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HEYER

FACTS OF THE ATTEMPTED
ASSASSINATION OF
PRESIDENT KRUGER





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A strong detachment of fully armed Police kept guard at the Presidency and Executive Council Chamber all day. The reason for the demonstration is not known.

From "Transvaal Central News Agency."

Pretoria, February 10th, 1898

FACTS
OF THE
ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION
OF
President Kruger

IN
FEBRUARY, 1898.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"TRANSVAAL SECRET SERVICE."

10% of the Gross Receipts of this work will go to
"THE SICK AND WOUNDED FUND."

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CAPE TOWN
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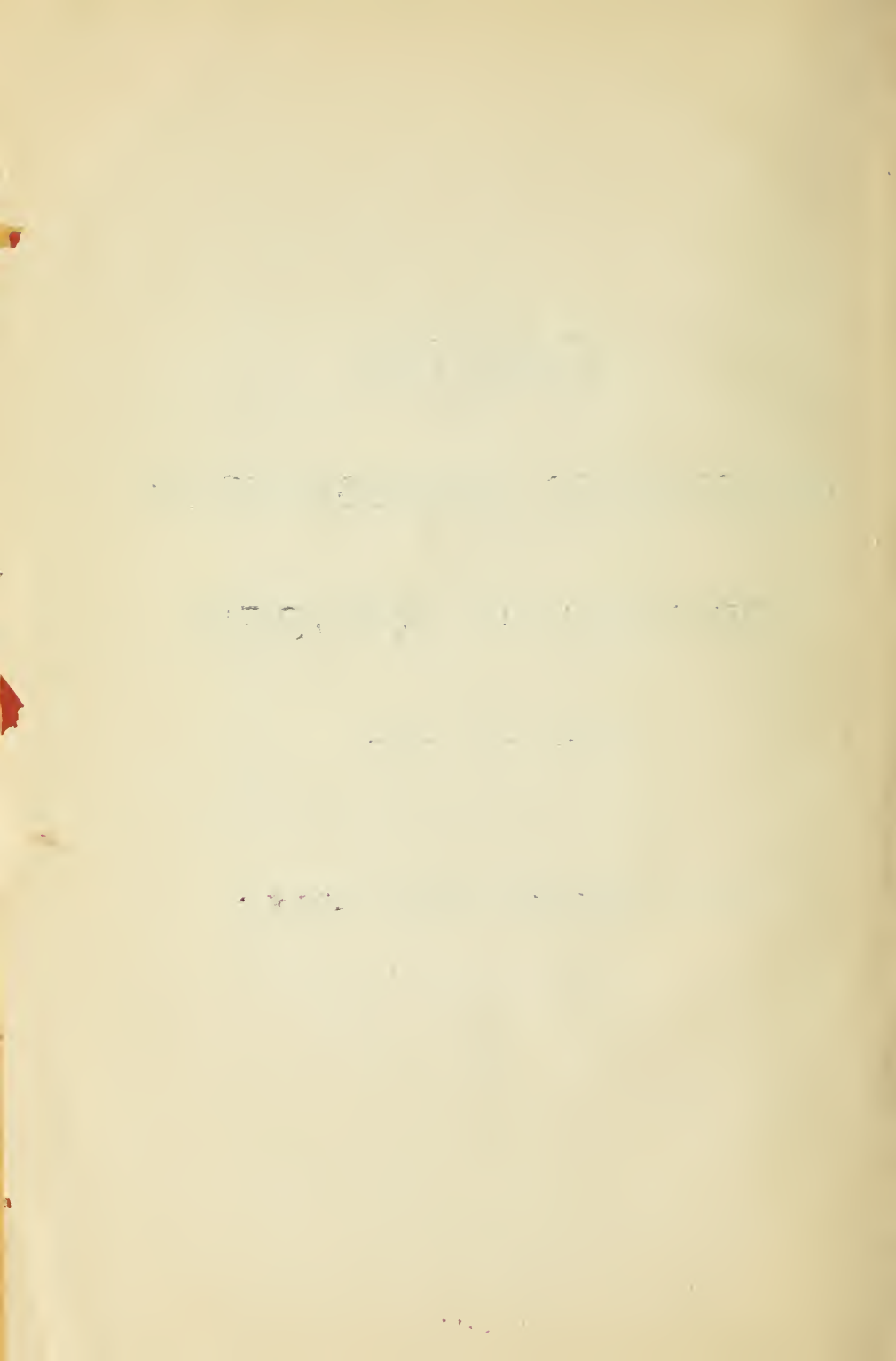


With Author's Compliments

E.H.

FACTS
OF THE
ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION
OF
PRESIDENT KRUGER
IN
FEBRUARY, 1898.

BY WHOM AND WHY?



DT
929.8
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4-25-78 J. M.

Publisher's Notice.

All ORIGINAL Telegrams, Letters, &c., in connection with the incidents hereinafter detailed are in my possession, and may be seen by calling at my office in person, at Court Chambers, 11, Church Street, Cape Town.

W. TAYLOR.

Cape Town,

April 26, 1900.

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

SINCE the publication of the pamphlet on the "Transvaal Secret Service System" in September of last year several people of the peace-at-any-price type accused me of "breaking faith with the Transvaal Government" and "exposing secrets entrusted to me in confidence," and other absurd charges of that ilk.

Lately I have been the recipient of several unstamped parcels from various rebel constituencies of the Colony, mostly unfit for publication, a significant proof of how sorely the above-named little pamphlet—now in its fifth edition—has struck home and worried many a traitor's conscience, from M.L.A. to the misled, humble farmer. One anonymous gentleman kindly sent me an unused Lee-Metford cartridge with the request to "blow my brains out," but, not forwarding the indispensable carbine. I was prevented from carrying out his kind advice, however well meant, which, therefore, remains postponed *sine die*.

I can now quite understand the reason why the Honourable, the Prime Minister of this Colony, Mr. W. P. Schreiner, severed his connection with, at any rate, disclaimed being a member of the Afrikaner Bond, which, according to such-like tactics, must include amongst its members men of the Anarchist profession; indeed, we know *now* that a sprinkling of the Russo-Siberian spirit animates a vast number of its worshippers—to wit, the recent rebellion in the north in aiding and abetting the Queen's enemies to crush the paramountcy of Great Britain in South Africa.

It remains yet to be seen which party it really is they are trying to annihilate or drive into the sea!

Little do they know that with the annexation of both republics their organization in the Colony will cease to exist.

As to the various charges laid against me the ensuing pages will suffice to prove how utterly ridiculous these charges are, and as the following incidents are never likely to be recorded in history—the whole of the wretched affair having been transacted and brought to a successful issue between the responsible Government officials and myself as an outsider—I have decided to make public the *true facts* and *facts only* of the case in question, and to dispel once and for all times the conflicting rumours current in 1898—as to the reason why the Pretoria Government strengthened the body-guard at the Presidency, and took special precautions when Mr. Kruger drove from it to the Government Buildings, *vice versa*, and on other occasions.

A. E. HEYER

Cape Town,

April 12, 1900.



AT PRETORIA IN 1897.

If ever there was a time of unrest and gloom, disappointment and anxiety for the future welfare of the South African Republic it was the latter half of the year 1897. The manifest proof of the sad and naturally inevitable consequences following the Jameson Raid was responsible for a great deal of acute distress and depression in trade and commerce, plainly felt throughout South Africa and daily getting worse. Yes, had the Raid succeeded the results *might* have been different, but as public opinion is too much divided on this subject the least said about it the better. Apart from that, however, let us face for a moment the grave issues pending settlement at the time of which I write. It is unnecessary for me to deal at length with the various subjects occupying the minds of the people and—shall I say presumably—the attention of the Transvaal Government. We have heard quite enough of it and know sufficient of the intrigues and the ways and means of the Pretoria Oligarchy to review the same over again. But in order to make the facts of the following narrative as plain as possible I must fall back on the momentous question of the day: The attitude of President Kruger and his partners over the Dynamite Monopoly and expropriation of the Netherlands Railway Company.

In order to get as accurate a knowledge of the opinion of the Government upon the points at issue, I paid a visit to Pretoria once more, and was fortunate to see a leading light of the Government. My first question was in regard to the Netherlands Company. The reply was, "This Government is entirely in favour of taking over the line, but for the present it is simply impossible. Over a million pounds have been spent on rinderpest, and the financial resources of the country are by no means in a flourishing condition. As far as the expropriation is concerned, I think we shall have difficulties with Her Majesty's Government as to the consent of the same, and what is to prevent Rhodes from 'tackling' the Komati Poort—Delagoa Bay section?"

The next question was: "How do you intend settling the Dynamite Monopoly?" And the reply: "This item has been handed over to the Rechtsgeleerden for consideration and to report thereon. The concession runs for another 10 years, but

it is proved that the Government is being defrauded by the thousands, and certain articles of the Grondwet overruled and neglected, there is not the slightest doubt that the Government will recommend *the immediate cancellation* of the said concession. We can get dynamite at 35s. a case delivered here, and considering we have an output of 350,000 oz. with but one-sixth of the mines at work the future welfare of the country is assured. The relations between this Government and the Government of Her Britannic Majesty are the most cordial that have ever existed, and it is ridiculous for you people at the Cape and in England to shout to the contrary."

But what was the result? *The Standard and Digger's News*, commenting on the lamentable failure of the deputation that left Johannesburg to interview the President, "comforted" the public with the following significant remarks:—

THE INDUSTRIAL REPORT.

"Yesterday was a day of gloom in Johannesburg. The face of commerce was clouded, and even those who professed the bitter philosophy, "I told you so," were not over-well pleased with the supposed verification of their triste omens. All this misery was founded on the deductions that were drawn from the reception of the deputations that had gone to Pretoria. Still we contend that there is only justification for the heart-sickness of hope deferred, not the wholesale dejection of despair. But the fate of the report lies *not with the Executive Government*, but with the *Raads*. *It would have been a grave breach of etiquette had President Kruger promised the report in its entirety, thus going beyond his prerogative* and pledging the First Chamber to the public. He could only go so far in his promises as his knowledge of the feeling of the Legislature justified. His Honour and the Executive and Mr. Schalk Burger have brought these matters to a head. But for them the Industrial report—that raft in our shipwreck—would never have seen light, and no one will deny to Dr. Leyds the credit of the elementary intelligence necessary to grasp these things. Indeed, we welcome the advent of a clear fresh mind at the moment. It is absurd to write them all down collectively as incompetent. Besides, their spoken words have shown how keenly they appreciate the difficulties we are wrestling with. The prime fact of the situation is this, that the hope of the country lies on the knees of the "Raads leden." If the "leden" have not so lively an appreciation of the dangers that menace the State some blame will be apportioned to those "captains of industry" who have eyes to see and tongues to

speak. Within the interval before the report comes before the Raad let the leaders of the Rand bring home the biting facts not to the Government as a whole, but to each individual vote-wielding member. As a matter of fact, those who know their Pretoria are holding aloof from the gloomy prospects and self-commiserators of to-day. They know, or imagine that they know, that the Rand has a surprise in store. The mass meetings through the country, at the Rand, at Boksburg, at Heidelberg, at Potchefstroom, at Lydenburg, and all the less formal gatherings, where men have been gathered to look poverty in the face, amid all these murmurings, we say the "leden" have been deaf. There are gold-fields at Barberton, Lydenburg, Zoutpansberg, Leydsdorp, Potchefstroom, Malmani, Klerksdorp-Silati, Komati, and Pilgrim's Rest. There are coal-fields at Middeldorp; there are a hundred places where lead, silver copper, quicksilver, iron, pottery, and clay are awaiting the shovel, and the shovel awaits the report. The burghers of those places know it, and they will not brook the indefinite postponement of their prosperity, nor an ill-considered rejection of the charter of their hope."

This was and proved to be a poor consolation to the public. Stormy debates followed in the Raad Commission sittings, the apple of discord being the dynamite question. Few people—unless interested parties—cared a fig for the expropriation of the Netherland's Railway Company by the Government, while the ultimate decision of the Industrial Report would decide the fate of thousands, Boer and Uitlander alike. According to indications the majority of Raad members, with Dr. Leyds behind them, were against the proposals regarding dynamite. Difficulty was experienced in convincing Raad members that if free trade was sanctioned the industry could erect its own factory, or obtain supplies outside the ring; but every device was being used by secret emissaries of the dynamite company to blind members on this point.

Naturally, then, a great feeling of uneasiness set in owing to the President's unsatisfactory answer, and eventually, upon the miserable collapse of the whole farce, the climax of general depression was reached. In other words, the President's reply "that if the report of the Commission was adopted it would amount to the Government cutting its own throat," was taken as so much nonsense and waste of words by the intelligent public, and regarded as an ominous expression. It was felt that the once ready desire to adopt economic reforms had for ever disappeared. Well, this presentiment was only too well founded.

Have we forgotten the shameful scandals later revealed? Were not President Kruger, Tjaard Kruger, Jan Eloff, Dr. Leyds and a score of others financially interested in that very

monopoly? President S. P. J. Kruger denied that he received £30,000 per annum from the existing Dynamite Monopoly! But there it stopped, and we are none the wiser. People now-a-days talk glibly of the "revelations" about to be made public after the entry of the British Forces into Pretoria. As if that huge case sent on February the 14th, 1900, from Pretoria to Delagoa Bay with an armed escort, and by now safely lodged at the Brussels Legation, did not include amongst its "treasures" the scandals of a corrupt but, thank God, gradually disappearing Government?

PREPARING FOR THE FRAY.

The five-yearly election of State President was at hand. As in 1893, the supporters of General Joubert worked hard to return him. I took a prominent part during that election in supporting the General, and with many others to-day feel certain that he *was* actually elected President, but was kept from office by the scandalous ballot-stuffing of his opponent.

This time Schalk Burger, by means of some tricky platform oratory, managed to split the voting to such an extent that a vast number of President Kruger and General Joubert's supporters either voted for him or never voted at all. In well-informed circles it was taken for granted that Kruger would be re-elected by a substantial majority. On the 9th of February, 1898, the result of the country's poll was declared as follows:—

Kruger.....	12,764	votes
Burger.....	3,716	..
Joubert.....	1,943	..

President Kruger gaining a majority of over 7,000 above the total of his two rivals, and thus Mr. Kruger entered upon his fourth term of office. To not a few this result came as a great surprise, not to say bitter disappointment.

It is extremely interesting to recall the remarkable criticism of two of France's leading journals.

Le Temps pointed out that Mr. Chamberlain's statement in the House of Commons, the fact of two directors of the Chartered Company having resigned, as well as other circumstances, showed that important alterations would be made in the present system of English administration.

"Therefore, Mr. Kruger would be more justified (*Le Temps* continued) than ever in giving tokens of his conciliatory inten-

tions. He was at liberty to consolidate his triumph by granting all concessions which were, in accordance with justice, stepping deliberately into the patch of fiscal and industrial reforms."

This article of *Le Temps* was important as making a change of front, the newspapers having previously reported Mr. Kruger's policy unreservedly.

Another article commenting on the President's re-election read:—

"It is sometimes more difficult to make use of a victory than to gain it. The fear has been entertained that Mr. Kruger might not retain the sympathies he had won for himself; and the best wish we can offer at the beginning of his new Presidentship is that he will spare no effort in order to destroy such apprehensions. All friends of peace, who firmly believe in the necessity of maintaining the *status quo* in South Africa, and who are determined to protest against any further interference with the territorial integrity and political independence of the Transvaal Republic, are also convinced that it is the duty and the interest of this State to grant the foreigners who contribute to its wealth all reforms which do not affect its own security. No doubt Mr. Kruger has given already a few tokens of his goodwill by granting municipal rights to Johannesburg, and by conceding a small part of the reductions which are required by the mining industry. On the other hand, everybody is aware that some uitlander grievances have served as a pretext for grievances of quite a different nature, and one sees, for instance, papers which are authentically Rhodesian asserting that 'reforms are a question of life and death for mining enterprises.' Still, it is better to go too far on the right side than on the wrong one."

Then the *Journal des Débats* (one of Paris' most impartial and widely read newspapers) of February 11th, commenting also on the return of Mr. Kruger to power, said:—"Thus is Mr. Kruger confirmed in his high functions for another period of five years. His mandate gives him practically an unlimited power. With the Boer *régime*, the State President is not, as in other countries, a supreme regulator, with the object of securing at a distance the free play of the laws. He touches everything, controls everything, governs everything. The Executive Council obeys him. Parliament registers his decisions, and his action does not even stop at the judiciary power, the independence of which, as shown in the crisis of March, 1897, is a mere appearance. He is, in all senses of the word, the head of the State, or, to use the expression of a Boer organ of Mr. Kruger, 'a sovereign on a throne.' It is in accordance with this principle that Mr. Kruger said last month in Pretoria and Welver-

diend: 'My people, my burghers, my Council, my Volksraad, my banks, my mines.'

"Such expressions reveal a childish feeling of autocracy, from which Mr. Kruger would do well to refrain. This feeling could display itself freely at a time when the Transvaal, as a small and miserable little nation, lost and forsaken in the South African veld, led obscurely an innocent pastoral life. But all of a sudden, civilisation, under its more active and energetic form, has, so to speak, taken hold of the veld: an enormous industry, created by European capital and labour, has been born there, and the rapid development of this industry, in upsetting the economical conditions of the Boer existence, has raised in the Transvaal that awkward problem which constitutes the main difficulty of South African politics, and which Mr. Kruger can neither shirk nor suppress.

"Would he consider his own country, he will be able to observe that the recent voting does not mean that his economical principles are approved by the majority of the population. Out of 24,000 voters on the list, 12,000 have polled in his favour, but even supposing that these want the maintenance of the *status quo ante*, it is certain that the other 12,000 voters, whether they have voted for Burger or Joubert, or have not voted at all, are wishing for a change. As to the foreign population, which is three times as numerous as the Boer population, it is evident that the same is entirely devoted to the cause of reform. Reasonably, can Mr. Kruger leave out of notice these discontented citizens, decline to listen to their grievances, with this hard obstinacy which he has displayed till now?

"Should he now direct his looks towards Europe, he will see—and his ordinary counsel, Dr. Leyds, may inform him of the fact—that the heavy interests engaged in the Transvaal do not fail to concern her. We have already in this paper laid down this principle, and in doing so were only stating a mere fact. Without pretending—and such pretension would be unjust and uncivil—to meddle with the inner policy of the Transvaal. Europe has a right to ask for a fairer treatment of her citizens, and of their interests. If the old President perseveres in his former attitude, he runs the risk of losing gradually precious sympathies, and further, of bringing about an accentuation of the crisis which has lasted two years. With a little condescendence and a few reforms, it would be easy for him to open in South Africa a new era of peace, of concord and of prosperity."

How very true these prognostications, when we compare recent and current events! What with the persistent refusal on the part of Mr. Kruger to grant reforms, and to deny the uitlander, who made the Transvaal what it is, ordinary citizen rights, was it to be wondered at that he was the recipient of

several threatening letters before and after the election? These letters have, I believe, never been published, but a representative of the Pretoria *Volkstem* obtained one from Mr. D. E. Schutte, Chief of Police, who had become rather frightened at the tone of this letter, and had instructed the Johannesburg Superintendent of Police to make diligent enquiries regarding its authenticity. This was on the evening of February the 5th, 1898, but just before going to press a messenger from Tjaard Kruger entered the St. Andries' Street Printing Office and demanded back the letter in question, which, although already in type, was never published, and returned to the Chief of Police.

This letter read as follows:—

To President Kruger,

Pretoria.

PRESIDENT,

A member of the Société anonyme du I wish speak to you state. You are an fool not to give proper laws to people that come to Transvaal State and not fit to sit on top of chair and rule state. You must die and *we* have sworn we will shoot or dagger you if you get again elect as President. (Here some unintelligible French threats were uttered, concluding the letter with *Vive la France!* The Death to President Kruger.)

(Signed) ROSSEAU,

Fil de

Johannesburg,

Transvaal.

President Kruger at first did not take the matter seriously, and nothing more was heard from the Golden City.

A NOTORIOUS CLIQUE.

On January the 26th, 1898, a letter from a friend on the Continent reached me, a gentleman, belonging to one of the strongest and most powerful secret (social-democratic) societies in Europe, with whom I had been in communication on matters relating to the coming elections for the Reichstag, when more of the Socialist nominees were to inflict a crushing defeat over their political opponents—to the effect that “he thought a carefully planned conspiracy was on foot to prevent President Kruger from being re-elected.” I cannot tell you why I think so,” the letter went on in similar terms [I can only quote from memory as the letter is in the hands of the Transvaal Government], “but you had better make enquiries, and try your best to frustrate the scoundrels’ designs.” And enquiries I did make to the best of my abilities, for as much as I disliked the President on account of his political notions and his stubborn fight against granting necessary reforms to an oppressed people, I felt myself bound to bring to the notice of the Government of the South African Republic the suspicions I then entertained and which, after a most searching enquiry, were only too well founded.

I will not trouble the reader with what transpired in Cape Town and neighbourhood between January the 28th and February the 10th, suffice it to say that on the receipt of the assassination of Senor Reina Barrios, the President of Guatemala (succeeded by Manuel Estrada Cabrero on September 25th), I tried to arrive at the conclusion that, perhaps, both plots were the work of one and the same party, society, club or brotherhood, whatever it might be, but could not then or even now connect them with each other, more especially when I learned the circumstances under which President Barrios was done to death. Although every effort was made to trace the origin of such foul a crime and to discover the actual instigators, this was, unfortunately, never attained and remains up to this day a mystery.

On the evening of Saturday, the fifth of February, a couple of shabbily dressed men, with dark hair and dark complexion, with eyes as black as the ace of spades, left Cape Town for Bloemfontein and from thence to Johannesburg. The one

turned out to be an Italian, the other a Frenchman. It was significant that both went to Johannesburg first before going to Pretoria and to arrive *there* on the day of the declaration of the poll. They entered the Republic unarmed and were found *with* arms in Johannesburg. I return to this again further on. The moment they left Bloemfontein little did they know they were under the eyes of the law.

“UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN.”

On Sunday I penned a lengthy letter to Dr. W. J. Leyds, dated and posted the same on the following day.

(COPY OF P.O. RECEIPT.)

No. A Registered Letter for

	REGISTERED.	832	
Despatching Office Stamp.	G.P.O.		DR. LEYDS,
	7 Feb.		
	98		PRETORIA.
	Cape Town.		Received by

I simply stated what my suspicions were and what I had personally seen, together with certain strange coincidences during the previous week. In conclusion I offered my services to make further investigations *on one condition*: that I was to receive no bonus of any kind, however long my services would be required, but that my hotel and travelling expenses be refunded to me. To this I received a wire on February the 10th, which, it will be seen, must have been handed in at the Pretoria

station within an hour or so of the receipt of my letter. It read as follows :—

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, &c., &c.

HANDED IN AT
 PRETORIA, AT 4.20 P.M.

(Stamp.)

Central
Telegraph
Office P.
Cape Town
Febry. 10.98.

Received here at 6.29 p.m.

FROM
 BROCK *

TO
 A. E. HEYER,
 6, Cellwood Ter. ‡
 Chapel St.,

Your letter 7 reed. come over at once expenses will be fully repaid.

That night I did not return home until about 9.30 p.m.—too late for the evening train, but the next day at 9 p.m. I left Cape Town for Pretoria where I arrived on Monday, the 14th of February, and at once made my way to the State Secretary's apartments where I had a long interview with Mr. Fortuin, confidential clerk to Dr. Leyds, in the presence of D. E. Schutte, Chief of police. What was my surprise to hear that they had already, *previous to my writing to Dr. Leyds*, heard of the attempt to take the President's life, but from what quarter or through whom was not made known to me ! (?) "I sent for you, Mr. Heyer," continued Mr. Fortuin gravely, "so that you might help us to trace the *real* perpetrators of the outrage. We have made searching enquiries and can only come to the same conclusion you arrived at, that someone was behind the rascals'

* Mr. N. J. H. Fortuin's Codeword.

‡ This should have been 1, Bellwood Terrace.

back, although they remain silent and even deny having come to Pretoria for any other purpose but to seek employment as masons at the new High Court" (then building). I remember interrupting the conversation with the question, "Then you have really got the two men I alluded to in your clutches?" "Yes," answered the Chief of Police, "your description of the men in question tallied with that from another source. We wired to Bloemfontein and sent two men in plain clothes to Vereeniging and had those fellows closely watched. *They had no weapons of any kind on their persons or amongst their baggage when they entered the Republic.* They stayed at the boarding house of Mrs.—in—Street, and whilst one was absent the other always stopped at home. They never went out together. Our men watched on. Early on the morning of the tenth the two fellows left Johannesburg for Pretoria, dressed in new, but rather cheap suits, hats and boots. On this day, the day after his re-election, the President was to have attended the meeting of the Executive and a large crowd would naturally await his arrival and departure. The two scoundrels, followed by our detectives, went hurriedly from the railway station to the Market Square (Kerk Plein), leaving a small, but also a brand new portmanteau behind at the Cloak Room in the name of Cherebourg (the spelling of this word may be incorrect, A.E. H.) A large crowd cheered the President on his arrival: there was a rush forward to get a glimpse of the old man. Suddenly one of the rascals drew a small loaded revolver out from his trouser pocket—and evidently not satisfied with the position of the President—kept the same in his right hand, his arm stretched out stiff along the body, firmly grasping the weapon in his hand. I had prepared for any emergency likely to arise. The President drove in a *closed* carriage and under a much stronger escort than usual. It was fortunate he did so, however much the public—amongst which, no doubt, were many who had never seen the President before—lamented the fact of it being so. Well, immediately that man drew his revolver both detectives closed with each of them, and in less time it takes to tell, both were handcuffed in such a manner, that amidst the cheering of the crowd not a single person, I believe, knew of the incident. The rascals were about to cry out when some threatening words on the part of one of the detectives sufficed to keep them silenced. Once through the crowd both were bundled into a Cape cart and driven to my quarters and accommodated in the meantime in the yard, where two artillery men looked after them. . . . Both were thoroughly searched, and we took from them two revolvers, one fully loaded, the other containing only three unused cartridges, one small dagger with a very sharp blade, a dirty piece of paper on which were scribbled

a few words; but only "—Square, straight down Market Street—12 o'clock," could be deciphered, and over £14 in gold and some silver was taken from them and one or two other things of no interest, a knife, railway ticket, &c. But not a word as to their being in possession of firearms *without a permit* could be got out of them. They acknowledged *being* FOREIGNERS, the taller one a native of Palermo, Sicily, and the other a Frenchman, born at Léon. Both had come to South Africa by the R.M.S. Dunvegan Castle. They refused to give their names. What else could we do but to send them across the border into Portuguese territory, their movements being now closely watched by one of our men. We decided not to tell the President anything about what had occurred. We should be glad if you would help us *finding the men who hired these chaps to assassinate the President*. We feel sure that such was their motive of coming here."

MR. RHODES AGAIN.

This ended the conversation with Mr. Schutte, who, after making an appointment with me for 11 o'clock the following day, the 15th, left me with Mr. Fortuin, with whom I remained closeted for some thirty or forty minutes, going once more through the whole case. He carefully refrained *then* from touching upon politics. I had a warm half-hour of it, being very closely questioned as to how I was enabled to get at the bottom of this affair. However, I managed to withhold from him the name of my informant. Then a rather startling question was asked by this terribly imaginative individual, who seems to know everything: "As I cannot possibly connect this *French Mining Company* at— with this dastardly outrage, unless some fresh evidence turns up from our first informant, I cannot, somehow, dispel from my mind certain suspicions I entertained when *first* I heard of this plot. I do not, please understand, wish to cast insinuations, but it seemed to me that that archvillain

CECIL RHODES AND THE CHARTERED COMPANY

had organized this movement ! I even talk now just as I feel. Supposing the many grievances the mining industry and the uitlander population alike are said to suffer from, to be actually true"—there was something of a pause after this sentence, during which Mr. Fortuin looked rather embarrassed—" why should the death of Mr. Kruger, in case of his return to office, further the interests of one particular section of the mining community ? ”

This question I knew at once was asked of me merely to show in which direction lay my political creed, was I pro-Boer or pro-British ?

I avoided this dodge, I forget how (I only kept a very rough diary of the long and weary hours I had at Pretoria during my stay there). As luck would have it our conversation was interrupted by Dr. Leyds entering hurriedly, evidently just emerging from a stormy Executive discussion. He thanked me—I should better say us—for what we had done and then left for luncheon at the President Hotel, now the Grand.

I felt quite relieved when once again in the fresh air, and strolled leisurely back to my quarters at the European Hotel, extremely pleased over the narrow escape of His Honour President Kruger, but rather annoyed at the malicious statement of Fortuin, who knew only too well that his so-called "suspicions." when compared with the *facts* of the case, were utterly ridiculous and unfounded.

AT THE CHIEF OF POLICE'S.

A Little Surprise.

Punctually at five minutes to eleven the next morning I entered the little building known as the Hoofd van Politie, in Church Street West, close to the Presidency. I noticed when approaching the "sanctuary" that the President's sentries had been doubled since "Election Day": four rather clumsy Artillerymen

with rifle and well-filled bandoliers, two outside, two inside the voorhuis, walking slowly up and down, staring now and then at the newly-built and just completed Dopper Kerk, vis-a-vis the Presidency, as if seeking that Divine Providence so much in evidence around and within the old man's sanctum. I found Mr. Schutte already at his desk, smoking the inevitable pipe and some rather strong tobacco with Tjaard Kruger, the President's favourite son, and acknowledged Chief of the Secret Service Department.

Straight down to business we went. I rather startled the Chief when I explained to him how an Anarchist can kill a person by merely a shake of the hand, and he opined how narrow a shave the President had had that day. During my conversation with both gentlemen I made several important discoveries as to how Secret Service emissaries work and are ordered about, &c. We had been talking for about an hour over this and that subject of more or less importance, when Schutte asked me to make a detailed report of what I knew about the whole case—a rather tall order—remarking at the same time that “ *I need not hurry about it.* ” “ I feel satisfied,” he continued, “ the scoundrels will never return here, but it is a great pity we have not yet found those gentlemen who planned the scheme. It is perfectly clear to me that someone was financially interested if the President were for ever removed and General Joubert substituted. Perhaps ” (with a satiric smile) “ the uitlanders would then have got what they wanted. Fortuin thinks Cecil Rhodes is at the bottom of it.”

I tried to argue with him, and to show him how utterly ridiculous such a notion was in face of the facts, and that it was proved :

- (1) The assassins had arrived in South Africa on the 25th of January.
- (2) That both were foreigners knowing little or no English.
- (3) That during their stay at Johannesburg they had been in communication with nobody, and that consequently the whole plot was the work of *some foreign body having large interests on the Rand, and suffering from the attitude of the Government by not granting the much needed reforms.*

I showed him a cable sent to South Africa by Reuter, dated January 11th, 1898, which read:— “ The *Revue Sud-Africaine*, a Paris journal, blames Mr. Rhodes for the bad organization of the Jameson Raid, and *regrets the failure thereof*, in view of the open hostility of the Transvaal Government towards foreigners.” I further asked him whether he had taken the trouble of comparing the handwriting on the slip of paper taken from the

rascals after their arrest with that in the threatening letter to Mr. Kruger, and dated from Johannesburg? This had not been done, and was at once carried out: *the two handwritings proved to be identical*. I noticed the effect this had on Schutte's countenance, and changed the subject before he recovered from this little surprise. One or two words more and I promised to be back the following morning.

SECRET SERVICE AND NATAL DEFENCES.

At the final interview with the Chief of Police both Tjaard Kruger and E. W. Ueckermann were present. Immediately I knew that something unusual had happened or was still to come. The Chief of Police, after paying me some complimentary remarks and thanking me for having put him on his guard at the time these men were travelling to the Republic, then addressed me in something like the following words: "Mr. Fortuin has just left us, and he has requested me to ask you if we can trust you to do a little confidential work for us . . . unless you are otherwise occupied. . . . We have just lost through illness a young—a—young person who cannot be easily replaced. We should like you to at once go to

PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL.

"On what errand?" I asked.

"We are anxious," the Chief continued in an undertone, and somewhat hesitatingly, "to have an agent there to report on the strength of the garrison at Fort Napier, as well as to furnish us with all matters of interest concerning military affairs as we shall from time to time require of you. You would start with a salary of £30 a month and all travelling expenses paid, and——"

Without a moment's hesitation I replied that I would do nothing of the kind. He should try and find someone else; moreover I would do nothing detrimental to the interests of Great Britain. Little did the Chief of Police know how much

I knew of the veiled conspiracy in progress to oust British supremacy from South Africa, about which I was then anxious to obtain more reliable proof.

My refusal to oblige the Chief of Police did not exactly please the three of them; they knew then on which side lay my sympathies.

I asked to be allowed to leave Pretoria for Cape Town at once, inasmuch as I was anxious to get back.

Young Kruger requested me to come with him to see his father, but not to mention anything about the attempt on his life, to which I gladly acceded.

A VISIT TO THE PRESIDENT.

A Significant Statement.

I found Mr. Kruger on the Presidential stoep, smoking his pipe and looking somewhat pale and cheerless. He told me he was suffering with his eyes. I noticed his hearing was not so good as when I last spoke to him five years since. Whilst avoiding the uitlander question, I took the opportunity to sound him in regard to his views concerning the relations between the South African Republic and Her Majesty's Government. "I take it they are cordial *at present*, but"—there was something unusually emphatic in this 'maar' which struck me as sounding strangely familiar when I thought of what Schutte had just revealed to me when he referred to the "work" to be carried on in Natal—"I do not like the way Downing Street has treated us lately, and if Mr. Chamberlain persists in strengthening the Cape and Natal Garrisons month after month, *we must retaliate* and be ready for any emergency. We are credited at the present time with being asleep (een slaperig volk), that may be true, *but we sleep with our eyes open.*"

My readers may form their own conclusions.

The conversation then turned on the topics of the week: The strained relations between Great Britain and France over the West African settlement, the situation in the Far East, and the effect his re-election had on the Continent. He told me he had received congratulatory cables from Great Britain, France and Germany which made him feel quite enthusiastic. But he carefully avoided to talk about *the* subject:

THE DISMISSAL OF CHIEF JUSTICE KOTZE.

On this occasion, unfortunately, there was no cup of coffee accompanying the conversation, and after wishing him a speedy recovery from his afflictions, I left with Tjaard.

I made my way to Fortuin, who paid me my first-class railway fare and hotel expenses up to date. He looked very sour and spoke little; his attitude was so different since last I spoke to him a day or two before. He had evidently just seen Schutte, from whom he must have heard the refusal on my part to do as requested.

Whilst making out the receipt I noticed that under the heading of "Spoorweg-biljet" I only received £12, which was for the *single* journey to Pretoria and not the *return*. As, however, I had taken a return ticket, second-class, I did not grumble.

TRANSVAAL GOVERNMENT "CONSISTENCY."

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES

Upon my return to Cape Town on Saturday, the 19th of February, I reviewed the whole situation over again, but arrived at my former conclusions as to how the plot originated. From a friend in Pretoria I shortly afterwards heard that it was difficult *now* to gain admission to the President unless by a card from the Chief of Police. There were rumours of a plot to

BLOW UP THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.

The sensational arrests made a year later had *something* to do with it.

On the 12th of March, in order to test the character of N. J. H. Fortuin, I addressed a letter to that individual drawing his attention to the fact that whilst guaranteeing my *full* expenses, as per his wire of the 7th ultimo, I had only received *one* £12. What about the other £12? To this letter, as I expected, I received the following reply. It speaks for itself:—

Pretoria, 17th March, 1898.

Dear Sir,

I am instructed by Dr. Leyds to acknowledge receipt of your letter of 12th March, and to inform you that he is very sorry he cannot satisfy to your demand.

I have the honour to be,

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) N. J. H. FORTUIN.

A. E. Heyer,
1, Bellwood Terrace, Cape Town.

Note the wording of this letter and compare !

On the 21st of March my attention was called to a remarkable paragraph in the *Cape Times*, where a representative of the *Johannesburg Star* had interviewed the President evidently on the same subject I had taken the liberty to discuss, although under somewhat different circumstances : The relations between the two Governments. I twigged the dodge at once and forwarded the following communication :—

Cape Times, March 24th, 1898.

KRUGER'S PEACE.

To the Editor of the *Cape Times*.

Sir,—In your to-day's edition of the *Cape Times* we are being informed that President Kruger *ridiculed* the possibility of war between the Republic and Great Britain. Glorious news, indeed ! As if he would speak otherwise, and tell us that war is imminent. I should very much like to know how many people are at the present *critical* moment disposed to believe the utterances as quoted by the energetic *Star* interviewer. Let us look for a minute at the following comparison : (1) Towards the end of 1895 rumours of war were of everyday occurrence ; (2) a manifesto was issued, an appeal to the people of the country ; (3) a committee was formed to take the matter up, &c. ; and lastly (4), an armed force came to support a revolution. By carefully comparing the first three items—how do we stand to-day ? And may we, therefore, not expect another armed force, to put it plainly, *an Imperial army*, on the scene ? *We shall see.*

I am, &c.,

A. E. HEYER.

Cape Town, March 21, 1898.

Well, how DO we stand to-day ?

A WARNING.

On the 31st of March the "Transvaal Central News Agency" wired the following to the various newspapers in the Colony:—

"It is reported to-night that a burgher body-guard will shortly be established at the Presidency. His Honour having received threatening letters."

It was well these precautions had been taken, for although the two anarchists had taken ship at Lorenzo Marques by one of the German East African Liners in September of the same year, a madman and dangerous fanatic, called Hurley or Durley, tried to enter the President's carriage one day towards the end of September, 1898, drawing a long but blunt knife, in the act of aiming it at the President. He was overpowered after considerable resistance, and finally lodged at the Pretoria lunatic asylum. The affair was never published, but all sorts of rumours were about regarding this particular incident.

THE M'PEFU SCANDAL.

Before concluding this pamphlet I would just mention one instance where Transvaal Secret Service Agents deliberately tried to embroil the State into a war with the natives, in order to gain pecuniary advantages in the way of obtaining certain land, so as to swell their already well-filled pockets. In this way the recalcitrant chief, M'pefu, was nearly led into a war with the Republic. Two Hollanders, not satisfied with their monthly salaries, were anxious to make more and clear back again to their native land, *there* to spend what they had accumulated. This I communicated to the Chief of Police on the 10th of October, and received his reply as follows:—

Bus 372. Pretoria, 14den October, 1898.

Den Wel Ed. Heer,

A. Heyer,

17, Lee Straat,

Kaapstad.

Wel Ed. Heer,

Ik dank u zeer voor uwe informatie v. d. 10. dezer en zal u steeds mijn dank willen betuigen indien gij mij

van tijd tot tijd op de hoogte van zaken wilt houden. Gelieve mij de namen te zenden van de klerken op de respektieve kantoren (door u genoemd) ten spoedigste. U bij voorbaat dankende,

Heb ik de eer te zijn,

Uw. d'w. Dr.,

(Geteekend.) D. E. SCHUTTE.

The translation of which is as follows :—

P.O. Box 372.

Pretoria, October 14th, 1898.

Mr. A. Heyer, Cape Town.

Dear Sir,

I have to thank you very much for your information* of the 10th inst., and will always feel grateful to you if from time to time you will keep me posted on the essence of matters political.

Kindly send me the names of the clerks at the respective offices (named by you) at your earliest convenience.

Thanking you in anticipation,

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(sigd.) D. E. SCHUTTE.

*One of these traitors fell at the battle of Elandslaagte, the other is, I believe, somewhere in the Western Province of this Colony. He will understand now—should he read this—how the chief of Police was enabled to find out his miserable character and had him sacked forthwith. I shall, at any time, be pleased to see him, should he perchance call this way.

CONCLUSION.

These, then, are the facts of a much discussed, but never published conspiracy.

President Kruger had a close shave—not a barber's—but whether he and his "brother in crime" will live to see the Union Jack over the Presidency at Pretoria remains to be seen.

Once the truth is told and the eyes of the Boers opened—the fate of the two Presidents may not be a pleasant one. *Both* have on their shoulders and conscience one of the greatest crimes man can commit.

The curses of hundreds, aye thousands, of their fellow burghers, together with their wives and children's children will be following them into their graves !

This terrible war, forced upon Great Britain by the late Republics—and which is bound to last many months more—, must be avenged. The annexation of both Republics to the Dominion of the Queen is and must be a foregone conclusion. if *lasting* peace and prosperity are to follow. Not peace at any price—but peace with honour !

The old flag “ that braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze ”

must wave once again over a misguided, misled and unhappy people in order to bring back that prosperity, freedom and unity throughout the whole of South Africa, she alone can restore, never to be undone ! Eendracht maakt magt was all very well to *some*, the despised Uitlander will prefer

DIEU ET MON DROIT.

Canada, Africa, New Zealand, Australia,
India, Continents, Isles of the Sea,
Adding their jewels to Britain's Regalia,
One with Old England, the Home of the Free.

A. E. HEYER.

FINIS.

A. E. HEYER,

Member U.S.S.A , P.S.D.L., &c.,

Agence Privée de Renseignements.

Excellent References.

Private Address:—17, Lee Street,

Cape Town.



"I believe that Great Britain has just escaped one of the greatest dangers to which she has ever been exposed.—MR CHAMBERLAIN'S Speech, October 19th 1899.

A BRIEF HISTORY
OF THE
TRANSVAAL SECRET
SERVICE SYSTEM
FROM ITS INCEPTION TO THE PRESENT TIME
ITS OBJECTS, ITS AGENTS,
THE DISPOSAL OF ITS FUNDS, AND THE
RESULT AS SEEN TO-DAY—
WAR AGAINST GREAT BRITAIN.

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