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*WJL*

# The REVOLUTION---And After :

BEING

## THE SECRET HISTORY

OF

## A FAILURE.

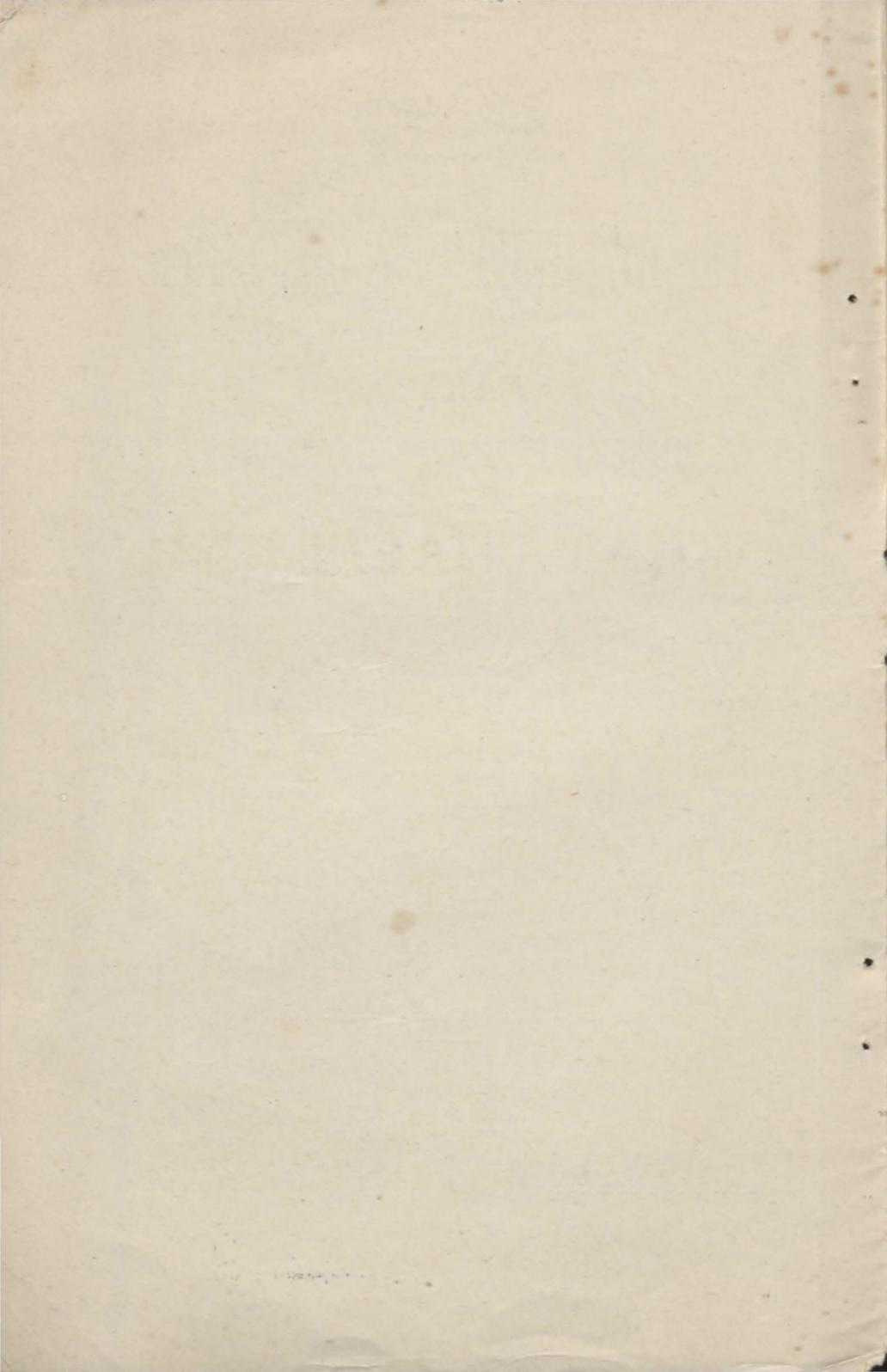
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## PART I.

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# WHAT HAPPENED.

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THE Transvaal National Union was established for the purpose of legitimate political agitation, its main objective point being the amelioration of the condition of the Uitlander, by securing for him some, if not all, of those rights which should belong to the citizens of every State and country. This is not the place to review the work or criticise the policy of the Union; suffice it that it attracted the adhesion and support of many of the most earnest and thoughtful men of the town, and after making some little stir, and more than once exciting the active hostility of the Government, it suddenly lapsed into a dormant condition. When an explanation of this inactivity was vouchsafed by a prominent member, it took the form of a vague suggestion that in the fullness of time we should see what we should see. It was generally accepted as a fact that the leaders of the Union had ceased vigorous work for strategic purposes, and reasons of policy, but few knew what the real character of that policy was.

It would be difficult, and probably unpractical to endeavour to discover when the great conspiracy that has just ended so ignominiously had its inception. Like most great schemes, it was the outcome of a slow process of development. The notion of coercing the Government by a show of force had been more

than once mooted by prominent members of the inner financial ring, in a tentative sort of way, and desultory discussions and schemes outlined for putting the theories into practice; but it was not until the fertile and cunning mind of ONE MAN saw his opportunity that anything like a definite or tangible scheme began to take shape. THE MAN, educated in a school of deception, fraud and intrigue, in which the art of using others had been brought to perfection, recognised in the grievances of the Uitlanders the pivot upon which to swing his revolution. Why not help to ferment discontent, to lead the crowd to believe that the capitalists were in sympathy with them, and trust to luck and enthusiasm to bring about a general smash up, out of which the cautious instigator could emerge either as victor triumphant, or at least with a share of the spoil that was bound to result from a bear attack! This is how the wily chief conspirator put it one evening after dinner at which most of the men who have since become the Inner Circle were present. "Start an insurrection. It will either succeed or fail. If the former, we come out on the top and are masters of the situation, having the masses with us. If it fail, prices will be temporarily knocked down to panic point, when we come in and buy up all round, and still come out at top." That was the outline of the scheme. Needless to say that it was precisely the sort of thing that would appeal to men whose one god was self, who knew no ambition higher than the amassing of wealth, who regarded all men as actuated by the same low sordid and selfish motives, and who considered that the end justified the means so long as no personal risk was run and success followed.

During the months of March, April, and May, 1895, sever 1 murders were committed on the Witwatersrand. The circumstances attendant upon these were enshrouded in mystery, and although the South African Republic Police or Zarps used the utmost endeavour to bring the perpetrators of these crimes to light, they were baffled in all their efforts. It was a very easy matter for certain agitators to instil terror into the hearts of the populace, and the opportunity was eagerly seized upon by some designing schemers. These were Lionel Phillips, F. H. Hamilton, and J. W. Leonard. Hamilton wrote a series of leaders in the *Star*, foretelling the immediate destruction of all peaceable and law-abiding citizens of Johannesburg at the hands of the desperadoes who were said to infest lower Commissioner Street and Ferreira's Township. As a matter of fact THE MAN, ever looking forward to the uprising which he meditated against the Transvaal Government, had secretly

engaged the services of one Andrew Trimble, an ex-Dragoonsman, then in the employ of the Detective Department at Kimberley, and who had been known to Phillips on the Diamond Fields when the latter was managing the business of Joseph Benjamin Robinson. Trimble, grown tired of trapping illicit diamond buyers, was eager enough to go up to Johannesburg, and only awaited a proper opening to do so. Phillips secretly approached Ewald Esseler, the State Attorney, who was ambitious of becoming President of the Transvaal. Phillips, who was a keen judge of human nature, seized the occasion to feed Esselen's vanity, and at the same time got in the thin end of the wedge by enlarging on the want of adequate police protection on the Rand, finally securing Esselen's promise to appoint a man of experience from the Cape Colony as Chief Detective in succession to Bob Ferguson. The only man, said the crafty Lionel, fit to fill the vacancy was Andrew Trimble, a remarkably smart detective, who had distinguished himself by some exceedingly clever captures at the Cape. A bottle of Veuve Cliquot settled the matter. Next week a mass meeting of citizens assembled in the Stock Exchange, presided over by Lionel Phillips, and after a series of vigorous speeches decided to implore the Government to grant them better protection for life and property. The final result was that Esselen appointed Andrew Trimble Chief Detective, as Phillips had hoped and expected. Great was the jubilation of the Inner Circle. A large number of Lee-Metford rifles had been secured by the London agent of the Inner Circle at a low figure, and they only awaited their opportunity to smuggle these weapons into the Transvaal. This opportunity offered itself upon the appointment of Andrew Trimble, who was, of course, entirely in the confidence of the Inner Circle. He naturally received from them more than their confidence, for it is absurd to suppose that one like the ex-dragoonsman could keep up a carriage, a decent *entourage*, and entertain on a lavish scale on a salary of £900 per annum from the State. On being informed of the appointment of Trimble, of whom in the days gone by he had heard something not entirely creditable to that gentleman, Paul Kruger shook his head, and used one of his favourite metaphors from natural history. "*Ben pofadder*," said he, "*bijt maar netsoos hij achteruit spring.*"

A few weeks after the occurrences above described, a select dinner-party was given at the house of THE MAN. There were no ladies present, as THE MAN's wife was down at East London, bathing in the company of one of her most devoted admirers.

There were present, besides THE MAN himself, Lionel Phillips, Jim Leonard, Charles of that ilk, Francis Rhodes, Hammond, Bettington and one or two others. All these were, of course, assumed to be members of the Inner Circle. The conversation at table was the ordinary, trite, stale stuff talked by men to whom money, horses, and women constitute the alpha and the omega of existence. They were just beginning to feel a bit drowsy over their wine and cigars, and someone was suggesting an excursion to the Empire Theatre of Varieties, when a diversion was created by the sudden and unannounced entrance of George Farrar. In the free-and-easy vernacular which was his wont, he announced to his hearers, who were naturally somewhat taken aback by his hurried intrusion: "We've got the bally thing through!" "What's that?" asked Bettington. "Rifles, you idiot! The first batch of five hundred rifles has been safely landed in Johannesburg."

Cleon's speech in the Athenian assembly after the blockade of the Island of Sphacteria created no greater sensation than this pithy announcement. It was the opening chord in the conspirators' chorus. Dreams had become actualities, and every man present, notwithstanding the obfuscation begotten of the licentiousness indulged in by successful money-makers on the Rand, realised it. Lethargy was shaken off, and the conversation became bright and business-like. They congratulated themselves on the apparent skill with which the first move had been engineered by their London agent.

"Splendidly done!" exclaimed Bettington. "Yes," said Charles Leonard, casting a meaning glance in the direction of his brother Jim, "if we were only as sure about our men at this end, we would be all right."

In the jubilation begotten of first success, tongues wagged freely, and names of likely agents, assistants, and catspaws, were freely mentioned. Many of those who, from sincere conviction, have since taken an active part in this misbegotten, abortive, and prematurely born conspiracy of selfishness, would be greatly surprised to learn in what colours their characters were painted by their self-appointed leaders. One was a good fighter, but too much under the influence of the petticoat; another, a good organiser, but his vanity would lead him to blab; a third was sanctimonious, and therefore a Pecksniff; a

fourth had courage without discretion; a fifth of some considerable influence was certain to go to the side that paid him best; and a sixth was utterly incompetent, but knew too much to be safely discarded.

From this time, meetings between members of the Inner Circle became frequent, though informal. Almost before they realised it, they found themselves actively engaged in the work of conspiracy. Credit must be given them for the skill and thoroughness with which the preliminaries of all their base machinations were carried out. In the Inner Circle itself, a spade was called a spade, and there was no attempt at disguising from each other the ulterior object of the movement. A general outline of the plan of campaign having been sketched, with space left for the filling-in of detail as occasion required, the Inner Circle laid themselves out for the important and essential task of securing the co-operation of the leading capitalists on the Rand. This was not a task so difficult as would at first blush appear. There followed a series of tactful, diplomatic, and apparently impromptu conversations with the individuals whose adherence the Inner Circle were desirous of securing. Pulses were felt between the "Chains," on the street, and in the club-room. It was not always an easy matter to secure the support of certain timid ones, but too strong inducements were held out, which proved convincing arguments in the long run. The first was the proof of strong financial backing in the written promises of support given by Cecil Rhodes on behalf of the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, Limited, and by Lionel Philips on behalf of the house of H. Eckstein & Co. The second was the alluring bait dangled before the donkey noses of those who were, Midas-like, not yet sufficiently glutted with all-enticing gold. After the support of those individuals had been obtained, vigorous steps were taken to establish agencies of the movement in England. Men who had previously shewn themselves reliable in positions of trust were appointed to take charge of these, and received considerable sums of money in earnest of future favours. Whatever the amount of money expended on the scheme, an authentic balance sheet would shew that a very large sum went into the pockets of these agents, who were practically given *carte blanche*. These agents principally concerned themselves with securing weapons of war, but, either because they saw through the motives of the capitalists, or on account of their being so far removed from the scene of action that their interest was not sufficiently aroused, they were not energetic enough.

In any case, the majority of such arms as they obtained were successfully smuggled through a port in the Cape Colony, where a scheming Prime Minister and corrupt customs officials did the rest. Unfortunately for the Johannesburg capitalists, one or two consignments containing a considerable quantity of guns and ammunition never reached Johannesburg, or perhaps were never sent. In the meanwhile, preparations for the propagandist part of the business were proceeding apace on the Witwatersrand.

The enforced resignation of Trimble, on account of his non-naturalisation, actually proved a trump card in the hands of the capitalists, which they did not fail to play. They used the fact, through the instrumentality of Hamilton, the *Star* editor, to incite the population of the Rand to revolt. Nor did the burning, stinging words of the practised leader-writer fail to produce a considerable effect. It was now decided that the the campaign should be formally inaugurated on the occasion of the opening of the new building of the Witwatersrand Chamber of Mines. Lionel Phillips, as the mouthpiece of the Inner Circle, delivered himself of a ferocious, but undoubtedly able, indictment of the Boer Government. Next morning his speech was flashed along the electric wires all over South Africa and the civilised world. It produced somewhat of the same effect as did in Covenanting days the Fiery Cross of the Highlanders. It was the burning torch that set alight the flame of Revolution. The principal newspapers of the globe turned aside for a moment, suspecting that there was something in the wind, yet not knowing exactly what to make of it. The leaders of the movement, that is to say the Inner Circle, congratulated themselves upon the manner in which the first bold act had been received. No wonder that hope burned high within them, and that they were confident of success. THE MAN had for several days been actively corresponding with Cecil Rhodes, and at last they had agreed as to the course of action. It had for many years been the ambition of Cecil Rhodes, and he had frequently thrown out hints in public speeches to the effect that it was his desire to see a United South Africa. Now, there can be no doubt that up to this time Rhodes had been the sole power in the Cape Colony. He had the unqualified support of the Africander Bond, whose leader, John Hofmeyr, the widower of Camp Street, reposed implicit confidence in him. Between the two men, one a designing, if able millionaire, and the other an honest, unassuming patriot, there subsisted a bond of sympathy which only an act of the most deliberate treachery could break. There is

no doubt whatever that Rhodes was a practical man of genius, albeit he was unscrupulous in many of his actions. Farseeing, experienced, a student of human nature, he was the last man in the world who would be likely to overreach himself. And he was just the one man who did do so. It was one thing to sit in Capetown, in the Premier's chair, and direct the affairs of the Cape Colony; it was one thing to sit in the board-room of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, and see that the arrangements of that wealthy corporation were in perfect working order; it was one thing to have a trusty deputy at Salisbury, and regulate things in Charterland. But it was quite a different thing for a man to sit at the extreme end of the Cape Peninsula and attempt to regulate the course of events at Johannesburg. This was a task too stupendous for even his master mind. Prompted by ambition and by over-confidence, which was perhaps justified by the great success that had attended all his doings in the past, Rhodes, still bent upon the idea of consolidating all the heterogeneous South African States—who had never at any time formed a very united family—into a great, glorious, and powerful country, offered all the assistance he could furnish to the Inner Circle. He thought that in case of success he could easily induce the people of the Cape Colony to break off their allegiance from England. The Inner Circle would answer for the Transvaal, while Natal and the Free State, as the weakest, would be compelled to join in from the mere force of circumstances. South Africa, from Cape L'Agulhas to the Zambezi, would form one united republic, and its first president would of course be Cecil John Rhodes. Who knew but that in a few years' time, like unto Napoleon, he would be proclaimed Emperor of Austral Africa! He was completely carried away by the dreamy visions that floated before his eyes. In another week an agreement had been signed, by which Rhodes promised, as soon as matters should have reached such a crisis that active intervention would be needed, to march an armed force from Charterland into the Transvaal; while, on the other hand, the Inner Circle pledged themselves to co-operate in securing the election of Rhodes as the first President of Austral Africa. It was now necessary to gauge the feeling of the men employed at the various mines along the Rand. The opportunity soon offered itself. A presentation was to be made to Mr. Angwin, general manager of the East Rand Proprietary Mines, Limited, on the occasion of his relinquishing that position in order to take up a similar post on another property under the same company. The gathering took place at the

New Comet mine, a short distance from Boksburg. Recruits had been well beaten up, and over a thousand men assembled for the function. George Farrar was there too, and in case there should be no pressmen present (for the coming event had not been made known to the outside public), had taken his own confidential shorthand clerk along with him. The speech was a violent attack on the Kruger Government, and a lurid and exaggerated description of the wrongs of the Uitlanders, and especially of the miners. Carried away by the moment, Farrar's hearers were aroused to the utmost enthusiasm, and a scene of wild delirium ensued. Upon his asking whether they would stand by him and assist in pulling the chestnuts out of the fire, they shouted "Yes" as if with one voice. There is no doubt that the public were thoroughly deceived by the hypocritical show of sincerity made by their whilom leaders. A few days after this, the Uitlander Manifesto, which had been drafted some time previously in type-writing by Rhodes, and brought up to date by means of a few interpolations, was signed by the figure-head Chairman of the National Union, Charles Leonard, and issued. Needless to state, it created a profound impression both at home and abroad. Diplomatically considered, it was skilful and adroit, for it might have had the effect of causing the Boer Government to grant immediate concessions without running the risk of further fanning the flames of insurrection. In reality, this would by no means have suited the book of the capitalists; and though they had asked the people to consider the matter quietly in their own homes until the sixth day of January, 1896, when they proposed to call the great meeting of the National Union, they had finally decided that they would precipitate matters before that date, so that there could be no drawing back. They considered that all their arrangements were complete. Rhodes had communicated with Jameson, a typical fire-eater, who jumped at the idea of a filibustering expedition into the Transvaal. The Inner Circle had been informed that Jameson could be ready at any moment to lead a body of men into the Country, and for months had been carrying on a correspondence with him on the matter, both by post and by telegraph. The telegrams greatly puzzled the officials at Johannesburg, and one of them growing suspicious, communicated his ideas on the subject to the Pretoria Government. No effort was spared by the telegraph officials to discover the purport of the messages, but for a long time they were unsuccessful. Finally a clue fell into their hands, and the Government were in full possession of the ends of the tangled web. Then Someone decided on a bold step, and

sent a telegram to Jameson in the name of the Reform Committee, inviting him to cross the border of Chaterland and enter the Transvaal. By a remarkable coincidence, he had on the same day received a letter signed by five leading members of the Inner Circle. It was a formal document inviting Jameson to enter the Trvnsvaal, and was only intended to be produced in case the *coup* proved successful. But, "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," as Burns has it. The letter was lost, and a copy of it fell, as all now know, into the hands of the Kruger party. Anyhow, Jameson entered the Transvaal, and it has become matter of history how he boldly marched across country, how he was followed, out-generalled, and defeated by the Boers. The Reform Committee had grown somewhat indolent during the last days of December, 1895, each member of the Inner Circle being concerned with his own selfish ends, and they only awoke to a sense of how matters really stood when it was too late. True, they had given frantic orders to recruit, to raise bodies of men, and to arm them. The men who volunteered were brave, and ready to face any odds, however overwhelming; but a man cannot fight with his fists alone. Through the indolence of the English emissaries of the Inner Circle, or for some other reason, the bulk of the arms and ammunition failed to arrive. The members of the Inner Circle, however, did not trouble their heads much about that. What they said to each other in effect was this: "We have goaded the people of Johannesburg to such a pitch that each one is burning with a sense of his political wrongs, and will lay down even his life to obtain right and justice. Let them fight for it, and when they have won the battle, we shall share the spoils." To keep up the farce a little longer, Lionel Phillips, on the evening of Wednesday, the first day of January, 1896, speaking from the central window of the Consolidated Goldfields' building, announced to the large crowd assembled outside in Simmonds Street, that it would be the policy of the Reform Committee to *stand by Dr. Jameson*. Yet on the previous day (Tuesday) the following, purporting to be the official notice of the Reform or Defence Committee, had appeared in the leading columns of the *Star*: "It is necessary to solemnly and emphatically repudiate for and on behalf of the *National Union Committee* any knowledge of or *sympathy* with the entry into the Republic of armed forces from the Bechuanaland side." On the Wednesday Cecil Rhodes, who noted what feeling had arisen all over the Cape Colony on the receipt of the news of Jameson's lawless entry into the South African Republic, sent the following hypocritical telegram to the Reform Committee, which was

of course intended for publication : "I have already earnestly requested His Excellency the High Commissioner to proceed at once to Johannesburg. He has communicated with Mr Chamberlain and President Kruger, and is awaiting replies. I hope he will leave to-day." Now, as a matter of fact, the Inner Circle did not at all desire the presence of Sir Hercules Robinson, Her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa, on the scene. They wanted the people of Johannesburg to fight, even until the last man had been killed. It did not matter, as long as the Inner Circle shared the spoils of war. However, the step had been taken in the interests of Cecil Rhodes, and there was no drawing back now. Jameson got nearer and nearer to Johannesburg, being pressed the while more and more heavily by the Boers. Still the Reform Committee—which, for all practical purposes, meant the Inner Circle, the other members having merely lent their names to the movement from conviction, or for fame, or with desire for gain—kept up the play. And then followed that remarkable series of deliberate fabrications that will for ever brand with infamy the names of Lionel Phillips, James Leonard, and S. W. Jameson. At one moment people were informed that Jameson was close to Langlaagte, or a ride of an hour and a-half from Johannesburg ; at another that he was not within twenty miles of the town. From this time may be dated the downfall of the Uitlander Cause. People began to waver, and when finally they discovered, from sources that would not admit of contradiction, that at the time when the Inner Circle stated that Jameson was successfully bound for Johannesburg he was actually a prisoner in the hands of the Boers, and on his way to Pretoria, the sun of the capitalists had sunk for ever. Mutterings were heard all around. People began to lay down their arms. They did not wish to fight for men whom they distrusted, and they were quite right too. The feeling of the populace grew so strong that the Inner Circle, much against their will, were compelled to realise that the game was up. They had staked and lost all *on a single throw*. When they saw that there was no longer any use in kicking against the pricks—which, according to Æschylus, it is not possible for man to do,—they changed front completely. They now, through the medium of the *Star*, gave out in the most bare-faced manner that they had never intended to proceed to active hostilities against the Transvaal Government. In a leading article it was stated that the Reform Committee had never had more than 2,100 guns at its disposal. This speaks for itself, and needs no commentary. The final result all of us know.

The members of the Inner Circle "caved in" miserably to the Boer Government, and implored the dear good public, with tears in their eyes, to lay down all arms if they wished to be safe. Then they grew anxious about their own precious skins, and many of them decided, each "on his own hook," to run away. But they were forestalled. Lieutenants Tossel and Pietersen, proved themselves smart enough this time, and the result was that one sunny morning a special train, which had halted at Sherwell Street, Doornfontein, to take up the captive prisoners, was steaming along merrily on its way to Pretoria.



## PART II.

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### What Was to have Happened.

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**A**MONG the numerous documents hurriedly, yet carefully committed to the flames on the eventful 2nd of January, when the defeat and capture of Jameson ruined the cause of the conspirators, was one for which the Government would give much to possess. It was the draft of an agreement made between the members of the Inner Circle arranging for the plan of campaign after the revolution had proved successful. Its compilation had been the work of many sittings, and more than once something approaching a quarrel and serious rupture was only averted by the tact of Lionel Phillips. A more outrageous and infamous document was probably never drawn up. It practically cut up Johannesburg and a large portion of the Transvaal, together with the liberties of the bulk of the population, among a dozen men, representing the financial supporters of the conspiracy. Like the rest of the administrative work, this showed masterly skill and judgment in its design. As soon as Jameson's success was assured a provisional Government was to be declared, with J. W. Leonard as president, and a dozen members selected from the Inner Circle with a fair sprinkling of representatives of the National Union, the Mercantile Association, and other bodies and professions which had shown an interest in the movement. The finances and voting power were to be kept strictly in the hands of the Inner Circle by a clever system of committees and quorums, so that, although on paper the Government would look thoroughly representative, as a matter of fact the bulk of the so-called Government would be merely ornamental lay figures or tools, nominees of the

Inner Circle, possessing absolutely no power apart from their chiefs. The draft constitution was an ingenious and plausible piece of work. It provided for a very liberal extension of the franchise, but was so skilfully hedged about by precautions and reservations that nine-tenths of the voters would be completely in the hands of the Executive Council, and their votes only so many meaningless and inoperative pieces of paper. A large number of minor offices were to be created solely for the purpose of commanding votes, since those appointed would hold them at the will of and under the supreme control of the Executive. An audacious system of special trading licences was arranged under the pretext of contributing to the revenue, but actually for the purpose of securing votes. These licences or permits were to be for practically every kind of trade from canteen keeping to peddling shirt studs, and comprised one of the most impudent systems of intimidating and binding a people ever devised by a government. In fine, instead of instituting the Kimberley compound system, the authors of the conspiracy devised a comprehensive vote-controlling machinery so complete and yet so simple that the entire industry of the country would be in their hands, inasmuch as no man could earn a living without the consent of the Executive, which of course meant that the retention of his licence depended upon his support of the government.

So far as can be learned, there was considerable disagreement among the Inner Circle as to the precise position to be occupied by Dr. Jameson. The tenor of the discussions pointed to a desire on the part of a few to make Jameson the warming pan of Cecil Rhodes, but the representatives of two or three of the larger houses held out against this, and through the tact of Francis Rhodes a serious split was averted by a compromise. By its terms Jameson was to be President, it being considered that this selection would appeal to the public sentiment, excited as it would be by the daring of his march on Johannesburg. Another piece of impudence consisted in a project for a plebiscite on the lines of the famous farce enacted by Napoleon III. after his *coup d'etat*. A vote of the people was to decide the distribution of the principal offices, but as the votes would be controlled by the Executive the result would be a foregone conclusion. The object was to conciliate opinion in England by giving the lie to the suggestion that the revolution was an affair of capitalists, a proposition that could not be logically maintained in the face of a popular vote. The question as to how the position of the revolutionists was to be maintained seems to have excited marvellously small attention.

The Inner Circle took it for granted that once Johannesburg was occupied by Jameson and their own forces, the Government would not attempt to oust them. Almost to a man the Committee assumed that the glamour and prestige of success would have so exhilarating an effect upon one side, and so depressing an influence on the other, that while England would condone the crime the Transvaal Government would accept the inevitable and quietly subside. It is here that one stands in amaze at the mingled audacity and folly of the conspirators. That so much ability, forethought, and judgment should fail at the most critical period, that the project should be carried through just short of the crowning act that was required to consummate the work and then be left to mere chance is almost inconceivable; but such was the case. The history of bold projects supplies many such instances of folly, but surely none so shameless and unjustifiable. From first to last selfishness and self-seeking tainted it; no motive higher than sordid gain animated the leaders, there were none of the higher principles and ambitions that have influenced every revolution that deserved success, it was a wicked conspiracy of capital to use the laudable aspirations of the masses as the stepping-stone to its own aggrandisement, and the ignominious failure that has resulted has been only too well deserved.

It would have been easy to have extended this pamphlet, but it has been deemed wiser to tell the story in as few and plain words as possible, avoiding anything that might be considered mere sensationalism. When the facts of the conspiracy come out at the trial, the truth of this indictment will be revealed. The men of Johannesburg will see how their genuine grievances have been taken advantage of by a gang of unscrupulous and selfish capitalists to play their own game. The correspondence in the hands of the Government will show how the leaders held the masses in the utmost contempt, speaking of them as "silly fools," and merely as so many counters in the game. They will see that already vast profits have been made out of the move, and that the leaders were ready and eager to sell any one of their colleagues if the price offered were high enough, and may do so yet. In short, thousands of earnest men have been betrayed and sold by a gang of greedy capitalists utterly incapable of a noble or manly act, who have not scrupled to ruin their superiors, in their infamous lust of gold. From first to last the affair was kept in the hands of a few. The public were never consulted; outside advice was treated with lofty contempt by a gang of sharpers, whose only ethics are those of the swindling company promoter and market-rigger. And such were the men we were expected to fight for! Such the men who would have been our masters to-day, had not their cowardice and their inability to trust one another caused the failure of this despicable attempt to turn honest discontent into dishonest rebellion on behalf of sordid self.

NOTE.—A pamphlet is in preparation containing further circumstantial details of the conspiracy, with copies of original documents of a startling character.