

**KRUGER'S SECRET
SERVICE; PP. 5-221**

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Kruger's Secret Service; pp. 5-221 by One Who Was in it

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ONE WHO WAS IN IT

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SECRET SERVICE**

**BY
ONE WHO WAS IN IT**

**LONDON
JOHN MACQUEEN
HASTINGS HOUSE, NORFOLK STREET, W.C.
1900**

KRUGER'S SECRET SERVICE.



CHAPTER I.

IN order to make my connection with the Secret Service of the Transvaal perfectly clear, and how it was that I came to hear Doctor Leyds discussing, in cold blood, the proposed murder of Mr Cecil Rhodes, it is necessary that I should go back to the days of the Reform movement in Johannesburg, which was worked in connection with the Jameson Raid. In those days I was engaged in business in Johannesburg, in partnership with a friend. One morning, while strolling down to our place of business, we discovered to our astonishment that the streets were full of armed men. Before this, of course, there had been

rumours of various kinds floating about the gold-reef city, mysterious talk of some movement to be initiated against the corruption and tyranny of the Pretorian oligarchy. But to members of the outside public like ourselves nothing definite had as yet been revealed. One can easily imagine, therefore, our feelings of astonishment and surprise, and even of alarm, when we saw the streets of Johannesburg crowded with men carrying arms: some with rifles, some with carbines, some with fowling-pieces, some men carrying only one weapon, others carrying in their arms half-a-dozen.

The crowd all seemed to be setting in one direction. We followed the drift of the people, and found that its objective was the rooms of the Reform Committee. We did not know, of course, at this time that this was the headquarters of the Reform Committee; we only knew it was the Goldfields Buildings. The Goldfields Buildings are at the corner of Fox Street, and about three hundred yards from the Goldfields Hotel, where the corps to which I uli-

mately belonged was organized by Major Karri Davis, now so well known in connection with the present South African campaign, and in particular with the relief of Mafeking.

As we approached the Goldfields Buildings, we became aware of a vast crowd assembled in their immediate neighbourhood, and of a man speechifying and gesticulating wildly to the mob. My friend said to me :

"What's up?"

"Haven't the slightest idea," said I; "but we had better cut along and see."

We put our best foot forward, therefore, and were just in time to see wagons draw up full of rifles and cans of dynamite. Just as we reached the outskirts of the mob we heard an orator uttering the following words, words for the authenticity of which I can vouch, and which I shall never forget till my dying day :

"Gentlemen, the cat is out of the bag. The time has now come when as true Englishmen we should strike for justice and liberty."

The people were frantic. Cheers went