

**JAMESON'S HEROIC  
CHARGE. A TRUE STORY. A  
COMPLETE VINDICATION  
OF THE REFORM MOVEMENT**

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Jameson's Heroic Charge. A True Story. A Complete Vindication of the Reform Movement by Anonymous

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*Tossey*

THIS LITTLE WORK  
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
TO THE  
**Political Prisoners,**  
IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF THE  
DAYS AND YEARS GONE BY,  
AND IN  
STRONGEST HOPES FOR THE YEARS BEFORE.

## INTRODUCTION.

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The pamphlet, "Revolution, and After," is so glaring in its full-faced attempt to blacken the "Reform Movement," and all connected with it, that the author of this story felt constrained to write this little counterblast. May it, at least, stay any prejudging effects the scurrilous pamphlet ostensibly wishes to bring about.

Those who have read the "Revolution, and After," will bear in mind that there is another side to the subject. *Read that also!* And in the following pages you have it: *Read carefully!* Judge not hastily! And who shall separate us from the "Reform Movement?" Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any creature.

As the New advances the Old must recede. Only be patiently Brave.



# JAMESON'S \* HEROIC \* CHARGE, \*

A COMPLETE

Vindication of the Reform Movement.

A TRUE STORY.

Amidst all the surging mass of vituperative abuse with which the Boer element is seeking to besmirch the heroic name of Dr. Jameson, it will be as well before proceeding to give a true and graphic history of Jameson's Ride and what led up to it, to turn the hands of the clock back for a few moments. If you were to ask the unprincipled Englishman, who is low enough to use his every effort in blackening the case of his countryman, Who it was that years ago crossed over into Bechuanaland and contiguous countries, and pillaged and murdered natives and white men alike? Who it was that ravished women and shot down children? Who it was that rushed off in droves, the castle belonging to the defenceless natives? The prompt and laconic answer would be *Bosh!* Nevertheless it is a matter of history that the Transvaal Boers crossed into the very country which sent forth Jameson; and that the Boers without rhyme or reason cleared the numb and stricken inhabitants before them, whilst they, the Boers, swept off the goods and chattels of the natives over the Transvaal Border:—it is an equally well-established fact that the British Government were compelled, at an enormous sacrifice of money to send out a huge expedition, under Colonel Warren, to clear out the shadow that had fallen across and brought death into the homes and valleys of the Bechuana. The Boers, who crossed into Rooigrond, are the veritable personification of malice, falsehood, and all uncharitableness; beings made up of treason and cor-

ruption. He and his caste are unto this day the plague of this country, and the terrible clog that is encircling the expansion of this city—and indeed that of the whole of South Africa—with a band of malice and corruption, which, if it is permitted to continue, spells nothing less than moral, physical and political ruin. Those who have studied the Boers, as I have done, will recognise that my words are only too terribly true. But I deem it a privilege to admit that certain of the Boer classes whom I have known, and know, are the very souls of Honour, and that their hearts and lives are purified by the exercise of every Christian virtue; they, by the inherent grandeur of their moral nature may keep themselves unspotted from the greed of ground and and oxen that is almost an ingrained trait in the Boer character, but the majority who lack the simple soul and ethical elevation of aim of a Hofmeyr, are sunk in a cesspool of corruption and grasping avarice, and under the Ægis of the Vierkleur they have committed dark deeds which only the fierce and awful publicity of the great day of Account could ever bring home to the recognition and conscience of Mankind.

The word of God is the close companion of every Boer, as is his rifle, and he has again and again used the former as a pretext for discharging the latter, and the perpetration of such vice and the spreading of such misery as can never be described by the pen of man or god or fiend

Mr. Paul Kruger as the representative of the lower Boer has thundered forth from the very sanctuary of the Holy One, and out of the sacred pages texts to justify Boer aggression and Boer cruelties upon those people cursed—FOR EVER CURSED—with black skins; texts such as this, viz:—"Both thy bondsmen and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you; of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land; and they shall be your possession; they shall be your bondmen forever."—LEV. XXV. 44-6.

Those who urge that it was the heathendoms that existed before the birth of Christianity that is responsible for slavery had better find some way of getting these verses in Leviticus expunged from the Book of God. May I suggest, in the interest of Paul Kruger and family, that they appoint a solemn fast day,

in which they may importune the Deity in prayer to ask him if he really wrote these verses, and whether if he did really write them, he meant what he wrote? The poor heathen would be grateful also for a little enlightenment on this point. But many doubtless will deny that the filibustering raid into Rooigrond, and compared to which Jameson's conduct is sparkling with saintliness, ever bore fruit in actual slavery.

Here is one typical case taken at random from scores :—  
 " My name is Sara, I am about 24 years of age, on Monday last I was discharged from the Pretoria goal, after being imprisoned for two months. I was sent to prison because I was said to have been impudent to a white woman. I was stolen away from my home in Rooigrond by Boers. I was not impudent, but Mrs. — said I had enticed a girl Rachel to run away. The fieldcornet came with a black constable and said ' Catch that impudent woman and take her to prison ' Maraba said that I should be taken to the Landdrost first. The Landdrost said that I must pay a fine of £3 or go to the tronk for two months and receive twenty-five lashes. I was tied up by the wrists and legs, and was flogged until I fainted. The blood came out of my back where I was flogged. I had all my clothes taken off with the exception of a chemise, which was held round my loins. The next day I was told to go and wash the Landdrost's clothes. His maid, Mavisa, told the Landdrost that I would not wash the clothes. I did not say so; but I could not wash, as my back was too sore. Mavisa had been twice flogged by order of the Landdrost. The Landdrost ordered me to be put in the stocks and I was kept there for two days without any food."

So much for the position of women in a simple and God-fearing community uncontaminated with the higher civilisations of Europe. So much for men who have never heard of Herbert Spencer, who read only their Bible. Christianity half vanquished by humanity is now ashamed of slavery and repudiates it, it devolves upon us in the cause of truth, to show that in the Transvaal, as things are at present, an effective repudiation is impossible. The present christian government of this country, though it pretends to be a divine eidolon, majestic as Heaven, mighty as God, is only a base and corrupt beauracracy, one that is ever altering its form and fashion to suit its own selfish ends and desires as it drags its hypocritical career along.

Read the pages of the *Critic* for months, say years past, and