TOLD FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Continued from First Page.

respective countries, and that the Government, in denying them citizenship, was not ignoring the rights of man, but was merely protecting itself from absolute overthrow at the hands of adventurous speculators.

So the burghers framed and ratified a grondwet, or constitution, virtually proclaiming as political outcasts not only the thousands of Anglo-Saxons and others already in the country, but the countless numbers who should come in in the future. Thus they established an oligarchy of pioneers. It was as if the Pilgrim Fathers had denied citizenship to all who followed them to the new world.

The Uitlanders contended that they were not a horde of nondescript money grabbers. They had invested great amounts of capital in industries that would continue active at least one hundred years, as all the mineralogists and engineers here agree that the gold of the Rand cannot be exhausted within that time. Having in addition to investing their capital built their homes and brought their families here, the Uitlanders maintained that they should be recognized as peaceable and well-meaning aliens. Their grievances they compiled at length and presented to the Government. They were living in a large city and paying excessive taxes, but receiving little benefit therefrom. The taxpayer was vouchsafed no information as to the Government's disposition of the revenue. The city was wretchedly governed, conducted without regard to sanitary laws, unprotected by the police, its inhabitants denied the right of trial by a jury of peers, blackmail was extorted from merchants by license collectors, and altogether the city was suffering from a reign of mingled provincialism and cupidity.

Last year a petition signed by 40,000 Uitlanders asking for the franchise was greeted with derision in the Volksraad at Pretoria, the capital.

This treatment made possible rebels of two-thirds of the Uitlanders in Johannesburg. Every one knew that sooner or later there would be trouble. The Government also expected an uprising, and appropriated $1,500,000 for forts at Pretoria and Johannesburg.

One of the newspapers here, owned by Cecil Rhodes, fulminated war cries; at public meetings the grievances of the Uitlanders were reviewed, and the phrase "No taxation without representation," which did duty in revolutionary times in [illegible] became the shibboleth of the gathering sentiment.

A manifesto issued by the Transvaal National Union, an organization controlled by the Consolidated Gold Fields, was generally looked upon as a declaration of war.

The position of the Americans was peculiar one. They wanted to see a change in the Constitution of the Republic, but they did not want to join in any movement that should pave the way for British occupation of the country. The fact that meetings where resolutions declaring in favor of a truer republic were passed adjourned with "God Save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia" gave a sinister [illegible] to the movement. The Americans wanted a complete democracy. They recognized all the grievances which the insurrectionists pointed out, but they did not want to see the Boer flag pulled down to make room for the Union Jack.

Trouble would have been precipitated long ago in the Transvaal had it not been for the calmer counsel and more statesmanlike course of some of the leading Americans here. For awhile J. S. Curtis, the well-known American geologist; R. E. Brown, of the Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; V. M. Clement, of Idaho, formerly of Grass Valley, Cal.; George Starr, of Grass Valley, and others held the more recalcitrant insurrectionists in check to prevent precipitate riots that should end in futile slaughter and sacrifice. They advocated a compromise on the basis of a just constitutional republic.

In the meantime arms and ammunition were being distributed. The news of this warlike attitude reached Pretoria, and intense excitement spread throughout the Republic. While both the Government and the rebels were preparing for war, the news came to Pretoria and Johannesburg that a large force of mounted men from Bechuanaland had crossed the border and were en route to Johannesburg to assist in the revolution.

War now seemed inevitable. The Americans, hoping to bring about a pacific termination of the trouble, hurriedly called a meeting. Captain Mein, manager of the Robinson mine; Hennen and Sidney Jennings, of the house of Eckstein; Charles Butters, of San Francisco, manager of the Rand Central Ore Reduction Company; J. S. Curtis, John Hays Hammond, consulting engineer of the Consolidated Gold Fields; R. E. Brown, consulting engineer of the Research and Development Company; F. R. Lingham, of the Puget Sound Lumber Company; V. M. Clement, assistant consulting engineer of the Consolidated Gold Fields and manager of the Simmer & Jack, the largest mine on the Rand; A. W. Stoddart, of Grass Valley; George Starr, consulting engineer and manager of the Barnato mines; J. McDougall, of Butte, Montana; W. E. Mellen, of Arizona, secretary of the Research and Development Company; W. A. Bos, of Michigan, engineer with R. E. Brown; J. H. Davis, of San Francisco; G. H. Leggett, consulting engineer of the wealthy house of Neumann & Co., and about fifty others were present.

After discussing the situation it was decided to send a committee to the President to inform him that the Americans on the Rand wanted to unite with the burghers to maintain the Republic; that the general sentiment of the Uitlanders was against any alien or domestic usurpation of the country; that war would mean the ultimate overthrow of the Republic and the military occupation of the country by English forces, an event that many of the English inhabitants of the Transvaal, as well as the Americans, would seriously deplore; and that with these serious consequences of war confronting them the necessity for just concessions upon the part of the Government was imperative.

R. E. Brown, J. S. Curtis and F. R. Lingham were selected to go to Pretoria. They went the next morning, returned in the evening, and addressed a big mass meeting assembled at the Chamber of Mines to hear the report of the committee's conference with President Krueger.

Mr. Brown said that the President had received them in the most kindly manner. The Chief Justice acted as interpreter, and the Executive Council gave up an hour's time to attend the conference. Mr. Brown was spokesman for the American delegation. He admitted that hitherto the demands made by the Uitlanders either ignored the rights of the burghers or were indefinite. He then outlined some proposed constitutional amendments whereby the Uitlander could secure justice and at the same time not nullify the political status of the burgher or usurp any of his inalienable rights. Mr. Brown suggested further that the Rand should be represented by two members in the Volksraad (the upper house), and according to poulation in the Raad (the lower house). This would give the Dutch absolute control of the most important legislative body and a fair representation in the other, and would satisfy the Uitlander.

But President Krueger argued that the country belonged to the Boers and that to admit outsiders to the franchise would mean the political extermination of the original burghers. He refused to make any concessions. The storm was coming, the President said, and he was prepared for it.

The next day the news of the entrance of a mounted force from Bechuanaland was confirmed amid great rejoicing and preparations for war in Johannesburg. It was learned that there were 800 picked men of the Bechuanaland mounted police under charge of Dr. Jameson, Colonel Gray, Colonel the Honorable White and Major Sir John Willoughby, all brave men who had earned glory in fearless campaigns in Matabeleland. They were taking desperate chances to reach Johannesburg. They had 200 miles to ride across a wild country where every Voortrekker is a skilled rider and an expert rifleman. All the Dutch farmers in the Transvaal are trained hunters. Their method of warfare is exactly like that of the American Indians. They never fight in the open "veld," but always ambush themselves behind rocks or trees. Yet they are a brave people. They feel that God is on their side, that they are waging a righteous war in defence of their homes, and that the Uitlander has come as a wealthy highwayman with a powerful retinue to deprive them of their country.

On the day of the confirmation of the report of Jameson's intrepid entry, President Krueger issued two proclamations, one removing the special duty on breadstuffs, providing for English instruction in the Johannesburg public schools, promising the franchise to all friends of the State in the present trouble, and agreeing to enact laws to solve the labor difficulties. The other proclamation warned all people in the Transvaal to remain within the pale of the law.

Meanwhile Dr. Jameson and his daring band were riding on, cutting telegraph wires and making prisoners of the field cornets, who went out and read messages to them from President Krueger commanding them to withdraw. The commandant at Marico also sent a message requesting Jameson to return to Bechuanaland. But Doctor Jameson was riding in with secret orders to reach Johannesburg.

In reply to the command of Marico to leave the country, Jameson wrote to the Landdrost, saying that he intended to proceed with his original plans, which had no hostile intention against the people of the Transvaal. They were there, he said, in response to an invitation from the principal residents of the Rand, to assist them in their demands for justice and the ordinary rights of every citizen of a civilized state.

While Dr. Jameson was riding night and day to reach Johannesburg the army of Uitlanders, about 1,500 strong, was being drilled and intrenched on the outskirts of the city. Day and night the Reform Committee sat in star chamber session.

What would be Johannesburg's attitude toward the fearless man who was coming to help them fight for liberty?

Solly B. Joel, Barney Barnato's representative; Abe Bailey, who gave valiant lip service to the cause; George Richards, who, as the representative of Cecil Rhodes, was mysterious and oracular; Major Bettington, one of the Transvaal "horrors of peace," and W. St. John Carr, J. P. Fitzpatrick, F. L. Gray, A. R. Goldring, W. Hoaken, A. P. Hillier, Charles Leonard, J. W. Leonard, Max Langermann, F. Lowery, E. H. V. Melville, H. F. Strange and V. Wolff all gave grave counsel. They argued that Dr. Jameson's advent would, no doubt, assure the success of the rebellion, and as successful rebels they would all share the glory of his incomparable ride through a wild, hostile country. Therefore, they argued that they should be waiting to receive him royally when he arrived.

On the other hand there were grave dangers that he would be hemmed in by the Boers and either shot without mercy or taken and hanged by the Boers or by the British Government.

These gentlemen called attention to the insecure position the leaders in Johannesburg would be in in the event of Dr. Jameson's defeat, if prior to that catastrophe they made any show of lending him aid. He had been ordered back by the High Commissioner; his immediate master had tendered his resignation in ostensible repudiation of his campaign in the Transvaal. If he succeeded in reaching Johannesburg he would be the hero of the nineteenth century. If he died he would be a filibuster who undertook a sad mission in defiance of higher powers at Cape Town. Thus reasoned the politic rebels of the Reform Committee.

There were some brave men in the city who did their best to save Johannesburg the shame of abandoning the intrepid cavalry commander whom the leading citizens of the Rand had sent. But perfidy in the guise of a wise expediency prevailed. It was decided to keep on fortifying the town. Then, if Dr. Jameson arrived, they could escort him in triumphal entrance through the city, and if he failed they would simply be in the position of defending themselves without having violated any of the terms of international peace. If the Boers attacked them they could, as British subjects, call in the help of the Cape Colony and Natal armies; the Boers could not constitutionally appeal to England, for they would be in the position of having fired on British subjects who were defending themselves against any hostile people, whether they were Boers or filibustering British rebels, riding as guerillas through the republic.

Thus Johannesburg secretly prayed that Dr. Jameson would arrive, while ostensibly fortifying the city against him.

The wild ride of Dr. Jameson's 800 will be remembered in history.

AT THE MERCY OF THE BOERS.

They rode ninety miles a day, fighting their way from Malmani to Krugersdorp. At Naauwpoort, twenty miles from Johannesburg, 2,600 Boers, under Malan and Cronje, met Dr. Jameson. He refused to lay down his arms and a pitched battle ensued. Dr. Jameson's men were weakened from hunger and thirst and lack of sleep. But they fought desperately. It was a brave conflict. Out of it Dr. Jameson, with a brave remnant of his band, rode victorious over the Boers. About fifteen miles from Johannesburg, near Krugersdorp, Field Cornet Lieutenant Eloff and several hundred Boers were taken prisoners. The boom of the guns could be heard in Johannesburg, but not a man left the city to help the men from Bechuanaland.

Meanwhile the Boers were riding in from all directions toward Krugersdorp. The wagon roads from the Hooge Veldt, from the Vilgen River, from Blauwbank, Lichtenburg and Gemsbokfontein, were lined with determined burghers carrying rifles and mounted on fleet horses. No effort was made by the insurrectionists to intercept them, and no assistance was sent to Dr. Jameson. Famished, having gone without food and sleep for forty-eight hours, almost out of ammunition, Dr. Jameson and his brave followers charged on until they could be seen from the tops of buildings at Johannesburg.

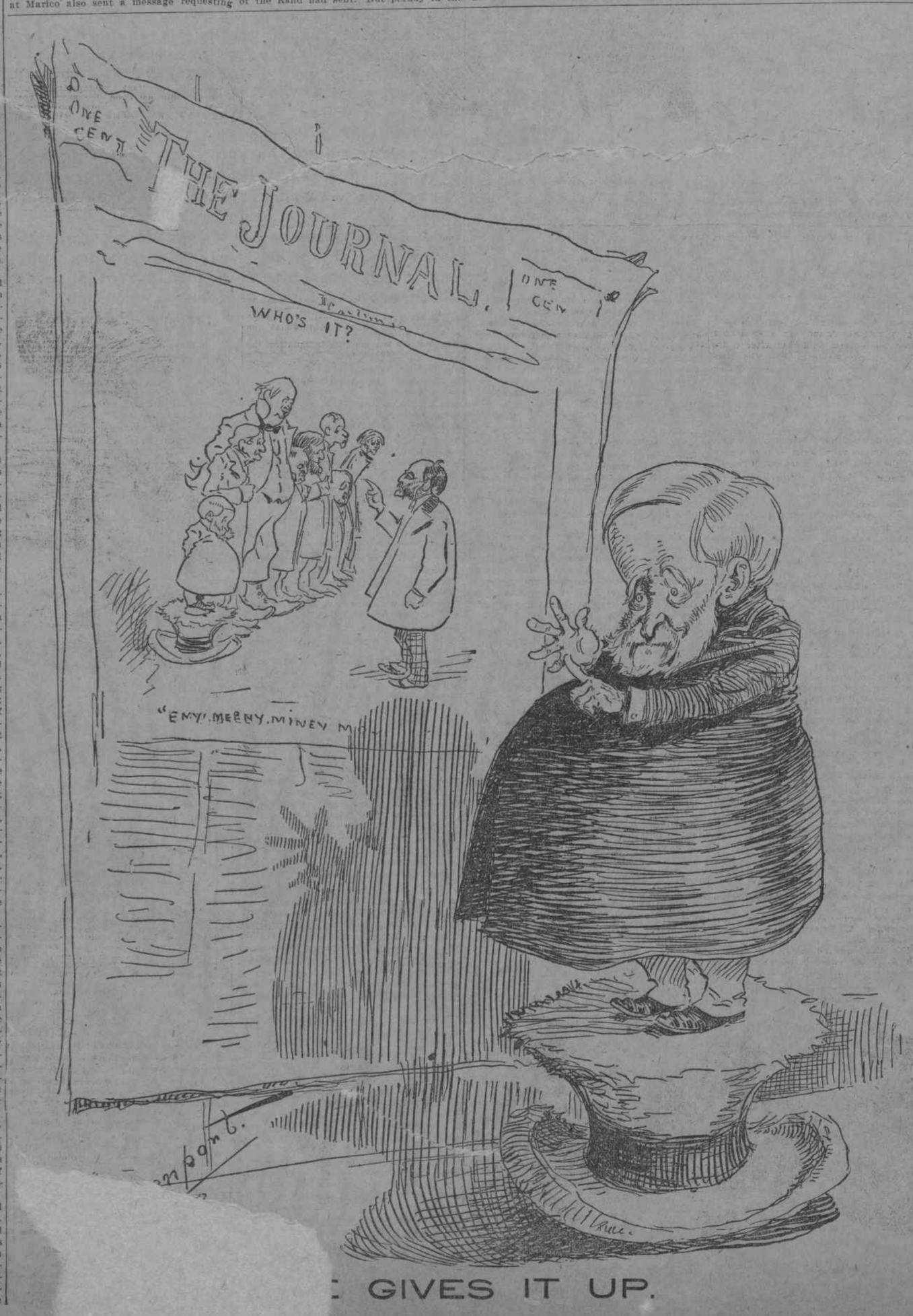
Between Krugersdorp and this city, about ten miles distant, near the Steyn estate mine, Dr. Jameson found himself surrounded by 6,000 Boers ambushed behind rocks and eucalyptus trees on the Kopjes hills, near Doornkop. There the fearless wreck of the eight hundred fought with futile desperation, expecting every moment to receive the promised assistance from Johannesburg.

While Dr. Jameson was thus left to fight a forlorn battle, great crowds gathered about the Gold Fields building and clamored for news about him. There were thousands who would have gone to his aid, but they were kept ignorant of his whereabouts and misinformed as to his condition. To satisfy the crowds, it was announced that he had routed the Boers and would be in the city within two hours. This caused the greatest enthusiasm. Dr. Jameson is a popular hero in South Africa. He won a great name in connection with the famous march of the Six Hundred from Mashonaland to Buluwayo, during the Matebele war.

The leaders of the Reform Committee kept all news from the insistent crowd as long as possible. When at length J. W. Leonard solemnly announced that Dr. Jameson had been forced to surrender to save his brave men from utter annihilation, there were many demonstrations of grief, which gave way to bitter indignation against Mr. Leonard and his confreres. Some of the crowd wanted to wreck the building and tar and feather the members of the committee.

The people of the Rand, with 15,000 armed men at their disposal, rested supinely while Dr. Jameson's gallant band was being butchered. They fought for two days without food or water or sleep, after having ridden nearly 200 miles without camping. They looked for help from the Rand which did not come. They were trapped and caught within sight of the armed forces of Johannesburg.

The spectacle of the desertion of the brave men from Bechuanaland is a sad commentary on the cowardice and double-dealing of humanity, but it was not without its comedies. One of the comical incidents was the inglorious retreat of Colonel Bettington, with a troop of mounted men. When it was learned that Dr. Jameson was within an hour's ride of town, Bettington led sixty rebels to meet him. Had Dr. Jameson reached the city, Colonel Bettington would have marched in at the head of the column and would have eclipsed Sir John Falstaff with stories of his opportune valor in going to the rescue. But when they reached a settlement called Florida they met a trooper with dispatches to the effect that Dr. Jameson was completely surrounded. The trooper, after imparting this news, hurried on to the city. Colonel Bettington and his men considered a moment and then turned and fled after the trooper. Two miles out of the city they took to the hills above Auckland Park, where they could get a good view of the conflict at the Steyn estate. There, out of harm's way, they saw Dr. Jameson's men sacrificed. Later Colonel Bettington rode majestically into the city and received the cheers of the populace.



STEPHEN B. FRENCH TOOK HIS OWN LIFE.

Continued from First Page.

intimate friends that Mr. French had. Our friendship was formed thirty years ago. I couldn't believe he had committed suicide. I thought it was all a foolish rumor. The last time I saw Mr. French was on Friday night, in the cafe of the Morton House. He was in the best of spirits. He fell to talking about old times and contrasted them with the present. "Clint," he said, "the good old times are gone for both of us. There was a time when you could raise $20,000 on your paper and I could raise $5,000, but all the old friends are dead, and I doubt if there is one now living from whom I could get more than $1,000." And so his talk ran. For all that, he was not apparently the least bit depressed. He parted from me in just as cheerful a mood as when we first met. The news of his death, therefore, was all the more unexpected. He was the last man in the world I should think would commit suicide. He feared no man living. Nothing could daunt him. He was a devoted husband and a loving father. Only in one way can I account for it—he must have been temporarily insane. He was a good business man when he attended to business, and as a politician he was one of the shrewdest in the State. If he had stuck to either politics or business he would have been a successful man. His one great failing was his fondness for Wall Street speculation. When he left the Police Board, after eleven years' service, he was worth about $200,000. He had come into the Board worth fully $75,000, and he saved considerable out of his salary. I fear that he had certain obligations falling due this month, and that his inability to meet them affected his mind. I can never believe that Stephen B. French, in his right mind, killed himself.

JOHN M'CLAVE, ex-Police Commissioner, who served on the Board with President French from 1884 to 1889: It was not very long ago that he dropped in at my office. He told me then that he was having a pretty hard time of it financially, but his manner was such that I was not for an instant led to believe he was seriously embarrassed. Perhaps I made a mistake in not estimating a more serious state of affairs than I did, but, truly, it would have been difficult, indeed, for anybody to ever decide that a man of the sunny, optimistic nature of Stephen B. French was at any time in fatal trouble, or anything like it. His disposition was of the kind that makes good will and kind thoughts among all who came in contact with him. After leaving the Police Board he went into that West India Company, with a capital that was subscribed by half a dozen friends, each of whom, I believe, put in $2,000. The purpose of the company was to manufacture orange bitters, which needed but a small capital, yet yielded a large profit on the amount invested. Going back to Mr. French's earlier life, he entered politics at the suggestion of General Arthur, who had a well-grounded affection for the man, and because of the death of his first wife. French told me the circumstances half a dozen times. He owned several whaling vessels when he lived in Sag Harbor, Long Island, and was in the way to become a very rich man. But the death of his wife proved a hard blow. He would have gone to pieces, perhaps, if the lively field of politics had not been opened to him. Once in that life he was rejuvenated, so to speak, and his jovial nature had a chance to assert itself. I cannot but believe that he shot himself when temporarily insane.

COLONEL WILLIAM H. KIPP, chief clerk of the Police Board: I have only the most pleasant recollections of Mr. French. I remember the hardest work I have done for the Police Department in all the twenty-three years of my service was when Mr. French was a Commissioner. The fight was on to secure representation for Tammany Hall among the inspectors of elections. Commissioners French and Wheeler advocated Tammany's cause, Commissioners MacLean, now a Justice of the Supreme Court, and Morrison, now dead, opposed it. The courts finally decided in favor of Tammany. MacLean and Morrison tried to win by contesting each name separately, and so delaying the investigation, but they reckoned without their host. Commissioner French devised a novel scheme. He and his colleagues remained in their chairs, holding session all night, and I, poor fellow, had to take the stenographic minutes of the sessions.

EX-MAYOR EDWARD COOPER: I appointed Mr. French to office. So far as I know, he was a trustworthy Police Commissioner.

EX-MAYOR ABRAM S. HEWITT: Mr. French was in office when I took hold. He seemed to be an efficient officer, but failed to originate any ideas for reform. However, he was always willing to co-operate in any ideas which I advanced. His term of office extended beyond mine, and I have no criticism whatever to make of him.

EX-MAYOR FRANKLIN EDSON: I knew Mr. French merely in a political way. He was the last man whom I would have thought would have committed suicide. He was always jolly, good-natured and seemingly free from responsibility. I can imagine no possible reason for his act.

EX-INSPECTOR ALEXANDER S. WILLIAMS: Mr. French was president of the Board when I was appointed Inspector. So far as I know, he was an eminently honest and worthy officer. That he was a brave man I know, for during his life one of the most proud displays which he ever made was that of a watch given to him by the English Government for saving an English ship. The only charges that I ever knew to be made against Mr. French were those made when it was the duty of the Police Department to superintend the closing of the streets. One year the appropriation amounted to $680,000. It was rumored that the whole amount was not spent, and it was said that at a lunch in the Astor House the balance of the money was divided. However, I regard that as a slander on Mr. French's name. So far as the Hollywood whiskey deal is concerned, Mr. French was never publicly indicated in that. I was the only public officer whose name was connected with it. My innocence was proved. In that connection I would only say that the mantle of charity should fall over all those who are dead. I was doing road in the public puddle, and no one can object to anything that I did.

GENERAL FITZ JOHN PORTER: I was on the Police Board with Commissioner French. He was always a pleasant associate, always a Republican, always a politician. Even in the Board he was a politician at all times. I met him several months ago in an "L" car. "Hello, Porter," said Mr. French, "I've got something to tell you. You know when Inspector Williams was up before us on charges, you and Voorhis voted against him; McClave and I voted for him, so there was a tie, and Williams got off. But now I'm sorry I voted as I did. I thought I was right at that time, for I thought Williams the best policeman in New York. Now I think him the worst."

FREDERICK D. GRANT, Police Commissioner: Although I have only met Mr. French about a dozen times, I regarded him always as a friend, and one to be proud of. He was a strong worker for the Republican party. He was one of the famous "300" of Chicago, and always loved the old "300" crowd.

Scene of the Suicide.

The cross indicates where the almost lifeless body of Mr. French was found after the shooting. His wife, who had waited in vain for him to come to the breakfast table, was first to see her dying husband.

THE CAREER OF MR. FRENCH.

It Was Adventurous, and He Made and Lost Fortunes.

Stephen B. French was born in the town of Riverhead, Suffolk County, N. Y., January 24, 1829. His father, Peter French, was of Huguenot descent, while his mother was a descendant of one of the original Dutch families of New York. His parents moved to Sag Harbor in 1831, where he attended school. There he entered the employ of Captain John Rudd, who was engaged in the whaling business. In this calling he visited most of the South American and distant ports.

On February 8, 1849, he sailed on the ship Sabina to California. After working in the gold fields he ran a vessel between San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands. After this he opened a store in Marysville, Cal., and lost two or three fortunes during five years. He then went back to the Sandwich Islands, and made another fortune.

In June, 1864, he engaged in mercantile life as one of the firm of H. & S. B. French. This firm continued until the death of his wife in 1865, when he became interested in politics. He had always been a Whig before this, but became a Republican. He returned to New York State, and on the resignation of Joseph H. Goldsmith, as Treasurer of Suffolk County, Mr. French was appointed to fill the position. He was elected to this office in 1869, and re-elected in 1872. In 1874 he was defeated as a candidate for Congress, and was also defeated in 1875 as a candidate for County Treasurer, though running ahead of his ticket.

He first became prominent in New York politics by his appointment in 1870 as Appraiser of the Port of New York. He had been induced to come to New York by Roscoe Conkling and Chester A. Arthur, both of whom were his near friends and intimates. It was through their influence that he secured the appointment. He was appointed Police Commissioner on May 26, 1879, succeeding Joel B. Erhardt, who had been appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Henry Smith. There was some dispute as to who should succeed Mr. Smith, and to settle this Mayor Edson reappointed Mr. French. Mr. French was recently in the ship brokerage business at No. [illegible] Broad street.

He had been twice married. His first wife died in 1866. The following year he married Miss Julia Prentis, of New London, Conn. By his first wife he had two children, Eugene, who is now in Helena, Mont., and Clara, Mrs. August Mathes. By his second wife he has one daughter and two sons, Mrs. Mary Prentis Cox, Lester French, who was in business with his father, and Stephen B. French, Jr., who is a student at Yale.

Mr. French was a thoroughbred Republican, and never denied his partisan bias. It was politics with him in all the transactions of his official life. He was a great man for betting on elections.

In the Presidential campaign of 1876, the memorable contest between Rutherford B. Hayes and Samuel J. Tilden, Mr. French is said to have had a wager of $500 on the Ohioan, but, in consequence of the bitter feeling engendered over the decision in the Electoral College, he positively declined to accept the $5,000 in the stakeholder's hands, although the loser—a prominent Tammany politician—acknowledged his defeat and urged him to take the money.

At the time Eurus made a runaway race of the Suburban, Mr. French won $3,000 on the victor. He was a free spender of money and an inveterate poker player. He used to say that he liked the sociability surrounding the great American game. He had been known to "sit" for three days without leaving the building where the game was in progress.

In the latter part of October, 1888, he chanced to meet the late Judge of General Sessions, Randolph B. Martine at Broadway and Chambers street, and the two chatted in a friendly way over the outcome of the election between Cleveland and Harrison. Martine could see no chance for Cleveland to lose. French took an opposite view.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said French. "I'll agree to buy your clothes for one year from January 1, 1889, if Harrison doesn't win, if you'll agree to buy mine if Cleveland is defeated."

Judge Martine agreed, and carried it out to the letter.