every move of Kruger, keeping always the same distance. This work was getting very weary, not to say dangerous, particularly so as darkness was coming on and no sign of relief. Slowly and cautiously Kruger prepared his musket for a second shot. He raised, aimed, and pulled the trigger, but again there was only the snap of the cap; and Kruger was face to face with a lion and with

no weapon but the stock of a useless rifle. The last snap of the lock had so infuriated the wild beast that he made a spring into the air and landed close to Kruger's feet—so close, indeed, that the earth was thrown up into his face, and he expected to be in the animal's grasp. He raised his gun to deal the animal a blow; but at this the lion retreated, glancing sullenly over his shoulder until he was about fifty yards away; then, as though by a sudden impulse, the beast broke into a furious gallop and disappeared over the next hill.

"Kruger joyfully resumed the race, and, in spite of all that happened, easily carried off the prize from the Kaffir chiefs."

His strength was as the strength of ten men. At one time, according to the official historian of the Transvaal, he seized a buffalo by the horns and forced the head under the water until he drowned it. However much tradition may have magnified some of these tales, there can be no question but that Paul Kruger was a very king among hunters and a giant amongst men.

CHAPTER IV.

Farmer and Fighter.

The ideal of the Boers in the Transvaal was to sever themselves absolutely from every other white nation. They wanted to be a solitary people, having no intercourse with the outside world, and with little or no government. They had the strongest possible objection to paying taxes, and they thought that if there were no government there would be no taxation. Every farmer was to rule his own estate as he pleased, none interfering with him. This ideal was found impossible, owing to the necessity of organisation for defence against the blacks. There had to be some form of government, but laws were passed forbidding any Englishman or German to own land in the Republic, vetoing the raising and working of minerals, and laying heavy penalties on those

who tried to open a road to other countries: in short, the policy which has been carried on, so far as possible, ever since.

The Krugers settled at Rustenburg, and throve greatly there: sheltered, well-watered, and fertile, the place proved an ideal settlement. A house was built after the usual manner of the Boer farms, with a sitting-room in front, a kitchen behind, and as many bedrooms as were required built around, a great verandah being in front of all. The family needed only ride out to get any required quantity of game, from deer and buffaloes to giraffes, antelopes and even elephants.

Even in that scattered and suspicious community Paul soon became a man of mark. When he was only twenty-three years old he was appointed Assistant Field Cornet, an office giving him certain magisterial rights in times of peace, and a command of a company in war time. As the Assistant Field Cornet is elected by those under him, this is a very good test of standing. A year afterwards Kruger was made Field Cornet, a post he held for five years, then being again promoted to the

office of Commandant. It was while Field Cornet that he took part in the expedition against Sechele and the attack on Dr. Livingstone, which is dealt with later. He had one very narrow escape. "I was," he said, when telling the story himself, "surrounded by blacks, and, as I wore a black coat, my own people took me for a nigger. When I tried to make my way through the enemy they discharged a cannon, and the shot struck a rock so near my head that I was half deafened with the noise, yet I made my escape."

After the manner of young Boers, Kruger early set up a home for himself, and, as a preliminary, found a wife. His choice fell on a Miss Du Plessis. Picture him as he went courting. For once he took some care of his personal appearance, and made more than wonted use of cold water. He attired himself in his best and bravest costume, a showy handkerchief forming a prominent part of his equipment. Then he mounted his best horse and rode off to his lady-love. As he approached her house he went up with a showy gallop to reveal the points of his steed, jumped off, and

swaggered in with all the confidence which only a young Boer can show at such a time. Of course they knew what he had come for, and asked him to stay and sup. After supper the family disappeared, leaving the young couple alone in the sitting-room. Then came the great ceremony of sitting up—a ceremony known in no other land. The candles were fixed, and so long as these candles burnt the two young people sat together. Probably the lady had taken care to have them made of special length and thickness beforehand. Hour after hour passed on, the young Boer, usually early to bed, finding it hard to drive off the sleepiness almost overpowering him. But to go away before the candles had reached the very bottom would have shown a strange lack of love, and would have been accounted little short of an insult to his sweetheart. What did the two find to talk about in all those long hours? Doubtless they recounted their hate of British rule. But it is hardly likely that, in all their schemes for the future, young Paul thought of a life such as was to await him.

The country was torn by dissensions. The

Boers had their own way. They were independent; none could control them. Few civilised white men penetrated near them. They hated and persecuted all missionaries near by until they made their lives unbearable. Now, for want of something better to do, they started quarrelling among themselves. Religion and politics, as is usually the case, made two great subjects of difference between them. Should a religious man wear a broad hat or a narrow one? Should a real Christian wear a short jacket or a long jacket? Should the cloth used in the Communion of the Lord's Supper be the same as the cloth used in the ordinary service of the Church? Should hymns be sung, or only psalms? Was it necessary for a religious man to have his waistcoat buttoned right up to his throat? Should the authority of the Cape Town Synod be recognised across the Vaal? These are not imaginary questions; they are the points over which the Boers argued and quarrelled and fought for many years—questions which turned neighbours into enemies and split the country in parts.

Then came the trouble about the political constitution of the country. It is impossible to keep account of the numerous governments that were in existence at the same time—sometimes there were two, sometimes there were three, sometimes a scheme was proposed for uniting all in one. Kruger himself was a leading reformer. In 1844 the Volksraad at Potchefstroom had drawn up a code of thirty-three articles as the Constitution of the Republic. In 1857, when affairs were somewhat settling down, Pretorius, son of the famous Boer leader, felt that the Constitution wanted changing; and amongst his most active supporters was Paul Kruger. They wanted an independent Church, free from the Synod of Cape Town, and they also wanted to have the government more in their own hands. Lydenburg, the home of the earliest inhabitants, domineered over the remainder of the country as Pretoria in later times domineered over Johannesburg, only at this time Kruger did not happen to be on the side of the domineerers. An agitation was started throughout the Republic, and Pretorius and Kruger held

meetings everywhere, demanding reform. A new representative assembly was elected to frame a Constitution, which it did, decreeing that in future all the people in the State, of European origin, should elect a Volksraad, and not one section of them only, as before. The older parts of the country, which had up to then held supreme power, denounced the new Constitution, and declared they would have nothing to do with it. Thereupon Pretorius declared them rebellious, and the ultimate result was that two Republics were constituted, the people at Lydenburg demanding their independence. Pretorius believed that by an armed raid he could bring both the Free State and Lydenburg to his side ; and among his men in this "Jameson Raid" was Commandant Paul Kruger. The Pretorius and Kruger party were overpowered, and a treaty of peace arrived at. But many of their friends in the Free State were brought to trial for high treason and one was sentenced to death, his sentence, however, being remitted to a very small fine. In the end, in 1860, the whole of the Transvaal was once more united.

But for some years the country had been in a tumult, and it is wonderful how long the war was kept on for such little bloodshed. The true explanation is probably found in the humorous remark of the missionary Moffat, that the opposing armies were always very careful to keep a long distance from each other.

Fighting and farming did not shut out everything else from Kruger's life. Like all his countrymen, he was, and still is, devoted to his own home. His first wife died, and he married her cousin; and it is said that his children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren now number over two hundred.

In his early manhood he passed through a deep religious crisis. The hymns and prayers of the senior Vortreekers, and the good example of his own parents, had always impelled him to religion; but it was not till after his marriage that he found the old evangelical truths of Christianity lay deep hold on him. Then the preaching of an American missionary, Mr. Lindley, fixed on his conscience the conviction of sin. Overwhelmed, he could not rest.

Forsaking home, he went out on the veldt, and for days remained away. A search party went out for him, and at last found him, starved, parched, but thinking nothing of meat or drink in the realisation of the forgiveness of sins.

This experience has tinged the whole of the remainder of his life, and for some time he wanted to devote himself to preaching the Gospel. His theology is of the Puritanic type, based more on the Old Testament than the New, but, nevertheless, altogether genuine. Those who regard him as a mere snivelling Pecksniff have altogether misunderstood the man.

CHAPTER V.

KRUGER AND THE BLACK MEN.

To the English mind there is no part of Kruger's life less attractive than his dealings with the native tribes. Let us, for the moment, try to put ourselves in his place. The Boers in the Transvaal were surrounded on every side save one by strong, well-armed troops of natives, who outnumbered them a hundred to one, who constantly raided their farms, carried off their cattle, and murdered and mutilated any defenceless white man they could find. In the Free State the white men fought and defeated the leading tribe of their opponents, and then made peace with the others; but the Transvaalers were not powerful enough to do this.

It would be unfair to say that all the fault was on the side of the blacks. The Boers

regarded men of colour as the Canaanites whom they, the people of Israel, were justified in oppressing in every way. They did not believe that a Kaffir possessed a soul; and even to this day few things make Kruger more angry than for anyone to assert that the black men are in any way the spiritual equals of the white. "They are not men," he will exclaim indignantly, "they are mere creatures. They have no more a soul than a monkey has."

It will be remembered that when Moffat, the missionary, was travelling through Boer territory, he one night stopped at a Boer farm. He was hospitably entertained, and asked to conduct family worship. He turned to the farmer and asked where the servants were: "Why do not the Hottentots come in to worship?" The farmer turned on him indignantly. "Hottentots! Do you mean that, then? Go to the mountains and call the baboons if you want a congregation of that sort—or stop: I have it: my sons, call the dogs that lie in front of the door; they will do!"

Some of the friends of the Boers protest

indignantly to-day against the assertion that the abolition of slavery had anything to do with their leaving Cape Colony. The best answer to this is found in the fact that when they settled in the Transvaal they revived slavery in its most odious forms. They raided peaceful native tribes time after time, shot down the unarmed black men, and carried off their women and children as slaves. They attacked missionaries who endeavoured to protect the natives; and, when the missionaries made representations to their Governments, the Boers attempted, by all manner of slanders, to ruin their characters. How far these slanders were true may be best judged by the fact that Dr. Livingstone was one who was attacked most bitterly by them. Livingstone in his "Modern Travels" repeatedly tells of the cruelties of the Boers, and of their endeavours to exclude missionaries from their country. One or two quotations will tell his story:—

"The Boers, four hundred in number, were sent by Mr. Pretorius to attack the Bakwains. . . . Besides killing a number of adults, they carried off two hundred of our

school-children into slavery. . . . I can declare most positively that, except in the way of refusing to throw obstacles in the way of English teachers, Sechele never offended the Boers by word or deed. They wished to divert the trade into their own hands. They also plundered my house and property; smashed all the bottles containing medicines; tore all the books of my library; and carried off or destroyed a large amount of property belonging to English gentlemen and traders Of the women and children captured many of the former will escape; but the latter are reduced to a state of hopeless slavery. They are sold and bought as slaves; and I have myself seen and conversed with such, taken from their tribes and living as slaves in the houses of the Boers." Kruger was one who took part in this attack.

Pretorius, it is true, issued a declaration against slavery, but it was a mere dead letter, intended solely to impress the outside world, for at the moment of issuing it Pretorius himself was a slave owner. And when the pressure of outside opinion became too great

for even the Boers to permit slavery, they established a system of imboking or apprenticing the children of the natives, which was only slavery under a very thin disguise.

Kruger himself had no weak sentimentalism about the rights of the natives. When his cattle ran short he took the blacks and harnessed them to the plough, and sjambok in hand, compelled them to work. You can still find natives in the Transvaal who, with half pride, will show their scarred backs with the marks of the sjambok got from the President's hands when they were serving as his oxen.

Yet another instance, which, more vividly than any description, shows the state of affairs existing between the blacks and the Boers. In 1854, Potgieter, a Boer, who was noted for his high-handed way of dealing with the natives, set out on a hunting expedition. It is said that he had stolen large numbers of children from a neighbouring tribe. Under the chief Makaban the tribe rose, as Potgieter was passing by, and murdered him and his party in a most barbarous fashion, skinning him while he was alive, and treating his com-

panions—men, women, and children—almost as badly.

The news of the massacre sent a thrill through the white inhabitants of the Transvaal, and Pretorius, the Boer leader, determined to avenge it. He and a nephew of the murdered Potgieter gathered together an army of 500 men, and proceeded to attack Makatan and his tribe. Paul Kruger was one of the Commandants of the Boer forces. The Kaffirs, hearing of the approach of the white men, retreated to some subterranean caverns of vast extent. Pretorius held a council of war, and decided to blast the rocks above the caverns, and thus crush and bury the savages alive under the ruins. This plan was attempted but proved unfeasible, so the caves were then surrounded and rigorously watched day and night to prevent the wretches within escaping, or any outside coming to their relief. Fences and barriers were built around the rocks, and great loads of timber and stone piled into the openings of the caverns. The men, women, and children had no water, and soon an intolerable thirst drove them out. The women

and children, we are told, died after they had drunk a little water; but whether they died from Boer bullets or not is by no means clear. It is certain, however, that every Kaffir man who showed himself at the cavern's mouth was promptly shot down. For three weeks this unequal siege lasted, and then the Boers forced their way in, only to be driven back by the horrible smell of the reeking corpses. No less than 900 Kaffirs were shot down at the entrance of the cave; and how many more died in agonies of thirst within will never be known. This incident, though the most prominent in the story of the Boer dealings with the blacks, stands by no means alone.

At this siege the nephew of the Potgieter who was murdered acted as Assistant Commander-in-Chief. One day he was standing on the upper side of the entrance to the cavern making observations, when a shot pierced his neck, and he fell down dead inside. Kruger was close by, and without hesitation he rushed in the cave amidst a shower of bullets and brought the corpse safely back.

It would be wearisome to tell of the cam-

paigns Kruger led or took part in against the natives. He himself puts the number at about fifteen. He had innumerable narrow escapes. His clothes were often pierced by bullets or assegais, but he seemed to have a charmed life, and was never once even wounded.

A writer in the *New Age* recently told from personal knowledge a story of Kruger's dealings with the natives which is worth quoting :—

"On one occasion, in 1869, an event occurred which might have altered altogether the history of the Transvaal. Kruger, finding his ordinary hands insufficient to gather in his harvest, which was exceptionally heavy, rode over to a town of the Bakhatla, under the chief Khamanyani, and peremptorily ordered the chief to send him a number of labourers. Khamanyani expressed regret at being unable to do so, giving as his reason, that his people were all harvesting, and if they had to cease work to harvest Baas Kruger's crops, their own would be spoilt. Kruger in rage, jumped off his horse, and with his sjambok lashed at the chief furiously. Several of the native witnesses rushed with uplifted sticks to kill the white

man who had thus assaulted their chief in his own council yard, but Khamanyani, smarting as he was from the blows received, restrained them. That night, the whole tribe, some thousands in number, left their homes and their land, and fled across the Limpopo river, taking refuge in Sechele's territory, for they feared, if they stayed after what had occurred, they would be wiped out. I do not wish it to be inferred from this example of the Boer method of treating natives, that the President is, or was, a monster of cruelty; on the contrary, he has a most benevolent disposition —where whites are concerned. He would stop in the road at any time, however much occupied by affairs of State, to dry the tears of a child."

The Boer attitude to the natives was well defined in one of the articles of the Fundamental Law. "The people," it is said, "will admit of no equality of persons of colour with white inhabitants, neither in State nor Church." With that guiding rule Oom Paul was, and is, in perfect accord.

CHAPTER VI.

KRUGER AS VICE-PRESIDENT AND BRITISH OFFICIAL.

IN 1852 the British Empire was suffering from a strange attack of indolence, apathy, and indifference. Downing Street seemed for the time to care nothing for the prospects of Empire, or for our duties and promises to weaker races. England was, for the moment, a "weary Titan," anxious to roll off the load of greatness from its back. Colonies were esteemed a weakness, not a strength, and Africa, the key-stone of our Empire, was regarded by our responsible Ministers as not worth serious consideration. It was in this mood that England signed the Sand River Convention, granting the Transvaal its independence, pledging England to make no encroachment or enter into no treaties with

the native tribes north of the Vaal River, and binding the Boers to abolish slavery.

The Boers had now all they had asked. They were absolutely independent, but yet they were not happy. The spirit of progress, which they had in vain tried to shut out, penetrated their land. The young people were not all content to remain ignorant; they wanted schools, they wanted some of the comforts of civilisation which their fathers had thrown on one side. To obtain manufactured articles from other lands they must have some more ready means of exchange than barter, and so the young Republic found it necessary to have its own coinage. Kruger was now one of the Executive Council, the small body that ruled the land. President and Council imagined, as some of the farmers of Western America imagine to-day, that they could make as much money as they liked by the simple process of turning on a printing press and printing off notes of any nominal value. They had not yet learned that paper money is only good for the net value of the gold for which it can be ultimately changed.

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the evil state of the Republic at this time. A quotation from Chesson's "Dutch Republics," gives a vivid picture of 1868:—"The country is miserably poor, and public credit is at so low an ebb that the paper currency (which is the only money circulating in the Republic) is worth next to nothing; articles being sometimes sold at 500 per cent. above their real value, in order to eke out a profit. . . . There are laws, but obedience to them is far from general. Little if any respect for authority exists. There are many high-sounding officials and departments, but there is no unity of action among them, and they are mostly maintained for show. One or two districts are in a state of open revolt against a Government which is weak and imbecile as it is notoriously cruel. Education is all but neglected. The State does not support more than four schools, and the teachers complain that they cannot get their salaries."

As another writer at the same time put it, "The Volksraad is incapable to make laws, the Executive is too feeble to carry them out, and the people on the whole too indifferent to obey

them. Nothing but confusion, disorder, stagnation."

Isolation and re-action had conspicuously failed, and even the most fanatical of the Vortreckers realised that, unless utter anarchy was to supervene, there must be a change. When Pretorius, son of the famous old Vortrecker, resigned, the people for once put even their religious prejudices on one side, and chose as their President a gifted, enlightened, and progressive minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, Thomas Burgers.

Burgers threw himself into his new task with zeal. He went to Europe and raised loans to tide the Republic over its financial crisis. He started schools, cut roads, reorganised the Government, and even threw the whole of his private fortune into the national treasury. But he had one fatal fault which the Boers would never forgive. He was not a Dopper: in fact, he was not even strictly orthodox, but "Liberaalen," or a Broad Churchman. The suspicious farmers had overlooked this at the moment of election, but they ever remembered it against him. The countrymen formed

a clique, headed by Paul Kruger, to put obstacles in the way of Burgers.

Kruger was elected Vice-President, and for some time he and his allies seem to have very effectually acted the part of dog in the manger. They grumbled while the country was going to ruin, without putting out a hand to save it. The country was threatened by the Zulus, but for the time the Boers seemed to have even lost their love of fighting, for they would not loyally respond to the President's call to fight the natives. The farmers refused to pay taxes, and the Government could not compel them. All the loans were swallowed up, Burgers's private fortune had disappeared, and it was impossible to borrow more even on the personal security of the Executive.

Cetywayo was threatening to overwhelm the land with his impis, and a campaign against Sekukuni led to serious Boer repulses. It seemed plain that if in a few weeks something was not done, the Transvaal Republic would be swept out of existence by the blacks.

At this moment Great Britain stepped in. Lord Carnarvon was planning to make South

Africa a great confederated Dominion, under the British flag, like Canada, where men of many races should work loyally, peacefully, and equally together. It was a noble dream, a dream whose fulfilment may to-day be nearer than any think. Partly to help on this scheme, partly to relieve the Transvaal from its difficulty, Sir Theophilus Shepstone was sent as Her Majesty's Commissioner to Pretoria, with authority to annex the Transvaal if necessary.

Sir Theophilus Shepstone has since come in for much abuse, but few can study at first hand the condition of Pretoria at that time without learning that he acted with the greatest wisdom and foresight. He was himself an Afrikander, trusted by the people, skilled in managing even the most intractable farmers, and with clear views of what he wanted. The people as a whole welcomed him. Those with some remnants of the Vortreeker spirit still left were so disheartened that they hardly cared to even whisper a protest. Amidst general agreement he hoisted the British flag.

A small majority, amongst whom was Kruger, protested, and Kruger and a Hollander official,

Dr. Jorissen, went to Europe to repeat their protest. But even they finally gave in, and on his return Kruger accepted office under the new administration.

Shepstone brought for the time peace and rest. His personal influence kept back the natives, and finally Cetywayo was fought and overcome by the British army. Shepstone in formal proclamation declared that the Transvaal would remain a separate Government, with its own laws and legislature, enjoying the fullest legislative privileges compatible with the circumstances of the country. All existing laws were to be retained until altered by a proper authority, and the Dutch language was to be used equally with the English as the official tongue. In short, Shepstone contemplated a self-governing colony, with equal rights for all white men, under the protection of the Union Jack.

Had his programme been loyally carried out, there would have been no Transvaal question. The Transvaal would have been to-day a contented and prosperous part of the Empire, and the old hatred between Dutch

and English would be now in South Africa as much a matter of ancient history as the hatred between French and English is in Canada. But it was not to be.

Perhaps our officials thought Sir Theophilus Shepstone had been too successful, and was taking too much honour. Perhaps amongst the dummies and mummies of red tape departments there was even jealousy of him. At all events, he was recalled, and a military man of the old school, Sir Owen Lanyon, put in his place.

English capital and English settlers had flocked in, and the land was once more putting on an air of prosperity. But the promised representative government never came. Sir Owen Lanyon was not to blame for this, for he could not force the hands of the home authorities at Whitehall. But he did not understand the Boers. He and his English followers despised them, scoffed at their courage, defied their prejudices. The Independence party, that at first had been next to powerless, grew almost daily in numbers and strength. The farmers looked to their guns,

and Kruger, Joubert, and Pretorius quietly but persistently carried on their agitation. Kruger had previously to this resigned his Government post.

The Independence party received both moral and material support from England. Mr. Gladstone, in the height of his Midlothian campaign, used the annexation of the Transvaal as a scourge for the Conservative Government. A very different party helped secretly. The Physical Force section in Ireland saw in the Transvaal their opportunity, and there is good reason to believe that they rendered Kruger and his allies monetary aid through Alfred Aylward, a well-known and able Fenian exile.

Month by month the agitation grew fiercer There was a section, even of the Boer farmers, still in favour of leaving things alone, but it was overborne. The discontent was helped by the rigorous manner in which the British authorities at Pretoria enforced the taxes, and there seems no doubt but that in many instances the administration acted both harshly and unjustly.

When Mr. Gladstone was elected to office in

1880, the Boers felt confident that he, who had so strongly advocated their cause while in opposition, would now grant them the liberty they desired. They did not understand that English political system by which however much the Opposition may fight against a measure, they seldom repeal it, once passed, when they return to power.

Even the English inhabitants of Pretoria called on the Government to fulfil its promises of granting representative government; but England seemed to have been seized with madness in its Transvaal policy.

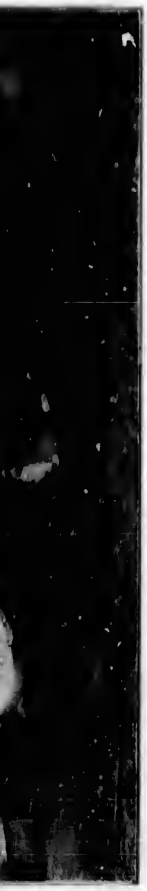
e, who had
hile in op-
iberty they
hat English
much the
asure, they
they return

of Pretoria
s promises
ment; but
with mad-

A BOER HUNTING PARTY.

THE RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE AT THE BOER NATIONAL MONUMENT, THE PAARDEKRAAL, NEAR KRUGERSDORP.

From a Photo. by
N. P. Edwards.



From a Photo. by N. P. Erasmus.

THE RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE AT THE BOER NATIONAL MONUMENT, THE PAARDEKRAAL, NEAR KRUGERSDORP.

CHAPTER VII.

The Appeal to Arms.

It is a sad task for any Englishman to have to go over the time that followed. Happily it only concerns us so far as it is bound up with Kruger's own story.

Although Kruger had organised the opposition, he did not want war. He knew the strength of England, and the perils such a campaign must mean; and though none has doubted his personal courage, he wished to keep the appeal to arms as the very last resort. But the farmers grew more and more restive. At every meeting they had fresh stories to tell of British injustice, of still more limitations to their liberty, of the seizure of leaders, of English taunts about their cowardice, of iniquitous imposts, of a farcical Volksraad, of oppression which no free men could endure. Kruger

exercised all his influence to calm them, and give them patience.

The whole country was as a powder mine, and soon a lighted match was put to it. Bezhuidenot, a farmer, son of a man who was hanged by the British nearly sixty years before for rebellion, was summoned by the authorities for taxes. He really owed £14, but the tax-gatherers, making a "mistake" common to them then, demanded £27 5s. Bezhuidenot offered to pay the £14, but the magistrate ordered him now to pay costs, £13 5s., bringing the total up to the original sum. He refused to pay this, whereupon the Sheriff seized a wagon of his, and announced its sale by auction.

Stung by the injustice of the affair, a party of Bezhuidenot's neighbours forcibly seized the wagon and bore it off in triumph. Sir Owen Lanyon sent a party of soldiers to arrest the ringleaders. The soldiers were met by a large party of armed Boers, who openly defied them.

The Boers sent for Kruger, who hurried up. He met the officer and talked over the matter

with him. "I only arrived last night," said Kruger. "Before I came I was not aware that matters were so dark and threatening. I came to try to prevent the shedding of blood. Here you see all these men armed, and they are determined to fight. If it is my power, I shall do all that I can to prevent them from coming to blows. For years I have striven to do this, but now it is the last and final effort I shall make. If they will not listen to me, then I must wash my hands of it, and I can truly say that I have done my utmost."

The ringleaders were not given up, but the Boers held a great meeting at Pardekraal, and on December 12, their leaders, headed by Kruger, signed a declaration of independence. No President was chosen, but Kruger was declared Vice-President, and with Joubert and Pretorius he made up a Triumvirate, to carry on a provisional government. The Boers did not enter into the matter gladly, for they hardly dared anticipate a favourable result. As one of their journalistic advocates in Natal said a few weeks earlier, "No doubt the Boers don't expect to gain much, but they

mean that 'some shall die for the people.'" The leaders did not hope at first for more than a removal of the worst of their grievances, or for so impressing the outside world as to convince it, and compel the English policy towards them to be changed. As the days passed and unexpected success met their arms, their ambition grew wider, and they thought to have all South Africa as one great Afrikander dominion. "With confidence we lay our case before the whole world, be it that we conquer or we die," said they. "Liberty shall rise from Africa like the sun from the morning clouds, like liberty rose in the United States of North America. Then it will be from the Zambesi to Simon's Bay, Africa for the Afrikanders!"

The English, one and all, at first heartily despised their opponents. Charges of cowardice were freely levelled, and nothing rankled more in the Boer mind. "Do you English call us cowards now!" they shouted a few weeks after, when they had won victory after victory. Even Sir Garnet Wolseley at first scoffed at "these ignorant men, led by a few

designing fellows, who are talking nonsense and spouting sedition."

Kruger was now the admitted Boer leader, and from the headquarters at Heidelberg he saw to everything. The attitude he maintained throughout the campaign was that of one who was fighting for God and Liberty. This is best shown in a Proclamation to his forces after the battle of Majuba Hill.

ORDER OF THE DAY.

To the Commandant General, Commanders, Officers, and Burghers in the Transvaal Army at Drakensberg.

MEN AND BROTHERS,

Our hearts urge us to say a word to you. We know that the whole South African Republic looks up to you with gratitude. We glory not in human power, it is God the Lord who has helped us—the God of our fathers, to whom, for the last five years, we have addressed our prayers and our supplications. He has done great things for us, and hearkened to our prayers.

And you, noble and valiant brothers, have been in His hands the means of saving us; your valour and courage have proved to the mighty power which so unjustifiably assailed

us that even the weakest people, fighting for its liberty, is able to effect prodigies of valour. Three times now—at Laing's Nek, at Skheyn's Hoogte—you have with your small force repulsed and beaten an overwhelming enemy. Cannon and treacherous and horrifying missiles have not dismayed you.

Your Commandant General writes, not speaking of himself (he is too noble to praise himself)—no, speaking of officers and very young warriors: "My regard for them is great, their names deserve to be preserved with those of Wellington or Napoleon." We repeat it after His Honour, and make it general of the Commandant General and of every burgher who fought. Our regard for you is great; in the name of the Fatherland we thank you, you have deserved much of the Fatherland.

Continue so to the end. The God who guides the hearts of kings like running brooks will deliver us. Trust in Him.

The Government of the South African Republic,

S. J. P. KRUGER, Vice-President.

South African Republic Government House,
Heidelberg, March 7, 1881.

The conscience of the British Government, which had been deaf to appeals, awoke to the clash of arms. The troops whom the Boer

army had conquered were very small bodies, only six hundred of our men being engaged even in Majuba Hill. An army of ten thousand men, under Sir Evelyn Wood, was despatched hastily to the front, but before it could engage the Boers, the home Government ordered an armistice. The now triumphant Triumvirate met General Wood in a little farmhouse under the shadow of Majuba Hill, and there discussed terms. It is an open secret that Sir Evelyn Wood had prayed the home Government to let him fight the Boers first, being confident that he had them in the hollow of his hand ; but he was ordered to make peace.

The terms arranged excited deep disgust on both sides. England granted the Transvaal its independence in internal affairs, reserving control over foreign relations, and the power to move troops through the country in time of war. A Royal Commission was to fix up the boundaries and other debatable matters, and until it had done so the Transvaal was to remain under British rule.

Sir Evelyn Wood felt deeply being obliged by his Government to make such a peace ; but

the Boer burghers were still more indignant. They were now confident of their power to drive the English into the sea; why, then, should they be obliged to cease fighting for a compromise like that? For days Kruger, Pretorius, and Joubert were unceasingly abused by their own side.

But Kruger knew, none better, that it was one thing to meet small British forces, another to fight a British Army corps. His men were not then organised, nor were they so strong as in later years. He, at least, had no delusion that he had beaten England. Speaking some years afterwards to the representative of a London newspaper, he was emphatic on this point :—

"Amajuba!" repeated the President with warmth, in answer to a question of the correspondent. "It's all wrong about Amajuba. I am sorry to see that the English people seem to keep up such a foolish feeling about that. People say we think we conquered the English. I'll tell you what we do think, and not one man, or two, but all the men in the Republic." The President paused a moment, and blew out

GENERAL JOUBERT,
COMMANDER OF THE
TRANSVAAL FORCES.

GRAVES OF OFFICERS KILLED AT AMAJUBA HILL, FEBRUARY, 1881.

From a Photo. by
N. P. EDWARDS.

a cloud of smoke with great energy. He was not in the least phlegmatic, by the way, in conversation, but forcible, voluble, prone to gesture. "We think that the English did not know what were the wishes of our people when they took the country away from us. Then we said, we will show them that we do love our country. We knew that England was much stronger, but we said, sooner than have our country taken away from us unjustly, we will fight until we die. Then the English people saw that they were in the wrong, and they gave us back our country. You can tell the English people that this is what we think. It is the busybodies who write to England and make out that we are always boasting about Amajuba, who do the harm. But you can go and talk to the farmers, and you will find what I say is the truth."*

From a Photo. by N. P. Edwards.

GRAVES OF OFFICERS KILLED AT AMAJUBA HILL, FEBRUARY, 1881.

* *Pall Mall Gazette* February, 1890.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUILDING THE REPUBLIC.

KRUGER and his two allies, Joubert and Pretorius, had now before them a most difficult task, one calculated to tax to the utmost their power of statesmanship. They had to fight diplomatically with England to get the best terms possible, and at the same time they had to induce their own burghers to disarm and go peaceably home. It is safe to say that if the burghers had known at first all of the power England retained, there would have been almost a rebellion against Kruger. The burghers were not unnaturally somewhat intoxicated with their triumphs.

It says much both for the solid qualities of the Boer people and for the skill of Kruger that the few months immediately after the war passed off so well. The conditions now were

altogether different to those before the war. Everyone was forced to admit the impossibility of excluding outsiders from the land, but the new question was how to control them. Kruger fixed his line of policy. He, a countryman, would be the advocate of the countryman as against the townsman. Everywhere else on the earth, the power of the country diminishes and the power of the towns grows. In his land, the towns should be as nothing, while the power of the few farmers should be supreme. Accordingly, boroughs were disfranchised, and the old policy of putting the voting power in the hands of every white man was reversed for a more limited franchise.

On August 8, 1881, the flag of the new Republic was hoisted at Pretoria, and Kruger and his colleagues issued a proclamation, declaring that "Our motto is 'Unity and Reconciliation,' our liberty is, 'Law and Order.'" In spite of much grumbling, they showed the people that the Government of the future meant to be a real ruling power. Their great difficulty was lack of money. The farmers retained their inherited hatred of paying taxes, even to their

own authorities, and they smuggled to avoid the customs and cheated to get the best of the rate collector. It may be asked how folks who pride themselves on their religion could do this. It is not my business to explain human nature, so I cannot say. But those who ask the question should also ask why it is that the Strict Presbyterian elder in the Highlands of Scotland takes pride in drinking whisky "that has never paid a penny to the gaugers," or how decent country folks in Northumberland think it no shame to eat smuggled salmon. Human nature is very much alike all over the world.

To make money, Kruger was forced on a line of policy which has since been one of the great industrial curses of his State—the granting of concessions and monopolies to traders. This served a treble purpose. It enabled him not only to get some cash, but to reward his political favourites or allies, and to cripple the activity of his opponents. He defended it to the Volksraad on the ground that it protected infant industries. At the same time, Kruger built up a rigid tariff wall around his land, rewarding his old allies, the Dutch farmers of

the Free State and the Cape, by excluding their produce.

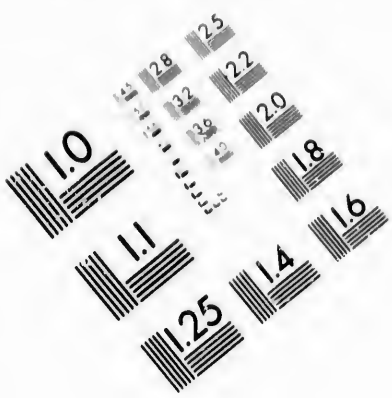
In 1883 the election of the President took place, and Kruger was chosen by a majority of over two to one, about five thousand votes being cast. His rival was Joubert, who for years has been the only man in the Transvaal who can in any way approach him in public esteem. Joubert is generally regarded as more progressive than Kruger, and more inclined to be friendly with the English; but he has not the staying power, the organising skill, or the ability to mould men as he will, that the President shows. The two work together in office, partners yet competitors.

In the winter of 1883-4 Kruger made his second visit to England. The Rand had never been satisfied with the Convention of 1881, and it was thought that there was now a chance of securing better terms from England. Lord Derby was Colonial Secretary, and he was neither keen for imperial progress, nor far-sighted in seeing what steps were necessary to guard the future. Accordingly, Messrs. Kruger, Smit, and du Toit, the delegates, found

him just the man they wished. They did not get all they wanted, but they secured very much. In the new Convention of London the Suzerainty of England was passed over without mention, save for the right to approve or disapprove of treaties with all nations except the Orange Free State. The Transvaal renewed its old pledge to forbid slavery or "imboking." The power of England to move troops through the State in time of war disappeared. Provision was made for certain minor affairs, such as the currency in which old debts were to be paid and the like, but the really vital matters of international intercourse, save the delimitation of boundaries, were ignored. It was a case where British prescience might have saved endless future trouble, but there seemed no one on our side with the necessary foresight.

A little incident during this visit showed more than anything else the financial straits of the Transvaalers. I repeat the story as it has been told in South African circles ever since. Kruger and his associates found their money running very short in London. They had to stay at a good hotel, as befitted their position,

y did not
ured very
ondon the
er without
ce or dis-
except the
renewed
nboking."
s through
Provision
uch as the
o be paid
matters of
limitation
vas a case
ave saved
ed no one
ght.
t showed
l straits of
y as it ha-
ever since.
eir money
ey had to
r position,



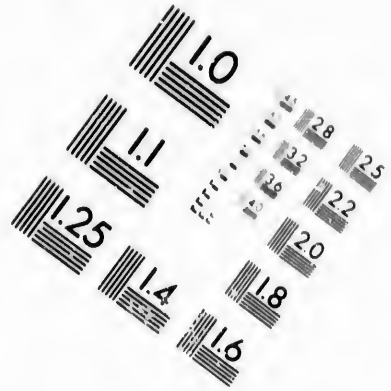
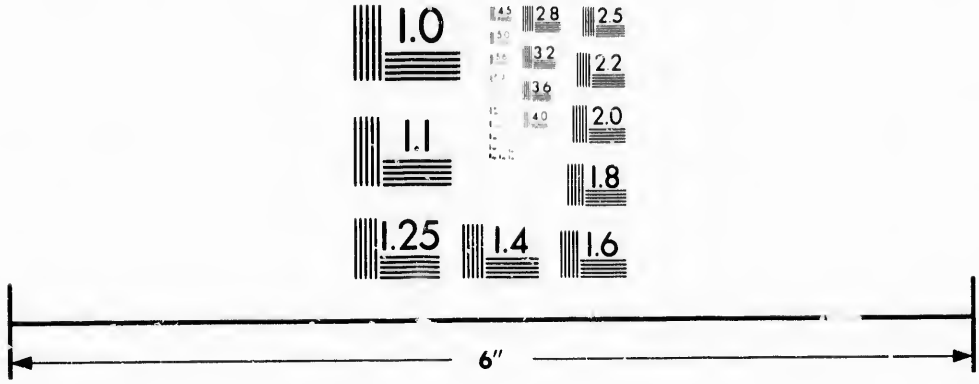
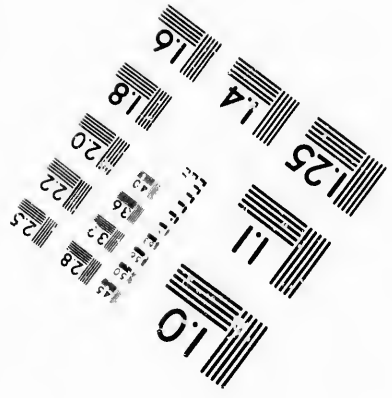
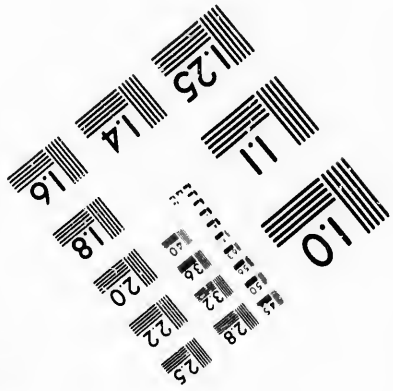


IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)

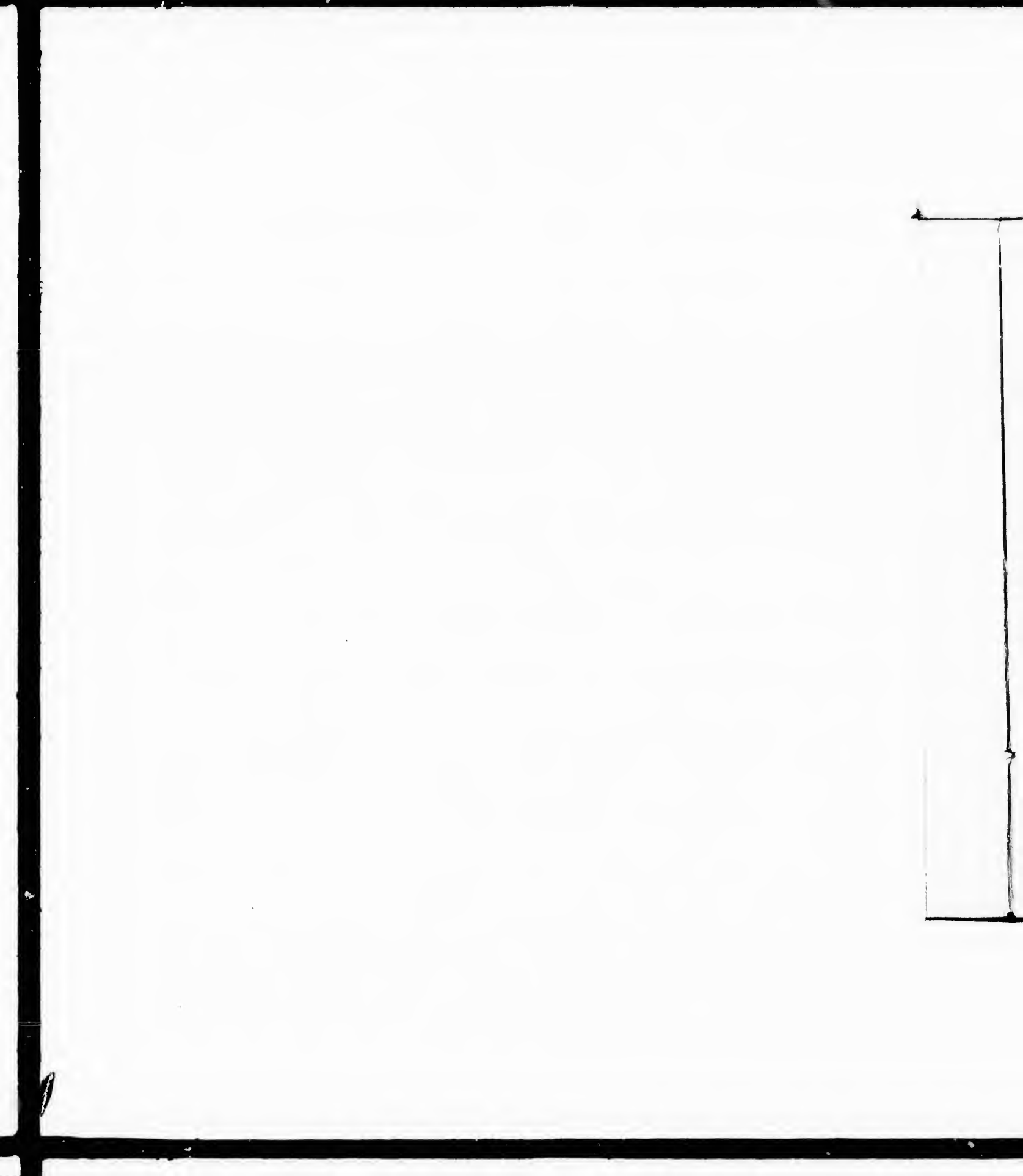






Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503



but they had not enough money to meet their hotel bill. They were in sore trouble when an English speculator, Baron Grant, came to the rescue. He would pay their hotel bill if they signed a little letter for him. The letter was drawn up by Grant's secretary, and duly copied and issued by the Secretary of the Transvaal Commissioners. No one saw at that time how important that letter would afterwards prove. Baron Grant was floating some Transvaal properties on the English market, and wished for assurance of their protection; but the letter went much further than that. It practically gave free invitation to the Outlanders to come into the land, and assured them of good treatment. Had Kruger seen what was coming, he would surely have rather had any trouble over hotel bills than agree to it.

During this visit, the delegates went to several capitals on the Continent, and were everywhere made much of, for Europe was awakening to the fact that the Transvaal had a future before it. Kruger, the man whom English administrators had delighted to snub and patronise,

found himself suddenly regarded as a master of men. Doubtless this visit helped to turn him more and more from England, and towards Holland, Germany, and Portugal. When the delegates were in Paris, Mrs. Crawford, the well-known journalist, interviewed them, and got an interesting account of their boyhood.

"Joubert said that the Transvaal Boers were hereditary marksmen. They were in past generations particular, whether Calvinists or Arminians, to have their children taught to read as a necessary part of religious instruction. Homesteads were at great distances from schools and churches; wild beasts and hostile Kaffirs infested the country. Still, to school the children had to go. Each boy was provided with a gun and a pouch supplied with ammunition. He was expected on his way back to keep his hand and eye in practice as a marksman, and showed he did so by bringing back a bag filled with game. The Kaffirs stood in awe of these Transvaal children, who were taught not to be aggressive or to provoke attack. 'Is not that so, President?' said Joubert, in Dutch, to Kruger, who sat

smoking a big pipe. 'Yes, we try to make our youngsters understand that the meek shall inherit the earth.'"

But though this may have been true enough of Joubert's schooldays, it was not of Kruger's, for he never had the privilege of tramping off to school.

CHAPTER IX.

KRUGER AS PHARAOH.

IN 1886 the world was startled by the rumour of the discovery of a peculiar kind of gold-bearing conglomerate some thirty miles from Pretoria. At first, the gold experts of the world scoffed at the idea of the discovery being anything more than a nine days' wonder, but a few speculators bought up farms right and left in the district. Then it was found that the new field was the richest gold centre under the sun. At once a mad rush set in; the diamond mines at Kimberley had brought thousands of adventurers to South Africa; but diamond digging was already becoming rather a matter for great companies than for individual speculators. The adventurers flocked into the Transvaal, and were followed by thousands more.

A new city sprang up as though by magic, Johannesburg, and a fit of reckless share gambling began. Kruger and his farmers took little direct part in it, but it changed the whole situation for them. Their poverty was ended in a day. The farmers were able to sell part of their land for incredible sums, and farms that a year before would not have fetched a few thousand pounds, now changed hands for a quarter of a million or more. The burghers, from being almost the sole white inhabitants of the country, now found themselves as a minority of the white males. The Government taxes, that a few months earlier were barely enough to pay salaries, now filled the Treasury; and when the Volksraad, rising to the situation, quickly imposed new taxes to press on the strangers, it found itself rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

The burghers viewed the invasion at once with satisfaction, disgust, and alarm. They were satisfied in having passed from poverty to riches, in finding new customers for their farm produce and for their land, and in being able to shift the taxes from their own shoulders.

But they saw that the presence of sixty thousand white strangers would create a new political situation. And while they liked the gold of the strangers, they yet heartily despised them. Not only were most of them Englishmen, whom the Dutch now one and all looked upon as fools and cowards, but they were not even sober, steady men. Johannesburg became the centre of the most riotous, extravagant, gay life. New mining cities are rarely the ideal abodes of law and order, and Johannesburg was at first more disorderly than the usual run. For this both Boers and Outlanders were to blame, but the main blame must be laid on President Kruger's administration. The President and Volksraad were the makers and the administrators of the law, and had they spent some of their newly-found wealth on an adequate police force, they could have secured the same outward decency as was afterwards to be found in Dawson City during its boom.

Instead of that, the President and Volksraad forgot their duty in their keen eagerness to make money. Sanitation was ignored, and

very many strangers died from typhoid and similar preventable diseases. Members of the President's family secured shares in liquor monopolies, which piled up hundreds of thousands for them, at the cost of the bodies and souls of the victims of their traffic. The burghers allowed the strangers to be as outwardly immoral as they liked, so long as they paid well for the privilege. The local police force was little more than a body of bribed and incompetent nobodies.

At first the strangers did not care. They were too eager to make money, to think of health or good government, or the like. When a man could double his fortune in an hour, he had no time to see about a vote. But gradually Johannesburg settled down. The days of the great boom were followed by the inevitable depression, and then the people sought to put their house in order. The wilder spirits went elsewhere, and the mining industry began to establish itself on a sound commercial basis. Mining in the Transvaal has to be undertaken, not by the small parties of miners with picks and shovels, but by combinations possessing

large capital and laying down expensive machinery.

When the speculative fever was followed by a time of sound industrial progress, the capitalists at the head of the new undertakings looked around to see how things could be improved. There were several obvious things at once necessary. The capitalists could not perhaps be expected, as business men, to concern themselves very much about sanitation and such things, but they wanted the ordinary conveniences for transacting business that can be had in every other civilised land. First they wanted a railway. Everything had then to be brought hundreds of miles up country by ox-wagon, the slowest and most costly possible method of conveying goods. They wanted, not unnaturally, to be either able to manufacture or else to import the articles, such as dynamite, necessary for mining. They wanted to have their Kaffir labourers protected against the temptation of drink. They would have liked cheaper food.

These did not seem unreasonable demands, but Kruger would not listen to them. For long he resisted the railway, in every possible

way, till at last he was practically forced to yield. He knew that railways would give strangers still greater facilities for entering his land, and even now, had he been able, he would have liked to exclude them. That was too late, but he could at least make it as hard as possible for them to come. The proposal of the mine owners to import or manufacture their own dynamite he opposed for a more intelligible reason. He wanted dynamite manufactured in the country itself, in order to have facilities for securing a supply in case of war. This is not the place to enter into all the scandals of the dynamite business. Those who want to know them will find all they want in the report of President Kruger's own Commission of Inquiry in 1896. But though the abuses were thus openly revealed, they still remain unredressed. The only reason which the most careful investigator can find why the native liquor traffic was not checked is because the relatives and friends of the President reaped very considerable profit from it.

The Outlanders appealed time after time to

the President for redress. He sometimes sent them away with soft words, sometimes with abuse, for growing years had made his temper very treacherous. Often he would explain to them that he would gladly give them what they wanted, but his burghers would not immediately consent, and must be brought round. For a time this deceived the outside world, and English journalists drew sad pictures of the progressive and enlightened President, checked in his beneficent career by a stubborn and intractable peasantry. I remember at the time discussing the point with a famous Afrikander jurist and statesman, an old and intimate friend of the President. Our talk had turned on the question of reform, and, to my surprise, my companion emphatically declared, "There will be no real reform while Paul Kruger is President!" "But he has just been saying how gladly he would satisfy his Outlander friends if he could," I protested. "That is all nonsense," the statesman replied. "I know Oom Paul as well as I know any man, and in many ways I have the sincerest admiration for him. But he is not a reformer. If

he wanted reform he could have it to-morrow, for he can do just what he pleases with his Volksraad. When he dies reform will certainly come, and come quickly. But so long as he remains in power the Outlanders will not get a single real concession." That conversation took place several years back, and every day since has proved the truth of my companion's view.

The President could be very rough to deputations when he pleased, especially when he got the worst in argument. His stock reply to any demand for reform was that it would imperil the independence of the country. When an Outlander deputation talked of protesting, he shouted fiercely, "Protest! What is the use of protesting? I have the guns, you haven't." Another time, there were some Outlanders present at a meeting. "Friends," said the President, "you are not all friends here. There are some of you are murderers and thieves; nevertheless I will address you. Friends, murderers, and thieves."

The Outlanders thought at first that they might, by becoming citizens, obtain political power, and so influence legislation. Kruger

saw this danger, and guarded against it. Originally an alien could be naturalised after five years' residence. A number of strangers came in in 1886-7, and would have obtained political power about 1893. So in 1890 the constitution of the Volksraad was changed, all the real power being put into the hands of a First Chamber, which was elected solely by those who had been eligible for ten years to vote for the Second Volksraad. In other words, a man must be fifteen years in the land before he could have any political power. This, of course, shut out all the Outlanders. Further laws were passed, the one result of which was, as President Kruger intended, that no Outlanders but a picked few approved by him should have part in the government. In other words, the Republic became an oligarchy, the countrymen exercising the power over the townsmen. The position was not new in the history of mankind, and had President Kruger studied the records of other lands, he would have learned that the struggle has always finally ended in one way—in the triumph of city over country.

The Outlanders petitioned and petitioned for some rights. "Go home and do your worst," the President once cried in wrath, "I will give you nothing." "If I grant them what they want," he another time told a friend, "I might as well haul down that flag at once," and he pointed as he spoke to the Transvaal colours flying outside. Another time he compared the Outlanders with a man who said to the driver of a wagon, "Give us the whip and the reins; our stock, our property, our interests, and our homes are also in this cart." But the driver replied, "Yes, that is all very fine, I admit your belongings are also in this cart, but where are you going to drive me to, and how do I know that you don't purpose upsetting me?"

"An English minister," he said, "once compared a growing state to a child, whose frock has to be enlarged each year. This simile is applicable to our State. We have had to change the frock of our child so often, that there is danger she will soon outgrow her parents. This is only to be expected, for old people, after they have reached a certain age, are always subject to decay, and it is then that young

people overtake them." But he determined that the decay of the Transvaal Republic should be prevented as long as possible.

In 1890 an event occurred that undoubtedly greatly deepened his distrust of the Outlanders. Kruger went to Johannesburg to assure the people, among other things, that he intended to build a railway. There was much mutual suspicion, he got a very bad reception, and in the evening the Transvaal flag was pulled down and destroyed. Some of the madder rioters had a big scheme behind. They contemplated nothing less than seizing the President and his guard, laying hold of the arsenal at Pretoria, arming the Outlanders, and declaring a revolution. Happily for them their scheme failed, for Jameson's Raid would have been nothing to the fiasco that would have resulted.

The friends of peace tried to make the President overlook the affair. Two years after they once more got him to visit the town. This time Johannesburg was happy, a public holiday was declared, and the Outlanders shouted themselves hoarse in the President's

honour. "Lick-spittles!" the old man contemptously declared, and not without cause, perhaps, for he had done nothing in the meantime to reconcile them.

Another incident, this time in 1894, showed the state of feeling. Sir Henry (now Lord) Loch, visited Pretoria as High Commissioner about the question of commandeering, certain British subjects having been compelled to serve with the Boer forces in fighting against a native chief. The incident may best be related in Sir Henry Loch's own words:—

"On my arrival at Pretoria I was met at the station by President Kruger, accompanied by many of his Executive. There was a great crowd at the station, and it was with the greatest difficulty that President Kruger was enabled to have the way cleared for himself and myself, going to his carriage. The crowd was a very excited crowd. They removed the President's coachman from the box and took out his horses. Two men clambered on the box with Union Jacks, and in this way we were conducted to Pretoria, a distance of from a quarter to half a mile. On our arrival at the

hotel where rooms had been prepared for me, there was a great crowd assembled in the streets wishing to present addresses. I reminded those who were anxious to present addresses to me that I was the guest of a friendly Power, and I refused to receive any address unless proper consideration was paid to the President, to his Government, and to the people of the South African Republic. There was much excitement at Johannesburg at this period."

What was worse, the mob accidentally left President Kruger in his carriage at the door of Sir Henry's hotel, with the horses removed, and no way of getting forward. The High Commissioner had arranged to visit Johannesburg, but President Kruger begged him, as an act of international friendship, to give up that intended journey. Had he gone, there would undoubtedly have been an uprising of the English. So Sir Henry received a deputation at Pretoria, and there the talk turned on the question whether the Outlanders had any arms. Sir Henry intended, by asking the question, to show them the folly of their proposed rising,

but they misunderstood him, and thought him to mean that if they had arms he would counsel resistance. This is the sense in which the deputation took it, and they remembered it to some purpose two years afterwards.

It can hardly be wondered that President Kruger viewed these strangers with suspicion. "They remind me," said he, "of the old baboon chained up in my yard. When he burned his tail in the Kaffirs' fire the other day, he turned round and bit me, just after I had been feeding him."

CHAPTER X.

KRUGER AND THE GERMANS.

IN dealing with England, Kruger's policy is to play one political party against another. In dealing with the world as a whole, his plan is to play one nation against another. Since 1884 he has constantly, and as far as possible secretly, sought to play German influences against British influences, in order to maintain his national independence. Some have imagined that he might even welcome a German Protectorate. This is not so; and he is perfectly well aware that such an idea is quite outside of practical politics. He has used the German to the utmost. He has given Germany considerable commercial advantages; but he would fight as bitterly against German supremacy as he is now doing against English.

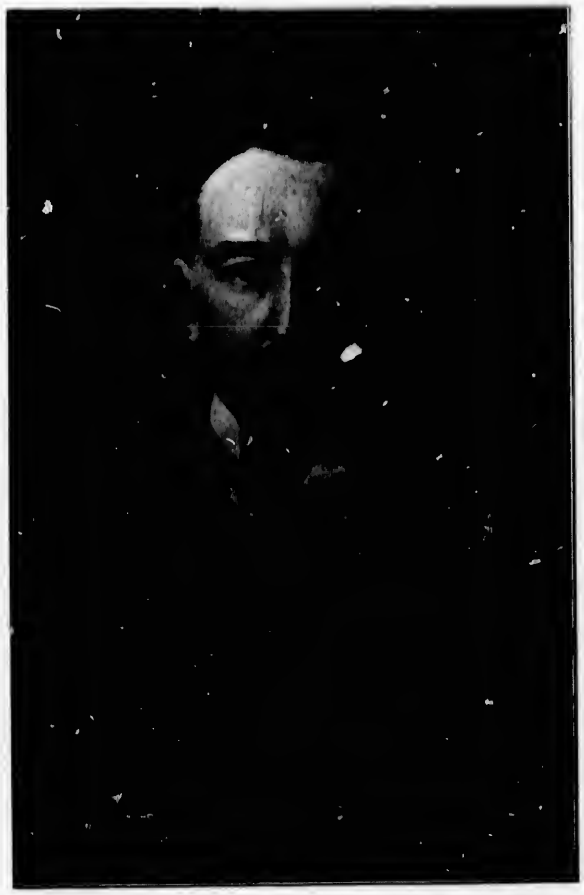
His first attempt to approach Germany was

licy is to
ther. In
s plan is
Since 1884
e secretly,
s against
ntain his
imagined
man Pro-
perfectly
outside of
German to
consider-
he would
premacy as

many was

From a Photo. by S. P. Edwards.

MORNING MARKET AT JOHANNESBURG.



MR. CECIL RHODES.

From a Photo. by RUSSELL & SON.

in 1884, on his visit to Europe to secure the revision of the Convention. At that time he visited Berlin, and was brought in close contact with members of the rapidly growing German Colonial party. In South Africa and England our statesmen had either treated him with contempt or an ill-concealed and irritating patronage, as though they were infinitely superior to this farmer-soldier-statesman. In Berlin, on the contrary, Kruger found himself at once a hero and an honoured guest. Prince Bismarck declared him to be one of the greatest diplomats of the century; and the old Kaiser not only conversed with his guest in Low German, but discovered close religious sympathies with him. Kruger, in turn, spoke openly to his host. "Your Majesty," he said, "you are an old gentleman, and govern a powerful Empire. The Transvaal, when compared to Germany, is only a little child. Such a child looks for help to his parents and guardians. It may fall down, and then it wants to be helped up again. If we in the Transvaal are again in great need, will you help and deliver us?"

From a Photo. by RUSSELL & SON.

The ambitious members of the German Colonial party thought they saw in Kruger one who could help them to check the British advance in South Africa. There were many discussions about what should be done and how; and soon after Kruger returned home the plans were translated into action. According to the Convention of 1884, the western frontier of the Transvaal was strictly defined, this being purposely done in order to keep open for England the great trade route through Africa. This did not suit the Boers, who strongly objected to being penned in by any exact borders. The Germans had already seized Damaraland; and the Boers conceived a scheme of annexing Bechuanaland, and thus having a solid line of territory right across Africa, preventing the British advance north. Hardly had Kruger returned to Pretoria, before bodies of Boers openly organised in the Transvaal and invaded Bechuanaland. The expedition was not under the official protection of the Transvaal Government, but among its leaders were Transvaal officials; and President Kruger perfectly

well knew what was going on, even if he did not, as many shrewdly suspect, quietly arrange for the whole thing. The raiders murdered one British official—Commander Bethell — in most cowardly fashion. They attacked Mafeking, and tried by force to assert sovereignty over the whole country. They induced, or forced, native chiefs to invite them to establish Republics there; and in due course President Kruger issued a proclamation taking these new Republics under the protection of the Transvaal. It was a very pretty bit of work, and had it only succeeded it would have curbed Great Britain in most effectual fashion. Doubtless Kruger, when he had got so much already by bluffing England, thought he might well try to get a little more; but England was awake this time.

John Mackenzie, the missionary and administrator, had been lecturing and lobbying in England to show what the Boer advance meant. Mr. Rhodes, then just coming to the front, helped in the same thing. The British Government, struck by the insolence of the whole affair, sent an ultimatum to the Trans-

vaal, compelling Kruger to withdraw his proclamation. It also sent a military expedition to Bechuanaland that drove the rebels and raiders back to their own home. It was the remembrance of this and similar raids that made many old Afrikanders smile sneeringly at the Boers' virtuous indignation over Dr. Jameson's Raid. A treaty of commerce with Germany was one of the steps in cementing the alliance; but, further than that, Kruger proceeded in every possible way to favour the Germans. They shared with the Hollanders all the plums in monopolies and concessions; so much so, in fact, that many of the old Boers loudly grumbled. When the Delagoa Bay railway was built, the Germans held more shares than either the Hollanders or the Republic. The railway was managed apparently to favour German traders, wherever favouritism could be shown. The Germans backed up Kruger by pouring capital into the country, and such trifles as the Dynamite Monopoly directly taxed every mine owner for their benefit. In at least one case, in a Government contract for electrically lighting the town

of Pretoria, only four German firms were allowed to compete. German military officers were brought over, and when Dr. Leyds went to Europe in the autumn of 1896, with £85,000 of the Secret Service money at his back, it was commonly believed that he meant to directly subsidise the immigration of old German soldiers to the Transvaal.

In 1885, Kruger publicly, on the Kaiser's birthday, declared his policy of friendship for Germany, and later on, when the railway to Delagoa Bay was opened, four German men-o'-war were sent to take part in the festivities, and Kruger was received on them with almost Royal honours. But it was not until January 1895 that English people as a whole really awoke to the seriousness of the German menace. After the defeat of Jameson and his men, the Kaiser sent a cable to Kruger publicly congratulating him on his victory. "I express to you," wrote the Kaiser, "my sincere congratulations that, without appealing to the help of friendly Powers, you and your people have succeeded in repelling with your own forces the armed bands which had broken into your

country, and in maintaining the independence of your country against foreign aggression." This was not all. Another German man-o'-war was ordered to Delagoa Bay; and the German Minister used the utmost pressure on the Portuguese Government to induce it to permit the landing of a force of marines, and their passage through Portuguese territory into the Transvaal. The Portuguese refused.

This act did more than arouse England—it put Kruger himself on guard. He clearly saw that the German design now was to obtain a direct Protectorate over his country. He was hardly in a position at that moment to publicly snub the Kaiser: but his friend and ally, Mr. Hofmeyr, leader of the Afrikander Bond, did it for him by openly laughing at the Emperor's telegram as bluster, and prophesying that the first result of German war with England would be to lose Germany all her African possessions.

CHAPTER XI.

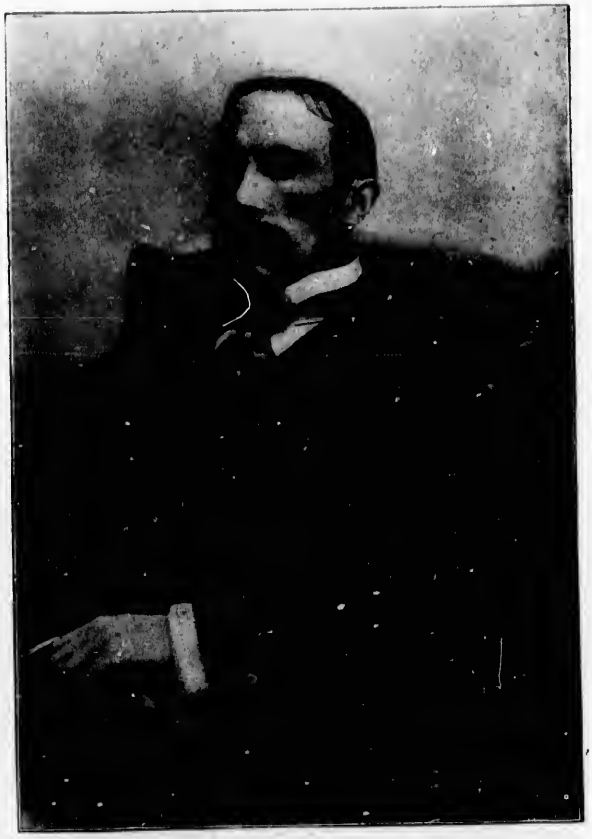
Storms, Stress, and Strain.

For the past eight years, President Kruger's position has been anything but a bed of roses. The last decade of the century opened badly for him. His own burghers were growing restive, his personal popularity was declining, his rival, Joubert, was rapidly growing in power, relations with England were stormy, and the Outlanders were threatening rebellion. Even the Dutch of the Free State had for the time turned against him. A number of officials had been brought in from Holland, greatly to the disgust of burghers who were exploiting the land for their benefit. It is easy enough to blame President Kruger for this, and there were no more severe critics about this matter than his own people. But he sorely felt the need of trained and capable assistants ; his own people

had been so isolated that they could not give him the legal, scientific, and technical knowledge he wanted. He dared not trust the English and appoint them ; for he did not like Englishmen, and he knew that they would probably use their posts to further Outlander claims. Hollanders and Germans were the only outsiders he could trust to work with him.

People, too, were throwing against him the charge of corruption. It may be well here to detail the chief grounds on which that charge is urged. First comes the fact that he accepted the present of the house in which he now resides from a Mr. Nellmapius, and shortly afterwards bestowed on that gentleman the sole right to erect a distillery and manufacture spirits from purchased fruit and grain. Later, he gave him the sole right to erect a jam factory. The second ground of the charge of corruption is that he got the Volksraad to sanction the making of a road across his estate at a cost of £5,000, which would be of absolutely no use to anyone but the owner of the farm. There are one or two minor affairs which need not be included. How far these

ld not give
nical know-
t trust the
did not like
they would
Outlander
ns were the
k with him.
inst him the
vell here to
that charge
he accepted
ch he now
and shortly
ntleman the
manufacture
rain. Later,
erect a jam
he charge of
olksraad to
ss his estate
be of abso-
wner of the
inor affairs
w far these



LATEST PORTRAIT OF SIR ALFRED MILNER.

From Photo. by BARNETT, *Johannesburg.*

PRESIDENT KRUGER'S
HOUSE AT PRETORIA,
WITH MILITARY GUARD.

PRESIDENT KRUGER'S HOUSE AT PRETORIA. WITH MILITARY GUARD.

two acts constitute political corruption, each reader can best decide for himself. Certainly, compared with other things that have gone on in the Transvaal, they are mere nothings.

In 1893 the Progressive party prepared itself for a great battle. The election of the first Volksraad took place that year, and also the Presidential contest. The Progressives put forward General Joubert as their candidate, and money was poured forth liberally on both sides. In Cape Colony and Natal, the standard of political conduct, and the attitude towards bribery and corruption, is much the same as it was in England a century ago. Kruger had evidently been studying the ways of some of the political bosses of the United States, for he annexed their methods in wholesale fashion. As President, he had control of the machinery of the elections, and he used that for his own purpose. Few, if any, doubt that General Joubert really secured a majority of the votes at that election; but when the final poll was declared, Kruger was announced to have 7,881 votes, and Joubert 7,009. The Joubert party seriously considered the advisability of appeal-

ing to arms against Kruger, but better counsels prevailed. Kruger was once more triumphant.

Quarrels with England were frequent. The Boers wanted Swaziland, and Kruger made all manner of unofficial promises of the good things he would do if he only got it. Various raids into British territory were started, and more than once England and the Transvaal seemed at the point of war, and fighting was only avoided by Kruger giving way.

Meanwhile a new man had arisen in South Africa, Cecil Rhodes. He and Kruger had first come to dispute over the Bechuanaland question, and soon they knocked against each other in further ways. In England there seems to be a common idea that all South African politics are summed up in the names of Rhodes and Kruger. This is far from correct, but it is certain that the two stand as the great representatives of the two divergent lines of policy —Rhodes for British supremacy and equal rights for all white men south of the Zambesi, Kruger for an independent Afrikander nation. Rhodes as Premier of Cape Colony, head of the diamond trust, "De Beers," chief of the great

Transvaal mining company, the Consolidated Goldfields, and founder of Rhodesia, could not be ignored. In extending the dominions of the Empire over Matabeleland and Ma-shona-land, he closed the north to the Boers as a separate people. At first, he wanted to work with Kruger, as he worked with the Cape Dutch; and he went out of his way to make friendly advances. But the old President would have none of him. Kruger quickly got the idea that Rhodes was the cause of all his troubles, and a bitter hatred of him sprang up. During the past few years, the very mention of his name is enough to send the old man into a violent temper, and his favourite adjective for him is "Murderer." In common speech, he does not talk of "Mr. Rhodes," but of "That Murderer," and everyone knows whom he means.

As head of the Consolidated Gold Fields, Mr. Rhodes had a large pecuniary interest in securing good government in the Transvaal; while, as Premier of Cape Colony, he wanted the everlasting disturbances there ended. The other great mine owners of Johannesburg

joined with him, and together they fixed up a nice little plot. Dr. Jameson, the Administrator of Rhodesia, was to bring a large portion of the Chartered Company's forces to Mafeking, on the borders of the Transvaal. At the same time, arms were to be smuggled into Johannesburg, and the Outlanders were to be quietly organised. At a given signal the Boer arsenal at Pretoria was to be seized, the the Outlanders armed, the President arrested, and a new provisional government proclaimed. At the same time Jameson was to ride over the border with a thousand men to help the new Government.

Kruger had a shrewd idea of what was going on, though he did not realise the full extent of the plot. In a gruff and biting sentence he told his people that they must wait till the tortoise put its head out of the shell, and then they could stamp on it.

But the Reformers started quarrelling among themselves as to whether the new Government was to be under Great Britain or not. Urgent messages were sent to Dr. Jameson to delay his invasion until this point was settled, but the

Administrator brushed them on one side, as though he had never heard them. Rash, bold, he believed that one good rush would finish the business; and on the evening of the last Sunday in 1895 he and his men struck over into Transvaal territory.

Their story is well known. Meanwhile, how were things going at Pretoria? Kruger's spies had served him badly, for he did not expect so quick a development. On New Year's morning, the British Agent, Sir Jacobus de Wet, was urgently summoned out of bed to go to the President. He found him up, with a number of his leading officials around him. He was greatly excited, declaring that two thousand men from Johannesburg, with Maxims and cannon, were marching on Pretoria. A horse was standing ready saddled in his stable, to take him out of danger, and poor Mrs. Kruger, for once startled into some kind of interest in politics, was wondering how her old man would ride, "for," declared she, "he has not been on the saddle for twenty years."

Pretoria was in panic, but it soon discovered the needlessness of its fright. Messengers

were sent out on all sides, and before many hours the Boer farmers flocked in from a hundred districts ready to defend their leader with their lives.

There is no need to tell the old tale, of how the Boer once more won, how Kruger played with his prisoners like a cat with a mouse, and how he succeeded in using the failure to place Johannesburg wholly under his heel.

He had only one regret in his hour of triumph. He believed that Cecil Rhodes was the main mover in the affair, and he wanted him punished. "What is the use of whipping the little dogs when the big one is out of reach?" he asked.

CHAPTER XII.

FAILURE.

KRUGER had now everything in his own hands. Johannesburg was tired of politics, and revolutions were at a discount. England felt its hands were tied, and that for the time it must leave the Transvaal to work out its own fate. The most moderate exercise of real statesmanship, of wisdom towards his opponents, of generosity, would have made all right. Fifteen years before Kruger might have done this; now he was too much set on his own way to swerve an inch.

Good counsellors who had proved their devotion to him through long years begged him to act up to his declaration of peace to Johannesburg. But other counsellors were not wanting; and some of the Hollander officials were tireless in painting the picture of

an independent South Africa, secured in its independence by the Continent of Europe, over which Kruger should rule as President. At times Kruger's speeches seemed to point in one direction, at times to another, but the end was always the same. The heel was ground more firmly on the Outlanders, till the cry of their suffering filled the earth.

Even in England, very little sympathy was now felt for the Johannesburgers. It was thought (not altogether justly) that they had fooled away their chances, and deserved all they got. They were openly taunted with cowardice, and for a time their city was nick-named throughout South Africa, "Judasberg." Their conspiracy was perhaps the worst managed conspiracy Englishmen had ever taken part in during recent years, and they had been content to lay down their arms without striking a blow. No doubt they had innumerable very good excuses; no doubt they were jockeyed and fooled by Kruger; but the world would have prefered to hear their excuses after they had fought.

The case of Johannesburg was the more re-

markable, because several of the leaders were men of tried and proved courage. But if they had been unwise, they assuredly had to suffer for it. The Boers assumed the most intolerable airs. The Englishman was only fit for insults of every kind, and they took care that he got insults in plenty. The British Government was watching, but for some time could do nothing. Kruger had now got to a stage of despising England. "Chamberlain!" he and his supporters would joke together. "Yes, Chamberlain barks very loud, but you never feel his bite. He is always worrying at your heels, but he never puts his teeth in them."

At last things came to a crisis through what at the time seemed a very little thing. An English subject, Edgar, was shot by a Boer policeman under circumstances which excited great indignation amongst British subjects in the Transvaal. They appealed to the Queen directly, and called a meeting which was broken up in rough fashion by a Boer mob. Sir Alfred Milner, the British High Commissioner for South Africa, interposed, and the end was a conference between him and

President Kruger at Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, opening on May 31, 1899.

England entered into this Conference with a sincere desire to find a peaceful way of ending the South African strife. President Kruger entered it determined to make no real concessions. All on the inside track of Pretorian politics knew this. A little thing that came under my notice at the time may illustrate what Kruger's friends knew. One South African leader of my acquaintance heard a friend declaring that the era of peace was at last to come through the Conference. "I bet you ten thousand it isn't," he said; "but I tell you, you will simply throw your money away, for I am sure to win." I asked him why he was so sure. "There is no question whatever about it," he replied. "Even the British Government might know, if it wanted, that it is simply wasting time in holding the Conference. Kruger has absolutely made up his mind to stand firm, and yield nothing. He is merely going through the talk as a matter of form. My advices from Pretoria leave the matter beyond doubt."

Events showed that my informant was right. To every proposal of Sir Alfred Milner the same reply was given, "You are attacking my independence." There Kruger stood.

For weeks after the break-up of the Conference the diplomatic contest went on, despatch following despatch, reply following reply, till all the world was weary. As the days passed it became clearer and clearer that the end could only be war. The Boers delayed things till they had secured their grass crop, and then, on Kruger's seventy-fifth birthday, a declaration of war was launched by them in terms which England had never had addressed to her since the days of Napoleon.

What now? What of to-morrow? To-day the noise of battle fills our ears, but what when the sound of the guns dies away? Is this old man to remain ever our foe? Is he to go down to his grave fighting for his imagined liberty, or is a day to arise in Africa when even he will find all the justice and liberty he requires in a really free South Africa, under the British flag? We must admit that his bitterness against us has been to a certain extent caused by our

mistakes. It may be too late to reconcile him, but the day must surely come when Dutch and English shall live in peace together in our great dominion, when each shall respect the courage of the other, each agree to forgive the mutual mistakes of past years, and work together, in the real Afrikander spirit, for Home and Empire.

UNWIN BROTHERS, LONDON AND WOKING.

concile him,
n Dutch and
in our great
the courage
the mutual
together, in
Home and

D WOKING

Some New Books . . . . . .
Published by Mr. James Bowden
with Portraits of the Authors. .
together with . . . . . .
other matter of interest. . . .
to . . . . . .
every Lover of Books. . . . .

For the convenience of the public a general and reliable description, indicating the class of reader by whom the book mentioned would be most appreciated and enjoyed, will be found in the space immediately beneath the illustration.

MR. CHARLES LEE.

MR. CHARLES LEE was born in London in 1870, and was educated at Highgate Grammar School. He studied with the intention of becoming a school-master, and matriculated at London University in 1889. Before taking his B.A. his health broke down, and he went to Newlyn to recruit, and has visited Cornwall nearly every year since. Though he has no Cornish blood in him, Mr. Lee claims to be a Cornishman by official adoption, since he believes that he is the only member of the London Cornish Association who is not a West Cornishman. Of his first book, *The Widow Women*, the *Times* says that it "Reminds one, in its truth and simplicity, not a little of *Cranford*. . . Life at Pendennack as represented in this story will be, to persons unacquainted with Cornwall and its people, the revelation of a new world. . . It has immense merit."

Three different classes of readers will enjoy Mr. Lee's book equally. In the first place, to the readers of a literary instinct, the beauty and simplicity of style, the restraint and the fidelity to life, will not only give intense pleasure, but will lead readers to say," Here is a man with a future—a man to keep one's eye upon!" In the second place, Mr. Lee's book will be heartily enjoyed by every lover of humour. "He has the blessed quality of making you chuckle—the best of qualities in these tired days," says Black and White. And thirdly, upon all Cornishmen and Cornishwomen the book will at once take hold. Few living writers know Cornwall so well, or can paint Cornwall & Cornish folk half so well as Mr. Lee.

Handsomely bound, cloth gilt, gilt top, **6/-**

PAUL CARAH, CORNISHMAN.

By CHARLES LEE.

Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE.

Mr. Quiller Couch ("Q"), in the Pall Mall Magazine: "Few heroines in recent fiction have been so delicately imagined as the girl Jennifer; or have been drawn with a finer sense of the value of reticence—of that reticence which speaks of reserves of beauty. That the book has humour goes without saying. It has also flashes of genuinely poetical imagination. Reveals a writer of high promise, who, with good fortune, should go far."

Saturday Review: "Thoroughly realised and admirably presented. *Paul is there, alive.*"

Westminster Gazette: "As a background to this picture of eager life with its underlying throb of pathos we have the sparkling line of the Cornish coast drawn lovingly by a master hand. From first to last 'Paul Carah' is a book of unusual charm."

Spectator: "Shows that Mr. Baring Gould has now a formidable rival. A fresh and delightful series of episodes in the life of a most engaging rolling stone."

Christian World: "As refreshing as a breeze from the Atlantic. Vivid, homely, fresh, natural, and picturesque; it is just the book to take up at the end of a fagging day."

Black and White: "So interesting that it is impossible to leave unread any of the volatile Paul's doings."

For the convenience of the public a general and reliable description, indicating the class of reader by whom the book mentioned would be most appreciated and enjoyed, will be found in the space immediately beneath the illustration.

MR. JOSEPH HOCKING.

MR. JOSEPH HOCKING was born at St. Stephen's, Cornwall, was educated at Owen's College, Manchester, and began life as a land surveyor. In 1884 he entered the Nonconformist Ministry, and after travelling extensively in the East, and visiting the Holy Land, he returned to England and published his first book. All his earlier work was strenuously religious in tone, and very evidently written with a purpose; but his later books may be described as the Romance of Adventure. Mr. Hocking is a brilliant and forcible preacher, and one of the most hard-working of ministers, his influence upon thoughtful young men being very great.

Will be thoroughly enjoyed by every lover of romance, especially by those who look for a strong love interest, vividly drawn and constantly changing scenes and exciting adventures in every chapter. Like Stevenson's "Treasure Island" it is sure to find favour with boys as well as with men and women. It is pure and manly in tone, beautifully produced, and well adapted for school prizes. Being a Cornish story it will be appreciated by Cornishmen and Cornishwomen.

ELEVENTH THOUSAND.

MISTRESS NANCY MOLESWORTH.

Beautifully bound in art linen, antique lettering, gold panel, gilt top edge, . . . Illustrated by . . . F. H. TOWNSEND,

3/6

By JOSEPH HOCKING,

Author of "The Birthright," "And Shall Trelawney Die?"

The Bookman says: "A capital historical romance. **There is a swing and a dash in it that no reader can withstand.** Mr. Weyman has given us no more manly or daring hero than Roger Trevanion, no more attractive or charming heroine than Nancy Molesworth."

Daily Mail: "Vigour, force, and absorbing interest, in addition to a skilfully contrived and interest-gripping plot. . . . **Every chapter contains a dramatic scene. It is all vital, sharp, and exhilarating.**"

Daily Graphic: "Too engrossing to relinquish for a moment when once begun."

British Weekly: "From beginning to end his story is one of **absorbing, breathless interest,** and the reader who is unable to finish the book at a sitting has our sincere sympathy. It would, we think, be very difficult to imagine a finer hero than Roger Trevanion, and more lovely, more fascinating heroine than Nancy Molesworth."

For the convenience of the public a general and reliable descri[illegible] indicating the class of reader by whom the [illegible] contained would be most appreciated a[illegible]d, will be found in the space immediat[illegible]neath the illustration.

MR. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.
Photo by Rosemont, 6, Bond St., Leeds

MR. CUTCLIFFE HYNE, who was born in 1866, is the son of a clergyman. After he left Cambridge (Clarr Coll.), where he took his M.A., he became a "wanderer on the face of the earth" as well as on the face of the waters. To say where Mr. Hyne has not been would be easy. To say where he has been would necessitate a list long enough to pass muster for the index pages of a text book of geography. As a consequence he has seen more of life than falls to the lot of one man in many millions; and that he has turned his knowledge to good account, the pages of *The Paradise Coal Boat* sufficiently prove. More than this they prove that Mr. Hyne is a master of style. His vibrant nervous English, his vigour and picturesqueness of imagery, and the boldness of his delineations, carry one on with a whirl.

When at his best Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne is an admitted master of a style which for sheer swinging strength and nervous power is scarcely inferior to Mr. Kipling; and many critical journals have declared that "The Paradise Coal Boat" contains far and away the very best work he has done. To say to whom a writer with so vast an audience specially appeals is difficult, but the lover of Stevenson and Mr. Kipling, the reveller in strong, swift descriptions and luminous metaphors will delight in these pages. Those who love the sea and who like stories of peril and adventure that take one's breath away may be promised a thrill in every chapter.

Handsomely bound in art cloth, with gold decorative panel and gilt top, **6/-**

THE PARADISE COAL BOAT.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

The Pall Mall Gazette says: "In his tales of the sea, in his pictures of life on reckless traders the Board of Trade has never heard of, in his types of dare-devil seamen, **Mr. Hyne is only equalled by Rudyard Kipling.**"

Times: "They are extravagant, they are all very devil-may-carish, the nerves of the heroes are never shaken, and they achieve feats that are absolutely incredible. But the stories, with scarce an exception, are **'enthralling.'**"

Echo (front page article): "In Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, Mr. Kipling has found a worthy comrade. 'The Paradise Coal Boat' is really a swelling pæan to the invincible pluck, the dare-devil adventure, the heroic endurance, and the superb insolence of Englishmen in all quarters of the globe."

Illustrated London News: "**Masterpieces** of their kind. Mr. Hyne has struck out a new *genre* of fiction."

Standard: "He has the power of setting a scene in few but vivid colours that **arrest the eye and insist on the reader's attention.**"

For the convenience of the public a general and reliable description, indicating the class of reader by whom the book mentioned would be most appreciated and enjoyed, will be found in the space immediately beneath the illustration.

THE REV. WM J. DAWSON.

THE REV. W. J. DAWSON was born in 1854, at Towcester, and is the second son of a Wesleyan minister. He entered the Wesleyan ministry after going through the Methodist Colleges, but in 1892 he resigned, and became minister of the Congregational Church of Highbury Quadrant. It was as a poet that he made his *début*, his *Vision of Souls* being published in 1878. His first novel, *The Redemption of Edward Strahan*, published in 1891, won the commendation of Mr. Gladstone, since when all that he has written has been most favourably received on both sides of the Atlantic. Nothing that he had previously published attracted so much attention as *The House of Dreams*, concerning the authorship of which much curiosity was aroused on its appearance in 1897.

*

An intensely dramatic, powerful, and picturesque romance. Readers of the Novels of Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Baring Gould, and Mr. Robert Buchanan's earlier work will thoroughly enjoy this story. East Anglians, especially those who know the neighbourhood of Yarmouth, will find the local colouring a strong attraction.

*

JUDITH BOLDERO.

Beautifully bound in cloth, with gold decorative panel, and gold lettering, gilt top, Frontispiece by S. H. VEDDER,

6/-

By WILLIAM J. DAWSON,

Author of "The House of Dreams."

Dr. Conan Doyle says: "Exceedingly strong and good—the character drawing excellent. It is some time since I read anything which I liked so much."

Ian Maclaren in *British Weekly*: "'Judith Boldero' is a strong book."

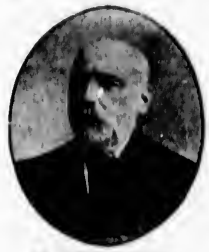
Spectator: "The story is finely conceived, and its sombre picturesqueness loses nothing by the manner of its telling."

Daily Telegraph: 'Described with masterly vigour and impressiveness."

To-Day: "I can only thank Mr. Dawson for his magnificent story, and beg all my readers to buy it."

Christian World: "It has all the strength, originality, and fascination of 'Adam Bede.'"

For the convenience of the public a general and reliable description, indicating the class of reader by whom the book mentioned would be most appreciated and enjoyed, will be found in the space immediately beneath the illustration.



MR. MARSHALL MATHER.

THE REV. J. MARSHALL MATHER comes of an old Lancashire family. He was born in 1851, and his father was a Nonconformist Minister, of Lincoln. He began life in an architect's office, but afterwards forsook architecture for the Nonconformist Ministry. His first book was upon *The Life and Teaching of John Ruskin*, and his second, *Popular Studies of the Nineteenth Century Poets*, which he has since followed up by *Lancashire Idylls* and *The Sign of the Wooden Shoon*. An extremely appreciative article upon Mr. Mather's work which was written by no less brilliant a critic than Dr. Robertson Nicoll first brought the author of *By Roaring Loom* into prominence.

It has been said for years that the novelist who could take Factory Life and show its intense human interest, its squalor and its nobility, its hardships and its romance, had a great future. In Mr. Marshall Mather, Lancashire and factory life have found their novelist. A book of such true human pathos, and written with such art that it cannot fail to charm the "literary" as well as the general reader. Members of Parliament and Employers of Labour should not miss this.

BY ROARING LOOM.

Beautifully bound in Art Buckram, picture panel in gold. Illustrated by . . . LANCELOT SPEED.

6/.

By J. MARSHALL MATHER,

Author of . .
"At the Sign of the Wooden Shoon,"
"Lancashire Idylls."

The Pall Mall Gazette says: "Full of life and verisimilitude they are, and to the Lancashire man or woman exiled, they will be **like a breath of native air.** Though he treats of simple folk and humble, there are fine types in Mr. Mather's gallery; and the sturdy independence, the dry humour, the kindly natures of the Lancashire working classes are finely lined. . . . **A masterpiece in its way.**"

Christian World: "Will, we are confident, have a great success. They are **real** literature. . . . **As good as Ian Maclaren's work. There is not one of the tragi-comedies which does not seize upon the heart of the reader.** They have force, feeling, colour, humour, and restraint."

World: "Lancashire has found her story-teller, her painter of manners, her folk-analyst in Mr. **Marshall Mather. . . Full of character, interest, grim picturesqueness, and power.**"

For the convenience of the public a general and reliable description, indicating the class of reader by whom the book mentioned would be most appreciated and enjoyed, will be found in the space immediately beneath the illustration.

MRS. LEIGHTON.

MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON was born in Clifton, in 1869, and began to devote herself to literature when she was little more than a child fresh from a school in France, where she was educated. She had published a three volume novel at fifteen. She also contributed poems to the magazines, and it was as a poet that she first met her husband, Mr. Robert Leighton, the popular novelist and author of many books of adventure that have a great vogue with boys. Mr. and Mrs. Leighton have produced, in collaboration, several successful novels. She is a prominent member of the Pioneer Club, where her able speeches are listened to with the keenest attention.

The general reader will be genuinely interested in this entertaining novel, with its strong love interest and varied scenes. Though not a book with a purpose, it lets in a flood of light upon the shady places of stage life, and its special and particular public will undoubtedly be found among those who are interested in the theatre—whether as actors or playgoers. The author is manifestly acquainted with life upon the boards, and draws a picture, the accuracy of which some will strenuously maintain and others will as strenuously deny.

A Novel of Theatrical Life.

THE HARVEST OF SIN.

Bound in cloth, with . . Picture Cover, 6/-

. . BY . .

MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON.

* *

British Weekly: "Admirably told. Would not discredit the pen of our best writers."

Pall Mall Gazette: "Striking and original. . . . Teems with dramatic incident, and several of the characters are not likely to be easily forgotten."

Bookseller: "One of the notable books of the season."

For the convenience of the public a general and reliable description, indicating the class of reader by whom the book mentioned would be most appreciated and enjoyed, will be found in the space immediately beneath the illustration.

MR. JOSEPH HOCKING.

Mr. Joseph Hocking has written more than one "novel with a purpose." This being so, it devolves upon his publisher—and for two reasons—to make it clear that Mr. Hocking's only purpose in "The Birthright" and "And Shall Trelawney Die?" was to write romance, "naked and unashamed"—romance which, while absolutely pure and manly in tone, shall have no other purpose than to give readers their fill of fun, fighting, and love-making. It is necessary to make this explanation, first, because readers might mistakenly buy the books expecting to find Mr. Hocking preaching a "crusade," and secondly, because those who can and do enjoy a stirring romance might be prevented from doing so from the belief that these were books with a purpose. Their only purpose is to keep the reader wide-eyed and wakeful when he might otherwise be in bed, and for this purpose it would be difficult to instance livelier volumes. They bristle with incident and adventure, and one is hurried on breathlessly from chapter to chapter. The general reader will pronounce both books "rattling good stories," and schoolboys will for once be in accord with the "Spectator," and pronounce them "as good as Stanley Weyman or Conan Doyle."

Fifteenth Thousand. Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt, with Illustrations by HAROLD PIFFARD, **3/6**

THE BIRTHRIGHT.

By JOSEPH HOCKING,

Author of "All Men are Liars," "Andrew Fairfax," &c.

The Spectator: "This volume proves beyond all doubt that Mr. Hocking has mastered the art of the historical romancist. 'The Birthright' is, in its way, **quite as well constructed, as well written, and as full of incident as any story that has come from the pen of Mr. Conan Doyle or Mr. Stanley Weyman.**"

Daily Chronicle: "We read Mr. Hocking's book at a sitting; not because we had any leisure for the task, but simply because the book compelled us. . . . **We hold our breath as each chapter draws to an end, yet cannot stop there, for the race is unflagging.** . . . We congratulate Mr. Hocking upon his book, for it is a great advance upon anything he has done. We prophesy a big public for 'The Birthright.'"

Eighth Thousand. Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt, with Illustrations by LANCELOT SPEED, **3/6**

AND SHALL TRELAWNEY DIE?

By JOSEPH HOCKING.

Echo (Front page article—Novels and Novelists): "Admirable stories, quite simple in construction, related in vigorous English, replete with exciting incident, and abundantly enriched with local colour, **they hold our attention in tight grip from start to finish.**"

The Methodist Times says: "Two of the **best stories of the year.**"

The Weekly Sun says: "An engaging and fascinating romance. The reader puts the story down with a sigh, and wishes there were more of these breezy Cornish uplands, for Mr. Joseph Hocking's easy style of narrative does not soon tire."

The Guardian says: "There is nothing pessimistic nor *fin de siècle* in Mr. Hocking's writings, but a bright, hopeful tone; an air, as we may say, of goodness; genuine romance is treating love, with real feeling for all the ties of home life."

ly bound in cloth,
Illustrations by
IFFARD, 3/6

RIGHT.

H HOCKING,

Men are Liars,"
ar," &c.

is volume proves
Mr. Hocking has
historical roman-
' is, in its way,
tructed, as well
l of incident as
me from the pen
or Mr. Stanley

"We read Mr.
tting; not because
the task, but sim-
compelled us. . . .
as each chapter
yet cannot stop
unflagging. . . .
Hocking upon his
dvance upon any-
We prophesy a big
ight.'"

ely bound in cloth,
Illustrations by
T SPEED, 3/6

L

EY DIE?

PH HOCKING.

rticle—Novels and
able stories, quite
, related in vigorous
h exciting incident,
riched with local
our attention in
art to finish."
nes says: "Two of
the year."
ays: "An engaging
nance. The reader
n with a sigh, and
e more of these
nds, for Mr. Joseph
e of narrative does

: "There is nothing
de siècle in Mr.
but a bright, hopeful
ay say, of goodness;
treating love, with
e ties of home life."