

RHODES AT PORT ELIZABETH
January, 1897.

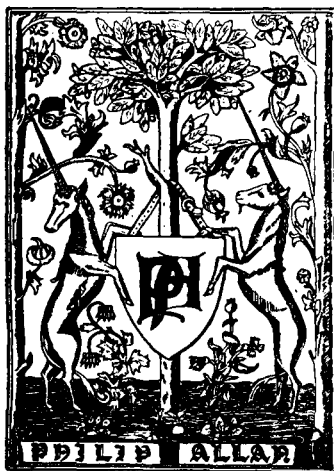
Frontispiece.

RHODES

A Life

BY

J. G. McDONALD



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FOREWORD

THOSE continents which cradled the oldest civilisations hold the deepest mysteries ; and the story of Africa, where nations, creeds and peoples have come and gone, adventuring from the long-ago days of Biblical lore down to our own busy times, remains one of the greatest romances of our world, with much still to be unfolded.

Africa has been called cruel, perhaps rightly. She sets a high standard and has no use for weaklings. Those men who made names for themselves in Africa—there have been very few ; indeed it has been the grave of many reputations—were all immensely above the average in intellect, in breadth of view and character. Towering above all others of this, our Western, civilisation, comes Rhodes, the greatest Empire builder we have known ; one worthy to be ranked with Alexander and Caesar.

In common with every strong man, Rhodes had enemies in plenty ; but the bitterest of them all would have echoed the words of the ex-German Kaiser who, after a conversation with Rhodes, said, ' There goes a man.'

Civilisation in South Africa, where Rhodes's Imperial work was accomplished—though his dreams had vaster boundaries—had insignificant beginnings, but it is now advancing from all points of the compass towards a future that no man can foresee.

The Cape of Storms was at first considered as a mere annoyance to mariners, a point of land against which seas were always beating, which must be rounded on the voyage to India. Later, when re-christened the Cape of Good Hope, it was recognised as a useful place whereat to grow vegetables for the supply of the Dutch East Indiamen. The success of

this industry sent the Dutch settlers seeking and finding still more valuable land up-country. The English came; gold and diamonds were discovered in remarkable abundance; in many cases it was found that the former had been worked centuries before. These and other mineral discoveries brought numbers of adventurers to the country from overseas, especially from Great Britain, and thus the foundation of our Imperial expansion in Africa was laid.

Just as one cannot walk even a few steps along those age-old footpaths which, beginning at the sea coast, twist and turn right through the heart of Africa, without remembering the Phoenicians and the merchants of Ophir; so I feel that in the opening pages of this volume reference must be made to the glamour and the inspiration of the country where Rhodes lived and dreamed, became inspired and worked.

No adequate 'Life' of Rhodes will be possible for another fifty years. Many of his ideas and schemes were aimed at objects so far ahead that time must pass before it can be seen whether all the results he sought were attained. It is for the benefit of those future historians that I have been emboldened to write this short account of his astonishing career. In doing this, I do not ignore the admirable biographies by Sir Lewis Michell and Mr. Basil Williams, and Mr. Ian Colvin's *Life of Jameson*. These authors had first access to many letters written to and by Rhodes, and to other documents bearing on his intimate life, and have made use of them with absolute discretion. For an understanding of the early incidents of Rhodes's career such authorities are indispensable, and I have made bold to quote liberally from them in order to illustrate a period antecedent to my own friendship with Rhodes.

I desire also to make acknowledgments to the following authors: Howard Hensman, *Cecil Rhodes*; 'Vindex,' *Cecil Rhodes: his Political Life and Speeches*; H. Marshall Hole, *The Making of Rhodesia*; Gordon Le Sueur, *Cecil Rhodes*; Philip Jourdan, *Cecil Rhodes: his Private Life*; Sir Thomas Fuller, K.C.M.G., *Cecil Rhodes: a Monograph and a*

Reminiscence; "Imperialist" and Dr. Jameson, *Cecil Rhodes*.

As far as possible the sources of quotation have been acknowledged in footnotes to the pages where they appear. If this has been omitted in occasional instances I desire to express regret.

I became associated with Rhodes about twelve years before his death, and in the course of the last six of these saw a great deal of him in Rhodesia and elsewhere, and during my connection with him I kept an intermittent journal in which I set out briefly many of the incidents described and such of his sayings as appealed to me. I may therefore claim a fair knowledge of my subject, but many of his friends, if they could only be induced to do so, could tell the story much better, and it is with considerable diffidence that I set my narrative forward. I do so, however, in the hope that some continuous record of Rhodes's epic career and amazing work for South Africa will be of interest to the many who desire a 'Life' of this sort and because I am sure the world will want to know for countless years more and still more of the man whose last will and testament continues to excite both hemispheres.

J. G. McDONALD.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. HIS YOUTH. 1853-1870 - - - - -	1
II. EARLY DAYS IN NATAL. 1870-1872 - - -	11
III. THE BEGINNING OF THE ADVENTURE. 1872-1873	18
IV. THE UNDERGRADUATE. 1873-1881 - - -	29
V. THE FOUNDATION OF GREATNESS. 1874-1881 -	40
VI. POLICIES AND PERSONS. 1881-1883 - - -	50
VII. BLAZING THE TRAIL. 1882-1885 - - -	61
VIII. WAYS AND MEANS. 1885-1888 - - -	74
IX. A BLIND TURNING. 1888 - - -	89
X. DEVELOPMENTS AND DIFFICULTIES. 1888-1889	98
XI. THE CHARTER. 1889-1890 - - -	110
XII. CUTTING THE ROAD. 1890 - - -	119
XIII. SUCCESS. 1890-1891 - - -	127
XIV. THE WEB OF EMPIRE. 1891 - - -	135
XV. TROUBLES AND VICTORIES. 1892-1894 - -	148
XVI. THE COMMON WEAL. 1894 - - -	164
XVII. THE RISING CLOUD. 1894-1895 - - -	174
XVIII. THE FALL. 1895-1896 - - -	185
XIX. COURAGE. 1896-1897 - - -	205
XX. DAYS ON THE VELD - - -	228

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXI. FURTHER DAYS ON THE VELD	248
XXII. THE UPRISING. 1897-1898	282
XXIII. THE BREAKING OF THE STORM. 1898-1899	300
XXIV. WAR. 1899-1900	317
XXV. 'DE GROOTE SCHUUR'	330
XXVI. THE HOPELESS QUEST. 1900-1901	343
XXVII. THE END OF THE ADVENTURE. 1902	360
XXVIII. HIS LAST TREK	367
XXIX. AN EXAMPLE TO MANKIND	374
XXX. 'THE WISH CAME TO ME TO RENDER MYSELF USEFUL TO MY COUNTRY'	381
INDEX	397

ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>Frontispiece</i> FACING PAGE
RHODES AT PORT ELIZABETH, JANUARY, 1897	98
OLD MILL, USED TO GRIND CORN FOR THE DUTCH EAST INDIA COMPANY - - - - -	98
LOBENGULA'S GENERAL-IN-CHIEF WITH HIS TWO WIVES AND SONS - - - - -	162
M'JANA, LOBENGULA'S GENERAL-IN-CHIEF - - - - -	162
SCENE OF A FIGHT IN THE MATOPO HILLS - - - - -	212
TYPICAL INYANGA COUNTRY - - - - -	216
RHODES'S SEAT IN THE GROUNDS OF GROOTE SCHUUR - - - - -	226
SUMMIT OF 'WORLD'S VIEW' HILL - - - - -	258
IN THE MATOPOS - - - - -	272
DR. JAMESON ON THE STOEP AT GROOTE SCHUUR - - - - -	312
'DE GROOTE SCHUUR' - - - - -	330
RHODES IN 1900 - - - - -	350
RHODES'S GRAVE - - - - -	372

FACSIMILE LETTERS

	FACING PAGE
LETTER OF RHODES TO THE AUTHOR, OCTOBER 16TH, 1896	238
LETTER OF RHODES TO THE AUTHOR, NOVEMBER 7TH, 1897	288
NOTICE POSTED DURING THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY - - - - -	326

MAPS

	FACING PAGE
SOUTH AFRICA IN 1882 WHEN RHODES BEGAN TO WORK TOWARDS THE HINTERLAND - - - - -	46
SOUTH AFRICA IN 1902, THE YEAR OF RHODES'S DEATH	394

CHAPTER I

HIS YOUTH

1853-1870

I dream my dream by rock and heath and pine,
Of Empire to the Northward. Ay, one land
From Lion's Head to Line.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

CECIL JOHN RHODES was born in the quiet parsonage house of Bishop's Stortford on July 5th, 1853. He died on March 26th, 1902, and was buried at 'World's View' in the Matopo Hills, mourned by the whole Empire.

He was that rare combination, a dreamer and a worker; possessing the remarkable power of making dreams come true; striving to bring immense schemes of his own design to fruition; not making tangible the dreams of other men; never planning ideas he was not ready to make concrete.

The aim of his life was an Africa, British from North to South. 'All that Red—that's my dream,' he would say, with maps spread out before him. Had he been spared to dream and work man's three score years and ten for the Empire he so loved, who can tell what his indomitable energy would have accomplished, or what still further developments he might have planned even beyond those he completed and initialled for his beloved Africa, in the short space Fate had allowed him?

Cecil Rhodes came from old English yeoman stock, a fact of which he was always proud, and this to some extent accounts for his popularity with the Dutch South African farmers, his sympathy with those who lived on the soil and his intense love of open country. 'My ancestors were

keepers of cows,' he used to say ;—a statement actually true, since early in the seventeenth century William Rhodes, a prosperous farmer and grazier, came south from the Midlands and bought considerable property in the West Central district of London.¹ This is said to have covered what are now Mecklenburgh and Brunswick Squares, and what was until lately the site of the Foundling Hospital. He also owned a small estate in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park. Tradition tells us, *his* dream was to own a thousand head of breeding stock—but this was never realised. He was Overseer of the Poor for the Parish of St. Pancras, and later Churchwarden.

His son, Thomas, carried on the idea of working for the public good, which has always been a characteristic of the Rhodes family, and was so strongly evident in the case of Cecil. Thomas Rhodes was Surveyor for the South Division, a Churchwarden, and sat on a committee appointed to treat for a lease of the Workhouse in Camden Town. He died in 1787, leaving a daughter and a son, Samuel, the great-grandfather of Cecil.

In addition to working successfully the farm near Islington, Samuel Rhodes founded large and profitable brick and tile works on land purchased by him at Dalston, which property is still owned by the Rhodes Trustees.

Samuel Rhodes had three sons: Thomas, who held many public appointments and founded the Northamptonshire branch of the family; Samuel, who lived and died in the Parish of St. Pancras; and William, born in 1774, who settled at Leyton Grange in Essex, and acquired extensive property there.

Although at this time the direct connection with St. Pancras seems to have been abandoned, in the old churchyard there is a massive tombstone of red granite on a grey base, erected by Cecil Rhodes in memory of thirty-three members of the family whose names are written thereon. Two additional inscriptions have been made in later years, one in memory of Herbert Rhodes, Cecil's eldest brother, who

¹ Michell.

died while on a hunting expedition in Nyasaland in 1879; the other attesting the death of Cecil John Rhodes.

The William Rhodes who bought Leyton Grange was succeeded by his son, Francis William Rhodes, the father of Cecil. He was educated for the Church and went to Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. From 1834 to 1849 he was curate of Brentwood in Essex, where he was known as 'the good Mr. Rhodes'; and he built a small church for the hamlet of South Weald at his own expense. In 1849 he was presented to the living of Bishop's Stortford, where he remained for twenty-seven years, only leaving it in 1876, two years before he died at Fairlight, near Hastings. He is described as a tall, loosely made man, with a fine intellectual head. His manner was courteous, though he was considered somewhat eccentric; and in spite of many good works, he seems to have been a man of rigid ideas and strong prejudices. We are told¹ that he had a horror of lawyers, which may account for the fact that none of his sons adopted the legal profession. His sermons, which always lasted exactly ten minutes, were packed with sound doctrine and delivered in a melodious voice. He kept his large family in due respect of their father, and brought them up on strictly religious principles. It was his ambition that all his sons should take Orders, and become, as he used to say, 'the seven angels of the seven churches.' This hope was doomed to complete disappointment, as not one of his family entered the Church. In addition to the work of a large parish, he watched over the education of his children, established a training school for the mistresses of Elementary Schools—which at that time was much needed—and, backed by influential friends, he rebuilt the old Grammar School at Bishop's Stortford, to which in turn all his sons were sent.

He married first Elizabeth Manet, a lady of Swiss descent, who died two years later, leaving him with one daughter. Nine years afterwards he married Louisa Peacock, of Sleaford in Lincolnshire. From this marriage there were two daughters and nine sons. The family grew up in an atmosphere of

¹ Williams.

refinement and sincere religion, typical of an English country clergyman's home at that time.

The mother, who died when Cecil was twenty, was a woman with a gentle and charming personality, whose sympathy and tenderness with her children relieved the Vicar's rather spartan discipline. 'My mother,' Cecil said one day, 'got through an amazing amount of work: she must have had the gift of organisation, for she was never flustered and seemed always to have ample time to listen to all our many and, to us, vastly important affairs. I think now we wore her out.'

Of the family, only Elizabeth, the daughter of the first wife, and Ernest married. Cecil's two sisters, Edith and Louisa, lived quietly in England, one in London, the other at Iver; though both paid lengthy visits to South Africa. It has been said that Edith Rhodes was more like Cecil than any of the brothers. She showed not only his characteristic carelessness of attire, but also his dauntless spirit. Though they often disagreed, and Cecil said on one occasion that Groote Schuur was not big enough for them both, yet he remained attached to her in many ways. Edith Rhodes possessed a wonderful store of energy, whilst she also showed a total disregard for convention. One who knew her once remarked that, 'had she been a man, she too would have made a new country, or, had there been no more new countries, she would have built an island in the ocean!'

Besides two sons who died in infancy, there were Herbert, Frank, Cecil, Ernest, Elmhirst, Arthur, and Bernard to be started in life. Four of them entered the Army—the other three going to the Colonies.

Herbert loved adventure, and left home early to adopt a roving life. He was educated at Winchester, where amongst other things he distinguished himself by capturing six Eton wickets in the inter-school match. Of a daring and adventurous temperament, he must have been a great source of anxiety to the parents. It is said that Herbert was strongly inspired by that spirit of Colonial expansion for which Cecil worked, which is described by Oswald Spengler in his great

book, *The Decline of the West*, as 'a doom; something daemonic and immense, which grips, forces into service, and uses up—mankind.' Certain it is that Cecil adored this brother, and spent long hours in his company before he left home; and it is highly probable that even in those early days the germ was sown which when fully developed in later years vitally influenced the course of events in South Africa and even affected the world's history.

Frank, after going to Eton, held a Commission in the 1st Dragoons, and rose to the rank of Colonel. He distinguished himself at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and did good service in Uganda. He gained the D.S.O., the Egyptian medal, and the Khedive's Star. While serving in Egypt he was described by Sir Herbert Stewart as 'the best Staff Officer any commander could ever hope to have.' He was one of the Reformers sentenced to death after the Johannesburg crisis of 1895-6; but was reprieved and afterwards went as special correspondent for the *Times* to the Soudan with Lord Kitchener, and was besieged in Ladysmith in the South African War. For a short time he was Administrator of Rhodesia. 'Frank,' said Cecil, 'was a very gallant fellow in the battlefield and also in the ladies' boudoir—perhaps too much of a courtier, but he worked hard and often amused one.' After the death of Cecil, this brother inherited the Newmarket estates, but he died of blackwater fever at Groote Schuur in 1905, to the lasting regret of a wide circle of friends, to whom he had greatly endeared himself, both in South Africa and elsewhere.

Ernest, after leaving the Army with the rank of Captain, went to Australia for a short period, from whence he returned to Johannesburg and became associated with the Consolidated Goldfields. He inherited Dalham on the death of Colonel Frank; but, dying himself a few months later, left it to his eldest son.

Elmhirst was also in the Army until after the South African War.

Arthur followed Cecil to South Africa, and took up ostrich farming near Oudtshoorn, but with indifferent results. He

then interested himself in certain mining ventures with varying success, and also became the owner of several farms in the neighbourhood of Bulawayo which he afterwards disposed of to the Government. At a later date he retired to a farm he had purchased many years before, close to Port Elizabeth, which he still occupies and where he is engaged in carrying out numerous experiments in agriculture.

Bernard, the youngest of the brothers, became a soldier. He had resigned his Commission before the South African War, though he rejoined on the outbreak of hostilities. Cecil was very fond of him, but used to criticise his 'useless life.' 'Bernard is a charming fellow,' he said once, 'he rides, shoots, and fishes. In fact he is a loafer—a pleasant loafer.'

In earlier generations, the men of the Rhodes family all seem to have been successfully hardworking and industrious ; while in the case of the sons of the Rev. F. W. Rhodes, the force and the power of surmounting obstacles centred itself to a great extent in the character of one member—Cecil—whose name and work will go down to history for all time.

In 1861, when he was eight years old, Cecil followed his three elder brothers to the Bishop's Stortford Grammar School. Until that time he had been educated at home. By no means a brilliant scholar, he was a steady worker, and had a love for thoroughness in anything he undertook. At this period he had already shown signs of possessing those traits which became his dominant characteristics in later years. An unconquerable spirit and a dogged tenacity of purpose enabled him to carry through any task he set himself ; and all his work was done thoroughly and earnestly. At school his strongest subjects were religious knowledge, French and the classics, though history and geography were always his favourite studies. He was weak in mathematics, a surprising fact in view of the vast financial enterprises he carried out. Rhodes was rather fond of telling of an incident that happened about this period when he was between ten and twelve years of age. It seems that he went on a visit to an old Admiral he had long admired, and who had reached

the ripe old age of some eighty years. Cecil on his arrival found the old gentleman busily planting acorns, and it struck him that his old friend would not live sufficiently long to see much in the way of results, and somewhat boldly, though at the same time with a certain amount of diffidence, he said to the Admiral, 'Why are you planting acorns, sir, when you cannot expect to see them grow into trees?' 'My boy,' replied the Admiral, 'I have the imagination, and I already see them as trees with people walking under their shade and when mature providing necessary timbers for many ventures. To-day and every day they are growing. I have the pleasure of the conception of their shade and their glory.' Later in life Rhodes said it was a lesson which had engraved itself on his mind, and had been of the greatest value to him.

On one occasion he gained a medal for elocution, although it is generally agreed that in after years Rhodes was not a talented orator. It was the force of a great personality behind simple words that made his political speeches so effective. 'Vindex' tells us that 'he talked with thousands in the same direct homely language he would have used to one.' And as Rhodes himself once said, 'No one ever accused me of preparing a speech, though no doubt it is the right thing to do.'

At the age of thirteen, Cecil was playing in the school cricket eleven, but, though fond of sport, he took only a moderate share in athletics. At this time he was slender and frail-looking, though without being actually delicate; a dreamy, imaginative boy wandering over the countryside, alone or with his brother Herbert. He spent many hours sitting on the garden gate looking out over the meadows to the River Stort, down which crept barges carrying their cargoes of wheat and barley to the wharves of the old town. Here dreamed the boy, later to develop into the man, who—with maps spread before him—thought in Empires; of his dreams he brought many to realisation, others to which he gave practical initiation matured in due course though they lacked his guiding hand, while still more remain hidden for ever in the womb of the future. 'My father,' he said to me once,

'frequently, and I am now sure wisely, demolished many of my dreams as fantastical, but when I had rebuilt them on more practical lines he was ready to listen again. He never failed to put his finger on the weak spots, and his criticisms soon taught me to consider a question from every possible point of view.' As a boy Cecil was on the whole good-tempered—a trait probably fostered by the give and take necessary in a large family. But at times he chafed against discipline, with an outburst of that imperious will which marked his later career. On one occasion when he was chastised rather severely at school, in a fit of momentary anger Rhodes seized a heavy book from the desk beside him, and made a movement as if intending to throw it at the master. But instantly realising the unseemliness of such conduct, he replaced the book with an incoherent apology.

'A grubby little boy with ruffled hair,' is the description of a lady who knew Rhodes at this time. And when that same little boy became one of the most famous men in our Colonial affairs he still possessed the ruffled hair; while his love of comfort in clothing coupled with his big, loose-limbed frame, often gave an appearance of untidiness.

Outside his own family, no one ever used his Christian name—always a sign of the recognition of a mind above the average; and Frank speaks of him in very early days as 'long-headed Cecil.' In South Africa, to those who worked with him and loved him, he was always 'The Old Man' or 'The Chief.' In the early Kimberley days the natives gave him the name of 'U'Tswai,' which means salt, a designation which they explained as meaning 'a man with a sharp but pleasant nature.' Lobengula referred to Rhodes in picturesque language as 'The Big Brother who Eats up Countries for his Breakfast,' and in Rhodesia the natives called him 'M'Lamula N'Kunzi'—'The Separator of the Fighting Bulls,' 'for,' said the Matabele warriors who gave him the name, 'did he not come in between us unarmed when our impis (regiments) were fighting the white man's and pull us apart and then bring us peace?'

When he was only thirteen, Cecil had already decided that

for a man a single life was better than marriage ; and he had chosen for his motto, ' To do or die.'¹

The Rhodes children possessed a much appreciated ' second home ' in Sleaford Manor, where they often stayed with Mrs. Peacock, their mother's sister. Aunt Sophy was a favourite with them all ; and to her Cecil confided some of his earliest dreams. At Sleaford he made many friends, especially the Vicar's son, with whom he often rode ; but, though fond of this exercise all his life, he never possessed a good seat on a horse.

Decidedly the quiet parsonage atmosphere, the rough and tumble of the Grammar School and the Lincolnshire friendships were sufficiently divergent to form a fine grounding for the give and take of life abroad. Rhodes possessed a reverence for the old feudal traditions and a lifelong respect for the owner of land. He carried himself always with an air of good breeding, in spite of many unconventionalities, which made him welcome in the most exclusive as well as in the roughest society, and he very early learned the gift of appraising men at their true value to the world and to himself.

At Christmas, 1869, Cecil left the Grammar School, where he had been popular with masters and comrades, to continue studying under his father. At this time Herbert was already abroad ; and Frank was in the Army Class at Eton.

Cecil had no inclination for the life of a soldier. His name was entered at Oxford, and for a time it seemed possible he would follow in his father's footsteps. He wrote to his Aunt Sophy that although he would ' above everything like to be a barrister, next to law he thought a clergyman's life the nicest.' In the same letter he is speaking of Frank's success in the Eton and Harrow match. It is evident that Cecil found great difficulty in fixing on a career ; which was no wonder, since his character was too big to fit into any recognised groove. This period—one of apparent indecision—must have been very trying to the energetic youth. Luckily it did not last long.

¹ Hensman.

A few months after leaving school, a severe chill threatened him with a dangerous affection of the lungs—his condition was so serious that doctors gave him a very few years to live and advocated a long sea voyage. For this reason it was decided to send Cecil to South Africa, where he would join Herbert, who was now cotton planting in Natal. At our camp fire in the Matopo Hills in 1896 he told us that when he was informed of the decision, he went to bed aflame with excitement, and that about midnight, not being able to sleep he went down from his room to find a map of South Africa which he studied till morning, 'by which time,' he said 'Africa possessed my bones.'

He left for Durban on a sailing ship on June 21st, 1870 just before his seventeenth birthday, taking with him a capital of £2000 lent by his Aunt Sophy. It is not difficult to imagine with what high hopes and a belief in dreams to be fulfilled, a youth so imaginative as the young Rhodes would have started out in life.

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS IN NATAL

1870-1872

ON the first day of September, 1870, after seventy days at sea, Rhodes arrived in South Africa. Durban, the port where he landed, which now owns docks that a steamer of over 20,000 tons can enter, was in those days an open roadstead blocked by a dangerous bar, outside of which ships were forced to lie at a precarious anchorage, swaying unceasingly on the giant swells that roll around that coast.

What is now a beautiful and admirably equipped town was then a collection of wretched buildings, mostly of galvanised iron, between which ran spaces intended for streets; but at this time they were almost entirely covered by the ever-shifting sand. The heights behind the town are beautiful, and must have appeared doubly so when seen from the anchorage by a boy who had just accomplished his first voyage of over two months' duration. To him the hills of the Berea, clothed in semi-tropical vegetation and veiled with a blue heat haze, must have seemed like a dream world come true.

On his arrival Rhodes was met by Dr. Sutherland, then Surveyor-General of Natal. He and his wife entertained the young man for some time after his arrival, for Herbert was away on a prospecting trip with a band of Natal Pioneers under Captain Rolleston. For this reason Cecil was again faced with a short period of inaction and, kind though his hosts were, the boy must naturally have been anxious to start up-country and see something of the new life.

Though his health had already greatly improved, he was at this time delicate-looking, shy and reserved, and a great reader. He had studied on the voyage, but was still no

nearer a decision as to his future career, though he had not entirely abandoned the thought of taking Orders. As Rhodes most certainly possessed the personality to rise to the top of any profession he adopted, it requires no stretch of imagination to suppose that he might very easily have become a pillar of the Church, had his talents not been turned in another direction.

When Herbert returned, after finding diamonds in the gravel of the Vaal River, twenty-five miles north-west of Dutoitspan, the two brothers travelled together to the Umkomaas Valley to the south of Pietermaritzburg. Here Herbert and a few other farmers had decided to attempt cotton-growing in Natal. In spite of adverse criticism as to the wisdom of the venture, it seems to have been a jolly little community in which the brothers found themselves. There were several neighbours within a radius of a few miles, among whom young Hawkins, the son of a Natal magistrate, seems to have been Cecil's greatest friend. These two young men read the classics together, dreamed of Oxford, and made plans for saving up enough money to go there without outside help, though only Rhodes fulfilled the ambition. He began very early, not only to save money, but to look around for a wise investment of his savings.

Not long after he settled down to cotton planting he wrote asking Dr. Sutherland, who afterwards acted as his agent, to invest for him a small sum in the railway then being constructed between Durban and the Point or landing stage.

Thus Rhodes early deserved Frank's reference to him as 'long-headed Cecil'; and shortly afterwards he wrote home suggesting that this elder brother should 'come out here before he gets his Commission, as it will be very good for him, so much better than the good-for-nothing life he is leading now.' From this it can be seen that the distaste for a somewhat easy-going life, so characteristic of the mature Rhodes, was strongly developed from his earliest years.

Herbert Rhodes was a daring explorer full of the adventurous courage which the old-time sea-rovers possessed, but his character was spoilt by an utter recklessness that in the

end brought about his death. Many stories are told of his courage. Once he swam into the Umkomaas River in flood in order to free a team of oxen from their waggon, thus giving them a chance to swim ashore. The steady life of a cotton planter, however, proved irksome to his restless nature, and he left Cecil in charge of the estate for ever lengthening intervals, while he himself engaged in the search for gold or diamonds, or went on hunting trips into new country.

About this time M'Ziligazi, the Chief of the Matabele, had died and was succeeded by his second son, Lobengula, in whose life fifteen years later Cecil, the young cotton planter, became so powerful a factor. It was a time of commercial prosperity and adventurous excitement caused by the discovery of the first diamonds in shallow river diggings. Wild tales of fabulous finds were being spread throughout the country and, in face of these, the life of a planter, for which Cecil possessed no experience or training, would have proved too monotonous for most young men newly come from England with the hope of a college career before them. But not so Rhodes. With characteristic energy and thoroughness, he set himself to master every detail necessary to a real understanding of his job and also to think out and put into operation new methods of working which would make it more profitable.

Though he was a comparatively short time on the plantation, it is certain that the difficulties he struggled against and surmounted while there helped him in the battles he fought later on. It may well be that none of the gigantic schemes he carried through in later years proved more difficult of accomplishment than when, at the age of eighteen, he made cotton grow in a district where old colonists had declared it to be impossible. During his political career, when confronted by seemingly insurmountable obstacles, Rhodes often observed quietly, 'They told me I couldn't grow cotton.'¹

The first season's crop was a failure, which was not sur-

¹ Williams.

prising, for the ground had only been hurriedly cleared and the cotton was planted too closely ; but the second year the crop almost justified the high hopes with which the venture had been started.

The brothers lived very simply in two huts with a Kaffir boy as their only personal servant. There were few comforts ; funds were extremely scarce, and the heat of the valley very trying.

In spite of many handicaps Rhodes persevered, and from current accounts of him and from what we know of his character at a later date we may feel sure that in striving against and overcoming almost overwhelming difficulties in a semi-tropical valley, he was far happier than during the months of indecision and inaction which had followed his leaving school. Although constantly busy superintending the details of the estate, it is certain from later developments that he found time to dream of and to discuss the future.

The supply of labourers at the Umkomaas settlement was uncertain, and added yet another anxiety to Cecil's many difficulties at this time, but both he and Herbert were popular with the natives. Cecil had an intuitive understanding of native ways and thoughts—an invaluable gift to a man who always sought their confidence. On one occasion he writes of having advanced money to the native labourers because 'if you lend it them, they come and work it out—and Kaffirs are really safer than the Bank of England,'¹—a remarkable instance of the trust he always felt in the black man.

And again, writing to Dr. Sutherland, he says, speaking of the plantation, 'It really seems an ill-fated valley. You would be surprised did you know what a sink it has been.'² So we can guess what had happened to Rhodes's two thousand pounds, and we know that he had already learnt the invaluable lesson—that every new farm needs more capital than anybody would at first suppose !

After a year on the cotton estate Rhodes's health was almost completely restored ; though he was still the 'shy

¹ Colvin.

² Williams.

and solitary spirit' that he remained all his life, despite the firm and lasting friendships that he made. In addition to better health, the life on the plantation had done much to consolidate into a forceful personality the determined characteristics of young Cecil. He had developed business capacity and gained actual experience of the difficulties which beset all settlers in a new country which was to prove invaluable to him in later years. He had also won the confidence of the natives who, all his life, loved and trusted him blindly; and when he was buried the Matabele gave him in the Matopo Hills the royal salute of their nation—Zulu—which no one save their kings had ever been given before.

But it was a hard experience, especially as he was torn between sticking to the cotton, and the temptation to follow Herbert to the then newly discovered diamond diggings at Colesberg Kopje, later to be known as Kimberley. Prospectors from all over the world were now arriving in South Africa anxious to verify the tales of fabulous finds, which by this time were obsessing nearly all the settlers.

'To hear Rolleston talk and see his diamonds makes one's mouth water,'¹ Cecil writes home, and he goes on to tell of 'Three whoppers, one worth £8000, another £10,000, and another £9000. The man who found the £10,000 diamond had offered his claim the evening before for 15s. and nobody would buy it!'

So Cecil waited for his second cotton harvest—with what impatience we can guess—and after seeing the crop baled and ginned he started for the new diggings at Colesberg Kopje, where Herbert had already pegged a claim.²

He travelled, as he had planned to do a long time before, 'over the hills with the splendid blue tint on them,' alone

¹ Colvin.

² It is of interest to note that the price of cotton had gradually been dropping from 10½d. a lb. for cotton lint landed in Liverpool in 1868, and in 1872 had fallen to 6d. per lb., which, as Rhodes remarked many years afterwards, made its production in Natal quite an unpayable proposition. His opinion was, and it would hold good to-day, that there is nothing in it for white planters at a price below 9d. a lb. for cotton lint.

except for one Kaffir. He took with him a few boxes of biscuits, some flour, tea, sugar, and other simple provisions, and 'that wonderful box of lozenges my father sent me.'¹

That four hundred mile journey from the Umkomaas valley over the Drakensberg mountains to Colesberg Kopje must have taken the young Rhodes with a cart and oxen well over a month. In addition to provisions he had with him several volumes of the classics and some digger's tools—strangely contrasting impedimenta, which yet served to illustrate precisely the dual character of the 'Practical Seer,' as he has been called.

It must have been a slow and solitary journey through a country of great beauty and grandeur, very different from the tropical atmosphere of the plantation in the low country. The vastness of the open high-veld, which he now saw for the first time, probably did much to enlarge those dreams of Colonial expansion which had already begun to germinate in his mind.

It was never an easy matter to get Rhodes to talk of any part of his life that was past—he lived entirely in the present and the future—and scarcely anything is known of his long trek to Colesberg, but I gathered from him during a rambling ride one day that his pony died and that afterwards he always walked ahead of his cart, which covered about fourteen miles a day—Sundays were, however, rest days. Most of the trekking was done in the late afternoon and again in the very early morning, so that the oxen could feed during the day when they would be observed if they strayed. The journey was not free from troubles and many were encountered, but all overcome. All sorts and conditions of men were pushing from every point of the compass to the Diamond Fields, and thefts of stock and every conceivable article were constant occurrences, so that Rhodes never dared let his belongings get out of his sight. Even so he lost a good many articles, including a copy of Plutarch's *Lives*, which he missed sorely.

¹ Colvin.

At last Colesberg Kopje appeared in sight, and soon he was at the objective of his first march. Here was rush, here was Life. Hard, practical, organised effort must now follow the days of dreaming he had just left behind him.

And so began the Great Adventure.

CHAPTER III

THE BEGINNING OF THE ADVENTURE

1872-1873

WHEN Rhodes reached Colesberg Kopje towards the end of 1872 he found diggers of all nations gathered there, living in tents, huts, or waggons, with refuse heaps and native kraals here and there in close proximity. In their camp, which consisted of a little collection of tents and bee-hive huts under a gnarled mimosa tree, Herbert Rhodes and young Hawkins were joined by Cecil. The energy that he had given to cotton growing was now turned into another channel; and with that thoroughness which he had shown even in school days, he set himself to learn the new strange business of diamond digging.

In a surprisingly short time he mastered every detail, not only the problems of labour, washing, sorting, and the yield per load, but also prices of rough stones and the buying capacity of the public; thus he was able later on to meet experts on their own ground. The many different types of men into whose company Rhodes was thrown in the rough life of the camp, helped him toward the wonderful gift he had of seeing into men's hearts.

In a letter to his mother, he described in clear yet graphic language the new diggings and the life of the diggers. 'Fancy,' he writes,¹ 'an immense plain with right in its centre a great mass of white tents and iron stores, and on one side of it, all mixed up with the camp, mounds of lime-like ant-hills . . . and you have some idea of Dutoitspan, the first spot where dry diggings for diamonds were begun.'

¹ Williams.

... 'I should like you,' he says, 'to have a peep at the kopje from my tent door at the present moment. It is like an immense number of ant-heaps covered with black ants, as thick as can be, the latter represented by human beings; when you understand there are about six hundred claims on the kopje, and each claim is generally split into four, and on each bit of it there are about six blacks and whites working, it gives a total of about ten thousand working every day on a piece of ground 180 yards by 220. . . . Take your garden for instance,' he continues, 'and peg the whole off into squares or claims 31 ft. by 31 ft., and then the question is how to take all the earth out and sort and sieve it. All through the kopje, roads have been left to carry the stuff off in carts like the following (here comes a rough diagram), that is, of every claim of 31 ft., 7 ft. 6 inches are not allowed to be worked, but is left for a road—the roads are the only ground that remain of the original level. . . . The carting on the kopje is done chiefly by mules, as they are so very hardy and have so few diseases. There are constantly mules and carts all going head over heels into the mines below, as there are no rails or anything on either side of the roads, nothing but one great broad chasm below. Here and there where the roads have fallen in, bridges have been put, and they are now the safest part of the kopje.' . . .

The letter concludes: 'Have you ever read those tales where they find some wonderfully big diamonds? Well! on this kopje I should think nearly every day they find a diamond over fifty carats. The only misfortune is, that they almost all have a slightly yellow tinge, and are getting quite unsaleable. Diamond buyers now give only four pounds per carat for yellow stones of any size or shape, that is a seventy carat would not fetch more than £280. I found a 17½ carat on Saturday; it was very slightly off, and I hope to get £100 for it: does it not seem an absurd price? Yesterday I found a three and a half perfect stone but glassy, which I sold for £30, as they are rather dangerous stones to keep, having a nasty habit of suddenly splitting all over. . . . You must not, however, think that every diamond one finds is a

beauty ; the great proportion are nothing but splints—but still, even of these you very seldom find one that is not worth five shillings. Rough diamonds are of all shapes, sizes and colour under the sun ; some are flat, some round, some like two pyramids with their bases joined, some have black spots in the centre, others are yellow, and in fact they take every form you can think of. . . . I find on an average 30 carats a week and am working one of the few whole claims in the kopje ; a claim, in fact, that will take me 4 years to work out at the present rate. Diamonds have only to continue a fair price and I think Herbert's fortune is made ; when I tell you at the present moment he owns in all three whole claims on this kopje : the one I am working, one whole claim, Beecher's one quarter, Chadwick a half, another whole claim at the top of the kopje, and another $\frac{1}{2}$ I bought. Mine and Beecher's, however, yield far the most. I average about £100 per week.—Yrs., C. J. RHODES.'

Although, as a rule, Rhodes's letters were models of brevity, and he preferred whenever possible to send telegrams, it is remarkable that he kept up a voluminous correspondence with his mother until she died. To her he carefully explained every detail of his life in such a way that, when read in the quiet parsonage of Bishop's Stortford, it should be readily understood. Unfortunately, none of Mrs. Rhodes's letters to her son seem to have been kept.

Cecil had not been long at the diggings when Herbert went on a trip home, leaving him to manage the claims assisted by C. D. Rudd, an old Harrovian, who had also come out for his health and who afterwards became Rhodes's partner. Rudd, in talking to me many years ago of those early days, told of the very hard manual work he and Rhodes had to undertake when, for instance, native labour was scarce ; how for days on end they carried the ' pay dirt ' in bags, boxes or buckets to the sorting tables, and how while engaged on this Rhodes one day broke the little finger of his right hand, which, not having been set properly, he was never afterwards able to bend ; the result being that it became impossible for him to give a grip in handshaking.

Rhodes was now only nineteen years old, and the life of the mining camp, where he had to hold his own in an undisciplined crowd of men, for the most part older and more experienced than himself, was indeed a severe training. Even in such early days he met 'unscrupulous men against whom he was destined to pit his brains and after long and arduous struggles to emerge a victor.'¹ He was never turned aside by any obstacle. Naturally of an impatient and petulant disposition, he had a singular tenacity of purpose.

'Imperialist' speaks of him thus: 'A tall, raw, English youth . . . careless in his dress, abrupt, from shyness, in his manner, young Rhodes was already in power of brain and will far ahead of the older men around him, and was noted for the independence and originality of his views of men and things. Deep in thoughts and schemes that reached far beyond the little world of the diamond fields, Rhodes, when he came to be known, was . . . generally admitted to be a far-sighted man of business with a head for finance.'

In Sir Lewis Michell's book, Rhodes on the diamond fields is described as 'a tall, fair boy, blue-eyed, with somewhat aquiline features, wearing flannels of the school playing field, somewhat shrunken with strenuous rather than effectual washings that still left the colour of the red veld dust—a harmony in a prevailing scheme.'

One of Rhodes's early friends writes:² 'As I search my memory for the Rhodes of the early seventies, I seem to see a fair young man frequently sunk in deep thoughts, his hands buried in his trouser pockets, his legs crossed and twisted together, quite oblivious of the talk around him; then without a word he would get up and go out with some set purpose in his mind, which he was at no pains to communicate. He was a compound of moody silence and impulsive action. He was hot and even violent at times, but in working towards his ends he laid his plans with care and circumspection. He was fond of putting the case against himself, and this habit of seeing the other side probably helped him much in his career. Few men are adequately aware what the other side thinks.'

¹ Michell.

² Norman Garstin.

‘The duality of his nature—the contemplative and the executive—had a curious counterpart in his voice, which broke when he was excited into a kind of falsetto, unusual in a man of his make; his laugh also had this falsetto note.

‘In all his wide range he had no place for personal appearance; of this he was contemptuously indifferent. I remember the laughter he evoked by describing how, on his first return home, during the voyage his one pair of trousers gave out in an important detail and he had to stay in his berth until a sailor had patched them with a piece of sailcloth. The punctilious regard for minutiae which is usual in business men was absent from his character; he was hopelessly untidy. Very simple in his tastes and wanting few things, he determined only to trouble himself about the most important, but for the attainment of these he spared neither himself nor others.’

A Boer said that the Rhodes of these days was ‘damnably like an Englishman!’ And Howard Hensman tells us that ‘a stranger landing at Kimberley at that time and seeing Rhodes in his shirt sleeves, seated on an upturned bucket, sorting with keen eyes the diamonds from the gravel on an improvised table in the open air, or reading a text-book for his next examination at Oxford with one eye on his native workmen, would have found it hard to believe that in this man the destinies of South Africa were virtually bound up. To all appearance he seemed to have no other object in life than his books and the successful working of his diamond claim.’

Yet we know that Rhodes was already thinking far beyond his text-books, though they were the step to the University career on which he was determined and the mine which should bring him wealth—without which he early realised his dreams could never become tangible.

At the diggings he continued to read the classics with young Hawkins. Chief among other friends at this period were C. D. Rudd, Scully, and John X. Merriman.

The dry pure air of the high-veld very soon completely re-established Rhodes’s health. He took his part in that

hard life as one of the most energetic of the diggers. He and Rudd also made money by the erection of an ice-making plant, thus providing a much needed amenity in the parched camp during eight yearly months of blinding sunshine, drought and dust.

As already stated, Herbert Rhodes went for a trip to England in 1872, leaving Cecil in charge of the Rhodes claims, which were now valued at £5000, a pretty heavy responsibility for a lad of nineteen. In the next year Herbert returned, bringing with him his brother Frank, who had been at Eton and was now awaiting his Commission; and who, we are told, was considerably piqued on his arrival because, as he says in a letter home, 'No one believes I am older than Cecil!'¹ From which we see that the hard discipline first of the lonely plantation and then the excitement of a diamond rush had left their mark on Rhodes, who had left home only a boy two years before.

Frank Rhodes relates that¹ 'Mr. Merriman praises Cecil up to the skies. He says Cecil is such an excellent man of business; that he has managed all the business in Herbert's absence wonderfully well, and that they are all so very fond of him. . . . He says most young fellows when they get up there and do well get so very bumptious, but that Cecil was just the contrary,' and he adds from his own observation, 'Cecil seems to have done wonderfully well as regards the diamonds.'

'We found Cecil,' Frank continues, 'down in the claim, measuring his ground with his lawyer, and in a tremendous rage with another man in the next claim to him who has encroached on his ground.' He adds quaintly, 'I know the Father will be horrified at the idea of Cecil going to law.'

When the law limiting each digger to a single claim was revoked in 1874, Rhodes began to speculate in buying and selling other claims, and he soon became known as the ablest speculator on the fields. He had already realised the wisdom of not depending on one working, however valuable. He wished one day to be master of them all. Everything he

¹ Williams.

touched seemed to turn out well—'Rhodes's luck,' the diggers called it ; but the so-called luck in his case was due to the taking of infinite pains. A good many years afterwards he remarked one day, 'Hazlitt was pretty well right when he stated that anyone possessing imagination would find out most of the wisdom that he would ever know by the time he was twenty.'

The camp life held many hardships—not the least being the extremes of heat and cold encountered at that altitude, for which a tent afforded very insufficient protection. Camp fever was prevalent. There were no comforts and many anxieties.

'The separate diggings became more and more involved in one gigantic crater. According to the mining regulations a portion of every claim had to be left standing. These portions, respectively, lay to the right-hand side of one claim and the left of another. Together they formed roadways running right across the mine. There were, I think, fourteen such roadways. They ran parallel with each other, and provided, for a time, access to every claim from the edge of the mine. There were, so far, no laws regulating the diamond trade, so a swarm of itinerant diamond buyers were let loose on the community. Many of these were young men who were averse to manual labour, but whose business instincts were acute. "Kopje-Wallopers" was the generic term by which such dealers were known. The equipment of a "kopje-walloper" consisted of a cheque-book, a wallet—known as a "poverty bag"—a set of scales, a magnifying glass, and a persuasive tongue. In the course of a morning one's sorting table might be visited by a dozen of them. Naturally enough they tried to make the best bargain circumstances permitted, but on the whole their dealings appeared to be fair enough.'¹

The diggings around Colesberg Kopje had been called 'Vooruitzigt'; but the diggers, deeming this name unpronounceable, called it 'New Rush.' This Lord Kimberley, then Colonial Secretary, decided was too 'rowdy,' and it

¹ Scully : *Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer.*

was therefore officially christened 'Kimberley.' Sir Robert Southey was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Griqualand West, and Mr. J. B. Currey Government Secretary, both of whom sympathised with Rhodes the young digger and shared his dreams of future colonial expansion. 'Politics were apt to be volcanic in those early days, for the turbulent diggers had many real or fancied grievances, which they were inclined to redress by rioting and rough attempts at mob justice; and at one time the military had to be called in to quell them. Diamond thieves and illicit diamond buyers (I.D.B.) were the chief causes of grievance; but the mob sometimes showed some sense of fairness. The house of a butcher, suspected of diamond thefts, was burned to the ground; but when the mob discovered that he was innocent the hat was sent round and ample means collected to restore the property.'¹

The diamond industry showed extraordinary vitality in spite of all drawbacks, including constant falls in the claim walls. Floods were not unknown, though droughts were more frequent. Supplies brought up by ox-waggon were often two months on the road and on arrival were sold at fabulous prices. Scully relates having seen a pound of fresh butter sold for 17s. 6d. and a head of cabbage for 35s.

Soon after Frank's arrival Cecil was ill. He suffered a slight heart attack, one of many that were to follow in the future, and it was this trouble which finally brought his life to a premature end. On this occasion it was probably due to overwork under trying conditions—and it alarmed his brothers a good deal. As a result of this he and Herbert, borrowing a waggon and a span of oxen from Mr. Scully (afterwards a member of the Cape Civil Service), trekked off toward the north, leaving Frank under Rudd's care in charge of the claims.

Journeying by the native town of Taungs and on to Zeerust, then to Marabastad not far from the low country, they passed through a land covered with rich-looking grass dotted at wide intervals with the small white homesteads

¹ Williams.

of the Boer voor-trekkers, a vast and untamed country. Here Rhodes had his first chance to meet on friendly terms the Dutch, whose sterling qualities as colonists he ever afterwards recognised. On the stoep of an evening over coffee, Rhodes would sit and chat with the slow, wise men, who some years before had trekked off into the unknown country to the north of any settlement, equally placid and undeterred in the face of wild beasts and hostile tribes.

For several months he travelled thus, and it is certain that Rhodes had a great deal of time to think, as he rode or trudged ahead of the waggon—damnable English—dreaming of Empires.

Those who were with him in the early days believe that this trip to the north had a very marked effect in crystallising his dreams, which until then had been vague and nebulous. On this journey he drew up his first will—one of the most extraordinary documents ever conceived and written by a young man. By it he left the wealth of which he was to die possessed to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, in trust for the extension of the British Empire. This shows us that already he regarded his life as dedicated to one great purpose ; a purpose he had evolved for himself either in the rush of seeking for diamonds or in the silences of the veld. This purpose was sufficiently big to need all his immense powers of concentration ; practical enough to satisfy his common sense, and yet containing an element which did not depend on chance, but on his own efforts to bring it to fruition.

On this earliest journey towards that north to which his thoughts turned all his life, the spell of Africa was laid on Rhodes, shaping him in these days of his youth, just as in the time to come he moulded Africa to the form of his dreams.

Before Herbert and Cecil reached Marabastad many of the miners, growing despondent over the future of those diggings, had trekked on to Lydenburg, where there had been further finds of payable quartz. But though the brothers did not

find the gold they had hoped for, it was on this journey that Cecil realised how deeply the seeds of that future racial trouble, which was to have so great an effect on his whole life, had already been planted; for bitter quarrels and jealousies had occurred even among the small community gathered at Marabastad. It is significant that Thomas Baines tells us the Committee of Diggers laid down as its first resolution, 'That all business and correspondence be conducted in English.'

Herbert and Cecil returned to Kimberley with a pretty thorough knowledge of the settlers in the Northern Transvaal, and a badly damaged waggon. In regard to the latter, we hear of Cecil playing euchre with Scully, one on each side of the meal sack which was their table, to decide if £25 or £30 should be paid for it. Rhodes lost the game.

Scully describes Herbert Rhodes as 'a tall, lean, hatchet-faced man—a restless being—a stormy petrel ever on the wing seeking adventure.' And he tells us that Cecil had a rusty black pony, named 'Bandersnatch'—and 'one of the strangest-looking dogs I ever saw. It had no vestige of a tail, and generally bore a strong resemblance to an exaggerated guinea-pig.'

In this life of hardships and excitement Rhodes had not forgotten his determination to go to Oxford, and his early longing to become a barrister. In 1873 he went to England, leaving Rudd in charge of the claims, since Herbert had gone north again. Before leaving, Rhodes made some careful investments both in diamonds and in new claims. Frank returned at the same time to take up his Commission in the Cavalry. On board the boat he was travelling in there was among the passengers a young man some six or seven years older than Rhodes who, being something of a bully, had made himself most unpopular, and one day while Rhodes was at his studies he came up and kicked the book he was reading from his hands. Up jumped Rhodes and attacked him. The fight waxed furious, and a ring was quickly formed. Full five minutes passed and neither could claim victory, when the Captain appeared on the scene and ordered two

quartermasters to separate them. Rhodes was furious and tackled the Captain vigorously. 'Why should you come interfering in my diversions?' he called out; 'I protest most strongly. It is a most unwarrantable interference on your part. I won't have it.' But the Captain's law held good and the fight was at an end. There was, however, no more bullying for the rest of the voyage.

On his arrival Cecil at once got into touch with certain Oxford friends of his father's, so that he might have good advice and get his name put down for the most suitable college, his desire being to lose no time whatsoever over the attainment of his object.

CHAPTER IV
THE UNDERGRADUATE
1873-1881

RHODES wished to go to University College ; but when the Master, G. G. Bradley, heard that he had no time to read for full Honours, and only intended to take a Pass Degree, he informed him ¹ that he could not see his way to enter him on the books of his college, but was willing to give him an introduction to the Provost of Oriel, where ' they were less particular in this respect.' The result of this conversation was that Rhodes went to Oriel, where he matriculated during the Michaelmas term ; and it was to Oriel that he left £100,000 when he died. It is interesting to remember that more than three centuries before, Oriel had been the college of another great Empire builder—Sir Walter Raleigh, the pioneer of British Colonial Empire ; so this college can claim to have inspired two of the greatest Empire builders in our history. As will be seen later, Rhodes became deeply attached to Oriel and was able amply to repay all it did for him.

Soon after his arrival in England, Rhodes wrote the following letter to Dr. Sutherland, who was still at Durban.

BISHOP'S STORTFORD, HERTS,
ENGLAND.

My dear Dr. Sutherland,¹—You will wonder who is writing you from the above direction. I have no doubt you have almost forgotten my existence, and you may be sure that I only write to bother you in some way or other. I have asked my agent on the Fields to send you any money that arises

¹ Michell.

from my diamond claims at Colesberg Kopje, and I want to ask you whether you would mind investing it for me in Natal. I prefer railway shares, and £18 or even £19 would not be too much, but if you will be kind enough to take the trouble for one of *your old emigrants*, I feel I cannot do better than leave it to your discretion. . . . I prefer putting any money I may derive now from my claims out in the Colony, as the interest is better and it saves the expense of sending home.

As to my brother's farm in the Umkomaas, I think he did very wisely not to drop any more money down it. I have now a farm of 3000 acres in the Transvaal which is no earthly good and only sunk money. We also own that farm of Major Dartnell's. I suppose there would be no chance of exchanging for a farm near the coal districts? Is it too late? I have told Lauder to send you down my money as he makes it, unless, of course, you refuse to trouble.

I am rather sorry now all the money I made I brought home to England; for one puts it out at such low interest, as high interest here is another name for 'smash.'

I go up to Oxford next week. Whether I become the village parson, which you sometimes imagined me as, remains to be proved. I am afraid my constitution received too much of what they call the lust of the flesh at the diamond fields to render that result possible!

Frank is in a Cavalry regiment and I have another brother who has just got into the Engineers, so that we are fast becoming a military family. Whether I shall follow their example remains to be proved.

I hope Mrs. Sutherland and the children are all quite well. Do your boys still gallop to school every day? I suppose you have not been down to the Umkomaas lately?

I hear Dr. Gallaway is coming home. I very much want to see him if he does. However, I shall be sure to see his arrival in the papers.—Yours truly,

C. J. RHODES.

This is interesting, showing, as it does, that Rhodes was still undecided about his immediate career, and that he had

not entirely abandoned the idea of the Church. It is also apparent that he was investing money with much care and foresight, and was already on the way to becoming a land proprietor, evidently realising that the right thing was to secure any holdings of this sort near a mineralised part of the country.

Towards the end of this year, 1873, Rhodes sustained his first great grief. His mother died. At this time also his father was in poor health and was staying at Woodhall Spa, taking the cure. Here Rhodes visited him and 'rather surprised other visitors by presenting some of them with uncut diamonds, which he carried in his waistcoat pocket!'¹

It is easy to imagine how content Rhodes must now have been. He had gained the first stage of the plan he formulated when he was in Natal—namely, of going to Oxford without outside assistance. But as if further to test his already great powers of endurance, fate tried to snatch from him what he had already gained. In the same year he caught a very severe chill rowing on the river, which for a time postponed the taking up of the career for which he had waited so long. So serious was this second failure of his health that few of his friends thought he could recover. He went straight back to Kimberley early in 1874, where he at once grew stronger; and before long was again speculating in claims with redoubled energy.

Rhodes had always a great affection for Kimberley for many reasons, not the least of which was that when his life was despaired of, it was there given back to him.

But two years elapsed before he was strong enough to return to the University, and even then it was not considered wise for him to winter in England. Not only ill-health interrupted his Oxford life; but often the want of means, and the financial enterprises on which he was engaged in Kimberley. Nothing but unwavering determination in the face of tremendous obstacles enabled him to finish the task that he had set himself.

From 1875 until 1881 he lived an amazingly curious

¹ Michell.

double life, when possible keeping the summer terms at Oxford, and spending the rest of the year in Kimberley, where he had already begun to strive for a monopoly of the diamond industry. His letters at this time, written from Oxford, show an unusual blending of the frank, boyish youth, and the cautious, far-seeing business man—a further example of the two opposing sides of Rhodes's character, without which he could not have lived with equal intensity the life of a student and that of a digger.

'My Dons and I have had some tremendous skirmishes,'¹ writes Rhodes to his Kimberley partner, C. D. Rudd. 'I was nearly caught going to Epsom; but still I do not think that I shall be sent down. The change at first was rather odd. . . . And then, 'I would say in conclusion, do not plunge for much more at the Fields. We have a sufficient block at De Beers to make a fortune if diamonds last, and have enough property in Kimberley. If we make more money I would sooner say lend it, or go in for a nest egg at home, and by all means try and spare me for two years, and you will find I shall be twice as good a speculator with a profession at my back. I will be reading hard all the summer. If you want more pumps, say so, but I have gone over in my mind all the pumps, and, barring a stronger pump to drive with wire in gorges, I cannot think where it is needed. They are expensive things; the tenders for 5000 gallons to 250 ft. with gear, etc., have been £115 and £140, which means about £230 up at the Fields.'

A friend says of Rhodes: 'I went with him to a wine, and was amused to notice how much older in manner the other undergraduates were than Rhodes. They were full of that spurious wisdom assumed by many young men as a defensive armour, an armour he did not require.'²

Although he died many times a millionaire purely as a result of his own efforts, in college days his circumstances were more straitened than those of most undergraduates, because he needed money, not only to keep his terms,¹ but also for buying up new properties in Kimberley, and fresh

¹ Colvin.

² Michell.

gear for the better working of those he had. So pressed was he for money that he was forced to practise the strictest economy during vacation.

Another early letter to Rudd says: 'I wake up fancying myself meeting various little bits of paper ranging over four or five months with my blessed signature at the bottom. . . . I had not a sixpence and do not like to bother my father. People in England are so blastedly suspicious, they also charge four per cent. for drafts.'¹

Rhodes took no very active part in University life. His friends were mostly quiet, serious men, fond of discussing politics, economics, and the current affairs of the day. Rhodes was one of the greatest talkers in this set, and even at this time he had evolved the habit, so characteristic of his after-dinner conversations in later years, of bringing forward for discussion some phrase from the classics which had interested him; and he would peremptorily insist that all the company should discuss this from his own and every possible point of view. It is certain that these early debates did much to help him to the gift of seeing all round a controversial point, which became one of his most remarkable traits. This habit of starting a debate, even with the most unsympathetic audience, on a subject or phrase which happened to seize his attention for the moment persisted all his life: it often wearied those who could not see his drift, but he found it most useful in clearing his own mind, and making certain that he had grasped an idea in all its bearings before he acted upon it. He was indeed somewhat apart even from the men of his own set. He was older than most of them, had not been to one of the public schools as they generally had, possessed far more acquaintance with life than any of them, and had queer unconventional ways. He would suddenly bring out a pocketful of diamonds to induce a man to join him in Kimberley, and he had a disconcerting way of impressing his creed of hard work on people. 'Shouldn't do that,' he said to a friend who expressed a desire to make his living by writing, 'it's not a man's work—merely loafing.

¹ Williams.

Every man should have active work in life.' Despite many lasting friendships made at Oxford, Rhodes remained 'a shy and solitary spirit.' Among those whom he met at Oxford and saw much of in later life were Lord Milner, Sir Charles Metcalfe, and Rochfort Maguire.

Rhodes's health did not allow him to take any very active part in sport ; but he was fond of rowing and tried to play polo, at which he was not a success. Michell relates that during the winter of 1876 Rhodes was Master of the Oxford Drag Hunt, 'a quaint appointment, bearing in mind that he rode always with a loose rein, and had an eminently unsafe seat in the saddle.' One of his friends still remembers the infliction suffered by Rhodes's neighbours due to his sitting up late of nights practising on the horn in order to acquit himself with credit in his new part.

Rhodes the Undergraduate must, however, have been chiefly occupied with serious thoughts and aims ; and so simply and steadfastly did he apply himself to these that his friends of that time, though indulging in mild chaff, particularly at his unconventional ways, took his views in all seriousness. In several Rhodes stirred the spirit of romance, the longing to adventure where he had already travelled, and to penetrate into regions still almost unknown.

On his voyages to and from South Africa Rhodes studied hard ; and even in the intervals of his financial business at Kimberley he found time to get up the knowledge he required. On one occasion he travelled by post cart with General Warren for some days. The latter's curiosity was aroused by the younger man's diligent study of the Prayer Book, but Rhodes explained that he was learning the 'Thirty-nine Articles' for his next examination, and he continued his studies, heedless of the jolting of the post cart.

Rhodes was an omnivorous reader of history, both ancient and modern. He studied and deeply pondered the lives of the old Roman Emperors, with whom it is thought he felt a spiritual bond. Marcus Aurelius was one of his favourite authors, of whose work on philosophy he always had a small volume, copiously marked, in his pocket ; whilst he almost

invariably carried with him one volume of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. A favourite quotation of his own from Gibbon was, 'Everyone has two educations: one which he receives from others, and one, the more important, which he gives himself.'

One night at his farm in the Matopos, sitting under the stars, he was talking after dinner to Lady Grey, who had come out with her husband to stay over the week end, and some discussion arose over Gibbon's works. Rhodes said: '*The Decline and Fall* is superb in its diction, and I cannot understand how Gibbon could say as he did in his later life: "To the University of Oxford I acknowledge no obligation; and she will as cheerfully renounce me for a son as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College; they proved the fourteen most idle and unprofitable months of my whole life."' 'Gibbon,' Rhodes went on, 'had far more to thank Oxford for than he thought. No thinker such as he could escape her compelling influences, her wonderful charm. Idle he may have thought himself to be, but all unaware he was absorbing that glorious spirit which he afterwards gave us.'

Every book he could get hold of which touched on the history of Africa he read eagerly. 'It is rather astonishing,' he said, 'how much one can absorb by reading.' Novels he rarely looked at, but in his later days when he found it hard to sleep he used to skim through a few, and was so struck with one called *The Choir Invisible*, by James Lane Allen, that he read it twice; Thackeray's *Esmond* he also read twice.

I remember him taking away a book—*Annals of the Disruption of the Scottish Church in 1843*—from my bookshelves and reading it with avidity and then discussing its contents for several nights at our camp fire. His sympathies were entirely with the 'Seceders.'

In the beginning of 1877, W. T. Stead tells us that Rhodes wrote a draft of 'Some of my Ideas,' a curious document in its way, showing evidences of deep thinking, but full of a boyish spirit which was always a characteristic of Rhodes.

This holograph shows how he was gradually feeling his way towards the development of the dreams and ideals that possessed him, and that he had practically found the objective for which he had been seeking.

'It often strikes a man,' says the youth of twenty-four, 'to enquire what is the chief good in life. To one the thought comes that it is a happy marriage, to another great wealth, to a third travel, and so on ; and as each seizes the idea, he more or less works for its attainment for the rest of his existence. To myself, thinking over the same question, the wish came to render myself useful to my country.' In this last sentence we have the ideal which Rhodes set before himself and followed whole-heartedly and undeviatingly all through the rest of his life.

He continues : 'I contend that we are the first race in the world, and that the more of the world we inhabit, the better it is for the human race. I contend that every acre added to our territory provides for the birth of more of the English race, who otherwise would not be brought into existence. Added to which the absorption of the greater portion of the world under our rule simply means the end of all wars.'

When at Oxford Rhodes fortunately came under the influence of John Ruskin, and the powerful and purposeful lectures of that great man made a deep impression on him and helped him very greatly during a period of some indecision to lay down a definite course regarding the policy of Imperial expansion in South Africa which was rapidly developing in his mind. In one notable lecture delivered at Oxford Ruskin said : 'There is a destiny now possible to us, the highest ever set before a nation to be accepted or refused. Will you youths of England make your country again a royal throne of kings ; a sceptred isle, for all the world a source of light, a centre of peace ; mistress of learning and of the arts, faithful guardian of time-tried principles, under temptation from fond experiment and licentious desires ; and amidst the cruel and clamorous jealousies of the nations worshipped in her strange valour, of good will towards men ? This is what England must either do or

perish. She must found colonies as fast and as far as she is able, formed of her most energetic and worthiest men; seizing any piece of fruitful waste ground she can set her foot on, and there teaching her colonists that their chief virtue is to be fidelity to their country, and that their first aim is to be to advance the power of England by land and sea. . . . There are men who will plough and sow for her, who will behave kindly and righteously for her, and who will bring their children to love her, and who will gladden themselves in her glory more than in all the light of tropical skies. You think it is an impossible ideal. Be it so; refuse to accept it if you will; but see that you form your own in its stead. All that I ask of you is to have a fixed purpose of some kind for your country and for yourselves, no matter how restricted, so that it be fixed and unselfish.'

Rhodes held that these words, which he listened to with breathless interest, were one of his greatest possessions, and among his papers there is in his handwriting a rough jotting of thoughts evidently induced thereby. 'You have instincts, religion, love, money-making, ambition, art and creation, which from a human point of view I think the best, but if you differ from me, think it over, and work with all your soul for that instinct you deem the best. C. J. Rhodes.'

Even in very early days, the charity of Rhodes was remarkable. All of his friends can recall many instances of his generosity, but none know all of them. He loved to do good by stealth; but this was not always possible. Sir Lewis Michell quotes a letter to Dr. Sutherland, evidently in answer to an appeal for the Church, in which Rhodes writes:

'I am not a great believer in churches' or Church purposes, in fact am afraid that life . . . on the diamond fields has not tended to strengthen my religious principles.

'There was a man who came out with me named Williams, a second-class passenger on the *Asiatic*. He went on to Natal very bad with consumption and hard up: no friends: packed off from England to die abroad. If he is not dead, please give him the balance. If he is dead, take it for the Church. I fear he is dead by this time. . . . If you could

manage by any means to send him to the Free State, I would pay the further expense.' This letter shows how definitely now Rhodes had decided not to enter the Church. Also that, while professing to have no religious principles, he carried out the Christian teaching all his life.

In 1876 he became a student of the Inner Temple, though he was never formally called to the Bar. In writing to Rudd an explanation of his decision to eat dinners at the Temple, he says: 'On a calm review of the preceding year, I find that £3000 has been lost, because, owing to my having no profession, I lacked pluck on three occasions through fearing that one might lose; and I had nothing to fall back on in the shape of a profession. . . . I am slightly too cautious now. . . . I will be reading hard all the summer.'¹ His reference to lacking pluck is curious. If it was true of Rhodes at this time, the defect disappeared completely from his character as he developed. I am inclined to attribute it merely to a realisation of the foresight needed to conquer difficulties—the same trait which kept him cotton growing until he had assured himself that diamond digging had a safe future. Rashness may often be cowardice—the refusal to look dangers in the face; and caution, the deliberate facing of those dangers, true courage.

Rhodes became a Freemason in 1877, and he retained an interest in Masonry all his life.

During his time at Oxford 'Rhodes lost some of the hardness and cynicism which his friends had deplored when he first came up. His judgments were now more tolerant, and his opinion of his fellow-man—which, as we know, had not been very high—had greatly improved. In common with most University men, he had been insensibly moulded by the freedom of the life of an undergraduate, the traditions of fastidious scholarship, the exact search after truth, and the interminable discussions wherein generation after generation of Oxford men renew the investigation of common beliefs in politics, religion and morals, and constantly bring currents of fresh air into the nation's creeds.'²

¹ Williams.

² Michell.

He always felt that he owed an obligation to Oxford, and he repaid that obligation royally. All through his life he welcomed with great kindness any Oxford men who visited South Africa ; and by his Will he did his utmost to draw to Oxford young men from the furthest boundaries of the English-speaking world.

He took his Degree in 1881, and returned at once to Kimberley, where he began to consolidate the foundations he had begun to lay for the better building of the Empire of his dreams.

CHAPTER V
THE FOUNDATION OF GREATNESS
1874-1881

IN the course of his dual life at Oxford, and at the Kimberley diggings, Rhodes had grasped two enormously important facts: the necessity of sufficient money with which to carry through his huge schemes; and the importance to him of political power in the Administration of South Africa. As Rhodes himself explained, 'If one has ideas, one cannot carry them out without having wealth at one's back.' Thus the gaining of wealth and power became necessary merely as a prelude to his great ambition—the extension of the British Empire, and all the higher civilisation which that Empire meant, over the last unoccupied territory of the world.

Rhodes did not care at all for money, as money. He lived far more simply—even after he had made himself a millionaire—than did many others in his employ; but he early recognised that without means he could only remain an unpractical dreamer. Without money he would only be able to plan what other men of greater wealth would carry out. He therefore set himself to the task of making a fortune in the shortest possible time, and before he left Oxford he had decided on a political career.

When Rhodes first returned to Kimberley from Oxford in 1874, the De Beers mine had been badly flooded and the owners advertised calling for tenders for raising the water. Rhodes and Rudd, in partnership with a practical engineer named Alderson, sent in a quotation for pumping the mine dry, which was accepted.

However, there were still many difficulties in the way of the actual work, for, although Rhodes and Alderson went down to the Colony at once to buy up the required pumps and engines, Kimberley was still three hundred miles from the railway, it was the wet season, and there was much unavoidable delay in bringing up the machinery. This naturally annoyed the De Beers owners, who became exceedingly impatient.

Hawkins recalls how he was asked by Rhodes to go with him to a meeting of the De Beers Mining Board. 'I have never forgotten,' he writes, 'the way in which he (Rhodes), still quite a youth, handled that body of angry men and gained his point, an extension of time.'¹

By paying transport riders very heavy rates, and in one case buying up some teams of oxen, the plant was hauled to the mines over flooded rivers and rain-sodden veld, and the partners were soon engaged in pumping under a very satisfactory contract. But even then the work did not go smoothly. The plant that had been secured was second and third hand and was much knocked about, often breaking down, and the necessary fuel was a matter of never-ending trouble. Rhodes, always an early riser, used to mount his pony frequently before dawn and ride out to meet the heavy waggons of wood—coal being then unprocurable—that were being brought into the Kimberley market by Boer farmers from Barkly West, Kuruman, and as far off as Potchefstroom and Mafeking. Generally, he was able to secure his requirements before most of his competitors were out of bed.

On one occasion the absentmindedness of Rhodes was responsible for wrecking their plant. The work, which was now done principally at night, was supervised by one of the partners in turn, while the other, from the edge of the crater, watched the removal of the debris enabling the water to flow off without hindrance and danger to the open workings. Rudd relates that on one occasion when he was at his post at the edge of the crater, he saw Rhodes—for the time being enginemaster—walking up and down abstractedly

¹ Michell.

as was often the case. The night was calm and beautiful until a tremendous explosion occurred. The boiler had burst, damaging the engine seriously, owing to the fact that Rhodes had forgotten to supply it with water! This upset operations, and the partners were at their wits' end as to how to replace the damaged machinery. One day Rhodes heard that a farmer named Devenish who had a place close to Beaufort West on the Karroo, had recently brought out from England a pumping plant of suitable capacity for the work his firm had to carry out. Without a moment's delay Rhodes secured six mules and a Cape-cart, and set off on the long weary journey through the Karroo to Beaufort West—which was then the railway terminus—intending to buy the plant. He pushed his mules hard, and—telling the story himself—arrived there after eight days' trekking, which was wonderful work for a single team. At once he made for Mr. Devenish's house; but the farmer declined to deal, stating that he had purchased the machinery for special work; that it had taken a long time to get up to his place; and that it would be extremely foolish of him to dispose of it.

'But,' said Rhodes, 'I will pay you a handsome profit, and you can order another lot. You are not using this now, and it has been lying in your shed for some months.'

'That may be,' said Mr. Devenish, 'but I am not going to sell.'

'Think it over,' said Rhodes, 'I will come back.'

'It's no good,' said the farmer, 'I will not alter my mind.'

For some days this went on, during which time they got on good terms with each other, and discussed various matters of passing interest. Rhodes was asked frequently to the house for meals and to drink coffee. He was soon on very friendly terms with the motherly Mrs. Devenish, who took a kindly interest in his doings, particulars of which she had drawn from him, and she soon became a strong advocate on his behalf, urging her husband to yield over the matter in question. In the end Mr. Devenish gave way with the remark, 'The pair of you are making my life a misery—take

the plant and be off with you : but I will make you pay me a stiff price for all the worry you have given me over it.'

Rhodes, however, would have paid double the figure asked, which was after all a very fair one ; for he felt that if he and his partners failed in their contract their reputations would suffer to such an extent as to damage any future business for which they might tender.

'I may tell you,' said Rhodes, when the matter was arranged, 'that I meant to stay and keep at you till I got your plant.'

The machinery was promptly put on the waggon, which Rhodes had secured in anticipation of success, and rushed on to Kimberley with a satisfactory result, and the partners after all were able to fulfil the undertaking they had given.

At this time Rhodes was living in a cottage near the Club with Neville Pickering, with whom he had become very friendly and who was at one time named as one of his trustees. Rochfort Maguire had followed Rhodes from Oxford, and Sir Charles Metcalfe came out to build railways some time later ; and Rhodes saw a great deal of those lifelong friends in these early Kimberley days. Among his few other friends was Alfred Beit, a Jew from Hamburg and one of the shrewdest financiers of his time in South Africa. Very soon after his arrival in Kimberley he became associated with Rhodes and Rudd, and soon found himself under the spell of the former.

Rhodes never tried to create friends, but there were certain men he was fond of. Perhaps he cared most for Neville Pickering ; Jameson probably came next. Undoubtedly Alfred Beit was third, and Beit loved Rhodes. Their trust in each other was remarkable ; each opened his soul to the other. It was a pleasure to see them together—the active-moving little Jew and the big rather lumbering Christian. They chaffed one another unmercifully, they had their simple enjoyments together, they seriously discussed the vast number of deals, small and big, they were engaged over, and both cursed Rudd because his stomach was so weak, which enabled him to escape having to drink his share of

cases of the vilest champagne! 'Every deal we made,' Beit said to me once, 'had to be sealed with a small or a big bottle of champagne. It was the custom and we couldn't evade it. Rudd's stomach couldn't face it, so we kept him in the office and it fell to Rhodes and me to suffer. We're paying for it now, but if we'd failed, Barnato was waiting round the corner for our man.' Long after Beit had made a great fortune he remained in Kimberley, which he never liked, purely for love of Rhodes and so that he might help him through with his many great projects. Rhodes fully realised the self-sacrifice Beit was making on his behalf and very keenly appreciated it. 'Beit,' he said to me once, 'possessed the most generous spirit and kindest soul of any man I ever knew.'

Oddly enough, the ship on which in 1873 Rhodes had travelled to England had passed in Mid-Atlantic an outgoing ship which had among her steerage passengers Barnett Isaacs, the son of a little shopkeeper in Whitechapel. Barnett Isaacs, or Barney Barnato, as he called himself when he arrived at Kimberley with a capital of thirty pounds and some boxes of doubtful cigars, at first pursued the profession of 'kopje-walloper.' He had plenty of pluck and keen business instincts. 'There is nothing,' he said once, 'this country produces that I have not traded in, from diamonds and gold right away through feathers, wool and mealies to garden vegetables.'¹ Barney went into partnership with an elder brother, and the two worked day and night with the industry of their race to make enough money to enable them to undertake large operations. Barney Barnato was destined to become Rhodes's greatest rival in the buying up of mining claims.

In 1875 the idea of the amalgamation of the mines first occurred to Rhodes.² In order to pay their way diggers had to produce and throw on a weak market all the diamonds they could win. This unrestricted output depressed the market greatly; and many, after a strenuous struggle, abandoned hope. Rhodes, Rudd, Beit, Barnato and a few

¹ Colvin.

² Michell.

others recognised, not only the disease, but that the remedy lay in amalgamation and a consequent regulation of the supply. They began to lay their plans accordingly; and Rhodes and Rudd bought up claims in various parts of the diggings, with the idea of one day obtaining a command of all the workings, a giant monopoly of the whole diamond industry of South Africa.

All this time Rhodes kept his own counsel and went on with his usual work. While he strove to obtain the command of the diamond mines, unnoticed by the world of men around him, his inner life of thought went on: and the amalgamation of the mines was not the main theme of his long and solitary meditations.

He was firmly convinced that South Africa would have a great future, but felt if she were to take the place she was entitled to among the other nations of the world, the disunited entities then existing must be welded together into a coherent whole. 'We must federate or perish,' he said, 'and federated we will become an important unit of the British Empire.'

He held firm to his resolve that for the well-being of the Colony the Boers—whose worth as settlers he always appreciated—should have equal rights with British colonists.

In 1878, two years after he had retired from his parish of Bishop's Stortford and settled quietly at Fairlight near Hastings, Rhodes's father died and was buried at Fairlight.

In this year also the lifelong friendship between Rhodes and Jameson was begun. Leander Starr Jameson, a young Scotsman, had come to South Africa apparently to enter into a partnership with Dr. Prince of Kimberley, but actually driven thither by a love of adventure. He was a man of brilliant brain and great personal attraction, and speedily made a name as a clever young physician.

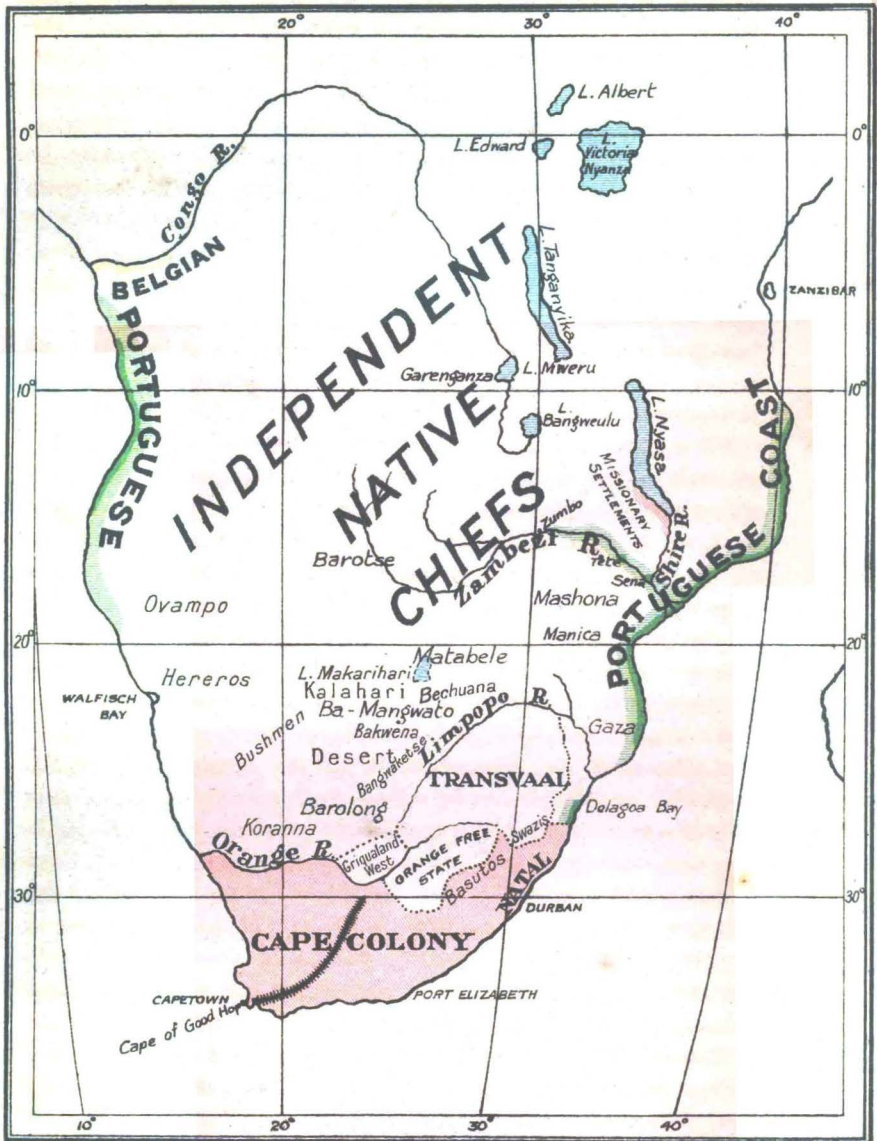
It has been mentioned that Rhodes had come to have a very great liking for Neville Pickering, but the latter, after a few years of ideal friendship with him, unfortunately contracted a fatal illness during which he was nursed assiduously by Rhodes, who brought Jameson to attend him.

Nothing, however, availed, and Pickering gradually sank into an unconsciousness from which he never rallied. His death was probably felt by Rhodes as the greatest blow he had sustained after the loss of his mother, and it took him years to get over it. To the last day of his life the sunny temperament of Neville Pickering was always a happy memory to Rhodes, and it was while attending Pickering in his illness that the great affection between Rhodes and Jameson was founded. Through all the years which followed this friendship never wavered, in spite of many untoward vicissitudes and occasional misunderstandings and disappointments. 'Jameson,' said Rhodes, 'knows his mind and is not afraid to act. He may go rather fast at times, but if it is a fault it is a good one.' This was said some years before the Raid.

To Jameson, Rhodes early confided all his dreams: the necessity of wealth, which he hoped to gain from the amalgamation of the mines, and the need for political power in order to further his great idea of Imperial expansion; and we are told that Jameson gradually came to feel the spell of Rhodes's personality, until in time he ended by believing in the feasibility of an Africa 'all red,' and in the power of Rhodes to bring it about. From that time, without ever looking back, Jameson was Rhodes's devoted lieutenant. He listened with awe and admiration to an explanation of the Africa of the future, which as yet existed only in his friend's imagination.¹ As stated to Jameson, Rhodes's first object was to occupy the hinterland of the Cape, and all the territory he could beyond; to do this through the Cape Colony, and then gradually to effect the occupation of the North-East and the unification of South Africa, which he saw in the future as one great people possessed of full self-government, yet united to our other colonies as a loyal member of one vast Imperial factor.

Since Rhodes was convinced that the British Empire was in the vanguard of human progress, he felt certain that the best thing that could befall a territory in the interests of humanity as well as of the human race was that it should

¹ 'Vindex.'



SOUTH AFRICA IN 1882, WHEN RHODES BEGAN TO WORK TOWARDS THE HINTERLAND.

come under the British flag, and he contended with a good deal of reason that to paint red as much of the map as he could was, from a practical point of view, the truest philanthropy—a view which the natives who can compare British rule with that of other nations have unanimously endorsed.

A vivid word-picture of Rhodes and Jameson in the one-storied corrugated-iron bungalow where they lived together after Pickering's death, is given us by Colvin, who has in a wonderful way caught the spirit of each, and knowing both men intimately as I did, I consider the following imaginary conversation would have been almost exactly as he sets it out, and I quote it at length.

'Conceive then,' he writes, 'these two most firm and unceremonious of friends, in the intervals of business and of practice, late at night in their little sitting-room or early in the morning—Rhodes shouting elemental truths at Jameson from his bath tub; or in morning rides—Rhodes sitting with a loose rein, neglectful of his horse, brooding over or reiterating his ideas, as a cave-man strikes a flint; Jameson, sparing of speech, humorous, cynical, but a flint full of fire.

'Conceive next, the sitting-room of the bungalow, the table after dinner, Jameson smoking his endless chain of cigarettes, Rhodes rolling in his chair like a whale in deep seas, reiterating brief statements a hundred times, not only feeling for the word he seemed to need, but for his hearer's assent—like an elephant laboriously testing with foot and trunk the bridge on which he would trust his reasoning bulk.

'The talk was of the North—the North—the North—Rhodes, as he used the word, always thrusting an arm upwards and outwards in a northerly direction to convey his idea of the vastness of the unknown—that unclaimed Interior. Did Jameson realise that to the North, the great plateau of the African Continent continued—up to the Equatorial Lakes, up to the Soudan—cool under the Equator—a country for white men? Could Jameson imagine it, settled, like America, with homesteads and cities, and railways between them—as big as the United States, as populous, and British from Cape to Cairo? Had Jameson

ever thought of the independence of the Thirteen Colonies which became the United States ?

‘ Beyond an occasional mine manager or two, Jameson had not considered America. Well, in the North was something to make up to England for these Thirteen lost Colonies.

‘ Still Jameson was unmoved, possibly ribald, so Rhodes fought his way on.

‘ No, it was not nonsense, but a practical idea. One had worked at it, one had gone some way already. Jameson knew what one had done. It was no laughing matter ! It was more important than his pills and pregnancies !

‘ Let Jameson fairly consider the case in all its bearings and then admit himself cornered. Let him consider it, for example, *qua* the federation of South Africa. The one question governed the other.

‘ Jameson could see as far as that ? Obvious ! He who held the North, held “ the balance of the map ”—“ the balance of the map,” and here Rhodes kept on repeating, for a minute or two, “ the balance of the map ” as one conscious of making a great point.

‘ Did Jameson follow him ? The federation of South Africa was the same as the amalgamation of the diamond mines ! Exactly. And to be approached in the same way. Carnarvon had tried to federate South Africa from outside just as Merriman had tried to amalgamate the mines from outside. They had both failed. For it was a thing to be done from inside—step by step, a work of years.

‘ One must appeal to the interests of men and one must hold the balance of what men wanted. One must hold the balance of the map. There was the secret. The North was the balance, the converted balance. Kruger wanted it—Kruger was *qua* the Transvaal like Barnato *qua* the Kimberley mines—Jameson realised that ? Kruger had his hobby. Everyone had his hobby.’

About this time very distressing news was received by Rhodes from Central Africa in regard to a fatal accident that had befallen his brother Herbert, while on a hunting trip on the banks of the lower Shire River. By reason of

the camp fire being lighted too near to his hut, the wind carried a spark to the grass roof, and Herbert Rhodes was literally burned alive before his natives could save him. Rhodes felt his death keenly, for Herbert and he had been greatly attached to each other, and from his elder brother he always said he had learned a lot. To him he said he owed much of the self-reliance he possessed, for from the first, in South Africa, Herbert had placed great responsibilities on him which fortunately he had managed to carry through.

At Kimberley, Graham, Stow and English now joined the Rhodes-Rudd partnership, and this group set to work quietly to buy up claims on all parts of the reef and thus secure a hold on all the diamond mines.

The partners succeeded in buying up so many claims in addition to the De Beers' mine, that to provide the necessary capital for working them they founded in 1880 the De Beers Mining Company with a capital of £200,000. Once they only just missed gaining control of the whole Kimberley mine because they lacked £6000 necessary to make up the deal. We can imagine with what redoubled energy Rhodes worked to make up for the loss of such an opportunity.

Being now well advanced towards gaining sufficient wealth to make tangible his dream of Imperial expansion, Rhodes decided to push on with the further foundation of his great scheme by entering the political world of South Africa.

In October 1880 the district of Griqualand West, which had until then existed as a separate colony under a Lieutenant-Governor, was formally annexed to Cape Colony, and Rhodes was elected a member for Barkly West, near Kimberley, a seat that he held until his death.

Rhodes was now twenty-eight years old, and already he had firmly laid the foundation of what, only ten years before, he had determined should be his purpose in life.

CHAPTER VI
POLICIES AND PERSONS
1881-1883

RHODES entered Parliament with the thought: 'If possible to use my political power to obtain the balance of unclaimed country for the British Empire.' For him 'political success meant territorial and financial success'¹; and throughout the whole of his parliamentary career he strove solely with that aim—never once deviating from his purpose.

His objects undoubtedly were the welfare of the British and Dutch settlers of South Africa, the good of the native races, the improvement of trade, and above all an extension of territory—always with the hope of linking south and north under the British flag. Seldom, if ever, has any great man planned and striven so consistently for one definite goal as did Rhodes for the extension of our Empire in Africa. He wanted to work for this through the Cape Government, hoping to induce that government to look northward; and for this reason he elected to remain an independent member and, for a time, watch events.

One of many efforts made to persuade him to join one or other party in Parliament was met by the joking remark: 'Don't try to bird-lime me on to a party stick!'²

Rhodes was introduced to the House by two influential members, Vintcent and Orpen. On his first appearance there he is described as 'A fine ruddy Englishman, a jovial-looking young squire.' His speech was bluff and untutored in style with no graces of oratory; and one candid friend remarked that Rhodes would be a parliamentary failure.

¹ Oswald Spengler: *The Decline of the West*.

² Fuller.

Fuller describes him as 'A tall, broad-shouldered man with face and figure of somewhat loose formation. His hair was auburn, carelessly flung over his forehead, his eyes of bluish-grey, dreamy but kindly. . . . With deep lines following the curve of the moustache, his mouth had a determined, masterful, and somewhat scornful expression.'

Jourdan, who at that time was Clerk of the Papers and later became Rhodes's private secretary, tells us: 'He used to come to my room for a chat and was always asking me personal questions and urging me to learn shorthand'; and he also says that Rhodes was at times boyish to a degree and had a trick of sitting on his hand and laughing boisterously when amused. This boyish trait remained with him all his life and was strongly shown whenever he was able to get away for a trip on the veld. He could hit hard and delighted in the joy of combat; but he never gave the House in those days an inkling of his great plans. No doubt he feared to alarm both parties. A few members predicted that he was likely to do big things, but none imagined how rapidly the young politician would rise to fame.

Rhodes's rather unconventional garb at first scandalised the more conservative members of the House, whom, however, he reassured in characteristic fashion, saying that 'he could legislate as well in tweeds as in sable clothing.'¹ He referred on several occasions to members of the House by name, and the Speaker (Sir David Tennant), a dignified official, expostulated with him in tones of anguish, and obtained a graceful apology.

Rhodes bought an interest in the *Cape Argus* in order to feel satisfied that his speeches would always be reported; but he never interfered with the trend of opinions expressed in this or any other paper in which he afterwards held shares.

At Cape Town Rhodes made many friends. The new Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, sympathised greatly with him in his wish to work through and with the Dutch colonists, and backed up Rhodes in his later schemes. The Imperial Secretary, Captain (later Sir) Graham Bower, R.N., quickly

¹ Williams.

became interested in the thoughtful young man who had made such a name at Kimberley, as did Newton (now Sir Francis, High Commissioner for Rhodesia), who had been with Rhodes at Oxford and who was then the Governor's private secretary.

Rhodes speedily collected a circle of friends, both old and new ; and very soon he was accepted by the farming and political society around the Cape in the unconventional fashion that he liked. All his life Rhodes revelled in talk and arguments, and of both he had a great amount in these days.

In the political circle there was Sir John Molteno, a wealthy landed proprietor and farmer who, with little book knowledge, embodied the resolute character and energy of the successful colonist—he spoke always with great vigour and a full knowledge of the material needs of the country.

There was also Saul Solomon, who, in spite of a physical handicap, possessed an immense brain and was a most able speaker ; and John X. Merriman, who as we know had recognised Rhodes's abilities as being above the average in the early days of Kimberley, welcomed him to Cape Town with enthusiasm, and was one of the very few at that time to predict a great future for the young digger.

There were also Schreiner and his mother, who became one of Rhodes's few women friends and to whom he wrote perhaps more letters than to any other woman save his mother.

In the House he found outstanding men such as Sir Thomas Upington, Sir Thomas Scanlen, J. W. Sauer, Charles Leonard, and above all Jan H. Hofmeyr, whom Merriman had somewhat aptly nicknamed 'The Mole,' and who was the recognised leader of the whole Dutch party with the exception of a few extremists. Rhodes and Hofmeyr agreed on many points and had many views in common. At their first meeting they laid the foundation of a lasting friendship, in regard to which Hofmeyr said :¹ 'The secret of the friendship was this : I found in Mr. Rhodes the true Englishman, but at the same time the man who could make allowances

¹ Williams.

for true nationalism existing in other people. Also I remember about the time we were introduced, the Transvaal War broke out, and Mr. Rhodes—perhaps as it behoved him as an Englishman—was all against the Boers and Transvaal independence. I was on the other side. But when the war was over we had a talk with one another, and I said, “It is an awful pity that the war broke out.” I was surprised when Mr. Rhodes said, “No, it is not. I have quite changed my opinion. It is a good thing. It has made Englishmen respect Dutchmen and made them respect one another.” Well, when an Englishman could speak like that to a Dutchman, they are not far from making common cause with one another.’

Rhodes spoke of Hofmeyr as the fairest opponent that he ever had. He had come to recognise the sterling worth of the Dutch and regarded them as fully equal with the British in South Africa, and realised that they must have their share in running the country; but as he stated early in his parliamentary career, ‘I have my own views as to the future of South Africa, and I believe in a United States of South Africa, but as a portion of the British Empire.’

From the first day, therefore, his policy was to conciliate the Dutch party, while yet holding the balance between the settlers of both nations. Feeling that the Cape Government had not shown itself strong enough in adhering to any consistent policy in regard to the native territories, Rhodes was in favour of handing over the affairs of the natives in the extra-colonial parts of the country to the Imperial Government, who, he felt, were better fitted to grapple with the responsibilities involved. And this in spite of the fact that the Imperial Government were at this time determined not to allow any extension of our Empire in South Africa. Had it not been for Rhodes—a man seized and gripped by the expansion theory—our boundaries might have remained for ever south of the Vaal.

Already he had decided that the Cape Colony must be induced to desire expansion; and for this reason he set out to show that expansion was in the interests of the commerce

of the whole country, since commerce appealed to Dutchmen and Britons alike. He wished the Cape Colony to develop the trade of the interior.

The Dutch party, under the style of the *Africander Bond*, of which Hofmeyr was the leader, was established in 1882, and while in sympathy with the Transvaal in the idea of Dutch supremacy, it was yet amenable to any appeal which would bring them greater prosperity and a larger market for their produce. This appeal Rhodes used skilfully and persistently to advance his plans.

The year 1881 could scarcely have seemed a propitious time for anyone with a strong imperialistic policy to enter the Cape House of Assembly; for when Rhodes took his seat the Premiership was in the hands of the weak and vacillating Sir Gordon Sprigg; the English members of the House were smarting under the damage to British prestige resulting from our defeat at Majuba and the consequent surrender of the Transvaal to the Boers, who did not scruple to show their satisfaction; while the Dutch, in addition to their old antipathy, had now a profound contempt for the British Government and the British Army. This defeat of our troops aroused the worst of racial feelings, from which South Africa has suffered ever since.

As a direct result, a bill was introduced urging the advisability of using the Dutch language in Parliament. Rhodes supported a motion brought forward by Sir Thomas Fuller postponing such a discussion until the next session, when it was hoped by all moderate members in the House that the keen edge of racial rivalry would be blunted.

The British settlers in the Transvaal so bitterly resented the return of that country to the Dutch and a consequent forfeiture of their enfranchisement rights in the territory, that, had it not been for a vigorous change of policy on the part of the Cape Government, for which the clear thinking and plain speaking of Rhodes was largely responsible, it seems not unlikely that the English settlers might have gradually thrown in their lot with the Dutch, and the result might well have been a United Dutch South Africa.

President Kruger, ¹ 'who was a child of the Great Trek and who felt towards the British Empire as Hannibal did to the Roman Republic,' expressed his aims in a letter to Brand, then President of the Free State, thus: 'Freedom shall rise for South Africa as the sun from the morning clouds, as freedom rose in the United States of America. Then it shall be, from Zambesi to Simon's Bay, Africa for the Afrianders.' It would appear that although Kruger already had his eye on the interior, his aims reached only half as far as the distance covered by Rhodes's dreams; while the mind of Rhodes outreached that of Kruger by about the same measure.

Kruger's aim was to annex a rich country of which the Boers could be masters, living their own placid, pastoral life without reference to the rest of civilisation; a country where other races—white and black—would only be permitted so long as they claimed no rights of interference in the government.

Rhodes worked for the federation of South Africa under the British flag, with full rights and liberties for all settlers and a sympathetic government for the native races with respect for their own laws and customs.

On one occasion when Rhodes was insisting that the barbarism of Central Africa should be replaced by civilisation, he was asked by Sir Thomas Fuller what sort of civilisation he proposed; would it be that which employed gunpowder and 'Cape Smoke' (brandy) as its agents—in other words, the introduction of the vicious habits of the old country? 'No,' said Rhodes, 'nor do I want the natives to ape European dress or cover themselves with a veneer of sanctity. I want them to feed and clothe themselves decently, to show some concern for each other's welfare, and ultimately to come into "affairs."' Surely this was a definition of the truest missionary ideal!

The one factor which did favour the entry into public life at this time of a young and energetic personality like Rhodes was that the opening up of the diamond fields and their

probable amalgamation had aroused an intense interest in the progress of the country. In many cases successful diggers had turned their energies from personal gain to the general welfare of the community by becoming men of public affairs.

The diamond fields had also been of immense benefit to the trade of South Africa, since the number of diggers who had come there from all parts of the world provided a ready market and good prices for all the produce the farmers could grow, although some of the unprogressive back-veld Boers by no means welcomed the new era of prosperity and enterprise. In this regard Sir Thomas Fuller tells a curious story which provides a striking example of what an all-Dutch South Africa might have become. He says that stopping at a farm while on a journey, 'the Boer told me through an interpreter that he had heard I was from Cape Town and knew many people, so he thought that I might be able to bring him a purchaser for his farm. - Instead of living a quiet life as he had always done, he told me that waggons on their way to the fields were calling day and night asking to buy forage for their horses and mules, and food and coffee for themselves, and sometimes even a sheep to kill. Putting his hand to his head, the Boer told me that it was so troubling and distressing him that he wished to clear out and retire to some quiet spot.' Fuller adds that the farm was terribly poor; that there were half-clad children about and evidently another coming. That farmer had a golden opportunity to make a good income, educate his children, and enlarge his estate; yet with that strange stolidity and longing for peace, he preferred to gather his family, his flocks and herds, and trek away into the wilderness far from markets and trade. It was this characteristic of some of his people which helped Kruger when he urged his countrymen to encroach on native territory, always with the idea of finally incorporating more land under the Transvaal flag.

The natives had also gained by the increased prosperity of South Africa, since the mines provided them with unlimited work. Boys from all parts of the country would

work on the mines for a short time in return for good food and wages. Afterwards they would go back to their kraals comparatively rich in the possession of blankets, one or more European garments, better agricultural tools, and sometimes firearms with which the various tribes, and in particular the Basutos, defended themselves against the depredations of the Boers.

In 1875 the administration of Basutoland had been taken over by Cape Colony from the Imperial authorities; and when Sir Gordon Sprigg, digging up an ancient and long-forgotten law, had attempted to disarm the Basutos, fighting resulted, in the course of which our troops only penetrated ten miles into the mountains of Basutoland, and that at a cost of four millions sterling.

We had employed the natives to work for the money for which we sold them guns, and these they were ordered to surrender. Small wonder that they resisted, and a 'little' war which led to three years of desultory and inconclusive skirmishing followed. At the end of that time the Imperial Government agreed to take the country back under its protection, in which condition it has remained ever since.

Rhodes made his first speech in Parliament on April 9th, 1881, twelve days after he entered the House, and dealt with the policy of the Basuto disarmament, to which he was frankly opposed.

He spoke a few weeks later on the same subject in a way which pleased the House. His language was vigorous, and he made trenchant reference to there being no reason why Sir Gordon Sprigg should be accepted at his own value and regarded as the only possible saviour of society. This speech made a great impression on the House by the force with which he emphasised his ideas. As Rhodes himself often said, 'If you reiterate your ideas often enough you will carry conviction in the end,' a theory he was constantly putting into practice.

Rhodes held the view that, as no law to the contrary had existed, the natives could not be held wrong in buying firearms, and that they ought to be given reasonably long

warning that laws were going to be passed to bring about their disarmament, which with sympathetic explanation he felt would settle the question without breaking friendly relations with them. He did not consider they had been at all fairly treated over the matter. Sprigg's feeble policy in regard to natives was partly responsible for the fall of his ministry, upon which Sir Thomas Scanlen became Prime Minister.

In August 1881 Rhodes made a strong speech at Kimberley on Basutoland and the policy of the Government. As a great part of the labour for the mines was drawn from Basuto territory, and as Rhodes was already regarded as an outstanding personality on the Fields, there was great excitement on the mines when it became known that he was to address a meeting there.

Although one of several speakers, he at once obtained a grip of his audience and held them by the magnetism of his personality and the simple force of his words. In a leading article on this speech the *Cape Argus* observed : 'Those whose only knowledge of Mr. Rhodes's powers as a speaker is derived from a perusal of his speeches in the Cape Town papers, were certainly not prepared for the exhibition of oratorical skill and dialectic powers with which they were favoured by the youthful member for Barkly West.'

Hensman tells us that from that night his political position on the diamond fields was assured, and shortly afterwards he assumed the position of spokesman for the Kimberley district in the House of Assembly, which he maintained all his life.

Early in 1882 General Gordon, recalled from his 'Barracks and Drains' in Mauritius, was appointed to go to Basutoland and settle the difficulties of the chiefs, while Rhodes was asked by Scanlen to be a member of the Compensation Commission to inquire into losses suffered by loyal Basutos during the war.

Rhodes was, we gather, glad to take the opportunity of studying for himself affairs in Basutoland, and while on the Commission he met General Gordon. The two men resembled

each other in many respects, particularly in their immense patriotism, and they became great friends. Each possessed the utmost confidence in his own abilities and a fondness for having his own way. 'You always contradict me,' said Gordon to Rhodes one day; 'I never saw such a man for his own opinion; you think you are always right and everyone else wrong.' 'I have studied my subject from all sides,' replied Rhodes. 'But not from mine!' retorted Gordon.

By way of cementing this friendship the two took long walks together, and, strange as it may appear, 'Rhodes the younger by twenty years seems to have played the mentor's part, for he told Gordon not to talk to the Basutos as if he were their supreme lord, but to remember he was only the servant of Sauer, the Minister for Native Affairs. Gordon took the reproof meekly and went next day to explain matters to the natives, adding in an aside to Rhodes, "I did it because it was the right thing; but it was hard, very hard."'¹

After this brief important meeting the two never saw one another again, although Gordon begged Rhodes to go and work with him, and it was a never forgotten friendship. 'I liked Gordon,' said Rhodes to me one day; 'he was cranky in many ways and apt to do things on the spur of the moment, and his language at times was strong beyond expression, but he was a "doer," a man who would move mountains and gain the objective he had set himself.'

A year or so prior to this Rhodes made his second will, which is startling in its brevity, for it runs simply: 'I, C. J. Rhodes, being of sound mind, leave my worldly wealth to N. E. Pickering.' Neville Pickering, as we know, was his great friend at Kimberley, and although from this it would seem that Rhodes had sacrificed his giant schemes for a private friendship, when handing the will to Pickering he gave him the subjoined letter: 'My dear Pickering,—Open the enclosed after my death. There's an old will of mine with Graham, whose conditions can only be carried out by a trustworthy person, and I consider you one.—Yours, C. J. Rhodes.

¹ Williams.

'You fully understand you are to use interest of money as you like during your life.—C. J. R.'

So we know that his views were unchanged; but he now trusted a friend in preference to the Secretary of State. Poor Neville Pickering, as I have already told, died prematurely very soon after the completion of this will.

On his return south, Rhodes strongly urged upon the Government the construction of a railway running north to Kimberley, because he saw that it would not only benefit the diamond fields, but also in time might be extended further northward and so open up that great country towards which his dreams were always reaching. But although the line was authorised, it did not extend to Kimberley until 1885.

In 1883 Rhodes repeated in the House his emphatic declaration in regard to federation. In the course of a speech on the Basutoland Annexation Bill he said, 'I believe in a United States of South Africa; but as a portion of the British Empire.' He now set himself to work with determination to find an opening for his great scheme of northern expansion. As in the amalgamation of the mines, he moved slowly and warily—never hurrying, never retreating, but gradually forging towards his goal.

CHAPTER VII

BLAZING THE TRAIL

1882-1885

As in earlier difficulties when opposed by apparently insurmountable obstacles, Rhodes first weighed up the strength of his opponents, their aims and their resources ; and then made careful search for the position from which there appeared the greatest chance of launching a successful attack.

Now that the Transvaal was lost, the Dutch practically blocked the way to the north, except through Bechuanaland. Rhodes therefore turned his attention to that narrow gateway, for he realised that a loyal element introduced into and settled over the vast and almost unknown tracts which are now Bechuanaland and Rhodesia would outweigh the Transvaal and the Free State, and might effect a gradual settlement of the supremacy question in South Africa by giving sufficient space for the growth of an immense Imperial power, which would by degrees assert that supremacy decisively and, without any appeal to force, hold the balance of the scales.

Against him he had to count the adverse feeling produced in the Cape Colony by our colonial policy and the victory over British troops which had led the Dutch to believe the whole of the interior of Africa might be their rightful heritage ; the difficulty of inoculating Downing Street with any show of zeal for the Empire ; and—though he was then unconscious of its extent—the ceaseless jealousy and watchfulness of President Kruger, with his dominant idea of a Dutch South Africa.

Rhodes grasped clearly that Kruger's aim was to build a wall of Boer territory, which should stretch from Delagoa Bay to Lake N'gami and shut off Cape Colony from all trade with the interior. Determined that this should not happen, he put the whole weight of his forcefulness into the fight to hold for Britain an opportunity of extending her territory towards the north.

Although, as he had told Jameson in the early Kimberley days, he realised that the high plateau of central Africa was the key to the vast continent—'Give me the centre, and let who will have the swamps which skirt the coast,'¹ said Rhodes—yet he now contemplated a double movement in his expansion scheme. In addition to gaining the direct northward route, he began to consider the possible possession by purchase of Delagoa Bay, which in 1872 could have been acquired by the British Government for £12,000; and though this secondary scheme fell through owing to international complications, there is no doubt that had it succeeded it would probably have had a more far-reaching effect on the history of Africa than even the central advance—since 'Ready communication with the commerce and life of the outer world is of as much moment to a state as its internal expansion.'¹ It is often overlooked that by the arbitration award of 1875 Great Britain holds the right of pre-emption in the event of Delagoa Bay ever being available for disposal.

In 1884 Kruger—now sure of his independence and in the success of his tactics of peaceful encroachment—began his rival scheme of expansion, and started out various bands of freebooters on every side to hold all and any further territory they could. Two of these expeditions, under Van Niekerk and Gey van Pittius, pushed into Bechuanaland and founded the republics of Stellaland and Goshen, with a town in the latter called Rooi Grond—since known as Mafeking.

Rhodes, who at this time had been devoting much attention to the delimitation of the boundaries of Griqualand West, found that an error had been made in the survey, and several farms belonging to an independent chief, Mankoroane,

¹ Fuller.

had unintentionally been included in the territory. This he brought to the attention of the House in 1882, pointing out that the effect had been to cut off country belonging to us, and leave it in the hands of the freebooters. 'The Transvaal,' said Rhodes, 'has kept a commando on the borders.'

In May of that year he obtained the appointment of a Commission to inquire into the matter and decide what steps should be taken in regard to the disputed territory, and he himself was selected as one of the members to deal with the complaint of Mankoroane, Chief of the Batlapin tribe, who ruled what is now Lower Bechuanaland.

Mankoroane claimed that part of his country had been included in the territory of Griqualand West, and also that his people and herds were being harried by gangs of Dutch land-grabbers, who settled within his borders. This was found to be perfectly true; but as seventy farms in the territory had already been taken up, it was impossible to return them to the Chief.

Rhodes, however, with his swift instinct for the right course, not only obtained from Mankoroane a cession of the whole country (half of Bechuanaland) for Cape Colony, in spite of the fact that an intrigue was already in existence to bring about the annexation of Stellaland and Goshen by the Transvaal; but he also persuaded a large proportion of the Dutch farmers there to sign a petition asking to be taken over by the Cape Government. This was made possible owing to the fact that by this time many of Kruger's original freebooters had been bought out by Dutchmen from the colony.

After a prolonged and ineffectual argument conducted over the telegraph wires with Scanlen, Rhodes returned to Cape Town with both the cession and the petition in his pocket—the corner-stones of his immense scheme—only to be refused by the Cape Government.

Scanlen was too much afraid of losing the Dutch vote to propose the annexation, although Rhodes tried his best to rouse the members from their apathy towards so great a question of territorial policy. 'This question of Bechuana-

land is of supreme importance,' he said, 'on the treatment of which depends the whole future of this colony. . . . I look upon this Bechuanaland territory as the Suez Canal of the trade of this country, the key to its road to the interior. . . . The question before us is, whether this colony is to be confined to its present borders, or whether it is to be the dominant state in South Africa.'

Even this appeal failed to move the politicians at the Cape. As Rhodes remarked bitterly, 'The mists of Table Mountain covered all.'¹ They could not see beyond, nor look ahead further than their own immediate and unimportant present.

Rhodes had not dreamed for a moment that the Colonial Government would refuse to assume control of a new territory, which would add so much importance to the position and the prosperity of Cape Colony; but he had not correctly gauged the feelings of the House. All his vigorous arguments were in vain; the opposing forces were too strong; the politicians too lethargic; and for the time being he was forced to retire from the struggle, baffled and disheartened. But not for long did the endless rebuffs which would have broken the spirit of most men discourage him. His invincible determination to win the North never failed and he soon began to try for progress in other directions.

He went back to Kimberley, where the diamond industry was not flourishing at this time, and there was little there but added anxieties to relieve his disappointment at having fought for and apparently all in vain gained in the name of the colony a valuable country, the responsibility for which that colony refused to accept.

At this time there grew in the mind of Rhodes a great admiration for his rival, Kruger, who he realised must be regarded as a worthy and determined enemy. He contrasted the foresight and daring of the Dutch President with the parochial smallmindedness of the Cape Parliament, very much to the latter's disadvantage.

With that persistent characteristic of ever finding a gap in the hedge when the gate was barred, Rhodes refused to

¹ Fuller.

be beaten by the inaction of the Cape Government and he decided to approach the Imperial authorities. To this end he urged the Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, who had a great opinion of the abilities of Rhodes, to use his influence with Downing Street. This he did, with the result that the Imperial Government offered to take over Bechuanaland on condition that the Cape Government bore half the cost of administration. But even this the members of the Cape House refused to do; and Rhodes was notified that the incident was closed. It is not difficult to imagine what must have been his feelings at thus being thwarted when success had seemed within his grasp.

However, even greater forces were now at work indirectly pushing England to embrace a definite policy of colonial expansion. A severe and very salutary shock was administered to the Home Government by the sudden annexation by Germany of Angra Pequena and all the hinterland to the east of Walfish Bay on the west coast of South Africa; whereupon the Foreign Office realised that owing to its dilatory policy the English colonies in Africa were in danger of being cut off from the seaboard by the Germans on the west, and the Portuguese owners of Delagoa Bay in the east; while the Transvaal, a small weak power between two greater, was in danger of being annexed by either, and added to the difficulties of the situation.

At last Lord Derby and his colleagues began to see reason in Rhodes's scheme, which was heartily backed up by the arguments of Sir Hercules Robinson.

A Protectorate was established over Bechuanaland in 1884. The trail of our northward expansion was blazed; and Rhodes, after facing what had seemed like defeat, had now gained a goal. He had also learned that he might hope for more help for his schemes from the Home Government than from the members of the Cape House. But in spite of this he continued trying to draw the Dutch and English settlers together to work as partners for the prosperity of the country.

In this year Rhodes had held office as Treasurer-General for six weeks ; but when the Scanlen Ministry was defeated on an agricultural bill, Upington, who was little more than the spokesman of Hofmeyr, became Prime Minister.

An invitation came now to Rhodes from General Gordon, then starting for Khartoum, who wired asking him to come and help him in his last struggle with the Mahdi in the Soudan. Rhodes, who could not then relinquish his parliamentary and Imperial work, had, however, reluctantly to refuse, and when he received the news of Gordon's death he was deeply moved, saying, ' I wish I had been with him. I wish I had been with him.'

John MacKenzie, a missionary of twenty years' experience, was appointed Special Commissioner of the newly established Bechuanaland Protectorate in April 1884. Although a good man with natives, understanding their ways and holding their confidence, he was an Imperialist of very narrow views. He lacked the necessary tact to handle the delicate situation that had arisen and was therefore unable to avoid offending most Dutchmen with whom he came in contact. Thus he was quite unfitted for the task imposed upon him. On his arrival he at once visited the two republics, and, was at first fairly well received in Stellaland, for the Dutch there had pleasant memories of Rhodes when he had been up on the Border Commission. But MacKenzie, who accomplished nothing in the way of a permanent settlement, was openly defied at Rooi Grond. He treated all Dutch as freebooters and rascals, and made no attempt to conciliate the settlers ; while during his visit to Stellaland he quarrelled with Van Niekerk and attempted to divide his followers. At length he raised the British flag without any authority to do so, and then demanded a large force of police to quell the storm which very naturally followed.

Rhodes, then in Kimberley, was much perturbed to hear that MacKenzie had so muddled the difficulties he had been sent to straighten out, and especially that the friction between the two races, which Rhodes himself had tried to eliminate, had been augmented in Bechuanaland by the

faulty methods of the Commissioner. Rhodes wired to Sir Hercules that 'MacKenzie seems to be working for a split on race lines; if true this certainly means trouble.'¹

As a result MacKenzie was recalled in August, for both the Cape Government and the Transvaal realised that he was a menace to the peace, the truth of which was proved by the fact that in September of that year Kruger proclaimed the territories to be under the protection and control of the South African Republic, in direct defiance of the Convention of London of February 27th.

In March Rhodes himself, with the title of Deputy Commissioner, was sent up by Sir Hercules Robinson 'to see what he could do'; though Hofmeyr and the Bond tried in vain to prevent his going, fearing the effect of his very vigorous imperialism.

Sir Hercules Robinson, now realising the seriousness of the situation, told Rhodes that he feared Bechuanaland had gone, and that the freebooters, with Kruger behind them, would take the country. But Rhodes refused to hold such a gloomy view, and would not believe that things had gone too far. At any rate he determined to make one last effort to remedy the mistakes that had been made, and safeguard the territory he had fought so hard to gain. The High Commissioner was careful to point out to Rhodes that he could give him no force with which to back up his arguments. 'Oh, that will be all right,' responded Rhodes, with his cheery optimism, 'give me permission to do as I think best, and I shall get through all right.' 'Yes,' said Sir Hercules, 'you can have that permission; but if you get into a mess I cannot back you up.' 'That is good enough for me,' was Rhodes's answer, and he at once made his preparations for the journey.²

In Bechuanaland he found that conditions were even more strained than he had been led to believe. Van Niekerk, whom he first visited, was encamped on the banks of the Hartz River supported by a large commando from the Transvaal; but the free and easy way in which Rhodes went among the Boers, apparently heedless of the presence of a

¹ Williams.

² Hensman.

considerable armed force, carried him a long way towards gaining their confidence. His conduct¹ in the meeting with Groot Adrian Delarey, a huge uncouth Boer from the back-veld with a reputation for violence, was characteristic. 'I shall never forget our meeting,' said Rhodes some years later; 'when I spoke to Delarey his answer was, "Blood must flow." To which I remember making the retort, "No, give me my breakfast, and then we can talk about blood."' 'I stayed with him a week,' continued Rhodes; 'I became godfather to his grandchild, and we made a settlement.'

On reading such a story we realise why Rhodes so consistently gained his point where other men had failed. When the obvious way seemed of no use, he found another of which no one else would have thought, and proceeded to make it successful.

Rhodes possessed a highly courageous nature, as was shown on many occasions, notably during the Matabele Rebellion; and while on this mission he took no precautions of any sort for his safety, although his companions declined to sleep in his camp for several nights for fear of being murdered, and carried their bedding some distance off, leaving Rhodes quite alone but for a coloured man and two natives. In the end Rhodes laughed them out of their fears, as he had laughed away the troubles of the freebooters.

But even now the troubles of Bechuanaland were not over. The settlement made between Rhodes and Van Niekerk in September stipulated that the settlers must recognise a British Protectorate before the end of the year, but that they might administer the government of Stellaland subject to the British Commissioner's approval; that their land titles should be recognised and all MacKenzie's proceedings declared void.

At Rooi Grond, Rhodes was not so successful, for General Joubert actually attacked a native tribe within the disputed territory in his presence, and it was found impossible to come to any terms. Rhodes realised that the whole country might be lost and the German territory on the west extended to

¹ Williams.

join that of the Boer republics unless some display of force was brought to bear upon these truculent Boers. For this reason he impressed upon both Sir Hercules Robinson and Lord Derby that an armed force under the command of Sir Charles Warren, whom he had met at Kimberley, should be sent from England to insist on British rights and establish a Protectorate over the disputed territory, to which suggestion both Sir Hercules and Lord Derby agreed.

It is interesting to note that in November Ernest Rhodes, writing to Cecil from England in regard to the formation of this force, relates that the three brothers, Frank, Elmhirst, and himself, had all got their companies in the same year.¹ 'Close running!' he added.

Before the expeditionary force could arrive the Prime Minister, Upington, with Sprigg his Treasurer, had gone up as emissaries to Joubert and had practically agreed to all his demands. Their decisions, however, were immediately repudiated by the High Commissioner; and public feeling in the matter ran so high that both were burned in effigy in Cape Town.

On his arrival 'Sir Charles Warren was appointed Special Commissioner with authority to take a military expedition to Bechuanaland to remove the filibusters, to pacify the land, to reinstate the natives in their own territory, and to adopt such measures as might be necessary to prevent further depredations. Kruger was ordered to withdraw, and Warren was called upon to hold Bechuanaland until a further policy was decided on.'²

Kruger, now realising that he had gone too far, and that he was not as yet in a position to encounter a large force of British troops, began to urge for a peaceable arrangement as strongly as he could, stating that his objects had been entirely for the 'interests of humanity.' He tried very hard to dissuade Warren from proceeding beyond Kimberley, saying that he would be responsible for keeping order in the country, but this Warren would not hear of and continued his advance, while Kruger returned to Pretoria. Matters

¹ Michell.

² Marshall-Hole.

were gradually settled after a fashion by Warren, but not without increasing still more the racial hatreds which were rife at that time.

He tried to ride roughshod over the prejudices of the Boers, and although he upheld the agreement with Van Niekerk, he undid all Rhodes's efforts for the amicable working together of the two races in the future. One of his greatest mistakes was his insistence that the hated MacKenzie should remain with him as adviser, against the strong advice of the High Commissioner; but he consented to Rhodes's presence, mainly in deference to Sir Hercules' wishes.

A meeting between Warren and Kruger was arranged at Fourteen Streams, a small town on the frontier and in the district of Barkly West; but Warren gave great offence to Kruger by coming with a large military escort, while the Dutch President was only accompanied by a small guard of honour.

At this conference, in January 1885, Rhodes and Kruger for the first time came face to face. The two men of different nations, both of such strong character, met at last. Each took the measure of the other, and from descriptions we learn that both were impressed by the meeting. Rhodes's admiration for the audacity and cleverness of Kruger was increased, while Kruger, who was sixty years old at this time, is reported to have said of Rhodes: 'That young man will cause me trouble if he does not leave politics alone and turn to something else. Well, the racehorse is swifter than the ox; but the ox can draw the greater loads. We shall see.'¹

Seeing that the republics of Stellaland and Goshen had been broken up without firing a shot, Warren's expedition might be looked upon as having achieved a complete success. This was largely due to Rhodes's diplomacy. The fair terms on which he arranged that the Dutch should hold their lands was the deciding factor which preserved Bechuanaland to the Empire. Unfortunately, as a governor, Warren was not the success he proved as a soldier. He had no idea

¹ Williams.

of following out Rhodes's lead and working for the removal of race feeling. On the contrary, he seems to have done all possible to add to its bitterness. Influenced by MacKenzie, and openly disregarding the advice of Rhodes, he refused to be bound by the settlement made at Fourteen Streams. He arrested and imprisoned Van Niekerk ; and finally urged that some change should be made in Rhodes's status, which was still that of Deputy Commissioner.

But Rhodes, anxious at all costs to avert a quarrel which might endanger the present precarious tranquillity of Bechuanaland, declared himself willing to act in subordination to Warren, only insisting that the promises he had made to the Dutch should be kept. This arrangement smoothed matters over until Sir Charles Warren attempted to declare an entirely new boundary on the new South. To this Rhodes naturally objected, and as a result Warren wrote to him in such terms that Rhodes immediately placed his resignation in the hands of the High Commissioner. He wrote :

' Whatever may have been my differences with the Special Commissioner upon public grounds, I was at all times anxious to avoid even the appearance of a personal feud or misunderstanding ; but I feel that I should be entirely wanting in self-respect if I did not bring specially to your Excellency's notice the terms of this communication, addressed to an officer who had been humbly but loyally endeavouring for several months past, without any of the ordinary inducements which such service offers, to promote such a settlement of difficult affairs as would tend to the maintenance of British interests and the settled peace of this portion of Her Majesty's dominions.

' Under the circumstances which had arisen I felt that I could not longer retain my position with honour. Every promise which I had made to the Stellaland people as regards their form of government, their land grants, and their losses from cattle thefts had, although ratified by Sir Charles Warren, been repeatedly violated ; whilst proceedings almost ludicrous in their illegality had been instituted against Mr. Van Niekerk, who had been made use of by us

for our own purposes almost up to the moment of his arrest. I accordingly hastened to Cape Town for the purpose of placing in your Excellency's hands, which I do now, the commission with which you did me the honour to entrust me.'¹

Very shortly after his return to the south, Rhodes in a remarkable speech gave to the House a history of his struggles and his hopes in Bechuanaland, in the course of which he said: 'Do you think that if the Transvaal had Bechuanaland it would be allowed to keep it? Would not Bismarck have some trouble with the Transvaal; and without resources, without men, what could they do? Germany would come across from her settlement at Angra Pequena. There would be some excuse to pick a quarrel—some question of brandy or guns or something—and then Germany would stretch from Angra Pequena to Delagoa Bay. I was never more satisfied with my own views than when I saw the recent development in the policy of Germany. What was the bar in Germany's way? Bechuanaland. What was the use to her of a few sand heaps at Angra Pequena, and what was the use of the arid deserts between Angra Pequena and the interior, with this English and Colonial bar between her and the Transvaal? If we were to stop at Griqualand West, the ambitious objects of Germany would be attained. . . . Before I left Bechuanaland Sir Charles Warren said my presence was a danger to the peace of the country, when in reality I was working with one sole object, and that was the retaining of the trade route to the interior for the Cape Colony.

'I have fought for this at the risk of my political position and personal relationship with all sections of the country, because I considered it would be for the best interests of the country, and of South Africa, that the territory should be British territory. . . . I remember when a youngster reading in my English history of the supremacy of my country and its annexations, and that there were two cardinal axioms—that the word of the nation, when once

¹ Hensman.

pledged, was never broken, and that when a man accepted the citizenship of the British Empire there was no distinction between races. . . . It has been my misfortune in one year to meet with the breach of the one, and the proposed breach of the other. . . . In conclusion I wish to say that the breach of solemn pledges, and the introduction of race distinctions, must result in bringing calamity on this country, and if such a policy is pursued it will endanger the whole of our social relationships with colonists of Dutch descent, and endanger the supremacy of Her Majesty in this country.'

Which clearly shows that in spite of bitter set-backs, disappointments and much unfair criticism, Rhodes was still inflexibly determined to secure and to hold the interior of Africa for the British Empire.

Bechuanaland was formally taken under British protection in September 1885.

CHAPTER VIII

WAYS AND MEANS

1885-1888

AFTER the many disillusionments Rhodes had suffered in connection with the annexation and subsequent administration of Bechuanaland, his schemes of immediate further expansion were checked, though he still dreamed of gaining a clear way to the north for the road which he meant to make one day, —a road which would reach beyond the furthest limits of the trail that he had already blazed. 'There is no victory till the fight is over' was a phrase Rhodes habitually used, while he continued to hold on grimly in the face of desperate adversity.

In the intervals of hard parliamentary work he won over certain hitherto antagonistic members to his own views, and dealt with the difficulties of the diamond industry. The latter was still a source of grave anxiety, although Rhodes steadily continued to amalgamate further properties with the object of one day forming a solid whole, which should control the diamond output of the world. Yet he never rested from his world of dreams, about which he talked freely to his friends until they in turn became infected with a belief in an immense future for the British Empire in Africa.

Already, 'FROM CAPE TO CAIRO' had become the watchword of the advance, for Rhodes had begun to talk of connecting South and North Africa by railway and telegraph. These he rightly held to be absolutely necessary factors of permanent expansion. 'The railway will be my right hand,' he would say, 'and the telegraph my speech and my voice.'

Sir Thomas Fuller tells us of an illuminating talk between Rhodes and Sir Hercules Robinson at this time.

'We are now,' said Rhodes, 'at latitude 22°.'

Sir Hercules responded, 'And what a trouble it has been! Where do you mean to stop?'

'I will stop,' said Rhodes, 'where the country has not been claimed.'

His Excellency said, 'Let us look at the map.' And Rhodes showed him that his scheme extended to the southern border of Lake Tanganyika. His Excellency was a little upset.

Rhodes said, 'The powers at home marked the map and did nothing; let us try to mark the map and we all know we shall do something.'

'Well,' said Sir Hercules, 'I think you should be satisfied with the Zambesi as a boundary.'

Rhodes replied, 'Let us take a piece of notepaper and let us measure from the Block House at Cape Town to the Vaal River; that is the individual effort of the people. Now let us measure up what you have done in your temporary existence, and then we will finish up by measuring up my imaginings.' 'We took a piece of notepaper,' said Rhodes, 'and measured up the efforts of the country since the Dutch had occupied and founded it. We measured what the Governor had done in his life, and then we measured my imaginings; and his Excellency, who is no longer with us, said, "I will leave you alone."'

On another occasion, in speaking to a few friends of his dream, Rhodes said, 'Push on, push on, always push on further. The road must be made ready for those coming behind us,' which gives a very clear indication of the selflessness which lay behind all his work. Like the old Admiral, the friend of his childhood, Rhodes thought and planned for future generations, and worked consistently for the common weal. I remember him saying, after a visit he paid to the late General Booth at his Salvation Army labour colony, 'The progress of the human race is one which we should all help forward. Look at what Booth is doing.'

Rhodes was certainly doing much himself, and in all his work for this great end he combined in a curious manner the imaginative with the commercial.

The lack of support he had received when dealing with Bechuanaland determined him on pursuing a still stronger policy of co-operation with the Dutch, so that when a further advance might be contemplated he should be able to count on the definite support of the Bond party as well as that of the British colonists.

With this end in view he advocated practical concessions to the wine farmers at the Cape; and he did much to encourage irrigation, which in later days became a cornerstone in his settlement policy for Rhodesia. At the same time he tried by every possible means to create friendly relations between Cape Colony and the Transvaal. In 1886 Rhodes brought forward a bill advocating a railway and customs union, which should advantage the mutual interests of the two states, for sufficient commercial intercourse would, he felt sure, gradually sweep away racial bitterness.

At this time President Kruger, though directly antagonistic to all things British, was in favour of an extension of the Cape railway from Kimberley to Pretoria, for he did not then realise all that such a union would involve; but the opportunity was thrown away by the stupidity of the Cape politicians and Sir Gordon Sprigg's Ministry, by which the Transvaal's offer of free trade and railway communication was refused, in spite of Rhodes's persistent efforts to force on the House the importance of such treaties. At a later date both concessions were asked for by the Cape Government and refused by President Kruger, who by that time had established coastal communication with Delagoa Bay.

Rhodes also protested against an unlimited franchise by which raw natives with no education possessed equal voting powers with white settlers. At elections both parties competed desperately for the native vote, a state of affairs which was apt to inflame racial jealousy.

'If I cannot retain my position in the House on the European vote,' Rhodes declared in the course of a speech,

'I wish to be cleared out, for I am above going to the native vote for support.' He was in favour of an educational and property franchise for natives, and Rhodes's views, as enunciated at that time, are now the opinions of all thinking men. He also urged that liquor should be kept from the natives; as a result the native liquor traffic was stopped, a condition of drunkenness that had long existed on the diamond mines came to an end, and the gradual growth of wealth and civilisation in the native territories was assured. Talking of this at a later date, Rhodes said: 'I have been accused of making it easy for the native to get drink in Kimberley and elsewhere. Never was such nonsense talked. If anyone in South Africa has done more than I have to keep drink from the native I should like to know his name. I've been after this all my life. I ran De Beers on ginger beer, and in the Transkei I established the most stringent laws in regard to drink traffic, and I am now working to the same end in this country' (Rhodesia).

'If you really love the natives,' said Rhodes, 'you must make them worthy of the country they live in, or else they are certain by an inexorable law to lose their country. You will certainly not make them worthy if you allow them to sit in idleness, and if you do not train them in the arts of civilisation.'¹

At this time, in 1886, the mining men from the diamond fields began to flock towards the Witwatersrand, where rich finds of gold had occurred, one of the first being on the farm Langlaagte. In this connection it is interesting to quote a remark made in 1879 by Sir Garnet Wolseley (afterwards Lord Wolseley): 'Larger and still more valuable goldfields will sooner or later be discovered in the Transvaal.' This prophecy came true when the Barberton goldfields were discovered.

So far back as 1883 the Struben brothers had been carrying out experimental mining in the curious rock formations surrounding what is now the town of Johannesburg. At first their results were disappointing; but in 1886 finds of such

¹ Williams.

extensive deposits were reported that J. B. Robinson and Dr. Hans Sauer went up there from Kimberley, where Rhodes was still grimly and pertinaciously increasing his claim and share holdings and buying up everything of promise he could put his hands on.

Sauer was so much impressed by what he saw that he quickly went south again to fetch Rhodes and Rudd, who in their turn were followed by Alfred Beit and many others, whose belief in the presence of gold in highly payable quantities was soon rewarded. The following year coal, so necessary for working the gold, was found along the reef at Boksburg ; and within another year the foundations of the now great town of Johannesburg had emerged from the tents of a mining camp along what had at first been known as the famous Banket Reef.

After Rhodes and Rudd had formed some idea of the value of the Rand, Rudd went to England to raise more capital, and during the year 1887 Rhodes began buying up numerous properties, for 'the opinion is gradually growing,' he wrote at this time, 'that the Rand is the biggest thing in gold the world has seen.' And to Dr. Sauer, who had originally been instrumental in bringing Rhodes to this mining field, he said, 'I thought De Beers would retain its position as the largest individual mine in the world, but in this new field it is likely to be surpassed by several of the properties I have seen.'¹

Of the optimists on the Reef, Rhodes and J. B. Robinson were the foremost, though owing to faulty advice Rhodes missed buying up some of the highly valuable East Rand properties, and, on one occasion at least, Robinson, not perhaps so strictly particular in his methods, was the quicker in securing a good thing. Williams tells us that while Rhodes was bargaining over one property with the farmer in his orchard, Robinson had bought it outright from the farmer's wife in the kitchen !

In these years Rhodes twice met Kruger, although the meetings seem to have had no decisive results. Kruger

¹ Williams.

watched with apprehension the growth of the goldfields, for although the mines brought large sums to his otherwise empty treasury, the miners, he feared, would in time outnumber his burghers, and he dreaded the powers they might come to wield. For this reason he steadily refused all newcomers any political rights.

Rhodes, on the other hand, viewed with enthusiasm the development of the mines. He realised the assured prosperity of a country possessed of payable mineral wealth. He saw that more and more settlers and miners would be drawn there from all parts of the world; 'he also knew that the discovery of the now famous Bantek Reef would inevitably lead to more interest in the development and exploration further northward toward the country of his dreams. With his striking characteristic of looking with extreme accuracy into the future, both in politics and finance, he perceived clearly that such an influx of English-speaking immigrants might have an immense bearing on his ultimate aim of establishing a United South Africa under the British flag.'¹

In 1887 Rhodes and Rudd consolidated their holdings in the Bantek Reef and founded the Goldfields of South Africa with a capital of £125,000. A few years later this developed into the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, a much larger concern, in which Rhodes always took the keenest interest and which like De Beers mines has had a very successful career. These partners had now also assumed control of what was almost the whole interest in the De Beers mine. They were opposed in their scheme for a complete amalgamation by the Kimberley Central Mining Company only, of which Barney Barnato and Woolf Joel were the leading spirits. Both sides fought for the control of the diamond output in South Africa, but with very different motives. Barnato was a financier pure and simple, with no thoughts beyond the dividends for himself and his shareholders; while with Rhodes, his desire to control the diamond market was only a means whereby he hoped to form a gigantic monopoly with ample funds, which he proposed to use for

¹ Vindex.

the development of his scheme of British expansion towards the north. Rhodes, out of a sentiment which never failed him, retained the name of the Dutch Boer who had first owned the De Beers property, while Barnato gave to his company his own name.

De Beers and the Kimberley Central Mining Group now entered the final stage of the struggle for a complete monopoly of the diamond industry, and a veritable battle of giants ensued between Rhodes and Barnato. It was possible, as Rhodes said after the battle, for the Kimberley mine alone to yield twice the diamonds that the world could take under ill-regulated management; and he calculated that the potential wealth of De Beers was double that of the Kimberley mine. It was therefore of vital necessity to establish a single control which should be able to limit the output so as to supply exactly only the world's demand each year, and thus maintain and regulate the price. This was what the rival firms strove to do.

Rhodes tried by every possible means to find some basis of agreement with Barnato; but in this case his constantly expressed belief that 'If you sit down and reason with men, you invariably find that you can settle with people or arrange with people,' was met by a blank wall of opposition.

In 1887 Rhodes paid a flying visit to England with the object of raising further capital with which to pursue his determination to amalgamate the diamond mines. With such an end in view he gained the support of the Rothschilds, and with this behind him he returned to Kimberley.

Mr. Swift MacNeill, M.P., was his fellow-passenger as far as the Cape. He interested Rhodes greatly, and together they discussed the Home Rule Bill of 1886, on which Rhodes felt very strongly, for he saw in the idea of Home Rule for Ireland the embryo of his own dream of Imperial Federation. Rhodes was, however, violently opposed to the exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster, and the very readiness with which those members accepted the condition roused in his mind a fear that in place of Home Rule they

aimed at an actual separation from the Empire. All these views Rhodes expressed in his usual plain language, and Swift MacNeill for his part was delighted to find so great a political power as Rhodes willing to support Home Rule, even in a modified form. He tried hard, though unsuccessfully, to remove Rhodes's fear that complete separation was not the final result aimed at.

MacNeill remained several months at the Cape for reasons of health, and during that time he and Rhodes had many talks, in the course of which MacNeill formed the idea of bringing about a meeting between Rhodes and Parnell, and this, as will be seen later on, he was able to accomplish.

Rhodes returned to Kimberley and commenced once more buying up shares in the Kimberley mine, even at the inflated price they had then reached. The shareholders in the mine were selling out to him while pretending to stand firm behind Barnato. It was a case in which the man with the stronger personality was bound to win. In production also De Beers were now beating the Kimberley mine. Rhodes declared that he must have diamonds, and instead of leaving the gravel on the floors to disintegrate, as is usually done, much of it was crushed and sorted at once, even though in this way some diamonds were inevitably lost. But Rhodes cared nothing for this during such a fight. As in everything else all his life long, he battled for the supremacy of the diamond fields with his whole heart and threw all his immense energy into the scales. At length the yield of De Beers stood almost a quarter of a carat higher than the average of the Kimberley mine.

Colvin tells how 'after some days of heavy rain, when the diamonds, washed clean of their covering of clay, shone and glistened on the disintegrating floor, Rhodes marshalled the whole staff and set them to gather diamonds like mushrooms in a field. The result was a haul of diamonds weighing 12,000 carats. This Rhodes took to Barnato's office, and he poured the stones out before the astonished eyes of his rival.'

Possibly additional arguments were used. Barnato was

known to have social ambitions. At any rate, he now realised that he was beaten ; and it only needed the offer of a life governorship, which Rhodes made him, and a promise to get him elected a member of the Kimberley Club, to determine the rival firm of Barnato and Joel to capitulate.

Thus the diamond mines of Griqualand West were amalgamated, after a struggle which had lasted thirteen years, into one company with Rhodes in practical control. He, Barnato, Beit, and Philipson-Stow—whose interest was afterwards bought by Rhodes—were made life governors of De Beers ; and the De Beers Consolidated Company was registered in 1888.

The effect was immediate. The supply of diamonds was regulated in accordance with the demand. Only one difficulty still remained. Rhodes proposed to make provision in the articles of association of the company for using part of the profits of the De Beers Company towards the building of a railway through Bechuanaland and to pursue his policy towards the north. To do this a change was necessary in the trust deed, for which the consent of Barnato was required. He refused stubbornly ; but at long length, after a meeting lasting nearly twenty-four hours, he surrendered rather quaintly. Rhodes's description of what took place is interesting : ' We sat down one night,' he said, ' to finally, I hoped, complete the amalgamation. There were three of us who held the principal interest in the diamond mines. Each made a condition, and I agreed to those of my two friends. As for myself I said, " I want it put in the trust deed that we have the power to go to the Zambesi, or further north, to spend the money of the company if thought advisable to acquire a country and form an empire." My friends would not agree, but I was obstinate and we sat there till four o'clock in the morning. They got tired, and seeing I was determined one of them at last said, " You have queer ideas. Some people have a fancy for this thing, and some for that thing, but you have a fancy for making an empire. Well, I suppose we must give in to you, but it isn't business." If you read the trust deed of De Beers you will see it fully set out,

and it will interest you to know that it was a great help to me when I was fighting to secure the north.' Barnato was quite right; it wasn't business, it was undoubted politics. 'But,' said Rhodes some years later, telling the story to a Rhodesian, 'I got my way, I got my way, and,' pointing to the railway, 'you are getting your railway line'; and, said Barnato afterwards, 'The worst of Rhodes is that when you have been with him for half an hour, you not only agree with him, but you come to believe you have always held his opinion.'

The trust deed of De Beers was indeed a marvellous document. Since the time of the East India Company no other company had had such power. It was authorised to take steps for the government of any territory, so that if it obtained a charter in accordance with the trust deed from the Secretary of State, it would be empowered to annex a portion of territory in Central Africa, raise and maintain a standing army and undertake warlike operations. Although less than half a dozen of those who knew Rhodes recognised the fact, it is now very clear that he amalgamated the Kimberley diamond mines largely with a view to the acquisition of the north for Great Britain. He had thus achieved two great objects for which he had worked and planned—the supreme control of the diamond fields, and sufficient and untrammelled wealth at his command with which to indulge in that greatest dream of all, 'the Empire to the Northward.'

Actually, it is doubtful if he ever knew how rich he was. But we are told that his account was usually overdrawn and he never carried money with him, merely writing I.O.U.'s which later were cashed by his secretaries. He often wrote cheques on odd pieces of paper, sometimes even signing them in pencil.

From his earliest days, as we have seen, Rhodes was intensely generous. He could scarcely bear to refuse help when it was asked, and for this reason was often imposed upon. 'A man once came to me in Cape Town,' Rhodes used to say, 'and told me he was on his beam ends, and could I lend him something? I didn't like the fellow's face, and refused;

and that same night he committed suicide. That was a lesson to me, and since then I have never dared to refuse money to folks who are hard up.'

Known at the age of thirty-four as one of the greatest financiers of Europe, Rhodes fully realised the ephemeral quality of such fame. 'Of all reputations,' he once said, 'that of financial ability is the easiest to acquire; but it is also the easiest to lose.' And it is not his great wealth but the use he made of it that grips our interest.

He now began to engage in many mining and financial undertakings, often meeting entirely unscrupulous men, against whom he sometimes employed those who were not too nice in their methods, but whom he came to regard as necessary to certain kinds of work. To some small extent this must have reacted on his character, though it has at times been exaggerated out of all proportion. It is generally admitted that an enemy must be fought with his own weapons, and as a proof of this it is only necessary to quote our own use of poison gas in the Great War. Had we scorned such methods when they were used by our enemies, England could not long have maintained her position among the nations.

In 1887 the Portuguese surprised the Imperial Government by issuing a new official map of South Africa, which marked the whole of Lobengula's territory as a Portuguese possession. A protest was lodged by the British Foreign Secretary, Lord Salisbury; and in the end the authorities at Lisbon were forced, for the time being, to withdraw their claims to all country west of the thirty-second degree of east longitude.

The Portuguese were not alone in coveting what was regarded as a rich country, of great possibilities, between the Northern Transvaal and the Zambesi. For some time past Rhodes and others had realised that Kruger contemplated the annexation of further territory; and in 1887 a rumour was brought south that Lobengula had entered into a trading agreement with the Transvaal Government. It is certain that some Boers had received permits to hunt in his country; and Rhodes felt the time had come at last to establish some sort of an undertaking between Lobengula

and the British Government. 'Though my boat may be slow in the race, I know what I am starting for,' was a very characteristic remark of his.

Rhodes was aware of the trend of affairs in Matabeleland from the reports of three officers, Major Sam Edwards, Lieut. Maund, and Lieut. Haynes, who in 1885 had been sent to inform Lobengula of the British Protectorate proclaimed over Bechuanaland, and to assure him of the friendly intentions of Great Britain towards himself.

At first Rhodes had hoped to extend the Protectorate system which had proved successful in Bechuanaland over Matabeleland also, for it seemed likely that Lobengula, harried by Portuguese and Boer freebooters, just as Mankaroane had been, would have consented in the same way to a Protectorate. Sir Hercules Robinson, however, held to the view that the British Government would refuse a step which involved so great an additional responsibility.

Rhodes had at last succeeded in impressing on the Afriander Party in the Cape House that all territories north of the Transvaal were not of necessity earmarked for that State, but might become an important factor in the future prosperity of the Cape Colony. Above all, he believed in the necessity for the Imperial factor; and on the assurance of Sir Hercules that the consent of the Colonial Office was extremely unlikely to be obtained, Rhodes hit upon an alternative idea, and suggested a merely negative arrangement by means of which Lobengula might be induced to promise that he would make no treaty with any European Power without the consent of Great Britain.

The only Powers which Lobengula concerned himself over were Great Britain, Germany, and the Transvaal, and of the three he was most favourably inclined towards Great Britain, largely owing to his friendship with the Rev. J. S. Moffat, C.M.G., who was then resident at Bulawayo. Moffat, realising that danger was now to be feared from the Germans who were advancing eastwards from their newly acquired territory in South-West Africa, saw the necessity for immediate action and went South in order to report matters to

Sir Sidney Shippard, Commissioner in Bechuanaland—a man who was in complete sympathy with Rhodes's views, and had been Attorney-General and Recorder at Kimberley, where he first made Rhodes's acquaintance. At the end of 1887 he induced Shippard to see the High Commissioner with the object of getting his sanction to a treaty being made by which Lobengula would promise not to cede any part of his territory to any other Power than Great Britain. Shippard, however, failed to induce the High Commissioner to consider favourably his proposal, but realising the gravity of the position, he telegraphed to Rhodes, who was then in Kimberley, to come down at once to Grahamstown and see what he could do. Rhodes fell in with this suggestion and visited the High Commissioner, who happened to be there at the time, urging him to proclaim a Protectorate over the northern territories. Sir Hercules not unnaturally declined to take such a definite step on his own responsibility, but on Rhodes taking over all financial initiative he finally agreed, and Moffat was given special authority to conclude such an agreement, which was signed in February 1888.

Moffat, having done all he could, arrived back at Bulawayo in January 1888, and at once set about finding out the exact relations between President Kruger and Lobengula.

At their first interview Moffat told Lobengula of the rumours concerning an intended treaty between Matabeleland and the Transvaal, and asked the king to state clearly how matters stood. Lobengula replied that he had made no treaties with the Boers, but had allowed a few of them to enter his country on hunting expeditions.

Having advanced so far Moffat, who understood the native mind, decided to wait awhile, and not to risk an appearance of wishing to hurry the king into further decisions. It was the period between the little and the great dances when all the king's regiments mustered at the royal kraal, and Lobengula decided his policy for the coming year. At this time he is described as an imposing native above the middle height and of immense bulk, and withal he moved with great dignity.

In further conversations Moffat explained to Lobengula the dangers which threatened him from the encroachments of Boers and Portuguese, and impressed upon him the necessity of securing the protection of Great Britain. After repeated and long drawn out discussions in the presence of his three chief indunas, Lobengula, in order to gain security and freedom from the constant interference of concession hunters, placed his mark to the 'Moffat Treaty,' which ran as follows :

'The Chief Lo Bengula, Ruler of the tribe known as the Amandebele, together with the Mashuna and Makalaka tributaries of the same, hereby agrees to the following articles and conditions. . . .

'That peace and amity shall continue for ever between Her Britannic Majesty, Her subjects and the Amandebele people ; and the contracting Chief, Lo Bengula, engages to use his utmost endeavours to prevent any rupture of the same, to cause the strict observance of his treaty, and so to carry out the treaty of friendship which was entered into by his late father, the Chief Umsiligaas, with the then Governor of the Cape of Good Hope in the year of our Lord 1836.

'It is hereby further agreed by Lo Bengula, Chief in and over the Amandebele country, with the dependencies as aforesaid, on behalf of himself and people, that he will refrain from entering into any correspondence or treaty with any Foreign State or Power to sell, alienate or cede or permit or countenance any sale, alienation or cession of the whole or any part of the said Amandebele country under his chieftainship, or upon any other subject without the previous knowledge and sanction of Her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa.

'In faith of which I, Lo Bengula, on my part have hereto set my hand at Gubulawayo, Amandebeleland, this 11th day of February, and of Her Majesty's reign the 51st.

LO BENGULA, his X mark.

Witnesses : W. GRAHAM.

G. B. VAN WYK.

Before me, J. S. MOFFAT,
Assistant Commissioner.'

A despatch containing the news of the signing of the Moffat Treaty reached Lord Knutsford, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, on April 10th, 1888, and he a fortnight later telegraphed to Sir Hercules Robinson giving him authority to ratify the agreement.¹

Rhodes had thus acquired what amounted to an 'option' on Matabeleland for Great Britain.

¹ Marshall Hole.

CHAPTER IX

A BLIND TURNING

1888

IN the spring of 1888 Rhodes again visited England and was thought by many people to be inclined to enter the world of English politics. Lord Salisbury, although he had not at that time come into very close contact with Rhodes, referred to him as 'A gentleman with some considerable force of character'—which description is a striking change from the earlier epithet, 'some cypher,' applied to Rhodes by another English politician.

Sir William Harcourt, speaking of Rhodes's views on preferential tariff and the necessity for inducing natives to work, said jestingly, 'Reasonable man, Mr. Rhodes. He is so easily satisfied. All he asks us to do is to give up free trade and restore slavery.'¹ Evidently the personality of Rhodes was now making itself felt outside South Africa.

He was still deeply interested in Home Rule for Ireland, and the meeting with Parnell, long previously planned by Swift MacNeill, now took place. Rhodes always believed in the personal interview, declaring that often letters do more harm than good.

Parnell called on Rhodes at the Westminster Palace Hotel, where he was then staying. During their discussion on Home Rule from widely differing points of view, the ideas of the two men converged, until at the end Rhodes had completely converted Parnell towards an acceptance of his condition—the retention of the Irish members at Westminster. But Parnell, while agreeing to this, would not

¹ Williams.

give way upon every point, although he readily promised to accept and support the insertion of a clause giving permission to any colony to claim representation at Westminster proportionate to its contribution to Imperial purposes.

Having thus obtained an agreement with the greater part of his wishes, Rhodes wrote to Parnell informing him of the conditions and terms on which he was prepared to contribute £10,000 towards the Irish Party funds. The following letters plainly state that the purpose of this gift, over which so much controversy and criticism have raged, was that Parnell should support Imperial Federation as a corollary to Home Rule. Parnell, who possessed something of Rhodes's gift of looking ahead, was so intensely impressed by the vital and far-seeing arguments of the latter that he announced his firm belief that Home Rule for Ireland would at last lead to Imperial Federation.

WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL,
LONDON, S.W., *June 19, 1888.*

DEAR SIR,¹—On my way to the Cape last autumn I had the opportunity of frequent conversations with Mr. Swift MacNeill upon the subject of Home Rule for Ireland. I then told him that I had long had a sympathy with the Irish demand for self-government, but that there were certain portions of Mr. Gladstone's bill which appeared open to the gravest objections. The exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster seemed rightly to be considered, both in England and the Colonies, as a step in the direction of pure separation, while the tribute clauses were on the face of them degrading to Ireland, by placing it in the position of a conquered province, and were opposed to the first principles of constitutional government by sanctioning taxation without representation. It has been frequently stated that the hearty acquiescence of the Irish members in these proposals gave good grounds for believing that they were really working for complete separation from England. Mr.

¹ Vindex.

MacNeill assured me that this was not the case; that naturally the first object of the Irish members was to obtain self-government for Ireland; and that when this, their main object, was secured, it did not become them to criticise or cavil at the terms of the grant made to them. Moreover, he said he believed that the Irish members were only too anxious to support Irish representation at Westminster, should a suitable scheme containing the necessary provisions be brought forward.

With safeguards, and they must be effective safeguards, for the maintenance of Imperial unity, I am of opinion that the Home Rule granted should be a reality and not a sham.

If the Irish are to be conciliated and benefited by the grant of self-government, they should be trusted, and trusted entirely.

Otherwise the application of popular institutions to Ireland must be deemed impracticable, and the only alternative is the administration of the country as a Crown Colony, which plan in the present state of public opinion is totally impossible.

My experience in the Cape Colony leads me to believe that the Ulster question is one which would soon settle itself.

Since the Colonial Office has allowed questions at the Cape to be settled by the Cape Parliament, not only has the attachment to the Imperial tie been immeasurably strengthened, but the Dutch, who form the majority of the population, have shown a greatly increased consideration for the sentiments of the English members of the community.

It seems only reasonable to suppose that in an Irish Parliament similar consideration would be given to the sentiments of that portion of the inhabitants which is at present out of sympathy with the national movement.

I will frankly add that my interest in the Irish question has been heightened by the fact that in it I see the possibility of the commencement of changes which will eventually mould and weld together all parts of the British Empire.

The English are a conservative people, and like to move slowly and, as it were, experimentally. At present there can

be no doubt that the time of Parliament is overcrowded with the discussion of trivial and local affairs.

Imperial matters have to stand their chance of a hearing alongside of railway and tram bills. Evidently it must be a function of modern legislation to delegate an enormous number of questions which now occupy the time of Parliament to district councils or local bodies.

Mr. Chamberlain recognised this fact in his Radical programme of 1885, and the need daily grows more urgent. Now the removal of Irish affairs to an Irish Legislature would be a practical experimental step in the direction of lessening the burden upon the central deliberative and legislative machine.

But side by side with the tendency of decentralisation for local affairs there is growing up a feeling for the necessity of greater union in Imperial matters. The primary tie which binds our Empire together is the national one of self-defence. The Colonies are already commencing to co-operate with and contribute to the mother-country for this purpose.

But if they are to contribute permanently and beneficially, they will have to be represented in the Imperial Parliament, where the disposition of their contributions must be decided upon.

I do not think that it can be denied that the presence of two or three Australian members in the House would in recent years have prevented much misunderstanding upon such questions as the New Hebrides, New Guinea, and Chinese immigration. Now an Irish representation at Westminster would, without making any vital change in the English constitution, furnish a precedent by which the self-governing Colonies could from time to time, as they expressed a desire to contribute to Imperial expenditure, be incorporated with the Imperial Legislature. You will perhaps say that I am making the Irish question a stalking-horse for a scheme of Imperial Federation, but if so, I am at least placing Ireland in the forefront of the battle.

The question is, moreover, one in which I take a deep

interest, and I shall be obliged if you can tell me that Mr. MacNeill is not mistaken in the impression he conveyed to me, and that you and your party would be prepared to give your hearty support and approval to a Home Rule Bill containing provisions for the continuance of Irish representation at Westminster. Such a declaration would afford great satisfaction to myself and others, and would enable us to give our full and active support to your cause and your party.

Yours faithfully,

C. J. RHODES.

To this letter Parnell replied clearly and definitely on June 23rd as follows :

HOUSE OF COMMONS,

June 23, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your letter of the 20th instant, which confirms the very interesting account given me at Avondale last January by Mr. Swift MacNeill as to his interviews and conversations with you on the subject of Home Rule for Ireland.

I may say at once and frankly that I think you have correctly judged the exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster to have been a defect in the Home Rule measure of 1886, and further, that this proposed exclusion may have given some colour to the accusations so freely made against the Bill, that it had a separatist tendency. I say this while strongly asserting and believing that the measure itself was accepted by the Irish people without any afterthought of the kind, and with an earnest desire to work it out in the same spirit in which it was offered, a spirit of cordial goodwill and trust, a desire to let bygones be bygones, and a determination to accept it as a final and satisfactory settlement of the long-standing dispute and trouble between Great Britain and Ireland.

I am very glad to find that you consider the measure of Home Rule to be granted to Ireland should be thoroughgoing, and should give her complete control over her own affairs

without reservation, and I cordially agree with your opinion that there should be at the same time effective safeguards for the maintenance of Imperial unity.

Your conclusion as to the only alternative for Home Rule is also entirely my own, for I have long felt that the continuance of the present semi-constitutional system is quite impracticable.

But to return to the question of the retention of the Irish members at Westminster, my own views upon the point, the probabilities of the future, and the bearing of this subject upon the question of Imperial Federation. My own feeling upon the matter is that if Mr. Gladstone includes in his next Home Rule measure provisions for such retention, we should cheerfully concur in them, and accept them with goodwill and good faith, with the intention of taking our share in the Imperial partnership. I believe also that in the event stated this will be the case, and that the Irish people will cheerfully accept the duties and responsibilities assigned to them, and will justly value the position given them in the Imperial system.

I am convinced that it would be the highest statesmanship on Mr. Gladstone's part to devise a feasible plan for the continued presence of the Irish members here, and from my observation of public events and opinions since 1885, I am sure that Mr. Gladstone is fully alive to the importance of the matter, and that there can be no doubt that the next measure of autonomy for Ireland will contain the provisions which you rightly deem of such moment. It does not come so much within my province to express a full opinion upon the question of Imperial Federation, but I quite agree with you that the continued Irish representation at Westminster will immensely facilitate such a step, while the contrary provision in the Bill of 1886 would have been a bar. Undoubtedly this is a matter which should be dealt with in accordance with the opinion of the Colonies themselves, and if they should desire to share in the cost of Imperial matters, as certainly they now do in the responsibility, and should express a wish for representation at Westminster, I quite

think it should be accorded to them, and that public opinion in these islands would unanimously concur in the necessary constitutional modifications.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

Upon the receipt of this Rhodes—feeling that the ground was cleared—sent his cheque with a further note to Parnell.

WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL,

LONDON, *June 24, 1888.*

DEAR MR. PARNELL,—I have to thank you for your letter of the 23rd instant, the contents of which have given me great pleasure.

I feel sure that your cordial approval of the retention of Irish representation at Westminster will gain you support in many quarters from which it has hitherto been withheld.

As a proof of my deep and sincere interest in the question, and as I believe that the action of the Irish party on the basis which you have stated will lead not to disintegration but really to a closer union of the Empire, making it an Empire in reality and not in name only, I am happy to offer a contribution to the extent of £10,000 to the funds of your party. I am also authorised to offer you a further sum of £1000 from Mr. John Morrogh, an Irish resident in Kimberley, South Africa.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

C. J. RHODES.

P.S.—I herewith enclose a cheque for £5000 as my first instalment.

I only once heard Rhodes discuss the Parnell matter. Three members of the House of Commons were staying with him at the time—George Wyndham, Hayes-Fisher (afterwards Lord Downham), Sir Charles Metcalfe, and one of the Yorkshire family of Pease.

Rhodes, at their request, described at length a long interview he had with Parnell and many of the discussions he had held with Mr. Swift MacNeill, who, he said, had told him long before he met Parnell that the question of retaining a certain Irish membership at Westminster might on the ideas put forward by him (Rhodes) be acceptable to the former. 'That being so,' he added, 'it caused me to think that I would soon have Parnell sharing breakfast with me, but he was the hardest man, but one, to convince whom I ever met. He trusted no one. I tell you that man suspected his own shadow. He was unhappy and saw little good in the world, but I do think he meant well by Ireland, and after a prolonged talk I got him into agreement with me, but I did not care for him—there was too much of the gimlet in him : he was not quite human.'

Asked by Wyndham and Hayes-Fisher as to what his real object was in giving such a large contribution to Parnell's fund, Rhodes said that he had been much interested by Mr. Swift MacNeill's views, and thought a great opportunity offered for pressing forward his views on Imperial Federation, and he felt that if he secured Parnell's co-operation it would most probably solve the Irish question and pave the way for a general federation of the various units of the British Empire. I recall that Hayes-Fisher and Pease inclined to the view that Parnell would in all probability have eventually been forced to draw back to some extent from the views he expressed to Rhodes, but the latter insisted that having given his word Parnell would hold to it, and in this he was backed up by George Wyndham. One further remark he made was, 'I would have liked Parnell better if he had used fewer stalking-horses !'

Parnell remained so immensely impressed by Rhodes's views that in 1889 when he conferred with Gladstone on possible features of the next Home Rule Bill, he wrote again to Rhodes, then in South Africa, assuring him that the retention of the Irish members at Westminster was to be a part of the Bill, although Gladstone had insisted on reducing that representation. Whatever his shortcomings, when

Parnell pledged his word it was to be relied upon, and to Rhodes he gave a solemn pledge. He had been greatly impressed by him, more so than by any other man he knew, so he stated to Maguire, and there is no doubt that Rhodes influenced Parnell materially and favourably in regard to Imperial Federation.

So ended a phase in Rhodes's career which has been more severely criticised than any other but one. Yet, studied closely, it proves to have been the germ of a great Imperial plan, that was not destined to come to fruition, possibly because Rhodes was unable to give to it the close attention he usually devoted to all his work.

Had Parnell lived and remained the leader of a united party, the Home Rule Bill of 1893 would undoubtedly have contained Rhodes's clause of 'Colonial Representation proportionate to contributions for Imperial purposes.'

CHAPTER X.

DEVELOPMENTS AND DIFFICULTIES.

1888-1889

THE life and career of Rhodes has been compared to that of Robert Clive. At any rate, it seems tolerably certain that the annals of the old East India Company played a large part in Rhodes's dreams, and directed to some extent his plans of Empire-building. He had lived a great deal at the Cape, which is haunted by old memories and traditions of the Dutch East Indiamen and is planted in many places with certain kinds of grass brought there from the Dutch Indies. Moreover, in the trust deed of De Beers, Rhodes had insisted on there being provision for the creation of just such a vast and powerful company as that which first gained for us a footing in India.

He had found by experience that the Cape politicians possessed insufficient backbone and resource to be anything but parochial, and he also realised that the Imperial Government dreaded facing the expenses of the occupation of further territory. There was, he decided, no other method on which a man might definitely count at this time for enlarging the Empire but by private enterprise; and to this idea he had held tenaciously throughout his struggle to safeguard the country north of the Transvaal, so that it should in time be brought under the British flag.

The inroads into Matabeleland of both Boers and Portuguese, in addition to British concession hunters, had convinced Rhodes that Moffat's merely negative concession, useful though it had been as a wedge in his policy of expansion, was no longer sufficiently solid to hold the way to the north.

News was brought to Rhodes that a great Dutch trek was



OLD MILL AT GROOTE SCHUUR
Used to grind corn for the Dutch East India Company.

To face page 98.

being organised to start towards Matabeleland along that direct road to the north which he had long ago earmarked for British occupation ; and he realised that the time had come when it was necessary to push the Government towards definite and swift action, or lose for ever ' the balance of the map ' in Africa.

In January 1888 Rhodes and his friend, Alfred Beit, despatched a Mr. Fry to Lobengula's kraal, where he would act as agent until the great scheme of Imperial colonization could gain a firmer footing. Unfortunately, Fry became ill, and was forced to return without ever reaching Bulawayo. But Rhodes, knowing that the time had come when every move was of desperate importance, immediately sent up a second and well-equipped party which reached Bulawayo in September 1888, having despatched a letter ahead warning Lobengula of their coming. This party consisted of his old partner and friend, C. D. Rudd, Rochfort Maguire, an Oxford comrade, and Frank Thompson, a Kimberley friend of Rhodes's, who was a fluent speaker of several native languages. The last-named, however, was not altogether a sound choice, for, as his father had been murdered by natives, his nerves felt the strain of the long and protracted wait at the king's kraal, dependent on the whim of a ruler who was known to keep his young warriors in hand with difficulty, and surrounded by thousands of warlike Matabele who wished to rid their country of the white men.

These three were definitely charged by Rhodes to obtain from Lobengula a concession of all the mineral rights in his territories. Rudd took with him a characteristic note from Rhodes to Newton—now Sir Francis Newton—then assistant Imperial Commissioner in Bechuanaland, from which we see how keenly Rhodes felt in regard to Matabeleland at this time. It ran :

KIMBERLEY CLUB,
KIMBERLEY, *August, 1888.*

MY DEAR NEWTON,

Rudd will give you this letter. I have done my best, and hope as soon as I am clear also to start and join in enterprise.

I hope you will be able to help Rudd in any little matters he may ask. I think it will be as well for him to turn off and see Shippard before going on to Gubulawayo. I intend also to go up as soon as De Beers' matters are settled.

I quite think Kruger may fight for the interior, but I think this time we shall beat him; there will be no support for him from the Colony, and we can recruit all right. Besides which, he has a nasty factor in Johannesburg and Barberton.

I am awfully restless that I cannot get away to run my hobby in Matabeleland.

Yours ever,

C. J. RHODES.

Very shortly after this Rhodes—obsessed now by his scheme for a great company with unrestricted powers, and impatient for news of the Rudd mission, the result of which he knew could not be certain for several months—paid another flying visit to London, during which time he met and corresponded, as we have seen, with Parnell. While there he invited Mr. William Rhodes, the owner at that time of the Rhodes family estates at Dalston, to visit him in South Africa—an invitation that was accepted at a later date.

On his return in September of the same year, Rhodes made a fine and comprehensive speech to his constituents at Barkly West. Apparently he felt that the time had come when at last he might hope to rouse men to a realisation of his dream of Empire. He said:

'My feelings are that we have made great mistakes in the past; that we are quite capable of taking the responsibility of Bechuanaland, and, when the time arrives, the responsibility of Matabeleland. The wise course is for us to admit our regret for the fact that we neglected the opportunity of railway communication and free trade with the Transvaal; to admit we have lost that through our own fault, and that our future lies in the interior; to realise that whenever the Transvaal chooses to approach us we should do every-

thing that lies in our power to connect Pretoria with Cape Town and to assist its communication with Delagoa Bay. But the Cape Colony should claim to hold the keys of the interior, . . . we should state by our own policy that we are prepared to take the administration right through to the Zambesi; and that we feel that Cape Colony must be and shall be the dominant state in South Africa. If our possessions stretch from Cape Town to the Zambesi no one can deny that assertion.'

That was the last political speech Rhodes made for some time to come, for as the next year was devoted to work in connection with his 'hobby' of Empire-making, he made few appearances in the House.

Rudd and his companions reached Bulawayo not a moment too soon. They were closely followed by Renny-Tailyour, who, supported by Herr Lippert, a wealthy German financier, was also seeking to obtain a concession; and Mr. E. A. Maund, representing George Cawston's Exploring Company, arrived during the next month. There were also a number of other Europeans already at Lobengula's kraal upon one sort of business or another, for this till then almost unknown country was now attracting great interest in the world.

There was the missionary Helm, who for a long time had a strong and moderating influence over Lobengula, and whose hospitality was generously given to every white man who visited the king's capital, no matter what his character; Fairbairn, who had been made custodian of the king's great elephant seal—an arrangement which led to difficulties later; Usher, and several other adventurers, traders and prospectors, among whom were Messrs. Boggie, Chadwick, and Wilson, who thereupon became the determined supporters of Rhodes's men. The representatives of two rival syndicates were claiming rights over some land the title to which was disputed by Lobengula and Khama. Other Britons, Boers, and Germans were worrying Lobengula by their continual demands and by the differences of opinions existing among them. Since all white men spoke with

divergent tongues and apparently voiced different opinions, the old king was indeed perplexed. He found some relief in the cases of champagne presented to him by one or other of the rival applicants, which, unfortunately, did not lead him to a clearer judgment or a stronger control over his impiis, all of whom were anxious to rid their country of the white men, who encroached in greater numbers every year. Piet Grobler, whom Kruger had appointed Transvaal Consul in direct defiance of the Moffat Treaty, was killed by an impi of Khama. As a result Sir Sidney Shippard, High Commissioner of Bechuanaland, whom Lobengula called 'the good white man,' also visited Bulawayo at this time. His presence at the king's kraal undoubtedly influenced Lobengula more favourably towards Rudd and his companions, and a contemporary at this time wrote that Sir Sidney Shippard and Rhodes were 'playing a lone hand for the Empire.'¹

Rudd, Maguire, and Thompson waited a month at Bulawayo in daily dread of being murdered. Though they had frequent interviews with the king, at first they made little progress. All interviews were conducted in the unpleasant surroundings of the royal goat kraal, amid heat, flies, and dust, while the envoys were expected to take their part in the trying custom of beer-drinking and beef-eating which etiquette demanded. After the visit of Sir Sidney Shippard matters went better for Rhodes's envoys, and at length on October 30, 1888, following on an indaba lasting two days, Lobengula, realising clearly that unless he made terms with one of the rival nations who were casting jealous eyes on his rich territory, he might find himself overwhelmed by irresponsible parties, placed his mark, with Mr. Helm's assistance, to the document which, in exchange for certain payments, granted to Rudd and his comrades a mineral concession over all his territory.

The consideration promised to Lobengula included the sum of one hundred pounds sterling to be paid on the first day of every month; and one thousand Martini-Henry rifles

¹ Michell.

with a hundred thousand rounds of ammunition, half of which were to be ordered from England at once and delivered with reasonable despatch, and the remainder 'so soon as the said grantees shall have commenced to work mining machinery within my territory'; and further, the delivery on the Zambesi of a river steamboat with guns.

It is probable that at this time, with all a native's love of money and the goods of civilisation, especially arms—even without the knowledge of how to use them—Lobengula felt that he had been very astute and had got the better of the white men who were so tiresome. Although no native mind could foresee the whole future result of such a treaty, it is certain that he well understood its literal purport, and agreed to it. Rudd, through the well-known missionary, Mr. Helm, took special care to see to that.

Having gained all that he had hoped for, Rudd, having been 'given the road' by Lobengula, at once trekked away to the south with the concession in his pocket, and a friendly request from the king that he would bring up his 'big brother Rhodes'¹ next time. Maguire and Thompson stayed behind to 'hold the fort' and keep Lobengula in a friendly frame of mind.

Rudd had a terrible journey south, for the water holes across the Bechuana desert were dried up at that season and rains were later than usual in breaking. Had it not been for the help of some kindly Bechuanas, who discovered him lying insensible after he had hidden the precious concession in an ant bear hole, neither he nor the document would ever have been heard of again, and all his patient planning would have been made abortive by drought.

He found Rhodes at Kimberley, just returned from England with his kinsman, from whom he had at last succeeded in buying the Dalston estates.

We may imagine with what feelings Rhodes received the actual paper giving him a foothold on the 'country of his dreams.'

On December 5th, 1888, the High Commissioner received

¹ Williams.

a copy of the Rudd Concession and forwarded this to the Colonial Office with the following remark: 'The rush of concession hunters to Matabeleland has produced a condition of affairs dangerous to the peace of the country. I trust therefore that the effect of this concession to a gentleman of character and financial standing will be to check the inroad of adventurers as well as to secure the cautious development of the country with a proper consideration for the feelings and prejudices of the natives.'

For some time after Rudd's departure from Bulawayo, Maguire and Thompson retained their influence with Lobengula and were able to keep his mind free from disturbing elements, even persuading him to give public notice of his grant of the concession, which from Rhodes's point of view was a very advisable step, seeing that he was now at work on the foundation of a company for the development of the country. But in the beginning of the year 1889 they lost their power with Lobengula—through a small error of tact, it is said—and Maund, who possessed great charm of manner and a readiness of speech which went far towards convincing the native mind of the importance of his position, was promoted to high favour.

Rumours had been circulated around Bulawayo denying that the Great White Queen had any real existence; and, backed up, it is said, by Renny-Tailyour, Maund now hit upon the idea of persuading the Chief to send a letter to the Queen by the hands of two of his indunas, who should be escorted by Maund himself. This scheme, in addition to assuring Lobengula of the Queen's existence, would, he believed, add to his own importance in Matabeleland, enhance his prestige with the company he represented, and cut away the ground of the Rudd Concession.

The letter which the indunas carried with them purporting to be the words of Lobengula, was exceedingly clever and ran thus ' . . . Lobengula desires to know that there is a Queen. Some people who come into this land tell him that there is a Queen, some of them tell him that there is not. Lobengula can only find the truth by sending eyes to

see whether there is a Queen. The indunas are his eyes. Lobengula desires, if there is a Queen, to ask her to advise and help him, as he is much troubled by white men who come into his country and ask to dig gold. There is no one with him upon whom he can trust, and he asks that the Queen will send someone from herself.'

This letter did not bear Lobengula's mark, nor was it attested by the missionary Helm, who had helped the Chief in all his earlier dealings with the white men. It simply bore the mark of the elephant seal, which as we know was kept by the store-keeper, Fairbairn, in whom Lobengula placed undeserved confidence.

Armed with this letter, and in the company of the two indunas, Maund set off happily; and though his mission received a check when, on reaching Cape Town, Sir Hercules Robinson questioned the genuineness of the motives of the party, they continued their journey and reached England in February.¹

It is easy to appreciate how anxious Rhodes must have been at this time. He had gained what he had so long striven for—the concession in Matabeleland; but even now, by reason of the plotting of his adversaries, it looked as though he might lose what he had won after so great a struggle. Rudd had done well—brilliantly—but since he had left Matabeleland things had not gone satisfactorily. Rhodes himself was pestered by a horde of adventurers, most of whom brought forward more or less fraudulent claims which they attempted—usually with little success—to force him to buy; while the news from Bulawayo made him extremely uneasy. Despatches from Rochfort Maguire indicated that he was more than bored—and who would not have been, practically immured as he was in a native kraal with impis of a hostile and extremely uncertain temper on all sides!—while Thompson, obviously ill at ease, was constantly sending down to Rhodes long letters explaining the difficulties of the situation and the methods he was applying in dealing with all and every problem.

¹ Marshall-Hole.

Rhodes began to worry. He realised that Maguire was pining for the comforts he loved, and that Thompson's nerves were giving way. In his difficulty he turned to his staunch friend, Jameson. Would Jameson go north, soothe the uncertain monarch, and bring back definite word as to conditions? The first consignment of rifles and ammunition was also to be delivered at this time.

For a while Jameson held out. He had his practice. He was doing extremely well in Kimberley and was recognised as a brilliant surgeon, and he knew that if he undertook this mission to Bulawayo it meant the abandonment of his professional career. In the end two factors outweighed all his sound arguments—the persuasions of Rhodes, of whom he was very fond, and his own unsatisfied passion for adventure. Reading the latest message to Rhodes from Bulawayo, he realised the need for instant action to save the position. 'I will go,' he said. Rhodes meanwhile, as was a habit of his when he became moved over things, was walking with quick short steps rapidly to and fro with hands behind his back, his head inclined a little to the left and toes somewhat turned in. 'But when, Jameson? When will you start?' he asked.

'To-morrow morning,' was the prompt reply, and at sunrise next day Jameson was on his way. This was early in February, the same month in which Maund and his indunas reached England.

Jameson had some months previously accompanied Dr. Rutherford Harris on a short visit to Lobengula, but on that occasion his avowed object was a holiday and some big-game shooting. Now he went on a very different undertaking. Vast difficulties lay before him, for he knew nothing then of the native language or of their complicated customs and politics. Even Rhodes felt rather nervous as to Jameson's chance of success, but as it turned out, sending 'the Doctor' instead of going himself to Lobengula amounted almost to a stroke of genius, since it was a case of the right man in the right place. Jameson had by this time come completely under the spell of Rhodes's dream, and he now

took his position as one of the leaders of the expansion movement precisely at the moment when a man of courage, quick decision and, above all, tact was needed. Jameson possessed all three attributes, and without him it is possible that for a time at least the whole movement would have broken down.

In March Rhodes came to England. He saw clearly that before the actual formation of the great company which he planned should develop all of Matabeleland under a charter from the Imperial Government, other rival companies—Cawston's Exploration Company in particular—must be absorbed on the same principle as that by which he had built up his great diamond monopoly. Having this in mind and also the gaining of an Imperial charter, Rhodes arrived in London at the time Maund and his indunas were leaving. Beyond being granted an audience with the Queen and being a good deal fêted by a certain section of society, they had attained little towards gaining the object of those in whose game they were the unconscious pawns. But they carried back with them two letters to Lobengula—one from the Aborigines Protection Society, and the other, a most ambiguously worded and indefinite epistle, from Lord Knutsford. In spite of Maund having been in London for some weeks before the arrival of Rhodes and having done all in his power to strengthen the hands of his own group, Rhodes had not been in London many days before he had made an agreement with George Cawston for the ultimate absorption of the Exploring Company. On his arrival at Cape Town, Maund received by cable news of what had transpired in London while he had been making the outward voyage to South Africa, namely, the amalgamation of interests between Rhodes and the Exploring Company; and he was now instructed to throw the weight of any influence he possessed on the side of the Rudd Concession. He reached Bulawayo in August, having no doubt enjoyed a pleasant but quite useless trip to England at considerable expense to his company, while the two indunas had derived little benefit from their long journey except to develop a taste in champagne,

which Lobengula complained of to Jameson soon afterwards.

Jameson, who had reached Bulawayo on April 2nd, found Moffat was back again as King's Adviser, a post which he described as 'an official kept on the spot as a medium of communication between the Government and the Chief,'¹ and at a later date was defined as British Resident.

Jameson was well received by the king, and the rifles and ammunition were duly delivered with some ceremony, although at that time Lobengula did not formally take possession of these. He 'placed them in charge of a guard of his own soldiers under Mr. Chadwick, an action which Maguire and Thompson regarded as amounting to acceptance and therefore ratification of the concession.'²

On this visit to Bulawayo, Jameson, in addition to making a good impression on the king, cured him of an attack of gout which had baffled the local witch doctors. Jameson, keeping all his wits on the alert, was soon enabled to form an opinion of the uncertainties threatening the success of Rhodes's plans, which at that time were liable to be upset either by a too conservative Home Government or by the whims of a savage monarch who might at any moment listen to the counsels of jealous and disappointed concession hunters on the one hand, or to the advice of his warlike impis on the other, instead of to the wiser words of Moffat, Helm, and those who were loyal to Rhodes.

One of the main objects of his mission was to secure permission from Lobengula for the passage through part of Matabeleland of the pioneer force which was then being formed for the occupation of Mashonaland. Gradually he won the confidence of the king, but the indunas were still very suspicious despite Lobengula's favour, which he marked by creating Jameson an induna of his own favourite regiment, the Imbezu, decorating him with all the paraphernalia associated with the honour. The position of induna gave Jameson a number of most useful advantages, but it took many

¹ Marshall-Hole.

² Cooper Chadwick: *Three Years with Lobengula*.

weeks of patient persuasion on his part before he secured what he desired. In the end, however, Lobengula and his council yielded, and having done all he could to advance matters—and this must have been a good deal, for Lobengula remarked, ‘it is a pity the doctor cannot speak my language, for we would then get on well’—Jameson started south on April 12th. Maguire went down with him, for it was felt he could give useful help at Kimberley in sifting the few real claims from the mass of fraudulent ones still being brought against Rudd’s Concession. Thompson was left to keep the ear of the king. Unfortunately, at this time he was a very anxious man and far from well, and not therefore calculated to inspire confidence in anyone, certainly not in a tribe of natives, who as a result of the determined circulation of insidious rumours had become suspicious of the intentions of the white men and of the purport of the paper their ruler had signed.

CHAPTER XI

THE CHARTER

1889-1890

MEANWHILE, Rhodes in London had not only absorbed two rival companies—the Exploring Company and Lord Gifford's Bechuanaland Exploration Company—but had made many important friendships. On this occasion he was regarded, not as a successful diamond speculator, or even a powerful politician and financier, but as a great man possessed of immense power and vast wealth, who was also the potential owner of a territory comprising some 174,000 square miles (the boundaries of which he was still pushing forward) which might one day form a prosperous outlet for the surplus population of Great Britain.

Small wonder that Rhodes was now lionised. People—little-minded people who had never moved further than London—crowded to see the Empire-maker, the first Englishman to combine successfully business with romance. This was the secret; the reason which made the public support the British South Africa Company so strongly and so surprisingly swiftly when its shares were first placed on the market.

Still Rhodes lived very simply and spent all his days in business connected with De Beers or the goldfields or in pushing forward the scheme nearest to his heart. He never cared either for society or banquets, observing that 'he saw no reason to make his interior a dustbin for anyone!' But he enjoyed entertaining a few friends at dinner, and afterwards he would unbend and talk openly and frankly of his thoughts and ideas. 'If you wish to keep anything secret,

talk about it as if it were known by everybody,' he exclaimed. He was fond of starting an argument on some passing event or from a phrase he had read. It was one of his chief forms of relaxation.

But affairs did not go all smoothly for Rhodes. Like any man of strong character, he had enemies and powerful enemies. MacKenzie, his old antagonist in Bechuanaland, was back in England, urging the Government to part with no more power in South Africa. He was backed by the Aborigines Protection Society and the London Chamber of Commerce, and these bodies supplied Lord Knutsford with innumerable memoranda explaining that direct Crown government was the only method of securing justice for the natives. The South African Committee attacked Rudd as 'a Cape Colonist who is believed to have received support in the commercial part of his undertaking from persons in authority at the Cape . . . a single speculator who buys for an old song the most valuable territory in South Africa.'¹ Bradlaugh and Labouchere in the House of Commons were unpleasantly inquisitive in regard to the gift of arms to Lobengula.

On the other hand Rhodes interested everyone he met, and often many who disliked him before getting acquainted with him became his firm friends when they knew him. He was brought into contact with W. T. Stead much against the latter's wishes, for he was an ally of MacKenzie, and Stead was so drawn to Rhodes that he remained a lifelong friend in spite of their divergence in political and other opinions. Rhodes found in Stead a brain capable of appreciating all his dreams. To him he confided his thoughts and his ideas, and even made him his executor.

At this time F. C. Selous, the great African hunter and explorer, was busy with a concession he had gained from a Makori-kori chief, which concession, however, after considerable conversations with Rhodes in London he agreed to relinquish for a certain consideration and he undertook to work for Rhodes and the charter instead. In a letter to the Duke of Abercorn, Rhodes explained the position: 'Selous was about

¹ Williams.

to write a series of articles advocating that Mashonaland was independent of Lobengula and had never been under his control. I saw at once the danger of our position if a series of articles appeared in the papers from a man of Selous' position claiming that Mashonaland was independent of Lobengula. Selous said that of course when he went in he had no idea we should get a charter, but when he saw that the only hope of the country was the success of the charter, he proposed with Mr. Johnson—who had also been there—and several others to go in and occupy the country for the charter. He agreed to abandon his concession, which I told him was not worth the paper it was written on, for in 1888 the Queen officially recognised Lobengula as sovereign of both the Matabele and Mashona peoples, while the British Government stated to the Portuguese Government that he was an independent king and undisputed ruler over Matabeleland and Mashonaland. Johnson, Borrow, and Heany also had shares in this concession and all agreed to tear up their scrip. They deemed it fair if I could give Selous something for the time and labour he had spent. I gave him personally two thousand pounds out of my own private funds, but on the distinct understanding that it was nothing to do with his concession and that I recognised it in no sort of way. . . . They then proposed that they should take the responsibility of making the occupation of Mashonaland with a body of about five hundred men and ninety waggons. They wished to do it by contract.'

Having settled matters with Selous, Rhodes took the opportunity of discussing with him the best way to undertake the occupation of the newly acquired territory—so far ahead had his ideas already reached beyond the mere gaining of the charter. Selous, who knew and had hunted over a great part of Lobengula's country, suggested that the eastern part of the territory, Mashonaland, should first be colonised; this portion being on higher ground would be healthier, and also there would be less chance of the white people coming into contact with Lobengula's fierce impis.

In his determination to enlarge the Imperial boundaries

the Irish Party were inclined to support Rhodes. Sir Hercules Robinson, now in London, did his utmost to influence the Colonial Office in Rhodes's favour until gradually the Government came to see that since they were not being asked to finance the new territory, there could be little harm in letting Rhodes and his company go ahead, shouldering all risk and responsibility of claiming for England a country which might—or on the other hand might not—turn out to be a valuable addition to the Empire. On the whole the odds were in favour of Matabeleland, therefore by all means let Mr. Rhodes go ahead and find out. Something like that, one imagines, must have been in the minds of the Government at that time.

Lord Knutsford was gradually converted to the idea; Lord Salisbury, seeing that the House of Commons was not asked to vote any money, refrained from opposing the petition; the Duke of Abercorn was willing to become the first chairman; the Duke of Fife joined the Board, and then Rhodes, with that sure instinct of finding the key log in a jam, sought out Albert Grey (subsequently fourth Earl Grey and Governor-General of Canada), who as a member of the South African Committee had been one of Rhodes's keenest opponents, and by patient argument entirely won him over to his own views and persuaded him to accept a seat on the Board, on which Lord Gifford and Alfred Beit also agreed to serve.

On July 13th a petition was presented to the Imperial authorities begging that Her Majesty's Government would undertake that the interest which had been loyally acquired by the directors of the British South Africa Company should receive the recognition and moral support of the Government under a royal charter.

Having done all that was possible to ensure the success of his scheme, Rhodes, unable to wait in inactivity in London while the wheels of state ground out either a royal charter for his company or a refusal, returned to Kimberley. But just before sailing he astonished the Foreign Office by the swiftness of his own methods. On June 1st he writes that,

'to save time he is willing to pay the Government at once the £30,000 which, under the charter, would be due for a telegraph line to Mafeking, and a further £4000 a year for the upkeep in Bulawayo of a British Resident.' After a fortnight comes the answer agreeing in principle to the proposals. 'To whom shall I make the payments?' asks Rhodes by return. 'Not so fast,' replied the Colonial Office a week later, 'you must wait till the charter is granted.'¹

But waiting was to him an impossibility. He realised so clearly the shortness of human life, and the amount of work at hand. 'Everything in the world is too short. Life and fame and achievement,' he declared. On one occasion he said: 'I should like a long life if it were a full one, and I would like to be active and able to work all through it,' and on another he complained rather bitterly that 'a third of one's life is lost in waiting for people who have failed to keep appointments and in trying to find out if our friends are telling the truth.'

So Rhodes, ever impatient, went back to his work in South Africa, and it was well that he did, for on his arrival in Kimberley in August he received a startling telegram from Thompson at Mafeking saying that he had fled from Bulawayo in danger of his life. Considerable doubt has been cast on this statement, but there is no reason to disbelieve it. It is highly improbable that Lobengula would have given orders to kill Thompson knowing him to be the friend of Rhodes and Jameson, but had he been murdered, as was quite possible, by one or other of the fractious indunas, Lobengula could not have brought him back to life. It is certain that Thompson had not been in the king's favour for some time, and on the execution of an induna named Lotje, who had strongly advocated the signing of the Rudd Concession, Thompson felt sure that everyone connected in any way with Rhodes and Rudd would be wiped out.

Evidently the situation in the north was desperate. Rhodes saw at once that the flight of Thompson could only mean one thing—fear—to the native mind, and that would

¹ Williams.

spell disaster to his interests ; while his absence would give an opportunity to his rivals to gain influence over the king. Lobengula, it appears, now stated that Jameson was in error in thinking that he had received permission for the pioneer expedition to pass through the eastern part of Matabeleland. Generally, Thompson's statement as to the position was highly unfavourable to Rhodes's plans. Rhodes felt Jameson had misled him by undue optimism, and he said so somewhat roughly, sufficiently so to cause Jameson to exclaim : ' I shall go back at once and prove to you that all I reported was accurate, and further I guarantee that Lobengula will fulfil his promises, but I must have a free hand to negotiate with him and full support from this end. If you do not agree to that, you must find someone else to undertake the job.'

Rhodes would willingly have gone himself, more especially as he was aware how anxious Lobengula was to see him, but he had to be in touch with the Imperial Government ; and though he was at first not quite satisfied, he finally said : ' Go ahead, Jameson. I was wrong. I leave the whole matter in your hands with every confidence, and the move now is to get off.' For half the night they talked, and next day Jameson with two companions, Doyle and Maxwell, set off by Cape-cart, and picking up Thompson at Mafeking, reached Tati, close to the border of Matabeleland, after some twenty-two days' travelling. There he found all the white traders and hunters in a state of great alarm, under the impression that the Matabele impis were on the warpath and wiping out every white in their country, and he was strongly urged to go no further. To that advice he paid no heed, but asked Sam Edwards, one of the best-known traders in the country and a great friend of Lobengula, with F. Dreyer, a well-known elephant hunter, to join him. On they went to Bulawayo, which they reached about October 20th, and there Jameson found a serious position had arisen, due largely to the arrival of other would-be concessionaires who were doing their utmost to discredit Rhodes and his group. Presents of sporting rifles, horses, bulls, rugs, waggons, etc., sur-

rounded the king's huts, and he was befuddled with champagne, brandy, and whisky. It was no easy matter to get near Lobengula, as since Jameson had been there before the indunas had come back from London with the Queen's picture. Some of her Life Guards were known by Lobengula to be on the way with presents to him, and he was being told daily that Rhodes was an impostor. And yet the king liked what he had heard of Rhodes from Moffat, Helm, and others whom he trusted, and unquestionably he had become fond of Jameson. His indunas and impis wanted to drive every white out of the country and then attack the pioneer force when it reached the border. He didn't like letting Rhodes and Jameson down, and he became moody and refused to talk about the concession.

Lobengula was suffering now from sore eyes in addition to a return of the gout; his indunas were more difficult than usual to restrain; and above all a band of Portuguese had arrived on his northern border—rather opportunely, as it turned out for Rhodes.

Jameson determined to see things out, so he remained at the king's kraal doctoring his ills, but was not allowed for some time any political discussion, the king meanwhile passing very scathing remarks as to Thompson's flight.

Meanwhile, Sir Henry Loch had replaced Sir Hercules Robinson as High Commissioner; and on October 29th, 1889, the charter was granted confirming Rudd's Concession and giving to the British South Africa Company gigantic powers and an almost unlimited field of action over a huge area of territory which was not defined till 1905. Northward indeed it had no limit—except that knowing Rhodes's dreams we can imagine as an intended boundary only the Mediterranean. Clauses were inserted for the protection of native rights, freedom of religion, and trading concessions. But the company had power to make treaties and pass laws; to maintain a police force and acquire new concessions; and to make roads, railways, and harbours. The capital of the company was fixed at one million pounds in one pound shares. De Beers subscribed for two hundred thousand

shares in addition to the amounts provided by the Goldfields and Rhodes, while a hundred and fifty thousand shares were applied for by English and Dutch colonists. This pleased Rhodes greatly, as it showed a keen interest being taken by these shareholders in the new country.

Thus the map and the whole history of Africa had now been changed by a young Englishman of thirty-six, who considered expansion of Empire as the chief reason for the Company's existence and the whole object of his own.

This news soon spread to Matabeleland, and Moffat, who at this time was ably helping Jameson, used it most wisely, and at last on November 28th Jameson and he were granted an indaba with Lobengula. This lasted four hours, of which the first two were occupied in abuse of Thompson, and in order to appease the king Jameson had to promise that he should go and not come back. Moffat explained that the Queen had said everything belonged to Rhodes, who had first sent Thompson, Maguire, and Rudd, and then had superseded Thompson by Jameson. Jameson produced the original concession and gave it to Lobengula, saying he would be content to trust to the word of the king—a saying which greatly appealed to Lobengula, who took the document and, without looking at it, asked Moffat to keep it for him.

When Lobengula told Moffat of a Portuguese force said to be raiding his country, he also said that he believed some of them to be English, to which Moffat felt himself obliged to reply, 'If they are, they have nothing to do with us, and I as the Queen's representative give them to you.' This answer pleased the king very much, and he then asked Moffat if he would write to the Queen for him on the subject. To this Moffat agreed, and at the next indaba Moffat fully explained to the king the position of a Protectorate. He also told the king he had now definite information that the charter was granted and that Rhodes, Rudd, Jameson, and Maguire were the charter, explaining at the same time that they had the power to raise soldiers and protect both themselves and their friends in conjunction with the king of the country.

Here the matter was temporarily dropped, and it was left for the king (who objected to direct advice) to work out in his own mind the connection between his troubles and the white men's powers.

During a further conversation Moffat again explained that the charter was signed by the Queen ; that Rhodes was the head of the charter, and that Jameson represented Rhodes ; that the charter had power to raise troops for their own protection and if necessary to fight the king's enemies.

Jameson, having improved the king's health, had regained his favour—his sunny disposition, immense tact and patience strongly appealing to Lobengula—and he not only obtained permission for the prospectors to begin digging for gold on the west side of the Tati road, so that the company could say that the development of the country had actually begun, but he also won from Lobengula a promise to agree to the peaceful occupation of the country by a large force of white men. Then, feeling that for the time being he could do no more, and leaving Doyle as his deputy in the place of Thompson, he went south, passing through Macloutsi on the border, where the pioneers were gradually being collected for their advance, and on to confer with Rhodes in Kimberley.

In January 1890 three Imperial officers reached Bulawayo and handed Lobengula a letter from the Queen announcing the grant of a royal charter and recommending the company to his most favourable consideration. There is no doubt this letter made a great impression on Lobengula. It cleared the air as to Rhodes and Jameson, and loyally did he afterwards carry out his promises with regard to protecting all Europeans at his capital and giving the pioneers free passage to Mashonaland. By skilful handling he kept his recalcitrant indunas in hand till the pioneer force and B.S.A. Police had got well established in Mashonaland, and in the history of the country and as a great native chief he will always remain an outstanding figure.

CHAPTER XII

CUTTING THE ROAD.

1890 .

RHODES was busy in Cape Town in January 1890 signing formal agreements with the Government for the construction of a further section of the railway from Kimberley to Mafeking, which he hoped would be the backbone of the new country, and which under the charter he was bound to construct. He also began making plans for what was later to become his trans-continental telegraph scheme, since the Chartered Company under the terms of its agreement was to bear part of the expense of taking the telegraph line—the construction of which always seemed to Rhodes such a vital step to the civilising of any country—through the Bechuanaland Protectorate. This was his first care, and at the beginning the expense was borne almost entirely out of his private purse ; for he was always ready to sacrifice unhesitatingly any personal financial advantage to his Imperial ambition, and to his desire to paint the map red over all the unclaimed portions of the last continent that remained open for British expansion.

When Jameson returned to Kimberley in the early part of 1890, he found Rhodes there immersed in many plans, which he hoped would in time take shape and result in the creation of one gigantic African Empire.

Kimberley has often been referred to as Rhodes's place of destiny. It was at Kimberley that he entirely regained the health, which in his youth it was thought he would never recover ; at Kimberley he dreamed those first dreams of Imperial expansion, and later gained the vast fortune which

enabled him to bring about the realisation of many of them. He was at Kimberley when he heard that Rudd had gained the concession over Matábeleland ; when the news came of the granting of the Charter ; and yet again in days to come when word was relayed down of the safe arrival of his pioneers in the country which was to bear his name.

Not content to rest on the charter he had gained, which was to make possible the settlement of Mashonaland and Matabeleland, Rhodes had also his eye on further lands which he felt should and must at all costs be held for Great Britain against the several rival nations that were now wishing to gain a footing in a part of Africa which was believed to be immensely wealthy.

Early in 1890 there were gathered with Rhodes in Kimberley a little band of proved explorers, men whose hunting expeditions had in many cases served as forerunners of the advance of British settlement—men who might be termed scouts of the army of civilisation. There was Frank Elliott Lochner, whom Rhodes now sent in charge of an expedition to Lewanika's kraal in Barotseland ; there was A. R. Colquhoun, also Joseph Thomson, starting for what was then known as M'siri's country but is now Katanga, a district which, while the Congo territory was still indefinite, seemed to promise a valuable addition to the Empire. For the same purpose Mr. H. H. Johnston did good work in Nyasaland, where some ground had already been covered by the missionaries. In East Africa, south of the Zambesi, there were two chiefs, M'Tasa and Gungunyana, over whose territory Portugal was claiming dominion, and Rhodes now sent a Dr. Schultz to approach Gungunyana. As regards M'Tasa, he felt it would be more opportune to approach him when the further developments he planned in Mashonaland were carried out. It is also said that at one time Rhodes considered sending Stanley to acquire other concessions north of the Zambesi.

To this gathering came Jameson, reporting that the way to the north was now clear of all opposition on the part of Lobengula, and that preparations for the despatch of the

first band of pioneers could safely be taken in hand. So soon therefore as this band of explorers—quiet men with records of fine deeds behind them—broke up and each started his particular way, Rhodes in consultation with Jameson and Selous began seriously to consider the occupation of his new country.

Jameson had suggested sending up small parties of wag-gons one at a time, and thus settling Mashonaland gradually without alarming the Matabele. But Rhodes, who disliked half measures, had other ideas, and was persuaded that small parties would run greater risks than one combined force. He consulted Colonel Carrington, then in command of the Bechuanaland Police, but that officer was only prepared to undertake the job at a very high figure, and Rhodes, who had no wish to use in a military display money that would be required for the future development of the new territory, abandoned the idea of entrusting Carrington with the expedition. Whilst occupied with these problems, and when he was sitting one day in the Kimberley Club, he saw Frank Johnson, who had encountered varied experiences during many years in South Africa and with whom he had been brought into contact over Matabele affairs by F. C. Selous. Rhodes reminded Johnson of a talk when they had discussed the occupation of Mashonaland, and he submitted to him Carrington's extravagant demand. 'Pooh!'¹ said Johnson, 'give me 250 men and I will walk through the country.' 'You will?' said Rhodes. 'Of course I will,' said Johnson. 'And what will it cost?' asked Rhodes cautiously. Johnson, seeing now that he was being taken more seriously than he expected, replied, 'Give me till lunch time and I will work it out.' Thereupon Johnson, who had considerable experience of commissariat and transport, sat down with a large sheet of paper before him and worked out his ideas of equipment and supply. By noon his calculations were complete, and the detailed sheet of expenditure which he laid before Rhodes only totalled £87,000. Rhodes, with his love of swift decisions and absence of preparation, was delighted.

¹ Williams.

'Right,' he said, for he realised that if Johnson had as it were a contract to deliver the pioneers at Mount Hampden, he would naturally try to get the job done as expeditiously as possible and to avoid all fighting with the Matabele—a thing Rhodes dreaded. 'You go, Johnson. You command the force.' And he kept on repeating, 'You go,' in the manner he had when excited.

Johnson's contract, which was all in his own handwriting, is an extraordinary document. By it Johnson agreed to recruit, arm, and equip a force of 200 men, to pay them at the same rate as the Chartered Company's Police, and to buy all necessary oxen, waggons, arms, stores, and ammunition needed for the expedition.

But while these preparations were going forward Lobengula had not remained in the tranquil frame of mind in which Jameson had left him. Doyle, whom Jameson had left at the king's kraal, had little influence with him, and after Jameson's departure Lobengula not unnaturally became again impatient to see Rhodes, to whom he had given so much, and uneasy as to what exactly his gift amounted to.

In March, Selous, who had gained from Khama a promise of native labourers to cut the road through part of his country, was at Palapye, where, in accordance with an undertaking given to Jameson by Lobengula, a hundred Matabele engaged for the same purpose were to have met him in charge of Colenbrander, who had taken Doyle's place as Rhodes's agent. The latter contingent, however, failed to arrive, and Selous, tired of waiting, went straight north to ask Lobengula the cause of the delay. He found that the king had retracted his promises to Jameson; was annoyed with Colenbrander, who, he said, saw too clearly into the minds of his councillors for his comfort, and, while absolutely refusing to allow a road to be made into his country, he told Selous to 'go back and take Rhodes by the hand and bring him here.'

Selous, feeling matters were at a deadlock, returned to Kimberley with the news. Rhodes, determined now that the pioneers were already being recruited that nothing should

stop the forward movement, was most anxious to go himself and talk with Lobengula ; but he was overruled in this by others in the venture, who reminded him that he was indispensable for sanctioning and arranging the advance from the base of operations. Again there was only one alternative—that Jameson should go once more as Rhodes's emissary to Bulawayo.

So Jameson, accompanied by Selous, started from Kimberley on April 11th. But at Tati he persuaded Selous to turn back, ostensibly on the ground that he would be more needed in his original position of guide to the expedition, but actually because he felt that by going to Bulawayo alone he would stand a better chance of influencing Lobengula. On this occasion he found the old chief in an unusually difficult mood, but the patience and the firmness of Jameson were at last rewarded, and in an interview described by Mr. Seymour Fort, he again obtained what was tantamount to a permit for the peaceful occupation of the country. 'After two days,' he tells us, 'spent in vain at the king's kraal, Doctor Jameson arranged to leave the next morning at day-break. But before starting, as a final effort, he went to Lobengula to say good-bye. The door of the chief's hut was in two portions—an upper and a lower—and leaning over the lower half, he had his last and final interview. The old king was stark naked and somewhat agitated—his mass of dark-coloured flesh moving restlessly up and down in the dim uncertain light of the hut. "Well, king," said Jameson, "as you will not confirm your promise and grant me the road, I shall bring my white impi and if necessary we shall fight." Lobengula replied, "I never refused the road to you and to your impi." "Very well," said Jameson, "then you acknowledge that you have promised to grant me the road, and unless you refuse to do it now your promise holds." The king remained diplomatically silent, and Jameson said, "Good-bye, chief. You have given me your promise about the road, and on the strength of that promise I shall bring my impi to Mashonaland."'

A few days later Jameson left Bulawayo to meet the

pioneer column then on its way north, and he and Lobengula—whose meetings, although few in number, had such momentous results for the whole of Southern Africa—never met again.

It may be of some interest if I mention that in January 1892 I went from Salisbury with Captain Lendy of the B.S.A. Police to meet Lobengula at the Sebakwe River, distant some 170 miles. Lendy was carrying messages from Jameson to Lobengula. His first words were, 'Has Jameson come, or Rhodes?' On being told that neither had been able to, he showed the greatest disappointment. He was even then a fine-looking figure, though bloated and evidently suffering from rheumatism. My chief recollection of the incident was his keen regret at not meeting Rhodes or Jameson, which it was clear he had been looking forward to.

In March reports reached Rhodes, and through him were forwarded to the High Commissioner, that a party of Dutchmen were planning a trek to take up a concession in North-East Mashonaland.

Sir Henry Loch sent a protest to Kruger, and following this up swiftly he and Rhodes went to confer with the Dutch President at Blydenburg. Kruger was not in a good temper, for the racial disturbances already taking place in Johannesburg worried him. But when Loch agreed to recognise the Transvaal interests in Swaziland, Kruger in his turn undertook not to interfere in the northern territory. Kruger had now been overruled by the more progressive of his burghers, and forced to consent to the Cape Railway system being continued into the Transvaal, but only on condition that the Nederlands Railway Company should control the Transvaal section of the line.

All this time the recruiting and drilling of the small band of pioneers—the first settlers of Matabeleland—had proceeded swiftly. The force was limited to two hundred, and men from every district in South Africa were included, so that they carried with them the sentiment of the whole colony. It was also arranged that representatives of all trades and callings should be included, and a few Civil

Service men were added who should form the nucleus of a future Administrative Service ; for the objects of the column were to settle and colonise the new country—in other words to materialise Rhodes's dream of 'Homes—more homes.' Each man was promised a certain amount of ground and mineral rights on the completion of the occupation, until which time he should remain under the same military discipline as the force of five hundred British South Africa Company's Police, who were to accompany them. The force was placed under the command of Lieut.-Colonel E. G. Pennefather of the 6th Dragoons, who had distinguished himself in both the Zulu and the Boer campaigns, while the pioneers were in charge of Frank Johnson. Selous was chosen for guide and intelligence officer to the whole column, and it must have been a wonderful sight to see this little body of picked men starting out cheerily on June 27th for their four hundred mile journey into almost unknown country. It has been said that no finer corps than these police and the Mashonaland Pioneers has ever been raised. Certain it is that only men of strong imagination would embark on such an adventure, and although inspired by many different aims, all felt the spell of that romance which was never absent from any of Rhodes's undertakings.

By September 11th the Mashonaland Pioneers reached their objective, having covered 400 miles in three months, the greater part in dense bush country through which the road had to be hacked. Jameson met them on the way and insisted on going on ahead with Selous. In spite of almost incredible risks, the little force proceeded steadily, and no attack was made on them. They only once came into touch with Lobengula's scouts, two of whom brought a puzzling message from the king, saying, 'they were not to proceed unless they were strong enough.'¹ To which Colonel Pennefather replied that they were advancing under the orders of the Queen whom they could not disobey.

The greatest difficulty which faced the column was the ascent from the low bush country to the high plateau of

¹ Fuller.

Mashonaland, and here good fortune was with them, for as they approached the frowning cliff which divides the high from the low veld, Selous, scouting on ahead, found an easy gradual ascent for the waggons, which was thereafter called Providential Pass. The very simplicity by which this way was found through otherwise impenetrable hills forms a striking and dramatic incident in the history of the Empire.

The flag was hoisted at a spot twelve miles from Mount Hampden by Lieut. Tyndale Biscoe on September 12th, and the fort there erected was called Fort Salisbury. A relay post was quickly organised southwards, and a letter expressed to Rhodes, who said, 'When at last I found that they were through to Fort Salisbury, I do not think there was a happier man in the country than myself.'¹

Fort building went on throughout September. On the last day of that month the pioneers were disbanded, and thus were automatically transformed from a very efficient and mobile military force into the citizen community of the new country, which in addition to mining for gold would in time lay out farms and build townships in what was then a wilderness.

¹ Williams.

CHAPTER XIII

SUCCESS

1890-1891

WITHIN a year Rhodes had obtained the charter and had occupied—in part at least—the country to which it gave him access. In addition to his ordinary business he was now to shoulder still another heavy responsibility.

Sir Gordon Sprigg, a statesman of extreme mediocrity, had become Prime Minister of the Cape in November 1886. Devoted as he was to keeping himself in office, he failed to gauge accurately the views of the House regarding certain railway extensions and was defeated on a measure involving the expenditure of seven millions for railways, which the Cape Government decided it could not afford. He therefore resigned, and Sauer, who was then called upon by Sir Henry Loch, failed to form a ministry. Thereafter the High Commissioner sent for Rhodes as the only man who could carry with him the confidence of both Dutch and British colonists, and entrusted him with the task. In this Rhodes was successful, for he had gained the support of the Dutch, though he had steadfastly refused to become the tool of the Bond Party; and by July 17th he had made up his cabinet.

Thus at the age of thirty-seven Rhodes became Prime Minister of the Cape Colony.

Only eighteen years earlier he had been that dreamy, delicate lad, watching his natives at work in the diggings of De Beers—a shy, odd youth, not over-popular, whom no one understood. *Then* he had dreamed indeed. But *now* his dreams had become tangible, to the lasting advantage of his countrymen. In addition to great wealth and fame, not only in South Africa but in England and on the Continent,

he now actually controlled the destiny of the Cape Colony and of practically the whole of South Africa. It was freely said at this time that Rhodes was likely to leave a greater mark on the world than any previous Empire-builder, and his success in this direction was causing a good deal of jealousy throughout Europe.

His ministry contained three supporters of the Bond—himself, Faure, and Sivewright—the last-named an astute Scotsman who had risen from a small job in the Cape telegraph service to a leading position as a contractor on the new railway, in which capacity he had won Rhodes's confidence—and also Innes, Sauer, and Merriman, the friend of early Kimberley days and now a brilliant speaker with a very caustic wit.

Although Rhodes was never accounted a great orator, the members were proud of their Prime Minister for his financial capacity, the wideness of his vision, and above all his ambitions for the Cape Colony. He always had something to say well worth listening to, and for this reason his speeches were heard in complete silence, although he talked in a conversational strain and was apt to branch off the subject in hand in a totally unexpected manner. 'On one occasion, for example, Sprigg had made a strong case against him for not having carried out his engagement to extend the line from Vryburg to Mafeking; in his reply he almost ignored the charge and devoted himself to a detailed vindication of his northern policy since 1880, and of his recent occupation of Mashonaland, concluding with the amusing piece of intelligence that 'the honourable gentleman has put the motion on a very suitable day. It happens to be my birthday.'¹

At this period Rhodes, who was now admitted the ablest man of South African affairs, was also one of the hardest workers it would be possible to find, and it was only his habit of sleeping soundly at night, no matter how many difficulties harassed him during the day, that enabled him to withstand the tremendous strain.

¹ Williams.

Finding that he needed more solitude than club life afforded, he looked around for a home on the outskirts of Cape Town. In Grootte Schuur ('Great Barn') and its surrounding acres, which he purchased from Mrs. John van der Byl, he found a place well suited to his taste and to his love of the beautiful in nature, although he did not occupy the house until the end of this year.

It is certain that he only took the position of Premier because it seemed to him that in it he might work to better advantage towards bringing about a United South Africa, and not because of any personal ambition.

His dreams went far deeper than mere commercial and political relationships. He ever thought of the young generation, and decided that their education should fit them for the birthright in the wide new country he had now secured for them, and which he hoped would give them in addition to prosperity a wider outlook than is afforded by life in a small settlement. Always he wished that the colonists in South Africa should have space for expansion, 'for,' said Rhodes, 'people should move about so as to see what is going on. Localism is a curse to this and every country.'

Already he was occupied with the plans for a Teachers' University at Cape Town, where the young men of each and all the South African States might work together in a common fellowship, which should inevitably establish a better understanding between the two races. But finding the moment unpropitious, this scheme was postponed until a more suitable time, and, owing to the trend of future events, at a later date abandoned, but the University is now being erected on the land on Table Mountain which he bequeathed for the purpose.

Rhodes made his first speech as Premier at Kimberley in September, and in part explained to his constituents his acceptance of an office to which it was felt by many he could not give sufficient time or attention, and in regard to which he had been severely criticised.

'I thought,' he said in the course of his speech, 'of the

tasks I had in De Beers and the Chartered Company, and I decided that one position could be worked with the other and each to the benefit of all.' And in referring to his dream of union he continued: 'When I speak of South African union, I mean that we may attain to perfect free trade as to our own commodities and a general customs union stretching from Delagoa Bay to Walfish Bay, and if our statesmen should attain that I say they will have done a good work . . . and I am glad that Cape Colony will also share in the development of the country to the north. I feel sure that within my lifetime the limits of Cape Colony will stretch as far as the Zambesi.'

In this speech we feel again that absolute sureness of his own power to accomplish what he had set out to do, which was so strongly foreshadowed when at the age of twenty he drew up his amazing first Will.

Despite the pressure of parliamentary business, Rhodes's thoughts were much occupied at this time with his pioneers in the new territory. On their arrival at Fort Salisbury, all had gone well for the first settlers; and many would-be prospectors and traders, who had been waiting at Macloutsi and Tuli for news of the success of the first column, now followed them up, while more elaborate expeditions were fitted out in England and on the Continent. Transport riders got to work taking up waggon loads of stores, for which they asked—and obtained—a payment of £70 a ton, and all over South Africa there spread an immense and optimistic belief in 'Rhodes's new country.'

But one of the heaviest rainy seasons ever remembered in South and East Africa followed the occupation of Mashonaland, and when the rains began almost all the rivers, which the pioneer column had crossed so easily, became impassable. No further supplies could come through; malaria, the cause of which was not then understood, exacted its toll of victims at that season; and the settlers were up against many very real problems and hardships. For the most part they stood the test well, though some made loud complaints, and Colquhoun, the first administrator, was in a trying position.

Meanwhile Jameson, who with Johnson had left the pioneers a few miles short of Salisbury, reached Beira, after desperate adventures, including injury by a fall from his horse and the loss of all camp equipment from fire. By the rarest chance they came through safely, and after descending the Pungwe River in a Berthon boat, were—almost incredibly!—picked up at the mouth by a tug Jameson had arranged should meet him. They had gone down that way in the hope of finding a direct route to the east coast, which was clearly necessary if communication with Mashonaland was to be kept open through the wet season.

In October Rhodes, with D. C. de Waal and M. Venter—two Dutch members of the House of Assembly—accompanied the High Commissioner on a tour through Bechuanaland, where they attended the opening of the new railway, which had now reached Vryburg, at which place Rhodes in a speech made humorous reference to the occasion of his former visit there when Sir Charles Warren had referred to him as 'a danger to the community.'

At Macloutsis the Governor and the Premier held a review of troops, and from here Sir Henry Loch was returning to Cape Town. Rhodes only now announced his intention of extending his own journey northwards towards Mashonaland, though it seemed evident this idea must have been in his mind the whole time. The High Commissioner disliked the plan intensely and used every possible argument to dissuade Rhodes, as the Matabele were then known to be in a state of some discontent. About this time Lobengula had granted Herr Lippert (a German financier whom Renny Tailour had long represented at Bulawayo) a concession for a hundred years to deal with all land in his territories. The old chief was not happy over this and was most unwilling to agree, but he was pressed and cajoled into agreement by Lippert's agents, who kept him liberally supplied with champagne, to which he had taken a great liking. Had Rhodes or Jameson been able to visit him at any time between the middle of 1890 and 1891, this concession would never have been given over their heads. However, a little later Rhodes,

on behalf of the Chartered Company, purchased the concession from Lippert, though at considerable cost, and so established its title firmly once and for all.

Strong arguments were used to dissuade him from entering Mashonaland at this time. 'Remember,' Sir Henry reminded him, 'you are not Mr. Rhodes alone, but also the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony.' Several others endorsed the Governor's words; but Rhodes replied that his object had not been to see Bechuanaland, but to reach Mashonaland—that new territory upon the border of which he was actually standing. It was his own country, he reiterated. So Rhodes, with de Waal and Venter, started north from Macloutsi, and after meeting and talking to Colonel Pennefather, who was going down to Kimberley, they continued their journey to the Tuli River. Here they met some Boer waggons also returning from Mashonaland, and upon asking the owners what prospect there was of reaching Fort Salisbury at that season, they were told that such a journey was out of the question; that the rivers were already rising and would soon be far too deep for any waggons to go through; while even if they could be crossed at once, the return journey would be quite impossible. One hunter, they told Rhodes, had had to wait between two rivers from December until May.

The Premier, now realising that the journey he had so longed to make was practically impossible at that season for anyone under the conditions then existing—at any rate for anyone in public life with responsibilities and decisions that could not be delayed—very reluctantly turned south and gave up the hope of seeing Mashonaland until the next year. He then travelled down to Pretoria, where President Kruger entertained him.

'We must work together,' began Rhodes, after coffee-drinking and skirmishing around for a spot where the smoke of Kruger's pipe did not throw its fumes over him, for tobacco he never enjoyed. 'I know the Republic wants a seaport. You must have Delagoa Bay.' But to this Kruger objected on the grounds that that port belonged to Portugal; that the Portuguese would not sell; and that in any case

stolen goods were accursed. All excellent reasons, but scarcely consistent with his usual behaviour towards the territories of rival nations. We know that in 1884 Rhodes himself had already begun to think of buying Delagoa Bay. Now he had apparently wished to discover if the same idea had occurred to his rival; but with little success. However, for the next few years his agents were constantly at Lorenzo Marques. But in spite of the magnetic personality which gave to Rhodes so strong an influence over most of those with whom he came in contact, and by means of which he obtained an intellectual hold on the hard metal souls of the mining magnates, whose wealth he forced into the service of his schemes, Kruger was the one man whom he could never sway. Said Kruger to General Joubert, who rather favoured Rhodes: 'This young man I like not; he goes too fast for me. He has robbed me of the north. I cannot understand how he manages it, but he never sleeps and he will not smoke.'¹

On his return to Kimberley, Rhodes found Jameson was already there recovered from the hardships of his journey down the Pungwe and with mended ribs, and the two settled down at once to a discussion of the proposed very necessary road from Salisbury to Beira and the difficulties caused by its having to be made through existing Portuguese dominions. Obviously, until railway communication could be carried north from the terminus of the Cape railways, and that seemed far off, the new country would remain isolated and cut off from the world for several months in the year; and without lines of communication, Rhodes well knew no country could develop. It was therefore arranged that Jameson should return at once to Mashonaland as local representative of the British South Africa Company, with the approval of the Home Board, and, as he himself explained to his brother, 'with absolute control over everybody.'² By this time the doctor had found that, in spite of hardships, helping to make maps was more attractive even than

¹ General Joubert to Duncan Clark of Zoutspansberg in 1891.

² Colvin.

a good practice. 'In adapting himself to all the circumstances of this new environment,' says Mr. Seymour Fort, 'Dr. Jameson displayed not only tact and foresight, but in a marked degree the quality of common sense. Without military or legal training of any kind, he shrank from no responsibility, and his word was law throughout the length and breadth of the land. Intolerant of methods that savoured of red-tapism and circumlocution, he swept aside all forms of unnecessary professional etiquette, and relied entirely upon his own shrewdness.' He was indeed a fitting lieutenant for the 'Maker of History.'

For long Dr. Jameson's name has been so closely associated in the minds of the British public with the failure of the amateur attempt to upset Paul Kruger's Government, which goes by the name of the Raid, that only time will teach them to appreciate the great services which he rendered to Rhodes and to the expansion of South Africa.

In a letter written at this time, Jameson speaks of 'the charter's possessions which I shall do my best to increase—all the so-called "Zambesia" or, as it will one day be called, "Rhodesia"'—showing that even at this early date the idea of naming the northern territory after its founder had already been suggested. In 1891¹ the leading colonial papers used this name for the territories under the control of the Chartered Company, though it did not receive Imperial sanction until 1898, when the Colonial Office wrote to the High Commissioner that it was resolved henceforth to use this designation for all territories under the administration of the British South Africa Company. 'Well, you know,' said Rhodes, who was intensely pleased on hearing this, 'to have a bit of country named after one is one of the things a man might be proud of.'

To Miss Flora Shaw (now Lady Lugard), special correspondent in South Africa for the *Times* for some years, he said on one occasion:² 'I walked between earth and sky, and when I looked down I said—This earth shall be English; and when I looked up I said—The English should rule this earth.'

¹ Marshall Hole.

² Colvin.

CHAPTER XIV

THE WEB OF EMPIRE

1891

OF the band of trusted men whom Rhodes had sent out early in 1890 to extend the boundaries of Empire, all had encountered severe difficulties, and these tried lieutenants met with varied success.

As Rhodes and Jameson had foreseen, troubles were already brewing with the Portuguese, who very naturally viewed the occupation of Mashonaland with jealousy and apprehension. On his arrival at Tuli, Jameson met a wagon in which were two Portuguese officers going down to Kimberley as prisoners of the Chartered Company, with whose officials they had come into collision.

On Christmas Day Jameson reached Salisbury, and having, as he describes it, 'settled everything amicably with Colquhoun,' he set out four days later, taking Doyle and Moodie with him, towards Gazaland, where Chief Gungunyana was in difficulties with the Portuguese.

At this time Jameson's letters gave glowing accounts of the trade that would inevitably follow the opening up of the east coast route, river steamers for which had been already ordered. He viewed the Portuguese difficulty with immense optimism, and trusted to gaining a concession from the much worried Gungunyana before the Portuguese were able to establish definitely their title to that part of the east coast.

On this occasion the travellers found food even more scarce than on their previous journey, while malaria severely

tried them all. They reached Gungunyana's kraal ragged and nearly famished, but were courteously received. Here they found Schultz, who had gone up earlier in the year, but who, owing to the importunities of other concession hunters and trouble with the Portuguese, had not been able to approach the Chief until September. Gungunyana's power had been much weakened by the influence of various disreputable Portuguese officials, who incited the minor tribes over which he ruled to resist his authority. But when Schultz had found an opportunity of explaining that an agreement with the company would mean his gaining the protection of the British Government—an explanation aided by the very timely arrival of Jameson—Gungunyana readily agreed to grant them a concession as soon as he received certain rifles and ammunition (for which Schultz had already written to Dr. Rutherford Harris) and the sum of £500 a year, which Schultz had promised him. The difficulty standing in the way of the delivery of arms would have daunted anyone less optimistic than Jameson and Schultz, who knew well that, although Gungunyana airily told them the east coast was all his country, the Portuguese would strenuously resist any importation of arms through their territory.

This journey across impossible country and the subjugation of Gungunyana was the most notable of all Jameson's achievements, for he had arrived at the chief's kraal with empty hands and nothing in the way of prestige, trusting only to his personality to carry him through.

The difficulties of the journey were now practically at an end, though the arms were still to be delivered. Carrying the precious concession, Jameson reached the mouth of the Limpopo, where he was met by the tug—*The Countess of Carnarvon*—despatched by Dr. Rutherford Harris from Port Elizabeth with rifles and ammunition.

Unfortunately for Jameson, however, a Portuguese gunboat was already anchored beside her. Realising that his concession—which could not be ratified until the arms were actually delivered—was in danger, Jameson acted as usual with swift decision and, handing the document to one of

his men, told him to make his way across country and meet him at Delagoa Bay.

The Portuguese took possession of the arms and ammunition, and Jameson and his party were then searched—with most disappointing results for their captors!—and treated as prisoners until they were finally released upon landing at Delagoa Bay, where Jameson, with surprising good fortune, found his man waiting for him, and still the possessor of the precious concession. At a later date the arms were released on a payment of £2000 to the Portuguese Government, and were despatched without delay to Gungunyana's kraal. But despite this gallant work done by Rhodes's lieutenants to extend the Empire over Gazaland, the Prime Minister in the general settling up of the Anglo-Portuguese question refused to recognise this concession, and the country was admitted to lie within the Portuguese sphere.

Meanwhile, after a terribly difficult journey and much delay through flooded rivers, Lochner had reached Barotseland and found that Lewanika was perfectly ready to accept a British Protectorate, on the understanding that he would actually be under the direct protection of the Queen. Of this Lochner assured him, and thus the territory of Barotseland was, through him, acquired by Rhodes for the Empire.

H. H. Johnston had done much for Rhodes's cause in Nyasaland. By his firmness and decision he thwarted the pretensions of the Portuguese on the Shire River, and in conjunction with Mr. Buchanan, then Consul for British Nyasaland, he proclaimed a British Protectorate over Makololo and Shire districts, of which action he lost no time in informing the Portuguese authorities, thus anticipating their claims to these tracts of country.

This done, Johnston travelled north; but immediately he had gone the Portuguese, taking advantage of his absence, invaded those territories, slaughtered some of the natives who had been placed under British protection, and even called on the English settlers at Blantyre and Zomba to accept Portuguese rule. This latter action had the effect of rousing the Imperial Authorities, and Lord Salisbury

thereupon sent an ultimatum to Lisbon, as a result of which the Portuguese ordered the evacuation of the Shire territory.

When Johnston went north he met Sharpe, who as a commissioner for the Charter was also carrying out Rhodes's plans by helping the Lakes Company in their struggle with Arab slave-traders, and had in addition gained concessions from many smaller tribes.

Sharpe then returned to Blantyre, where he found Joseph Thomson, and it was arranged that they should now approach the M'siri, or Katanga country, by separate routes—Sharpe from the north of Lake Nyasa and Thomson by way of Lake Bangueolo.

Although Sharpe made many satisfactory treaties over all the districts between the three lakes, Nyasa, Tanganyika, and M'wenu, he was not allowed to travel through the Katanga country; was in fact deprived of food and carriers, and forced to return by the way he had come.

Thomson fared no better. Smallpox broke out among his natives; the remainder mutinied, and he also was compelled to return.

The failure of these two attempts to gain Katanga for Britain unfortunately only served to increase Belgium's interest in that country. Three important expeditions were fitted out, and one under a Lieut. Stairs—an officer of the British Army though a Nova Scotian by birth—took possession of Katanga in the name of the Congo Free State, although not without bloodshed.

Thus although two threads were lost in Rhodes's mesh of Empire, his expansion policy had succeeded brilliantly in Barotseland, the Shire Highlands and the country of the Great Lakes. British territory now extended northwards to Tanganyika; Rhodes had secured for England much of what had hitherto been regarded as the 'far interior,' and in addition had laid the foundation of actual colonisation in Mashonaland. Only two of his Imperial dreams had not been realised—the Katanga territory had been lost to Britain, and Portugal had been allowed to retain her hold on much of the east coast.

The Boers were still casting greedy eyes towards this new country Rhodes had thrown open for white settlement. In spite of the agreement Sir Henry Loch and Kruger had made at Blignauts Pont, a number of Dutch mustered early in 1891 on the south bank of the Limpopo. Four Transvaal Boers, Adendorff, Dupreez, Myer, and Brummer, who had already tried to get money from Rhodes in return for a so-called concession, issued a proclamation whereby a certain chief, Chibi, was supposed to invite members of the Dutch Republic to come and reside in his country and defend him from the Matabele raiders. On the strength of this document, Adendorff begged the Boers of the Transvaal and Free State to join in a combined trek to occupy Mashonaland; and as this expedition was to consist of five thousand armed Dutchmen, it is obvious that they meant to try conclusions with the British settlers, or alternatively attempt to plant a Dutch Republic in Mashonaland.

Rhodes declared that, while the Chartered Company would welcome farmers from all other South African States who entered the new territory as loyal citizens, it would never tolerate anyone wishing to upset the existing form of government.

In spite of this, however, large numbers of Boers continued their preparations; and it was evident that Kruger had little hold over these back-veld farmers, though he continued to protest that they had no intention of making a forcible entry into the country. Several troops of Bechuanaland Police, under Colonel Carrington, were therefore massed along the opposite bank of the river.

On June 24th the Boers made a determined attempt to cross, and Jameson, who had gone up ostensibly to inspect the police but really on a larger mission, found one hundred and twelve mounted and well-armed Boers had actually crossed the ford. Their leader—Ferreira—was arrested, and his companions retired to their own side of the river, where Jameson followed them to discuss the position in a friendly way, at the same time sternly assuring them that no one would be allowed entry into Mashonaland who did not agree

to accept the company's laws. This the greater number promised to do, and on those terms were allowed a peaceful entry. The supposed Adendorff concession was heard of no more, and the chief who was said to have granted it, when later interviewed by Rhodes, denied any knowledge of that Dutchman.

Early in 1891 Rhodes again visited England, this time at the suggestion of the Secretary of State in regard to the affairs of the charter and also the threatened upset in international relations by the encroachment of the Dutch and the officious interference of the Portuguese, who now threatened to close the route to Beira. These matters were discussed at length with Lord Salisbury, and Rhodes was entertained to dinner at Windsor Castle by the Queen. Telling me of this in 1914, when on a visit to Rhodesia, Princess Christian, the Queen's daughter, said: 'The Queen had been warned that Mr. Rhodes was a woman-hater and she was rather nervous about him, but in the early part of dinner she turned to him and said, "And what are you engaged in at present, Mr. Rhodes?" "I'm doing my best to enlarge your Majesty's dominions," replied Rhodes. The Queen was delighted with this answer and said to me after dinner, "I can't believe he is a woman-hater—I think he is a charming man and so easy to get on with."' The Princess went on; 'Edward (then Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII.) liked him too, and thought him a wonderful character and so lucid in his explanations. I often wish I had met him myself.' As for Rhodes, who had always been a firm admirer of the Queen and her ideas on colonial expansion, he was much surprised at her knowledge of South African politics and at her quick grasp of his explanation in regard to the development of Mashonaland. Having been doubtless advised to speak to him on the diamond mines, she questioned him all about the mining and recovery of the precious stones and seemed very keenly interested. 'She was quick of understanding,' he said, 'and intellectually a very clever woman with a pleasant, dignified manner.'

During this visit to England, Rhodes had some corre-

spondence with Mr. Schnadhorst, at that time the chief agent of the Liberal Party, who had visited South Africa in the previous year, 1890. It has been stated, and probably accurately, that Mr. Schnadhorst came out specially to see if he could secure a contribution from Rhodes to the Liberal funds, which were then in a very bad plight, and knowing that Rhodes was strongly imbued with Liberal ideas—save as regards their colonial policy—he had great hopes of success. Rhodes was in Kimberley, and thither Schnadhorst followed him; and as he represented himself to be in close touch with the leaders of the Liberal Party, who were expecting soon to be in power, Rhodes gladly discussed many important matters with him, and, accepting Schnadhorst at his own valuation, he indicated he might see his way at a later date to subscribe to his party's funds. Schnadhorst returned to England in happy vein, and once again in his offices there is reason to believe he misled his own executive over the matter. Soon after Rhodes's arrival in London, he called on him and bluntly asked for a contribution. Rhodes was, however, not quite happy about the colonial policy of the Liberal Government, and the retention of Great Britain's guardianship over Egypt through which his trans-continental telegraph line would pass, and he suggested to Schnadhorst that before he gave the subscription of £5000 he was thinking of making, he should find out Mr. Gladstone's views on the subject, which Schnadhorst agreed to do. At a later interview he informed Rhodes that Gladstone had made it clear that he had no intention of abandoning Egypt, but it is quite obvious from the correspondence since published, that Gladstone had never heard of Rhodes's views. Satisfied with what Schnadhorst told him, Rhodes sent him a cheque for £5000. Early in 1892 Rhodes was amazed beyond measure to read a cable in the press in which Gladstone urged the evacuation of Egypt, and he at once wrote to Schnadhorst, asking for an explanation and that his subscription should be handed over to a charity. This led to a short correspondence in which Schnadhorst showed up far from well, and but for Rhodes's desire not to hurt

Schnadhorst's memory by publishing certain letters, he would have averted a good deal of strongly adverse criticism of himself. Fortunately, he had told the late W. T. Stead what he was doing, and showed him his principal letter to Schnadhorst before it was sent. A number of years afterwards the full correspondence was published.

Rhodes was now regarded with intense interest in England, but he never allowed London society to lionise him. Instead, he continued his simple hard-working way of life, staying at the Burlington Hotel in Cork Street, making few friends, and keeping as far removed as possible from social gatherings. Many women were anxious to be on friendly terms with this man, who possessed the power of making his dreams come true. But Rhodes admitted very few to a close acquaintance, and those few were, for the most part, the wives of men with whom he worked. Very early in his political life Rhodes said, 'When I decided to take up politics I found I would have to cut all close friendships with women, realising there was not time for both.' And again, when speaking of marriage, he said, 'I know everybody asks why I do not marry. I cannot get married. I have too much work on my hands. I should always be away from home and should not be able to do my duty as a husband to his wife. A married man should be at home to give the attention and advice which a wife expects from her husband.'

With Rhodes, work—work for the community—came before everything else. 'If you are to succeed in any matter,' said he, 'you must concentrate your mind on it and keep it there till you have got the mastery.' And again, 'Work is not sufficient in itself—we must inspire others to work.' He deplored the fact that 'the mass of mankind cares more for pleasure than for work or lofty ambitions,' since 'if you are in real earnest over your job you will work with your coat off.'

Rhodes hurried back to Kimberley in March to be present at the Bond Conference, and there in a speech he said: '... I have just returned from England after having received the highest consideration from the politicians of

England, after Her Majesty herself had expressed a desire that I should meet her and should have the honour of dining with her. I think it would in the past have been considered an extraordinary anomaly that one who possessed the complete confidence of Her Majesty herself should have been able to show that at the same time he felt most completely and entirely that the object and aspirations of the Africander Bond were in complete touch and concert with a fervent loyalty to Her Majesty the Queen. . . . I come here because I wish to show that there is nothing antagonistic between the aspirations of the people of this country and of their kindred in the mother-country, provided always that the old country recognises that the whole idea of the colonies and of the colonial people is that the principle of self-government must be observed and acted upon to the full. . . . It is not for us to interfere with the independence of the neighbouring states; it is for us to obtain Customs relations, railway communications, and free trade in products with them. . . . It took me twenty years to amalgamate the diamond mines. That amalgamation was done in detail, step by step, and so your union must be done in detail; educating your children. . . . that this is your policy. . . . In connection with this question I may meet with opposition; but if I do I shall not abandon it.'

At this time Rhodes was attacked from many sides. English journalists declared that the Prime Minister favoured the Bond, while the Dutch, and in especial Mr. Borckenhagen, editor of the *Free State Express*, after vainly attempting to convert Rhodes to republicanism and going so far even as to suggest he would be selected as the first President, declared that Rhodes was too English. 'And I will tell you why,' said Rhodes. 'He said we must of course be independent of the rest of the world. I said, No; you take me either for a rogue or a fool. I would be a rogue to forfeit all my history and my traditions, and I would be a fool because I would be hated by my own countrymen and mistrusted by yours.'¹ On another occasion, also in 1891, Rhodes said,

¹ Vindex.

in speaking of federation, 'It will not be easy to complete union under the same flag. I see difficulties. I know myself that I am not prepared to forfeit at any time my own flag. If I forfeit my flag, what have I left? If you take away my flag, you take away everything . . . and holding these views I can well understand the sentimental feeling of others for the flag they have been born under.'

While discussing in London the relations between the Portuguese and his settlers, Rhodes came to the conclusion that so soon as the former should take a more decisive step in their policy of aggression, the British Government would unquestionably step in. Anxious to secure the trade route to Beira, he decided that this step might possibly be expedited, and for this reason now arranged that Sir John Willoughby should make an attempt to carry stores up the Pungwe. When Rhodes first explained his plan, it was objected that poor Willoughby might lose his life in the venture. 'Not a bit,'¹ Rhodes replied gaily, 'they will only hit him in the leg.' And he went on repeating 'No, my dear fellow, they will only hit him in the leg.'

So Sir John Willoughby started from Durban on board the s.s. *Norseman*, accompanied by two other vessels and three lighters, in charge of a large quantity of goods and also a mail bag for the traders in the interior. They reached Beira safely, but as they anchored Portuguese gunboats ranged alongside, Customs officers refused, and the Portuguese Governor-General would not give Sir John Willoughby permission to enter the country.

However, Willoughby wanted something more definite than a mere refusal, and the next morning weighed anchor and proceeded up the river, followed by the gunboats, one of which trained her guns and fired a blank shot at the *Norseman*. This, Sir John felt, was sufficient evidence of hostility, and, not waiting to be 'shot in the leg,' he dropped his anchor. The matter was now an affair between the two governments. The Imperial Authorities forwarded a dignified remonstrance to Lisbon; after which

¹ Colvin.

the Portuguese put no more difficulties in the way of the entry of either passengers or goods through Beira to Mashonaland. Rhodes had again triumphed by his policy of ever 'seeking the hole in the fence.'

In August, Alfred Beit—the first of the company's directors to visit Mashonaland—travelled up via Tuli; and as soon as Parliament was prorogued, Rhodes with Johnson and de Waal, and accompanied by his faithful servant Tony, made a second attempt to reach that country.

They went round the coast by sea to Beira, and then proceeded overland on foot to Umtali, where Rhodes was greeted with great delight by the settlers. Here they were met by Jameson, who had succeeded Colquhoun as Administrator and who was then busy in Salisbury 'being disagreeable and clearing out the rubbish,'¹ as he described the much needed retrenchments he made in the Chartered Company's regime.

This meeting between Rhodes and Jameson can easily be imagined. The practical dreamer and his lieutenant met at last in the new country to which they had by dreams and work attained.

At Umtali, Rhodes talked with his settlers, appreciating to the full their difficulties in the way of transport and other problems; doing all he could to improve those conditions, and declaring himself immensely surprised at the progress already made, although on his weary journey up through the swamps of the Pungwe he had gathered a very grave idea of the absolute necessity for establishing some definite means of communication with the outside world, which should not be liable to interruption by the floods of the rainy season, or the depredations of the deadly tsetse fly. Rhodes and Jameson, with de Waal and Johnson, now started by mule cart for Salisbury, which was reached—by design—late one evening, for Rhodes wished to avoid anything like a public or official welcome. Already Salisbury showed the beginnings of a busy little town spreading for a mile and a half around the foot of the kopje, with several shops and stores

¹ Colvin.

in process of construction, although the majority of the European population—now numbering four hundred—still dwelt in huts. For this community the Chartered Company had by this time sent, seventeen hundred miles overland, plenty of every kind of necessary food, together with mining and farming implements, although the supply of liquor was—possibly of intention—short.

There were many questions of administration and retrenchment to be discussed, and little time in which to do it before Rhodes must return to his parliamentary duties at the Cape.

In spite, however, of the need for hurry, he travelled right through Mashonaland, inspecting all the mining and farming operations which had been begun. He found to his delight that the rough homesteads of which he had dreamed were springing up here and there in the fertile valleys of Mashonaland, while at Hartley Hill and elsewhere gold was being found in very promising quantities. They travelled by Charter, where they met Selous, who was full of enthusiasm as to the future of Mashonaland, and on by a good upland road of his construction towards Victoria, where they were once more within reach of the telegraph and able to receive news from Cape Colony.

Rhodes was immensely pleased with what he saw. The number of mines, which had as yet been merely scratched, seemed a clear proof of the payable mineral wealth existing in the country, which at that time was costing the Chartered Company so much.

When at last he was driven, by the exigencies of his parliamentary business, to turn south, the party rode the first stage of the journey and later continued by waggon with constant relays of fresh oxen.

At Palapye they saw and talked to Khama, and found the old chief and his son were tilling their land with four ploughs—an indication of the progressive conditions now prevailing there. At Notwani they exchanged waggons for post-cart and drove day and night towards the Cape.

Rhodes reached Kimberley on November 24th, 1891. In

seven days and six nights he had travelled a distance of 625 miles—a record for a South African journey.¹ No one had ever before completed that distance in so short a time with only draft animals, and de Waal declared that no one else would ever want to!

In less than three months they had covered four thousand miles, and Rhodes was intensely happy in the result of his achievement, for although he had left Jameson to deal single-handed with the hazards and problems of Mashonaland, he knew that he carried news to the supporters of the company which would justify those developments already made and inspire fresh efforts for still wider colonial expansion.

¹ De Waal.

CHAPTER XV

TROUBLES AND VICTORIES

1892-1894

IN 1891 Rhodes created a precedent among colonial premiers. He tried to establish direct relations with other self-governing colonies, which he hoped might unite with him in forging still closer links with the mother-country. With this aim in view he wrote private letters to Sir Henry Parkes, Prime Minister of New South Wales, and to Sir John MacDonald, Premier of Canada, suggesting an agreement in regard to customs and tariffs, for it was part of Rhodes's creed that fiscal questions were bound in the end to rule the world.

Although MacDonald died before receiving this letter, a year later the High Commissioner forwarded to Rhodes a copy of the Canadian resolution in favour of Colonial Preference, suggesting at the same time that a like measure should be passed at the Cape.

In 1894, when the Canadian Government issued invitations for the Inter-Colonial Conference, Rhodes accepted on behalf of the Cape; and Sir Henry de Villiers and Jan Hofmeyr represented the Cape Colony at Ottawa, 'primed with instructions to show a friendly feeling towards the other colonies, to discuss Imperial cable routes, to obtain a measure of inter-colonial trade, and to consider a payment by the colonies of subsidies to the Imperial Navy.'¹ This was a direct result of Rhodes's letter of 1891, the repercussions of which are being felt more strongly than ever to-day.

When Rhodes visited England in March 1892 in connection with the financial affairs of the Chartered Company, he

¹ Williams.

was shocked to find that Harcourt and Gladstone were considering relinquishing Uganda. Such a course would have interfered not only with his dream of Empire, but also with his plans for the trans-continental telegraph line which he intended should go through that country. Rhodes therefore suggested, somewhat surprisingly, that he should 'run Uganda for twenty-five thousand a year.' Lord Rosebery backed up this policy so strongly that a Government Commission was appointed to report on the outlook; and as the members of this commission were Sir Gerald Portal and Colonel Frank Rhodes, the result was a foregone conclusion. Uganda was saved, but only by the importunities of Rhodes, who then quickly returned to Cape Town for the opening of Parliament.

In the autumn of 1892 Rhodes again went to England, accompanied by Sivewright, who now was knighted for his services in regard to the railway. But in their absence, discontent at Sivewright's methods—especially in regard to the granting of certain railway contracts which actually amounted to monopolies—broke out strongly, and Rhodes realised that on his return something must be done to remedy matters.

In a speech to the shareholders of the Chartered Company he dealt at length with his idea of the overland telegraph to Egypt, in the way of which scheme he could perceive no serious opposition. 'I do not propose to fight the Madhi, but to deal with him,' said Rhodes. 'I have never met anyone in my life whom it was not as easy to deal with as to fight. . . . There is the commercial aspect as well as the imaginative, and I feel no doubt about the success of the undertaking provided the Madhi is squared.'

In conclusion he again stated his aim 'never to lose an opportunity of pointing out to the people that in view of the fact that these islands can only support six out of their thirty-six millions, and that the rest of the world is trying to exclude our goods, we cannot afford to part with one inch of the world's surface which affords a free and open market to the manufactures of our countrymen.' In this regard

Rhodes now addressed the following letter to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs :

' Most Confidential. ¹

*' MY LORD,—*Understanding that Her Majesty's Government is considering the question of the retention of Uganda under her protection, I think it well to state for their information that I am prepared to extend at once the line of telegraph from Salisbury, the capital of Mashonaland, to Uganda without asking Her Majesty's Government for any contribution. I would point out that it may be necessary to obtain the sanction of the German Government for the construction of that portion of the line which would pass through their East African territory. I would therefore ask, provided this right is not already secured by treaty, that Her Majesty's Government should take such steps as they may consider necessary to obtain it. It may be well to state that I seek no monopoly in the German territory, all I wish is to have the right of construction, and I beg, provided Her Majesty's Government concur in my proposal, that action should be taken without delay, as I am particularly desirous to order the necessary material before returning to the Cape, so as to commence the construction at once and complete with all possible despatch.

' The British South Africa Company constructed the line from Mafeking to Salisbury, about 1000 miles in length, in less than 18 months, and in my judgment, considering the facilities of water transit afforded by the lake system, I could complete the line to Uganda in a similar time. The extension northwards from Salisbury will, according to the arrangements I have already made, pass via Blantyre, near to which Her Majesty's Commissioner, Mr. H. H. Johnston, resides, up Lake Nyasa, and from there to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. Beyond Tanganyika I shall be prepared to extend the line to whatever point in Uganda Her Majesty's Government may desire. I may add that my ultimate object is to connect with the telegraph system now

¹ Michell.

existing in Egypt, which I believe extends as far as Wady Halfa, but I am fully aware under existing circumstances at Khartoum such an undertaking cannot be at present carried out.'

Rhodes then returned to South Africa by way of Egypt, where he conferred with Lord Kitchener on his beloved project, the trans-continental telegraph line. At this time he seemed almost obsessed by the idea of stretching a wire from one end of Africa to the other.

Travelling thus slowly down the east coast, he did not reach Cape Town until March, when he found that his colleagues in the ministry were now unanimous in demanding the retirement of Sir James Sivewright. Merriman, Sauer, and Innes absolutely declined to remain in the same cabinet, and therefore the three or the one had to be sacrificed. Faced with this complication, Rhodes placed his resignation in the hands of the Governor.

The next day he formed his second ministry, excluding all the dissentient members, a rather wholesale clearance for which the country inevitably suffered. Though Rhodes's old colleagues were both hurt and disappointed, they refused to relinquish the friendship and admiration for him which held them and in which they had worked together for so long. The following is a note written by Sauer to Rhodes at this time, and gives ample proof of the feeling with which all regarded the Premier :

'MY DEAR RHODES,—Only a word. The coming and going of ministers must be ; but our severance is to me a pain. I shall, however, look back to my association with you as one of the honours and pleasures of my life. . . .'¹

In the new ministry, Sprigg took Merriman's place, while Schreiner became Attorney-General, in which position he was afterwards succeeded by H. H. Juta.

At this time all seemed to be going well, both with his parliamentary affairs and with the new territories over which Rhodes had stretched his expansion policy. Mr. Bryce (Prof.

¹Michell.

James Bryce, afterwards British Ambassador to the United States), who had visited Mashonaland, in comparing it with a mining town or camp in Western America, said : ' I was much struck by the large proportion of well-mannered, well-educated men whom one came across in this tropical wilderness. Absence of saloons and bars is amazing ; while there is, of course, a free use of alcohol there is no shooting such as goes on in American mining towns ; and crimes and violence of any kind are extremely rare. Settlers keep flocking in ; storekeepers are doing a roaring trade ; and samples of ore are every day being brought in from newly exposed gold reefs.'

Under Jameson's rough and ready, but none the less effective, administration, blocks of substantial buildings gradually replaced the mud huts and tents which had originally been the township of Fort Salisbury ; a branch of the Standard Bank was opened ; printed papers replaced the cyclostyle sheets, which were the first means of circulating news ; and in 1892 the telegraph line arrived. Thus the pioneers, who for two years had been practically cut off from the outer world, could now receive news from England despatched only the day before. By October 1892 George Pauling and A. L. Lawley, the well-known railway contractors, had completed seventy-five miles of the railway from Beira towards Mashonaland in face of tremendous losses among their employees from malaria, and despite the difficulties the frequent floods of the Pungwe River created. No fewer than 63 per cent. of the white employees on this work died, while the death-rate among the natives was fully 30 per cent. To-day, thanks to Patrick Manson and Ronald Ross, this part of the country is comparatively healthy.

On the other hand, there were grievances enough in the new country for those who wished to find them. The cost of living was enormous ; many miners complained of the company's claim to a half interest in all mineral properties ; native labourers were short ; food was necessarily of the roughest description ; and liquor, which was undoubtedly in great demand, very scarce.

The Matabele continued to make small raids on the Mashona tribes. They killed the chief Lomagunda and raided his village; and later in the same year, by Lobengula's order, another important chief, Chibi, was murdered, as were many of his people, and scores of the younger women and children were made prisoners. After both these actions Jameson, who at this time was more occupied with helping the settlers over difficulties than in considering the hostility against the white men still seething among the Matabele tribes, sent letters of expostulation to Lobengula, whose only answer was to repeat that he had no intention of interfering with the white people; but other outrages of the same character followed. Lobengula's impi could not understand why the white men should concern themselves over their harassing the Mashona tribes, which actually, in addition to outraging the humanities, deprived the white settlers of all their native labourers, for when Matabele raiding parties entered the country, the terrified Mashonas fled to the hills and caves, and farming and mining work came to a standstill. As time went on the Matabele became more and more impudent and reckless, and in several cases while apparently wreaking their vengeance on their Mashona neighbours they actually drove off herds of the white men's cattle. On the whole, however, they did not molest the new settlers very seriously, and I had personal experience of this, as with a companion, Mr. John W. Cock, I was in the Naka hills, near the Lundi River and distant from Victoria some forty miles, about the end of 1892, when one day we found ourselves surrounded by a Matabele raiding impi of some 400 strong, who promptly robbed our unfortunate carriers of all their belongings but touched nothing of ours, although they gave us a very bad time, repeatedly threatening to kill us and ordering us to return to Victoria at once and give up looking for gold to the west of that place. But for the fact that they were fairly well controlled by M'Gondana, the induna of the regiment, we would never have been allowed to get safely away. Eventually, at our urgent request and by paying them with

some of our rugs, they allowed our carriers some grain and we were hustled off, and we lost no time in putting as many miles between them and ourselves as we could, for all round us were shrieking Mashonas being butchered and their kraals blazing in every direction. On our arrival at Fort Victoria we reported the occurrence by wire to Jameson at Salisbury, who replied : ' You had no right to be beyond the Shashi River ; you will both be in trouble with me if you are again.' Instructions had apparently been issued, of which we were unaware, that no prospecting was to be undertaken west of that river for the time being.

Jameson viewed these increasing depredations with much uneasiness, but as at this time the finances of the Chartered Company had been very much weakened by the heavy expenses incurred over the development of the country, it was necessary to temporise. This he did successfully, until in May 1893 the new telegraph line on the pioneer road was cut between Tuli and Victoria and several hundred yards of wire were removed. On investigation this theft was traced to ' some natives under Gomalla, a petty chief, and Jameson sent police in order to make these men . . . pay a fine of cattle. Gomalla, with an alacrity which should have raised suspicion, handed over a number of cattle which he described as his own, but which were in reality some that he had received from Lobengula for herding. He then sent to inform Lobengula that the white men had seized the royal herds.

' When Jameson heard the true facts he at once ordered the cattle to be returned, and explained to Lobengula the trick which had been played, and took the opportunity of impressing on him that it was a serious matter for the Matabele people to tamper with the white men's telegraph line.'¹

In Bulawayo, Colenbrander and ' Matabele ' Wilson—who had both previously represented other interests and who had now entered the service of the Chartered Company—were with the king, who it appears now turned upon Wilson, whom he liked and trusted, and asked him why

¹ Marshall Hole.

Jameson had taken his cattle. "I do not know, O king," Wilson answered discreetly, "I am not Jameson. He is a big induna." The king appeared to ponder over this answer, and some little time afterwards he said to Wilson, "Go to my storehouse and tell me what you see." So Wilson went to the king's storehouse and found a vast heap of guns—the rifles sent by Rhodes three years before—all flung down anyhow in heaps and covered with rust. "What did you see?" asked the king. "I saw many guns," Wilson replied, "covered with rust." Then the king said, "Make them ready for use," and, as royal orders were not to be disobeyed in Bulawayo, Wilson got the guns cleaned. Then the king sent for a rifle, and, handing it to the induna, M'Gondana, said, "Take your impi and go over to Victoria and get my cattle that my slaves have stolen."¹ From this and other evidence secured at a later date it is clear that Lobengula armed his men with rifles and sent them into the Mashona country directly against Jameson's warnings.

Soon afterwards large parties of Matabele appeared in Mashonaland with the object, so they said, of solely teaching the thieving Mashona a lesson, from which it would appear that Lobengula had forbidden the impis to interfere with the white men or their property. This raid, organised on a large scale, seems to have been a desperate effort of the old chief to reassert that authority which he felt he was gradually losing. He wished to insist that the Mashonas were still his property.

On July 9th, some farmers near Victoria found that neighbourhood was overrun with Lobengula's impis, who were driving masses of unhappy Mashonas before them. They paid no attention to the warnings and threats of the white men, but appropriated all the cattle, including those of the local farmers. They actually penetrated on to the commonage of the little settlement and murdered or carried off many of the personal servants of the settlers.

The inhabitants of the district quickly got together and sent word to Jameson, and put the township into a satis-

¹ Colvin.

factory state of defence by enrolling all able-bodied men as volunteers, mounting machine-guns on the walls of the fort, and placing pickets by day and night to guard them against any surprise attack. Jameson at once set out for Victoria, and by the time of his arrival a force of close on 400 men was under arms.

On his journey from Salisbury he had realised the seriousness of the situation, for he saw Mashona villages burning and forces of the Matabele driving off mules which he knew were the property of Europeans. He found the whole white population of the district gathered at the little fort and surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements. On the following day Jameson had an indaba with the Chiefs, when he told them plainly that they could not harry the Mashonas as they had done in the old days ; that they must retire at once over the border, and return the prisoners they had taken and the cattle they had driven away. Some agreed ; but others, completely out of hand, continued raiding the villages near by, until the time in which they had been given to get across the border had elapsed.

Thereupon a force of police and volunteers under Captain Lendy, after giving the raiders full warning, which elicited a most impudent reply, dispersed them by a charge, in the course of which about a dozen natives were killed and the remainder beat a rapid retreat. By the following day the district was clear of Matabele raiding.

The settlers now begged to be allowed to try conclusions with the Matabele and settle the question finally, since they felt that until this savage race was crushed there was little hope for a peaceful farming community, and the lives and property of white settlers would never be safe while such warlike tribes lived within a hundred miles of their homes. In addition to this, it was probably in their minds that Matabeleland was more valuable than Mashonaland from a cattle-raising point of view, and many of the settlers, especially those who were disappointed so far with their own fortunes, looked with eager eyes towards that fertile country.

The settlers pointed out to Jameson, and rightly, that

they must either fight the Matabele or leave the country, for without labourers no work could be done ; and they also feared that when the next rainy season came and they were cut off from the south, Lobengula's impis would return and massacre them all.

In sympathy with the feelings of the settlers, Jameson sent Rhodes a message saying the raids of the Matabele could no longer be tolerated, and if not put an end to the settlers would have to leave the country, and adding that he proposed to fight ; to which Rhodes, who was in the House when he received it, scribbled in reply : ' Read Luke xiv. 31 ' ; whereupon Jameson looked up his Bible and found the text : ' Or what king going to make war against another king sitteth not down first and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand ? ' Upon reading this, Jameson, after consulting with Willoughby, Heany, and others, felt he could safely take the field, and replied, ' All right ; have read Luke xiv. 31.'

Rhodes was much worried by this sudden turn of events, when all had seemed to be prospering with his new country. For the time being he did not see how the Chartered Company could bear the expense of a native war, since it had spent all available funds on development in Mashonaland, and Rhodes himself had used his own money for the telegraph line. When all this was put to Jameson, he, however, only replied by still more insistent telegrams, repeating the absolute necessity for sufficient money to carry through the campaign. In the end, by selling fifty thousand of his own shares, Rhodes found the necessary funds. Major Forbes, the magistrate of Salisbury, was put in charge of the company's forces ; and in a very short time reported that he had everything ready. Almost every white man in Mashonaland had volunteered for service in response to the call, the consideration offered to each volunteer being not the payment of so much a day, but the right to mark off a farm of six thousand acres, twenty gold claims, and a share of any cattle taken.

Jameson realised that if he were to have success he must

move rapidly before the rains broke, and he lost not a minute, for on 5th September one column set out from Salisbury under Forbes, while Jameson and Sir John Willoughby made a lightning visit to Tuli and afterwards hurried back to Victoria and on to Fort Charter, where they met the Salisbury forces on the 30th September. Jameson then inspected them and settled all details with Forbes, who thereupon assumed full command. After this Jameson hastened back to Victoria and got that column started and so arranged its march that it should meet the one from Salisbury on a given date at Iron Mine Hill, and this was duly accomplished.

At this time Jameson wrote to his brother: 'Now I am fairly square and will start from here on the 7th, sending off the Salisbury column on the 6th and the Tuli crowd the same day that I go. The show is bigger than I intended, and therefore more expensive, which is annoying. However, it will make it all the more certain. . . . In fact this is a regular army—my first, and I swear it shall be my last. I always did hate the military gentlemen.'¹

Meanwhile Rhodes was struggling with an obstruction policy pursued by the Colonial Office, which wished to hamper the actions of the Chartered Company by trying to control the war against the Matabele from Downing Street.

When everything was ready and Jameson's force was waiting to move, the High Commissioner still hesitated to give his consent, until on 5th October a patrol of his own Bechuanaland Police was fired on by the Matabele. Thereupon he sent a long telegram to Jameson telling him that whatever his plans for the advance of the columns, they had better now be carried out. On 6th October Jameson replied that he was moving forward; and, two days later, he and Sir John Willoughby rode out and joined the Victoria column.

On 18th September, only a few days after Parliament rose, Rhodes hurried on board the *German* and voyaged up the coast to Beira. Dr. Sauer met him on the Pungwe and they travelled up together to Mashonaland, moving slowly, as

¹ Colvin.

Rhodes had no wish to be in touch with the High Commissioner and the Colonial Office until Jameson's column had actually started and the British Government could vacillate no longer. On hearing, however, that Jameson had started he pushed ahead as fast as he could, spent a few days in Salisbury where he got a fresh relay of mules, and then parting from Dr. Sauer, who followed the column route towards Bulawayo, he travelled south in company with Sir Charles Metcalfe to Victoria, where he had asked me to meet him with a mining geologist. Instructing us to follow the column and report as to whether Matabeleland was geologically favourable for the occurrence of mineral deposits, and sleeping only overnight there, he pressed on towards Tuli next morning, heading, I firmly believed, for Cape Town, but as will be seen later that was not his intention.

The Matabele, though outnumbering the whites by fully ten to one, were defeated in two decisive battles, and these astonishing defeats so worked upon the fears of Lobengula that he abandoned his kraal and treked to the north-west. Moving forward rapidly, Major Forbes and Jameson entered Bulawayo on the 4th November and ran up the Chartered Company's flag in the now ruined kraal.

Meanwhile the Secretary of State had telegraphed to Cape Town insisting that any negotiations with Lobengula must be conducted by the High Commissioner, which instructions were then transmitted to Rhodes in Salisbury. Determined to keep the future settlement of Matabeleland, so far as possible, in his own hands, Rhodes replied that, since the company had asked the Imperial Government for nothing, but had borne the whole expense of the campaign, they claimed the right to make the settlement if they were victorious. In this contention Rhodes received the full support of Cape Colony and generally of the whole of South Africa; but as the fighting force did not come into contact with Lobengula there was no question of a parley, and the threatened quarrel between Rhodes and the Imperial authorities evaporated.

Goold Adams, who commanded a small Imperial force,

had, much to Rhodes's satisfaction, failed to reach Bulawayo till some days after its occupation by Jameson. The latter now decided to send out a small force under Forbes to attempt the capture of Lobengula ; but the movement of troops had become very difficult owing to the heavy rains, and when Forbes reached the banks of the Shangani River he was uncertain whether or not the old king had actually crossed. He therefore formed a camp where he was, and sent a small party forward under Major Allan Wilson with orders to discover the whereabouts of the chief, and to rejoin the column that night. When dusk came they had not returned, and Forbes, deciding that he could not follow up Wilson in the darkness, sent forward a small additional force of twenty men to support him. Before sunrise heavy firing was heard, the column was attacked by a large force of the enemy, the river came down in flood, and Forbes was only able to retreat from his precarious position under heavy fire. He was joined later by three scouts from Wilson's party, and from them and from later native reports the terrible fate of Wilson's patrol became known. Apparently finding themselves close to Lobengula's camp they decided to try to capture the old chief by a sudden assault upon his hut. They even succeeded in getting within a few yards of it, but were then driven back. They retreated into the bush, but were gradually hemmed in by several of the king's regiments who began to realise how small a force they had against them, and after using all their ammunition, Wilson's men were killed one by one standing loyally shoulder to shoulder.

The failure of Forbes's expedition to achieve its principal object was almost entirely due to extremely adverse climatic conditions, and Jameson saw clearly that no further operations could be undertaken until the rains had ceased. The Matabele indunas had begun to realise the rashness of their behaviour, and several deputations came to Bulawayo to ask for peace. Jameson therefore sent out word that those who delivered up their arms would be allowed to go

in peace, and many of them did so. But no news came of Lobengula until two months later.

Although his fighting men had completely wiped out Allan Wilson and his small force, leaving not one man alive, the king knew that it helped him not in the least, and but for his ill-health it is highly probable that he would have gone back and surrendered to Jameson. But he felt his end was near, and calling together those faithful indunas and warriors who still remained with him, he said to the former: 'I did not ever wish to fight Rhodes and Jameson, but you with my other indunas urged me so that I yielded. Now I am an outcast. You forced me to kill Lotje, because he advised me to remain friendly with Rhodes. He was my friend and not the others of you, but he has gone and I am following him. Go now all of you to Rhodes and seek his protection. He will be your chief and friend.' To the fighting men present he said: 'You have done your best, my soldiers; you can help me no more. I thank you all. Go now to your kraals, and M'Jana, the greatest of you all, will go to Rhodes, who will make all things right for you. To all of you I say—Go in peace.' Before twenty-four hours had elapsed Lobengula was no more, and M'Jana, the generalissimo of all his regiments, in due course reached Bulawayo and gave this account of his last hours. The old king had died on the banks of the Shangani from smallpox, with only a few of his indunas and councillors by him, and deserted by all save three or four of his regiments.

Rhodes, on hearing all this, was filled with that sympathy he always had for a gallant enemy, and he arranged to undertake the education and make himself responsible for the well-being of the old chief's sons, three of whom had joined him in his flight and were with him when he died. He also saw to the fulfilment of the king's wishes as far as he could.

From Tuli Rhodes with Metcalfe secured a fresh team of mules, and turning off the road to the Cape took the track to Bulawayo which had been previously made by the forces under Colonel Goold-Adams. On the way they overtook a

small detachment of reinforcing troops who were going hard in the hope of getting some fighting, but Rhodes was travelling faster than they were, and waiting only to get the well-known scout, 'Bulala Taylor,' from them as a guide and three horses, he hurried on towards the end of the journey, latterly on horseback, and reached Bulawayo about the middle of December. He was expected by nobody, but soon found Jameson's tent. 'Well, I'm damned!' said Jameson, 'where the devil have you come from?' Rhodes chuckled with glee. 'Tell him, Metcalfe,' he said, 'how we beat them all to get here first and so give him a surprise.' For the rest of that afternoon Metcalfe acted as sentry and enabled the other two to talk.

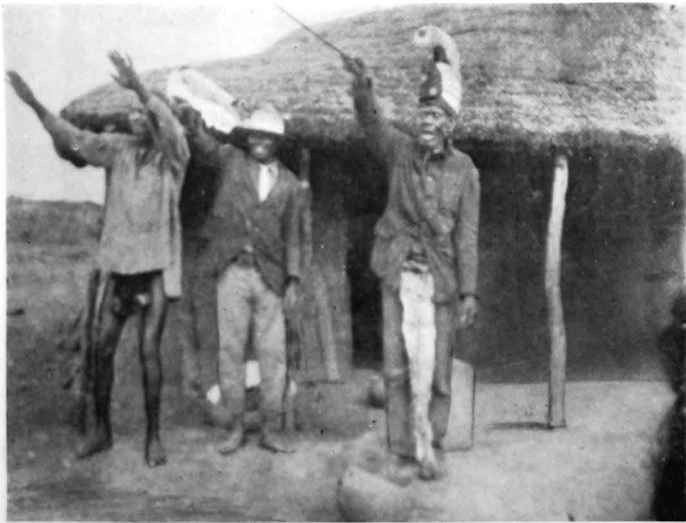
In a speech to 'Dr. Jameson, officers and men of the various columns' made on December 19th, 1893, Rhodes thanked them for what they had done and referred to the settlers—of whom he was rightly proud—as 'The Conquerors of Matabeleland.' From this speech we realise how much the Premier of Cape Colony had wished at this time to be merely the leader of his own people. He said: 'I must tell you I regret standing in what I may call stolen clothes. Everything done in regard to your campaign has been done by Dr. Jameson and yourselves, with the co-operation of the Bechuanaland Border Police. . . . Now it is for me to use my brains in getting capital to build railways and public works to found a state south of the Zambesi, which I hope will be one of the largest and at the same time one of the richest in South Africa.'

Rhodes and Jameson lost no time in getting busy with matters relating to the Administration of the new territory, and the former, with his strong vein of sentiment predominating as usual, arranged for the survey of a township to be called Bulawayo close to the kraal of Lobengula, and the erection of a house for the Administrator of the territory was put in hand on the actual site of the king's huts.

Meanwhile, constant questions were coming through from the Colonial Office and a good deal of none too friendly criticism was emanating from sources that had hoped for the



LOBENGULA'S GENERAL-IN-CHIEF
With his two wives and sons.



M'JANA, LOBENGULA'S GENERAL-IN-CHIEF

To face page 162.

failure of Jameson's venture, and for this reason Rhodes very soon left for the south so as to get in touch with the telegraph wire—the construction of which to Bulawayo had not yet commenced—and to do all possible to secure a free hand for the company in the country they had somewhat surprisingly won, against apparently overwhelming odds. So ended the Matabele War—won undoubtedly by the brilliant dash and swift movement of Jameson. Yet but for Rhodes's foresight in arranging for the advance of a body of troops from Tuli which placed the Matabele between two fires, a very different story might have resulted, for Jameson burnt all his boats in leaving no reserves behind him of men, transport, or supplies. But to the victor the credit! The cost for the object achieved was a mere nothing—about £100,000. Within six months of its occupation Bulawayo had a population of 1200, and a further thousand were spread over Matabeleland, engaged in farming and trading.

CHAPTER XVI

THE COMMON WEAL

1894

As soon as he was able to get away Rhodes left Bulawayo for Cape Town, in happy frame of mind we may be sure, and very shortly after his arrival there he was entertained at a public banquet (January 6, 1894) by representatives of all parts of the Cape, no matter what their political views. At this gathering he made a noteworthy speech. He reminded his hearers that he had stated very openly twelve years before that he meant to work in season and out of season to do all he could to obtain the hinterland lying to the north of the Cape Colony—not for his own ends but as a means of furthering the development of the Cape Colony. He had found everyone against him ; he could not get a single vote in favour of his ideas and had to continue fighting with no encouragement from anyone. In the end things had come out all right. He had made the acquisition of the interior a paramount part of his politics. Africa was the last uncivilised part of the world open for occupation by those fit to civilise it, and who were more fitted to do so than those living at its healthy base ? They were the right and proper people to do it. He was fortunate in seeing his ideas come to fruition. The end had been accomplished with the help of some of his friends as regards finance, and for the other part—the most essential part—with the help of the youth of the Cape chiefly. ‘The gentlemen who volunteered to destroy the Matabele power had been,’ he went on, ‘butchers, bakers, men in stores, and men connected with business in the Cape. Fortunately, a number of them had

had volunteer training. These men, most of whom had been settled in Mashonaland for less than two years, went through the campaign like trained troops, won the position and occupied Bulawayo. Out of 1500 people (including women and children), over 650 had volunteered for service. Did these people desert their families and risk their lives for a gain of forty or fifty pounds? No, they volunteered for the job, because they wished to have peaceful settlement in the country of their adoption to enable them to build homes for their wives and sweethearts and raise their families with reasonable safety to their womenkind. And yet, to use one of the milder terms applied to them, they have been called unprincipled filibusters. Gentlemen, you who know the circumstances and the conditions that had arisen, may be proud of them as their critics in England will yet be, and it should make you feel stronger and better that they undertook and successfully carried the work to the conclusion they did.' The speech closed with a note of warning urging those present and others who might read or hear of it not to expect great results too soon. 'When you ask for immediate movement in these matters, I think of the warning of Sir Bartle Frere: "You must never hurry anything, gentlemen; we must go step by step in accordance with the feeling and sentiment of the people as a whole."' And as a reward for the work he had done and was doing he asked for 'the highest reward a human being can attain; and that reward, Mr. Chairman, is the trust, the confidence, and the appreciation of my fellow-citizens.'

A general election was now pending, and Rhodes, with not a day's rest since he left the Cape in mid-September, took the train to Kimberley, where on January 15th he made a vigorous speech dealing with many of the unfounded charges which were being levelled against him, especially in England, and pointed out that even Sidney Buxton and Gladstone had rebuked his traducers. On the 18th he delivered a speech to his De Beers shareholders at their annual meeting, and on January 29th he addressed his constituents at Barkly West, where he set out his views and proposed policy if

returned to power, laying special stress on the urgent need for the Dutch and English to work together in the interests of the whole of South Africa. He further stressed the necessity for a more enlightened native policy and the running of the separate railways in the different South African states under a combined working system. He spoke elsewhere as well, and his chief subject was the native question, which he knew full well was a thorny one, but he was determined that it should not be 'burked' for the sake of office. The election was keenly fought all through the colony, but it ended in a great victory for Rhodes and his ministers. In a House of seventy-six members the opposition could not count on more than twenty-eight votes with any certainty.

Rhodes, now that he had such a big majority behind him, at once turned his attention to affairs in the native territory of Pondoland. Under chief Sigcau this tribe, numbering some 225,000, had been giving constant trouble for years, raiding their neighbours' herds and crops, looting stores and farms, even going the length of murdering. The Governor, Sir Henry Loch, had paid a recent visit to the territory and had been most insolently received, and it was felt that the time had come to bring this chief to his senses as he was a disturbing element to the rest of the colony. After discussions with the Imperial Government and Natal, it was agreed for the safety and prosperity of the Cape that Pondoland should be annexed to that colony. Rhodes thought it advisable to go and see the chiefs himself, and with Mr. W. Milton (now Sir William Milton) and 100 mounted police under Colonel Stanford—who was particularly well up in all native affairs—he set out, much against the advice of his ministers and the Governor. After meeting with some unpleasantness, when Stanford advised a retreat which Rhodes would not consider, they reached the kraal of N'Quiliso, Sigcau's chief induna, who had been giving a great deal of trouble for years. Rhodes summoned him to meet him. Arriving with some 300 armed men, this warrior and his councillors soon lost their self-confidence, and the result of a long conference was that Rhodes agreed to all their reason-

able wishes but flatly declined to consider any grievance that was not justified. Those of the minor indunas who were still inclined to be insolent were told to go until they learnt how to behave at such a conference, and finally Rhodes told N'Quiliso that by the Queen's wish Pondoland was now part of the Cape Colony, and as such would be administered by himself, and that he was on the way to see and inform the ruling chief, Sigcau, of the change. He talked sternly to N'Quiliso of his past misdeeds, and said any further crimes would be most severely dealt with, and he left a much chastened party behind him when he moved on.

On reaching the district where Sigcau's kraal was situated, Rhodes sent a message to that chief to come to his camp at once, which rather puzzled the chief, seeing that Sir Henry Loch had asked for an interview with him, which request he did not comply with for three days. What sort of man was this Rhodes, whose message was not of the type to which he was accustomed? Perhaps it might be wise to comply with the order, however, and rather dourly he rode in state with a number of his smaller chiefs to meet this personage who was taking so much on himself. But Rhodes, in view of the indignity put on the Governor, now kept putting Sigcau off till three days had elapsed!—thus calling back the insult which had been levelled at Sir Henry. By this time Sigcau and his followers were in a very much less bellicose frame of mind, and Rhodes now told him and his sub-chiefs plainly that he and his councillors were unfit to govern themselves let alone their tribe, and that they must come under authority. Rhodes told me that he then took them for a walk towards a field of mealies on which some machine-guns had been trained. At a given signal the guns opened fire and dramatically laid low the mealie crop. 'And that is what will happen to you and your tribe if you give us any further trouble,' the Premier remarked grimly. He then announced that the country was to be annexed, and had no difficulty in showing the natives at a great indaba held a day or two afterwards when such grievances as they had were discussed, that they would be better off in every way under the rule of his

government. Thus in much less than a month the long drawn out and troublesome question of Pondoland outrages and unrest was settled by the vigorous and fair-minded action of Rhodes. To prevent any possible disturbances a mounted police force was stationed in the territory for some time, but very little was ever required from it. Pondoland was officially annexed to the Cape in June 1894.

Rhodes always thought of the native races as children, and, though just, was ready when necessary to display that firmness which is needed to ensure respect. 'If you are really one who cares for the natives,' he said once, 'you must make them worthy of the country they live in, or else they are certain, by an inexorable law, to lose their country. You will certainly not make them worthy if you allow them to sit in idleness, and if you do not train them in the arts of civilisation.' During all this time Rhodes was planning further northern schemes, and one of these included the populating of Ngamiland which, in addition to being a part of his scheme for painting red the map of Africa, meant the pushing in of a wedge between the German and British spheres of influence, and also trying the experiment of 'seeing how a country would thrive in Africa which was settled by whites and from which natives were absent.'

Having obtained a concession from Moremi—a chief with a fairly reasonable claim to possession of the territory, who was anxious to see the British there, as he dreaded the Germans—Rhodes issued an advertisement offering farms of ten thousand acres in Ngamiland for one pound. Free farms were also promised to the eldest sons of those who took up land, in addition to the necessary machinery for water boring. In spite of the waterless desert of the Kalahari known to lie between any white settlement and these promised farms, about sixty families of British and Dutch descent accepted Rhodes's offer, and with their women and children prepared for the adventure.

By June 1894 these families, with more than a thousand head of cattle and many waggons, together with horses and sheep, goats and poultry, assembled at Maritsani in Bechu-

analand, to wait while a small party of pioneers advanced into the desert in order to dig wells along the route. This, however, the chief Bathoen in Bechuanaland territory refused to permit, and the white men were forced to turn back.

A few months later, however, with the permission of Bathoen, on whom Rhodes had brought friendly pressure to bear, a small force did actually push out into the desert with orders to go right through and choose land for the main body of farmers, who were fretting at this delay on the outset of their adventure. This force returned nearly two years later with glowing accounts of the country, which they said was rich in the finest of grasses, had no harsh destroying winds, no extreme heat or cold, and no malaria, but lacked surface water, which, however, they had proved at various points was obtainable in wells from 100 to 150 feet deep. It was not until 1898, however, that Rhodes was able to carry through this scheme to a successful conclusion.

On his return to the Cape from Pondoland, the results of Rhodes's journeys among the native tribes and the years of study he had given to the whole native question appeared in definite form. Although at the outset of his career as Premier he had admitted having no defined native policy, his mind had been actively employed in thinking over the matter for two years, and now Parliament was called upon to consider the Glen Grey Act—one of Rhodes's finest pieces of legislation and the first frank attempt ever made to deal with the native problem. This was a carefully thought out measure indicative of the understanding affection he always had for all the coloured races. Though constantly criticised and attacked from just this point, the years have shown that Rhodes was the truest friend the South African natives ever had.

From the earliest days on the lonely cotton plantation in Natal until this time, when he was the largest employer of native labour in the country, Rhodes had always been interested in and friendly with the natives, though he upheld on the highest level the prestige of the white man.

Wherever he went he made friends with them, his personal servants were devotedly attached to him, and cheery grins always greeted his appearance in the grounds of Groote Schuur. Rhodes also possessed the uncommon gift of always recognising a native to whom he had once or twice spoken, and his influence with the chiefs both in Bechuanaland and in 'his own country' was extraordinary. At Kimberley he would sometimes saunter through the compounds chaffing the older natives, who loved 'the Groot Baas' (the Great Master), settling their difficulties and learning much about their tribal customs, in which he was always interested. He took great pleasure in the title 'Father to the Natives,' and it was well deserved, for besides interesting himself in their welfare generally he paid close attention to the comfort of all those directly or indirectly in his employ, paying and feeding them well, and providing them when possible with such simple amusements as appealed to them.

This Glen Grey Act—which is sometimes referred to as Rhodes's favourite child—advocated four principles: work, segregation in native reserves, individual property, and local self-government. Rhodes felt that it was wiser to segregate the natives from the whites until they had developed a further stage in civilisation. In their reserves, however, he wished them to have a certain measure of self-government; and every encouragement to develop upon wider lines than had been hitherto possible. Throughout his life Rhodes had a great belief in the virtues of landed property as an aid to self-respect for both white and coloured people. He was careful to retain existing Kaffir laws as far as possible, provided they were consistent with justice.

Rhodes knew he must expect much opposition to this bill, especially from the Dutch, some of whom still regarded the natives as little better than serfs intended by the Almighty to work on their farms and mines. He saw as well as anyone that sufficient native labour was necessary for the prosperity of the country, but he also wished the natives to learn for themselves that without work no nation can progress.

He added, therefore, a labour tax of ten shillings, which was imposed on all male natives not in possession of landed property who did no work outside their own district. This clause was repealed some ten years later, as it had apparently fully fulfilled its purpose. His speeches on the subject, which were equalled by those of only one other speaker, John X. Merriman, showed a wonderful grasp of the position and great breadth of vision, and, as Merriman said, he was grappling in a statesmanlike way with a problem that had frightened all previous ministers owing to the magnitude of the difficulties that arose with it. As time goes on Rhodes will get more and more credit for his great efforts to solve this momentous and still unsettled question. After a great deal of opposition Rhodes carried the day, and the bill passed its third reading with a majority of thirty-five (sixty-seven members being present) after an all-night sitting, during which Rhodes made one of his best speeches on it. For years Rhodes had been advocating equal rights for every civilised man south of the Zambesi, and when asked to define 'civilised man,' he added, 'a man whether black or white who has sufficient education to write his name, has some property, or works, in fact is not a loafer.'

In this year Rhodes opened a School of Mines in Kimberley, which he hoped would be a practical help to younger generations of diggers. 'I am entirely sick of these theoretical things,' said he, 'which end in a flourish of trumpets. I want this mining school to be such that when a man has been there he will go home not simply with a piece of paper in his pocket, but with the offer from a manager of a mine of a good situation.'

During all the time he directed Cape politics Rhodes was so deeply concerned for the welfare of the farmers that no detail was too small for his consideration. When the orange groves around Table Mountain were attacked by insect pests, he arranged for the introduction of the American ladybird. He laid the foundation of scientific fruit growing, the results of which are being reaped to-day, and he did everything possible—both by the introduction of better vines and by

an attempt to gain a preferential tariff for South African vintages—to aid the Cape wine farmers.

In the face of strong opposition he brought in and passed the Scab Act, which provided for the compulsory isolation of infected flocks and the systematic dipping of all sheep. The Boer farmers, doggedly conservative and tenacious of their freedom of action even in the matter of adversities, never ceased opposing and attempting to elude the necessary supervision thus imposed.

Rhodes possessed in a remarkable degree the habit of mind which deals with details as well as with results. He possessed the somewhat rare power of looking at a question from both sides and all round. His memory was extraordinary and never failed him when he wished to remember what someone else had done in a given situation ; while his swift imagination could always be relied upon to foresee what would happen in certain circumstances.

Throughout the years he remained in power Rhodes, as already stated, worked for the prosperity of the farmers, the development of natural resources, and, above all, the welfare of the natives. He realised that these important matters were interdependent and could not reasonably be separated, since the natural resources of the country would bring prosperity to the farmer only so long as that farmer was able to obtain adequate native labour with which to develop those resources. On this combination Rhodes built up his scheme of prosperity for Cape Colony as the most important state in that future federated South Africa of which he dreamed, and in regard to which his eagerness was never sufficiently appreciated.

Reference has already been made to Rhodes's efforts to raise the status of the native. Wherever he went he urged fair and reasonable treatment for them, and his sympathetic understanding of their various troubles and his desire to help them in every way created a feeling of friendliness on their part towards him which has probably never been excelled in South Africa. It comes therefore as a surprise to find an occasional writer charging Rhodes with being

brutal to his 'unoffending servants.' If they were not so laughable to those who knew how well he looked after all those who served him and how beloved he was by one and all of them, one might be tempted to pass some scathing remarks on such statements. Rhodes never hurt a native in his life. 'The natives,' he said, when speaking on the Glen Grey Bill, 'are children, and we ought to do something for the minds and brains that the Almighty has given them. I do not believe that they are different from ourselves.' To carry that bill he had to face great opposition, but by sheer hard fighting solely for the cause of the native he succeeded in passing the measure. Rhodes always endeavoured to recognise existing native law provided it was consistent with the principles of natural justice, and over thirty years ago he had the vision to see and the courage to set out what must soon become the inevitable policy for the permanent settlement of the vast difficulties that divide the black and white races in South Africa, when he declared his policy as 'Equal rights for all civilised men south of the Zambesi.'

This problem, it is now apparent to all, has reached such an acute stage that it can no longer be allowed to drift, and the remedies adopted for its solution will unquestionably have to be based on the broad lines enunciated by Rhodes.

CHAPTER XVII

THE RISING CLOUD

1894-1895

EVER since the formation of the Chartered Company, Rhodes had been constantly attacked by certain newspapers, both in South Africa and in Europe, in articles which dealt with and severely criticised every detail of the progress and working of that company, these papers being subsidised by Kruger's Government and Germany. At this time Kruger's Government was largely dependent upon German capital; and to balance this a voting power, disproportionate even to their large holdings, was given to the German residents in the Transvaal. These facts, added to the unfairness with which British settlers and miners in his territory were treated, leave no doubt that had it not been for the work of Rhodes, Germany and Holland would one day have joined hands in an effort to stamp out any British power in South Africa.

The Uitlanders—as all those from overseas outside Hollanders were called—were denied all political and municipal rights, were bled by unjust taxation, were hampered by Government monopolies, but were expected nevertheless to take up arms in any conflict with native tribes which Kruger's Government might decide on; while the Boer, for his part, took all the voting and legislative rights as well as the governing and spending of revenue.

In 1892 Charles Leonard formed the Transvaal National Union, which aimed at securing many very necessary reforms. But though the professional and working classes all joined this movement, the forces of capital for some time held aloof.

In 1894 the Uitlanders petitioned the Volksraad for relief and improvement in their status, but their petition was rejected with contempt by Kruger, who, disliking the numbers of Englishmen now resident in the Transvaal, did his best to render their lot intolerable in the hope that they would leave the country. This, however, only encouraged them in their determination to gain political freedom, and murmurs began to be heard of a possible revolution.

As soon as the Delagoa Bay railway reached Pretoria, the President assumed that there would be no further scope for the other railway, which he always referred to as 'Rhodes's Railway,' from Cape Town to Johannesburg; for all traffic to and from the goldfields would, he thought, go by the east coast route, which traversed a far shorter distance. Rhodes, however, knew that this argument would not stand against the actual facts, which were that, owing to his railway from Cape Town to Johannesburg being more efficiently run than the Delagoa Bay line under the joint dual control of Boers and Portuguese, it would attract a large proportion of the goldfields traffic to Cape Town, which in addition was one of the ports favoured by shippers to South Africa.

When Kruger found that after all the greater bulk of the trade was not being carried by his Delagoa Bay railway, he organised a further plan of campaign that should eventually crush the rival line, which for its last forty miles ran over Transvaal territory and belonged to the Netherlands Company. With the idea, therefore, of compelling merchants to import their goods via Delagoa Bay, Kruger raised the rates on that small section of the Cape line which was under his control, until at last it cost more to have goods conveyed over these forty miles than to send them the whole distance from Delagoa Bay to Johannesburg. In addition that part of the line was found to be constantly blocked with strings of empty trucks, which would occasion still more inconvenience to merchants waiting for their goods. On the other hand, the transit of everything that came up from Delagoa Bay was expedited.

After pondering the question for a while, Rhodes replied to Kruger's challenge by himself setting up a fast and regular service of ox-waggons between Johannesburg and the Free State border. By this method goods were conveyed more cheaply and quickly, without being touched by Kruger's railway; so that still a comparatively small amount of goods reached Johannesburg from the east coast, and this added to Kruger's growing anger. Rhodes had won another round in the game and the Dutch President in desperation now took a step which his cooler judgment would have told him was unwise. He closed the drifts and fords over the rivers, and forbade all goods from the south to be carried over them. In this way no imports could possibly reach the Transvaal from the south except by the railway. There was an outburst of indignation as soon as this proclamation was made known, for it was in direct disregard of the London Convention; and not only the Dutch and British of the Cape and Free State, but the colonists of Natal and a large number of the more progressive of the Transvaal burghers all banded themselves together to protest against this outrageous action on the part of Kruger's Government. The High Commissioner lost no time in placing the state of affairs before the Colonial Office, which declared that 'the action of the Transvaal Government in thus closing the drifts to traffic was a breach of the London Convention,' and Kruger was plainly and politely informed that a continued closure of the drifts after mid-November would be looked on as a declaration of war. Such unusual firmness from the Colonial Office came as a complete surprise to the President, who began to realise that he had gone too far and that he could not possibly fight the forces that would speedily be brought against him, nor were his plans at the moment sufficiently matured for him to provoke further the Uitlanders, whose legitimate political grievances were becoming unbearable.

Kruger therefore withdrew from his impolitic position. Rhodes had secured a complete victory over the railway question; but from now on Kruger was, as a result, definitely resolved to spare no pains to crush the young politician, who

from their first meeting had contrived to counteract his retrograde policy. Although Rhodes never retaliated by any show of personal dislike for the Transvaal President, whom he, in truth, admired, he was now assured that he would have to combat the concentrated essence of Boer obstinacy and conservatism by every means in his power, if he were to carry through those schemes of expansion and federation he had mapped out. Kruger had by this time convinced himself that all his troubles were due to Rhodes and the British Government, and he became obsessed with a strong hatred of both and took every opportunity of showing how bitter his feelings towards them were by blocking every effort they made to bring about better conditions for the Uitlanders.

In September 1894 Rhodes had made a rapid tour of Mashonaland and Matabeleland. He took with him John Hays Hammond—an American mining engineer of the highest repute—from Johannesburg, whose opinion he was anxious to have on the value of certain properties. But though he reported fully on what he had been engaged for, Rhodes—and Jameson, who was with him at the time—learnt very much more from Hammond, who had come straight from Johannesburg, where things, he said, were not going at all well for the British settlers. The Uitlanders were not to be envied, for Kruger thwarted and annoyed them in every possible way; and Rhodes, because he numbered among them many friends, and also because he realised the prosperity of the Rand was a necessary factor in the development of South Africa, was extremely worried.

Hays Hammond reported very favourably on the mineral deposits of the new territory and predicted a successful outcome from the many promising prospects which he saw, and this prediction has been amply fulfilled. This opinion was of the greatest moment to Rhodes, for both political and financial reasons; but as Rhodes, with Jameson and Hammond, rode for long hours across the veld or sat around the camp fire in the evening, the talk was more often of the troubles of the Uitlanders than of the prospec-

tive wealth of the new country. 'Unless a radical change is made,' Hammond told them, 'there will be a rising of the people of Johannesburg.'

This news was serious. Rhodes and Jameson knew very well that it was impossible for the mining industry to work with Kruger, while obviously the Uitlanders had a right to the vote since they paid nearly all the taxes. Kruger, with a cleverness developed by long years of living among many very 'slim' politicians, continued to sit and smoke innumerable pipefuls of tobacco on the stoep of his cottage in Pretoria, saying nothing but becoming more and more determined each day that he was going to win the duel in which he was now engaged with Rhodes, who during the first bouts had come to respect the older man's fixity of purpose.

It now seemed certain that the Uitlanders were resolved upon a change of government. They had tried persuasion and petition, and all had failed. Force only remained, and Rhodes was asked if he was ready to help them.

Both he and Jameson sympathised very strongly with the miners—Jameson because he invariably drove swiftly through life, not allowing himself to be influenced overmuch by any non-progressive idiosyncrasies of others; and Rhodes because he had himself been a digger. What seemed to the mining engineer merely a grievance of the people of Johannesburg, and appeared to Jameson as, Colvin says, an appropriate subject for a swift surgical operation, was to Rhodes something very much deeper and greater: something that involved the whole future of his life policy in South Africa.

Still, Rhodes was loth to give up his long hoped for plan of dealing with Kruger. Now that he had gained control of unlimited land for his forward policy of opening up the north and secured markets for the produce of the farmers and a satisfactory railway system, it appeared to him incredible that the Dutch President would not at some future date amalgamate with him. But in spite of this hope he now began for the first time to appreciate that he might have to relinquish his long cherished idea and approach

the problem from quite another angle. With this in view he sent Jameson to investigate the actual conditions at Johannesburg. During all this period Rhodes was working at terrific pressure, and it is probable that in the year 1894 he carried out more work than in any similar period of his life. What saved him from a breakdown was undoubtedly his habit of going to bed early—generally about 10.30 p.m., and much earlier when on the veld—and sleeping till about 5 a.m., when he got up, and after a cup of coffee, generally taken in the kitchen of his house when he was at home, rode for an hour to an hour and a half, coming back fit and fresh.

When he reached Salisbury about the middle of this year, he looked more worn out than I had seen him on any previous occasion, and was somewhat exacting and petulant at first, but this soon wore off after a few days on the veld. He had gone through a most strenuous parliamentary session at the Cape, where his policy as Prime Minister completely changed the relations previously existing between the governments of the various colonies and the Imperial Government, and he showed the latter that not only could the colonies handle their own affairs successfully, but were able and fit to help the Imperial Government in many external affairs. He further established a hitherto unknown principle in Cape parliaments, and that was to use the power of his majority to press forward the progress of the country, whether or not it injured various sections for the time being. He stood for the interest of the community as a whole, and called upon the population of the country to accept this view as being essential to the welfare of the colony. He would have no half measures. Speaking at a dinner given him by a few mining and commercial men in Salisbury before he returned to the Cape, he said: 'I am told by my opponents and their press one day, that Mr. Rhodes has done this when he ought to have done that, and on another that he has done that when he should have done something else. I wished to be fair, so I studied their points of view frequently and carefully as I would have liked to have met them, but as I could not fit them in with what I

was convinced was in the real interests of the country, I decided I would truckle to no one, and that whether in office or out of office I would set up one goal to aim for, no matter at what cost to myself, and that goal was and remains the uninterrupted progress of Cape Colony and the federation of all the South African States, so that through their unification they might take a fitting place in the Empire. From these two principles no one can turn me. Why am I telling you this ? Because it is sometimes said that I cannot do justice to both the Cape and this country (Rhodesia), as Prime Minister of the one and Managing Director of the company controlling the other. I firmly believe I can, however, and I shall continue in the dual capacity so long as may be possible, for I consider the Cape can be of great use to Rhodesia, and Rhodesia of increasing value to the Cape, and my best efforts will be directed towards helping both.'

On his return to the south, after a hurried visit to Kimberley, Rhodes sailed for England, where he at once interviewed the Colonial Office in regard to the administration of North-Eastern Rhodesia. He also found time to visit Constantinople, interview the Sultan, and, contrary to all precedent, obtain permission to export thoroughbred Angora goats to South Africa. At this time the British Ambassador to Turkey was Sir Philip Currie, and Rhodes had been able to arrange the appointment with the Sultan through his good offices. The hour fixed was 11 a.m., and the Ambassador was to meet him at the palace about fifteen minutes before that hour. Rhodes turned up in a grey flannel suit, and Sir Philip looked aghast. 'You cannot possibly meet the Sultan like that,' he said ; 'go back and get into your frock-coat.' 'I have no such coat,' said Rhodes, 'this is the best I can do, and surely it doesn't matter.' 'It does to such an extent,' said Sir Philip, 'that you'll never be able to see the Sultan dressed as you are.' 'I mean to all the same,' said Rhodes, and he began to pace up and down the room when he suddenly noticed the Ambassador's dark overcoat. 'Ah,' he said, 'there is the solution ; you are not so

tall as I am—it will appear to be a frock-coat on me'; and pulling off his flannel jacket he got into the coat, and five minutes afterwards was discussing Angoras in the most friendly way with the Sultan!

Certain officials of the Colonial Office, finding him at their offices generally before ten in the morning, described him as 'a hustler who is wearing all of us to shadows.'

On the 1st January, 1895, Rhodes received a further honour, and one which pleased him greatly. He was gazetted a Privy Councillor.

At this time he again stayed at the Burlington Hotel, where he was well known and all his wants and peculiarities considered. In spite of a disposition which grew more hasty and irritable as the years brought added problems and responsibilities, he endeared himself to all those with whom he came into contact, by his direct methods and his simple human qualities. All London, from the humble costermonger to the great leaders of society, desired to do him honour, but he rather shrank from public attentions, preferring to dine quietly with a few old friends most nights, and when he had a few spare hours during the day he went down to the country home of the Salvation Army with General Booth, or to the studio of John Tweed or that of John Swan, at both of which he had work going on for the Cape and Rhodesia.

Before leaving England, Rhodes addressed the Chartered Company's shareholders in very happy fashion, and in the course of his speech, which was received most enthusiastically by a very crowded hall, he said that he expected no trouble with the Transvaal. Unfortunately, this was just before Kruger celebrated his birthday in Pretoria by those ominous words addressed to certain German residents there: 'I know I may count on the Germans in future, and I hope Transvaalers will do their best to foster the friendship which exists between them. I feel certain that when the time comes for the Republic to wear larger clothes, you (Germany) will have done much to bring it about.'

Almost directly after this, Kruger issued a proclamation

assuming the government of Swaziland, with the apparent object of claiming an outlet to the sea; but the British Government thereupon annexed all Amatongaland and so frustrated his idea of a port.

In May, Sir Hercules Robinson—now Lord Rosmead—took office for the second time as High Commissioner. Soon after his arrival he visited the Transvaal and tried by means of judicious speeches to make the Dutch realise their position and behave as reasonable members of the South African family, but with little result. Kruger protested that if he yielded over the franchise question, Boer nationality would be shifted, and greater burdens than ever were placed on the shoulders of the Uitlanders, whose patience at last became exhausted. Through the executive of the Reform Committee which they had elected they determined to seek the co-operation of some of the large mine owners of the Rand to obtain their rights as citizens. Of the early diggers in Kimberley who had risen to financial power, Beit was as usual standing by Rhodes in all his affairs, and they favoured this movement. Solly Joel joined them also at the last moment, despite the strong disapproval of Barnato. On the other hand, J. B. Robinson joined the other side, and used his wealth to help President Kruger strike at those whom he (Robinson) regarded as his own personal enemies—in especial Rhodes, for whom he always felt keen hostility. It has also been suggested—and is not improbable—that this most astute financier indulged in a desire to succeed Kruger as President of the Transvaal.¹

In supporting the Britishers, Rhodes was guided a great deal by Jameson's description of the state of things in Johannesburg, but he had refused for a long time to have anything to do with the dispute, and when at length he gave them his support he must have realised that he was running a great risk, since he stood in danger of losing the confidence of the Dutch Party, which he had worked so long to gain. Characteristically, however, he put aside all personal considerations, deciding that his influence and his purse—used

¹ "Imperialist."

now in a struggle against Kruger—would weigh towards the peaceful working of the country in after years and hasten the advent of the federated States of South Africa.

In the beginning, the object of the Reform movement was simply to secure representative government of the people, by the people, for the whole white population of the Transvaal, if necessary by the display (but only the display) of a readiness to appeal to force. Neither Rhodes nor the Uitlanders had any intention of interfering with the independence of the Transvaal Republic, and of this there is irrefutable documentary evidence. All they desired was a fairer form of government and the introduction of a form of franchise such as was enjoyed by all the citizens, whether Dutch or British, of the Cape Colony, Natal, and the Orange Free State.

A number of Transvaal newspapers for years had declared that the Chartered Company coveted the goldfields of the Rand, but that Company, though Rhodes agreed to employ its forces in the possible contingency of a rising at Johannesburg, had nothing whatever to do with and nothing to gain from the Reform movement of Johannesburg.

For some years Rhodes had felt quite certain that Kruger would yield nothing. In 1882 an Uitlander with five years' residence in the Transvaal could obtain full rights of citizenship, but a law was made in 1887 that he could not stand for membership of the local parliament unless he was a member of the Protestant Church and had possessed the franchise for five years. Though willing and eager to exact heavy taxes from the mining industry so that his State might become wealthy, the President became more determined than ever to keep the Uitlanders from having any representation in his parliament if it could be prevented, and he had no difficulty in getting a new law promulgated in 1889 limiting the franchise to persons born in the Republic. This meant that all comers from every part of South Africa outside the Transvaal itself, whether Dutch or British, were excluded from citizen rights equally with newcomers from Europe, America, and elsewhere. Further to strengthen

the Boer position, the age at which a male could get the vote was reduced in 1890 from twenty-one to sixteen years. In 1892 Kruger interviewed a deputation from the Uitlanders, who sought some amelioration of their political position, and he replied to their spokesman : ' Go back and tell your people I shall never give them anything. I shall never change my policy. And now let the storm burst.' Other retrogressive laws were passed in 1893 and 1894, which practically established such a condition of affairs that no Uitlander possessing any self-respect could much longer be expected to endure the position he was being forced into. Then it was that Rhodes was urged and begged to take an active part in the movement which was taking place among the Uitlanders to put an end to Kruger's oligarchy, and knowing well, as also did the Imperial Government, that Kruger was intriguing with both Germany and Holland against British interests, he consented.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FALL

1895-1896

IN the muddle of South African politics in the year 1895, only Rhodes and Kruger knew their own minds, and had these two men agreed together—as Rhodes had always wished—they could have settled amicably the whole future of the country.

Even before the troubles of the Uitlanders had assumed such definite shape, Rhodes's health had begun to cause him anxiety. Although there was no return of the lung affection which had threatened his youth, his heart had become seriously affected, and he realised that his life would not be a long one. This realisation, together with his stupendous energy and the creative force held captive within his brain, accounted for a certain imperiousness and impatience which now made itself felt. Although his mind was more alert than ever, his conduct began to lack the restraint that had hitherto characterised it, and, except on rare occasions, the boyishness, which had endeared him to so many, disappeared.

Realising that he might not have much longer in which to work for the Empire he was so devoted to—for he set the probable span of his life at forty-five years—he now began an attempt to hurry affairs without giving them the consideration he had allowed to matters of importance in previous years, and, not content with working steadily to bring about results which he had previously approached in a much less hasty spirit, he tried, and at times somewhat roughly, to enforce his will on all those who failed quickly to adopt his views in connection with his expansion theory.

However, he still liked a man who had courage to say what was in his mind regardless of the fact that he was speaking to the Cape Premier. In this regard, George Pauling, the well-known railway contractor, quotes an amusing incident which occurred during the building of the railway from Beira to Umtali. The coach which was to convey Rhodes and his party, including Dr. Jameson, from Rhodesia arrived three days later than had been expected, and apparently the delay had affected the temper of the impatient Empire-builder, for he proceeded to abuse Lawley, Pauling's manager, whom he now met for the first time, in the presence of the railway employees, until by a gradual crescendo of unparliamentary language he reached the high falsetto tone which he employed when much agitated. Lawley, realising that without any apparent reason he was being stultified in the eyes of his subordinates, invited Mr. Rhodes to say who the hell he thought *he* was, and told him in a flood of railway vernacular that there was no necessity for him to squeal like a damned rabbit. The Premier, although obviously astonished at this unexpected outburst, asked Lawley a little later when he had calmed down, to join him in his compartment, and expressed regret at the occurrence, telling Lawley that he did not very often lose his temper, and saying how stupid he had been and asking him to shake hands. From that day onward they remained the best of friends, and during his periodical visits to the railways Rhodes invariably accepted Lawley's hospitality, which on various occasions was reciprocated at Groote Schuur.

Rhodes at this time was waiting upon events. He knew now that a revolution, the idea of which he never cared for, was likely to come about in Johannesburg whether he aided it or not, and his only definite plan was to secure a hand in the resulting settlement, which he might use in the best way he could for Great Britain. If the rising planned by the discontented Uitlanders was brought to a head, Rhodes felt that he must stand with them and help them through with it.

It has been said that the flag question brought about the

defeat of the Reform movement ; but if Rhodes had any cut-and-dried plan for forcing an acceptance of the British flag, no one else had realised this, although it is incredible that he would have risked so much if he had not hoped and imagined that such a result might in the end have been arrived at. Rhodes's feeling for his flag has been well known ; but he also realised that the Dutch felt as strongly for the Vierkleur as did the British for the Union Jack ; and if the Transvaal would have worked with him, Rhodes would have formulated a scheme whereby the Republics would have kept their own flags, while at the same time accepting the hegemony in South Africa of the Power which guarded the coast and owned the greatest area of territory.

The Jameson plot, concisely stated, was this : Johannesburg was to formulate an ultimatum. On its being treated with contempt, the revolutionary party was to take possession of the town, declare itself the provisional government of the country, and the same night pay a surprise visit to Pretoria, seize the State arsenal and the seat of government, and issue an appeal to South Africa and the world, proposing to submit its acts and grievances and the future of the country to the vote of the entire white population of the Transvaal. It was calculated that, with proper organisation, this might be accomplished almost without firing a shot. The moment uproar began and life and property were in danger, a reasonable excuse would be created for the intervention of any organised British force, which was within two days' striking distance. The exact method and moment of such action were never clearly fixed, but the idea was that Jameson would be there ; that Jameson always carried things through.

At such a juncture civil war might of course be imminent ; but there would come Rhodes's part. From his Premiership he was to fling all his official and unofficial advantages into the scale. His personality was trusted to make the Government weather the storm long enough for him to advise the High Commissioner to proceed at once to the Transvaal as mediator, possibly accompanied by Rhodes himself. Upon

such an uncertain hazard was now staked the brilliant and promising career of Rhodes, and also the future actuality of many of his great dreams ; for Jameson's action in attacking the Transvaal was undoubtedly the worst day's work ever done for Rhodesia. It created an atmosphere of suspicion against the Chartered Company which—though quite unjustified—hung round it for years, and was never wholly dispelled.¹

Although nobody could be surprised if Cecil Rhodes, the private individual and the builder of Empire, saw to it that dissatisfied folk in Johannesburg were provided with money and arms in case of eventualities, it was quite another matter for Rhodes, the Premier of Cape Colony and the managing director of the Chartered Company, to do this. Such a public personage could not rightly interfere with the internal policy of a friendly State, except on behalf of his colony or Rhodesia. In this unfortunate affair Rhodes placed himself throughout in a false position. 'As a private individual, he proposed to buy and smuggle into the Transvaal arms, which his duty as Prime Minister should have urged him to prevent ;'² while it was only his authority as Managing Director of the Company which enabled him to place on the border of the Transvaal a force which it was intended should later invade that country. Without his official position he could not have done what he did, however strongly convinced of the rightness of the cause. Rhodes armed beforehand the men who were to bring about the revolution which was planned, and which in due course formed the pretext of Jameson's action.

After a good deal of difficulty with the Imperial authorities, Rhodes had purchased—ostensibly for railway construction—a strip of the Bechuanaland Protectorate which would be used for the gathering of Jameson's force. In order 'adequately to protect the construction parties,' Chamberlain—who had then been Colonial Secretary only for a few months—gave permission for a force to be recruited from the disbanded Imperial Police ; some of the Mashona-

¹ Marshall Hole.

² Williams.

land Mounted Police were brought down, and a few other untrained men joined, until the whole formed a force of some eight hundred men, keen and courageous, but utterly inadequate for what they were expected to accomplish.

The Johannesburg leaders wanted two things to weigh towards the success of their movement. They wanted arms, and they wanted enthusiasm; and although Rhodes supplied the first, his brother, Colonel Frank Rhodes, who took command in Johannesburg, and the other Reform leaders were powerless to supply the second; for as the date which had been arranged for action drew nearer, the leaders in Johannesburg began to realise that the heaviest part of their work remained to be done, since it was difficult, if not impossible, to inspire their followers to the white-heat point of revolt when they could not take those followers into their confidence.

It was agreed that Jameson should move in response to a written appeal prepared beforehand. To this end, during his visit to Johannesburg, though it seems almost incredible, he persuaded Charles Leonard—President of the National Union—to sit down at a table with pen, ink, and paper and describe events which had not happened and which very probably never would happen, in an undated letter of invitation, from which the following extracts are given¹:

‘Not to go into details, we may say that the Government has called into existence all the elements necessary for armed conflict. The one desire of the people here is for fair play, the maintenance of their independence, and the preservation of these public liberties without which life is not worth living. The Government denies these things and violates the national sense of Englishmen at every turn.

‘What we have to consider is, what will be the condition of things here in the event of a conflict? Thousands of unarmed men, women and children of our race will be at the mercy of well-armed Boers, while property of enormous value will be in the greatest peril. We cannot contemplate the future without the gravest apprehensions. All feel

¹ Colvin.

that we are justified in taking any steps to prevent the shedding of blood and to ensure the protection of our rights.

‘It is under these circumstances that we feel constrained to call upon you to come to our aid, should a disturbance arise here. The circumstances are so extreme that we cannot but believe that you and the men under you will not fail to come to the rescue of people who will be so situated. We guarantee any expense that may reasonably be incurred by you in helping us, and ask you to believe that nothing but the sternest necessity,’ etc.

Although the next day Leonard realised the enormity of his folly, and asked for the letter back, he was then told that it had been despatched to Cape Town. The extraordinary thing in regard to the whole plot was the open way in which compromising letters and telegrams were sent, received, filed and docketed, so that when the end came there was never the slightest difficulty in apportioning the blame except in the highest quarters.

The plot to seize the arsenal at Pretoria failed owing to the large number of burghers gathered there to celebrate ‘Nachtmaal,’ and this, added to the inadequate supply of arms and ammunition served out in Johannesburg, necessitated the postponement of the rising, even had the Reform leaders not been divided among themselves and grown over-anxious in regard to the adventure upon which they had at one time been so anxious to embark.

By this time the news of what was planned and the possible intentions of Jameson’s force had begun to leak out. They were talked of in London, rumoured in Mafeking, and openly discussed at Pretoria.

Early in December Rhodes began to realise that all idea of a revolution in Johannesburg had better be dropped, and to Jameson, in the presence of a friend, he said, ‘I am sure the right thing is to give up the scheme,’ but Jameson’s previous successes had rather turned his head, and he protested that Johannesburg was both ripe and clamouring for it, and so positive was he in regard to this that he

over-persuaded both his hearers, and Rhodes yielded to his protestations though with very considerable misgivings.

Later in the month Leonard went to confer with Rhodes at Cape Town on various troubles that had arisen, and the latter at once realised that whatever might be the case later, the time was certainly not then ripe for revolution. It is clear that Rhodes still hoped to obtain the necessary reforms by peaceful negotiation, without the necessity of fighting for them; and the High Commissioner himself telegraphed to Mr. Chamberlain that the anticipated revolution had fizzled out like a damp squib.

Difficulties had arisen in Johannesburg in regard to the flag. One party wanted the British flag, others wanted their civil rights only, being satisfied with the Transvaal flag. To this Rhodes said: 'I considered it was immaterial, for this reason: The people must decide in future what change they will make. They are now really desiring a change to obtain civil rights. On that my suggestion was that they should agree to have a plebiscite of the people as to what shall be the future government. I knew one of two things would happen: they would either have a plebiscite and vote for union with the rest of Africa—that would be a change of flag—or they would do the following, which perhaps has not struck anyone: My whole idea was federal union, and I thought it was quite possible the Republic would remain a Republic, so far as its local matters were concerned, but that the federal union, dealing with railways, tariff systems and defence, and those questions that are called federal, would be in an assembly that must be under the British flag, because England represents the majority of the States that are in South Africa, or the majority of the people in South Africa. So I thought it was better to leave this question of the flag to the judgment of the people, the whole case being that the system of governing by a small minority possessing neither the wealth nor the intelligence of the country must be changed, and then it must be left to the people as to their future. I admit I knew what was going to happen. Either they would vote for a union of Africa

there and then, or they might vote, as I said before, for retaining the Republic for local matters, but for the federal assembly accepting the English flag.' This flag trouble gave Rhodes personally no difficulty, probably he was relieved as it was likely to create some further delay, and it is certain that he desired this, for so great a thinker must have had many anxious moments before taking a course which risked the future of his whole career and of his life's policy. He must have realised that success could be the only possible justification for him, and he therefore pointed out to Leonard that delay could do no harm and very possibly would do good.

'Try peaceful methods first,' said Rhodes. 'I can keep Jameson on the frontier six months or nine months—it matters not how long—till your plans and your armament are completed, and your action will have a reasonable chance of success.' Accepting this advice, Leonard assured him that the proposed rising would be given up for the time being. Rhodes, satisfied with the way things had gone, had telegraphed this result to Jameson.

The Uitlanders also sent word to him to the same effect, adding that the whole thing was postponed for a time, and that he was to make no forward move whatsoever until he received word from them.

Jameson, however, was now in no mood to listen to reason, and refused to wait indefinitely upon the border. He knew the Boers were planning a determined resistance; his own men were growing uneasy; and he realised that if he did not move at once he would not be able to move at all, and all hope of bringing off the brilliant military coup he had planned would vanish.

At this time his telegrams to Rhodes were indicative of his growing impatience. On the 28th December he wired, 'Unless I hear definitely to the contrary shall leave tomorrow for the Transvaal.' Rhodes replied, 'You must do nothing till all is clear.' On the 29th, without any qualifying comment, he telegraphed, 'Shall leave for Transvaal to-night.'

By an evil chance the second of these telegrams was heavily delayed. The Premier at once replied, 'Things in Johannesburg I yet hope to see amicably settled, and a little patience and common sense are only necessary. On no account whatever must you move. I most strongly object to such a course.' But this telegram from his chief, which surely would have stopped Jameson, never reached him, since by that time he had decided to move forward, and had already cut the telegraph wires, having reassured his lieutenants somewhat vaguely of the Imperial authorities' goodwill toward the scheme.

But although the telegraph wire to Cape Town was effectively put out of action, the trooper told off to cut the line to Pretoria was too drunk to carry out his orders, and thus President Kruger was kept well informed of the progress of the little army.

In addition to the wires he had sent direct to Jameson, Rhodes had seen to it that peremptory messages were sent to him from Johannesburg forbidding him to move, and two well-known officers were specially selected to go to him at Pitsani informing him that on no account was he to cross the border. These two men, Captain Holden and Major Heany, were sent by different routes and both reached Jameson before he had moved. To Heany, who gave me the conversation, he said, 'Rhodes has evidently got cold feet along with his Johannesburg friends, but I'm starting in two hours, Heany, but you needn't come with me.' To that Heany replied, 'Well, Doctor, if you are going, I go with you, but neither Rhodes nor the Johannesburg Committee wish you to move. They fear this inroad of an armed force in the Transvaal will never be condoned by the Imperial Government and you will do Rhodes incalculable harm.' To which Jameson replied, 'Not if I succeed in reaching Johannesburg, as Johnnie (Willoughby) and I mean to do.'

Jameson addressed the force at Pitsani, read extracts from the famous undated letter, and started off for Johannesburg, accompanied by Sir John Willoughby, Colonel Raleigh Grey,

Major the Hon. Robert White, several more young men who had originally been in the army and were now in search of adventure in Rhodesia, and a troop of eight hundred men. The fact that most of these military gentlemen officering the column were young and unseasoned in actual warfare must be the reason that Jameson, in spite of his almost total inexperience and lack of any army training, secured the great ascendancy he did over them, by means of which the command of the column—even in regard to the carrying out of actual military tactics—seems to have been entirely in his own hands.

Like many civilians, Jameson could in no way appreciate the difficulties of controlling a military action, and in the precipitous haste with which he now moved forward without support, encouragement or orders, he was undoubtedly influenced by his astounding success in the Matabele War and also by incidents in the life of Clive, which he had closely studied in earlier years and re-read again before leaving Rhodesia.

In this game of warfare he was the veriest amateur. Like the tyro at golf, who in his first effort makes a brilliant drive and goes away convinced that he has mastered the whole science of the game, Jameson failed to appreciate that his triumph in the Matabele campaign had been a gigantic stroke of luck, assisted to some extent by the awe in which he was held by the natives. But the result of this achievement was almost to persuade him that—irrespective of any army training—he possessed military genius and was further capable of leading troops in the field. Seldom can a civilian have had such overweening self-confidence or the opportunity of placing himself in a position of such authority that he was able to risk the lives of men who were merely pawns in his unskilled hands. Moreover, he undervalued the fighting power of the Boers, of which people he had no real knowledge. He even grew to regard himself as the principal in a venture supposed to be controlled by the persecuted Uitlanders.

In his defence, however, it must be remembered that

Rhodes never gave his lieutenants explicit orders. He trusted them to do the best they could under whatever circumstances arose ; and Jameson knew that Rhodes never queried a success by whatever means obtained.

The letter of invitation—now dated December 28th—was sent to England and printed in the *Times*, doing very much more harm than good, and complicating still more what had never been a straight issue.

At Cape Town Rhodes was left in a state of terrible indecision. He believed that his telegram would stop Jameson moving across the border, but he had no means of knowing if it had reached him. And there were the two special messengers, one of whom at least was sure to have got through. Thank God, he thought, the madness has been stopped. If Jameson had gone, however, he now knew that he himself was ruined. A raid as a sequel to a rising might be satisfactorily defended ; but a raid through a friendly country on a peaceful town was something quite impossible to explain—especially if it failed. Not only would it be a case of the ruin of his position as Prime Minister, but of his whole life-work towards the federation of South Africa, which work was founded upon his policy of co-operation between British and Dutch. But, thank God again, he had been able to have a little time for calm reflection and had realised then, but by what a small margin, how mad the whole thing was and how vain its purpose. He had been nerve-racked for months, but now he could get back to the work his heart was in—the development of the North. There were other and perhaps better ways of circumventing the German penetration. Yes, thank God that efficient steps had been taken to keep Jameson on the right side of the frontier. A load was lifted from his mind, and for the first time in weeks he felt happy.

At this moment the High Commissioner, hearing from Mafeking and Pretoria that Jameson had actually started, was most anxious to get into touch with Rhodes ; but the Premier, who had received the bad news simultaneously, driven almost to desperation by the shock of it and by his

uncertainty over Jameson's movements, was not to be found. It has been said that he went off and wandered over the mountain side and was inaccessible to everyone. The truth is that the terrific shock had brought about one of the worst heart attacks Rhodes ever had, and but for the devoted service of his white butler, W. E. Norris, and his personal attendant, Tony, it is doubtful if he would ever have survived that night. Unknown at the time to himself, Norris and Tony, with two native servants, kept his life going by their skilful attentions.

Late next day he heard that Mr. Hofmeyr had called upon the High Commissioner urging the issue of a proclamation publicly repudiating Jameson's action on behalf of Her Majesty's Government. Then Rhodes pulled himself up and pressed his views on the High Commissioner, urging that publication should be delayed, since such a course would outlaw Jameson. The High Commissioner, however, favoured Hofmeyr's resolution, and a copy of the proclamation drafted by that statesman was telegraphed the same afternoon to the acting President of the Orange Free State and to Her Majesty's agent at Pretoria.

Rhodes now offered the High Commissioner his resignation as Premier, which for the time was not accepted, since Sir Hercules knew he would have to go to Pretoria to confer with the President and could not leave the Cape under no government.

Sir Hercules then read to Rhodes the following message he had that day received from Mr. Chamberlain :

' You should represent to Mr. Rhodes the true character of Dr. Jameson's action in breaking into a foreign State, which is in friendly treaty relations with Her Majesty, in time of peace. It is an act of war, or rather of filibustering. If the Government of the South African Republic had been overthrown, or had there been anarchy at Johannesburg, there might have been some shadow of excuse for this unprecedented act. If it can be proved that the British South Africa Company set Dr. Jameson in motion, or were privy to his marauding action, Her Majesty's Government would at

once have to face a demand that the charter should be revoked and the Corporation dissolved.'¹

Sir Hercules, who was a firm believer in Rhodes, was urgent that he should make a public disavowal of all complicity with Jameson; but to all such advances, whether from the High Commissioner or from Mr. Hofmeyr, or from cabinet colleagues, he was sullenly impenetrable; only cabling to his fellow-directors of the Chartered Company: 'Jameson has gone in without my orders'—which represented the utmost point of repudiation to which he would go to save either himself or his cherished company.

When Mr. Schreiner—Rhodes's friend as well as political ally—called to see him, hardly able to believe that the Premier of Cape Colony had known and countenanced Jameson's action, he found Rhodes almost broken by anxiety over Jameson and by the necessity of doing nothing which might make the situation worse for his friend. 'Poor old Jameson,' said Rhodes, 'twenty years we have been friends and now he goes in and ruins me.'²

Since Jameson started no news had reached Johannesburg of his progress, although from different points he had sent in two messengers asking that someone should be sent out to guide him in.

Every arrangement on the forward march of this civilian-commanded column was unfortunate. Food for horses and men, which had been placed in reserve camps along the route, was either inadequate or not efficiently distributed; the halts were too many and of too short duration to rest sufficiently either men or horses; while the remounts which had been arranged for failed to materialise or were quite unsuited for the purpose.

By the time they neared Johannesburg this wholly inexperienced force was worn out and hungry. They were not met by the expected supporting party; and when at last they were led by an untrustworthy guide into the encircling Boer commandoes at Doornkop, both men and horses were in a bad way. An attempted charge on a Boer position had

¹ Edmund Garrett: *Story of an African Crisis*. ² "Imperialist."

cost thirty out of fifty troopers, and the whole force was now quite without shelter on open ground in range of the Boer Krupp guns and rifle fire on three sides. There was nothing for it, therefore, but surrender. Jameson's reputation as a military genius had crashed, but his pluck did not leave him, and it was with genuine dismay that he saw someone hoist a white flag without any order to that effect. On the morning of January 1st the little force surrendered to General Cronje and laid down their arms in return for their lives.

While these events were taking place, President Kruger must have been distinctly uneasy, for the story goes that his old horse was standing ready saddled throughout the day, though it was years since he had ridden. As soon as he knew that Jameson's march was arrested, his first thought was the disarming of Johannesburg, and to this end he sent a mission to negotiate with the Reform leaders.

These gentlemen, on discovering that Kruger knew of the whole plot, and in view of the fact that Jameson had started in face of their rather late—though none the less direct—instructions, then made a truce with the Government while Jameson was actually moving to their aid, thus placing him in the uncomfortable position of someone attempting to rescue a friend quite determined to be drowned.

On receipt of a second note, which suggested that Jameson needed help, Colonel Frank Rhodes on his own responsibility sent out a small force under Colonel Bettington to meet him, but this force failed to connect with Jameson. Had it done so the trend of events might have been very considerably altered. In any case few people realise how very nearly the Jameson Raid came to fulfilling its purpose, and by how small a margin defeat was separated from victory.

When at last the news of the surrender was published in Johannesburg it was not at first believed, but when the Uitlanders realised the truth—that Jameson had been ignominiously defeated, that many of his men had been killed and wounded within a few miles of Johannesburg, while none of those whose grievances he had aimed to remedy had moved a finger to help—a tremendous bitterness swept

over the city and the Reform leaders were threatened by a crowd of angry resolute men, who felt strongly that these leaders should have stopped Jameson before making a truce with the Government they had wished him to help them overthrow. To be fair, however, they were not then aware how desperately the Reform Committee had striven to stop any movement on the part of Jameson.

In the circumstances Colonel Frank Rhodes—now in a serious position for an officer of the Imperial forces—addressed the crowd as the frank, straightforward soldier that he was. He said 'he felt sure they would believe him that if anything could have been done it would have been done; that it was only at the last moment Jameson was known to be in the position he was; that it was thought that with the force Jameson had he would have come in without the slightest difficulty. But if they thought that he (Colonel Rhodes) had behaved like a cur, he was prepared to take the penalty of their resentment. The moment he heard the news of the Jameson disaster was the bitterest of his life. Dr. Jameson and his men had been promised safety.'¹

Although the crowd—possessing now no definite leader—took no action, the whole of Johannesburg united in applauding Jameson and belittling their former leaders. The papers lionised the Doctor, even those controlled by a certain financier, but the editor and the staff of these latter were somewhat hastily dismissed by a cable immediately this was read by the incensed owner in London! President Kruger asserted that all the would-be revolutionaries, save Colonel Rhodes, were nothing but a lot of theatrical talkers who had no knowledge of how to bring about a revolution and shrank from facing the issue when Jameson forced the pace. This was not altogether the case, but there was no cohesion among them, and the leaders were quite unfitted for the position they found themselves in.

At this time, when Rhodes's fortune seemed at the lowest ebb; when all, except the loyal few, were turning from him in disgust, the Germans yet again interposed, and by their

¹ Garrett.

intervention unconsciously did much to turn the tide of public opinion back towards the fallen leader. It was universally conceded that at least Rhodes had always fought against German influence and German power in Africa. Now, at the moment when the world thought him crushed and his influence shattered, the German Emperor sent the following ill-advised message to Kruger: 'I tender you my sincere congratulations that, without appealing to the help of friendly Powers, you and your people have been successful in opposing with your own force the armed bands that have broken into your country to disturb the peace; in restoring order and in maintaining the independence of your country against attacks from without. Signed: Wilhelm I. R.'

Just as members of a family may quarrel among themselves but will unite against any outsider, so all those who loved England burst into a flame of resentment on reading this telegram, which the President was sufficiently ill-advised to publish. Even Hofmeyr wrote: 'Allow me to say publicly what I have repeatedly stated to friends privately, ever since Kaiser Wilhelm's blundering comments on recent South African occurrences—no one knows better than His Imperial Majesty that the first German shot fired against England would be followed by a combined attack on *Das Vaterland* and by the acquisition by England of all German colonies, Damaraland included, which would not be an unmixed blessing for the Cape.'

Still the Kaiser was not dismayed, but requested Portugal to give him leave to land marines at Delagoa Bay 'to guard German Consulates in the Transvaal,' which request was refused. But these unfriendly actions had swung the pendulum of public opinion back toward that great—if on this occasion mistaken—brain which has kept South and Central Africa secure for the Empire.

Jameson and his officers, without being allowed speech with anyone, were imprisoned at Pretoria; and neither the Reform leaders nor anyone else knew that on his surrender the Boer general had promised to spare Jameson's life and that of those with him. When Sir Hercules Robinson hurried to

Pretoria to confer with Kruger, the wily old President begged him to persuade the Reformers in Johannesburg to disarm, urging that only upon this condition might the life of Jameson be spared. Not for some time, not until the whole of Johannesburg had reluctantly laid down its arms, was the fact that Jameson's life had been in no real danger from the moment of his surrender, allowed to leak out.

Meanwhile Rhodes, still disguising his illness, had remained shut up at Groote Schuur, and for the time being was able to see only his secretary and Stevens. His attendants, probably through ignorance, said to all inquirers, 'He is not in,' and it was generally believed that he had gone wandering up Table Mountain to face alone for the time being the ghastly position that had arisen. Later, when he heard that none of the Johannesburg people had gone out to meet Jameson, he only said, 'The Johannesburg people are not cowards. They were rushed.'

His secretary—Jourdan—writes: 'At this time I do not think he slept a wink for five nights. Tony, his personal-servant, told me that he walked up and down his bedroom at all times of the night.'

On the representations of Sir Hercules Robinson, Jameson and his officers were turned over to the Imperial authorities to be dealt with by them, and voyaged to England in a troopship to await their trial. Meanwhile Earl Grey replaced Jameson as Administrator of Rhodesia.

The Reform leaders, who had not fired a shot, were imprisoned by Kruger's Government and condemned to death, but their sentences were afterwards commuted to very heavy fines.

Around Cape Town there lurked a mist of distrust and disappointment. Schreiner and his mother remained intensely loyal. The former wrote: 'Whatever you suffer, and whatever you seem to have lost or to be losing, don't let them induce you to do anything small. You must go on living your life on big lines. Rest and wait.' While old Mrs. Schreiner, of whom he was very fond, wrote from

¹ Michell.

Grahamstown, evidently in reply to a letter Rhodes must have written her: 'Surely my guardian angel prompted you to write to me. . . . The words have been, as you said they would be, pleasant and helpful in these dark days. So too are words just to hand from my dear son, Will. He writes: "I know how you value the friendship between me and dear old Rhodes. For your comfort let me assure you that political severance does not and will not impair my respect for him." I thank God for these words.'

A small band of others remained equally loyal, but many friends—even those who had known Rhodes for the whole of his political life—were undecided and plainly showed their indecision. Merriman—that still older friend of Kimberley days—referred to the 'deceit and treachery of the Raid . . . for which we have to thank Mr. Rhodes. I do say Mr. Rhodes is unworthy of the trust of the country.'¹ At a later date, however, Merriman modified this remark.

By this time the Premier's resignation had been accepted, and Sir Gordon Sprigg formed a new ministry. Hofmeyr, who in spite of early prejudices had worked in friendship with Rhodes for many years, regarded the action of Jameson as a clear proof that Briton and Boer could never work together. 'If Rhodes is behind this,' he said, 'he is no more a friend of mine.'

Most searching inquiries at the time and frequently since have resulted in fully acquitting Rhodes of initiating the revolutionary proposals in Johannesburg. In fact it can safely be said that he never approved of them, but his strong desire to bring about federation in South Africa finally induced him to join the Reform Party, and once he had done so he spared neither his brain nor his pocket in doing all he could to help it. His statement to the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1897 sets out very clearly and briefly the reasons for his action. In that he said: 'From the date of the establishment of the gold industry at Johannesburg much discontent has been caused by the restrictions and impositions placed upon it by the Transvaal Govern-

¹ Williams.

ment, by the corrupt administration of that Government, and by the denial of civil rights to the rapidly growing Uitlander population. This discontent has gradually but steadily increased, and a considerable time ago I learnt from my intercourse with many of the leading persons in Johannesburg that the position of affairs there had become intolerable. After long efforts they despaired of obtaining redress by constitutional means, and were resolved to seek, by extra constitutional means, such a change in the government of the South African Republic as should give to the majority of the population possessing more than half the land, nine-tenths of the wealth, and paying nineteen-twentieths of the taxes in the country, a due share in its administration. I sympathised with and, as one largely interested in the Transvaal, shared in these grievances; and further, as a citizen of the Cape Colony I felt that the persistently unfriendly attitude of the Government of the South African Republic towards the colony was the great obstacle to common action for practical purposes among the various States of South Africa. Under these circumstances I assisted the movement in Johannesburg with my purse and influence. . . . I must admit that in all my actions I was greatly influenced by my belief that the policy of the present Government of the South African Republic was to introduce the action of another foreign Power into the already complicated system of South Africa, and thereby render more difficult in the future the closer union of the different States.' This extract from the Blue Book published by the Select Committee on the matter has, after mature consideration on the part of everyone who has fully investigated the unhappy business, become generally accepted as entirely accurate, but for a long time after the Raid opinion as to Rhodes's responsibility for the whole thing was greatly divided.

As for Rhodes, he took his disappointment in utter and brooding silence for a time. Then he began to think out how he could rehabilitate himself in the eyes of South Africa and the rest of the Empire; and decided he must at once return to the strenuous life he had set himself, if with

lessened physical force then with redoubled strength of will, and he set to his work again. Surely never in the world's history has there been a greater lesson in how to take a knock-down blow and how to get up again. 'Now that I am down,' said he, possibly helped by the philosophy of Marcus Aurelius, 'I shall see who are my real friends,' adding, with a determined shake of those loose shoulders, 'For the time being my chief work shall be the opening up of the north.'

CHAPTER XIX

COURAGE

1896-1897

AFTER a lapse of years it is easy to see that silence on all events surrounding the Jameson Raid was Rhodes's only possible policy, although at the time it was felt by many that he should at least have defended himself from adverse criticism. 'I ought to have known better,' he said to me one day; 'I should have discountenanced the idea from the very first, but I was in too great a hurry to secure federation and forgot what I had learnt in the diamond fields—that short cuts never led to success, the only roads leading to that being generally hard and steep and often full of pitfalls.'

So soon as he had taken his brief breathing space he was at work again and with redoubled energy. Time was short. There was so much to do. This unfortunate affair of Jameson, for which he had uttered no word of censure, had put back the realisation of his dreams for years, if it had not actually made that realisation impossible. But this he would not own. He was determined that he would put himself right with the Dutch, with the Cape Colonists, and above all with the people of his own country. If at this time Rhodes ever felt that he was shouldering an impossible burden, he gave no indication of it by words or actions, even to his closest friends.

Leaving the disappointment and the bitterness to wear itself out in Cape Town, he paid a flying visit to Kimberley, where he was much heartened by seeing a number of Dutch faces among the British who were at the station to welcome

him, and to show that though they might blame him they also realised that he was still the great man of South Africa, the one man to whom the country looked to weave together firmly the tangled threads of Empire in the future. In a short speech made at the railway station he said: 'People get to know who are their real friends in times of adversity, and it makes me proud to know you continue to trust me. I believe I shall still do useful work for South Africa.'

On the 15th January, 1896, he left for England, where he faced a meeting of the Chartered Company, and also talked with Mr. Chamberlain at the Foreign Office. He found his directors well disposed towards him, and the Colonial Secretary not in a mood to insist on the immediate revocation of the Charter, which had been Rhodes's greatest fear. One thing, however, the Colonial Office did insist on was that an Imperial officer should be appointed, 'who would have the command of the military and police forces in Rhodesia and would be the "border authority" so that the power of the company or any of its members to make another armed incursion into an alien territory would no longer exist.'¹ A further question was now raised as to the appointing of a British Resident in Rhodesia; but Rhodes declared bluntly there was no necessity for such a step, and to this Mr. Chamberlain after a while agreed.

Rhodes further urged that there might be no need for the proposed parliamentary inquiry into the circumstances under which the Raid took place; but here Mr. Chamberlain felt bound to act in accordance with the wishes of the House of Commons.

Before leaving London in February 1896, Rhodes placed his resignation from the Board of the Chartered Company in the hands of his solicitors with directions that it should be delivered to the directors. Realising, however, the value of Rhodes's great mind in the direction of what was, after all, a company of his own inception, they refused to accept this until the following July.

As soon as the necessary interviews were ended and almost

¹ Hensman.

before the British Press had grasped the fact of his arrival, Rhodes left again for Rhodesia, where serious troubles had arisen which only he could solve.

Signs of discontent caused by the Raid began to show themselves in that country in February, and among the natives who had heard that the Boers had captured Jameson and all his soldiers it was said that now the white men's rule might easily be overthrown.

At almost the same time, that dread cattle disease, rinderpest, swept south across the Zambesi, carried, it is said, by a trader's oxen which infected all other cattle with which they came in contact, the disease spreading with the rapidity of a conflagration. To the natives their cattle are their most sacred possession; and when hundreds of animals were struck down by this new scourge, while others on the orders of inexperienced veterinary surgeons were killed, it is small wonder that the natives became bitter against the white men. For some time the settlers were too much occupied trying to stay the advances of the rinderpest to foresee any other calamity, and though there were reports of one or two murders of prospectors in parts of the country distant from any settlement, it was not until March that any united action was taken or that the Chartered Company's officials realised they were actually faced by an organised native rebellion. Suddenly, there was a wholesale massacre of men, women, and children scattered over the country on isolated farms and mines before the colonists had time to gather together, secure arms, and defend themselves effectively.

Rhodes, accompanied by Sir Charles Metcalfe, was at this time on his way up from Beira. Appalled by the traces of rinderpest passed on the road, he reached Salisbury to face the infinitely more serious news of disaffection among the natives; but with his usual promptness he had a supply of arms and ammunition hurried to Gwelo, guarded by a little force of volunteers. A stronger relief column of 150 white troops also started, accompanied by Rhodes, who, although scarcely convalescent after an attack of malarial fever contracted on the way up from Beira, faced the fatigues of the

long march and was actually present at all the fighting which took place on the road to Bulawayo.

Rhodes was determined that the rebellion should be crushed if possible by forces employed by the Company and acting under his direction. He knew the expenses incurred by the campaign would be sufficiently heavy for the Chartered Company to shoulder without the addition of maintaining regular troops in the field. For this reason, although the Imperial authorities offered to supplement the voluntary forces already engaged by regular troops, Rhodes, backed up by Earl Grey—now Administrator in succession to Jameson—drew attention to the difficulty of maintaining extensive transport supplies and urged that the reinforcements should wait at Mafeking until their support was actually needed. This suggestion was agreed to; the Home Government now insisted that the command of the campaign 'must be placed in the hands of a General Officer on full pay,' and Major General Sir Frederick Carrington was appointed.

All this time Rhodes had been frequently in action. He was present in the fighting near Gwelo and also at Shiloh and Thabas-i-Mamba, and his extreme coolness under the hottest fire, coupled with the recklessness with which he would ride in advance of the column, was remarked by all his companions, and proved, had it been necessary, that his physical bravery equalled the extraordinary moral courage he had so often shown.

Major Tyrie Laing, who commanded the Belingwe column, received a characteristic letter from Rhodes relating to hostilities and indicative of that grasp of detail which characterised all his schemes.

NEAR RIXON'S STORE,
25th May, 1896.

MY DEAR LAING,

We got your despatch all right from Gwelo and we accepted all your suggestions. We instructed Victoria to send you runners telling you to go down and meet the Tuli

column and bring it to your place, you taking command. In case the runners did not reach you we instructed the Tuli column to go via the Gondoque Road to you, and when it reached you, you to take command. It had instructions to detach some meal and some necessaries to Victoria with an escort. Its strength was about 150 mounted men with sixteen mule waggons. These would reach you, less the escort and waggons with meal for Victoria. Your instructions are to do what you think best, to assume the defensive, and do the most harm you can to the natives around you. If after doing that you think the best plan is to work up in the direction of Filabusi and Bembesi do so, but these matters are left to your judgment. We have every confidence in you and do not want to tie you in any direction.

Grey, who brings this, will tell you all the news. The only thing that you must bear in mind is that you take command and do the best you can.

... You may think that the best plan is to work through the Filabusi to the Matopos, where we are eventually going. If so, do so; but if you do, I suggest you take a few mule waggons with you for sick, wounded, and food. This plan of going on long journeys with only horse patrols is a mistake. You cannot fight on empty stomachs, though I agree that too many waggons hamper action.

I can say no more, but thank you for all your good work.

If you can, let me know what you are doing, but for goodness' sake don't risk despatch riders and horses. You will want every horse you have got. The nimble native you can use as a foot runner.

Yours very truly,

C. J. RHODES.¹

Carrington, who had arrived about June 1st, took command of the forces, which had been most successful in every engagement in the open country, but the rebels had soon realised that they were no match for the whites there, and had withdrawn into the Matopo hills, where they put up a most

¹ *The Matabeleland Rebellion*, by Major Tyrie Laing.

stubborn resistance, and Carrington's first attempts to get the best of them there may be classed as failures. In four separate attacks made on the enemy during July the fighting was of a very severe nature, and our losses in killed and wounded were in the neighbourhood of 15 per cent. in a force of just under 1000 men.

Rhodes had arrived in Bulawayo shortly after Carrington, having travelled down with a relief force from Salisbury and seeing on the way many burned-down homesteads; in some of them the remains of murdered settlers—men, women, and children—which were all given Christian burial. Coming south from Gwelo, where all the settlers and miners who had escaped massacre were in laager, Rhodes was in many skirmishes, and his white flannel trousers, which he always wore when on the veld, made him an easy mark for a Matabele bullet and caused much anxiety to Colonel Napier, commanding the force. Fortunately the marksmanship of the enemy snipers was bad, and though Rhodes was frequently 'potted' at he reached Bulawayo safely. No one ever received a greater welcome. The settlers, who were all laagered up in the Market Square, felt as if their troubles were at an end; men and women united in cheering themselves hoarse, and an air of cheerfulness at once took the place of the depression that had affected everyone for many weeks. 'Now that Rhodes is here everything will be all right' was heard on every side, and nobly did he shoulder the burden.

Rhodes, after his arrival at Bulawayo, for a time played the rôle of onlooker, merely holding himself ready to take a hand in things when the necessity should occur. Carrington, who had some very good officers with him, including Colonel Baden-Powell, had promptly reorganised the field forces, but he soon recognised that he had to deal with a very difficult situation in the Matopo hills, and, as already mentioned, his first attempts to dislodge the rebels from their fastnesses there had been none too successful. He began to take a more serious view of the situation and hinted at the desirability of increasing his forces to enable

him to surround the hills and starve the natives to submission.

Rhodes had not been long in the place before he was asked to address a public meeting, and in the course of his speech he said: "... My aspirations for the pioneering and development of this country could never have been realised had it not been for the people who helped me to carry out my ideas. It was easy to take the initiative and easy to keep the path open, but it would have been impossible to accomplish my ideas had not the people grasped them and carried them out. Difficulties far beyond expectation were encountered, but you have overridden these and are within measurable distance of a successful issue. . . . We are now building a railway towards you from the east coast, and have found the money to continue the one from the south, the material for which the Cape is generously giving preference to before even goods for the Transvaal. I would say to "mutes and grouzers" that it is not possible to finish the line, for we have 500 miles to construct, within the year, but I mean to give you speedy railway communication. . . . You dealt with the Matabele by yourselves; we are faced with a somewhat serious situation again, but we all feel that Sir Frederick Carrington will soon, with the ready help you are giving him, crush the rebellion. I do not shut my eyes to the fact that you people here have had a terrible time. Your list of killed and wounded is severe in the extreme. It shows how bravely you have faced the situation. . . . It is a wonder to me how we manage to get through any difficulties as we are doing. It will interest you to know that the Chartered Company means to compensate you for war losses. It is unusual, and it is to the credit of the company. . . . This country will be the abode of a white race. If I am allowed to remain and work with you, I look to the future for the charter to lapse and for you to become a self-governing body, and that as speedily as possible. I hope you will prepare your minds for such an idea, for I intend to confer about it with Chartered shareholders, namely, some mode of self-government as a means of making you one of the States

of South Africa, and above all, that the end of our efforts shall be South African Federation.'

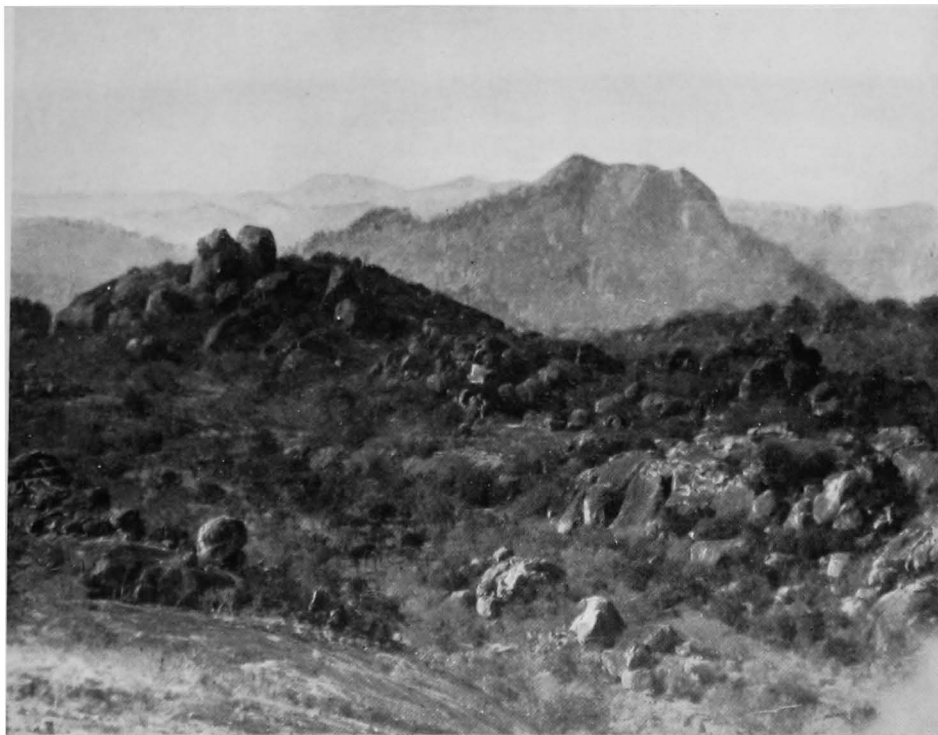
At this juncture grave news was brought in from Mashonaland, where large numbers of white settlers had been attacked and murdered by the hitherto peaceful natives, who had now joined their old enemies, the Matabele, and risen suddenly in almost every part of that province. To cope with this totally unexpected situation it was necessary that a substantial portion of Carrington's forces should be sent to their relief.

Salisbury was hastily fortified, and women and children from outlying districts were brought in safely by small parties of the Salisbury volunteers, who displayed the greatest bravery. But those settlers who lived further out were almost all hacked to death with battle-axes and native assegais before help could arrive.

Hubert Hervey—a friend of Rhodes, strongly imbued with his Imperial ideas and a trooper in Colonel Plumer's column—was mortally wounded in an engagement in the Matopos, and while he was being carried back on a stretcher he exclaimed, 'Who knows but that I may soon be pegging out claims for England in Jupiter!' ¹ When in hospital he asked to see Rhodes, who of course visited him, saying afterwards, 'He was without fear—and without self. I knew him very well. That feeling about the Empire was the ideal of his life.'

Although Carrington's aggressive tactics among the hills had mostly ended in stalemate, the Matabele now began to realise that they were likely to be continuously harried; numbers of them were being killed and wounded and signs of considerable weakening were noticed in their resistance. They concentrated the bulk of their forces in one of the most difficult parts of the Matopo hills, with the object apparently of drawing Plumer's troops in that direction, where a mounted force was quite useless. Rhodes and Grey realised that the campaign was resolving itself into a guerilla war and that, while the natives would undoubtedly be starved into sub-

¹ *Memoirs of Hubert Hervey*, by Earl Grey.



SCENE OF A FIGHT IN THE MATOPO HILLS

To face page 212.

mission, this could only be at a cost of many lives and of great expenditure, while the industries of the country must remain paralysed so long as nearly all the settlers were on active service.¹ Carrington, whose main forces had now been moved near Umlugulu, the chief stronghold of the rebels in the Matopos, decided it would require at least five thousand men to drive them out of the hills, and Rhodes became gravely concerned. A further campaign in and around the Matopo hills, which was bound to be in the nature of a siege, would cost an enormous amount of money, which, added to what the company had already expended in fighting for its territory plus the losses incurred by the rinderpest and the stoppage for several months of all industrial work, would bring ruin to the Chartered Company and antagonise the natives for years. Thinking over the matter hard for some days and talking of it freely to Metcalfe, Colenbrander, and others, he thought he saw a quick and simple, if very daring, way out of the difficulty, to which, after overcoming many objections, he obtained General Carrington's consent. The first move was to Plumer's headquarters on the edge of the Matopos, where things were fully thought over and plans matured. Rhodes's idea was that he, whose name was known to every native in the country, should go unguarded and unarmed into the fastnesses of the Matopos and try by his own persuasive powers to induce the Matabele to lay down their arms and discuss terms of surrender. His magnetic influence over white men was already a well-established fact; but this was the first time he had tried the power of his personality in winning over wholly uncivilised and formidable barbarians, then in a state of open rebellion. 'Surely,' he said, 'there must be reasonable men among them who will listen to me when they know that I am ready to meet them. At any rate let us find out.'

The way in which Rhodes carried out his project is another story, and is dealt with later on.² Suffice it at present to say that a meeting took place, at which Rhodes impressed on the chiefs that they could only continue

¹ Marshall Hole.

² See Chapter XXI.

fighting while they were in the hills and that they had no hope of getting out, as they were surrounded ; they would soon be starving, for he knew their food, even now, was very scarce, and unless they made terms with him soon they would be no better than baboons in a few weeks.

This plain speaking shook them very much, and after a great deal of talk a complete understanding was arrived at. 'Peace,' Rhodes declared, 'was as good as settled, if no stupidity occurs meanwhile,' he added. In order further to gain their confidence, Rhodes promised that he would live in their country for a time to see that they were fairly treated and that the promises made at the indaba were kept, which arrangement went far towards persuading the Matabele to accept definite terms of peace.

In spite, however, of his great achievement, Rhodes had all he could do to conquer the authorities' reluctance to accept an arrangement that was not marked by sensational hangings and other severities. The view taken by General Carrington and Colonel Plumer over it was entirely in accord with Rhodes's ideas, but the Imperial Commissioner, Sir Richard Martin, would for a long time have none of it. It is even said that Rhodes had endless trouble with the military authorities before he got his pledges to the Matabele accepted, for they did not favour the policy of leniency to which he had pledged himself, and which was proved to be the right one, for the Matabele chiefs have ever since kept the promises they gave to him whom they honoured as the greatest of white men.

Throughout Rhodes's whole career we see a policy of firmness and justice unwaveringly followed in regard to the native races of South Africa. His earliest political utterances were rough protests against disarming the Basutos, and all through his relations with the Bechuanas, with his own servants, and with the countless tribes with whom he came in contact on the mines and in his own country, no single act of harshness or unfairness can ever be pointed out. By letting the Matabele first feel the strength of the white man in the earlier fighting, Rhodes had given them a sharp lesson in

regard to what they might expect if they persisted in rebellion, but when they were driven into the hills and in danger of starving he considered that the time had come for gentler methods, to which attitude he held with unwavering determination.

His future policy in regard to these late rebels was to make the chiefs salaried officers of the Government and to trust to them to manage their unruly young men and induce as many as possible to come and work for wages on the farms and in the mines, since, as we know, Rhodes always held the view that idleness is the curse of life and work the secret of happiness. By the dissemination of this practical philosophy in Rhodesia, he hoped to replace the old military spirit by habits of regular industry, which would also aid the advance of civilisation.

On his return to Bulawayo, Rhodes said in a speech: 'Looking back over the war in Matabeleland, however sceptical any one of us may be, you will admit that for three hundred men who at the start went out to fight natives numbering about six thousand, the record of our losses of some seventy-five killed is a very fair one. After you had broken the natives up we were fortunate enough to get Imperial troops and to have them under the guidance of General Carrington. . . . In considering the various courses in life which a man may pursue, I cannot think of any pleasanter course than the making of a country in which the inhabitants have so firm a belief. When I viewed the country when out with various commandos, I found how good the country is. I found how admirable it is for agriculture; it is without a rival for stock; and I feel quite clear about the future, even if the mineral development is not what you expect it to be. I repeat to you what I have repeatedly said to the shareholders, the world has never met with a country which, being well over four hundred miles in length and more than two hundred miles in width and mineralised in every direction, does not contain paying properties. By 1897 Mr. Pauling has promised to bring you the railway from the south to Bulawayo, and they are now pushing on the

railway from Beira as hard as they can. The war, therefore, has not been an unmixed evil, since you will soon have a railway which will bring you speedy communication, on which the measure of your success will be based. You can have no more attractive occupation than the development of a country from barbarism to civilisation. You have done me the favour of giving this country my name. My return for that will be to help in making this country as great as I can. There are many of you here who think that you will make your pile and disappear. Now I am going to make a forecast. I have seen the same thing in Kimberley and in many parts of South Africa, and you will find that when the pile is made you cannot throw yourself back into English life and you will soon find yourself back here again. The future is big. . . . We shall develop this State, not on lines of antagonism to the rest of South Africa, but of harmony with it.

‘You must not think that I incurred unnecessary risk in proceeding with the columns you sent into the field. I thought that by going with them I should get a knowledge of the people and a knowledge of the country, and I should share with you your risks and your responsibilities. So far as I am personally concerned I have been a happy man since I have been among you.’

At this time Rhodes enjoyed immense popularity and influence with all the settlers of Rhodesia, a large number of whom were Dutch, who during the last months had been in personal contact with the founder of their great country. He now prepared to leave the valuable work he had accomplished in Rhodesia, to face his examination in regard to the Jameson Raid before the Select Committee of the House of Commons at Westminster.

Before he left Rhodesia I persuaded him to visit a part of the country he had never been in, lying eighty miles north of Umtali and known as the Inyanga district, where I assured him he would find the highlands of Rhodesia, containing mountains up to 8000 and 9000 feet in height, with perennial streams of the clearest water running through them in every



TYPICAL INYANGA COUNTRY

Where Rhodes bought 100,000 acres, which he presented to Rhodesia.

To face page 216.

direction. In time, I said to him, it would become a great sheep country. He was somewhat unwilling to undertake the journey, and repeatedly cross-examined me over my description, but at length he said: 'You have so raised my interest over this Inyanga country that I shall go and look at it, but if I am let down and have my time wasted, there will be trouble for you, there will be trouble for you.' I parted from him in Bulawayo and he set off with Sir Charles Metcalfe, Milton, Jourdan, and Grimmer, passing through Salisbury on the way, where he stayed for some time and they dropped Milton, whom he had brought up from the Cape to re-organise the Civil Service and eventually to take over the administration of the country. Jourdan was also left behind to assist him for a time. Five weeks afterwards I received the following laconic note from Rhodes:

'DEAR McDONALD,—Inyanga is much finer than you described. I find a good many farms are becoming occupied. Before it is all gone, buy me quickly up to 100,000 acres and be sure you take in the Pungwe Falls. I would like to try sheep and apple growing. Do not say you are buying for me.—Yrs.,

C. J. RHODES.

'P.S.—Michell¹ will finance you.'

I was able to carry out his wishes, and at his death he left this great estate, as well as those of Sauerdale and Matopos—also over 100,000 acres—to the people of Rhodesia.

When he reached Umtali on his way back there was bad news waiting for him. He found Lord Grey there, who said, 'I have very bad news to give you.' Rhodes looked disturbed. 'What is it?' he asked. 'I'm desperately sorry to tell you,' said Grey, 'that your house, Groote Schuur, has been burned to the ground and nothing saved.' 'Is that all?' said Rhodes; 'I thought you were going to say that Jameson was dead.' Much beautiful old Dutch silver, glassware, china, and furniture were destroyed, as well as valuable

¹ Sir Lewis Michell, then General Manager of the Standard Bank.

historical papers of which there were no copies, and a massive old Dutch door which Rhodes greatly prized. Later Rhodes remarked to Grey, 'What with the Raid, rebellion, famine, rinderpest, and now my house burnt, I feel like Job, all but the boils.' Like all strong men, Rhodes was enormously strengthened by this year of adversity, since it is only the weak who in time of trouble go to the wall or become soured and complaining. Although there is no doubt that the shock of the Raid and its personal result, added to the troubles which followed in its wake, decreased Rhodes's physical energy and his power to withstand disease, it also strengthened enormously the driving force of his character.

Rhodes left Rhodesia by the way of Beira, deciding to visit Cape Town before leaving for England 'to face the music,' and where he could answer the criticisms and sneers of those who, once his friends, now that they thought him broken and beyond recovery had nothing bad enough to say of their former leader.

When he reached Port Elizabeth, however, he was met quite unexpectedly by a tremendous and entirely friendly ovation. He had never been on very friendly terms with this town, the people of which had criticised his northern policy none too favourably, and he was greatly touched by their welcome. Rarely had he been so affected. At a luncheon given in his honour, he got up and with no preparation whatsoever made one of those conversational speeches of which he was master. He said: 'The best thing is to tell you and those around me the thoughts of my mind. I am frank enough to own that I have had a troublesome year—a pretty troublesome year. But during that period, whilst I was in the remote north, I often used to get some expression of sympathy from friends in the Cape, which used to give me help. . . . If I can put to you a thought it is that the man who is continually prosperous does not know himself—his own mind and character. It is a good thing if one has a period of adversity. And, further, there is another thought connected with that. You find out who are your real friends. I will admit—for I am ready to confess all

my faults—that my experience has been this: from those from whom I expected most I got least, and from the most remote quarters and remote districts I got a kindly feeling and a kindly thought and a kindly consideration I never expected. . . . It is fortunate that in all the troubles of this year I was able to see the right place to go to, and, I hope, the right course to take. I was told my public life was at an end, but the first thing I said in reply was that it was only beginning. I ask you to excuse the personal nature of my remarks, but it is a true one, much as I dislike too much personal allusion, but sometimes one cannot help it. I am confident enough to say—and perhaps impudent enough to say it again—that I do not feel that my public career is closed. I am going home to meet the committee of my own country. As soon as they release me from their assiduous attentions I mean to return to this country, and when I say “this country” I mean South Africa. I shall go to the North and do my best to develop that part in co-operation with the Cape Colony and any other of the States in South Africa which may desire to co-operate. I shall keep my seat in the Cape House, because it is part of my programme to show to the people of South Africa that I do not undertake a career of isolation. You may tell me my faults, you may condemn me, but until you turn me out I mean to remain with you. . . . I have come to the conclusion that the best thing in politics is to take the people into your confidence. By that plan you know you are doing the right thing, because the people are really your partners in the country. . . . I only hope in my future public career you will recognise that I have never abandoned the programme I have laid before you, and especially I hope I shall always preserve a grateful feeling for those who have welcomed me so warmly and so kindly in my time of trouble.’

It was in the course of this speech that Rhodes made the remark which many people in England took umbrage at. ‘I am going home,’ he said, ‘to meet the unctuous rectitude of my countrymen.’

From Port Elizabeth he took the train to Kimberley, and

at various places where the train stopped addresses of welcome were presented to him, bearing as many Dutch as English signatures, and on each occasion Rhodes had to make a speech, the gist of which was that he meant to remain in politics and continue his work for the development of the North and for the federation of the States in South Africa.

At Cape Town the Cape Parliament had appointed a Select Committee to hold an inquiry into the circumstances surrounding the Jameson Raid, which in its report just then issued condemned the conduct of the late Prime Minister in that he was thoroughly conversant with the preparations that led to the inroad, but that there was no evidence to show that the force concentrated at Pitsani should invade the Transvaal uninvited, and while absolving his character from reproach they stated that the part taken by him in the organisation was not consistent with his duty as Prime Minister.

On December 28th he made a speech in Kimberley to the De Beers shareholders at the annual meeting of the Company, and showed his usual grasp of the position of that concern. His reception in that town was so enthusiastic as to be indescribable, and he remarked to his audience, 'I knew in my darkest hours that Kimberley would never fail me.' Pressed for time, he now hurried to Cape Town, being welcomed at every station on the way, and at Paarl, one of the Dutch strongholds, he was presented with an address signed by four hundred farmers, the bulk of them Dutchmen. It was the same at many other centres, and showed that he had won the hearts and confidence of the Dutch farmers, as well as those of the British, and despite the efforts of the Afrikander Bond they openly showed their sympathy with him. On January 1st, 1897, he reached the ruins of Groote Schuur and took up his residence for a few days in the servants' outside quarters and at once arranged about the rebuilding of the house. He also looked into the fruit-growing industry of the Cape, which had been languishing for some time, and, paying no heed to the cost, determined to put it on a secure basis, which after a very heavy

expenditure and by great personal effort he managed to do in the course of the next few years. Not content with this, he took in hand the creation of an explosives and fertilising works some twenty-five miles from Cape Town, which soon became one of the biggest in the world and proved a great boon to the whole of South Africa.

On January 5th he was entertained at a great banquet by the citizens of Cape Town, the Mayor, Sir John Woodhead, presiding. Various speeches were made, and Rhodes was urged to keep to political life. 'You have done great things for Africa,' he was told, 'and we want you to continue. We see around us a new Cape Town. What has created it? . . . The opening of the North. On the roll of honour of those who have brought prosperity to South Africa, no name will be inscribed higher than yours.' On rising to reply, Rhodes received a great ovation from the crowded gathering. In a long speech he assured his hearers that he had no intention of deserting the Cape Colony, that Cape Town was and would continue to be one of the great taverns of the world, and that its people must see to it that it retained its pride of place. Civic pride built Rome, he told them, and in time he hoped it would rebuild Cape Town on lines its natural grandeur demanded. In spite of many faults he possessed and errors he had made, he felt that night that he still possessed the confidence and affection of his fellow-citizens. He would be proud to continue to work for their interests and those of the whole country. He had recently lost his house at the Cape, but his home was there and he had just arranged to have it rebuilt. His chief desire was for the progress and unity of South Africa, and the remarks made to him that evening had heartened him greatly. Let them be assured he would continue his efforts for the welfare of the country.

The next day he sailed for England to appear before the Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the Jameson Raid, and he was given a memorable send-off, a crowd of five thousand people gathering on the pier to watch his departure. He received many letters before

sailing from both Dutch and English, wishing him God-speed and all urging an early return to his work in South Africa, one writer saying, ' We are like sheep with no leader.'

Early in 1897 Rhodes paid a visit to his old friend Jameson, now lying ill in London. Jameson's preliminary examination had begun in March 1896 and lingered on until June, when he was committed for trial. Throughout those days he is described as sitting with his head resting on his hand, watching proceedings as though from some great distance. In October he was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment, but owing to ill-health was released in the following December.

Rhodes now faced the Select Committee, his first sitting taking place on February 16th. He met the formidable accusations against him coolly and collectedly, and was candid and consistent in his replies, listening to the evidence against him at times with amused interest. Nor did he make any attempt to ' play to the gallery ' when he had to answer for his actions, but stood on his merits and somewhat annoyed certain members of the Committee by turning the tables on them and asking them some very pertinent questions. However, he made a frank and honest statement, neither whitewashing himself nor blaming any one ; and this—especially as he refused to produce certain telegrams probably incriminating others who did not come before the Committee—went far towards influencing public opinion in his favour. Labouchere, one of its members, who was the proprietor of *Truth*, had been attacking him in that paper for years, describing him as a financial pirate, a schemer and filibuster of the worst type, now thought he had him at his mercy and questioned him exceedingly closely over all matters connected with the Raid, in a somewhat unpleasant manner at first, but he found out nothing additional to what had already been told, and his views on the subject began to change. After it was all over he told a friend—George Wyndham—that he had to a certain extent misjudged Rhodes—he was a better type than he had imagined ; and that he had wrongfully described him in his paper in the

past, and now knew that he was not seeking wealth for himself nor exploiting the public to that end. He believed he was an honourable man in his way, but he (Labouchere) would not back him up in his Empire-building schemes. He did not believe in such things, but added that Rhodes had won his admiration in the witness-box by the frank answers he gave to all questions. Something of this nature he also said at a later date in his paper, which never afterwards displayed its previous bitterness to Rhodes. The Committee sat only two or three days a week, and Rhodes's examination was not concluded till March 5th. Sir William Harcourt, who had also examined him severely, said to him afterwards, 'I should not mind being in such a scrape if I could change the years I carry for yours.'¹ But Rhodes was the first to go.

Briefly, the finding of the Committee was to the effect that Rhodes had failed in his duties as a public man and had seriously embarrassed both the Imperial and Colonial Governments, causing for the time being grave injury to British influence in South Africa, but that there was nothing in the whole affair that dishonoured his personal character.

Rhodes declined to wait to hear the finding of the Committee and went for a short trip to the Continent; going as far as Italy to look at the olive gardens, in the hope that these valuable trees might be grown successfully in South Africa. Returning to London towards the end of March, he sailed on the 3rd of April, arriving in Cape Town on the 20th, where he was met by a huge gathering of South Africans headed by the Mayors of Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. The very first day after his arrival he took his seat in the Legislative Assembly and received a most cordial welcome.

He was now urgently begged to return to politics at the Cape. Among many appeals sent to him one runs thus: 'We unanimously think it is of utmost importance and necessary to your interests as well as the whole of South Africa that you should be present at the opening of Parliament or as soon as possible after. If you be present you

¹ Michell.

can rely on support of all your friends as well as a large number of waverers and those at present unfavourably disposed to you. . . . A large number of Dutch say if you return you can rely on their support, notwithstanding all that has been done, and you will be sure to have a majority. . . . D. C. de Waal and your friends cannot too strongly urge you to come. Only your opponents hope you may not.'¹

Rhodes was a constant attendant in the House all through May, but he took little part in its debates, although he made several speeches in public during that month. To a large body of railway workmen from Salt River Works he said, 'We are partners in the far north and we must stand for equal rights and equal laws for every white man, and let the best man win irrespective of his race.'

Early in June he proceeded to Rhodesia, which country was now entering on a period of great and deserved prosperity. Speaking at a gathering in Bulawayo on July 14th, while laying the foundation stone of the Wesleyan Church there, he said: ' . . . There is nothing one notices in life more than the similarity of religions. Whether one inquires into the religion of the ancient Egyptians and takes up the *Book of the Dead*, the precepts of which are almost similar to those of Zoroaster or Confucius; or goes back to the religion of the Romans and reads the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*; or considers the religion of the Greeks, and reads the work of Aristotle; in all the same idea is to be found—to raise humanity higher. The idea is not new; it is as old as the beginning of civilisation in the world. What we have to be thankful for to-day is that the superstitions of the religions of the past are disappearing. One was the superstition in connection with human sacrifice. If you only look back a very short time in the history of Rhodesia you will find the superstition of the M'limo which gave the happy despatch to so many. That was a religion, but a bad one. The Spanish Inquisition resulted from another, as did the Scottish Covenanter period. The object of all of

¹ Michell.

them was sound, but the methods were often appalling in their application. The object, I say, was sound—it was for the betterment of humanity in every case; and I would ask all of you here present to help, in however small a degree, towards the attainment of that object.'

On only one other occasion, so far as I know or have been able to trace, did he ever set out his views on religion, and that was at the laying of another foundation stone for a church, the South African Presbyterian Church, at Woodstock, one of the suburbs of Cape Town, on July 29th, 1899. His speech is worth repeating, for it deserves wider knowledge than it appears to have received.

'You have paid me,' he said, 'a great compliment by asking me to come and lay this stone. I recognise that it is a tribute from you to that which is a most practical idea of your church, that is—work. You have asked me to come here because you recognise that my life has been work. Of course I must say frankly that I do not happen to belong to your particular sect in religion. We all have many ideals, but I may say that when we come abroad we all broaden. We broaden immensely, and especially in this spot, because we are always looking on that mountain, and there is immense breadth in it. That gives us, while we retain our individual dogmas, immense breadth of feeling and consideration for all those who are striving to do good work and perhaps improve the condition of humanity in general. I remember when the Bishop of Derry was out here and was staying with me, when the Bishop's daughter was married from my house, how, on the Sabbath, the Bishop said to me, "I suppose you are coming to hear me at Rondebosch Church?" and I replied, "No, Sir, I have got my own chapel." The Bishop said, "Where is it?" and I replied, "It is up the mountain." The Bishop thereupon remarked, "Dear me, dear me, what a nice place to have your church." The fact is, if I may take you into my confidence, that I do not care to go to a particular church even on one day in the year when I use my own chapel at all other times. I find that up the mountain one gets thoughts, what you might term

religious thoughts, because they are thoughts for the betterment of humanity, and I believe that is the best description of religion, to work for the betterment of the human beings who surround us. This stone I have laid will subsequently represent a building, and in that building thoughts will be given to the people with the intention of raising their minds and making them better citizens. That is the intention of the laying of this stone. I will challenge any man or any woman, however broad their ideas may be, who object to going to church or chapel, to say they would not sometimes be better for an hour or an hour and a half in church. I believe they would get there some ideas conveyed to them that would make them better human beings. There are those who, throughout the world, have set themselves the task of elevating their fellow-beings, and have abandoned personal ambition, the accumulation of wealth, perhaps the pursuit of art, and many of those things that are deemed most valuable. What is left to them ? They have chosen to do what ? To devote their whole mind to make other human beings better, braver, kindlier, more thoughtful, and more unselfish, for which they deserve the praise of all men.'

During this visit to Rhodesia its founder spoke freely and often over the political future of the country. Although he gave his life for the unification of South Africa, of which he always intended Rhodesia should become a part, yet he felt that a period of responsible government would be advisable to show the people how strong they were economically. He never ceased to urge that the whole of Africa south of the Zambesi should draw together into one undivided state or dominion ; for he foresaw clearly that if Rhodesia held aloof from the Southern States she would eventually find herself there through sheer economic pressure which, owing to her geographical position, could be forced upon her, therefore the greater her strength, the greater her position in the Federated States. He urged, however, that responsible government should not be sought after too lightly. Experience had taught him that self-discipline above all was necessary before such a stage could be successfully adopted, and this quality



RHODES'S SEAT
In the grounds of Groote Schuur.

To face page 226.

is not acquired in a day. He was convinced that the common weal—not one's own—should be the objective, for no one can successfully make laws for others until he is able to govern himself. Rhodes lived his whole life in harmony with this philosophy.

Federation he deliberately chose in preference to union. He said time and again that nationalism must be given freedom of expression and action, and the Colonies allowed to reach their destiny through their own efforts, otherwise contentment would never ensue. 'And without contentment,' he added, 'progress becomes an impossibility.'

CHAPTER XX

DAYS ON THE VELD

My first meeting with Rhodes was in Kimberley about the end of November 1890, when he had got back from a long journey of well over 2500 miles, the greater part of which had to be accomplished by mule and ox wagon. He had left Kimberley about the end of September in the hope of getting to Salisbury, which had only, on the 11th of that month, been reached and so named by the pioneer force he had created and sent north to occupy Mashonaland. Pushing forward via Notwani and Macloutsi as hard as he could travel, he and his party arrived at Fort Tuli on the 1st of November, and due to an early wet season found the Shashi River rising rapidly and the Limpopo in gathering flood, and it was realised that for some months further communication with the north would soon be cut off. The trip had therefore most reluctantly to be abandoned, and the return journey was made via Zoutpansberg, Pietersburg, and Pretoria, where Rhodes and his companions were entertained by President Kruger, with whom the former had a very long conversation on northern developments. Rhodes on arrival at Kimberley was very full of the wonderful country that lay beyond Tuli and the Limpopo River, into which he had only succeeded in penetrating thirty miles, and I decided that I must make every effort to find a way of getting there as soon as might be possible. Very shortly afterwards, through the good offices of Mr. C. D. Rudd, a partner of Rhodes's in the early Kimberley days and the man who had been instrumental in securing the concession over Mashonaland from Lobengula, I was offered an appointment with the

Goldfields of South Africa, a large company operating in South Africa. The managing directors were Rhodes and Rudd, who had decided to send a prospecting expedition to Mashonaland, in which I was offered a position, and needless to say I promptly accepted. A long trek, lasting some four months, brought our party to Salisbury in May 1891. In the later part of the year I again met Rhodes, whom I could now approach without undue trepidation as he was in a sense my employer. He had travelled up the coast from Cape Town to Beira on a small steamer, and then with his small party of some four or five walked from there to Umtali, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, in the very hottest month of the year. Very few indeed had ever managed this journey on foot before, and it was in those days a most risky business, for the rivers and watercourses were infested with crocodiles and the whole country overrun with lions. Rhodes and his companions—included among whom were the well-known Major (now Colonel) Frank Johnson and Mr. D. C. de Waal—had many trying adventures before they reached Umtali, but beyond losing some of their belongings they arrived there safely and found a mule waggon and some riding horses waiting to carry them on to Salisbury, which they rode into early in October, and it was then that my friendship with Rhodes really began. He spent a few days in Salisbury, but before leaving for the south he paid a visit to one or two newly discovered mines in the Mazoe, where two of his old prospectors from Kimberley—McWilliams and Maddocks—were at work. I accompanied him on this trip, when our friendship was cemented, as the following incident will show. After dinner one night he questioned me very closely about a mine that was being opened up, and I was able to reply fully, as I had carried out the work myself. Rhodes always tried to get to the bottom of every subject he took an interest in, and questioned and re-questioned on the matter till he got a complete grasp of it. This form of examination I was put through, but my replies evidently did not please him, for he said, 'It is clear you know nothing about it; you are wasting my time with your ignorant replies.'

I tell you that you are a very ignorant young man.' The result was that, knowing I was in the right and being extremely nettled, impetuous, heated words passed between us, to the concern of the other members of the party, and I eventually turned on my heel and went off to sleep under a tree near by where I had spread my rugs. My night was sleepless, for as I grew calmer I remembered that Rhodes was one of the heads of my company, and I felt quite sure my services would be dispensed with and the opportunity I had been given of getting on to the ladder would be lost to me. I reviled my stupidity in losing my temper, and did not feel in a cheerful mood when, being in charge of the expedition, I got up at 5 a.m. to wake up the 'boys,' see the mules and horses fed, and have coffee prepared for ourselves. After attending to this, I came back towards the camp fire that had been kept going all night to keep off lions, and found Rhodes had turned out and was sitting there. I said nothing and kept well away from him, doing some small jobs for a short time; then I heard, 'M-m-m, I think you lost your temper last night, I think you lost your temper last night,' spoken in the falsetto he sometimes adopted. 'Yes, Mr. Rhodes, I did and I'm sorry. It was stupid of me, but I must stand to all I said about the Lotos Mine.' 'M-m, it is foolish to lose one's temper, I've always found it so, but let's be fair; we'll go to the mine, and if Rolker (a well-known American mining engineer who was in the party) says you are wrong you'll climb down, you'll climb down, I hope; while if you are right, I will, I will. And now,' he added, 'let us have our coffee.' Soon after the others appeared, and there was general surprise to see Rhodes and myself talking to each other in the most friendly fashion after the explosion of the previous night. Next day we visited the Lotos Mine, which was duly looked at by Rolker, who confirmed my statements, and at dinner that night Rhodes said, 'I was wrong two nights ago and McDonald was right. I offer him an apology, but I tell him again, it is foolish to lose one's temper. Remember that, it is foolish to lose your temper.' From that day on he gave me his fullest

confidence in all matters he had at heart, and we remained firm and close friends to the end of his life.

After his long journey from the east coast to Salisbury in 1891 Rhodes left that place on his return to the Cape via Fort Victoria, Palapye, and Mafeking towards the end of October, reaching Fort Victoria about the 5th or 6th of November. I had arrived there a few days before on business for my company and had gone out to visit a mine, 'The Dickens,' some fifteen miles to the west of the fort, and was greatly surprised one morning before breakfast to see Rhodes, de Waal, Captain Tyson, Dr. Jameson, and Selous ride up. They had come out to see the mine which had just been discovered and which was being worked for Robert Williams (later of Katanga and Tanganyika Concessions fame), a personal friend of Rhodes in the early Kimberley days, by George Grey, one of the pioneers of Katanga and a brother of Sir Edward Grey (Foreign Secretary 1905 to 1916). Rhodes and his party had been at the ruins of Zimbabwe the previous day, and he was full of what he had seen there and of the work that Theodore Bent, the well-known archaeologist, was carrying out for him. He took from his pockets and showed M. S. Runchman, another Kimberley friend of his who was with me, and myself a number of gold beads, bits of gold chain, gold-leaf, and other articles that had been dug up in some of the excavations being made by Bent, who said he had not been able so far to form any idea as to the origin of the ruined buildings. After looking round the mine and drinking some coffee with us, Rhodes asked me to go with him as far as Chibi's kraal, distant some forty-five miles from Victoria, then a collection of some ten or twelve pole and mud buildings built in the vicinity of the fort, as he might want an independent witness in connection with certain matters that had to be dealt with there. This I was easily able to do, and I followed him up to Victoria, where I saw Lord Randolph Churchill, who was shaking the dust of Mashonaland from his feet and returning to England. He looked and talked like a very sick man, and I felt very sorry for him though he showed no

desire to be pleasant to anyone. He asked Rhodes to travel with him to Kimberley, but that Rhodes said he couldn't do as he had to break off the direct road further on and go across country to see King Khama at Palapye. So Lord Randolph went off with his own small party—an unhappy-looking lot, so different from Rhodes's high-spirited little company.

Rhodes's object in going to Chibi was to see the chief of that name, who according to three well-known individuals in the Transvaal—Messrs. Adendorff, Brummer, and Vorster—had given them concessionary rights over a great stretch of territory lying between the Tokwe and Limpopo rivers and known as Banyailand, which Chibi and his predecessors had held under full chieftainship control for many years. The Adendorff Concession, as it was called, had attracted much attention in the Transvaal, and a very considerable expedition was equipped under the leadership of Colonel Ferreira and set out to occupy the territory early in 1891. As, however, all the country down to the Portuguese border was claimed and effectively occupied by Lobengula, the Imperial Government who had confirmed the concession he had granted to the Chartered Company advised the Transvaal to withdraw it, which was eventually done after some discussion between Colonel Ferreira and the other leaders and Dr. Jameson. The incident, which had assumed an unpleasant aspect for some time, had been practically closed a month or two before Rhodes reached Rhodesia, but as he passed right through Chibi's country on his way south he decided to secure evidence on the spot to disprove finally Adendorff's statements should any further trouble arise. And this he did with his usual thoroughness.

I slept at his camp that night, and at sunrise next morning Rhodes, de Waal, Jameson, Selous, and I set out on horseback for Chibi's kraal, and were accompanied by Mr. Brabant, the Chief Native Commissioner of Mashonaland, who had come down from Salisbury specially to interpret. It took us about three hours to reach the kraal, which was situated high up on a granite hill and closely stockaded

against attack from Matabele raiders and wild animals. We had brought two 'boys' to carry a breakfast hamper, and off-saddled near the kraal in a shady spot and ate that meal with zest. Brabant then went off to prepare Chibi for Rhodes's visit, and soon after we followed and found the chief sitting in a small chair surrounded by ten or twelve sub-chiefs and councillors. Chibi was a pleasant-looking native about seventy years old, and seemed to be held in much respect by his subjects. 'Are you the head chief of all the country around us?' asked Rhodes. 'Yes,' replied Chibi, 'I own all the country from the Tokwe on the north to Bubi and Limpopo on the south, and from N'Danga on the east to Belingwe on the west.' 'Have you any great chief to whom you pay tribute?' asked Rhodes. 'Yes,' said Chibi, 'there is Lobengula, who forces payment from us every year. He is an evil man, and because my brother disputed his authority a number of years ago he was taken to Lobengula's kraal at Bulawayo and there he was clubbed to death. At this moment two of Lobengula's impis are in my country collecting cattle, grain, and numbers of my young people, whom they take as their slaves. To my sorrow I am kept in extreme subjection by this despot, Lobengula.' 'Well, Chibi,' said Rhodes, 'if you are not an independent chief, how does it happen that the Dutchman, Adendorff, claims that you gave him concessionary rights over your country?' 'He lies,' said Chibi; 'he came here and I chased him away. I feared the anger of Lobengula if he heard of his visit, and now I hear that a grandson of mine, Sabessa, who has always been a bad man, has been induced by Adendorff to impersonate me and sign papers under my name. They are bad men, Sabessa, Adendorff, and the other two Dutchmen with him. I signed no papers, and I dread what Lobengula will do to me when he hears what my grandson has done. Sabessa's papers are no good to anyone, he is only a sub-chief to me and Lobengula does not recognise him.' After a great deal of further discussion, Chibi readily put his mark to a document in which all the salient points of the interview were set out and which had

first been translated to him by Brabant. It was then duly witnessed and handed to Rhodes. Chibi then talked to Selous, who had frequently hunted in his district in previous years, and asked him to tell Rhodes that he would welcome the presence of his men in his country, as it might help to free him from Lobengula's attacks ; and, calling the people of his kraal up, some four hundred in number, presented Rhodes to them as a man whom they could trust as a friend. He sent one of his attendants for a young bullock, two sheep, and a huge pot of beer, which he asked Rhodes to accept, and this the latter of course did, then inviting two of the councillors to go with him to his waggon so that he could send a present to Chibi. The interview lasted for nearly three hours, and when we left Chibi he looked much happier than when we arrived, for he clearly thought he would soon be able to defy Lobengula. Unfortunately, he attempted this too soon, and before Rhodes had been able to establish the mounted police force he was creating in Mashonaland, Chibi was attacked by Lobengula in force and he and fully two hundred of his people were massacred a year later.

Rhodes loved getting away from business for a trip on the veld. Once free of the telegraph line and the innumerable callers who gave him no peace, he was a different being, becoming like a gleeful boy who had just got his school holidays, cheerful, happy, and chaffing his companions all the time. His travelling waggon would be sent on ahead, and we would overtake it on horseback for lunch, which the invaluable Tony would have set out for us under a shady tree. 'Tony,' Rhodes would call out as we approached the waggon, 'have you got grilled chops and a mealy potato for lunch?' 'Yes, Sir,' replied Tony. 'That's clever, Tony; how did you think of that?' 'Because I know what the Baas likes.' 'And did you remember the onions, Tony?' 'I forget nothing the Baas cares for,' replies the happy and smiling Tony. 'Ah,' said Rhodes at such times, 'this is the right life, Metcalfe, but from to-morrow there will be no more chops, so we must bestir ourselves and fill the larder with game.'

The period 1896 to 1901 had much happiness in it for Rhodes, who spent more time then on the veld than ever he had managed in previous years. What might be called his permanent party when he went on these expeditions in Rhodesia consisted of Sir Charles Metcalfe, Philip Jourdan, Jack Grimmer, and myself. With us were Tony de la Cruz, his courier, cook and valet, a most remarkable servant who went everywhere with him and watched over him with a maternal solicitude; George, a Xosa native and a very faithful servant; Villem, another very good and trustworthy native; and Kaduna, a native youth of about twenty, a member of the royal Kumalu family and one of the best bred natives I ever met. The last named was most willing to do anything, and we all liked him greatly; but I am sorry to say he died of pneumonia in 1902. Then we had two native mule-drivers for the waggon team, and three native grooms for our horses. We were a very happy party. After the death of Neville Pickering, Sir Charles Metcalfe undoubtedly became Rhodes's closest friend, and each was very fond of the other, and in his last years Rhodes would not be parted from him if it could possibly be avoided. Philip Jourdan was one of the most kindly, delightful, and clean-minded characters that one could ever meet, a young man who believed ill of no one and the best secretary, Rhodes maintained, he ever had. At a very critical period in Rhodes's life Jourdan stood him in wonderful stead, and Rhodes never forgot that. Jack Grimmer was a quiet, humorous young fellow, who countered Rhodes's many thrusts with a wit and skill the latter greatly enjoyed. He was one of his Kimberley young men, and he was very anxious to see him make a mark in Rhodesia. Grimmer and Tony, alas, both followed Rhodes to the grave very soon after his death. As to myself, I fear I was, to quote Rhodes, rather given to pushing them too hard when some of them wanted to go easy. 'McDonald is working us too hard, Grimmer,' he would say; 'we came out for a rest and he drives us all day long. I think we had better go on strike.' Grimmer liked that idea, as he was of a very easy-going temperament, but

it never came off, as Rhodes encouraged me quietly to go on, for he was as energetic in the rare pleasures he managed to secure as in his work. The days he spent on the veld were never idle. There was always an object to be attained—some big native chief to see, a promising farming district, the discovery of a new mine, a mission station or something else to be looked at, but the life was free and full of interest and there were no telegrams to deal with, no fresh burdens to be shouldered till the trip was finished; and he loved every minute spent on these expeditions.

Piles of letters followed him to Rhodesia, and what looked like Government or official communications were opened by his secretary at once, the others being thrown into a hamper which gradually filled up, when a second was requisitioned. Then when we left for the veld, the hampers were put in the waggon, and at the camp fire at night we each took a budget and opened them, sorting out what had to be attended to soon into one hamper and those that could wait into another. On returning to civilisation, the secretary employed two or three typists and made a clearance for the time being. Some of the letters required no reply, their contents rendering such unnecessary. There were frequent proposals of marriage, which were promptly put in the fire. These came from all over the world, America, Canada, New Zealand, the Cape, Australia, as also from England, most of the writers declaring that they were sure Rhodes would do still greater or better work if he married. Then there were scores asking for help financially—these were all considered, and in cases which he thought deserving Rhodes sent cheques varying in amount from five to as much as five hundred pounds. Other letters brought accounts of wonderful mineral discoveries and asked help to develop these. As far as possible arrangements were made to examine all such, although it was generally expected that nine-tenths of them would prove to be worthless (as it turned out), but Rhodes never turned down anything of the kind that sounded hopeful without having it looked at by someone competent to give a sound opinion on it.

There were also letters from all sorts and conditions of people, including politicians, soldiers, sailors, missionaries, and explorers, most of whom received replies, but in nearly every case from his secretary, for Rhodes wrote very few letters himself, doing nearly all his personal correspondence by telegram and cable.

Rhodes would never go on trek or on a shooting trip unless he had at least one good dog. He did not like small dogs such as spaniels, but was fond of pointers, and although he didn't always possess one himself he was generally able to borrow one or more when he went on a trip on the veld, which, as will have been gathered, he liked to do whenever he had the time.

I remember him telling us one day of an incident that happened in Kimberley some time before he became Prime Minister of the Cape. He had fixed up a shooting trip for a week-end on the Vaal River with two friends, but had no dog at the time. Remembering, however, that a friend of his, Mr. Advocate Lange, had two, he sent him a note asking if he would kindly loan them to him for two days. Lange replied he was very sorry, but that he considered Rhodes was not competent to handle his dogs, which he therefore did not care to lend to him. Rhodes was rather annoyed, but said nothing then. A few years afterwards, when he was Prime Minister, a judgeship fell vacant and Lange, than whom no one was better qualified for the position, was hoping that it would be offered to him, and his desire was made known by some of his friends to Rhodes, who was asked to give him favourable consideration. To this Rhodes said, 'You just remind Lange of his refusal to lend me his pointer dogs.' Consequently Lange, when he heard this, thought his selection was hopeless. Five weeks passed; then he met Rhodes, who said, 'By the way, Lange, you must try to think better of your fellow-men, if they want to borrow a dog from you, now that you have been appointed to judge them!' Thus a new and lasting friendship was created.

Rhodes had a great affection for my old pointer, 'Con,' very friendly and well set up dog and one full of knowledge,

and when he came to Rhodesia on a visit he used to borrow him always if I were not with him on his journeys through the country. I received from him the letter shown in facsimile on one occasion when I lent him the dog for a long trip.

In those days there were no railways, and motor-cars were unknown in South Africa, all our travelling being done by mule or bullock waggons. Going out from Gwelo to bag a few brace of partridges one afternoon, Rhodes set off with Con, and was accompanied by Sir Charles Metcalfe and Jack Grimmer, his secretary at the time. Con soon found a covey, which was duly flushed but entirely missed by all three guns. On they went, and shortly after another covey was found by the old dog, who again stood firm, with a similar result, not even a feather being dropped. Con did not apparently view the proceedings over favourably; as Rhodes said he stood still and sniffed the air and declined to range for a bit, but, thinking better of it, shortly after he set out again and after some fifteen minutes or so he once more drew up on a good point. All three carrying guns were quite moderate shots, but once again every bird was missed. This was too much for Con, who turned round and trotted quietly back to the waggon, where he was found by the sportsmen on their return a couple of hours later. Fortunately, they had heard some guinea-fowl and successfully stalked them to the extent of bagging half a dozen, so Tony, the cook, was made happy.

On another occasion when the same party were trekking from Umtali to Inyanga, Rhodes and Metcalfe were riding along accompanied by Con very early one morning and had got some two miles ahead of the waggon, which, owing to the very mountainous road, was coming along at a pace not exceeding two and a half miles an hour. Neither of the horsemen carried a gun, and Con was seen to be pointing. Metcalfe said, 'What a pity we didn't bring a gun!' To which Rhodes replied, 'Do not distress yourself. He'll stand there till the waggon comes up and we get our guns.' 'Nonsense,' said Metcalfe. 'I'll bet you half-a-crown on it,' said Rhodes.

16th Oct. 1896

My dear Macdonald

Many thanks
for loan of dog.

I never knew you
had been so kind
as to lend it.

I came out in the
dark so excuse
my apparent rudeness.

Yours,
V.C. Rhodes.

(He often made bets on things, but never beyond the half-crown.) It was threequarters of an hour before the waggon reached them, and in the meantime Rhodes and Metcalfe had seated themselves on a rock and were keeping an eye on the dog, who had never wavered nor, curiously enough, had the birds moved, save perhaps for a yard or two. Guns were got out and Con was then walked up to his point, a brace of partridges being secured. 'My half-crown, Metcalfe!' said Rhodes, and Metcalfe handed it over.

Con loved comfort when he knew there was no shooting afoot, and generally found the coolest spot in camp in hot weather and the warmest in cold. We used, all of us, to have quantities of grass cut which was laid out near the camp fire, our rugs being put on top, and, as Rhodes often said, our beds encouraged some of the party towards laziness, so comfortable were they. Con never lost any time in selecting the softest place and always retired very soon after dining. One night he was very restless and got up again and again, walking round and whining a good deal. It was remarked that he seemed worried, but eventually he lay down and was perfectly quiet for some time. Then he sprang up, barking furiously and keeping his eyes in one direction. Nothing would stop him nor would he move. Someone said, 'a snake,' and a long stick was promptly secured and the grass well probed, Con becoming more and more excited. As the probing proceeded, out slithered a vicious cobra, some five to six feet long, which was soon despatched amid gurglings of satisfaction from Con, who promptly resumed his bed and was soon snoring and chasing hares in the hunting ground of his dreams! His instinct that all was not well with our beds made him more of a favourite than ever with Rhodes.

In 1896, after settling the Matabele Rebellion, Rhodes borrowed Con for some months and took him along with his party all through Mashonaland and right up to the Portuguese border on the Zambesi; after that bringing him down to Umtali and on to the border of the tsetse-fly country, into which of course he had no intention of taking him. From

the latter point Con was sent off in charge of a white man to be put into the mail coach at Umtali, and conveyed back by that form of transport for some 500 miles to me in Bulawayo. The day after his departure the man turned up at Rhodes's camp, pale with fright, and said he had lost the dog. Rhodes was very annoyed and closely questioned the man, who said he had spent the night with some of the B.S.A. Police in Umtali while waiting for the coach, and Con had disappeared, and the officer in command had sent him back on a horse to let Rhodes know of his disappearance. As he had not returned to the camp, Rhodes feared he had been enticed away by natives, but as he was just starting off on the walk to Beira he gave very explicit instructions as to what was to be done over his loss and said he would pay a reward of fifty pounds for his recovery. To Lord Grey, who had gone down from Salisbury to see him and tell him among other things of the burning of Groote Schuur, he said on parting, 'If necessary, Grey, go up to a hundred pounds. I can't lose that dog, I'm so fond of him, besides what would McDonald say!' Grey said he would do his best, and would let him know what happened as soon as there was any news. Two days afterwards Con appeared in the police camp at Umtali in charge of a policeman, who described how he had found him in a native kraal some ten miles away, and a native runner was sent to inform Rhodes of the good news. This messenger brought back a hastily scrawled note to Grey, reading, 'Take care of Con; I rely on you to see that he reaches McDonald safely. C. J. Rhodes.' In those days there was only one small mail coach running from Umtali to Salisbury and Bulawayo twice a week, and Grey was waiting for this, interesting himself for the time being in visiting some of the mines that were being opened up in the neighbourhood, and he handed Con over to the care of the sergeant of police. The coach started at 6 a.m. every Monday and Thursday, but when the Monday morning arrived Con was nowhere to be found. Grey was very angry and said many hard things, but no Con was forthcoming, so he postponed his departure for three days and again offered

a reward—ten pounds on this occasion. That had no effect, but twenty-five, with a hint that the police probably knew something about the business, brought Con into daylight again. This time Grey kept him in sight till Salisbury was reached, when he handed him over to the care of Major Jesser Coope, who was going through to Bulawayo, warning him to deliver him to me safely at all cost! Con duly arrived, looking happy and sleek and evidently enjoying all the fuss he had been creating. Next time I met Rhodes he said, 'And how is that expensive dog of yours? But I'd pay as much again—he's worth it. I tell you Con is a very wonderful dog.'

Towards the latter part of 1896 Colonel George Holford came up on a short visit to see Rhodes. He was at the time Chief Controller to the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII.) and was considered one of the best shots in England. We were still camping out in the Matopos, waiting for some of the recalcitrant chiefs to come out of their fastnesses, and spent a good deal of time shooting and fishing. One night Rhodes, who had been describing the qualities of Con to Holford, who seemed to be rather amused, turned to him and said, 'Look here, Holford, I'll tell you what we'll do to-morrow; we'll have a shooting match. You and Grimmer with his dog on one side of the river, and McDonald and myself with Con on the other; and I'll back us two to beat you.' I protested, saying that Holford was a noted shot and we'd have a very poor showing; for I was only moderate and Rhodes indifferent, whilst Grimmer was about my equal. Protests were no good; Rhodes insisted and staked his usual half-crown, and it was arranged that we were to start at 6.30 a.m. and be back in camp at 10.30. We got off up to time, and very soon we heard Holford and Grimmer blazing away, and before we had fired a shot they must have had at least a dozen. Things looked serious. Almost an hour elapsed before we had some luck in finding a covey of red-wing partridges, out of which we got a brace and a half. That cheered us. Then we bagged a hare and a duck, but a period of dullness followed and we still heard the

guns on the other bank going at it. The position began to look black for us, until some native fields came into view and guinea-fowl were heard in them. At stalking this wily bird Rhodes was excellent, and we got within range, and as they got up he dropped two and I one. We marked the others down, and with Con's help got three more. Still the others kept blazing away, and we turned towards camp with gloomy forebodings, getting occasional shots as we went along, Rhodes shooting better than I ever saw him do. Con found us every bird we killed or wounded—and on arriving at camp, which we all did simultaneously, we found we had a bag of seventeen head against our opponents' twelve! Rhodes was delighted and said, 'What did I tell you, Holford, what did I tell you? But for Con we would have been defeated. I know what a good dog means, Holford; buy yourself one, buy yourself one, and you'll do better still at home! I don't believe you know what a good dog is, Holford.' Then came the explanations—Grimmer's dog had been wild and flushed most birds just out of range, but long shots had been taken in the hope of bringing them off. His dog was also poor over 'runners'; so we won the half-crown and Con's reputation kept on the up grade. A week after the event the genial and lovable George Wyndham turned up, and Holford's defeat was well set out to him and he was invited to a similar match, but he was wise enough perhaps to say he'd prefer to shoot over Con, whose worth he had heard so much about, and the proposal never came to anything.

Con's end came very suddenly. We—Rhodes, Grimmer, and I—were out shooting one afternoon, going along the banks of the Bubi River, having excellent sport, and Con was excelling himself in finding wounded birds. It was very hot, and as he seemed rather thirsty we made towards a large pool so that he could drink and plunge in for a swim, which he was fond of doing. Directly we got there Con, as was usual with him, took a running jump into the river, and actually landed in the jaws of a crocodile. He gave one yelp, and I caught a glimpse of what was happening and fired

both barrels of my gun into the water, but a few ripples only marked the end of the best dog I ever possessed. Rhodes was much concerned, and for many a day afterwards wouldn't go out shooting, and when he did later on he said the zest had gone, for Con's fine work had always given him full half the pleasure he had in it. Perhaps it was a good ending for the old dog, for he had been with me for six years and he was three years old when I got him, and old age would have been difficult for a dog of his character. His friendly ways and high courage are as fresh in my mind to-day—after twenty-five years—as ever. He had given me a fine companionship, and I long felt the lack of his joyous presence.

In the early winter of 1894, about June, Rhodes paid a lengthened visit to Rhodesia, and was accompanied by a number of noted mining experts, including John Hays Hammond, J. A. Chalmers, Jefferson Clark, Dr. H. Sauer, S. Hancock, and others whom he wished to interest in the mining possibilities of Rhodesia.

On reaching Salisbury it was decided to visit first some of the mines in the Lomagunda district, and chiefly the 'Ayrshire,' which was a recent and very promising discovery. We set off therefore one morning early with two mule waggons and half a dozen riding horses, hoping to cover forty miles the first day and sleep at Umvukwe overnight, as there was some protection at that place against lions getting at our animals. After breakfasting near a small stream fifteen miles from Salisbury, we inspanned again for our next trek about half-past ten, Rhodes, Sir Charles Metcalfe, and I starting off ahead on horseback. About an hour afterwards we overtook a solitary white man trudging along with four 'boys' carrying his food and blankets. Rhodes, who liked to converse with everyone he met, rode up to him and said, 'Good-day to you, and where are you off to?' 'Oh,' replied the traveller, 'I'm on my way to do some prospecting down by the Angwa.' 'M-m,' murmured Rhodes, 'but how do you happen to be alone? Prospectors rarely go out alone. I know, for I've been one myself; and what is

your name ?' 'My name,' said the prospector, 'is Bill Whitely, and I'm alone because my partner was badly mauled by a lion some days ago ; but tell me your name.' 'Oh, that's Rhodes, but never mind that, tell me about your partner,' and getting off from his horse he walked along with Whitely, whose tale was as follows : About twelve days previously he and his partner, Fred Cox, had left Salisbury for a few months' prospecting work in the Angwa area of Lomagunda district. They took with them the usual supplies of tea, coffee, sugar, flour, trading goods for natives, etc., making with their blankets loads for ten carriers. The two men carried each a Martini-Henry rifle. The first night they slept at the Gwibi River, fifteen miles out, and next day at van Staden's vlei, and the third night reached a small stream just beyond the Umvukwe hills. As usual, they made up a good fire, and after supper enjoyed a pipe, turning into their blankets between eight and nine with their rifles alongside. Being a cold night and with plenty of wood around they had a good fire while their carriers had another, not so big, around which they were all sleeping. Lions were known to be about, so ample wood had been laid alongside both fires to be thrown on as they died down. All were soon asleep, and it was probably about eleven or twelve o'clock when Whitely was awakened by a great commotion and jumped up, as did the carriers, who promptly threw more wood on the fires. At first Whitely didn't grasp what had happened, but he pushed his feet into his boots and gave Cox's blankets a kick, calling out, 'Get up, Fred, there's lions about.' To his astonishment the blankets were empty, but before he could think of anything he heard a voice some twenty to thirty yards off calling, 'For God's sake, Bill, shoot ; a lion's got me and's carrying me off.' Whitely, whose hand had grasped his rifle when he jumped up, let it off in the direction, ran forward, re-loading and firing another two shots and shouting all he knew how for the carriers to 'Lasela umlilo tjetja silwana bambile Fred' (Throw the burning logs quickly, a lion has carried off Fred). This they quickly did, and to his relief,

after running some thirty yards or so, he heard Fred calling again, 'He's dropped me—keep on shooting, keep on shooting,' which Bill did till he reached Fred, whom he found lying on the ground and bleeding profusely. 'I'm done for, Bill,' he said. 'Not you,' replied Bill, 'we'll see what the damage is to begin with,' and Fred was carried back to the fire and examined, when it was found he had been very badly mauled all along one side from the thighs to shoulder and also in one arm. Bill got hot water going in their 'billies,' and washed and re-washed the wounds, letting them bleed freely and squeezing them as much as he dared, for Fred was suffering badly from shock. They had no medical appliances or remedies of any sort save quinine, which was useless under the circumstances. After doing all he could to cleanse the wounds and prevent blood poisoning, Bill tore up his only two spare shirts, made bandages of them, and then set about making a hurdle, which, by cutting down a few saplings and using bark to tie them together, he soon had ready. He next sought and found a suitable spot in the bush in which he put away his supplies, and left two boys in charge, which allowed eight for the job of carrying Fred to hospital in Salisbury, and which by forced marching he hoped to make in thirty-six hours, the distance being about forty-five miles. Fortunately, Fred was a lightweight, and by using his team in relays of four for no longer than half an hour at a time, they reached the hospital in rather less time, and Fred was put promptly in the hands of a doctor and nurses, but only just in time. Bill stayed near by for three or four days, and was then assured that blood poisoning had been warded off, largely owing to his hot water treatment, and that he could leave his partner behind him with confidence, but, owing to damaged tendons and such like, he needn't expect him to be getting about for some months. Bill, who had sent back half of his boys directly he reached Salisbury to join the two left with their outfit, was on his way to pick them up when we overtook him. By the time we had heard the story the waggons were at our heels and Rhodes said, 'Now, Whitely, you must get

up on one of the waggons and come with us—your boys can follow ; tell them we'll stay at your old camp to-night, as from what you tell us the distance will fit in very well with our day's programme.' This was arranged, and on we moved. In due course, late in the afternoon, we reached Bill's camp, where his other ' boys ' seemed delighted to see him. Sitting round the camp fire after dinner, Rhodes, as was his usual custom, drew Bill's history from him, and we gathered that he was a Londoner who had come to South Africa about 1889, having become ' fed-up ' with his trade of painter and glazier. He did not fancy a cold country and so fixed on the Cape, where he found plenty of work of sorts. Evidently possessing an adventurous spirit, he worked his way up to Rhodesia, which he reached in 1892, and had joined in one or two small prospecting expeditions as a ' roustabout ' to gain experience, and some few months prior to his meeting us he fixed up a partnership with Fred Cox, a very experienced prospector, and there he was !

' Well now, Whitely,' said Rhodes, ' we must talk of the future, but before doing that you must have a ' tot ' of the best Kummel I've ever tasted. It was a present to me and we go slow with it, but we must drink to your good luck.' There were no glasses—only enamel mugs, into which we poured the precious liqueur. Bill treated himself generously, then he called out, ' Boy, buyise amanzi ' (Boy, bring me some water). Rhodes jumped up, ' Good Lord, Whitely,' he exclaimed, ' you mustn't put water in it. You'll ruin it.' ' Well, Mr. Rhodes,' said Bill, ' you see my inside isn't as hardened to it as yours is ! ' This produced a roar of laughter, in which Rhodes joined heartily, but Bill took the hint and risked the consequences by taking his liqueur neat and with evident satisfaction. Then as to his future : said Rhodes, ' What have you in mind, Whitely—mining, farming, or a permanent job at your old trade ? ' ' Never the old trade again, Mr. Rhodes. I mean to stick to mining. At present I'm after the making of enough money to enable me to marry the girl I left in London.' ' Very good,' said Rhodes, ' the first thing for you to do is to find a mine, and

when you do that to open it up a bit and then come with it to McDonald, and if he likes it we'll take it over from you at a fair price and your wish can be fulfilled. Mind you let me know when you are going to get married, and I will give your wife a present and you a gold watch and chain to remind you of your adventure at this spot. And now it is time for bed, but to-morrow morning before we part I will give you an order on the B.T.A. Stores for six months' supplies for you and Cox.' We bade good-bye to Bill in the morning, and wished him luck, which came his way, for a year later his wife got a cheque for a hundred pounds from Rhodes and Bill the gold watch and chain promised him, for, having found a payable property, he was able to dispose of it and get home to marry his 'girl.' Bill's career has been a somewhat chequered one since, but he is still prospecting for another good mine and managing to keep his head well above water, so good luck to him.

CHAPTER XXI

FURTHER DAYS ON THE VELD

WHEN Rhodes realised, in July 1896, that the fighting of the Matabele rebels had developed into guerilla warfare which might be prolonged indefinitely, he made up his mind that he would do what he could to get into touch with their leaders and see whether he could not bring about peace by other methods, but there was considerable difficulty in doing so and he gave much consideration to the subject. After many discussions with General Sir Frederick Carrington and Colonel Plumer (now Lord Plumer), who were in command of our fighting forces, he obtained their permission, most reluctantly I may say, to endeavour to enter into negotiations with the rebels, and he set about this in his usual energetic fashion. We felt sure that if a white man approached them he would be shot down before he was able to explain his object. None of the loyal Matabele who were with us would face it; and we made no progress for the first few days.

One morning, when discussing the difficulty, an official of the Native Department, Mr. J. P. Richardson, rode up to our camp and said he had been told by some of his native scouts that the rebels were tiring of fighting, and hearing of our proposals he had found a man who would undertake the job, risky though it was, of going to their encampment, and he had him at hand if Rhodes cared to see him. He was sent for at once, and we found him to be a native of the Tembu tribe of the Cape Colony. He was a powerfully built man of perhaps twenty-five years of age, John Grootboom by name, and could talk English

and Matabele quite well. He had done a lot of fighting with our troops, and had time and again shown the greatest courage, and if ever any man deserved the description, 'brave as a lion,' John Grootboom did. Rhodes told him, what he wanted, and asked if he was ready to face the danger. 'Yes,' said Grootboom, 'I am not afraid of the Matabele, and though they know I have killed many of them lately I am sure when they find I bring messages from you they will listen to me. I shall get ready to go off to-night and will do all my travelling in the dark, for the Matabele don't like to move about then, and I can lie quiet in the day and watch what they are doing.' He asked us to have ready for him a pair of field glasses, and after talking matters over with Richardson and Colenbrander he went off to put up enough food for a few days and get a blanket, and promised to come back late in the afternoon to get Rhodes's instructions. Before sundown he was in our camp again and brought a Xosa native, by name N'Yatikazi, with him, who he said had agreed to accompany him. Meanwhile a native follower of Colenbrander expressed a wish to join him also. This pleased Rhodes, as he thought it increased the safety of his emissary.

After getting his instructions Grootboom was about to make a start when Rhodes said, 'I will reward you well, Grootboom, and the other two boys also, but in case none of you come back you must tell me what I can do for your people and where they live.' These particulars were duly recorded, and off the three stalwarts went without a firearm of any sort. For a considerable part of the way they were accompanied by Mr. Richardson, who had expressed himself willing to go into the hills with them and share their risks, but Rhodes would not hear of this; besides, it was felt that even if the chiefs did no harm to him, he might render Grootboom's work more difficult.

Five days passed and they had not returned, and we began to fear the worst, but on the sixth all three came back in very good spirits, especially Grootboom. 'Well,' said Rhodes, 'what is the answer?' 'It is all right, Sir,' replied Groot-

boom ; ' many of the chiefs are not there, but some of the biggest are and they will meet you and three other white men, but no more, in the morning of the day after to-morrow at Umlugulu, if you will all go with no guns or arms of any kind.'

Asked how he got into contact with the rebels, Grootboom stated that after travelling towards the fires of their many camps for the greater part of a night, they reached a stream about daybreak and decided to go into hiding for the rest of the day as the country was well wooded. They had not been long there when they heard voices and two old women passed by and went on to the water. Listening to what they were talking of, it was found to be mostly of their own hunger and that of their people generally, and Grootboom judged they were tiring of the fighting, so he decided to show himself and speak to them as they returned. This he did, and after allaying their suspicions and giving them some of his none too plentiful food, he asked them to tell the chiefs of the presence of himself and his two companions and what had brought them there. If the matter was favourably received a messenger bearing a white flag (which he tore off his shirt and gave them) was to come to a spot he indicated and show it, when they would go there and meet the chiefs. They would wait, he said, for four days if necessary, and if no white flag appeared by then they would go back to Rhodes and fighting would begin again, and many more big guns would be used. They could tell the chiefs that if they listened to Rhodes he was sure he would settle their grievances and stop all fighting at once. On the fourth day the flag was seen at the spot selected, and on investigation it was found to be tied to a stake but no native appeared to be about. This did not discourage Grootboom, who judged the chiefs suspected an ambush and were doubtless watching happenings from the bush. So he went back to his own hiding-place and picked up his companions and their little belongings and moved over and set up his camp by the flag, moving about freely, but with no result that day. Next morning, however, he was visited by a very old woman,

who said the chiefs had sent her to say they would come and see him at noon, which they did, and after several hours of talk Grootboom was able to arrange a meeting between Rhodes and the chiefs.

The latter's insistence that not more than four should be in any party that came out to meet them caused much disappointment to some of us, as we realised certain of our number would be unable to attend what could not be other than a historic conference. In the end Rhodes fixed on Dr. Sauer, a very old friend of his, Johan Colenbrander, and Mr. Vere Stent. Mr. Richardson was greatly disappointed that he could not go, and so was Rhodes, for he felt that Richardson had done much to bring things to the point they had now reached, but the chiefs it seemed had specially asked that Colenbrander should be the interpreter chosen, and that settled the matter. Mr. Stent was an intelligence officer in Plumer's force and represented the Press, and it was thought he ought to be present to write an account of the proceedings. Early in the morning the small party left our camp, Grimmer and I going with them for some miles and off-saddling at a convenient spot to await their return. In some three hours they were back, highly pleased with the result of the indaba, and told us that peace was practically assured and that those chiefs present had agreed to call a big meeting of all the others, who had not been there, in a week's time, at a point much further in the hills. At this future meeting they desired to have a very full discussion over the troubles that had given rise to the rebellion. 'Now,' said Rhodes on his return from the first indaba, 'what can I give you as a reward, Grootboom, for you have done a great work for me?' 'I would like a horse, with saddle and bridle, Sir,' replied Grootboom. 'You shall have much more than that,' said Rhodes; but Grootboom would not hear of anything further. 'Now that the fighting is all over, I am going north,' he said, 'to Barotseland, where I promised to help the missionaries, and I may never come back.' Rhodes would not listen to his refusal, however, and said, 'I should have liked you to come

and work on one of my farms, Grootboom, but I will not hinder you from going to the missionaries, for they do good work and I am sure your help will be of great service to them.' Turning to me, he said, 'McDonald, make a note to give Grootboom at any time he asks for it a hundred acres of land, a waggon, a span of oxen, twelve cows, a horse, and a hundred pounds. You hear that, Grootboom?' 'Yes, thank you, Groot Baas, and if I ever want such things I will go to Baas McDonald.' Two days afterwards this sturdy fighter and the best all-round native I ever met set off for the north, and I have never heard of him again, although I have made endless inquiries. A year or two afterwards when Rhodes was very ill with one of his heart attacks he scribbled to me in pencil: 'Dear McDonald, don't forget about Grootboom. He did a fine bit of work for me. See he gets his reward. Yrs., C. J. Rhodes.'

John Grootboom's case is carefully recorded in the office of the Rhodes Trust, and he will be fully paid if he ever comes to claim fulfilment of the promise made to him, as I remain hopeful he will one day. As soon as it could be arranged afterwards, the two other 'boys' were each given a span of oxen and a waggon, worth to each two hundred pounds, with which they were hugely delighted. The pluck exhibited by these three natives appealed very greatly to Rhodes, who frequently told of it to visitors in later days as an instance showing the high courage some of the natives possessed.

Directly we got back to our camp we began packing up, and next day turned off towards the spot fixed for the greater indaba. Dr. Sauer, owing to family affairs, was obliged to return to Bulawayo, from where he had to proceed to Cape Town without delay, and we bade him good-bye with much regret, for his presence in our camp had added greatly to its cheeriness. Mr. Stent had to attend to other duties and went back to his quarters in the field force camp. Our party was therefore considerably reduced for the time being. Colonel Plumer, who was in close touch with General Carrington, insisted on moving his troops and

keeping close behind us. This did not please Rhodes, who wished to show the chiefs he had interviewed that he had complete confidence in their promise that, until matters had been fully discussed at the big indaba, they would refrain from fighting, and he feared they might misunderstand the movement of Plumer's forces. Eventually he was able to arrange that these did not pitch camp nearer to us than four miles. It had been agreed at the first indaba, as it came to be called, that all those present at the second, whether of Rhodes's or the Matabele party, should carry no arms, and it had been further arranged that Rhodes could bring six others with him. The evening before the meeting brought us a surprise through Mrs. Colenbrander, a woman of great force of character who had lived most of her life adventuring with her husband in the wilds, turning up at our camp with her sister. They had ridden from Bulawayo and forced their way through Plumer's lines to us. It appeared that Mrs. Colenbrander had been warned by one of her old native servants that the natives meant treachery at the coming indaba, and she came out to warn her husband and the rest of us. Both Rhodes and Colenbrander pooh-poohed the idea and said it was all nonsense, but it was finally arranged to let Plumer know that there might be such a possibility, and if at the end of four hours from the time fixed for the meeting we had not sent him a message saying all was well, it would be advisable to send out mounted scouts to see what was happening.

Next morning Rhodes and Colenbrander, with Mrs. Colenbrander and her sister, both of whom insisted on being with him, Grimmer and myself—six in all—set out on horseback for the meeting-place, distant something like a mile and a half from our camp. On the way we were caught up by Colenbrander's faithful assistant, Kemmy Armstrong, who was almost as good a man with the natives as his chief. Some twenty natives or so were visible when we reached the spot, and these were unarmed, but as we rode inside the circle of granite hills we were suddenly surrounded by quite 500 Matabele warriors all fully armed. 'Stick to your horses,'

shouted Colenbrander, 'there is treachery about'; but to this Rhodes paid no attention, riding right in amongst them despite earnest and strenuous protests from Colenbrander. 'What is this?' said Rhodes. 'How am I to trust you? You asked me to meet you with my friends and wished us to come unarmed, saying you would carry none either, and what do I find? Five hundred and more fully armed warriors. Until you lay your guns and assegais down, and I order you to do so, all of you, I decline to discuss any matter with you at all.' On all sides of us were to be seen angry looks, whilst unpleasant mutterings were heard, but Rhodes was adamant, and turning to some of the older chiefs he inquired if they no longer possessed authority over their fighting men. To that they replied that since the death of Lobengula the younger men had become very hard to handle and were getting more and more so. 'Do not permit it,' said Rhodes, 'I will see to it that your authority is fully established again. Tell these men to lay down their arms at once or we shall go back and the war will go on.' These remarks had an immediate effect on the chiefs, and they adopted a very much stronger attitude and now went among their followers issuing commands, while Rhodes walked up to a boulder in the midst of them and sat down on it.

The others of us, who had all remained on our horses, were amazed at the way he had handled the position and carried on the conversation in Matabele with no aid from anyone, though in his usual talking style. We now dismounted, still feeling very uncomfortable, but in less than ten minutes great shouts of 'U-Rhodes, Inkosi N'kulu, Babayami' (Rhodes, the Great Chief, our Father), filled the circle and down went all arms. Rhodes then asked Colenbrander to tell them that, as his knowledge of their language was none too good, he would talk to them through him. He said that he was now aware that they had a number of grievances which called for redress, but why, he asked, had they not come to him to have them put right instead of rebelling and murdering scores of innocent people? 'You have deterio-

rated to the level of hyenas and jackals,' he said, 'by killing women and children, and if there is any man here to-day who is guilty of such a crime let him leave this meeting at once, for I will not remain in his company.' 'There are none such here,' was the reply; 'we are none of us curs nor wolves, so let the Inkosi speak to us.' 'It is well,' said Rhodes, 'for such men must be sought for and punished; the Great Queen who has sent a few of her many soldiers to this country, which she is now going to protect, will never rest till every murderer is caught and hanged.' 'It is what such dogs deserve,' was the reply. For the next hour or two the chiefs set out all their troubles very fully and were listened to very carefully by Rhodes, who put a number of searching questions to them, pointing out occasionally how many of the grievances were due to their own neglect in failing to see the commissioners resident in the various districts for the settling of such matters. 'But,' said they, 'it was your long absence after Lobengula's death that made us all unsettled. Now you have come back to us again all things are clear and we are your children and will not go astray again.'

Rhodes then said, 'Are all the chiefs here?' This question seemed to disturb them very considerably, and one of them replied, 'No, father of ours, Holi, Mapisa, Mabisa, and N'jalu would not come with us; they are still seeing blood and do not wish for peace.' Asking where they lived, Rhodes said, 'I know Holi, he married a daughter of Lobengula. I am hurt that he should not come to meet me. Tell him and the others who are with him that I shall go to their kraals and remain there till they come out and talk to me.' 'It is well, O king of ours,' was the reply, 'they will soon meet you and yield to you.' Holi, it may be said, was a powerful chief, and though none too prepossessing in his manner, a man whose word once given could be thoroughly relied upon. The others mentioned were subordinate to him and his word was their law. 'And now,' said Rhodes, 'is it peace?' 'It is peace indeed, Great Chief. Our eyes are no longer red, we now look at you with white eyes—Ah yeh, Ah yeh, Lamula M'Kunzi (Hail separator of the Fighting Bulls),

Lamula M'Kunzi,' shouted all of them. Again and again was 'Lamula M'Kunzi' shouted till the hills echoed and re-echoed to the name by which Rhodes was ever afterwards known to them. The older chiefs then approached and said, 'We have found a father, a friend, and a protector; we put our trust in you, Lamula M'Kunzi, and in all our troubles we shall come to you.' 'I shall not fail you,' was the answer; 'you are my children, and I or my council (government) will protect you always. Have no misgivings. We have met and made a lasting peace, I hope. My people will adhere to the agreement we have drawn up, and I trust you and yours will also. There is a matter I have already spoken of to you, and it is one I must make quite clear to you. If any of you here present or others elsewhere are found to have committed murders they will be arrested and given fair trial, and if proved guilty they will undoubtedly pay the penalty, and that will be death by hanging. Killing in fighting when we were enemies was a different matter, and that is now all done with, but we mean to trace if we can the men who committed the many murders which took place when you revolted. We must put them to trial.' This was accepted by the Matabele present as fair and just, and they were asked to let it be known throughout the territory.

With great shouting of 'Baba,' 'Inkosi,' 'Lamula M'Kunzi,' the indaba came to an end, and then they rushed among us, the whole crowd of warriors, begging us to give them salt, tobacco, food, etc. All their troubles were forgotten, and on that day the whole of Matabeleland, save a patch in the hills occupied by Holi, became as safe to travel through as any English county. As Rhodes said, the Matabele knew how to behave.

The return to our camp was a triumphal procession, for practically all the warriors came with us shouting and singing, and Colonel Plumer was soon aware of the success Rhodes had achieved. We gave them all the salt and tobacco we could spare, and they left us with the most friendly expressions. Next day we moved our camp and travelled, as

Rhodes put it, towards the door of Holi's kraal, where we had to wait much longer than any of us ever expected before we gained his submission. That is dealt with elsewhere, however. Having selected a good spot for our camp, Rhodes let it be known that it was 'open house' to all or any of the chiefs who might care to come and visit him, and this hospitality was taken very full advantage of during the weeks following, when we were waiting for Holi to yield.¹

Some of us, I for one, were glad of the rest, and I think Rhodes was too, and yet he seemed the fittest, though he was six years older (he was then forty-two) than any of us, Colenbrander being nearest to him. We called him 'The Old Man,' and this amused him very much, and he used to say, 'The Old Man can hold his own with any of you.' His correspondence was greatly in arrears, Grimmer, delightful fellow as he was, being quite hopeless as a secretary, so he telegraphed for Philip Jourdan, who had been his private secretary when he was Prime Minister of the Cape, to come up and join him. Jourdan, who came from an old settled Dutch family in the Cape, was a most charming young fellow, and Rhodes was exceedingly fond of him. He was a great acquisition to our small party. Sir Charles Metcalfe, who had gone south to push the railway forward, rode into our camp one day, and Rhodes was delighted to see him again, for his genial wit, at times somewhat caustic, kept us all on the alert, and as Rhodes said kept us from rusting.

At this time, although he knew he had not long to live, Rhodes's energy was phenomenal. It seemed as though the risk of being murdered any night by one of Holi's men added to his zest for life and acted as an exhilarating tonic. He rode unarmed each morning from six o'clock until nearly noon in the treacherous, lonely hills, never seeming to weary even when the sun was high, and several of those in his com-

¹ I may say here that I had already described this historic incident and several smaller ones to Sir Lewis Michell for his *Life of Rhodes*, and they were used by him in that work, as I desired they should be. In some instances I have probably given them rather more fully in this book.

pany became quite worn out by the strain. During one of these rides Rhodes came across the somewhat peculiar hill well inside the Matopos which he described as 'A view of the World,' where he then and there decided he would like to be buried, as I shall presently relate.

After a ride he would hurry over his breakfast and begin talking to the visiting chiefs right through the heat of the day, till towards sundown the horses were saddled and he would ride again. Even after dinner he still talked with the chiefs, who frequently remained overnight, listening to their troubles and helping them to become reinstated in their positions once more. I do not think that any other man could have done what he achieved at this time, by extraordinary patience coupled with extreme energy. His instinctive knowledge of the native mind was now of immense value. Sometimes he found it necessary to talk to them rather severely, but this done with he would turn the conversation into friendly lines and his face would beam all over when he had got the better of them in argument.

A somewhat unpleasant incident happened, which might have had serious consequences, soon after the second indaba. The party which had left Bulawayo for the Matopos to try to get into communication with the rebels consisted of Rhodes, Dr. Sauer, who had to leave us after the first indaba, Jack Grimmer, Johan W. Colenbrander, and myself. Colenbrander came with us as guide and interpreter. He had spent some two years as Rhodes's agent at Lobengula's Court and had done that business remarkably well. He was a fine type of pioneer, a man of vast energy and the best native linguist I ever knew, and spoke the Matabele language so well that after dark no native of that tribe could distinguish him from one of themselves. We all liked 'Johan' (the name he was known to the natives by) very much; he was so cheery and ready to help us in everything, besides being a splendid hunter, in which connection he contributed greatly to the upkeep of the larder. The headquarters staff of the Field Force rather resented our intrusion, as they termed it, into their sphere of action,



SUMMIT OF 'WORLD'S VIEW' HILL

To face page 258.

and it was decided that our small party should keep clear of Plumer's forces, which were extended along the north side of the centre section of the Matopos, and we eventually made our first camp some five miles N.E. of where Plumer was encamped. After the first indaba we moved some twenty miles S.W. and further into the hills. Plumer also shifted camp and established a fresh base some four miles N.E. of ours. Rhodes was determined to be free of military surveillance, and he felt, as was doubtless the case, that the rebels would feel more freedom in coming to visit him if no soldiers were about. Carrington and Plumer greatly disliked his being so far away from their troops, and pointed out that if our small lot were annihilated the responsibility would be put on them, but Rhodes managed to overcome their objections and we were allowed to pitch our camp where we chose, provided it was not advanced further than six miles from the base force. Finding a suitable site, and having fixed up everything in regard to promises made at the second indaba, we settled down for a rest after the strenuous time we had gone through, but on the fourth day Colenbrander was called out by a couple of native headmen, who somewhat excitedly told him that the Queen's soldiers had committed the worst of crimes—they had discovered the grave of M'Ziligazi, the first King of the Matabele, broken into it, dug all the ground up near by and desecrated the tomb in a disgraceful fashion. And, not content with that, they had also broken into a cave adjoining in which were stored all that king's private belongings, which had been buried near him, and had taken many things away. The chiefs, said the two headmen, were very perturbed and feared for the worst, as their people would think our troops had done this as they were afraid of the spirit of M'Ziligazi and desired to drive it away, and that the outrage had been sanctioned by Rhodes and his Generals. A deputation of ten, they added, was coming to discuss the affair with Rhodes in the morning, and Colenbrander was a good deal worried over the business. Rhodes and he at once had their horses saddled up and rode over to see Colonel Plumer about.

it. An inquiry was promptly instituted, and it was found that a party of his men who had been given permission to go shooting had unfortunately acted as reported by the headmen, who had exaggerated nothing. Steps were at once taken to deal with the offenders, and Rhodes and Colenbrander returned to our camp and the headmen were sent back to meet the deputation of chiefs to tell them that everything possible would be done by Rhodes to restore the tomb, and that he would go to it with them and see what damage had been done and be advised by them as to having everything put into order again.

Next morning the deputation arrived, and we found the members none too friendly. After eating some food, however, they thawed somewhat, and we set out for the hill on which the grave was situated, 'N'tumbani' by name. It was distant about six miles from our camp and it took us some time to get there, as there was no footpath and the going was heavy. Just before we started, Mr. H. J. Taylor, the newly appointed Chief Native Commissioner (now Sir Herbert Taylor) arrived to see Rhodes, and he was taken with us, as it was realised that his presence would give further confidence to the natives. As we approached the spot we found hundreds of natives, armed and unarmed, had turned up, all of them being much excited. Rhodes asked the chiefs to bring them into an open spot where he could address all of them, which he did on this occasion through Colenbrander. He asked them to be calm, said he was going up to the grave to see what damage had been caused, and that everything possible would be done to put things right, and if they waited patiently for an hour or so he would come back and talk to them again. This they promised to do, and we at once set off to walk up the hill, which rose sharply from the plain. A fine view was obtainable from the top: to the north and west lay the great high plateau of Matabeleland, and to the east the fine, fertile valley of the Umzingwane, while the south showed great rugged granite hills towering above each other in the far distance—and here M'Ziligazi had chosen to be buried.

Rhodes pulled up and looked round. Talking to himself more than to us, he said, 'Here lies a man who must have possessed great vision, a man of imagination and brains, but for such a type there is never any peace and it has not followed him even to his grave, which is worthy of him.' Just by us stood some seven or eight high boulders under a somewhat curiously shaped massive cap of granite, and inside this M'Ziligazi had been put to rest, sitting upright in a stone chair. The entrances—three in number—had been closely filled up with broken granite, and two of these had been pulled down by the marauders. All round the tomb a circular wall of granite had been built, and this had been badly knocked about, and the ground between it and the tomb dug up in all directions in the hope of treasure being found. Fortunately, the body of the king had not been badly disturbed, but the skull was resting on the thigh bones, and Rhodes asked the chiefs how he could help them to have everything put in order to their liking. Before replying, they said they wished him to visit the large cave at the foot of the hill on the south-west side where all the old king's belongings had been placed, and there we proceeded. It was a big cave running for a long distance into a small granite hill and had been closely walled up with stone-work, but it was now in a state of the utmost confusion. An entrance had been made by tearing down the wall, and the contents of the cave were strewn in mad confusion everywhere around. Broken-up waggons, carriages, furniture, crockery, glassware, articles of every description looted by the old warrior and given him by traders and hunters as presents had been placed there at his burial to be available for him on his uprising, and now they were smashed up and strewn all over the floor of the cave in the vain hunt for treasure. Rhodes was as angry over the destruction and the possible effects it might have had as I ever saw him, and spoke strongly on the subject, saying he was sure no one would be more troubled than Colonel Plumer. Meanwhile he had to consider how to placate the indignant natives, and again consulted with the chiefs and Colenbrander

and Taylor. The chiefs then withdrew and went over to the waiting assembly, which we were soon asked to join so as to listen to their proposals. They were satisfied, they said, that Rhodes had no hand in the desecration. It was a shameful action, but if proper sacrifices were made, all might yet be well with the spirit of M'Ziligazi. We must see to it that no white man came near the place for many months. They would build up the tomb and the cave themselves, and after their purification we must provide ten black oxen for sacrifice to the spirits of M'Ziligazi and of those who had joined him. We should also provide food for the men engaged on the work. Rhodes readily agreed to all their proposals, but asked if he and two others could visit the tomb again that afternoon as he wished to look once more on M'Ziligazi. He would also like to visit it when the work was finished and the sacrifice had been made. This the chiefs agreed to, and after Colenbrander and Taylor had made short addresses expressing Rhodes's regret and sympathy, we returned to camp and sent word to Plumer of the outcome. In the afternoon Rhodes, Colenbrander, and a doctor whom we had been able to secure from the base camp rode to the tomb again, Rhodes's object being to have M'Ziligazi's brain capacity examined, as he thought, owing to the greatness of his character and work, that it would be large, but to our surprise it turned out to be smaller than that generally to be found in male natives. In this case it was evidently quality and not quantity that counted! M'Ziligazi was undoubtedly a 'big' man. He had revolted from the great King of the Zulus, Chaka, attaching to himself a large following which he led by degrees from Zululand to Matabeleland, leaving behind him a trail of murder and rapine that has few to parallel it in history. Driven out of the Transvaal by the Boers, he pushed steadily north till he reached Matabeleland, which he conquered with no great difficulty. He was a man of great stature, and was capriciously cheerful and good-natured and cruel and despotic by turns. He was visited by the Rev. Robert Moffat, father of John Moffat, soon after he settled at Bulawayo, and the

two became very great friends, and no doubt his son, Lobengula, never forgot this during the many occasions on which John Moffat resided at his kraal. It may be of interest to mention that M'Ziligazi died in 1868, and for nearly a year a number of his indunas went searching for his eldest son, Kuruman, whom he had driven out of the country for disobedience. It was eventually fully proved that he died in Swaziland, and in 1869 his second son, Lobengula, was installed with great ceremony and prolonged celebrations as his successor.

Three weeks after, when the work of restoration had been completed, we rode over once more and found everything in good order and the bones of the oxen that had been sacrificed placed round the outer circle of stone enclosing the tomb. It is quite possible, I think, that a gift of another ten oxen from Rhodes to the chiefs for a feast when they had placated the spirit helped towards the friendly settlement that was effected, but for some time there was a distinctly unpleasant feeling about, and we all felt more comfortable when this disappeared.

Among the indunas with whom Rhodes talked at this time was a very finely built, handsome and striking-looking young man of probably some thirty years of age, named M'Levu. We were all greatly taken with him, his manners were of a high order, and he was clearly looked on by his nation as one of its big men. Rhodes took a liking to him at once and invited him to return with us to our camp, which he did. He remained there for three days and appealed to all of us by his kindly, willing, and pleasant ways. He seemed rather moody at times, but when Rhodes was about he cheered up and looked happy. In many small questions, arising out of the larger ones that had been settled, he gave excellent advice, and in various ways we gained a lot of information from him. One morning he came up to Rhodes and said he must now go back to his people, who would be wondering why he was delaying. The district under his chieftainship was known as Insiza and was distant about sixty miles from our camp. All of

us were sorry he was leaving, and we saw that he was well provided with food, as were his four attendants, and he took with him a number of small presents such as pipes, tobacco, a suit of new clothes, a hat, and a pair of boots.

Giving us all a cheery farewell, his last words were to Rhodes, whom he begged to be a father to the Matabele nation and to stand by them at all times, which Rhodes, who was somewhat moved by the man's evident sincerity, faithfully promised to do. About three weeks later a special messenger from the Chief Native Commissioner arrived at our camp with a message for Rhodes saying he had arrested M'Levu for active participation in certain murders of a very brutal nature which had occurred at the beginning of the rebellion. A doctor, his wife, and their two children living in the Insiza district had been seized by a small force of rebels; their heads had been battered to pulp with stones, and it was beyond doubt that M'Levu had been one of those who actually committed the murders. Rhodes was much distressed, but replied that the law must take its course. He would see, he said, that good legal assistance would be afforded to M'Levu, but if he was proved guilty he could not urge that the death penalty should not be inflicted.

In due course M'Levu was tried; he declined to plead, and though ably defended, was found guilty and sentenced by the judge to be hanged. The penalty was to be enforced about twenty days later, for all death sentences had to be submitted for consideration to the High Commissioner before being acted on. M'Levu made no remark and was led back to his cell. There he asked to see Johan Colenbrander, who had known him well when he ruled over the Insiza district. When Colenbrander arrived M'Levu said to him, 'Take my words to U'Rhodes' (the native way of handling his name) 'and tell him to be just and fair to my people and they will be staunch to him. Had he been near us at the time of our trouble there would have been no murderings, no rebellion; we did not know to whom to go for redress for our grievances save to him, and he had been long away from us. Now he has come back and made all

things clear to us. Those are my words to U'Rhodes. Hamba guhle, Johan' (Go in peace, Johan). 'Hlala guhle, M'Levu' (May peace be with you, M'Levu), replied Colenbrander. From then onwards M'Levu spoke to no one and died from sheer will to do so, apparently, fifteen days after. Rhodes never failed over the trust that had been reposed in him by this native chief, and made immediate arrangements for the appointment of well-trained men as District Native Commissioners who would listen to and settle the many grievances that constantly arose among the native tribes. 'They are only children yet,' he would often say, 'and we must remember that and treat them accordingly till the time arrives when they will become able to deal with their own local affairs, as they will in due course.'

Among the many native visitors to our camp in the Matopos in 1896 was Babayan, a well-known councillor of Lobengula, whom he accompanied in his flight and helped to bury when he died. Babayan possessed an able if crafty character and had been a big force politically among the Matabele for very many years. In 1888, he was one of the two chiefs chosen by Lobengula to go home on the mission to Queen Victoria, and Babayan's tales of his London experiences were of a most amusing nature. To be taken from an ordinary native hut and accommodated at the Golden Cross Hotel in Trafalgar Square, and unable to speak a word of English, must have been somewhat trying in many ways to a man who had never possessed a pair of trousers or a coat, and whose shirt had been a softened goat-skin. Fortunately, the two delegates, who were, as we know, accompanied by Mr. E. A. Maund, had been put in charge of Johan Colenbrander. Colenbrander was born and educated in Natal and was an able and most interesting man in every way, and handled the Matabele delegates admirably, taking them through all sorts of functions most successfully. We asked Babayan what had interested him most. 'The endless stream of people,' he replied; 'there was never a beginning to them nor an end; all day and all night they were rushing hither and thither just

like myriads of ants. It tired my eyes to watch them.' After that the sea was the next big thing to him. 'It cannot be talked about,' he said; 'I dare not tell my people, for if I told them that such a thing existed they would say I was lying.'

He went to Buckingham Palace at the Queen's command, and was presented by her with a large gold bangle inscribed 'Babayan, from the Queen V.R.I.' This he still wore, and he exhibited it to us, remarking one day, while shaking his head sadly, 'There is no weight in it'! He was also given a walking-stick, which he had lost on leaving the boat, and one or two other presents, including a few toilet articles, which on the way back he stealthily dropped from the kit-bag he had been provided with. The railway ended at Kimberley in those days, and he had to walk or ride a very thin pony alongside the ox-waggon sent to meet them, from there to Bulawayo, a distance of nearly 800 miles; and as they approached their own country, the two of them discarded their European clothing, he told us, as, if they had arrived wearing it, they would have been accused of being disloyal to the traditions of their nation. Babayan said he disliked parting with his nice clothes very much, and going back to skins and a kaross again, but it had to be done, and they disposed of their London outfits in Khama's country for good value, I am sure, for Babayan was very cute over business of this sort. On arriving at Lobengula's kraal, again accompanied by Maund, they presented the gifts the Queen had sent him, including a large photograph of herself. The articles had been rather badly chosen for the rough travel they had to undergo in the waggon and many of them were damaged, and Lobengula was far from pleased until he heard that the Queen was likely to send out three of her finest soldiers (Life Guards) in a few months with her considered answer to his request, and many additional presents besides. Asked if he told Lobengula and his Council of their adventures in London and *en route*, Babayan said: 'No, I had my reputation to think about. Had I told them of the many wonderful things I saw, all would have said, "He is

lying, the wind has got into his head." I might even have been killed. They were jealous of me because I was the Chief Councillor of the King, so neither of us told anything that all could not believe.' Grinning cheerfully, he chuckled and then said: 'They are mostly a stupid lot, my people; they even believe in witchcraft, which I know to be moonshine, but it is well to humour them. It is wise always to say what pleases people. Sometimes, too, it is a good thing to make a gift to one's friend. It swells his heart. Does Mr. Rhodes know that in these bad times I no longer possess a pipe or tobacco, nor do I have a big coat to protect me from the cold? The Queen would be unhappy if she knew.' Of course the old scamp gained his desires.

At the beginning of the rebellion he had remained on the fence, and thinking things were going against the whites, as it at first appeared, he made one of his few blunders and joined the rebels, but soon discovering his mistake he escaped from their headquarters at Mulungwane, came to our camp and quite cheerfully said, 'Here I am come to help you to beat sense into my people—they are mad to have turned against you and the end will be their utter defeat.' 'That's all very well,' we answered, 'but how did you come to join them?' 'I was foolish,' he replied, 'but when I saw there would soon be nothing but empty stomachs I deserted them quickly. Very shortly they will be saying, "Babayan is the wise man."' After he had been with us for some fourteen days we suggested that he'd better go back to his kraal, which was no longer in the area occupied by the rebels, and see what had happened there, adding that he could come to us at a later date for another visit. This, however, did not please him at all, but we pointed out that the chiefs who had remained loyal, and who were coming and going to our camp all the time, did not altogether like his lengthened stay with us and that he'd better go. 'Do not bother about them,' he said; 'when the rebel dogs hear that Babayan is eating the best of food and waxing fat again, they will begin to doubt the wisdom of their action and this will bring the end much nearer. You will be doing the right thing to treat

Babayan well and let him stay on as your guest.' As Rhodes pointed out, the argument was sound, so we said no more. So plausible was the cunning old man (he must have been close on seventy) that he quickly overcame the dislike the loyal natives had expressed as to his presence with us, and very soon had them under the impression that it was he and not Rhodes who was entertaining them. He stayed with us till peace was concluded, and before we moved on was added to Rhodes's pension list—and remained there for the rest of his life, some eight years. A great opportunist and a cheerful rogue was Babayan.

A fine character was M'Jana, who had been Lobengula's Commander-in-Chief for many years and won him many victories. He fled with his king and the impis that went with him when he was defeated at Bulawayo in 1893, and he told us on various occasions when he came to see Rhodes at our camp, of the pursuit and final disaster of Allan Wilson and his party of thirty-four. When the Shangani River rose in heavy flood and cut off all hope of reinforcements for Wilson, M'Jana took heart and called a halt. The king was very ill and he realised the only hope for him was in rest, so he decided to stand and attack, which he did, using his few remaining regiments with skill. He possessed a number of rifles of all kinds but hardly any ammunition. Forming a semicircle round Wilson's party, his force drew closer and closer, throwing an assegai or two, firing a shot or two, and all the time drawing the fire of Wilson's men, who being bunched together formed an easy target. Gradually the Matabele crept forward, and after some four hours (judged from the description given by M'Jana) they were close enough to do deadly work with their assegais. Then the end must have been apparent to the few survivors, and one of them jumped up and sang—he could not tell what. He was joined by others in this, and for a few seconds the Matabele held their hands, so surprised were they—then with a rush they pressed forward with their stabbing assegais and all was over. Some sixty men of M'Jana's regiments were killed, he told us, and a like number wounded. 'It was a great fight,' he said,

‘and we fought brave men.’ M’Jana had given his submission soon after, and had settled some fourteen miles from Bulawayo, where he was much liked by our people as well as his own. The rebels tried hard to get him to join them, but he would have none of it and helped us greatly all through the rebellion in very many ways. The Government, realising his high character and value to the country, saw to his comfort, I am glad to say, and made him a monthly allowance which enabled him to live in comfort till his death in 1907, when he was about seventy-five years old. Standing some six feet high, with a fine carriage and noble bearing, full of scars honourably got in many a raid and battle, brave as a lion and trusted by all, M’Jana was the Marshal Ney of the Matabele army.

An occasional visitor was Faku, another loyal chief who controlled a very large following. Both he and his men had been of much assistance during the rebellion, and it had been Rhodes’s intention to give him ample reward. Unfortunately, he fell ill and sent messengers to us to say he could no longer visit us, and would Mr. Rhodes come to his kraal one day and bid him good-bye, as he felt he had not many days left in this world. Rhodes lost no time in riding over to see the old man, who, when he was told of his arrival, had himself carried out of his hut. He looked very ill indeed but was quite cheerful. ‘I am much distressed to find you so ill, Faku,’ said Rhodes in his somewhat shaky Matabele language, ‘you must let me send you to hospital, where you will be well attended to and I hope cured.’ ‘No,’ said Faku, ‘I am near the end, I know it, and I shall stay with my people to the last, but before I go I wished to see you, Mr. Rhodes, to talk to you of important matters. I am a very old man (he was well over seventy) and have seen much fighting. I was old enough to guard cattle when M’Ziligazi conquered this country, and I fought in many a battle with him and afterwards with Lobengula, who has since followed M’Ziligazi to his fathers. Three years ago, on his death, I gave my allegiance to your Queen and have kept my promise, but I am not happy about my people—

many of them have no longer any land they can call their own, and it is only you, whom we now look on as our father and protector, who can help us. My people must have land to graze their cattle and grow their crops on. There will never be lasting peace till this is assured.' 'Have no fear, Faku,' replied Rhodes, 'I promise you that it will be put right. Ample land will be set aside for the whole of your nation, and I will buy all the land surrounding your kraal and also that surrounding the kraals of others of Lobengula's relatives which has been disposed of by the Government. None of you will ever be dispossessed. I pledge my word to you over this.' 'N'Kosi Nkulu, M'Lamula N'Kunzi, Baba Yami' (Great Chief, Separator of the Fighting Bulls, My Father), said Faku, 'you will sow well, you will give lasting peace to my people. I am content, Hamba guhle' (Go in peace), 'N'kosi, Baba.' Patting him gently on the shoulder, Rhodes said, 'Hlala guhle (Rest in peace), Faku,' and we left the old chief, promising to return and see him again shortly. This was unfortunately not possible for some time, and before it could be managed we heard of his death from his son, who told us that Faku had died happily in the full belief that Rhodes would protect his people. Rhodes lost no time in fulfilling his promises, and within a month had purchased at a high cost a hundred thousand acres, extending from the gates of Bulawayo well into the Matopo hills, on which he provided, as he said he would, for the settlement of Faku's people and other relatives of Lobengula. Thus he carried out his pledge to the loyal Faku.

One could tell many things about the visits of the various chiefs who came to see Rhodes at our camp in the Matopos. There was the gallant Gambo, who owned the allegiance of the largest following of any of them. He never wavered in his loyalty and gave us most valuable assistance in every possible way, both morally and with men and animals as well. He was a man after Rhodes's heart, full of energy, progressive in his ideas, always pushing forward the improvement of his people, to whom he had introduced ploughs, waggons and carts, and he had begun to improve the quality

of their cattle and to breed horses. Rhodes asked in what way he could help him, and was told that he desired nothing beyond a few good bulls which he would pay for, and perhaps some engineering assistance in regard to the erection of windmills. 'This man,' said Rhodes, 'has no time for breeding mischief; he is a worker. He must be encouraged.'

Mapisa was a different type. He loved the fleshpots and was rival to Babayan as a raconteur. Asked why he rebelled, he replied, 'There was nothing else for me to do. I am not a powerful chief; my neighbour Holi is, and what he said, I had to do, and when he told me he was going to fight the white man I had to join him, although I knew it meant many discomforts. My heart has never been in it, and I find it is much more comfortable to be friends with the white man than his enemy. There will be no more rebelling on my part. I will sit in my kraal and call on the Government to protect me and to feed me too if my granaries are raided. Six months ago I was a fine portly figure, now I am only a skinful of bones, and I look to you, U'Rhodes, to help me get round in body again like Babayan.' In many ways he was amusing, but he was a feeble character.

Somabulana, Umlukulu, Sekombo, Dhliso, Hlulaniso, M'Pini, and many others travelled long distances to pay their respects to Rhodes. All were made welcome and their complaints given every consideration, and none went away dissatisfied. Rhodes quickly understood their various points of view and listened patiently and in turn gave his, and many apparently insurmountable difficulties were successfully swept away. Day after day these interviews went on, and Rhodes, after hearing the native side, repeated his views time and again, showing an inexhaustible patience.

In due course all the chiefs had come in to offer their allegiance save the redoubtable Holi and three others whom he controlled. Rhodes, who was one of the most impatient men I ever knew, said, 'There is only one thing to do: we must go and camp alongside his kraal in the hills and tire him out.' He was told of the great risk he was running, going right in amongst the hills unarmed as we were, save

for two or three shotguns among us, and camping close to where there were some eight hundred to a thousand armed natives who were still in rebellion. 'They won't harm us,' he said, 'they know the rebellion has been a failure and Holi is feeling the bitterness of defeat. As time goes on that will pass and he will come to us and yield, but we cannot leave him alone till he has done so, as he might breed mischief otherwise.' So the five of us, with our 'boys,' waggon and horses, went along, cutting a track in the hills till we came to a suitable spot near Holi's big kraal, where we made camp. For a long number of weeks we remained there, spending the time in fishing and shooting and in receiving visits from other chiefs and native councillors, but no move came from Holi. Then one day the Rev. David Carnegie, a fine type of missionary, arrived at our camp, having heard what Rhodes was trying to bring about. He approved very strongly the idea of holding on till Holi submitted, and said, 'It is a slow business for you, Mr. Rhodes, who have so much on hand. I am known to Holi and will make an effort to get in touch with him. I shall make an attempt to see him to-morrow, and if I'm not back in two days' time you will know that I shall not be coming back at any time.' Rhodes said, 'If you think the risk is great, Carnegie, do not go. We will have him beaten soon now, for his men begin to talk from a distance to mine.' Carnegie felt, however, that he could safely take the risk, as he and Holi had been on good terms at one time, and early next morning he set off entirely alone. Two days passed, and no word or sign came to us, and we began to get anxious, but about seven o'clock on the morning of the third day Carnegie turned up smiling, and hungry as could be. 'Well, Carnegie, what news?' said Rhodes. 'Man,' he answered in his stout Scotch accent, 'but I'm hungry, give me some breakfast. There's no food where I've come from. Once I've settled my hunger I'll tell ye all about it.' We soon had a good meal ready for him, and he gave us the result of his visit as he went on with it. Holi, it may be mentioned, had married as chief wife a daughter of Lobengula, and this had added to his previous



'Johan'
Colenbrander.

The
Author.

Jourdan.

Rhodes.

Boggie.

Mrs.
Colenbrander.

IN THE MATOPOS NEAR HOLI'S KRAAL, 1896

To face page 272.

high rank, and he had been rather a power in the nation up to the time of Lobengula's death. After that event and the conquest of his people, he evidently thought he had been unduly overlooked and that what he considered just grievances had been ignored, and he undoubtedly favoured and joined in the rebellion, though his hands were quite clean of participation in any murdering. As the rebels became defeated he withdrew into the deepest part of the Matopos with the intention of fighting in guerilla fashion, but the three chiefs whom with their followers he had induced to join him began to get very lukewarm, and Rhodes's action in coming to his gates upset all his ideas, for, like most of the higher type of Matabele warriors, he was a 'gentlemanly fighter.' Carnegie had two very hard days' discussion with him. 'He's a grand one to argue,' he said. In the end, however, he got him to promise to come and see Rhodes the day following his return to us. All this interested Rhodes greatly, and he sent Carnegie off to his own grass bed to have a sleep which he was much in want of, and told the rest of us to be packing up as we'd be off to-morrow—so sure was he of settling matters with Holi. Early in the afternoon Carnegie appeared looking fresh and rested and said he must be going. Rhodes looked startled. 'Why, what's the matter?' he asked, 'are you uncomfortable? Have I failed you in anything?' 'No, no, my friend,' said Carnegie, 'I have much work on hand, and it is only because I know of your wish to treat the natives justly and kindly that I am here, which is far from the part of the country I was going to.' Persuasions were of no avail and off he went with his three 'boys.' Rhodes was quite affected, shook him warmly by the hand, walked some distance with him alone and came back to us. 'There he goes,' he said, 'living up to his convictions and high sense of duty—a good man, a noble character.' They never met again. It was my privilege fortunately to do a friendly turn or two at a later date to the old missionary before he passed away.

Soon after light next morning Holi and the three minor chiefs appeared with some forty followers, a motley crowd.

Holi was not a prepossessing type and he looked very discontented. He was asked by Rhodes to state all his troubles and to keep nothing back. He was quite frank and in some matters opened the eyes of Rhodes over some further very real grievances, felt by the more important of the Matabele ruling class, that had not been touched upon by the other chiefs, but which Rhodes realised got very close to the root of many of the troubles connected with the rising. Hearing Holi to a finish, he set out his own views and assured him that all his statements would be fully considered and every unjust grievance removed, and care taken for more consideration to be given to the native point of view in future. He advised Holi to give his promise, as the other chiefs had done, that there would be no further attempt at rebellion and that in all matters over which he was troubled he would go to the head of the Native Department, where he would be sympathetically listened to and dealt with fairly and justly. This Holi and his sub-chiefs agreed to do, and after eating a good meal and receiving a few small presents they went off much more cheerful-looking than when they arrived. It was now eleven o'clock and Rhodes was once more chafing with impatience. We were all useless and wasting time, we ought to have been off, and so on. As a matter of fact, we were nearly ready, and at noon we moved off, trekking till four o'clock, by which hour we had covered some twenty-five miles, and had reached Rhodes's objective, the main road leading from Bulawayo to Salisbury. The Administrator and certain officials were sent for, and Rhodes spent some hours with them setting out all the arrangements he had made with Holi and others, which he made it clear had to be adhered to. Then he fixed five o'clock as the starting hour for next morning, and so was closed the final chapter of the Matabele Rebellion.

The story of Karl Kumalu is one of some interest. He had lived for a number of years with Lobengula as his secretary, and could write a very good letter and was moderately clever in other respects. On the death of Lobengula he remained with the queens for a time and lived chiefly on

their bounty until they managed to shake him off. He claimed to be of the Kumalu (royal) family and did his best to get this recognised, but none of the established families would accept his statement, although numbers of the more ignorant did. English he spoke perfectly, and he was a scheming trickster of the first degree. He was trusted by no one, white or black, but was undoubtedly feared by the natives, from whom he had always managed to exact sufficient tribute of sorts to enable him to live very well indeed. To the Government he posed as a friend and adviser, and frequently appeared in Bulawayo, full of plausible tales. He was always hard up and soliciting financial assistance, which he frequently got. From time to time he came to see me and I intensely disliked his ingratiating, sly ways, and found it hard to be civil to him. I tried to find out his early history, but he had been clever enough to talk to no one about his past. That he was an adventurer was pretty clear, and it is highly probable that he was the offspring of a Matabele who had found it wise to flee from Lobengula's wrath and who had safely reached Swaziland and married a woman of that nation. Karl had obtained his knowledge of his father's country from that parent no doubt, and from other Matabele refugees. His real name was believed to be M'Vulana. He had been educated at a Roman Catholic Mission, and seeing chances for himself in Matabeleland he found his way there, and undoubtedly made himself of considerable use to the king. Shortly after the death of the latter and after the queens had driven him off, Karl appeared in Bulawayo and put forward to the Government a claim for employment. He was given some minor job, but he was too unreliable, and as he was in the habit of robbing the natives he soon had to be discharged. He then set up a small place of his own on the edge of the Matopo hills, and by his cunning managed to work himself into the councils of the witch doctors, who were still a power in the land. This enabled him to gain a great deal of information which he soon turned to account, and by the end of 1895 he wielded quite a lot of power among the natives, who, however, all hated him, but they

believed he possessed the evil eye, and as a consequence he was able to get everything from them that he asked. He was becoming a rich man, was the owner of two wives and a herd of cattle, and possessed a good deal of cash. That did not prevent him all the same from always asking for help when he visited Bulawayo, but he began to get scant consideration there and appeared less frequently as time went on. When the rebellion broke out, early in 1896, Karl appeared and assured us that he stood by the Government, but to help us with information he would stay with his own people and get to learn all that was going on and report to us from time to time, which he did. It was not very long before we realised that he was giving us false news, and that one or two unsuccessful issues were due to our relying on his statements. We decided therefore to check his information as carefully as we could in future ; and soon had convincing proof of his treachery. It was then decided to make a midnight raid on his kraal and capture him if possible, and this was successfully effected and Karl put in gaol. He was given fair trial by court martial and convicted on all charges and was sentenced to be shot on the following day. He was therefore taken from gaol next evening by a firing party of four, led out of town about a quarter of a mile and put up against a tree. He dropped like a stone as the volley was fired into him. Early next morning a fatigue party was sent out to bury him, but the body had gone ; and as there were no marks of wild animals, we assumed it had been taken away in the night by some of his own people, who evidently desired to put the remains in a place of their own selection. For some time afterwards we suffered from Karl's treachery, for he had gained a great deal of valuable information as to what we were doing and passed it on to the enemy, which enabled the Matabele commanders on occasion to checkmate us over certain movements. Soon, however, he disappeared from our minds until one day some four to five months later, when a somewhat surprising incident happened. Rhodes was then in the Matopo hills engaged in discussions with the chiefs and

on other matters, and one afternoon following a strenuous morning's work we were all resting. I was sitting in the shade on a bed of grass reading a newspaper when I heard a voice say, 'Baas, baas, don't shoot, it's me, it's Karl.' It seemed incredible, but there he was, more villainous looking than ever and limping very badly. Our native servants crowded about him quickly, and I called on Jourdan, Rhodes's secretary, to let him know of our visitor, whom I told to be seated till Rhodes came along. This was almost at once, and Karl immediately asked that he should not be shot, to which Rhodes replied, 'As to that, Karl, you're safe; you share in the general amnesty to all those who rebelled if you murdered no one, and I've not heard that you did that, though you behaved very shamefully to me and my people. Now tell us how you are here and how you escaped the death you deserved.' Karl's story was that he remembered nothing after seeing the rifles pointed at him until perhaps some four hours afterwards, when he woke up and found himself lying on the ground feeling very ill and covered with blood. He then remembered what had happened, and realised that although he had been shot, he was still alive. Judging that a party would probably be sent out to bury him at daylight, he crawled away in the dark, and by getting assistance from parties of natives he came across here and there, he eventually reached the haven of the Matopos, where he was able to give his wounds some much-needed attention. These he showed us—one was in his left arm, where a bullet had gone through the flesh near the shoulder; a second bullet went through his leg near the thigh, but again it only left a flesh wound; a third had caught him high up on the chest and caused him a lot of trouble, he said, and though it had passed out without damaging his shoulder, one lung seemed slightly affected; the fourth bullet had hit him above the ankle and had given him much pain, and was still doing so. The leg was a good deal swollen and it looked nasty, and he complained of constant pain in it. 'Well, Karl,' said Rhodes, 'you are a lucky man to be alive, and what brings you here?' 'To get protection from you,

Sir—I want to feel safe and I have nothing left and nowhere to go. My kraal has been burnt down and my cattle all taken and I can't do any work for a long time—I want your help, Sir.' 'M-m,' said Rhodes, 'you know you are a bad man and I fear you are not to be trusted. M-m, shall we risk it? Yes, we'll give you a chance. Now, Karl, I'll tell you what I'll do. I shall send you to the Native Hospital in Bulawayo, and when you're well go to Mr. McDonald and he will put you on one of my farms near Bulawayo, where you can put up a kraal and you will be given a few head of cattle and left there in peace so long as you keep away from the witch doctors and clear of all mischief. If you behave badly you will be sent to prison, for we cannot allow evil men to carry on practices that will hurt the natives.' 'Won't you give me a little money too, Sir?' said Karl. 'Very well,' replied Rhodes, 'Mr. McDonald will pay you from me twenty pounds a year also.' For the first time in his life I believe Karl felt a slight surge of gratitude; he bent his head and said, 'You can trust me, Sir.' 'Tony,' called Rhodes, 'give Karl a good meal and let him sleep here to-night, and put him on the waggon that goes to Bulawayo to-morrow.' As we moved off Karl grinned his evil smile and said, 'Sir, you see I am in rags; could you not give me some clothes?' 'Tony,' came the reply, 'give him one of my shirts and a pair of trousers and a coat.' 'You've only one coat left, Sir,' said Tony, 'and we must keep that.' 'All right,' said Rhodes, 'Mr. McDonald will give him one of his!' Which I did, somewhat grudgingly, I fear. Karl's resurrection created a full nine days' talk, and he had to be seen by many before it was believed. He soon recovered from his wounds under good treatment in hospital, but remained lame as long as he lived. He kept his promises as well as his crooked nature would permit and died some fifteen years later, a pensioner of Rhodes's liberality to the last.

During the period—August-October 1896—while we were waiting for the submission of certain defiant chiefs in the Matopos we had occasional visitors at our camp, and Lord

Grey, who had been appointed Administrator of the territory, arrived one afternoon to consult Rhodes on various points, and next morning at daybreak they set off for a ride into the hills in which the chiefs sat sulking. About ten o'clock they came back, Rhodes being in great spirits. At breakfast he said, 'Grey and I have made a wonderful discovery: we've found a hill from the top of which a marvellous view is to be seen, and the ascent is so easy that an old lady of eighty could walk up without assistance. You must all ride there this evening and we'll show it you.' Round about three o'clock we set off, and after a full hour's riding we came to the foot of the hill, threw the reins over our horses' necks and were led by Rhodes to the top. The view was certainly a fine one though nothing really very wonderful, but, as Rhodes said, it was seldom one could get anything approaching it with so little effort. He walked back and forth along the crest, and all at once he burst forth, 'I shall be buried here, looking in that direction (pointing north), and the remains of Allan Wilson and his party must be brought here also and put inside the memorial I shall put up to their memory. Now don't forget that, the remains of Allan Wilson and his men are to be put here.' We sat for some time afterwards in the shade of the vast round boulders that seemed to have been thrown up from the bowels of the earth, and Rhodes was very silent for a time. Then he said, to himself really, 'The peacefulness of it all, the chaotic grandeur of it; it creates a feeling of awe and brings home to one how very small we all are.' Then back he came to the present. 'Grey,' he said, 'I call this one of the world's views.' We all agreed as to that, hence its name to-day, 'The World's View'; the description goes somewhat further than what Rhodes claimed for it, but so it was named by the public ever since they got to know of his first description.

Circumstances called all of us elsewhere soon after this; it was some two years before we were able to set out again to visit the hill, and we could not find it. All traces of the old track as well as our camp had become obliterated and overgrown with bush. We knew the general direction,

but there were hundreds of hills similar in appearance save in one respect—the presence of the huge boulders on top—but despite endless searching we could not find it. Rhodes's impatience became very marked by the second day, and on the third his irritability was so great that I at least thought it best not to talk to him. There were five of us, and we searched sometimes in threes, twos, or singly. Every morning at daybreak and every afternoon again we set out on the quest, and stuck to it for full three hours at a stretch, but luck was not with us. Thinking it over after three days' failure, I decided to set out alone next morning and follow up a thought that had occurred to me. In our various wanderings we had all crossed over a small sand river running out of a narrow opening in the hills, but we knew that two years previously no such river was near the hill we sought, so we wasted no time going up its course. It struck me, however, that every now and then a cloudburst or water-spout falling over steep hills caused a vast run off of water and had to force an outlet, if such did not exist, for the flood waters. This would most probably, if the deluge was a very heavy one, create a new river course; and I remembered having heard that about Christmas time 1896 there had been a terrific storm in that part of the Matopo hills—according to a farmer living some six miles off, no less than nine inches of rain falling over the district in four hours. This would have been quite enough among such bare and steep hills to have created a vast torrent that had to find an outlet somehow. Telling no one what I had in mind, I set off at daybreak to ride across to this sand river and follow its course upwards and see what that led to. Gradually, as I worked up the river bed—quite dry at that time of the year—avoiding boulders and bushes as best as I could, it began to be borne in on me that I was on the right track, and after a mile and a half I reached the head of it, which looked something like a crater inside an amphitheatre of bare granite hills. It was clear that the 'crater' had been caused by a swirling flood which in due course had broken through and formed the sand river. Clambering up out of the chasm, I

pushed forward and came to a long reedy valley which I readily recognised as being within three miles of the hill, and in half an hour I was there; but before going back I wished to be absolutely sure that I had made no mistake, so tying my pony to a tree I climbed to the top and proved to my great satisfaction that I had discovered what we had been looking for for so long.

Returning quickly to the foot of the hill, I was soon in the saddle whistling gaily on the way to our camp, which I reached about eleven o'clock. Rhodes and the others were at breakfast—a gloomy party—and as I appeared he looked up. 'Of course you've not found it,' he said, somewhat surlily. 'I have,' I said in the most cheerful fashion. He was on his feet in a second. 'Are you sure? My horse, Tony—get my horse, Tony. You must take me back there right away, McDonald. You're sure you've got it? Let us be off,' and off we went. There was no breakfast for me that day, but I had managed to swallow a cup of coffee. The rest of the party were left behind and told if it was all right they would be taken there later on; they mustn't bother him at present. Rhodes pushed me to ride hard, and seemed very dubious till we reached the reedy valley, which he remembered. After that he knew we were on the right way, and calmed down and fell into one of his dreams. Then, 'I had to find my hill, McDonald, I had to find it, it has stayed with me since I saw it last; I fear I've been very irritable the past few days, but I had to find it, and I shan't forget how you stuck to it.' We were soon on top of the hill, and Rhodes sat down under the shade of one of the rocks, saying to me soon after, 'I shall stay here for a time, I am happy here, I want to think for a bit; you go back and have a meal and get a fresh horse and bring Metcalfe and the others along. We must chaff them as to their inefficient exploring.' And that was how 'The World's View' was re-discovered.

CHAPTER XXII

THE UPRISING

1897-1898

JAMESON returned to Rhodesia in 1897. 'Hello, Jameson!' said Rhodes, when they met in Bulawayo; but, keenly realising the change his over-hasty action of two years earlier and the subsequent troubles had made to his friend's career and to those dreams in which they shared, Jameson could only grip Rhodes's hand in silence. Though his body was nearly recovered from the recent hardships he had endured, his mind was not yet at peace, and Rhodes, seeing this and believing in work as the universal healer, sent him to promote the extension of the trans-continental telegraph which was now moving forward from Umtali via Inyanga to the Zambesi and on to Nyasaland, Ujiji, Nairobi, Fashoda and Cairo, instead of through the less healthy country between Salisbury and Tete, where 'telegraphists had died at their posts; natives cut the wires; and elephants destroyed the poles.'¹

Now that the Rhodesian colonists had fought their way through the early hardships, through rebellion and the consequent famine, and through the ravages of rinderpest—to repair which the Chartered Company had voted a large sum of money—the country was embarking on a period of justly earned peace and prosperity.

The almost complete breakdown of transport facilities during the rinderpest had impressed on Rhodes the need for establishing a more dependable means of communication with the outside world. For this reason the railway was

¹ Michell.

now pushed on with all possible speed and was due to reach Bulawayo in November.

Land values rose enormously in consequence; buildings of bricks and mortar were erected; mining claims sold readily; new properties were pegged out and many fresh companies floated with large amounts of capital for the development of the newly found, but already proved, resources of the country. Everything looked cheerful, money was spent freely, and the fact that Rhodes—'The Founder of the Country'—now dwelt among them, ever ready to decide any problem which arose, was a source of inspiration to the whole country.

Oddly enough, numbers of Boers were now steadily trekking into Rhodesia from the Transvaal, finding sweeter grass for their cattle and a greater liberty for themselves in the new country of the Charter than they had enjoyed under Kruger's rigid rule. On one occasion a well-known South African politician suggested to Rhodes that there was a possibility of danger from the Dutch, to which he exclaimed with delight, 'Kruger's burghers! Why, I have two thousand of them!'

With Rhodes himself, however, the outlook was not so bright as with the majority of his colonists. At this time Le Sueur relates that, when out riding, Rhodes suffered a really bad heart attack—actually the third, for the first, we know, occurred in 1873 when on the diamond fields, and the second at Groote Schuur when he heard that Jameson had crossed the Transvaal border. This occurrence impressed upon him that, owing to the break in his work occasioned by the Raid and the now uncertain state of his health, he might not live to see the accomplishment of his dreams. To a nature so full of force and energy as his, a mind ever planning the fulfilment of far-reaching plans, it must have been a terrible blow to face the realisation of certain disappointment in the knowledge that a part of his beloved work must inevitably be left undone.

From this time on he worked feverishly, never sparing

himself in an effort to accomplish more than was really physically possible in the short time he knew to be left him. Like a runner glancing over his shoulder at the approach of a more powerful adversary, so Rhodes embarked on a grim race with death, knowing he must be overtaken before he had gone much further.

With this fear in his mind he also began to make provision for his friends and his retainers in the future, and he worked with intense and unabating interest to further his policy of adding homes to the vast country he had given to the Empire. He had acquired a hundred thousand acres in fertile country near the Matopo hills, and a valuable estate on the high lands of Inyanga, at both of which places he commenced planning out experiments in stock farming and in agriculture for the benefit of the farming community. In connection with developments at Inyanga he wrote as follows :

INYANGA,
Nov. 5, 1897.

DEAR McDONALD,

I am anxious to do some work here but find Inyanga natives very backward. I want you to send me, if you can get them to come forward, thirty or forty Matabele, who I am sure will be willing to come to me when they know they will find me here. You must give them passes and provide for their journey. My heart is better, but I have to keep quiet.—Yours,

C. J. RHODES.

In regard to his experiments and development schemes no trouble was too great, no detail too trivial for his attention. He would sit and chat with the local farmers for hours on end, never grudging the time given to finding a solution of their difficulties.

In the middle of the year Rhodes invited Sir Lewis Michell, who always held his Power of Attorney in South Africa, and of whom he was very fond, to visit him at Bulawayo, and on his arrival there asked him to be one of his executors, to

which Michell agreed. While riding together through the country they spent much time in discussing the clauses of Rhodes's final will, the terms of which differed to no great extent from the one which Rhodes himself had drawn up at the age of twenty-two. Now, however, 'he laid down explicitly . . . a great educational scheme to apply to all the English-speaking portions of the world. This was a plan to provide scholarships for young students from all the self-governing Colonies and from the United States of America, of sufficient value to enable them to have courses at his own University of Oxford, because "I consider that the education of young colonists at one of the Universities in the United Kingdom is of great advantage to them for giving breadth to their views, for their instruction in life and manners, and for instilling into their minds the advantage to the Colonies as well as to the United Kingdom of the retention of the unity of the Empire . . . and (because) I also desire to encourage and foster an appreciation of the advantages which I implicitly believe will result from the union of the English-speaking people throughout the world."'¹ This scheme was added to in 1901 by the gift of five annual scholarships to Germany.

Somewhat unfortunately, when drawing up the will, Mr. Hawksley, the London lawyer, is said to have given the number of the American States as *thirteen*. Two scholars were therefore allotted to each before it was discovered that, as the States then totalled forty-nine, the American Rhodes scholars would outnumber all others.

Williams tells us that when discussing these conditions Rhodes explained, 'I do not want simply the bookworms, I want men of good literary attainments with a taste for outdoor sports. I have made the amount £250 a year, as I think a young fellow should live for that sum at Oxford and not require to pinch himself.' Rhodes wished the successful candidates to choose whatever college they liked, feeling, as has been fully proved since, that they would be apt to become narrow and not attain that breadth of vision he had

¹ Williams.

in mind should they be all closely associated in the same college.

It is clear that he had pondered much upon this scheme before deciding on it, and also that it was one which gave him great happiness. He said once to Lord Rosebery, 'When I find myself in uncongenial company, or when people are playing their games, or when I am alone in a railway carriage, I shut my eyes and think of my great idea. I turn it over in my mind and try to get new light on it. It is the pleasantest companion I have.'

In Sir Lewis Michell he found a genial companion, and he took him to see his large estate in the Matopos, where he had now settled four or five young Colonial or British farmers and some two thousand natives, among the latter all the formerly most dangerous of the Matabele rebels who were there under his own eye. These once warlike natives had become like Rhodes's children. They admired and revered him as the greatest of white men and were ready to obey his slightest word. Upon one occasion, when he was impressing upon them the sinfulness of murder, especially of women and children, they declared, 'We will kill no more women, Inkosi (Chief), unless you order it.'

After showing Michell a great part of Matabeleland, Rhodes took him on to Salisbury, where they parted for the time being, the former returning to Cape Town via Beira, and Rhodes remaining for a time in Salisbury, where he pressed forward innumerable schemes of development, more particularly in regard to mining and farming. During this period Rhodes was doing daily the work of at least three ordinary men. The strain was terrific and no human frame could have stood up to it. He realised his time was short and he was trying to put two or three years' work into one. There were occasions when it was a delight to be with him, and there were others when one found him most difficult if not almost impossible. For a time the Raid had humbled his belief in himself, and he said on several occasions that adversity had done him a kindly turn and that to make atonement for his error he would give untiring devotion to

the interests of South Africa. 'The fall from power,' said Burke, of Chatham, 'canonises and sanctifies a great character.' It is unquestioned that it had a deep effect on Rhodes. Public applause wherever he went was, however, showered upon him by both Dutch and English, who admired the fight he was making, and this tended to bring about some change in his humble attitude, and ill-health brought on impatience and overbearance at times. Any delay in connection with the many schemes he had set going irritated him unreasonably. Working sixteen hours a day himself, he expected everyone else in his service to do the same. Many failed and were promptly dispensed with, most of such cases creating an additional enemy. At no time did I find his intellect clearer, nor his energy greater. No obstacle daunted him; from the development of one scheme he pressed on to that of another. Fortunately he still slept well, but it alarmed some of us to see the pace at which he was consuming his vitality. When we remonstrated with him, however, he told us that he was enjoying himself and to turn our 'coddling' towards someone in more need of it.

After spending a week or so in Salisbury he went on by mule waggon and horseback to his Inyanga estate, some hundred and twenty miles distant, and on the way there he was attacked by malarial fever following on influenza, while the height of that country was very unsuitable for anyone whose heart was affected, and he became very ill. Upon hearing this news Jameson—then somewhere between Nyasaland and Umtali—hastened to Inyanga, where he took Rhodes under his care and played the combined part of doctor, nurse, and friend for several anxious weeks.

Rhodes was by no means a good patient. His great spirit chafed and fought against his physical disabilities, and he was often irritable and impatient with everyone around him. But 'the Doctor' and Sir Charles Metcalfe, who had been with him throughout, cheered him and gradually brought him to better health, and when Rhodes recovered, Jameson stayed on for a while on the farm, when they all explored the surrounding country and the old ruins which abound

there, with the zest of youth. At this time Seymour Fort writes that Jameson, 'ever loving excitement, even attempted to break into the yoke wild cattle from Zambesi country, and on one occasion only escaped the charge of an infuriated beast by plunging into a swamp, while Rhodes miraculously leaped on to a waggon.'

It is easy to imagine how happy these two friends must have been, restored to each other after a long separation and having cleared away all misunderstandings, enjoying a care-free existence far removed from civilisation with its attendant troubles and anxieties. The letter shown in facsimile, and written to me when he was convalescent, shows how closely he kept in touch with some of his smaller interests.

The railway from Beira had reached Umtali, which town was now in process of being moved ten miles, so that the line would pass right through the settlement, instead of to the east of it; and on 4th November the railway from the Cape reached Bulawayo, thus bringing the realisation of his dream of linking Cape to Cairo some 1365 miles nearer. To his great disappointment he was not yet strong enough to go down to the opening ceremony, for which Sir Alfred Milner—who had now replaced Lord Rosmead as High Commissioner—came to Rhodesia. However, he was able to meet Milner shortly afterwards on the veld near Umtali; and although Rhodes was at first suspicious, fearing that Milner might want to usurp the power he wielded in his own country, these fears were speedily put to rest; for the two great men realised from the first that there was work enough for each in Africa, without interfering with the other. At this first meeting they cemented a deep and enduring friendship which helped towards the lasting benefit of the country.

From word brought north from time to time Rhodes learnt that during his enforced absence from Cape politics the Bond party, led by Schreiner and Hofmeyr, had been stirring up acute racial feeling between British and Dutch colonists by allying itself closely to the interests of President Kruger. By apparently sympathising with the idea of

and spare water.

I am glad you got cow
at lower date. Please
visit on better his
made daily and some
sent to you and save
the whole thing is to
make people work all
day and not loaf round
the huts.

As to people enquire
his way sheep, he has
what is the charge to

Bulawayo, and how
much Wienand asks for
them if
C. J. Rhodes

with willingness
how my dear
have been sold
and dear
a cart distributed
has been made
for the holders.

My dear
Nov 7/97

to your letter
received I should keep

each and I am very poor
is in hospital. Would it
not be better for him to take
a trip to colony on recovery.
As to present house
do not build at all at
present until you get my
authority - As to water
is Sauer's well dry out,
if so would he let us put
our windmill to his well.

Dutch supremacy, they made a bid for greater power at the coming General Election. At this time there seemed no fitting leader for the Imperial party, since Rhodes was in the North busy with its development in every direction. He often met with much discouragement, but this only made him more keen. His many friends at the Cape, finding that no one there could take his place, implored him to come to their help, and he was greatly distressed by the news which reached him of the steady growth of Krugerism and the further oppression of the Uitlanders in the Transvaal—a direct result of the Jameson Raid and his own enforced absence from politics.

As a result therefore of the insistent pressure from his party and his friends, he decided to leave his beloved North for a time, and he returned to the Cape in January 1898 to take up the Imperial cudgels against the Bond party, with which he had worked in earlier and happier days.

Staying a day or two in Salisbury, he travelled through to Bulawayo, 300 miles distant, mainly on horseback, his mule waggon carrying Tony and his cooking outfit. Sir Charles Metcalfe and Le Sueur accompanied him, the latter a young colonial who took the place of Jourdan for six months as his secretary. The wet season was at its height, and we were all very much afraid that he might contract malaria, but he turned up in fine spirits and wonderfully fit, and several fine, sunny days followed his arrival, which he profited by to visit his Matopo farm. It was on this occasion that he found the valuable feeding grass, now known the world over as 'Rhodes Grass.' It has been introduced to Australia, New Zealand, America and elsewhere, with great benefit to all stock raising. Curious to say, it has done better in the two first-named countries than anywhere in South Africa. Walking out by himself one afternoon, he noticed the cattle, sheep, and ostriches he had introduced from the Cape all set off to the ridges as the sun declined and the day got cooler, and kept pushing each other to get at a bluish-coloured grass. Watching them for a time, he realised they were eating nothing else, and he came back to his huts with quite

an armful of it, which was put in wet sacking and taken with him to Cape Town, where it was examined by a botanist and its qualities set out fully, with the result that it has since been distributed over the whole world and is looked on as one of the most valuable of pasture grasses.

He had not quite finished his work at Bulawayo when Lord Grey, who had been appointed Administrator in 1896, came through from the capital, Salisbury, on his way to England. During the two and a half years he had been in the country he had done wonderful work and never spared himself in its interests. When he reached my quarters, where Rhodes was staying, it had been raining for half the day and was coming down in sheets. There was only one train a week then and Grey had to go by it that evening. Rhodes was much affected by his departure and drove to the station with him despite the weather, and when he had gone he turned to us and said : ' He's a fine fellow, Grey, a fine character ! When I found myself with my back to the wall after the Transvaal trouble, he gave up all his great interests at home and came to Rhodesia to stand by me and help to make the country. He has done wonderful work and endeared himself to everyone, and not till he has seen that all is going well has he ever thought of leaving. A lovable character. Take heed of him all of you, for in him you see one of the finest products of England—an English gentleman.'

On his way south from Bulawayo Rhodes interviewed the members of the much delayed Ngami trek, now quite sure of being able to reach their objective, who were on the point of starting on the long and hazardous journey. He had never lost his keen interest in this venture and rejoiced in the courage of this group of farmers, mostly of Dutch extraction, numbering 400 men, women, and children, whom no set-back could dismay, who were to occupy an almost unknown part of the country, and one never before thrown open for white occupation. He again urged on them the need for the occupation of the territory before it was filled up with Germans, and proved his sincerity towards them by ' displaying a royal munificence,' as his

assistance was described by one of them. It is of interest to mention that the journey took some nine months to accomplish, but results turned out most successfully, and to-day, fully twenty-seven years after, it can safely be said that through Rhodes's far-sightedness and generosity he was able to secure and settle with British subjects a great and fine farming country that now compares favourably with the rest of such areas in South Africa. In addition to this his main object at the time, of preserving the hinterland for the people of South Africa, was fully realised.

At the Cape, Rhodes still possessed a following of moderate and loyal Dutchmen in addition to the British colonists, and despite intense racial feeling now prevailing, he adhered with grim determination to that policy of racial equality to which he had pledged himself on his entry into Parliament sixteen years before, believing that 'if you keep at your point long enough and show tenacity of purpose you gain the day.' He never allowed or admitted that a difficulty was sufficiently great to intervene in a question of policy, but swept such things aside like cobwebs.

He realised that if he was to work as he wished towards the North, and guide South Africa towards that federation he had always hoped for her, he must regain his position in Cape politics. In the few election speeches he made at this time, Rhodes urged upon the electors the necessity for the amendment of the education laws of the Colony. He wanted to create some form of compulsory education, for under such conditions he believed that every man had an equal chance in the world; but this idea was not popular with some of the old Dutch farmers, who felt that as they had got along without education so could their children.

Rhodes advocated strongly an annual contribution by the Cape towards the cost of the British Navy, which contribution was afterwards changed, by vote of the House and against his wish, to the gift of a cruiser—*H.M.S. Africa*. In this regard Rhodes had quaintly illustrated the advantage of an annual contribution rather than the one gift of a ship, by quoting the remark of one of his lieutenants when seeking

a concession from Lobengula. This gentleman had tersely explained, 'If you give the king a monthly instalment you will be continually reminding him of our existence and of the benefits he is receiving from us, whereas a lump sum paid down may instantly be squandered over the ramifications of his harem.'¹ But even such conclusive argument was overborne. A warship was given to the mother-country, and she was not thereafter annually reminded of the generosity of South Africa.

Rhodes had realised, and now insisted on, the vital necessity for the conservation of water, and the prosecution of irrigation works for the betterment of agriculture. The idea of building an enormous dam which should irrigate some 2000 acres of land in his farm in the Matopos had long been in his mind, and he now asked me to have plans prepared, and later at his request I arranged for its construction. In the following characteristic letter he sent me some instructions: 'Dear McDonald, I have seen what water can do when it has brains and energy behind it. Begin the Matopo dam at once. This letter is authority for Michell to finance you. The work is left entirely to you. Begin at once and have it ready for next season's rains. We must not let any floods go to waste. The contracts are left to you. You have my authority to go to work at once.'

This dam, which took four years to complete, pleased Rhodes immensely. It has stood the test of time and impounds 1000 million gallons of water, and below it there is now an agricultural college with a smiling valley at its feet in place of the once bare veld.

Rhodes had bought fruit farms in the Paarl district of Cape Colony, with the double intention of introducing more progressive farming conditions there, and at the same time of reducing the proportions of the Bond or Dutch party whose stronghold was in that part of the country. Much irrigation had already been done on these farms, which were placed in the hands of experts imported by him from the fruit districts of California and employed under Mr. Pick-

¹ Hensman.

stone, with the happiest results. Even at that early date Rhodes had seen the possibility of establishing the overseas fruit trade which is flourishing to-day and of which he laid the foundations. In a letter written to Milner at this time Rhodes explains his plans in this regard. 'In a small way,' he writes, 'I have tried to encourage fruit cultivation in the Cape, and possess some twenty or thirty farms in the Paarl and Stellenbosch districts. Owing to their special knowledge the men in charge of these farms are almost entirely English who have studied fruit cultivation in California; and for the first time we have a number of English on the land in these districts. At first they were looked upon with suspicion and distrust by their neighbours. This feeling has now totally altered. They mix socially with the neighbouring farmers; they are intermarrying with the Dutch, and the whole tone of these two districts is changing.'¹

Once again Rhodes was making men talk and think of his dream of Federated South Africa. In speaking of this union, he adopted a very practical line of argument. He would point out to the farmers the handicap they suffered from excise laws and customs barriers at every state frontier, and from the irritating and high tariffs of rival state railways. 'After all,' he would add, 'under Federal Union all these small and material squabbles would disappear, together with the bitterness of present racial strife.'

He saw clearly that a union of all the South African States was imperative if they would live, and by every means in his power he strove to bring this about, realising that as a compact political entity such a federation or union would create a country possessing immense political force. In addition to this certainty, Rhodes possessed great mental vision and was able to see more than most the troubles and difficulties that would keep the country back unless such union was achieved. It was evident to him that the need for federation was increasing daily, although for the present the obstructive policy of the Transvaal prevented any real union being immediately arrived at. Whenever Rhodes,

¹ Williams.

either in Cape Colony or in Rhodesia or in England, referred to his ambition for the federation of the various States under the supremacy of the British flag he was promptly met with the question, 'What about the Transvaal?' He hoped, however, that if all went well he would in time be able to offer the Transvaal such terms to enter the union that President Kruger would not be able to remain outside.

Natal, the colony that had until now held herself remote from the other States of South Africa, was firmly converted to Rhodes's dream. Her colonists even went so far as to ask him to sit as their representative on the South African Legislative Council of the future; but Escombe—then Prime Minister—died soon after this, and Rhodes himself did not live to see the ultimate success of what he had worked for so long.

So hopeful was he at this time of succeeding in his aim that in 1898 he wrote to Canada asking for suggestions in regard to a federal constitution; and he actually made a rough draft for the Constitution of a South African Commonwealth.

On another occasion, speaking at Vryburg in Bechuanaland, Rhodes strongly defended himself from the accusation which had constantly been made that he was against the Afrikanders. 'How,' he asked his audience, 'am I against the Afrikanders? Can you quote me a case? Has any privilege ever been denied an Afrikander and granted to any other race or class? Surely, if Kruger's burghers have equal rights, and the Free State burghers have equal rights, it is not likely that I should deny them to the people of Cape Colony. I tell you these are lies, and now I put another aspect of the question. Do you think that you are wise in howling against Rhodes in every part of the country, and especially here in Bechuanaland? You may by your folly drive the North to take up a hostile attitude towards you, and what, I ask, do you imagine you are going to gain? I will tell you. You will gain race feeling, you will succeed in setting race against race, but that will not feed you, that will not give you land, that will not secure the future of yourselves

or your children. What, then, is it going to do? I will tell you. It is going to starve you. . . . Now, even if you vote against the candidates I am supporting here to-night, my policy will remain the same, for I shall not be turned aside from my purpose by the temporary anger of Afrikaners against me, knowing that in five years my policy will be your policy. . . . My main object is the gradual acquisition of Africa, and the union of South Africa, and those objects are one and the same.'

This speech was seized upon by Rhodes's enemies, who claimed it to mean that if he were not returned he would not only sever himself from the Cape but would stir up feeling in Rhodesia against Cape Colony—an absurd supposition; but party feeling was running high and neither side at this time was too particular in its methods.

This election was unfortunately notable for the doubly bitter spirit in which it was fought, since in addition to the racial controversy much personal criticism was introduced on both sides. The anti-Rhodes and the anti-British Bond party were supported in their election campaign by funds from the Transvaal Secret Service, and Rhodes drew largely upon his own private purse in order to enable his side to fight with equal advantage in that connection. Every conceivable method for driving Rhodes and his party from the field was introduced by the Bond and Kruger following, and abuse of the most virulent nature was poured over all of them; but Rhodes took most of it with calm contempt, although at times he seized opportunities for effective retort. The very violence of his opponents helped him, and large numbers of the more educated Dutch came over to his support.

While the election campaign was in progress, Rhodes paid a flying visit to England, where he laid various proposals before the Imperial Government for the continuation of the railway northwards. He still held to his dream of establishing during his life a rail from Cape to Cairo; and he now suggested that the British Government should guarantee the expenses of building the next section from Salisbury to

Tanganyika. This proposal was at first favourably received, but later such impossible conditions were suggested that he regretfully gave up the idea. 'Chamberlain wants the earth, and he can't have it,' declared Rhodes; 'but Hicks Beach' (afterwards Lord St. Aldwyn), he added, 'wants much more, so much in fact that he would bring utter ruin in Rhodesia if I accepted his best offer even; so I politely turned down their proposals and told them we could get on without their assistance, but that I could not understand why they penalised their own people in the Colonies, as they did in so many directions, when they were opening up fresh markets for them all the time. This had no effect, however, on Hicks Beach, though Chamberlain saw my point, and had it been only him I would have won. Hicks Beach, however, was impossible, and yet there was something in him I could not help admiring—he knew his own mind and wasted no time in giving a direct reply—but the abler man was Chamberlain.' Determined not to own himself beaten, Rhodes thereupon set himself to collect the necessary capital from the shareholders of the Chartered Company and his friends. In order to gain more support, the proposed route was altered so that it should be in a position to deal with the resources of the recently discovered Wankie coalfield, and it is possible that without this discovery the whole railway scheme might have broken down. Upon such slender threads hang the destinies of Empire.

Rhodes himself was immensely pleased with the idea of this route, for now his railway would bridge the Zambesi River just below the Victoria Falls. 'I should like,' said he, 'the spray from the Falls to dash against the railway carriages'; and on one occasion at Groote Schuur, when discussing this project with the engineer in charge, he showed the keenest pleasure when told that the spray of the Falls would actually blow upon a train crossing the bridge, as it now does every day in the year—a curious instance of imagination combined with immense financial ability.

During this visit to England Rhodes was unanimously re-elected to the Board of the Chartered Company, and on

21st April he attended a general meeting of the shareholders, who had sensibly decided that they would be acting against their own interests in trying any longer to work without the man who was responsible for the very creation and existence of the Company. They received Rhodes with frantic applause, and as he stood 'looking out over that crowd of eager faces he seemed less impassive and more human than usual; more like a modern man who knew what pain and suffering meant than, as he usually appeared, like a Roman Emperor born with an ambition to administer the world.'¹

A week or two later he addressed the shareholders of the Trans-Continental Telegraph Company, to whom he made what he termed 'a geographical speech,' taking them link by link 'up North,' from Salisbury to Cairo. Immediately thereafter he returned to the Cape in order to finish his election campaign, which he fought wholeheartedly, and some of his speeches at this time carry a more personal and a more explanatory word to the people than he had ever used before. In one speech, after explaining his earlier prevention of the German and Boer encroachments as endangering his schemes for South African union, he said: 'If it had not been my good fortune to think of those questions while looking for diamonds, there is not the slightest doubt that these territories would have passed to other European Powers. I do not claim any credit—I simply say that they were the thoughts that came to me—that is all. You may discover the microbe of the rinderpest, but I defy you ever to find the microbe of the human imagination. You do not know where it comes from, but it comes and the thoughts come, and you are moved as a human atom to carry out those thoughts; and all that I can say is that before and during the period when I was your Prime Minister, these thoughts came to me, though later, gentlemen, changes have been brought about owing to my own fault. I lost my position through my acts, but I am now simply putting this to you that, during the period while I had the responsibility, and questions occurred which I dealt with, I think

¹ 'Vindex.'

that I dealt fairly with them, and long, long after you and I are dead, I think history will say that certain big questions were dealt with by me for the benefit of the country at large.'

On another occasion he said : ' I honestly believe that my years of trouble have made me a better man. I had had a life of uninterrupted success, and then I had two years of considerable trouble, and I found, if I might put it to you personally, that I had an individuality that could stand trouble. I can tell you rather a good story. When I was proceeding from Salisbury to Bulawayo I was continually receiving telegrams from a gentleman who came from Mr. Farrar, then in gaol, stating that he had a most important message for me. This went on for some time, while the fighting was going on in the North. Ultimately I met him, and he gave me the message. It was this : " Don't bother about me. Do your work. I have found out one thing—that there are those who are men and those who are monkeys." (Loud laughter.) I don't know under which of these he placed me, but I do say that my two years of trouble have made me a better man—(cheers)—and I am determined to go on with my work, the work of forming a railway junction with Egypt—(loud cheers)—and the work of closer union in South Africa.' (Renewed cheers.)

Speaking at a meeting of farmers in his own constituency, in August 1898, he said : ' . . . I do not desire you to return me as your representative for my own personal advantage. . . . I do not wish to be returned on race lines. I wish to be returned for a bigger idea than personal advantage, so that I may be able to say afterwards that I was returned not on race lines but by a vast majority of my old constituents, Dutch as well as English. I would not like to be returned solely by people of my own race, for I want to be able to point out in Parliament that I have the confidence of a large section of the Dutch electors. This constituency is composed of Dutch and English, and is, consequently, a very fair sample district of the country. . . . I want to see equal rights and justice to both English and Dutch, and this

you must make the basis of your policy. You cannot live on race feeling. It will not give you new lands for your children, it will not feed your people, nor provide you with clothes to wear. This can never be a great country if the two races do not work together, but if they work together they can do anything. . . . It is no use to stretch our imagination to the far interior of Africa unless the two races march together.'

Being asked at one of his meetings to define the meaning of the name of his party (the Progressives)—he said: 'If any man has property, if any man has intelligence, if any man has a thought of progress, he is a Progressive. . . . The Party of Progress will have to consider equal rights for every civilised man.'

The battle was fought, and the result of the election was that although the Progressives had polled a majority of votes—about 50,000 against 36,000—they only secured thirty-nine seats against forty held by the Bond party in the House of Assembly, and so, being in a minority, formed the Opposition. This anomaly was at once seized on by the Progressive Party as proving the urgent need for redistribution. In the Upper House Rhodes's following was fourteen against nine of his opponents. Rhodes, having declined to take the advice offered by his political opponents and 'live in a hermit's hut somewhere on the banks of the Zambesi,' had returned to parliamentary life in addition to regaining his old position on the Board of the Chartered Company. He had risen triumphantly from the depths into which the events of 1895 had dragged him, and he was once more in a position to lead Cape Colony towards a union of all the South African States. 'I cannot understand people taking on a job and then not finishing it,' he explained.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE BREAKING OF THE STORM

1898-1899

ON receiving the news of the taking of Omdurman on 6th September, 1898, Rhodes cabled to Kitchener: 'Glad you beat the Khalifa. We have just finished our elections and result promises to be a tie. I hear Frank is wounded. They certainly should now restore his commission. His heart is set on it. My telegraph will shortly be at south end of Tanganyika. If you don't look sharp, in spite of your victory, I shall reach Uganda before you.' To which Kitchener, with characteristic brevity, replied from Omdurman twenty days later: 'Thanks. Frank well. Reinstated. My southern station Sobat. Hurry up.'

At this time Rhodes was extremely anxious as to the terms of the new Order in Council, which was to a certain extent intended to limit the powers of the Chartered Company in the future. However, when this was issued in October 1898, he found that it laid down with great fairness plans for the future government of Rhodesia. Its most important stipulation was for the formation of a Legislative Council for Southern Rhodesia of a quasi-representative character, to assist the Resident Commissioner—a new post formed by the Order, which was to be filled by an officer under the control of the Imperial authorities. 'This Council, in the first instance, was to consist of four members to be elected by popular vote, being two each from the provinces of Mashonaland and Matabeleland, and five members nominated by the Chartered Company. In addition to these, the Administrators of Mashonaland and Matabeleland

respectively were to be *ex-officio* members of the Council. Seeing that the Chartered Company was still to remain responsible for finding the necessary capital for the administration and development of the country, it was only right and proper that it should have the predominant voice on this Council, whose most important duties would be to decide how the money should be expended.

'The Order further provided for the appointment of an Imperial Officer to decide how the police and other armed forces of Rhodesia should be employed. In the case of this officer, and in that of the Resident Commissioner, salaries had to be provided for out of the funds of the British South Africa Company, though the company, and quite properly, had no voice whatever in the selection of these two officials.'¹

Early in 1899 the trans-African telegraph, which Rhodes considered the pioneer of civilisation, was actually approaching Tanganyika, and he became anxious as to its continuation and also for the further extension of his railway. Although he had done all in his power to rescue for Britain even the narrowest strip of territory through which his iron road might run, owing to the shortsightedness of the Imperial Government the Congo and German East Africa now barred the way. In 1894 provision had been made to construct this through the Congo territory, and Sir Charles Metcalfe, who like Rhodes had great vision, had already surveyed the route, but King Leopold of Belgium now placed difficulties in the way, and Rhodes began to consider an alternative route through German East Africa.

In the north, Kitchener was working to enable the Egyptian section of the railway to be carried down to the borders of Uganda, and in this connection arrangements had definitely been made to ensure the gauge of the two lines being the same. The only problem, therefore, that remained to the two builders of Empire, working in different ways at opposite ends of the vast continent, was the linking up of the two systems from Tanganyika to the south of Uganda.

¹ Hensman.

With this in his mind, Rhodes sailed for England on 28th December, arriving in London on 14th January, 1899. He at once set to work over the northern extension of his railway and again urged upon the Imperial Government the benefit that would accrue to British manufacturing centres if he got a financial guarantee from it to enable him to borrow money more readily ; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer—Hicks Beach—was obdurate and ‘almost abusive.’ Rhodes did not sit down and, to quote his own expression, ‘twirl his thumbs and wail’ over this defeat ; but got busily to work with Alfred Beit, and in a very short time his indefatigable efforts produced a scheme which the investing public took up very readily, subscribing no less than three millions sterling for the carrying on of the railway from Bulawayo to Tanganyika. They did not even get five per cent., being satisfied with four. There may have been a touch of philanthropy in their response, for coming to know of his second rebuff over the opening up of the Dark Continent, as Central Africa was then generally described, they backed him nobly, determined evidently to give him every help to gain the objective he had planned to reach, which was attained sooner than even Rhodes anticipated, and the four per cent. continues to be paid on the full capital provided. ‘There is no reason,’ said Rhodes on one occasion, ‘why philanthropy should not be combined with business. The English believe in philanthropy, but with five per cent.’ Said the first Lord Leverhulme, ‘There is no room for philanthropy in business.’ Of the two views expressed, that of Rhodes was undoubtedly the sounder.

Having fixed up that part of the business, he made a short trip to Egypt in the early part of February, when he was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Rochfort Maguire and Sir Charles Metcalfe. He had never been to Egypt before, and it appealed to him greatly. At the time numbers of visitors were there from all lands, and he made many new acquaintances, finding there was little to do in Cairo but talk and visit the most interesting sights. For a short time he enjoyed it all, but once he had finished the particular

work that had taken him there—the negotiation of an agreement with the Egyptian Government for the right of constructing his trans-continental telegraph line and a tariff of rates for the same—he soon grew restless and told the Maguires that ‘the charm of laziness’ was falling upon him and that he ‘must be up and doing.’ Fortunately he met Sir John Aird and certain others of the Nile ‘barrage builders,’ and railway contractors, and was able to discuss irrigation and railways with them. He also was lucky enough to meet Kitchener, who was on his way to London, and the two were able to renew a friendship which had begun some years previously. He felt, however, that he was not doing a ‘reasonable day’s work,’ although, as Mr. Edward Dicey, who was there at the time, remarked: ‘Judged by the ordinary European standard Rhodes is doing a full day’s work while he supposes himself to be having a holiday.’ He left Egypt at the end of the month and crossed to Rome, where he met Jameson and Mr. (now Sir) Edmund Davis, and after a long talk with the former he went on to Berlin with Davis and Metcalfe, where he arrived on 10th March, and with his usual thoroughness he at once set about exploring all possible channels towards the early extension of his railway and telegraph. He visited both Leopold II. of Belgium and the German Kaiser in order to discover which of the two he could more easily persuade to consider favourably his proposals. And as after this he always spoke of Leopold with intense dislike, saying he was more grasping and harder to deal with than ‘Black Michael’ (Hicks Beach), while he seemed to have established a happy footing with the Kaiser, we can guess which of the two he found the more amenable.

At Berlin Rhodes paid little heed to Court etiquette—a characteristic which amused the ‘War Lord’ greatly. When they had been conversing for some time and the Kaiser was very interested in Rhodes’s conversation, Rhodes glanced at a clock and, completely oblivious of any indiscretion, held out his hand to the Emperor, to the latter’s amusement, and instead of waiting to be dismissed, merely

said, 'Well, good-bye. I have to go now, as I have some people coming to dinner.'¹

As a result of their discussion the Kaiser assured Rhodes that he should have every facility for taking his telegraph through German East Africa, with—to Rhodes—the valuable condition that if the Germans were unable to find capital for a railway line through German East Africa, he should be allowed to construct this, although in that event the Germans expected a large share of the profits on any railway running through their territory.

The final agreement was signed at the end of that year, and just before this Rhodes had cabled in his usual friendly way to the Emperor, 'What about my telegraph? I am close to the German border and should not like to enter German territory without authority.'² As this cable from Rhodes reached the Kaiser when he was on the point of visiting England and wished to impress the world with his friendliness to all things British, the final permission was immediately given.

Less than a year after this agreement the telegraph had been laid over fifty miles of German territory, but for once Rhodes's judgment of men was badly at fault, since at his interview with the Emperor he allowed the latter to allay all his early, and well-founded, apprehension of German intentions with regard to British Dominions in Africa, and subsequently referred to him as a broad-minded man. 'I liked the Kaiser,' said Rhodes, 'because he gave his interest so thoroughly to my ideas and asked intelligent questions.'

Before crossing to England Rhodes visited Amsterdam and the Hague, where he spent a day or two looking at some old Dutch furniture which he had heard of and was anxious to secure for Groote Schuur. It was, however, generally believed that his presence there had some other significance, but if so he kept the object to himself. When he reached London he found that Kitchener had arrived there on leave, and the two saw much of each other in London, where they

¹ Le Sueur.

² Williams.

formed a habit of riding together in the Park in the early morning.

The two friends were together given the degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, and the reception accorded to Rhodes on this occasion afforded him the keenest satisfaction. In speaking of it, he always added, 'One's troubles have brought out one's friends.' There is no doubt that he was very nervous and shy under the stares of the undergraduates, one of whom shouted at a critical moment, 'Don't look so bored, Rhodes!' ¹ and upset his nerves somewhat, but after the ceremony he referred to this interruption in the sporting spirit in which it had been made.

Early in May Rhodes addressed a great meeting of the shareholders of the British South Africa Company. Shareholders began to arrive at the hall where it was held at seven in the morning, although the hour fixed for the meeting was noon. By that time the place was overflowing and the street blocked, and when Rhodes arrived the enthusiasm of the crowd was such as has rarely been seen at similar gatherings. Rhodes was deeply moved, and told his audience that he was somewhat overcome by the warmth of the welcome that had been accorded him, and he asked that his audience would bear this in mind in case of any shortcomings in his speech. In the course of this he gave the fullest information as to the progress and contemplated extension of 'your' railways and telegraph line to the north, 'a line that a few years ago was classed by a great many as a wild-cat scheme.'

In regard to the acquisition and development of Southern and Northern Rhodesia, he quoted a conversation he had with Mr. Gladstone some years before on the subject of fresh territories and development and administration. 'Mr. Gladstone said to me, "My fear is that we have not the people to administer them." I replied, "There is no fear of that; if you will only take the countries, you will find people who are capable of administering them." That was brought home to me only the other day in Egypt, where I saw eight

¹ Jourdan.

millions of people governed by one man, Lord Cromer. You read your history of your Rameses, of your Memnon and many others, but do not forget that there is a single Englishman there greater than them all. This shows that we have not lost our capacity for administering new countries, especially if they are occupied by what are called the subject races—the black and the yellow. We have also not lost the knack of distribution. Our mercantile fleet is better than ever.'

He touched on the increase of manufactured products coming into Great Britain from other countries, and particularly to 'that label "Made in Germany," and, with no hostility to the other countries, I mention it simply as a warning to our own people.' He dealt with many other matters, including attacks made on him by Exeter Hall and the Aborigines Protection Society, and showed in a masterly fashion that they had been listening to and had been misled by statements having no foundation in fact whatsoever. Returning from the hall at the conclusion of the meeting, he was cheered to the echo and was not allowed to get away from the crowd till he had made another speech on the steps of the building, and even then he was followed by hundreds of cheering enthusiasts to St. Swithin's Lane, where the office of his company was.

On the occasion of this visit he went down twice to the Salvation Army farms and had long conversations with General Booth in regard to a settlement scheme for Rhodesia. It was arranged that the General should go out to South Africa to look into this matter more fully, which he afterwards did, but it was unfortunate that the South African War deferred the visit till after Rhodes's death.

He also stayed at Sandringham for a day or two with the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII.), and both he and the Princess became his warm friends and took the keenest interest in his work in Africa. On this occasion H.R.H. questioned and re-questioned him over his interview with the Kaiser, and finally said, 'You were fortunate, Mr. Rhodes; he is sometimes very difficult.'

In mid-June Rhodes left for the Cape, and on this voyage Princess Radziwill was, of intention, a fellow-traveller. She had met Rhodes at a social function in London the previous year and, being by nature an adventuress and entirely unscrupulous, she decided to make what use she could of him. On the first night of the voyage, when Rhodes was already seated for dinner at a small table such as he always had reserved for his own party, the Princess, coming in rather late and apparently flustered, made straight for that table, at which there happened to be a vacant place, and seated herself. After some time she appeared to think it well to say that she realised she had come there uninvited, but asked so pathetically if she might remain that, in common politeness, Rhodes had to consent to her forming one of his party. Thus Princess Radziwill entered Rhodes's life at a most unfortunate time. He knew his health was failing, and he had now the fear of suffering always before him, bringing the inevitable end to all his work. After a life oddly free from woman's association and sympathy, this adventuress, who was bright and amusing though by no means beautiful, forced herself upon him when he made no great effort to withstand such an attack. He accepted her friendship—but no more; gave her money, as he did to almost everyone who asked for it, in order to help her finance a weekly review which she said she contemplated starting, only to find himself later almost dragged into a net of ugly intrigue which she had created.

On his arrival at Cape Town Rhodes received an immense welcome from the people there, which was supplemented by representatives from every part of South Africa south of the Zambesi—Blantyre in Nyasaland even sent its address of welcome and congratulation. The horses were taken from his carriage and loyal citizens dragged him to the Drill Hall, where a great reception had been arranged, which developed into an unparalleled popular demonstration that must have deeply touched him. In thanking them he said: 'I recognise what this is for: it is for the work—the idea—which is passing from the era of imagination to practical completion; the

“idea of the lunatic” has passed into the idea of practical sanity. The only practical thing is the progress of time. We do get older and we do become a little hurried in our ideas in the course of the terrible time. You can conquer anything ; you can conquer, if you will allow me to say so, even raids. But time you can never interfere with, and so we have to complete with all the rapidity we can the project which is before us—that is, the project of uniting the North and the South of Africa. I have told you I have obtained the money to go to the North, money for all the work of advance during the next four years, and I hope that from Egypt they will come down to meet us. I look upon the question of the trans-continental telegraph and railway as practically over ; it is now merely a question of time !

‘I am working, I tell you, not only for the union of the country, but for a union of races, and that will come once the principle of equal rights is accepted for every civilised man south of the Zambesi. Now you ask what I mean by a civilised man. Well, I mean by civilised man any man, quite irrespective of colour, who can write his name, place of residence and occupation, and who is a worker or possessed of some property.’

At Woodstock, Mowbray, Claremont, and other suburban towns he received similar receptions, and in the course of the week following his arrival he made various speeches, from which I quote a few short extracts :

‘The people of England,’ he said in Cape Town, ‘are finding out that “trade follows the flag,” and they have all become Imperialists. They are not going to part with any territory. They intend to retain every inch of land they have got.’

He had the greatest affection for Cape Town and for its people, and he never failed to point out its advantages. ‘It has been for two or three centuries,’ he said, ‘one of the greatest of the world’s taverns, and it has been placed geographically so that it will always remain such. Look now at its wealth and prosperity and the noble position it

has attained, and remember that these results have accrued from the North ; and it is only just beginning.'

In speaking at Mowbray he said : ' We must keep the continent together—the differences between the English and Dutch will pass away. The country is fortunate in that it has been able to secure its hinterland, and it is therefore free from the interference of alien Powers. We must now work together for the uniting of Africa from Cape Town to Tanganyika and so create a great country.' At Claremont he said : ' It is needless for me to tell you that Free Trade principles have not prevailed ; on the contrary, it has been the policy of every Power that has acquired a new dependency to introduce Protection, and who can blame them for seeking all the advantages they can get to repay them for the trouble and expense of developing it. I discussed this matter once with Mr. Gladstone, that great pillar of Free Trade, but his lack of knowledge as regards the Colonies prevented him from obtaining a true view of the position ; still, he did admit to me that if every country put up a hostile tariff against her it would be a poor look-out for Britain.'

At Wynberg he said : ' If we insist on equal rights, and equal rights must be open to every civilised man, the result will be the salvation of South Africa. Nothing will prevent me from speaking of matters on which the future of this Colony and the future of South Africa depends, and I say to you that the prosperity of the whole country hinges on the federal union of South Africa, and so long as I am able to I will never cease speaking to this effect. . . . Whatever happens, I shall, let me repeat, carry out my policy, working to keep the North with the South, working to heal the antagonistic feelings which have arisen between the two races, in the earnest hope that even in our own time we may make a union of South and Central Africa.

' As to the " coloured people " (that is to those who carry a good deal of white blood in their bodies) I owe them a deep debt of obligation for the work they have done for me in Rhodesia. They helped to storm the fastnesses of the Matopos in Matabeleland. They did so not once but re-

peatedly, and I regard them as one of the great sources of prosperity in this country. On my fruit farms I find them invaluable . . . there are no better labourers. . . . I am thankful of the opportunity of making these statements.

‘ When we commenced the policy of taking up the North the thought that guided one in one’s ideas was that the world was limited, that the country to which we belong should have as much of it as it could possibly get. This was a consideration which affected not only the people at home, but the people here, including not only English but Dutch. Opponents of expansion constantly urge, “ What do you do for us ? We have helped Canada and Australia, and the first thing they do is to place huge tariffs against us and shut out our goods.” Now practically, apart from the sentiment of a great Empire, the British are a commercial people, and yet these colonies, having gained all the advantages of self-government, shut out British goods. . . . Having thought out this matter a great deal, we have now in the constitution of our new country—namely, Rhodesia—the best answer to these critics, for that constitution contains a “ clause ” (now known, I may say, as the “ Rhodes clause ”) that in a territory representing 800,000 square miles of the world’s surface the duties on British goods shall not exceed the present Cape tariff. . . . Having adopted that principle, it is the constitution of the country, and I see no possibility of its being changed. It is a sacred thing, and it is the return to England for the blood and treasure she may spend on the protection and security of the new country. . . . I had a great battle over the wording of the clause—the late Ministry wished me to put it that the duty on *imported* goods should not exceed the present Cape tariff, but I said, “ No, I will have it British—not imported.” The politics of the next hundred years are going to be tariffs and nothing else. We are no longer going to war for the amusement of royal families as in the past, we mean practical business. America, say, will have to be told that they must change their tariff or Great Britain will put a tariff against them. The United States would not hold out for twenty-four hours, but would

say it was perfectly good business, and would meet us on the tariff basis. . . . The time will come, although probably most of us will be gone, when the British Government will say to the world, "We will give you Free Trade and admit your raw products, but you must admit our manufactures, and until you do so we will not give you equal privileges." "

Surely greater conceptions have never entered any human brain, and yet among the thousands of listeners how few had ever had the imagination, the courage, to follow the dauntless confidence he showed in seeking to bring about the union of the two 'stiff-necked' races—English and Dutch.

But now they began at last to ponder the subject. He had awakened them to sentiment. 'Sentiment rules the world,' he once said, 'but how often does one's pocket rule sentiment!'

Jameson was waiting at Groote Schuur, anxious, as he always was now, over the health of his Chief. Rhodes, who, as we know, had always slept easily and thus been able to gain rest from his many cares and responsibilities, had now found sleep become difficult, and, with the idea of shortening those hours during which he was accustomed to lie awake, he learned to play bridge and got to like 'a modest game.' This resulted in rather later hours, though he still went to bed by eleven o'clock. What troubled him greatly was that he was unable to take such long early morning rides, which he had enjoyed for so many years, but he still went out, though for much shorter periods. 'Horse exercise,' he frequently said, 'is good for the lungs and the brain. It increases the activity of both.'

Since she came from England, Princess Radziwill had been a good deal at Groote Schuur. At first Rhodes frequently asked her to lunch or dine; but later, when he found that she persisted in discussing politics with him (she was a correspondent of certain French and Russian newspapers), he became weary of her visits, and on one occasion he exclaimed that unless she could comply with his wishes, to drop interfering in politics, she had better not speak to him

at all ! It has been freely stated that Rhodes was thoroughly hoodwinked by this extremely clever adventuress, but as the following incident will show he had not taken very long to realise fully the danger of the woman. At this time I was down at Groote Schuur on a short visit, and one day, just before lunch, he said to me, 'I'm sorry, McDonald, that I must ask you to stay on duty this afternoon and deprive you of the joy of bathing with your lady friends at Muizenberg, but the Princess is coming and Metcalfe has failed to return, so I want you to be here and on no account leave me alone with her. Never mind what she may say to you or how she may look at you. You must put up with it till Metcalfe, Smartt, or Jourdan returns.' Lunch passed pleasantly, but afterwards I had a very uncomfortable time of it till about half-past three when Metcalfe arrived and enabled me to get away from the lady's envenomed looks. Soon after this the visits of the Princess became less frequent, and when he eventually told her that he could only ask her to lunch as she was antagonising his friends, she became very angry, and from that time worked steadily and continuously by underhand means to destroy Rhodes's prestige.

During his absence the tension between British settlers and the South African Republic had been steadily increasing, and now on his return to the Cape the position appeared so serious that whispers of actual war began to be heard. Rhodes kept away from any negotiations or any public expression of his feelings in regard to this crisis, saying, 'I made a mistake with regard to the Transvaal once, and that is quite enough for me. A burnt child dreads the fire. I keep aloof from the Transvaal crisis, so that no one will be able to say if things go wrong that Rhodes is in it again.'

But in spite of ominous warnings neither Rhodes nor Jameson believed that the old Transvaal President, arrogant and overbearing though he was, would ever actually be in open conflict with the Imperial Government. With many others they declared that Kruger was merely playing a game of bluff. 'The notion of the Transvaal being able to trouble



DR. JAMESON ON THE STOEP AT GROOTE SCHUUR

To face page 312.

Great Britain at all seriously,' said Rhodes, 'is too ridiculous. I cannot really think about it. It is too ridiculous. . . . There is not the slightest chance of war, but the Imperial Government are going to get the terms which are demanded as being fair and right to the Uitlanders.'¹ This opinion was almost universal in the summer of 1899, even though Great Britain had been taught by many a severe lesson in the past that it is the height of unwisdom to hold a possible opponent too cheaply.

About this time various discontented spirits attempted to make a rift in the friendship existing between Rhodes and Milner. Rhodes by devious means was offered the support of the Bond and the Premiership of the Colony if he would throw his influence against Milner, but the following letter from the latter proves conclusively with what a sincere understanding the two worked for the good of South Africa. 'It is a crazy scheme,' writes Milner, 'and it is not from any fear of your lending an ear to it, especially after the generous and consistent support you have shown me through all this trying crisis—and that at a time when my position was much weaker than it is to-day—that I am writing these lines . . . (but) in view of the future and of the infinite importance, for public reasons, of a continued good personal understanding and absolute frankness between you and me about the lies, innuendoes, and suggestions which may be poured into your ear in the course of it. Therefore I say to you precisely as you once said to me—if you are told anything about myself, which implies either that I distrust your co-operation with me, or that I wish to hamper your own big work or detract from the influence which you exercise and always must exercise in the development of South Africa—please do me *the justice and the kindness absolutely to disbelieve it*. I don't for the life of me see why we should ever clash, for there is work enough for both of us, in all conscience, in the next year or two, in working out the future of the great British country here, which is going, I trust, not only to federate itself, as a free nation like Canada and

¹ Hensman.

Australia, but to be one of the means of federating the Empire.

‘Of course, we may differ, here and there, as to policy. If so, I am sure we can in the future, as in the past, discuss all differences frankly and with mutual trust, brushing aside the suspicions and the *arrière-pensées* which certain reptiles are never tired of trying to implant in the minds of both of us.’¹

So definite had rumours of war now become that the Cape House of Assembly decided it was time to take steps to ensure the return of all colonial railway locomotives and rolling stock now running on the Netherland and Free State railways, in the event of hostilities. Sauer, however, sadly informed the House that he had already tried to get his trucks back, but that evasive answers had been returned to his request, and that unfortunately 535 Cape railway trucks were now being held in the Transvaal. This news thoroughly alarmed the members, but they were powerless to act, and as a result not only did Kruger’s burghers later carry arms obtained from the Cape, but they were also conveyed to the front in trucks belonging to the Cape railways!

On 1st September the leading members of the Johannesburg Press were arrested by the Government of the Transvaal, as a result of which ten thousand British troops were immediately ordered to South Africa. Meanwhile the Transvaal authorities further horrified the placid politicians at the Cape by seizing hundreds of tons of coal on its way to the Colony and forcibly removing half a million sterling of raw gold on its way south from the Rand.

The inhabitants of Kimberley, however, did not share the mistaken optimism which prevailed at the Cape, and realising that in the event of war President Steyn would support the forces of the Transvaal with those of the Free State, telegraphed to Schreiner: ‘If you cannot or will not protect us give us arms and we will protect ourselves’; to which the Cape Premier soothingly replied: ‘There is no reason whatever for apprehending that Kimberley is or will be

¹ Williams.

in any danger of attack. Your fears are, therefore, groundless.'¹

A curious little interlude now occurred. Rhodes, hearing that the Pretoria Zoological Gardens had lost their two lions from disease, presented them with a young one, but instead of the usual acknowledgment he received the following letter, and the returned lion itself :

PRETORIA,

DEN, 25th September, 1899.

SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that my Government and my Committee are highly displeased at my lion transaction concluded with you at your house on Friday, 15th September ; they have forbidden me to keep the lion, and have ordered me to return it to you. I have made arrangements for feeding the lion on the road down, and hope it will arrive in good condition.

I regret exceedingly I accepted your generous offer, which I could have known would not be favourably received by my countrymen ; but only my great desire to acquire the animal for our local Zoo, made me forget all existing differences.—I have the honour to be, Sir,

Yours obediently,

(Sgd.) J. W. R. GUNNING,
Director of the State Museum.

Events now moved rapidly, and the Orange Free State by a resolution of its Parliament agreed to stand by the Transvaal. The people of Kimberley, seriously alarmed at this news, used every endeavour to fortify the town. Volunteers were called out ; the Town Guard and the Diamond Field Artillery were mustered, and gradually the news leaked out that, in the event of hostilities, Rhodes intended to go up there. In spite of many warnings he received at this time, it was with him a point of honour to be at Kimberley, which town he always said had made him, in its hour of distress, in order to be at hand to take all possible steps for the protection of the town and the diamond mines.

¹ Michell.

Therefore on the evening of 9th October Rhodes, with Dr. Smartt, slipped quietly away from Groote Schuur—leaving guests actually staying in the house in ignorance of their host's departure—and went north on the last train to reach Kimberley before the siege.

Ahead were Boer commandos rapidly arming and mobilising ; behind, Cape Town lay wrapped in an atmosphere of hushed expectancy ; while across the Atlantic, troopships were already hurrying the armed forces of the mother-country to the support of those long-tried British residents in the Transvaal. The Imperial Government had realised at last that now the issue of what had once been merely a protest against the misgovernment of Kruger, had become the whole question of British supremacy in South Africa.

CHAPTER XXIV

WAR

1899-1900

THE President of the South African Republic had in no way modified his harsh policy towards the Uitlanders since the Jameson Raid, and, having been re-elected with a huge majority in 1898, he became more bitter and aggressive than ever, and promptly, after his re-election, declined to consider the report of an Industrial Commission his Executive had appointed, in which a number of recommendations had been made which, had they been acted on, would in all probability have brought about a settlement that would have been acceptable to the Uitlanders, whose grievances had become greatly aggravated since 1896, and were at this date (1898) almost intolerable. Writing to President Steyn of the Orange Free State, Mr. John X. Merriman said: ' . . . The present state of affairs (in the Transvaal) cannot last. It must break down from inherent rottenness, and it will be well if the fall does not sweep away the freedom of us all . . . '

Sir Alfred Milner, the High Commissioner, made repeated efforts to secure reforms from the Transvaal Government, but all to no avail, and the Uitlanders about April 1899 took the extreme course of sending a petition to Queen Victoria. This petition was signed by over twenty-one thousand British subjects, who, with a further large number of Uitlanders elsewhere, were paying nine-tenths of all the taxes and getting no representation whatsoever. Even the friends of the Pretoria Executive warned that body to give way. Sir John Robinson, one of Natal's leading statesmen and a man possessing a great sympathy with the Dutch,

whom he knew well, was in the end driven to say : ' The gold mines of their country brought to the Transvaal Government temptation to corruption and extortion, to nepotism and abuse, and an unlimited capacity to do anything, to purchase anything, to pursue any policy or gratify any ambition which unscrupulous counsels or deep-laid designs might suggest. They provided the motive power by which the Press might be suborned, opponents squared, political influence extended, European opinion controlled and guided, forts erected and equipped, cannon and rifles imported, local forces organised, the resources of intrigue and diplomacy employed without regard to cost or limit.'

Discussing the situation in the Transvaal, on a visit to England about this time, the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier stated to a well-known politician that ' he could find no sympathy for President Kruger, whom he considered an anachronism and a stumbling-block to the progressive national life of South Africa. It was utterly unreasonable that he should hold up a great country in its forward march of freedom, unity, and enlightenment. Kruger would get no support from Canada.'

Many others, such as Sir Henry de Villiers and Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr, urged on Kruger the vital necessity for some redress for the Uitlanders, but that firm autocrat steadily refused and scorned the idea of any intervention on the part of Great Britain, which was daily becoming more and more inevitable unless the situation very soon altered materially for the better. This, however, showed no sign of happening, and a proposal, emanating curiously enough from both at the same time, was made by Mr. Chamberlain, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, and President Steyn, that a conference between Milner and Kruger should be held at Bloemfontein, ' whereat there might be concluded an arrangement which the British Government might accept as a reasonable concession to the just demands of the Uitlanders.'

This suggestion was accepted, and the Conference sat during the first week of June 1899 but proved abortive, Kruger having evidently made up his mind that with the

help of European friends (Germany and France in particular) and others in South Africa he could safely risk freeing the Transvaal completely from the British suzerainty, when he would perhaps succeed in creating a federation of all the South African States under Republican Government. Strenuous efforts were then made by all the leading statesmen of the Cape, Orange Free State, and Natal to persuade Kruger and his Executive to yield to Milner's minimum terms, but the President would concede none of them. On 31st July further efforts were made, and the President finally agreed on 18th August to certain of the demands provided that Great Britain should never again interfere in the internal affairs of the Transvaal, drop her suzerainty, and refer all future disputes to arbitration. These conditions were naturally impossible of acceptance by the British Government. Further correspondence ensued, however, and meanwhile on 27th September the Orange Free State gave Kruger a formal assurance that in the event of war, which was undoubtedly what President Kruger was endeavouring to bring about, it would join up with the Transvaal. It was now clear to nearly everyone that war was inevitable, and in the first week of October well over 50,000 Uitlanders left that country. Thousands of these joined Colonial regiments which were being formed, and Natal placed the whole of her resources at the disposal of the Imperial Government, while strong support was given by the British in the Cape, and most of the Dutch element, who had benefited greatly under British rule, remained neutral throughout the two and a half years' fighting. On 12th October, Free State Boers invaded Cape Colony; the Transvaal Commander-in-Chief took possession of Laing's Nek in Natal and the country found itself engaging in what turned out to be a long and grim struggle.

Owing to a slight accident the train by which Rhodes travelled did not reach Kimberley until a few hours after war had been declared. The Boer forces were already encircling the town, the train was fired on, and Rhodes himself narrowly escaped capture.

Jameson was now hurrying down from the north, determined if there was to be fighting, that he would be in it ; but he was too late to get into Kimberley with Rhodes, and so made for Ladysmith, where he was forced to remain throughout the siege, which lasted from 4th November, 1899, until 28th February, 1900. Jameson's curious propensity for getting into uncomfortable places had certainly guided him now. Ladysmith was a mean little town of brick and corrugated iron, situated in low country, shut in by high hills. In the heat of the year the temperature there often reached 104 degrees in the shade. 'The garrison numbered over thirteen thousand men, and there were besides two thousand Europeans and about six thousand Kaffirs and Indians . . . in addition to thousands of horses and mules, as well as flocks and herds. Small wonder Ladysmith was swept by enteric and dysentery. At one time there were two thousand patients in hospitals arranged to hold three hundred ; food ran short ; and the town was continually peppered by the Boer guns.'¹ Jameson, who for a while did all he could to alleviate the sickness and suffering, caught typhoid himself, and, when the town was relieved, he had to be carried down to Durban looking more dead than alive.

Rhodes, who scarcely ever spoke of his own experiences in Kimberley, was wont to say pettishly that Jameson had had no business whatever to be in Ladysmith, where he could do no possible good. There is no doubt that the two friends were each at this time a cause of considerable anxiety to the other.

Instinctively realising that, in the event of trouble, Rhodes would go to Kimberley, Grimmer also made his way down country from Inyanga, determined to be with his chief ; but he arrived too late and was forced to wait until the end of the siege before rejoining Rhodes, meanwhile doing service in one of the many regiments of irregular horse that were being created for the time being.

Kimberley was considered sufficiently strong to withstand even a lengthy siege. It was capable of putting up a great

¹ Colvin.

defence, as was clearly shown by after events, and its capture would certainly have entailed an even larger loss of life than the Boers were ready to face. The inhabitants, however, were confronted by the greater fear of famine, and the necessity of ensuring a sufficient water supply made it imperative to extend the circle of defence, which for this reason was more than eight miles in extent. Colonel Kekewich commanded the garrison, and martial law was proclaimed directly the Boers surrounded the town.

The numerous natives who had hitherto worked on the mines presented a tremendous problem to the besieged. They numbered twenty-five thousand, and, with the mines closed down, it was extremely difficult to form any plan for avoiding a panic and keeping them out of mischief. Here Rhodes stepped into the breach. Unperturbed by the anxieties of the present, he still looked ahead and had already considered how to turn evil into good and employ usefully the numbers of natives, whom most of the inhabitants of Kimberley now regarded merely as a menace. Some were encouraged to slip through the Boer lines, which they managed to do. The remainder he set to work planting trees, making roads (one of which was named 'Siege Avenue') and clearing ground for the erection of future suburbs to the town.

The strictest discipline was necessarily enforced. Everybody was placed on half rations, while under Rhodes's direction extra hospitals and soup kitchens were improvised. In addition to this work, and seeing the need of more men to garrison the town, Rhodes organised a new force—the Kimberley Light Horse—paying all the expenses in connection with the raising and equipment of this from his own pocket. The force numbered over three hundred men and proved a very useful contingent.

On his arrival Rhodes had settled down quietly in his house, 'The Sanatorium.' With his customary disregard of danger he went the rounds every day—still dressed in the grey flannel coat and white trousers which made him a mark for any Boer sniper, but which, in spite of many protests,

he never discarded—seeking out cases of illness and suffering and doing his utmost to alleviate them. On one occasion, finding a man very ill with fever, Rhodes asked if there was anything he wanted. ‘Milk,’ begged the patient, naming the one commodity which at this time was almost unknown in Kimberley. Without a word Rhodes left the house, but returned early the next morning and awkwardly deposited a small medicine bottle filled with milk in an inconspicuous corner of the room. By many such private and quiet charities he further endeared himself to the townsfolk, the mine-workers, and the natives, all of whom were already much attached to him ; but he very quickly became unpopular with the military.

Although he accomplished so much valuable work in the besieged town, it must be admitted that for a man of his character and temperament the situation in which he now found himself was impossible. During warfare, military discipline must of necessity be absolutely strict and impartial, applying to everyone, high and low ; but it must also be remembered that Rhodes had never before come under any discipline other than the rigid self-control he imposed upon himself. He was apt to be intolerant and overbearing with the military authorities, whose constantly issued orders and restrictions seemed to him both unnecessary and irritating. He, who had fought against, conquered, and ruled natives ; he, who had treated with the Dutch and so brought about peace—years ago—in Bechuanaland ; Rhodes, the man to whose brain Kimberley owed its great prosperity, the man who had succeeded in adding nearly a million square miles to the Empire, the builder of great railways and a telegraph line through a continent, not unnaturally felt that he at least should be consulted in regard to the measures of defence imposed upon the town.

Unfortunately Colonel Kekewich, the Commandant, though a good soldier, could only reason from one narrow point of view. He considered Rhodes merely as a civilian and rather a troublesome one at that. Their relations grew more and more strained, and before the end of the siege they were no

longer on speaking terms. This was undoubtedly largely due to the lack of tact displayed by the chief intelligence officer, who, because Rhodes declined to take him at his own valuation, used his position to 'queer his pitch' and belittle him at every opportunity, and succeeded in creating a most hostile atmosphere towards Rhodes among the military officials. Rhodes tried hard to pay no heed to the stupid vapourings of this individual, but when he found his liberties being more and more curtailed he became very angry and described the military as 'only fit for making red tape and no good for outmanœuvring the Boer forces,' an opinion that cost him many army friends.

In the circumstances, life in Kimberley at this time, with its necessary rules and regulations, became as intolerable to Rhodes as actual imprisonment, and the constant personal contacts and frictions irked his free spirit and tried his already weakened health. He chafed and fretted incessantly over the lack of any news from the outside world, or of his immense interests, which was intensely trying to one who already knew that the working hours of his life were drawing to an end. Now and then, however, he managed by devious ways to get an odd letter carried through the Boer lines, and the following, received by his brother, Elm-hirst, at this time, rather clearly indicates his state of mind:

MODDER RIVER.

My messengers cannot get through. Kindly send me some news. A large portion of last official wire from Enslin was that a Boer gave a soldier a tin. I suppose with jam in it. Evidently a Boer mania is on. Really Methuen or someone should see that something better than such rot is flashed.—Yours,
C. J. RHODES.¹

The lack of news, of conversation with his friends, or of fresh surroundings, drove his thoughts inward to feed entirely on themselves; and in Kimberley there was neither the leisure nor the space nor the freedom necessary for a great mind to gain such nourishment, and so sustain itself.

¹ Le Sueur.

The daily fret of petty and seemingly unnecessary duties, of listening to the grumblings of lesser minds, the constant enduring of small but extremely annoying discomforts, made Rhodes for the time being seem in some ways a smaller character than at any other period of his life.

For some reason or other Rhodes had taken up a most adverse view as to the ability of General Buller for high command. 'He only thinks of his cook and the flesh-pots,' he said; 'he ought to be pensioned.' Of Lord Roberts he held the highest opinion, and although he had some small altercations with him before and after the raising of the siege of Kimberley, they remained on quite friendly terms, and in 1904 when Lord Roberts visited Rhodesia he said to me that had he been able to get into direct communication with Rhodes these small differences would never have arisen. 'It was a case,' he said, 'of messages being passed on by someone lacking an understanding of Rhodes's peculiar position at the time, and I have often wished I could have explained to Mr. Rhodes much that I now regret, for I had not then heard of all he had done towards helping my progress in many directions.'

To such a state of intolerance did Rhodes come that he went so far as to draft a letter in which he scathingly suggested that it might be thought it was the British Army and not Kimberley that wanted to be relieved, and he attempted to hasten the relief of Kimberley on his own responsibility. Colonel Kekewich, however, declined to forward this letter to Lord Roberts (although it was afterwards shown him), and in this he was well within his rights, since the civilian element of a besieged town has very little, if any, rights or voice of its own. Although it is certain that Rhodes was only actuated by a desire to bring to an end the terrible sights he daily saw, and to prevent further deaths among the children from privation—for those which had already occurred had touched him deeply—it was a mistaken action and one which he would not have taken had he been able to consider the whole position, as was his usual habit, from every point of view.

The military also felt that Rhodes was an intense anxiety. The Boers would have given anything to capture him, and a rumour—probably untrue—was circulated that if captured he would be shot. However, it is a fact that the following telegram was picked up in General Cronje's laager at Paardeberg :

‘ 19th October, 1899.

‘ I trust my Free State brothers will not allow Rhodes to escape out of Kimberley. Your brothers on this side of the Vaal are standing firmly and watching. May God help us and the Free State to cast off the yoke of the English for good. For this purpose we offer, with God's help, property and blood.’¹

So great in fact was the vindictive hatred of the Transvaal Boers for Rhodes that it was said they would sooner have taken him prisoner than have annihilated the whole British Army. With this hope they had actually suggested building an iron cage in which to imprison him and exhibit him publicly through the two Boer States—a proposition that amused him greatly.

The Dutch artillery outclassed and outdistanced the range of our guns at both the sieges of Ladysmith and Kimberley, and this knowledge made the public, both in England and South Africa, extremely anxious as to whether they could hold out. At last, when Kimberley had been heavily shelled for many weeks, one of De Beers' mining engineers, a Mr. Labram, after discussing various projects with Rhodes, volunteered to construct a gun more powerful than any possessed by the Kimberley artillery. He had no expert knowledge in any of the numerous processes involved, nor even the necessary tools. But he was one man of genius working under the inspiration of another. Rhodes encouraged Labram to his utmost, and placed the De Beers' workshops at his disposal, with the result that on the 19th January, 1900, Kimberley was sending shells made in De Beers' workshops and inscribed ‘Compts. C.J.R.’ into the Boer camps with excellent effect. This was a triumph of

¹ Michell.

two very active brains ; but early in February the Boers moved up still stronger supports by way of retaliation, and threw a regular tornado of shot and shell into the town which showed such an indomitable spirit.

Seeing the necessity for better shelter for the women and children, Rhodes now offered the shafts and galleries of the mines for their occupation, and the following notice was posted up in one or two prominent places in Kimberley :

SUNDAY. I. RECOMMEND. WOMEN
AND. CHILDREN. WHO. DESIRE
COMPLETE. SHELTER. TO. PROCEED
TO. KIMBERLEY. AND. DE-BEERS
SHAFTS. THEY. WILL. BE. LOWERED
AT. ONCE. IN. THE. MINES. FROM
8 O'CLOCK. THROUGHOUT. THE. NIGHT.
LAMPS. &. GUIDES. WILL. BE
PROVIDED.

C. J. RHODES.

With his own hands Rhodes helped to pass the children down to their underground homes and provided them with food, light and guides. Soon 2500 people were safely accommodated hundreds of feet below ground out of reach of the shells.

Unfortunately, and to Rhodes's bitter regret, Labram was killed by one of the last shells to fall in the town. During the three previous days he had had several very narrow escapes and Rhodes feared greatly for his safety. When told of his death, Rhodes exclaimed, 'Well, what could a man do when God's been chasing him for three days?'

Constant, but untrustworthy, rumours of the coming relief had on numerous occasions raised the hopes of those besieged, only to dash them lower than before when that relief, so long expected, did not come. But at last on 15th February, 1900, by a series of brilliant forced marches, General French relieved Kimberley. He was received with intense and almost delirious joy by the inhabitants of the town. A modest dinner party, given that evening in his honour by Rhodes, was cut short owing to French's anxiety to get in front of the Boer general, Cronje, a move which he managed to bring off and which resulted in the capture of that General and his little army.

During the siege it was evident that Rhodes had thought much over the probable effect of the war upon his life-work, and something of this he explained when, a few days after the relief, he presided at the annual meeting of De Beers. His speech showed that he had come to realise that the war was far from being an unmixed evil, and had foreseen the possibility that, by solving many problems, it might lead in the end towards, rather than away from, the federation for which he had always hoped.

Undeterred by the terrible time they had gone through, the Kimberley miners recommenced 'washing' on 7th March, and a month later they began work in the levels which had proved so useful in sheltering their families.

In spite of his differences with the military, Rhodes's

great work during the war was fully recognised, and Lord Roberts, in a despatch dated the 20th March, wrote: 'I would add that the citizens of Kimberley seem to have rendered valuable assistance. By the active part which he took in raising the Kimberley Light Horse and in providing horses for all the mounted troops in Kimberley, Mr. Rhodes in particular contributed materially to the successful defence of the place.' Rhodes also received letters of thanks from the ministers of all the Free Churches, from the Malay community, and from many sources on behalf of the women and children.

Unfortunately, a slight rift now occurred in the deep friendship between Rhodes and Kitchener. The latter, anxious to finish what had become merely a guerilla war with all possible speed, ordered all available trucks to be employed for military purposes only. But Rhodes, who felt that enough of his desperately valuable time had already been wasted over the war, believed that the railways could be more usefully employed in furthering the development of Rhodesia. A year or so earlier, when Kitchener was hurrying forward his desert railway for the Soudan campaign, Rhodes had sent him some of the new engines intended for Mashonaland, so on this occasion he wired: 'Tell K. I lost a lot of time by giving up my engines for his Khartoum trip. I really think this time he should leave my rolling-stock alone.'¹ Even this appeal met with no response, and Rhodes made little attempt to hide the annoyance this embargo caused him.

The delay in the realisation of his dreams and the consequent disappointment to Rhodes, who was already a very sick man, cannot be too forcibly emphasised. Although he worked as strenuously as ever for his 'hobby in the North,' and the prosperity of the diamond mines, he had received a blow from which he could not recover—the war which he had never calculated on might, by devious ways, eventually bring about the union of South Africa, but he now knew that he would not be there to see it. He had begun to suffer

¹ Williams.

almost constant pain, and breathing was becoming increasingly difficult and sleep hard to find. Small wonder if he, who in his youth had never suffered fools patiently, became at times irritable and hasty with everyone around him.

As soon as travelling was possible, Rhodes went south to his cottage at Muizenberg, where he hoped that the sea air, blowing in from the wide Atlantic, might help him to breathe again after the irksome confinement in the dry, dusty atmosphere of Kimberley. Although his health had suffered seriously through the privations and anxieties of the siege, he would not allow his work to be handicapped in any way by his physical disabilities, and the flame of his genius burned as strongly, though not as steadily, as ever.

Addressing a meeting of the South African League at Cape Town, he spoke with all his old force and inspiration. It was a fine, sunny morning, and Rhodes appeared to some to be almost in a trance. He looked through the windows up to Table Mountain, and, gazing at its slopes, he remained silent for a time, forgetting apparently all about his audience. Suddenly he seemed to wake up, and speaking in the wide, far-seeing strain which was characteristic of all his grandest speeches, he told them they had defeated Krugerism, but not the Dutch, beside whom, he continued, 'you will have to live and work hereafter as in the past. When you go back to your homes in the towns or in the up-country farms and villages,' let there be no vaunting words, no vulgar triumphs over your Dutch neighbours; make them feel that the bitterness is past and that the need of co-operation is greater than ever.'

From this speech one can realise the very core of Rhodes's work and the goal from which, though often held back and delayed by his own impatience and by the short-sightedness and intolerance of others, he had never once allowed any difficulty, however great, to turn him—'The good of South Africa.'

CHAPTER XXV

'DE GROOTE SCHUUR'

DURING 1896 Grootte Schuur, Rhodes's residence near Cape Town, was burnt down. Rhodes happened to be in Rhodesia at the time, and when the news was broken to him, as of some great calamity, he took it very calmly and began at once to plan its reconstruction. It was unfortunate that much fine old furniture which could never be replaced, as well as many valuable papers, were destroyed in the conflagration. This loss was South Africa's as much as Rhodes's, for he had shared his treasures generously with the people of the country, allowing them, as he did, to be open for their inspection on every day of the week but Sunday.

Although he owned many houses in South Africa—at Kimberley, Bulawayo, Salisbury, and Umtali—all of which he did his utmost to improve and beautify, 'De Groote Schuur' was the home which he created to commemorate his simple tastes and his love of nature, for all time. The others he referred to merely as 'rest houses.'

Built on the site of what had once been a great barn where the Dutch East India Company's officials had stored their corn—grown under very great difficulties as food for their requirements—Grootte Schuur looked back to those times when the Cape of Good Hope was regarded merely as 'a useful place at which to grow vegetables for the supply of the Dutch East Indiamen,' and thus was full of the romance of other days. For this reason alone Rhodes rebuilt the house after the fire in 1896 on exactly the old site rather than move it to a position higher on the mountain slope



DE GROOTE SCHUUR

To face page 330.

which Mr. (now Sir Herbert) Baker, the well-known architect, thought more suitable.

The long low house with its roof of brown-red tiles, white plaster walls and massive teak doors, rests contentedly upon the lower slopes of Table Mountain, looking out over the Cape Flats and across the blue water of False Bay to where rise on a clear day the mysterious and sometimes snow-clad peaks of the Hottentots Holland mountain range.

Rhodes wished to make a place which should please his friends and at the same time rest and satisfy himself. He spent a great sum of money on the reconstruction of the house, and when it was completed it proved to be an even better model of Dutch domestic architecture than the previous building.

Herbert Baker, who planned the restoration of the house, was also responsible for the interior decoration, which was carried out on plain but rather massive lines in keeping with the old Dutch style. That rigid simplicity so dear to the heart of Rhodes was apparent in every room, as was also his intense love of wood and trees. A friend once compared Rhodes to a solitary pine-tree which stands by itself, upright and strong against every buffeting wind, not far from the house.

Only the best of teak and mahogany was used for the heavy beams, the floors and the panelling of the interior of Groote Schuur, and so lavish was the use of teak that a whole shipload was sent from Burma for the purpose. Wonderful treasures, including some rare tapestry, a picture by Reynolds of a beautiful woman, and queer relics from Zimbabwe, were gathered in the lofty spacious rooms; but oddly enough, in spite of his gigantic personality, Rhodes lent almost nothing of his own character to give atmosphere to the interior of his home, except the clear indication of his love for simplicity and open space. No room in Groote Schuur was crowded; but the effect gained was more that of a beautiful museum than of a dwelling—a house untenanted rather than a home.

In buying the estate, Rhodes had definitely wanted to build himself a house in which to entertain. But if, as was

often said, Groote Schuur was for his friends and the grounds for the general public, the garden was all for himself, and of it he made a thing of almost animate beauty teeming with growth and colour.

All the garden was planned on a big scale, which was necessary if it were to blend at all with the character of its owner and with the mountain background. There were cool woods filled with arum lilies, avenues of great trees—some of which had been planted long ago by Governor van der Stel—open spaces, and flowers in great masses of colour, making a vivid contrast to the rocky crags of Table Mountain towering beyond.

The glory of the mountain side was ever a support and a comfort to Rhodes, even in deepest adversity; the beauty of nature as typified by the ever-changing grandeur of Table Mountain became for him his church and his religion.

‘Why do I love my garden?’ he replied to a visitor one day. ‘Because I love to dream there. Why not come with me and dream also to-morrow morning?’ ‘I went with him next morning to his garden,’ said the visitor (Mr. Mortimer Menpes), ‘and we spent several hours there. They were happy hours to me and I hope to Rhodes also. There was no trace of the dominant, imperial Rhodes, but only of the sympathetic and human fellow-being. In his garden this great man of affairs seemed to think of nothing else. He caressed this plant and the other, drew my attention to the sky-blue hydrangeas against a background of pine-trees, and talked of opening out a vista here and another there; of creating an avenue of camphor trees, another of pines, and a third of oaks. “But come now,” he said, “let us walk up the mountain and see the two oceans (the Atlantic and the Indian)—you will never have a greater pleasure.” And he was right. “What do you think of it?” he asked. “Superb!” I exclaimed. “It is unsurpassable,” and the picture was for ever engraven on my memory. It compelled silence and thought.’

Rhodes walked much in his grounds, pondering his dreams in the quiet shade of the trees he loved so well. Further

afield around the slopes of the mountain, he rode or walked with the few friends to whom at one time or another he intimately revealed himself. But in spite of the fact that at Groote Schuur he kept almost open house, Rhodes never sacrificed that solitude and loneliness which he had realised from earliest days was necessary for the inspiration of any useful life.

Much as he loved his gardens, he made the grounds free to the public of Cape Town for their unreserved enjoyment, merely asking that, with him, they should be careful custodians of the trees and flowers. Only a very few ever abused this privilege; but there were occasions when he had to send a servant to ask the people to move away from the back verandah because he wanted to read there; and Jourdan tells how he once discovered a strange couple who had settled in the drawing-room and ordered tea!

When Rhodes was not actually in his rooms at Groote Schuur the public were allowed to see the house as well as the gardens, and he took particular care that his servants should be as courteous to such chance visitors as they were to his own guests.

Paths and drives were made all through the beautiful grounds; benches of teak were placed at intervals for people to take advantage of the widest views; and fire breaks were cut through the bush. This latter proved to have been a very necessary precaution, for after the Raid, for which Rhodes was blamed by a large section of the public, as many as nineteen fires were lighted with the deliberate intention of destroying those pleasure grounds which he had made and to which the people had been given access. Things had got so bad in this connection that Rhodes decided to close the grounds to the general public and to make and give out a hundred keys to responsible citizens of Cape Town, who were authorised to issue them to visitors who were desirous of seeing the place. He hoped by this means to save the estate from being ruined, as it seemed it might soon be from the wanton damage that was being done to it so frequently. One Sunday morning soon after this arrangement had been

in operation he was riding round the grounds alone, and passing near one of the entrances he saw a man with three small children peering through the bars of one of the back gates. 'Why don't you come inside and walk through the place?' he asked. 'We can't,' was the reply, 'the gates are now locked.' 'Good heavens,' said Rhodes, 'so they are, but I'll soon open them to you,' and he jumped off his horse and felt in his pockets for his key, but it had been left behind. 'Never mind,' he said, 'don't you go away, I'll go and get it and come back at once and open the gate for you.' Riding off quickly he was back in twenty minutes and brought the man and his children inside. 'And now,' he said to him, 'I have learnt something from you and your family this morning. I have discovered how selfish I have been. This gate and all the others will be opened to-day and kept open for all time. It is not right that I should ruin the pleasure and enjoyment of hundreds of harmless people because one or so among them destroys my property. I will ask you and the others to help me to keep this from happening, and I am sure the results will be far better than from any locking of the gates.' Time proved that he was entirely right. His trust was fully justified, for when the public heard the story, its members became the guardians of Groote Schuur.

He also arranged a miniature and very perfect 'zoo,' collecting the various South African antelope, which were turned into paddocks so that the children and their elders might learn something of the animals belonging to their own country. He then imported from Australia kangaroos, emus and wallabies, which thrived in their new home. At one time he had there a number of English song-birds sent out. Nightingales, chaffinches, thrushes, blackbirds, starlings, and rooks were liberated among the trees of Groote Schuur, but only the starlings proved themselves good colonists.

On Sundays the grounds would be crowded with the working folk and many others who came out from Cape Town to spend a day under the sky and absorb something of the tranquillity of that garden on the mountain side; and Rhodes himself would often walk among them, deriving

pleasure in his turn from the joy he had helped to bring into the faces of those other workers.

Groote Schuur possessed such a distinctive atmosphere that many felt the thick old walls had become themselves possessed with the widely divergent thoughts and ideas of those who had gathered there from time to time.

This home of Rhodes, the Prime Minister, became a world-wide salon where all passing visitors of name and fame (and very many of neither) were royally entertained. Writers and statesmen, explorers, hunters, engineers, farmers, and financiers, and a few—a very few—society folk, came up the great avenue of pine-trees, crossed the wide stoep, and, entering the heavy doorway over which is a bronze plaque depicting the landing of Van Riebeeck, found themselves among the cool shadows of the great hall.

It was essentially a house of conversation, since Rhodes had always possessed the power of drawing others to speak about their own ideas. Everyone who came into contact with the 'Builder of Dreams'—even the usually silent men—realised that the mind of Rhodes was sufficiently broad to sympathise with every view of life, or tread in imagination any path to work or fame, for 'Without imagination no one can be a great leader,' he said more than once. Only the loafer, for whom he always had a supreme contempt, found no sympathy at Groote Schuur. Never were there grander talks than those beside the big log fire in the smoking-room, or around the great teak dining-table when the cloth was gone and only dishes of fruit and fine old glass remained, reflecting upon the polished wood the light thrown from massive silver candlesticks.

Rhodes possessed three priceless old loving-cups which had been formerly used by the early Dutch Governors of the Cape, and these he always insisted should be placed upon the table for dessert. Though they ran a risk of being broken, he never believed in putting away what was beautiful and rare, preferring rather to have it in daily use and so draw from it benefit and pleasure.

When the old glass was on the table and the servants

gone, he would gradually expound his theories on various subjects until those other adventurous spirits seated round him were fired by the vastness of his dreams and driven to work for their ultimate realisation by what lay behind the great head and massive shoulders of the man lounging easily among them, with elbows on the table, head thrown back, and blue eyes shining with the light of inspiration.

Three kinds of friends came to visit Rhodes. There were his personal and parliamentary friends living in and around Cape Town, dropping in at odd hours, often to breakfast or in the late evening. In addition to those of whom I have already spoken, Sir Edgar Walton, editor of the *Eastern Province Herald* and Member for Port Elizabeth, was always a welcome visitor, and was once referred to by Rhodes as 'the best of the bunch.' Others often at Groote Schuur included Dr. Jameson, Dr. (now Sir Thomas) Smartt, Judge Buchanan, Sir Edmund Stevenson, who was Rhodes's medical adviser, Sir Pieter Faure, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Sir Lewis Michell, Sir John Frost, Mr. W. P. Schreiner, Mr. Charles Rudd, Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr, Sir Alfred Milner, Sir Abe Bailey, of whom Rhodes said, 'Bailey is a man after my own heart, he does things and wastes neither my time nor his own,' Sir Lionel Phillips, the Archbishop of Cape Town, and many others.

Mrs. van der Byl, from whom Rhodes had bought the property on which the house was built, was occasionally a guest at dinner; and previous to the Jameson Raid, a Mrs. van Koopman, an elderly Dutch lady, was frequently a visitor. 'It is well to be kind to old people and to listen to them, for one can learn much from them,' was a belief of Rhodes. He admired Mrs. van Koopman greatly, and she was a confidante for many years; but she was unable to forgive what she felt was duplicity on his part in regard to the Raid, and this was one of a number of friendships broken at that time and always regretted.

There were also friends from England such as the Duke of Abercorn, Baron de Rothschild, Sir William Marriott,

who taught him bridge in 1898, Alfred Beit, H. M. Stanley, Maguire, and others—some personal, some upon business, all interesting men of affairs, who arrived by the mail boat, stayed a week or so and then generally went up country to see the expansion Rhodes was so busily engaged in. Each took away with him some new thought: one the importance of nature to life; another the clear and practical simplicity of their host's character. Everyone derived some definite benefit even from a short association with him; no one could meet Rhodes and remain unmoved.

Rudyard Kipling came at his invitation for several winters to the Cape and occupied a house called 'The Woolsack,' which Rhodes had specially built for him, close to the old windmill which used to grind the corn for the Dutch East India Company, in the grounds of Groote Schuur. Rhodes liked Kipling greatly. 'Kipling has done more,' he said, 'than any other since Disraeli to show the world that the British race is sound at core and that rust or dry-rot are strangers to it.'

'The Woolsack' was designed by Mr. Herbert Baker, who had planned the restoration of Groote Schuur and whose genius would in time have revealed him to the world without any introduction from Rhodes, but it is only fair to the latter to say that he was the first to 'discover' the famous architect. Rhodes liked Baker greatly and had a high appreciation of his work. 'Baker,' he said to us one day, 'has big ideas; he can visualise quickly, and his value to South Africa will continue to increase. He has sensed the spirit of van der Stel.' This architect also restored another ruined homestead on the estate with the sole idea that Rhodes's early Kimberley friends—Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Currey and their daughters—should pass their lifetime there. Although Mr. Currey had for many years been his business opponent, it was not in the nature of Rhodes ever to bear malice, and he once remarked that 'being vindictive is a waste of time, since you can employ yourself so much more usefully.' In discussing the plans for this house he said to Herbert Baker: 'I cannot forget that in the early days of

Kimberley, when I was friendless, Mrs. Currey always asked me to spend Christmas with them.'

The third type of visitor was probably the most interesting of all. Rhodes's lieutenants came from the edges of the Empire to be rested and refreshed at Groote Schuur and to receive new instructions before starting out again upon their Imperial tasks. 'Rhodes's Young Men' were well known throughout the country. In early days he had collected a sort of bodyguard of young men in whose careers he was interested and who were chosen by him for various and sometimes unexpected qualifications. Among the number were Neville Pickering—who died at an early date, to Rhodes's lasting regret—Harry Currey, R. T. Coryndon, Jack Grimmer, Philip Jourdan, Gordon Le Sueur, Percy Ross, Harry Huntley, Willie Fynn, C. van der Byl, and a few others. Most of these were at one time or another his confidential secretaries, and after Neville Pickering, Rhodes probably loved Grimmer—who only survived him two months—most of them all.

Originally an official in De Beers, Grimmer, feeling the call of the North, resigned and went to Rhodesia, where he joined the mounted police for a short period. With Coryndon—who became Sir Robert Coryndon and was Administrator of N. W. Rhodesia and later Governor of Kenya—Grimmer was attached to Rhodes's bodyguard during the early part of the Rebellion in 1896, and later, for a time, had charge of his Inyanga farms. He used to chaff Rhodes a great deal, and it is probable that this attitude of his, which was a refreshing contrast to the sycophantic demeanour of some of those with whom Rhodes came in contact, was the secret that gained him so large a share of 'the Old Man's' favour and affection.

Le Sueur left the Cape Civil Service in 1897 to become personal secretary to Rhodes and remained with him to the end; but Jourdan, 'my devoted Jourdan,' as Rhodes often spoke of him, once a clerk in the House of Assembly whom Rhodes adjured to learn shorthand years before he took him into his service, was perhaps the nearest approach to an actual secretary. He came up during the indaba in the

Matopos and, till Rhodes's death in 1902, was never away from him unless he was ill. Both he and Le Sueur have written books of an interesting nature of their memories of their chief, Jourdan's being the more widely read of the two.

Dr. Rutherford Harris was the official secretary for many years ; and he was followed by William Milton, afterwards Administrator of Rhodesia, in whom Rhodes had implicit confidence and to whom he delegated the widest of power.

Whatever may be said (and there has been much) of Rhodes's choice of those whom he employed, it is doubtful if any other man has lived to inspire as he did such whole-hearted and unending loyalty and devotion in every one of his lieutenants.

He possessed a knowledge of quality in men and gave them much of his confidence and a very free hand in affairs. This usually—though not always—repaid him, and as a result his interests were on the whole well attended to. But occasionally he asked more of those whom he employed than they were capable of, and in a few cases wherein he failed to carry through a scheme this was generally the reason. He was apt to be intolerant of the shortcomings of others, and upon one occasion he exclaimed, 'Seventy-five per cent. —if not more—of the people one meets are fools or weather-cocks. And the first are preferable because you don't rely on them.' Rhodes hated unpunctuality, holding that so much of life was wasted by the unpunctuality of others, and said that as a rule you could trust the man who was prompt in keeping an appointment.

He was most generous to his secretaries during his life and provided for certain of them afterwards. His impatient nature made him, however, a difficult man for whom to work, but whether Dutch or English, he was beloved by all of them. If an important letter or cable arrived, he liked to answer it at once—even during a meal—by telegram ; and a favourite phrase of his was 'Let us *make* a telegram.' After any display of irritability he never failed to endeavour to make amends by a more sympathetic attitude, and this characteristic endeared him to those with whom he lived far

more than a more even but less human temperament could have done.

His independent spirit caused Rhodes to refuse all presents, for he disliked to feel under an obligation to anyone. Throughout his life he insisted both by precept and example that work was the greatest thing of all ; that work can live long after the human being who designed that work is gone ; and that actually all work is greater than life. 'Every living man,' he said, 'should be a worker. No idlers, no mere dreamers should be tolerated.'

He disliked anyone who complained of lack of 'luck' ; and in this regard he once administered a sharp rebuke to a young farmer who complained to him that he never had any. 'You will only find luck by getting up early—and very early,' said Rhodes.

All his life Rhodes was an early riser. When at Groote Schuur he always rode before breakfast if fine. At other times he would send for his secretary at daylight, and, pacing up and down the back stoep in his pyjamas, he would dictate letters. In later days, when unable to ride, he often rose at earliest dawn, and sitting in his favourite old Dutch armchair, watched the mountain sides light up with the reflections of the sunrise. The mornings were usually spent in his own or the Government offices in Cape Town, whither he drove in the Cape-cart he always preferred even to the car he owned in later years. Between lunch and five o'clock tea he was frequently to be found on the back verandah, facing Table Mountain, or he might occasionally retire to the solitude of his bedroom with a book. This room was furnished with the utmost simplicity ; on the walls hung a portrait of Bismarck and a photograph of the very old native woman who had helped in bringing about the first meeting in the Matopos between Rhodes and the rebellious chiefs. He was fond of showing visitors this room because of the marvellous view of the mountain. So large was its window and so near the mountain that one felt when looking out that one was already treading one of the paths upon the steep hillside. In the bathroom the walls and floor of green

and white marble gave an air of coolness allied to beauty, and the bath was hollowed out of one solid block of granite which had been brought from the Paarl for that purpose.

Rhodes had spent much time and thought upon his library. The books he read were mostly the classics, for he always retained his early interest in the literature of Greece and Rome, and this interest probably contributed towards that 'Roman-ness' on which Oswald Spengler comments and of which I believe Rhodes was well aware, for he had on the shelves at Groote Schuur specially prepared lives of the Caesars and typewritten translations of the lives and works of all the authorities quoted by Gibbon in his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. It was said that Rhodes felt himself in sympathy with the Emperor Hadrian; and his features certainly bore a curious resemblance to those of some of the Roman Emperors.

He had a great appreciation of Greek art and much insight into its grandeur. 'Through that,' he said, 'Pericles taught the lazy and indolent Athenians to believe in Empire.'

This was probably the basis of the bond between Rhodes and the artist Watts. Though the two were so utterly unlike in their life, deeds, and methods, there existed between them a wonderful kinship of the spirit, and of both it may be truly said 'their reach was beyond their grasp.'¹ The life-work of Watts—the Statue of Physical Energy—he dedicated to the memory of Rhodes, with the wish to perpetuate his friend's intense love of nature.

His belief in and understanding of the healing quality of beauty in harmony with nature was proved by the manner in which he created Groote Schuur, and it was also shown by many small actions throughout his life. For instance, if during a conversation on the back stoep any guest sat with his back to the mountain, Rhodes would in all kindness rise up and move the visitor's chair, pointing out what beauty he was missing by turning away from the glorious rocks and wooded ravines towards which that verandah faced.

¹ Sir Herbert Baker in the *Nineteenth Century*

When he died, as is well known, he left the fine estate of De Groote Schuur, over 1500 acres in extent, in trust for the public, the house and grounds to be used as a residence for the Prime Minister of that Federal Government he had striven all his life to bring about, and in the ultimate arrival of which he had that unflinching and fully justified belief which characterised all and every work of his creative genius. In leaving the property as a residence for the Prime Minister of the Federal Government he probably had the desire in his mind that Cape Town should remain the Capital of United South Africa. He was ever firm on its preponderating suitability for this. 'Its position renders it increasingly important to the World,' he said one night in 1900 to Ivan Muller, a well-known journalist, who had suggested a more central situation for such a capital, 'and its surroundings, with its majestic mountain watching guard over it, create an imagination in the minds of its people which is an advantage to them throughout life. Many of my own ideas have been born while walking under Table Mountain, which has given me help in good days and in bad days. The surroundings of Cape Town, if they remain unspoilt, will ever be an inspiration to those who live there. I tell you, Muller,' he went on, 'you must have imagination in your being if you would do good work in the world, and that you cannot get in uninteresting country.'

CHAPTER XXVI

THE HOPELESS QUEST

1900-1901

WHEN Rhodes felt assured as to the safety of Kimberley, and had seen all the natives restarted at work in the mines there, he returned to Grootte Schuur, but only for a few days. He found the place in rather an unhappy condition as the result of his long absence, and he grieved over the carelessness shown by the guests whom he had left there while staying in his house. Much damage had been done and many valuable articles had disappeared, and he felt greatly hurt to find that he appeared not to be wanted in his own establishment by occupants who had calmly invited themselves there without any suggestion in that direction from him.

The uneasiness of his body seemed now to possess his spirit also, and he decided to close the place partially and to keep moving, in the vain hope of regaining the bodily strength which he had lost, and felt he was not recovering. He had become terribly restless—unable any longer to sleep save in a sitting position, or even to remain for long in one posture. But ill as he knew himself to be, and aware that his slender hold on life would be further shortened if he continued to work as he had done, he could not get away from that terrific force that burned within him and which, after all, had made him the man he was. 'I have only one thing to complain of,' he would say, 'that the Almighty won't give me ten more years to live.'

In April 1900 he went to England to transact certain urgent business and to consult doctors, but only remained

in London for two weeks. On his return to the Cape, Rhodes, in his desperate impatience to reach Rhodesia, finding that the land route to that country was still barred by war, chartered a steamer and journeyed around the coast to Beira. From there, with Grimmer and Jourdan, he went straight to Salisbury, where Sir Charles Metcalfe and I joined him. After a short trip with him and his party to the Lower Mazoe district, he asked me to go home in connection with various mining concerns he had promised to help, and I parted from him at the beginning of June and did not see him again till early in September. During that period he had travelled all through the eastern part of the territory—Melsetter, Chipinga, and for some distance up the Sabi River. Coming back to the little town of Umtali he stayed there a week or so and then went up to his farms in the high lands of Inyanga, 120 miles off. He spent fully two months on this trip, every day of which he enjoyed immensely, and he shot better, he told me on my return, than he had ever done in his life.

While on this long journey, news reached him from the Cape that the Schreiner Ministry had fallen on account of the veiled, but increasing, disloyalty of the Dutch party. The real cause of this quarrel was the introduction of an Act enforcing the punishment of Colonial rebels. The Bond party—which at one time had been so loyal to Rhodes—had fallen to such a depth that they had turned almost solidly against Schreiner in an effort to vindicate the rights of rebellion. Urgent appeals were now despatched to Rhodes by the Dutch as well as the British urging him to return to the Cape and draw together again, as only he could, the disintegrated remains of the Cape Parliament. One staunch Dutch supporter wrote to him as follows :

‘MY DEAR CHIEF,—I hear that we are to have the pleasure of seeing you before the session ends. In the first place, will you allow me to congratulate you heartily on the line of action you have this year adopted? You have done absolutely the right thing in having avoided the quarrelling on the Treason Bill, but I think you would be making a

mistake if you did not put in an appearance before the session ends.

'The animus against you on the part of the rank and file of the Afrikaner party is wonderfully disappearing. Many—more than you think—no longer regard you with the old distrust, and I speak sincerely when I tell you that there are definite indications of a reaction in your favour.

'South Africa is not the unknown factor it once was, and he who can reunite its white races so as to make them no longer a source of suspicion to one another, or of danger to the Empire, is not going soon to disappear from the ranks of fame. Utopian as it may now seem to talk of reunion, I am *quite* sure that you can do so within the next six months, and I am speaking with more information than I care now to explain.

'Don't imagine that there are serious difficulties in the way. There is not the slightest need of any humiliating sacrifice on your part, as either the great South African or as the still greater Imperialist.

'Rightly or wrongly, our Afrikaner friends have regarded you as the one who has disunited them, and I know they now look to you to reunite them.

'I am now writing—a little in parables and absolutely in confidence—to give you some hints as to what I know is before you, and to ask you to pave the way for the great future you have practically at your feet.'¹

This letter clearly shows the tremendous confidence, apart from any difference of opinion on lesser points, felt for Rhodes as the one man who at this time possessed sufficient force of character to draw South Africa out of the net of rebellion, war, and bitterness in which she had become enmeshed.

But Rhodes, realising he no longer possessed the strength necessary for parliamentary life, declined to move, and in reply merely telegraphed: 'You can trust Milner.' A few days later, when asked by telegram to support a ministry in which Sir Gordon Sprigg was once more Premier and Mr. Rose-Innes Attorney-General, Rhodes rather un-

¹ Michell.

graciously wired: 'I have no objection and can swallow a mugwump if it will help the Governor,'¹ whereupon the easily amenable Sprigg was duly appointed.

At the same time Jameson made his first appearance as parliamentary candidate for Kimberley, and in some manner explained his appearance there when speaking to the electors. 'Two years ago,' he said, 'at the General Election, I was invited to become a candidate for a Colonial constituency with every prospect of being returned, but on my arrival at the Cape I found that by many not very sturdy but very prominent Progressives my comfortable theory of oblivion was not believed in. It was represented that my candidature and, still worse, my election might damage the cause and further embitter racial feeling. Of course, I stood aside. Again last year, at the elections brought about by the passing of the Redistribution Bill, the same result awaited me, after a six thousand mile journey. You see, I have been persistent, but fairly patient. Now I feel free to come forward in response to your requisition.'

Jameson was duly elected, but when he appeared in the House a dead silence prevailed. The Bond party glared fiercely at the man whom they represented as the cause of all their woes, while his own side were too cautious to risk even a single cheer. Throughout the whole session Jameson sat quietly hunched up on one of the back benches, while bitter jibes were thrown at him from time to time in the speeches of the opposing members. But he remained, and in later years was made Premier of Cape Colony by some of those who jibed on the occasion of his first appearance. He wrote, however, to a friend that he was thoroughly 'fed up' with parliamentary life, and was rather sorry he had ever gone into the House, but that he meant, like Disraeli, to make himself listened to before he left it. His purgatory came to an end even more swiftly than he had foreseen; for in October Parliament was prorogued for nearly a year, while the whole of South Africa became involved in racial hatred and in a prolonged guerilla warfare which for a time

¹ Michell.

made it advisable to replace parliamentary government by martial law.

Kruger had now fled from Pretoria, leaving Mrs. Kruger in the care of Lord Roberts; but the old lady gradually failed, and died soon afterwards while Kruger himself was at Utrecht engaged in writing an account of his own career. It is difficult to understand this retirement of Rhodes's obstinate old opponent from the South African arena before the end of the struggle. No doubt he saw the depth of the pit towards which his arrogance had led him, for his calculations as to gaining support on the Continent had faded away in the early days of the conflict, and Leyds, his State Secretary, had written him that neither he nor the three other emissaries who had gone to Europe with him had been able to obtain any support whatsoever from foreign governments, while Germany, which had been specially relied upon, announced that 'it was in no way concerned in the conflict.' France also replied that she saw no case for intervention. America, however, said she would be glad 'in a friendly way' to try to bring the war to an end, but her Ambassador was informed that the British Government did not propose to consider any intervention in the matter.

Rhodes had just reached Bulawayo when I returned from England early in September, and, for the only time in his life, I found him writing a preface to a book, in the doing of which he was extremely happy, for the author was a young undergraduate who had walked over the route which Rhodes himself had dreamed that his iron road and his telegraph—those pioneers of civilisation—would one day follow. Ewart Grogan's book contains the following characteristic preface, which Rhodes, in his keenness, insisted on reading to me before I had even changed my dusty clothes :

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
BULAWAYO, 7th September, 1900.

MY DEAR GROGAN,—You ask me to write you a short introduction for your book, but I am sorry to say that

literary composition is not one of my gifts, my correspondence and replies being conducted by telegrams.

I must say I envy you, for you have done that which has been for centuries the ambition of every explorer, namely, to walk through Africa from south to north. The amusement of the whole thing is that a youth from Cambridge, during his vacation, should have succeeded in doing that which the ponderous explorers of the world have failed to accomplish. There is a distinct humour in the whole thing. It makes me the more certain that we shall complete the telegraph and railway, for surely I am not going to be beaten by the legs of a Cambridge undergraduate.

Your success the more confirms one's belief. The schemes described by Sir William Harcourt as 'wild cat' you have proved are capable of being completed, even in that excellent gentleman's lifetime.

As to the commercial aspect, everyone supposes that the railway is being built with the only object that a human being may be able to get in at Cairo and get out at Cape Town.

This is, of course, ridiculous. The object is to cut Africa through the centre, and the railway will pick up trade all along the route. The junctions to the east and west coasts, which will occur in the future, will be outlets for the traffic obtained along the route of the line as it passes through the centre of Africa. At any rate, up to Bulawayo, where I am now, it has been a payable undertaking, and I still think it will continue to be so as we advance into the far interior. We propose now to go on and cross the Zambesi just below the Victoria Falls. I should like to have the spray of the water over the carriages.

I can but finish by again congratulating you, and by saying that your success has given me great encouragement in the work that I have still to accomplish.—Yours,

C. J. RHODES.

For a short time Jameson, who had got over his enteric attack and was now quite fit, joined Rhodes in the North,

and the mining district of Gwanda, a hundred miles south of Bulawayo, was visited by the party and a large number of mines looked up. In these journeys Rhodes was riding about forty miles daily and walking most days, in the course of shooting, another seven to eight. He was sleeping rather better, but his heart was becoming more and more enlarged and began to press on his lungs, which affected his breathing. Yet he declined to take things quietly. 'So long as I can keep going,' he said, 'let me continue my work.' This period on the veld was the longest he had ever had there, and he said more than once, 'How happy must the nomads of the desert be; I can now well understand their dislike of our cramped civilisation.' In these four or five months Rhodes busied himself with the development of the gold-mining industry, farming, the extension of the railway, and the pushing on of his telegraph line to Cairo. He was supposed to be resting—that was one of the chief points urged on him by the heart specialist he had consulted in London—but in reality he was working with intense energy. Day after day as he rode quietly through the bush his imagination was taking him as far afield as ever. His greatest quality, as Rudyard Kipling once said to me, was his imagination. It was undoubtedly that quality which provided the boundless energy he showed in the pursuit of the vast schemes he formulated and carried through for the development of South Africa. His far-seeing mind seemed to gaze down ever-lengthening vistas. Nothing was too remote for his consideration if it contained a germ which when fully developed would help in the progress of mankind.

He reached Groote Schuur in October and at once set to work elaborating many of the schemes that had emanated from his brain while 'on trek' in the veld, and among them was one of testing at once the value or otherwise of those scholarships for which he had made provision in his Will. With this in mind he determined to found an experimental scholarship at Oxford worth £250 a year, which should come into operation at the Diocesan College, Rondebosch.

In writing on this subject to the Archbishop of Cape Town, who was also Chairman of the College Council, Rhodes said: 'I do not know whether your governing body will accept this rather complicated scholarship, but it is an effort to change the dull monotony of modern competition. There must have been some pleasure in viewing contests in the Gymnasium at Athens. I am sure there is none in a modern competitive examination. But the more practical point is, do we, under our system, get the best man for the world's fight?'¹ This letter shows how keen was Rhodes to improve in every way the young men of the future.

He selected a design for the memorial he proposed to erect in the Matopos to Allan Wilson and those who fell with him in that last stand against the Matabele on the Shangani River, and the work of completing it he put in the hands of that able sculptor, Mr. John Tweed. He also arranged that an outstanding monument should be built in Kimberley to the memory of those who fell in its defence, and many hundreds of South Africans and visitors from overseas visit these noble memorials every year.

He interested himself in the building of the new Cape Town Cathedral, and—proving the varied nature of his activities—in the creation of a great cold storage depot, with which he hoped to secure cheaper meat for the people, who always suffered heavily from high prices in times of drought. He helped also in finding work and accommodation for refugees from the fighting areas. He founded, near Cape Town, a home for British women immigrants who, upon arrival in South Africa, could be sure of a temporary shelter, and this institution still exists, with Princess Christian as its President.

At Kimberley he worked hard with his co-directors in De Beers assisting that Company to recover from the losses it had incurred through the war. At the same time he arranged that his Company should make a grant to the local municipality of £8000 a year, for three years, in order to help to repair the damage done during the siege.

¹ Michell.



RHODES IN 1900
At Mr. H. E. V. Pickstone's farm, Cape Province.

To face page 350.

He was very delighted to get a communication in the last days of the year from one of his 'lambs,' Coryndon, who had been sent up to Barotseland to get Lewanika, the king of that country, to confirm certain concessions granted a number of years previously to Rhodes's agent, Lochner. This, Coryndon, who had been one of the pioneers of Mashonaland from Kimberley, had been successful in doing. 'I told you, Metcalfe,' said Rhodes, 'that Coryndon would do it. Send him a wire, Jourdan, saying I backed him from the day he left and now congratulate him on his appointment as Administrator for the Chartered Company of that territory. That will please him, but he deserves it, he deserves it.'

At this time Rhodes worked so hard over his interests, which were never so numerous and so varied, that it would almost seem as though he had begun to strive with a definite idea of ending such part of his work as could be finished while he lived, leaving no unravelled threads in the web of his life. He would always insist on looking at both sides of a question before he decided on his course of action. Having once fixed that, there was no deflecting him from his purpose; there were neither deviations nor hesitations.

In May 1901 Rhodes and Jameson went together to the North, where Rhodes was able again for a while to enjoy the free life that he loved. 'Let us get away from the telegraph office,' he would say. He particularly enjoyed staying at the huts he had built on his farm in the Matopo hills. These huts were furnished as simply as possible with a couple of stretchers in each, for on the veld Rhodes never wanted the luxuries of civilisation, but only to live close to nature and breathe the free wide air.

Below and away to the front of the huts stretched a wonderful view of gigantic and weirdly shaped granite kopjes, which, with the queerly-growing candelabra euphorbias between, have been compared to a futurist landscape, while lying between the huts and the hills lay the great valley which he intended his Matopo dam to irrigate.

At this time his thoughts seemed to dwell very often on his wish to be buried in the Matopo hills, and in conversa-

tion with his friends he insisted that this was his desire. 'Lay me there,' he would say, 'my Rhodesians would like it. They have never bitten me.'

It is certain that the one thing, in a life containing an abundance of uphill work and many disappointments, which Rhodes cherished throughout the later years as his solitary achievement was the definite launching of Rhodesia—the country he had made—upon her way to greatness. At this time, in speaking to a gathering at the laying of the foundation stone of the Drill Hall in Bulawayo, in June 1901, he reiterated his idea that the rule of the Chartered Company in Rhodesia should be only temporary. 'We are preparing the way for you,' he said, 'until you are ready for self-government. In time to come this great dominant North—and I call it a dominant North—with the Transvaal, will dictate the Federation. . . . The whole situation lies with the Northern States and nothing can alter it,' he repeated. As some sort of explanation he added : 'I would put it to you that, after all, even now at the saddest time, when you are worried—if I might put it so—with a scarcity of capital, worried with the many difficulties of a new country, would you prefer to be here or on the old spot that you came from—here, sharing in the interests of a creation ? This is surely a happier thing than the deadly monotony of an English country town or the still more deadly mediocrity of a Karoo village. Here, at any rate, you have your share in the creation of a new country . . . and you have the proud satisfaction of knowing that you are civilising a new part of the world.'

Later in the month he presented the prizes at St. John's School, Bulawayo, and there made a delightful speech, containing his thoughts on education and religion. 'I hear,' he said, 'there are over a hundred children in the school : six years ago there were only little barbarians in this locality. Education is the whole difference between barbarism and civilisation. This is perhaps the only country in the world where an attempt is being made to solve the religious difficulties in education, by allowing the children to be taught

their different religions in the same school. If you children were at a Board School in England you might hear a chapter of the Bible read, but if you asked the teacher, 'What does that mean?' he would not be allowed to answer you. He can read the Bible to you, but must not answer questions. It is most ridiculous for one of the most advanced countries in the world. But we have a system, that for half an hour in the morning the clergy of each church can teach their special dogmas to the children of the members of their congregations, but the boy whose father does not want him to have any religious teaching does not get playground—he gets geography. We have, I believe, hit on a solution which is going to work. In England a Board School can have no religion. I think this is a mistake, just as I think it is a mistake in Australia, that they have excluded religion from the schools. It is an absolute mistake, because a child at school is at that period of its life when it is most pliable to thought, and if you remove from it all thought of religion, I don't think you make it a better human being. I am quite sure that a child brought up religiously is a better human being. I am quite sure that to couple the ordinary school teaching with some religious instruction is better than to dismiss religion from within the walls of the school. Their school years are the years in which to tell the children that there is one thing in life better than material instruction, and that is religious belief.'

These remarks clearly prove that Rhodes placed no reliance in a Godless education for the rising generation.

This speech was his last public utterance in Rhodesia, save for a short speech at a small, informal meeting held in the hall of the Library Building in Bulawayo which was not reported by the Press.

'... If we would progress in this world,' he said, 'we must all work together—I mean the North with the South. In regard to railways there should be only one system of administration all over South Africa, providing a uniform tariff. Then you must face this terrific native question. There are different systems in every one of the South African

colonies ; so the native cannot be blamed for saying he does not know what the white man wants. This matter must be tackled. I urge you to give it your consideration, for it is a trouble which, if not put to right, will lead to revolt. I repeat to you, and I have said it elsewhere, if you wish for progress and success you can only have it by unanimity in regard to all the various questions of administration—many of them of a complicated nature—which are to be found south of the Zambesi. . . . We are passing through a period of grave trouble ; the country south of you is in the throes of a great struggle. I am very hopeful, however, that the result will be the killing of racial distinction. You must not forget that the two races—the Dutch and the English—come of virile stock and both possess strong individuality, but I tell you South Africa will never be true to herself until she has achieved complete union and buried all racial bitterness. If you would discover the truths which are essential to your well-being you must think simply. Truth is ever simple and needs no bush, so do not fear to face it. You here are a young country and can give a fine lead, for you have no past to live down, so seek no false theories to support you, for you do not need to lean on such straws. I would wish to say more, but will conclude by asking you to remember the best traditions of the race you spring from. If you hold fast to these you cannot go far wrong, for they will never lead you astray.'

The happy sojourn in Rhodesia was interrupted one morning, when we were planning out lucerne fields on his Matopo farm, by the receipt of a telegram from Sir Lewis Michell asking Rhodes whether he had signed any blank promissory notes, and upon his replying with a decided negative he received the news that Princess Radziwill was trying to negotiate in Cape Town a note for £2000. Rhodes was very much annoyed, and requested Sir Lewis to repudiate the document at once, and for the time being this unpleasant incident was not dragged into the limelight. When Rhodes returned to Cape Town he was on his way to England

and he wished neither to postpone his visit home nor publicly to prosecute the Princess for forgery.

Some months before sailing for England in June 1901 he had rented for the autumn the grouse moor and deer forest of Rannoch in Perthshire from Sir Robert Menzies. He went there after a short stay in London, where he was examined by a heart specialist who warned him that unless he gave up all work at once he could not hope for many further months of life, but if he took a long voyage it was just possible that this might check the progress of the disease and extend his life for a year or two. Rhodes, however, found it very difficult to slacken off in his work, and most days whilst in London he was to be found in the offices of the Chartered Company and De Beers. Every morning he was to be seen riding in Hyde Park, and he continued to be very cheerful, but lack of sleep caused him to become irritable over small things and his impatience became more and more marked, save to Alfred Beit, to whom his kindly ways never varied. Early in August he went up to Rannoch accompanied by Dr. Jameson, Metcalfe, Jourdan, and Mr. and Mrs. Maguire, and many other guests followed during the next few weeks. Among these were Earl Grey, Winston Churchill, George Wyndham, Abe Bailey, Robert Williams, and Alfred Beit. Churchill's ability he thought highly of. 'He is a young man,' he said, 'who will go far if he doesn't overbalance!' While at Rannoch he had a long cable message from the Prince and Princess of Wales (the present King and Queen), who had spent some time at Groote Schuur, saying how much they appreciated his place and all that had been done for them there, and this incident gave him a good deal of pleasure. During the two months spent at Rannoch his health seemed to improve and he was very pleased with the sport obtained on both the moor and the river, and Jameson did his utmost—no easy matter—to prevent him from overdoing things. He was, however, never out of pain altogether, but would allow no one to express sympathy with him; he never complained, and he avoided with determination any reference to his health,

although it was now clear to all his friends that he realised the end could not be very far distant. One night at dinner Rhodes—for the moment forgetting his own case—had expressed his horror of loathsome and prolonged diseases, but, having done so, he remembered his own heart, and turning to Jameson said eagerly, 'At any rate, Jameson, death from the heart is clean and quick. There is nothing repulsive or lingering about it. It is a clean death, isn't it?'¹ Jameson, attempting with immense courage to reply casually to this question which, alas, could not be answered as Rhodes wished, was not strong enough to prevent his voice from betraying him. By a wonderful effort of will, however, Rhodes pulled himself together, talked of other things, and appeared not to have noticed Jameson's misery.

In October Rhodes, still in company with Jameson, Metcalfe, Alfred Beit, and Jourdan, came South, but only stayed a short while in London, which they left after a few days in order to visit Paris, Venice, and Lucerne, where Rhodes applied himself diligently to visiting art galleries and collecting a few pieces of old furniture that appealed to him. He was then advised that the baths at Salso Maggiore would do him good and they went there for a few weeks, but Rhodes disliked the sight of so many invalids, and the party was quickly on the move again and motored south through Italy.

It now occurred to Rhodes's restless spirit that he would go to Cairo and from there up the Nile and see the northern end of his railway line, which was then being pushed rapidly southward. With this intention he hired a dahabeah on the Nile, and he was for a time intensely happy and interested studying both the ancient history and the modern development of Egypt. The party had the good fortune to be accompanied by Mr. Percy Machell, the Egyptian Minister of Interior, whose knowledge of all that was going on in Egypt was of great value. The Nile attracted Rhodes greatly, as did the irrigation works and especially the Assouan Dam. Such a work, dreamed of and created on an

¹ Jourdan.

immense scale, was something that instantly appealed to his great mind and impressed him enormously. With the idea that cotton would one day be of some use to his settlers in Rhodesia, he studied every detail of cotton growing; he discovered a drought-resisting maize, which is now a well-established variety in Mashonaland; and he bought Egyptian donkeys with which, on his own farms, he improved the South African breed. But unfortunately the hot season in Egypt was not considered good for his heart, and, on the advice of Jameson, Rhodes reluctantly returned to London sooner than he had intended.

Before he left he sent me the following letter, which, as it was written in his old, vigorous style, heartened me greatly, as I thought he must have improved much in health:

DAHABEAH 'OONAS,'

5th December, 1901.

MY DEAR McDONALD,

I gather that roughly a million gallons of water does three acres of irrigation if properly handled. If you have luck this season you should get a good supply in the dam from the summer rains, in which case you could do several hundred acres of dry season crop. I write now to urge you to get Ross to plough the ground. I hope to be with you in April. He must push the work along, for I do not want to lose a year. Let us prepare for potatoes and lucerne. Oats are too risky on account of locusts. . . . We must get one or more men with energy to carry out the work. Consider a workable scheme before I arrive, and you can make tentative proposals to Hull and to Halse if you think they would care to undertake the work. Now remember the need for an immediate beginning. Give contracts to anyone you like—I suggest Fielders—but it is left to you, only get the land ploughed. The best seed is to be got from Christian of Port Elizabeth. A press for baling the crop can be obtained from same firm. Put the bales up like those from the Argentine. The whole point is to have green fields of lucerne, potatoes, and any other crops you like all

going well under irrigation in September next. I write thus early so that you should get on with the work. Let Laidman know I mean to go on with the extension of the dam in the winter. Ploughing, stumping, and harrowing ought to be done well under the figure Ross named. It is an enormous charge. Do your best, for you and I will become the laughing-stock of the country if, after spending thirty thousand pounds to get the water, we have not the brains to find the men to cultivate the land and make it a success. Let us set to work. I give you a free hand, so get good men. You must not have yourself and myself disgraced over this business. Have we the capacity to reach success or not? We must try. I rely on you. To sum up: (1) Get the land ploughed. (2) Plant lucerne, potatoes, and other crops. (3) Dam to be extended. (4) Get lucerne press for baling purposes. (5) Have the work all running well before I arrive in April. (6) Get good men. (7) You have a free hand.

Yours,

C. J. RHODES.

P.S.—I think on the whole Hull would be the best man for us to put in as manager.

He had now begun to think of making a yachting trip to Japan, and so becoming independent of the ordinary mail steamers with their regular ports of call; and with his world-wide interest in the English-speaking races he also thought of going on to America. This journey would, I am sure, have been undertaken had not circumstances arisen which most unfortunately made it impossible.

While in London, Rhodes bought the estate of Dalham in Norfolk, for he felt the bracing air there might make easier breathing more possible for him. He went fully into farming matters with a very capable agent and gave him rather unusual ideas as to how he wished the crops to be harvested, and he also arranged for alterations to be made in the surroundings of the house, and for an old oak avenue that had fallen into bad neglect to be put into good condition.

He visited the studio and workrooms of Mr. John Tweed, in Chelsea, and was able to see the finished bronze panels for the great monument to Allan Wilson and the other heroes of the Shangani fight, which he was erecting in the Matopos, and was much pleased with Tweed's work, which had been carried out faithfully on the lines of the ideas he had given him.

Further news of the Princess Radziwill case now arrived and caused him anxiety. In connection with the forgery of his signature on certain promissory notes her prosecution had been decided upon and Rhodes's presence was now definitely required at the Cape, for the forgeries had been more numerous than was at first suspected. In addition he was troubled by the false statements that were being circulated in regard to his relations with her, which, however, he knew he would have no difficulty in disproving, and he felt it was imperative, in order to safeguard his good name, to return to South Africa at whatever personal inconvenience. If he did not refute such slanders, his enemies would be in a position to say they were not malicious lies but the truth. True to his life policy of always 'facing the music' in an awkward situation, even though his strength was almost exhausted and his life was nearing the end, Rhodes, in direct defiance of the earnest remonstrances of the heart specialist and of Dr. Jameson, abandoned his proposed yachting trip, left the new home he had so recently acquired but had never yet lived in, and sailed for the Cape on the 18th January, 1902, to defend his personal honour, for the sake of his life-work.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE END OF THE ADVENTURE

1902

ALTHOUGH Rhodes had planned to return to England immediately after the trial of Princess Radziwill, the fates had decreed otherwise. The heat on the voyage out had tried him very much, and he contracted a severe cold which further weakened his constitution and reacted on his heart. On reaching Cape Town he was still very ill, and the change in his appearance both alarmed and shocked his friends.

Immediately on his arrival he went straight to the cottage by the sea, where it was hoped his health would improve. Rhodes had so much belief in the good air at Muizenberg, where the great Atlantic rollers break in surf upon the white sand and a cool breeze comes off the water, that he intended building a larger house there on a beautiful site, which he had lately acquired between the sea and the mountain, which should replace the rather inadequate cottage. With the help of Herbert Baker ' he had planned a house that should stand on a high terraced wall, so designed that from the verandah the public road would be altogether hidden and only the whole wide sweep of the sea and the breakers bounded by the far-off promontories protecting the bay should be seen.' At this time the terrace wall was actually made, but Rhodes had delayed commencing the building of the house. In this last year of his life he spent less money than usual, saving in every way possible so that he might be able to leave more funds to go towards his Oxford scholarships and to further his Rhodesian projects.

In this year of suffering, Rhodes's unselfishness at a time when many similarly placed would have thought only of their own comfort and the alleviation of their own pain, was a thing at which to marvel. He remained secure in his reasonable philosophy of submission to Fate. 'I will never ask more of Fate,' he declared, 'than what she considers my life entitles me to earn.' This was the creed by which he lived, and now at the last his thoughts were all for others and for the good of humanity.

His intense interest in public affairs never left him. In that February he met a representative of Lord Kitchener in order to discuss with him an intricate question of Colonial accounts, and Michell states that, although so ill, Rhodes had never shown more clearly his financial genius and hard common sense than in dealing with this particular matter which presented many difficulties.

In connection with his preliminary scholarship and, as if full of the springtime of enthusiasm, he wrote the following letter to the Archbishop of Cape Town:

MUIZENBERG,
February 1902.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,

I was glad to hear that the test for the scholarship passed off well, and up to the present there are no amendments suggested, but we must watch carefully and improve as we gain experience. I have been looking into the question and have an amendment to make. I find £250 per annum is sufficient for Oxford, but then the young fellow spends six months with his people. Our young South African will be without a home to run to and will have to pay for himself for twelve months as against the ordinary undergraduate who lives on his people for six months. I think therefore one must increase the scholarship to £300 per annum. I send you a cheque for £1800, which will provide for the next six years, by which time it is probable that the provisions of my will may have come into force, under which a continuance of *our* attempt is provided for.

You will be glad to know that I have obtained from some friends a provision for a similar scholarship for the Kimberley Public School.

I am thankful to you for undertaking the experiment, which is a scholarship for a combination of mental, moral, and physical qualities.

Who knows it may be the grain of mustard seed which produces the largest tree ? . . .

Yours,

C. J. RHODES. ¹

In the preliminary hearing of the case against the Princess, Rhodes was called as a witness. He drove into Cape Town in his old Cape-cart, and there at the midday interval munched the sandwiches he had taken for his lunch, preferring that to facing the kindly meant, but none the less embarrassing, sympathy of friends at the Club. He readily proved that the promissory notes in question did not bear his signature, and the Princess was committed for trial and was later sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour. The strain of giving evidence had, however, imposed a great burden on Rhodes's ebbing strength. In order to crush a tissue of sordid lies, he had returned to Cape Town at the hottest time of the year, and the February of 1902 seemed to his friends to be hotter and more stifling than that of any previous year.

Although Rhodes was a very sick man when he left Southampton, had he been able to remain in a temperate climate it is probable that his life would have been spared for several years ; but the worry and annoyance of being forced to give evidence in such an unpleasant case, and the consequent alteration of all his plans, combined with the great heat of the Cape summer, which he was now obliged to endure, undoubtedly shortened the days of his work very considerably.

Though the sea air was fresher and cooler than the air of the mountain, the Muizenberg cottage was wretchedly small

¹ Michell.

and roofed at the time with galvanised iron, though thatched at a later date. The intense heat of the sun beat down upon this iron roof, which absorbed and radiated the heat for many hours after the sun had set, so that even the air of the nights seemed less cool than it would otherwise have been.

At this time Rhodes's health was very uncertain. On some days he would be better, giving his friends cause to hope for a temporary recovery ; on others he grew suddenly weaker, and although every possible remedy was tried by Jameson and Dr. Stevenson, there seemed to be nothing from which he could derive definite benefit. On those days when he felt stronger he often drove to Groote Schuur in the Wolseley car he had brought back with him from England, and with which for a while he was immensely pleased. But when he reached the home that he so loved up on the mountain side, there was no lessening of the terrible restlessness which possessed him, and he wandered through the spacious rooms of the house and the grounds surrounding it like a caged animal. One could almost see the spirit of his life struggling in the grip of physical infirmity.

In order to give the invalid every possible breeze, part of the wall of his bedroom at Muizenberg was knocked down, and two holes were made in the ceiling to provide a constant current of fresh air.

Until 9th March the strength of the life force which animated Rhodes enabled him to continue leading a more or less active life and attending to public affairs, even though death was at his heels and had almost overtaken him. At this time Jameson told me that he was kept alive entirely by the dogged determination which ever drove him on, the indomitable will which refused to own itself beaten.

But from the 9th March Rhodes was forced to keep to his bed in the cottage, even though he was now quite unable to lie down, having to sit almost upright, supported with pillows. As the heat increased, he seemed to grow weaker day by day ; and at last Jameson told him that he could not hope to fight for life much longer. It is certain that Rhodes himself had realised the truth of this long before and, with

a determination to be ready, had put most of his affairs in order. 'All right then, send for Michell,' was his only comment; and when Sir Lewis arrived Rhodes added some final instructions in regard to his will, and appointed Jameson an executor.

All this time inquiries as to his health came from all over the world, and there were innumerable callers at that insignificant cottage on the seashore, where the greatest man of the Empire lay fighting for breath and longing for the cool breezes which did not come. All through Cape Town and throughout the suburbs the weather and its effect on Rhodes's health was the one topic of conversation with working people and leisured folk alike. The one predominating thought throughout the Cape Peninsula was for his comfort. 'Would the night be cool so that "he" could sleep? was the single thought of every citizen, and old political controversies were merged in the supreme anxiety that Rhodes might be spared to remain among them. At Muizenberg, even through the long nights, silent crowds of all nationalities—Dutch, English, and natives—for the time being drawn together by the one overwhelming sorrow, gathered in the road outside the cottage, waiting in desperate suspense hour after hour for some news of the man whom they knew South Africa never could replace.'¹

Within the cottage Dr. Smartt, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Sir Edgar Walton, Elmhirst Rhodes, Jourdan, and Le Sueur, under Jameson's direction, watched over and tended 'their chief' night and day. Grimmer, too, came from the North to spend the last days with his beloved chief.

Throughout the whole of Rhodes's last illness Jameson's endurance was a thing at which to marvel. He seemed to need neither food nor sleep, and scarcely left his friend's bedside. He watched over Rhodes with intense devotion and tenderness; the only rest he took was when he laid himself down for a few hours on a camp bed placed across the doorway. Even now, in the last days, Rhodes's thought for others did not diminish. He would often call out to one

¹ Colvin.

or other of the friends in the evening and want to know why they did not play bridge, 'instead of sitting about doing nothing.' To Grimmer and me he said one morning: 'You think "the old man" is done for, but don't be too sure; he has still got some life in him.'

To the very last there were flashes of the old will, and if he found anything had been withheld from him it annoyed him very much. 'Why should I not be told?' he said on one occasion when some rather depressing news came to hand; 'I am still sound in mind.'

With that longing for their homeland which is so natural with all living creatures when nearing their end, Rhodes now wanted intensely to go to England, and upon Jameson devolved the dread duty of telling him that should he sail he could not live to reach the home country. But in spite of this, Rhodes's iron will refused to relinquish the idea. Clinging to thoughts of England he rallied considerably, and cabins were reserved and got ready on the mail boat due to sail on 26th March, and one cabin was fitted for him with electric fans, oxygen tubes and refrigerating pipes, so that it might be kept at the right temperature.

I had come down from Bulawayo on 4th March in response to a telegram from him, to discuss the various developments he had set going in Rhodesia, and every day he had fresh plans and ideas to talk over.

About this time Rhodes was carrying out much tree planting in Rhodesia, both at Inyanga and Matopos, and in particular an avenue nearly three miles long was being made leading up to the new Government House at Bulawayo, which he had designed on the site of Lobengula's old kraal.

He wished to know how much progress had been made, and the day before his death he said to me, 'Get that avenue through—see it through. We have got to fulfil our promise to give shade to the nursemaids in the afternoons. Do not let this work fall behind. You tell me you are returning to-morrow. I shall soon be on your heels and hope to find the work going well.' No doubt he had in mind the story of the old Admiral planting acorns, who from his boyhood

had been to him a source of inspiration. 'Trees, trees—plant trees,' he said, 'help Nature in her efforts; do not strangle her desire to cover the nakedness of the earth.' Rhodes's last thoughts were for his 'hobby in Matabeleland.'

On this same day a telegraphic message reached him from Lord Kitchener saying the Boers had asked for a conference and that he anticipated peace. 'Thank God,' said Rhodes; 'I hope the right leaders will be chosen to frame a lasting peace.'

The end came as suddenly as his great soul could have wished. On 26th March, 1902, the day that he died, at the age of forty-nine, he murmured to Sir Lewis Michell, with a sigh of the deepest regret, 'So little done, so much to do,' a thought that had been at once the cause of all his impatience and the driving force behind his work. The spirit of Rhodes was free at last from the disabilities which had irked and chafed it for so long; but that spirit still remains to inspire those who shared his glowing vision—those few to whom he confided his thoughts on work and life; and continues an influence from the Cape of Good Hope to the furthest limits of Africa, the country to which Rhodes dedicated all his life.

'Living he was the land, and dead
His soul shall be her soul.'

CHAPTER XXVIII

HIS LAST TREK

THE loyal band of friends, now left leaderless and desolate, gathered around the bed in that cottage on the shore where their leader had ended his simple life of great deeds for the Empire. In death the massive head of Rhodes showed dignified and determined. That 'Roman-ness' which had always made his strong features so impressive seemed to his friends even more pronounced than when he was alive.

Spengler states that Rhodes is to be regarded as the first precursor of a Western type of Caesars, whose day is yet to come, though not distant, and that he stood midway between Napoleon and the force man of the next centuries. Undoubtedly he was 'that higher sort of man who, thanks to his preponderance of will, knowledge, wealth, and influence, makes use of democratic peoples as their aptest and most mobile tool in order to bring into their own hand the destinies of the earth and as artists to shape "man" himself;' ¹ and the death-mask shows clearly the strength and grim decision of purpose necessary to force towards achievement in one short lifetime the work which Rhodes accomplished.

On the same night that he died, Rhodes's body was carried quietly and silently through the moonlight to Groote Schuur, where it was placed in a coffin of Rhodesian teak and laid on a table in the wide hall. Here the friends and admirers of this great Imperialist came in tens of thousands to pay their last respects reverently to Cecil John Rhodes, the greatest man South Africa had ever seen.

¹ Nietzsche.

Said one of his critics : ' There had been great Imperialists before him, but none had ever put the vision of a United Empire before his countrymen in such a way as to capture their imagination. For he was a great man of action, the last of the pioneers, and a dreamer is listened to if he is also a doer. Rhodes dreamed of an Empire closely bound together in tradition and policy, and therefore able to speak with all enemies in the gate.'

The whole British Empire was plunged into mourning ; cables of condolence were received from all over the world ; and in Cape Town flags flew at half-mast and places of business were closed, while the townsfolk moved slowly and quietly about their daily work, each one feeling the death of Rhodes as a personal bereavement. Thousands of wreaths were sent, including one from Queen Alexandra, and countless small bundles of veld flowers were brought by poorer folk. No one thought any tribute too great or too small to offer to the memory of a leader who had treated rich and poor alike with unflinching fairness and consideration.

It was decided to give Rhodes a State funeral, and, as soon as his own expressed desires were known, arrangements were speedily made to bury him accordingly, even though at first the difficulties of carrying him back to Rhodesia seemed insurmountable. In his will he had clearly stated : ' I admire the grandeur and loneliness of the Matopos in Rhodesia, and therefore I desire to be buried in the Matopos on the hill which I used to visit and which I called a " View of the World," in a square to be cut in the rock on the top of the hill, covered with a plain brass plate with these words thereon : " Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes." '

These instructions were telegraphed to me, and in response large gangs of natives were organised to cut a road—for there was none—from Rhodes's huts at the Matopo farm up to the mountain height he had chosen for his resting-place. These and other preparations were carried on night and day so that all might be ready and in order as he would have wished. On the summit of ' The World's View ' excavation was made

for the tomb—a cavity hollowed in the solid granite and so that the outlook would be towards the north.

On 2nd April the body, covered with the old Union Jack which used to hang in the billiard-room at Grootte Schuur, was taken under an escort of Cape Mounted Police to the Houses of Parliament in Cape Town, where Rhodes had exercised during his political life a greater and wider influence than any politician of that or any other time. Here the coffin lay in state for a night and a day, watched over by a relayed guard of Cape Police posted at each corner of the bier, who stood immovable and silent, with arms reversed; and here it was visited by all those sorrowing citizens who had not been able to make the last pilgrimage to Grootte Schuur.

On the next day the body of Rhodes was carried in a mourning procession to the Cathedral, with Jameson, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Sir Gordon Sprigg, Sir Lewis Michell, Sir Edmund Stevenson, Dr. Smartt, the Hon. T. L. Graham, and Mr. J. B. Currey as pall-bearers. There a service was held, the Archbishop delivering a poignant address on the text: 'Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel,' in which he summed up the aims and high ideals of Rhodes's life.

The procession then re-formed, carrying the body to the railway station, where the special train was waiting to bear it back to his 'own country.' This was a new train which Sir Charles Metcalfe had designed at Rhodes's desire, with a view to lessening the discomforts of passengers on the long journey to the North, and Rhodes had watched its progress with much interest. By an irony of fate, it was only completed in time to make its maiden trip carrying the body of him to whose order it had been built. The whole train was draped in purple and black. The coffin was carried in the old De Beers car in which Rhodes had so often worked and travelled, and which now had been prepared to bear him on his last journey to Rhodesia. This coach was linked up in front of the train, just behind the two powerful engines, so that even in death the great leader still led the way North-

ward. The bier was covered with wreaths, and two troopers of the Cape Police, with arms reversed, mounted guard throughout the whole journey.

Thus with fitting and impressive ceremony Rhodes started on his last trek. At all the bigger stations where the funeral train stopped, a guard of honour was drawn up and the band played the Dead March. At smaller stations and at sidings on the bare veld bugles sounded the Last Post, and wreaths and crosses of flowers were brought in immense numbers. Mourners, both Dutch and English, Malay and native, were gathered on every platform, and it has been said that never has there been a more inspiring and impressive sight than that of the black-draped train with the open coach where lay the great man's remains, guarded by loyal troopers, travelling through the vast country he had loved so well.

North of Beaufort West, in the fighting area, block-houses had been built on either side of the line; beside these the little garrisons stood to attention like statues, with arms reversed, as the funeral train rushed by. A pilot engine preceded the train as far as Mafeking, which from there was escorted by an armoured train, carrying a search-light and sweeping the country on either side of the line.

At Kimberley the train waited for several hours, while thousands of people, many of whom owed everything to Rhodes, filed past the car. At Vryburg, the town whose very existence was due to him, the train was detained for a night, for peace had not yet been definitely declared, and it was considered unsafe to proceed during darkness.

Rhodes's body reached Bulawayo on 8th April, and in the Drill Hall, where it lay in state throughout the day, the first part of the funeral service, a most impressive one, was held, every settler within possible reach being present. The coffin was then taken out to the huts on his Matopo farm escorted by fifty B.S.A.P. troopers, and it rested there for a night, in the hut which he had used as dining-room, open to the wide veld on all four sides. The people of Rhodesia had come into Bulawayo from immense distances; from those farms and mines where Rhodes had shown so

great an interest in their troubles and in their welfare. And now every possible vehicle was requisitioned to take these, his people, a part of the way to the spot where he was to be buried at 'The World's View.'

On this large granite hill which was Rhodes's chosen burial-place, there rested upon the rounded summit immense and curiously shaped boulders lying like play-things thrown down when some giant had tired of play. To the north there is a gap guarded by granite sentinels.

The last stage of the journey began at dawn—the hour when Rhodes had loved to ride. The coffin was taken on a gun-carriage drawn by twelve picked oxen. We had feared that it would be a matter of great difficulty to draw the carriage up the steep gradient of the hill, on which no wheeled vehicle had ever been before; but the oxen quietly and evenly took the strain, seeming to know what was required of them, and pulled their precious load up the smooth steep slope without a hitch.

The hills were already lined with thousands of the Matabele who came to do honour to Rhodes as to the greatest of white men. 'My Father is dead,' said one to the other, until the words echoed from all sides, and as the coffin reached the summit the royal salute—'Bayete'—rang out from hill to hill—a spontaneous and unrehearsed tribute to Rhodes, which had never been given to any white man before.

In the presence of all the white settlers who could by any possible means reach the Matopos, the Bishop of Mashonaland held what must have been one of the most impressive of funeral services. In his address he spoke of the statesmanship of Rhodes, which he said was founded upon three fundamental principles—Imperial instinct, the solidarity of humanity, and the importance of progress; and he concluded by declaring that Rhodes's life-work set an example to the world. The 'Old Hundredth' was sung by the many pioneers gathered there to do him honour, the poem written specially by Rudyard Kipling for the occasion was read, and the coffin, still covered with the Union Jack, was slowly

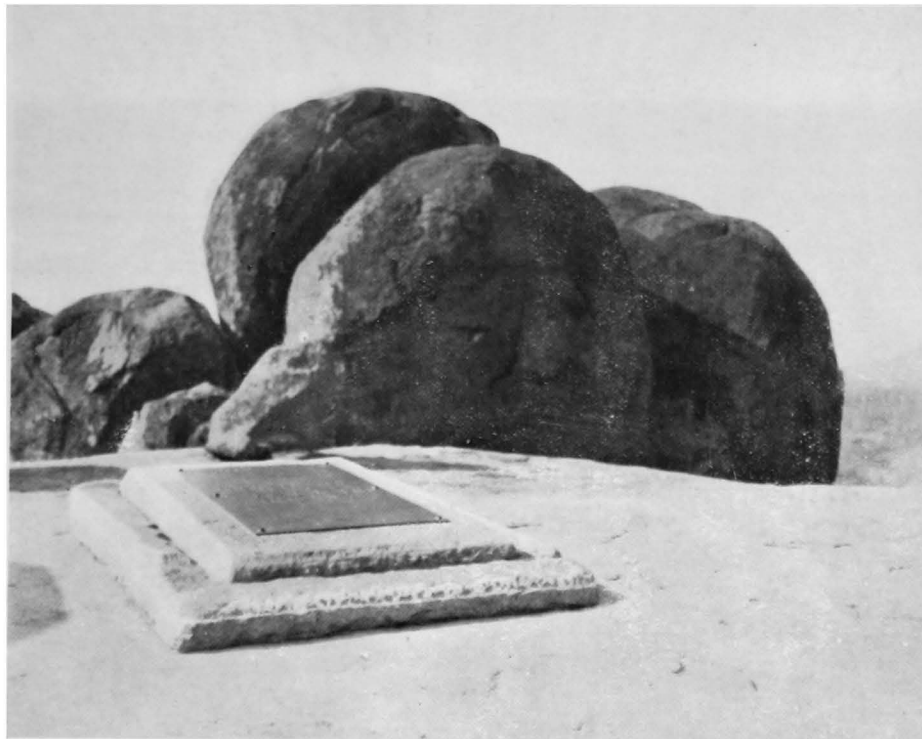
lowered with chains to its grave in the rock in utter and impressive silence.

When those hardy pioneers with grim and serious faces—the men who had followed Rhodes's lead and left the peace and comfort of the south to extend and develop his own country—turned to go back down the hill, leaving their Chief alone in his resting-place, there was not one who did not feel an irreparable loss. Slowly the vast gathering of mourners sadly retraced their steps to the sound of the Matabele warriors chanting, as is their custom, the praises of the departed Chief. Slowly they made their way back to their homesteads and their work, leaving him who had inspired it all, and who would inspire it still, to rest at last amid the solitude and the grandeur which he loved so much.

Three weeks later Colonel Frank Rhodes met the principal Matabele chiefs at 'The World's View.' He told them that his brother had so loved the country and its people that he had given directions he should be buried in the Matopos. 'Now I leave my brother's grave in your hands,' said Colonel Rhodes with much feeling, 'as a proof that I know the white men and the Matabele will be friends and brothers for ever.' The natives then advanced and in their own tongue spoke of their love for the great white chief and of the honour thus paid them. They were glad to know that his spirit was with them in the Matopos, and they and their children's children would keep their sacred trust.¹

Thus the grave of Rhodes is watched over and guarded by the once savage tribes in whose hands he risked his life to bring peace to the country. The wideness and simplicity of his living outlook are reflected in the surroundings of the grave where he lies, high above the country on every side, facing ever towards the North, and like Moses of old looking down upon the Promised Land—a land, however, which Rhodes had actually reached and on which he had left an indelible impress.

¹ Francis Masey.



RHODES'S GRAVE
On the summit of ' World's View ' Hill.

To face page 372.

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death—26th March, 1927—a great Memorial Service was held at his grave, which was attended by hundreds of people from all over South Africa, but mainly of course from Rhodesia. Cabled messages came from Rhodes Scholars in Canada, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, and elsewhere expressing their admiration of Rhodes's efforts for the betterment of mankind, and one or two remarked on the outstanding truth he had discovered and often quoted—'The great secret of life is work.'

An aged native, M'Kumbesi by name and a member of the Kumalo (royal) family, who had been one of the leading rebels in 1896, was also present with a considerable following. At the conclusion of the service he came forward and called as loudly as his voice permitted: 'Siya Gubingelela M'lamula N'Kunzi. Sibi bandhla lako. Ubo si kongela pambili.'—'We greet you, Separator of the Fighting Bulls. We are your people. Submit our homage (intercede for us) in the Hereafter.' This tribute from the Matabele nation, though quite unexpected, was no surprise to those who knew the kindly feeling the Matabele entertained towards Rhodes. M'Kumbesi having thus addressed the spirit of Rhodes withdrew with his small company of followers.

CHAPTER XXIX

AN EXAMPLE TO MANKIND

It has been given to few men—including the greatest in history—to achieve so much even in a long life, as did Rhodes in his short career, and in his case neither his work nor his benefactions ceased with his death. There is in Africa an influence working for the good of humanity—an influence possessed by no other colonial dominion; for the undying spirit of Rhodes continues to inspire that country, to the progress of which he gave his life.

By his final Will, made in 1899, Rhodes's fortune, after payment of some considerable legacies, was almost exclusively dedicated to the public service, and his plans for the disposal of this vast wealth, when he should be no longer able to direct them, were as limitless and far-seeing as those dreams towards the attainment of which he had worked throughout his life. He saw far into the future, and he ordained and left his estate in trust with the absolute certainty that his desires would duly materialise. Although his plans have not in all respects yet produced the results for which he hoped, the accuracy of his belief in a future Federation of the South African States has since been proved. So sure was he of the ultimate coming of that Federation for which he had worked so long, that he directed his home of Groote Schuur to be held as a residence for the first Prime Minister of the Federal Government of South Africa.

As a further proof of his extraordinary gift of foresight it is of interest to note that he also made arrangements for a part of the capital in his estate invested in the diamond

mines to be transferred into Government Stock against that distant day when he foresaw that these mines would become worked out.

Rhodes's intense unselfishness is shown by every clause of his Will. The wideness and thoroughness with which he had arranged each bequest, and the care with which he had thought out every detail for the welfare of those he wished to benefit, effectively silenced his detractors and converted to his ideas many of those who had remained critical of his life and deeds or had imputed personal motives to his Imperial work.

The Will arranged for the completion and erection of the monument to those who fell at Shangani in the first Matabele War. This was to be placed in the Matopos on the hill on his estate which he called 'The World's View,' which he desired should be preserved as a burial-place for all those South Africans whom the Government felt 'had deserved well of their country.'

His estates in Rhodesia were left in trust for the people of the territory, to be cultivated for their instruction, for Rhodes had always devoted much of his time to the farming industry. And it is interesting to notice that, with his intense love of forestry, he directed that the property near Bulawayo should be planted with 'every possible tree and should be made and preserved and maintained as a park for the people of Rhodesia,' for Rhodes always insisted that if a man was to do useful work in the world, fresh air and country scenery were very necessary to him. He gave practical proof of this in the early days of the diamond mines by the provision he made in this respect for his employees there. He also arranged that a short railway line should be constructed from Bulawayo to the Matopos, 'so that the people of Bulawayo may enjoy the glory of these hills from Saturday to Monday,' a phrase which illuminates the wide sympathy, love, and thought he held for all men.

The Inyanga estates were to be used for experimental farming and forestry, fruit growing and irrigation, and generally for the help and instruction of other settlers ; for

Rhodes had early learned the necessity of experiment if the problems in the way of successful agricultural progress in a new country were to be overcome, fully understanding the impossibility of the heavy expense of such experiments being borne by the farming community themselves.

The English estates were left in the Trust, with the exception of that of Dalham Hall, and the income from these was to be divided between Rhodes's living brothers and sisters. The Dalham Hall estate was left to Colonel Frank Rhodes for his life, after which it would pass to his sons, or failing this go to Rhodes's second brother, Ernest Frederick Rhodes, upon the same terms ; and in regard to this Rhodes stated very clearly his views on what a man's life should be if he merited the responsibility of being an English landowner, enunciating again his creed of the necessity for work.

He wrote : 'Whereas I feel that it is the essence of a proper life that every man should during some substantial period thereof have some definite occupation, and I object to an expectant heir developing into what I call a "loafer." And whereas the rental of the Dalham Hall estate is not more than sufficient for the maintenance of the estate, and my experience is that one of the things making for the strength of England is the ownership of country estates which could maintain the dignity and comfort of the head of the family, but that this position has been absolutely ruined by the practice of creating charges upon the estates either for younger children or for the payment of debts whereby the estates become insufficient to maintain the head of the family in dignity and comfort.' Believing firmly that one of the secrets of England's strength had been the existence of a class termed 'the country landlords,' he left a sum amounting to two thousand pounds a year for the upkeep of the estate, and enjoined that those who inherited Dalham Hall should have been engaged for at least ten consecutive years in some business or occupation and should have been a member of a militia or volunteer corps. This admiration for the old feudal system can be clearly traced

back to the happy days of his boyhood, when Rhodes stayed with 'Aunt Sophie' at Sleaford Manor and there tasted the joys and responsibilities of an English country life.

He left one hundred thousand pounds to his old college, Oriel, in the University of Oxford, and directed that out of this the sum of forty thousand pounds should be applied for the erection of new buildings, and fifteen hundred pounds a year put aside to make up a deficiency which he had discovered existed in the college revenue. The income from ten thousand pounds was to be held as a fund for maintaining the dignity and comfort of the High Table and of the resident Fellows, and a further sum of the same amount was to be held as a repair fund, and the income from this expended in maintaining and repairing the college buildings. And finally Rhodes wrote most wisely, and with a touch of humour, that 'as the college authorities live secluded from the world and so are like children as to commercial matters, I would advise them to consult my trustees as to the investment of these various funds.'

From this it can be clearly seen with what absolute thoroughness he had thought of and considered the welfare of his old college, for which he had always felt so much affection and gratitude and which he now repaid a thousandfold.

In regard to the Groote Schuur legacy, there were further directions that no suburban residences should be erected on the land, but that any buildings which might be erected thereon in the future must be used exclusively for public purposes and should be in a style of architecture similar to, and in harmony with, the main house. With the considerate knowledge that a Prime Minister was not of necessity a man of means, Rhodes also directed that a thousand pounds a year should be expended on keeping and maintaining for the use of that Prime Minister at least two carriage horses, one or more carriages, and sufficient stable servants. In addition to this the kitchen and flower gardens were to be kept up and the wages of two competent men servants paid.

The main part of Rhodes's Will—that which has interested the whole English-speaking world and by which that world

has benefited—was the clause which provided for the education of young colonists and young Americans at Oxford. Rhodes considered ‘that the education of young colonists at one of the Universities in the United Kingdom is of great advantage to them for giving breadth to their views and for their instruction in life and manners, and for instilling into their minds the advantage to their colonies, as well as to the United Kingdom, of the retention of a united Empire.’ In 1900, after his visit to the German Emperor, Rhodes added a codicil allowing for five German scholarships, the scholars to be nominated by the Emperor; but these scholarships were cancelled, probably temporarily, by Act of Parliament during the Great War.

The system by which Rhodes desired his scholars to be chosen was entirely original and gave clear indication of the mathematical accuracy of method, together with the unlimited imagination, which had enabled him during his life to reach his dreams. He desired ‘that the students who shall be elected to the scholarships shall not be merely bookworms,’ and directed that in the election of a student to a scholarship, ‘regard shall be had to (I) his literary and scholastic attainments; (II) his fondness of and success in manly outdoor sports such as cricket, football, and the like; (III) his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for the protection of the weak, kindness, unselfishness, and fellowship; and (IV) his exhibition during school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates, for those latter attributes will be likely in after life to guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim. As mere suggestions for the guidance of those who will have the choice of students for the scholarships, I record that (I) my ideal qualified student would combine these four qualifications in the proportions of 3/10ths for the first, 2/10ths for the second, 3/10ths for the third, and 2/10ths for the fourth qualification; so that, according to my ideas, if the maximum of marks for any scholarship were 200 they would be apportioned as follows: 60 to each of the first and

third qualifications, and 40 to each of the second and fourth qualifications; (II) the marks for the several qualifications would be awarded independently as follows (that is to say), the marks for the first qualification by examination, for the second and third qualifications respectively by ballot by the fellow-students of the candidates, and for the fourth qualification by the headmaster of the candidate's school; and (III) the results of the awards (that is to say the marks obtained by each candidate for each qualification) would be sent as soon as possible for consideration to the trustees or to some person or persons appointed to receive the same, and the person or persons so appointed would ascertain by averaging the marks in blocks of 20 marks each of all candidates the best ideal qualified students.' With such precision Rhodes reduced the voting for a scholar to the simplest possible proportions, though it is curious to notice that those characteristics he himself possessed so strongly—moral force of character and the instinct to lead—without which he could not have attained to his ideal, were not ranked so highly by him as literary and scholastic attainments or truth, courage, kindness, and unselfishness. He also desired that no student should be either qualified or disqualified on account of his race or religious opinions.

This scholarship scheme is such an immense thought that it is difficult for ordinary minds to see the whole extent of what the founder hoped it might accomplish throughout future generations. Obviously the fact that a certain number of young men from America and the British colonies who could not otherwise afford a University education would be enabled to go to Oxford was the least part of Rhodes's dream. Beyond and above a University course, he saw a world-fellowship of picked young men of the English-speaking races. Such fellowship, cemented in youth, while young Colonials learned the traditions of the old country and Englishmen grasped something of the wideness and the scope for enterprise afforded by the new, Rhodes believed would endure through all the years of the manhood of those who, gathered from all the world, had worked together at

Oxford, and would continue to bring about a great brotherhood of English-speaking men in which the British Empire should be the pioneer of an ever-extending progress throughout the world.

What Rhodes did not foresee, chiefly owing to his simple human belief, was that when he was gone his plans would lack the momentum of personal inspiration, and that his schemes could not be pushed forward as rapidly as would have been the case in his lifetime. Followers of a great leader cannot—even with the highest intentions—adequately represent that man himself, and although Rhodes's trustees have worked loyally and strenuously to carry out his wishes, they have failed to some extent—only because they have not possessed Rhodes's mind and his power of impelling others to work towards his goal.

The Great War produced an upheaval Rhodes could not foresee. Many of the first Rhodes scholars, who had some personal acquaintance with him and knew something of his views and were therefore strongly imbued with his spirit, were killed in action; others who on the outbreak of war were ready to go to Oxford, went into the army instead, and, with the coming of peace, did not return to a University career.

Among those who are there now it is said that a certain parochialism (that term so loathed by Rhodes) has begun to appear, and that the Rhodes scholars have made for themselves a little world within the University wherein they do not identify themselves with their colleges, but live apart, and so fail to gain the full advantages Rhodes wished them to secure. These passing troubles, however, are gradually disappearing, and it has become possible to extend the privileges of the scholars, while the greatness of the ideas expressed in Rhodes's scholarship scheme—to the details of which he devoted so many hours of thought—is beginning to appeal forcibly to those whose hearts and minds are big enough to follow where the founder still leads in spirit, seeking to draw young men ever forward and urging them to strive as he did, as pioneers of a wider civilisation for the betterment of mankind.

CHAPTER XXX

'THE WISH CAME TO ME TO RENDER MYSELF USEFUL TO MY COUNTRY'

IN an attempt to weigh up the achievement of Rhodes we are met by one insurmountable obstacle. Although so much of his work is clear and definite—the addition of a vast area to the Empire—an even greater portion of his labour for humanity is incalculable because it is intangible, though of no less vital importance.

Rhodes possessed a most generous nature, firmly believing in and carrying out the maxim, 'Do good with your wealth before you die.' Not one of his friends knew the extent of his quiet and private charities. And beyond and above these lies the inspiration he gave to others and the example that he set to the world, of courage, self-control, and un-failing determination in the face of desperate odds—an example which will live for ever throughout the continent to which he dedicated all his life. 'When he stood on the Cape Peninsula,' said Mark Twain, 'his shadow fell on the Zambesi.' Those who worked for him have said his trust compelled their greatest effort; and many have proved that a man of even ordinary attainments could accomplish apparent impossibilities when he came under the spell of Rhodes's personality.

Since the days of the Caesars the destinies of the world have been controlled and moved by men of strong character. Such men have been produced, though very sparingly, by most countries, and England has been fortunate in her number, among whom are to be found the names of Alfred, Cromwell, Pitt, Clive, Nelson, and Rhodes. All have been

imaginative—some mathematically, some efficiently so. Rhodes was of the latter type, and while his imagination drove men to the furthering of his great schemes, it was his efficiency coupled with the devotion he inspired that brought most of these to success.

At a very early age Rhodes grasped the fact that life was a serious and important crisis, one which could only be adequately faced by a man possessed of a definite and far-reaching purpose. So much he realised in his youth, and this was the cause of the apparent indecision of the early years of his manhood. He believed that it was necessary for every man to find an aim sufficiently great and definite for which to strive throughout his life, and to which he could devote all his energy.

From the narrow confines of the country parsonage under the rule of an autocratic father, this was difficult ; and had it not been for the ill-health which caused Rhodes to be sent to a wider and more open life, it is doubtful whether he ever would have found the one purpose which was to animate and inspire the whole of his life and work.

At the age of twenty, we know that the wish came to him 'To be useful to my country,' and when he died twenty-nine years later his country's Empire had been enlarged by an extent of over 800,000 square miles. These vast spaces had been to some extent settled and developed, the ambitions of foreign Powers had been frustrated, and the native races of those territories brought to a peaceful and progressive way of life.

After his arrival in Natal, he took three years to think and decide on a life purpose, and having found a goal—so far beyond the apparent limits of human endeavour as to appear to ordinary minds completely out of reach—he dedicated his life to reaching that far-seen objective, believing implicitly that 'if you concentrate your mind on a thing you will attain to it.'

Having secured an aim in life, he devoted eight years to arming and preparing himself for the fight he knew would be necessary if he were to bring his striving to fruition.

For this he realised the necessity of education, the acquisition of wealth and power, and the development of a capacity for hard work. Rhodes never wished to possess money for purposes of his own, but he early grasped its necessity if he hoped to make tangible his gigantic dreams. Although there is no doubt that at one period of his career he desired to attain fame, that passed quickly ; and in later years he was wont to say and to believe 'the greatest happiness will not be found in fame but in work well completed.'

He studied his fellow-man and early learnt how best to sway him and bring him to his own beliefs. In this regard it is remarkable how closely the words of young Hubert Hervey echoed Rhodes's thought, when he said, 'Only believe in your idea and it will carry you through every difficulty. If you live you will do great things ; if you die—well ! how can you die better ? And your idea will not die.'

On the cotton plantation of Natal Rhodes learned the necessity of perseverance and attention to detail. These he turned to good account on the Diamond Fields, where, with the view of gaining that education he considered so necessary, he set himself to make sufficient money to enable him to take a University career, and with this in his mind he worked unsparingly in those rough, uncomfortable surroundings. The mining life, however, gave him an education as valuable as that which he gained at the University, since it taught him to appreciate rough exteriors and to see deep into men's hearts.

At Oxford he gained many friends who remained his friends for all time, and he there developed that quality of confidence in himself which is essential for a leader of men.

Rhodes dreamed of the governance of the world by the English-speaking races ; and he wished the British and Americans to work together, believing that thus they could build up between them a world worth living in. These aims later crystallized into the one word—'expansion.' He desired to extend the dominion of Great Britain and to give the English-speaking peoples room to make more homes.

To the late W. T. Stead, of whom he held a high opinion and with whom he discussed many questions when they met, he said, during a visit to England: 'I have come to the conclusion that the English-speaking race, whether British, American, Australian, or South African, is the type of race which does now, and is likely to continue to do in the future, the most practical and effective work to establish justice, to promote liberty, and to ensure peace over the widest possible area of this planet. Therefore, if there be a God and He cares anything about what I do, I think it is clear that He would like me to do what He is doing Himself. And as He is manifestly fashioning the English-speaking race as the chosen instrument by which he will bring in a state of society based on Justice, Liberty, and Peace, He must obviously wish me to do what I can to give as much scope and power to the race as possible.' His faith in the future of the English-speaking race was profound. 'The British Empire and America working amicably together can impose peace on the world,' he said on another occasion.

In creating the Rhodes Scholarships there is no doubt his main object was to draw more closely together the bonds uniting Great Britain and her Empire to America, believing as he did that in time a mutual understanding between the two would be reached, and that they would then with a united front prevent any war and do great things towards spreading the highest forms of civilisation throughout the world. Possessing practically the same high ideals, a combination of the two nations would, he believed, exercise an all-powerful influence for good in the world. The scheme has now been in operation for over twenty years, sufficiently long to enable us to say whether Rhodes's aspirations are being fulfilled to the extent he had in mind. On the whole, the results so far may be looked on as favourable, and many of the scholars who have been in residence at Oxford have gone back to their respective countries or states spreading the message of goodwill as he hoped they would. A new feeling much more friendly in tone is being created in America as regards the British, and the bulk of the Rhodes

scholars who return there interpret us as we are and speak with much affection of the friends made by them during their sojourn in England.

Answering a remark (in 1900) of Sir Alfred Milner, who was regretting the anti-British feeling so often displayed in the United States, Rhodes said: 'It is only a question of time for the people of the States to realise what they owe to England. Be assured that, when any really serious crisis arises, people of a common language will stand together. I have no fear of the future. As young men we all think we know more about affairs than our fathers, but as time wears on we come to regret that we failed to avail ourselves of their experience. I have no fear of America. The hatred that we are told exists and which is probably true, is mainly surface hatred due largely to an unreasoned jealousy which will disappear as time goes on, when her people will come to laugh at it. As her age increases she will find responsibilities will be thrust upon her which she will not find it possible to decline or ignore, and once these begin to weigh upon her, as they will, her attitude will surely change.' There is little doubt to-day that Rhodes's prediction that the outcome of these scholarships would in time provide a solution for international misunderstandings will be achieved. People are even now beginning to realise that the Rhodes Scholarships are already creating international thought and tending to make history.

A certain aloofness about Rhodes discouraged familiarity, but the occasional expression of intimate affection towards him gave him the utmost pleasure. His directness of speech in giving practical effect to his ideas caused many people to say he lacked tact. Therein they were wrong, for he possessed that quality in plenty and used it with effect. In later days his knowledge of human nature went so deep that if an adversary got into difficulties Rhodes would never watch, with the grim satisfaction many men show, his efforts to extricate himself, for 'if you rise above that sort of thing,' he said, 'you may reasonably hope that your

opponent of to-day may follow your lead at no distant to-morrow.'

Rhodes was no more perfect than any other man. His faults were many, but the high quality of his great merits far outweighed these, and few men ever exercised a stronger influence for good than this prophetic and practical visionary to whose forethought and inspiration Africa owes so much. He possessed that spirit which has enabled men to become leaders in times of crisis in every age. Men of such a type, imbued with one or two immense ideas, are usually devoid of those minor qualities which bring popularity, and in these Rhodes was certainly lacking. He had a rough truthfulness, almost brutal at times, which often gave offence ; but he was always most regretful when he found he had hurt anyone in this way. His detachment from everything which did not concern the schemes he was working at caused many people to say he lacked human kindness. This was not so, however, for he was a man full of human sympathy and sentiment. Towards those suffering from any distress he was generous to a degree ; and I remember Alfred Beit telling me once that in the Kimberley days he could rarely get Rhodes to look at things from a purely material point of view, even when they were negotiating business deals. Rhodes would say, ' Let us yield his point. You must concede something to sentiment. I like him for it. Tell him we agree, Beit.'

His tastes were of the simplest, and ostentation of wealth he held in contempt, while he never sought or desired political and social honours. He had one object in his mind, and to the furtherance of that everything else was subjected. As a statesman he showed remarkable foresight and breadth of view. In this respect his only possible comparison would be with another great Englishman—Cromwell—whom he resembled in other ways as well, notably in a quality of personal magnetism.

While still an undergraduate he began to work and strive towards his goal, and he pursued that single course throughout his life without the slightest deviation. When he could not move towards it from one direction, he would retire in

order the better to advance from another, and each mistake he made he turned to good account. 'Look forward always,' he would say, 'and remember that experience gone through in the past, however bitter, will photograph itself on your mind and help you in the future.' Though he often met with intense opposition he never abandoned either a policy or an idea; and he became known throughout the world as the man who made his dreams come true. On the threshold of his life Rhodes dreamed, and he lived to mould a continent to the form of those dreams.

In spite of hard knocks, bitter disappointments, and intense disillusion, Rhodes ever forged towards his ideal with grim and inflexible determination. While still young he had developed the characteristic of looking with extreme accuracy into the future, and he could at any time fall into a reverie with his maps spread out before him and enter a world which he had conquered in imagination and had already peopled and developed in his dreams.

The width and immensity of these dreams were limitless and reached out into the far distant future. They were not bounded, as are the schemes of ordinary men, by the span of their creator's life, but extended forward and moved onward down the further avenues of human progress. 'I love to think,' said Rhodes, 'that human beings will walk this way long after I am gone.'

He had the deepest respect for religion and would never listen to loose talk against any creed. Every belief, no matter of what form, said he, tended to better conditions in the world, and the opinions of those who scoffed at any religion were unworthy of consideration.

On the Diamond Fields he amalgamated the Kimberley mines, thereby safeguarding the diamond industry of the world, and he did much towards the development of the great goldfields of the Transvaal, in this way opening up for the inhabitants of South Africa, both white and coloured, a new era of prosperity and enterprise.

Rhodes believed in and doggedly fought for equal rights for Boers and British, and by the force of this belief he won

over to his views that strong and hitherto obstinate party, the Afrikaner Bond, but he was never for one moment deceived as to the real nature of the aims of President Kruger, or blind to the trend of his aspirations for one all-powerful State in South Africa. Rhodes, however, always preferred when possible to treat with people rather than to fight with them, and until the South African War he never relinquished the hope of being able to come to an agreement with Kruger which would be acceptable to both British and Dutch. But no friendly response had ever come from the grim President whose narrow vision brought disaster after disaster on a country he loved as greatly as did Rhodes, whose broader outlook took him much further and who saw as much good in the Dutch as in the British, for Rhodes fully realised the importance of the Boers to a country where the solid virtues of pluck and endurance are necessary to every settler. 'We must keep the Dutch with us,' he said. 'If there is one quality that characterises the Dutch people more than another it is their common sense, but they are being badly led and are being turned away from their true interests by race feeling which is being preached to them by those who ought to know much better.'

Rhodes foresaw what others had not yet realised, that if South Africa was to take her place among the nations of the world, the scattered fragments then in existence must be welded into a coherent whole. For this he was convinced the co-operation of the Dutch was absolutely necessary. In this regard Rhodes pursued a wiser policy when he spoke of federation, than did Jameson, Botha, and de Villiers, who in later years succeeded in carrying the various States into an actual Union, the rigid bonds of which were bound to gall two nations possessing many opposite characteristics.

Beyond and above the wish to federate the South African States, Rhodes determined to secure the Hinterland of the Cape and all the country beyond for settlement by the colonists and the overflow from the crowded population of Britain. The country north of the Limpopo River was ever in his dreams—that country high and cool though under the

equator, a fit place for white settlers in which to establish homes. Rhodes had accurately gauged that whoever held the high plateau of Central Africa would possess a favourable position for unlimited expansion. And by expansion he meant not merely the seizing and holding of coveted territory, but the carrying there of communications and all the higher civilisation of Empire over the last unoccupied territory of the world. He had begun early in the 'eighties to urge the construction of a railway to the Diamond Fields, which railway he realised might, when the time came, be extended northward through the heart of Africa. He saw this railway as the vertebrae of the continent, with off-shoots spreading east and west, carrying the necessities of life to far-away settlers through the length and breadth of Africa, and in return bringing their produce to the markets of the world, and he never ceased in his efforts till he achieved his purpose.

Long before our Imperial politicians were awake to the wealth and importance of the country lying north of the Cape Colony, Rhodes had foreseen the vital necessity of gaining control therein for Great Britain, nor was he content merely with concessions. In almost every case—Bechuanaland, Mashonaland, Gazaland, Barotseland, and the country north of the Zambesi—he made the gaining of all territory merely a prelude to peaceful occupation and the development of its mineral and agricultural resources.

His work for Rhodesia was characterised by his thoroughness and the attention he always paid to every detail of that country's welfare. Not only did Rhodes gain that vast area for Britain, but he settled and to a great extent civilised it, gave it railways and telegraphs, subsidised on a large scale its vast mineral resources, and ensured peace between the native races and the white men.

In the face of tremendous odds and against the constant encroachments and obstructions of the Portuguese, during the first four years of the country's history, he succeeded in keeping open the route to Beira, without which Rhodesia would have remained under a handicap so severe that it is

doubtful whether in her earlier days she could have maintained the fight for her existence.

The first decisive act of his expansion policy was the securing for Britain—and holding in the face of immense odds—the cession of Lower Bechuanaland from Chief Mankaroane and the petition for annexation by Cape Colony from the Dutch farmers in that territory. At this time Rhodes was playing a lone hand for the Empire, and for this purpose he went alone to the hostile Boer camp and there, by his consummate tact and understanding of his fellow-men, gained the confidence of those turbulent freebooters whose actions were rapidly precipitating a native war. When the Cape Colony failed to support him, rather than relinquish what he had gained at so great a cost, he turned for help to the Imperial Government and for once was not disappointed. By securing Bechuanaland to the Empire it was realised that Rhodes had not only increased British territory, but had for the time being checked the very serious pretensions of both Germany and the Transvaal, who were then threatening to join in forcing a barrier across Africa, which, had they been successful, would have put an impossible obstacle in the way of the development and expansion of the Cape.

Rhodes made strenuous efforts to secure for Great Britain the Katanga country and the rest of what is now the southern territory of the Congo State, but ill-health among the members of the expedition he had sent up so delayed it that when it did arrive it was found to be too late, as the territory had already been conceded to agents of King Leopold of Belgium.

Although he strove desperately to gain a general customs union which should ensure an equal prosperity for the whole of South Africa, he was defeated in this desire by narrow prejudice. But he had no difficulty in achieving his purpose in Rhodesia, where he was able to arrange that the customs tariffs for Imperial goods entering that country should be fixed and stabilised by the 'Rhodes Clause' of the Order in Council of 1898, and never rated higher than those which

were imposed on merchandise entering Cape Colony at that time.

He studied to a great extent the welfare of the farming community, realising their problems and the essential fact that farmers are the backbone of a country.

In regard to the native races, he followed unwaveringly a policy of firmness and of justice, always remembering that the uncivilised peoples are children in the family of progress and must be led quietly and slowly toward a realisation of the responsibilities of life, if they are ever to play their proportionate part in the welfare of their country.

The entry into politics of a personality so full of restless energy and dynamic force as Rhodes was bound to make an immense difference to the somewhat placid parliamentary life of the Cape Colony. He entered Parliament determined to work for the extermination of racialism and the improvement of trade, and in following this dual policy he never lost sight of his inflexible determination to extend British territory with a definite aim of one day linking up South and North Africa under the British flag.

'Sometimes,' he said in a speech he made at a luncheon given him by his old college, Oriel, 'in pursuing my object, the enlargement of the British Empire, and with it the cause of peace, industry, and freedom, I have adopted means in removing opposition which were the rough-and-ready way and not the highest way to attain that object. But you must remember that in South Africa, where my work has lain, the laws of right and equity are not so fixed and established as in this country; and if I have once or twice done things which savoured rather of violence than of protest or peaceful striving, yet you must look back to far-off times in English history for a parallel to the state of things in South Africa. I believe my neighbour, the Regius Professor of History, could tell you that in those past times there have been not a few men who have done good service to the State, but some of whose actions have partaken of the violence of their age, which are hard to justify in a more peaceful and law-abiding age. It is among those men that

my own life and actions must be weighed, and I trust to the justice of my countrymen.'

None of his work was dictated by chance, it was all thought out and debated in his mind ; he asked for and weighed the views of others on most of his ideas, and, foreseeing the result, he could then set about his purpose with well-balanced judgment and tact.

Though he turned towards many a wrong road in his efforts to reach his ideal, in almost every case he realised the error quickly enough to enable him to break back to the main track, with only a consequent loss of time. On a few occasions, however, Rhodes did actually leave the way that he had chosen and find himself in a by-path leading nowhere—notably in the Parnell correspondence and the Schnadhorst incident. But considering the immense scope of his energies, it is extraordinary how seldom in the course of a hurried life he missed the straight road to his goal.

Yet, high as were the qualities Rhodes possessed, certain reservations must be made in respect of his character in one or two directions. There were times in his later years when flashes of such a degree of imperiousness and petulance were displayed as to astound one. It is true they were of short duration and such outbursts were rare, but nevertheless most unpleasant. At other times his impatience became so unreasonable as to be almost unendurable, but he made such ample amends when he realised what had occurred that lapses of the sort, which were almost entirely due to ill-health, lost him very few friends.

Now that we are able to consider his record dispassionately, we must stand amazed at what he achieved in the short period that was available to him. Was he satisfied with the work he had effected ? To that I can safely say, no. Valiantly as he had fought for success in all his undertakings, he felt that he had made many mistakes, forgetting that 'the man who never makes mistakes never makes anything,' and it should not be overlooked that it was in the disinterested pursuit of noble aims that these mistakes were made.

There is no doubt his support of the Reform Movement—

born of impatience at his failure to treat with Kruger and the Transvaal—brought the resulting Jameson Raid, and for a while threatened his greatest schemes with disaster. But, just as no one can trace the whole results of any one action, however small, so it is impossible to calculate the set-back caused by Jameson's action to Rhodes's plans for a federation of the South African States. Yet we can say with certainty that in the years following its occurrence Rhodes showed a gentler, a more patient and human character, for no man can prove his worth in unrelieved prosperity.

For months after the Raid, Rhodes despised his whole being. 'I blundered,' he said to me in Rhodesia, early in 1896. 'God, how badly I blundered, but I have begun again; I must redeem myself, my settlers still believe in me; they say they still want me and they shall have the best I can give them. I am not going to give in; I shall continue to work for South Africa harder than ever.' There were times early in that year when it was clear that he suffered from an agony of mind almost past endurance, but he gradually rose high above the direful business, though people little knew what he went through at the time. With greater force than ever, he threw himself into the development of South Africa and pressed forward his railway and telegraph lines towards Egypt.

Nothing daunted him, and while others were still wrangling over the Raid he set to work for the interests of all. Prejudice was no part of his nature, and he possessed neither party enmity nor narrowness of spirit. Great ambition he had; not for his own advantage, but for the prosperity of the British Empire, its growth and its greatness. Sitting by him in the little cottage at Muizenberg some four days before his death, I heard him murmur, 'The greatness of my country, the greatness of my country. Would that I might add to it, would that I might add to it.'

The ultimate result of Rhodes's expansion policy, like the ripples from a stone thrown into a still pool, cannot be counted or measured, and the gap he left is one which never can be filled.

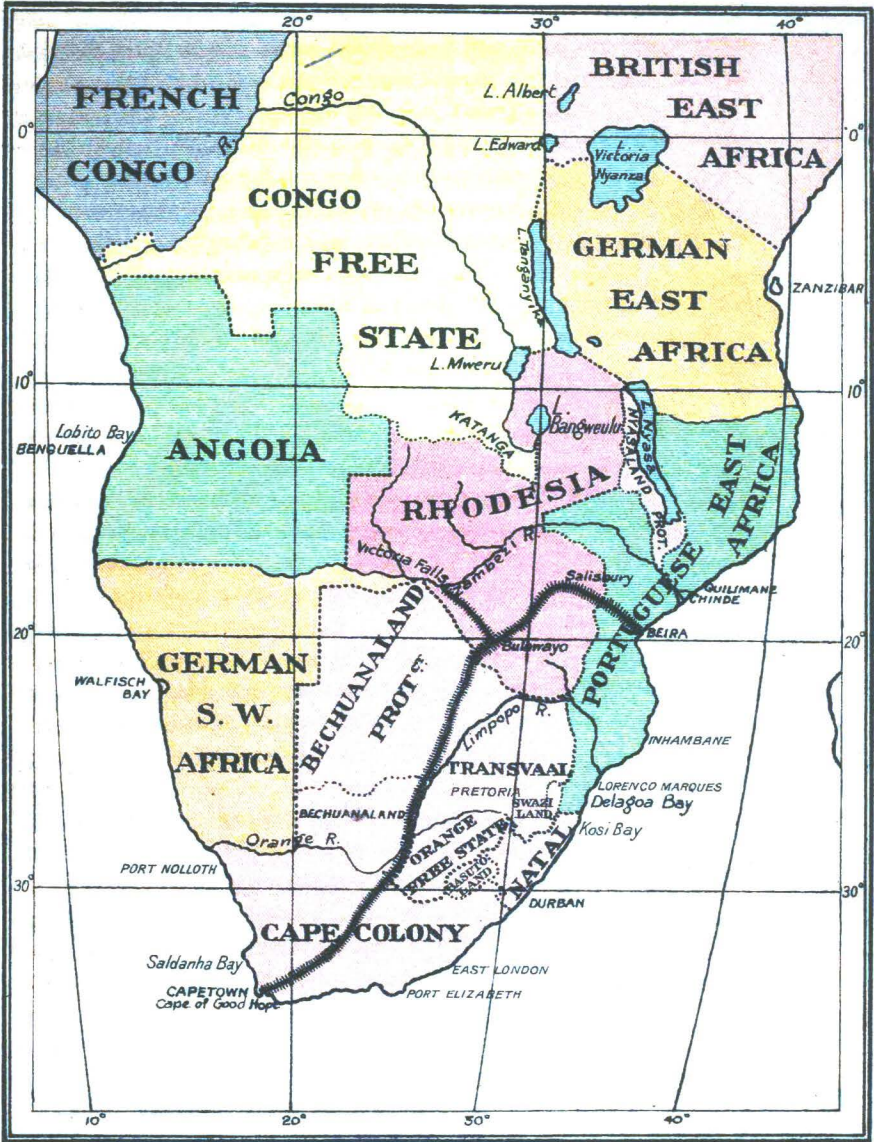
The people of Rhodesia missed him as children miss a father on whom they have grown to depend for all the necessities of life. Until now the settlers had only needed to carry all their problems to Rhodes to have them straightened out. When he was no longer with them, to whom should they turn? It was many years before they learned to stand without effort upon their own feet.

More than all, the natives missed him; to them no one has ever filled his place. From now onwards they got just and fair treatment from the Administration, but this did not compensate them for the nearer and more human touch which marked all Rhodes's dealings with the coloured races.

Lord Grey, in a speech to the Chartered shareholders, said of him: 'He was in truth the most strenuous lover of his country, the most single-minded and the greatest-hearted man I ever met. During his life he gave all his energies and all his wealth to the service of the Empire, and in his Will he has bequeathed to the entire Anglo-Saxon world the priceless legacy of an inspiring ideal. . . . I have come across, and sometimes in the most unexpected quarters, men whose characters have been entirely changed by the example of Cecil Rhodes, and whose ambition it is now to administer as a public trust considerable proportions of those fortunes which, but for him, they would probably have spent upon themselves.'

Speaking of Rhodes eight years after his death, Lord de Villiers—for long Chief Justice of the Cape—said: 'As time passes and his achievements are seen in their true perspective, it is the pure gold of his composition which will be the permanent feature of his image and command the admiration of future generations of South Africans, as of Englishmen.'

When Rhodes first landed in South Africa the boundary of British possessions was at the Orange River and the border of the Orange Free State. Twenty-five years later the southern end of Lake Tanganyika formed the northern limit of British rule.



SOUTH AFRICA IN 1902, THE YEAR OF RHODES'S DEATH.

'From Cape Town to the Zambesi,' said Lord Bryce, when he visited Rhodesia, 'it is all Rhodes. When I asked who built that, who made this industry, who created that, who is responsible for this, I got one reply—Rhodes.'

These words are a sure proof that the ideas Rhodes had begun to form twenty-five years earlier, and moulded through many critical times, had become such well-developed realities that no longer could any passing storm materially damage them; so strong indeed was their structure that all were now able to stand alone, firmly embedded as they were in the foundations he had so thoroughly laid for them.

A quarter of a century has passed since his death, yet to-day his spirit speaks with as great an intensity as if he were alive. He was always thinking of the greatest good for the British race, for which he laboured with such indomitable energy and for which he wore his life to a premature end. His devotion to England was intense. For her expansion, for her glory, for her greatness, he gave everything he possessed, including life, and died still serving her.

Of him it might be said, as it was of Disraeli, 'He opened the souls of Englishmen to the consciousness of a free Empire, a calling and a dignity not inferior to that of Rome.' Posterity must be the judge, and posterity will undoubtedly decide that Rhodes fulfilled the one absorbing thought which imbued his dynamic career—'To be useful to my country.'

INDEX

- Abercorn, Duke of, 111, 113, 336.
 Aborigines Protection Society, 107, 111, 306.
 Adams, Major Goold, 159, 161.
 Adendorff, Concession, 139, 140, 232, 233.
 * Africa, H.M.S., 291, 292.
 African Lakes Company, 138.
 Aird, Sir John, 303.
 Amatongaland, 182.
 Angra Pequena, 65, 72.

 Babayan, 265, 268, 271.
 Baden-Powell, General, 210.
 Bailey, Sir Abe, 336, 355.
 Baker, Sir Herbert, 331, 337, 360.
 Banyailand, 232.
 Barberton, 77, 100.
 Barkly West, 49, 58, 70, 100, 165.
 Barnato, Barney, 44, 48, 79, 80-83, 182.
 Barotseland, 120, 137, 138, 251, 351, 389.
 Basutoland, 57, 58, 60.
 Basutos, 57-59, 214.
 Bathoen, Chief, 169.
 Bechuanaland, 61-74, 76, 82, 85, 86, 99, 100, 102, 110, 111, 119, 131, 132, 168-170, 188, 214, 294, 322, 389, 390.
 Beira, 131, 133, 140, 144, 145, 152, 186, 207, 216, 218, 229, 240, 286, 288, 344, 389.
 Beit, Alfred, 43, 44, 78, 82, 99, 113, 145, 182, 302, 337, 355, 356, 386.
 Belgium, 138.
 King Leopold of, 301, 303, 390.
 Berlin, 303.
 Bettington, Colonel, 198.
 Biscoe, Lieut. Tyndale, 126.
 Bishop's Stortford, 1, 3, 6, 20, 29, 45.

 Blantyre, 137, 138, 150, 307.
 Blignaut's Pont, 124, 139.
 Boers, 1, 26, 41, 45, 50-73, 76, 84-87, 91, 98, 101, 117, 124, 127, 139, 140, 143, 166, 170, 172, 174, 176, 182-184, 187, 192, 194, 197, 205, 216, 222, 224, 283, 288, 289, 291, 292, 295, 297, 298, 309, 311-329, 339, 344, 354, 364, 366, 370, 387, 388, 390.
 Boksburg, 78.
 Bond, The Africander, 54, 67, 76, 85, 127, 128, 142, 143, 182, 220, 288, 289, 292, 295, 299, 313, 344, 345, 346, 388.
 Booth, General, 75, 181, 306.
 Borckenhagen, Carl, 143.
 Botha, General, 388.
 Bower, Sir Graham, 51.
 Bradlaugh, 111.
 Brand, President, 55.
 British South Africa Company, *see* Chartered Company.
 Bulawayo, 6, 85, 86, 99, 100-102, 104-108, 114, 115, 118, 123, 131, 154, 155, 159-165, 208, 210, 215, 217, 224, 233, 240, 241, 252, 253, 258, 262, 266, 268-270, 274-276, 278, 282-284, 288, 289, 290, 298, 302, 330, 347, 348, 349, 352, 353, 365, 370, 375.
 Buller, General, 324.
 Buxton, Sir Sidney, 165.

 Cairo, 47, 74, 282, 288, 295, 297, 302, 348, 349, 356.
 Canada, 148, 294, 310, 313, 318, 373.
 Cape Colony, 46-49, 52-57, 61-64, 72, 74, 76, 80-83, 90, 91, 98, 101, 111, 127-130, 132, 146,

- 148, 150, 159, 161-169, 172, 176, 179-183, 188, 196, 197, 200, 203, 211, 217-221, 223, 231, 236, 246, 248, 257, 288-295, 297, 299, 307, 308, 312, 314, 319, 335, 337, 344, 346, 348, 359, 366, 381, 388-391.
- Government, 50, 53, 54, 63, 67, 76, 119, 127.
- House of Assembly, 50, 53, 54, 63, 65, 67, 76, 85, 119, 127, 131, 219, 220, 223, 224, 291, 298, 299, 314, 338, 344, 346, 369, 391.
- Town, 51, 52, 55, 58, 72, 75, 83, 101, 105, 107, 119, 129, 131, 149, 151, 159, 164, 175, 190, 191, 193, 195, 201, 205, 218, 220-223, 229, 252, 286, 290, 307, 308, 309, 316, 329, 330, 333-336, 340, 342, 348, 350, 354, 360, 362, 364, 368, 369, 395.
- Carnegie, Rev. David, 272, 273.
- Carrington, General, 121, 139, 208-215, 248, 252, 259.
- Cawston, George, 101, 107.
- Chadwick, Cooper, 101, 108.
- Chamberlain, Joseph, 92, 188, 191, 196, 206, 296, 318.
- Chartered Company, The, or British South Africa Co., 110, 113, 116, 119, 125, 130, 132-135, 139, 145, 146, 148-150, 154, 157, 158, 174, 181, 183, 188, 197, 206-208, 211, 213, 232, 282, 296, 297, 299, 300, 301, 305, 351, 352, 355.
- Charter, Fort, 146, 158.
- Charter, The Royal, 116, 120, 127, 206, 283.
- Chibi, Chief, 139, 153, 231-234.
- Churchill, Lord Randolph, 231, 232.
- Churchill, Winston, 355.
- Colenbrander, Johan, 122, 154, 213, 249, 251, 253, 254, 257-262, 264, 265.
- Mrs., 253.
- Colesberg Kopje, 15-18, 24, 30.
- Colquhoun, A. R., 120, 130, 135, 145.
- Colvin, Ian, 47, 81.
- Congo, 120, 138, 301, 390.
- Consolidated Goldfields, 5, 79, 117.
- Constantinople, 180.
- Convention of London, 67, 176.
- Coryndon, Sir Robert, 338, 351.
- Cromer, Lord, 306.
- Cronje, General, 198, 325, 327.
- Currey, Harry, 338.
- Currey, J. B., 25, 337, 338, 369.
- Currie, Sir Philip, 180.
- Dalham Hall Estate, 5, 358, 376.
- Dalston Estates, 100, 103.
- Damaraland, 200.
- Davis, Sir Edmund, 303.
- De Beers, 32, 40, 41, 49, 77-82.
- Consolidated Company, 82, 83, 98, 100, 110, 116, 127, 130, 165, 220, 325, 326, 327, 338, 350, 355, 369.
- Delagoa Bay, 62, 65, 72, 76, 101, 130, 132, 133, 137, 175, 200.
- Delarey, Adrian, 68.
- Derby, Lord, 65, 69.
- Derry, Bishop of, 225.
- De Villiers, Sir Henry, 148, 318, 388, 394.
- De Waal, D. C., 131, 132, 145, 147, 224, 229, 231, 232.
- Doornkop, 197.
- Doyle, Dennis, 115, 118, 122, 135.
- Dutch. *See* under Boers.
- Dutoitspan, 12, 18.
- Edwards, Major Sam, 85, 115.
- Egypt, 141, 149, 151, 298, 301, 302, 303, 305, 308, 356, 357, 393.
- English, Tom, 49.
- Escombe, Prime Minister of Natal, 294.
- Fairbairn, James, 101, 105.
- Faku, 269, 270.
- Farrar, Lionel, 298.
- Faure, Sir Pieter, 128, 336.
- Ferreira, Colonel, 139, 232.
- Fife, Duke of, 113.
- Forbes, Major, 157-160.
- Fort, Seymour, 123, 134, 288.
- Fourteen Streams, 70, 71.
- French, General, 327.
- Frere, Sir Bartle, 165.
- Fuller, Sir Thomas, 51, 54, 55, 56, 75.
- Gambo, 270.
- Gazaland, 135, 137, 389.

- German Emperor, 200, 303, 304,
 306, 378.
 Scholarships, 378.
 Territory, 68, 301, 304.
 Germany, 65, 72, 85, 101, 150, 168,
 174, 181, 184, 199, 200, 285,
 297, 306, 319, 347, 390.
 Gifford, Lord, 110, 113.
 Gladstone, William E., 90, 94, 96,
 141, 149, 165, 305, 309.
 Glen Grey Act, 169, 170, 173.
 Gomalla, Chief, 154.
 Gordon, General, 58, 59, 66.
 Goshen, 62, 63, 70.
 Grey, Colonel Sir Raleigh, 193.
 Grey, Earl, 113, 201, 208, 209, 212,
 217, 218, 231, 240, 241, 279,
 290, 355, 394.
 Lady, 35.
 Grimmer, John, 217, 235, 238, 241,
 242, 251, 253, 257, 258, 320,
 338, 344, 364, 365.
 Griqualand West, 25, 49, 62, 63, 72,
 82.
 Grobler, Piet, 102.
 Grogan, Ewart, 347.
 Grootboom, John, 248-252.
 Groote Schuur, 4, 5, 129, 170, 186,
 201, 217, 220, 240, 283, 296,
 304, 311, 312, 316, 330-343,
 349, 355, 363, 367, 369, 374,
 377.
 Gungunyana, 120, 135-137.
 Gwelo, 207, 208, 210, 238.

 Hammond, John Hays, 177, 178,
 243.
 Harcourt, Sir William, 69, 149, 223,
 348.
 Harris, Dr. Rutherford, 106, 136,
 339.
 Hartley Hill, 146.
 Hawkins, H. C., 12, 18, 22, 41.
 Hawkeley, Bourchier F., 285.
 Hayes-Fisher, Mr. (Lord Downham),
 95, 96.
 Heany, Major, 112, 157, 193.
 Helm, Rev., 101-103, 105, 108, 116.
 Hensman, Howard, 22, 58.
 Hervey, Hubert, 212, 383.
 Hicks-Beach, Sir Michael, 296, 302,
 303.
 Hofmeyr, Jan H., 52-54, 66, 67, 148,
 196, 197, 200, 202, 288, 318, 336.

 Holford, Colonel George, 241, 242.
 Holi, 255-257, 271-274.
 Home Rule, 80, 81, 89-91, 93, 94,
 96, 97.

 Inyanga, 216, 217, 238, 282, 284,
 287, 320, 338, 344, 365, 375.

 Jameson, Dr. Leander Starr, 43, 45-
 48, 62, 106-109, 114-125, 131,
 133-137, 139, 145, 147, 152,
 154-163, 177-179, 182, 183, 186-
 202, 205, 207, 208, 217, 220,
 222, 231, 232, 282, 283, 287,
 288, 311, 312, 320, 336, 346, 348,
 351, 355-359, 363-369, 388, 393.
 Raid, 134, 193, 198, 203, 205-207,
 216-222, 283, 286, 289, 317,
 333, 336, 393.
 Joel, Solly, 182.
 Joel, Woolf, 79, 82.
 Johannesburg, 5, 77, 78, 100, 124,
 175-179, 182, 183, 186-191, 193,
 196-203, 314.
 Johnson, Frank, 112, 121, 122, 125,
 131, 145, 229.
 Johnston, H. H., 120, 137, 138, 150.
 Joubert, General, 68, 69, 133.
 Jourdan, Philip, 51, 201, 217, 235,
 257, 277, 289, 312, 333, 338,
 339, 344, 351, 355, 356, 364.

 Kaiser: See under German Em-
 peror.
 Kalahari, 168.
 Katanga, 120, 138, 231, 390.
 Kekewich, Colonel, 321, 322, 324.
 Khalifa, 300.
 Khama, 101, 102, 122, 146, 232, 266.
 Khartoum, 66, 151, 328.
 Kimberley, 8, 15, 22, 25, 27, 31-34,
 39-41, 43, 44, 48, 49, 52, 58-60,
 62, 64, 66, 69, 76-78, 80, 81, 83,
 86, 103, 106, 109, 113, 114, 118-
 120, 122, 123, 128, 129, 132,
 133, 135, 141, 142, 146, 165,
 170, 171, 180, 182, 202, 205,
 216, 219, 220, 228, 229, 231,
 232, 235, 237, 266, 314, 315,
 319-330, 337, 338, 343, 346,
 350, 351, 362, 370, 386, 387.
 Central Mining Company, 79, 81.
 Club, 82, 121.
 Light Horse, 321, 328.

- Kimberley, Lord, 24.
 Kipling, Rudyard, 337, 349, 371.
 Kitchener, Lord, 5, 151, 300, 301, 303, 304, 328, 361, 366.
 Knutsford, Lord, 88, 107, 111, 113.
 Kruger, President, 48, 55, 56, 61-64, 67, 69, 70, 76, 78, 84, 86, 100, 102, 124, 132-134, 139, 174-178, 181-185, 193, 198-201, 228, 283, 288, 294, 295, 312, 314, 316, 318, 319, 347, 388, 393.
 Kumalu, Karl, 274-278.

 Labouchere, 111, 222, 223.
 Labram, Mr., 325, 327.
 Ladysmith, 5, 320, 325.
 Laing, Major Tyrie, 208.
 Laing's Nek, 319.
 Lange, Mr. Advocate, 237.
 Langlaagte, 77.
 Laurier, Sir Wilfred, 318.
 Lawley, A. L., 152, 186.
 Lendy, Captain, 124, 156.
 Leonard, Charles, 52, 174, 189-192.
 Le Sueur, Gordon, 283, 289, 338, 339, 364.
 Lewanika, 120, 137, 351.
 Limpopo river, 136, 139, 228, 232, 233, 388.
 Lippert, Herr, 101, 131, 132.
 Lisbon, 84, 138, 144.
 Lobengula, 8, 13, 84-87, 99, 101-109, 111, 112, 114-118, 120, 122-125, 131, 153-155, 157, 159-162, 228, 232-234, 254, 255, 258, 263, 265, 266, 268-270, 272-275, 292, 365.
 Loch, Sir Henry, 116, 124, 127, 131, 132, 139, 166, 167.
 Lochner, Frank L., 120, 137, 351.
 Lomagundi, 153, 243, 244.
 Lotje, 114, 161.

 MacDonald, Sir John, 148.
 Machell, Percy, 356.
 Mackenzie, John, 66-68, 70, 71, 111.
 MacLoutsi, 118, 130-132, 228.
 MacNeill, Swift, M.P., 80, 81, 89-91, 93, 96.
 Mafeking, 41, 62, 114, 115, 119, 128, 150, 190, 195, 208, 231, 370.
 Maguire, Rochfort, 34, 43, 97, 99, 102-106, 108, 109, 117, 302, 303, 337, 355.

 Mahdi, The, 66, 149.
 Mankoroane, 62, 63, 85, 390.
 Martin, Sir Richard, 214.
 Mashona tribes, 112, 153-156.
 -land, 108, 112, 118, 120, 121, 123-126, 128, 130-133, 135, 138-140, 144-147, 150, 152, 155-158, 163, 165, 177, 212, 228, 229, 231, 232, 234, 239, 300, 328, 351, 357, 389.
 Matabele, 8, 13, 15, 99, 112, 115, 121, 122, 131, 139, 153-160, 163, 164, 194, 210-214, 233, 248, 249, 253, 254, 256, 258, 259, 264, 265, 268, 273-276, 284, 286, 350, 371-373.
 -land, 85, 86, 88, 98-100, 104, 105, 107, 108, 112, 113, 115, 117, 120, 124, 156, 159, 162, 163, 177, 215, 256, 260, 262, 275, 286, 300, 309, 366.
 Rebellion, 207-214, 239, 274, 338.
 War, 68, 154-163, 194, 375.
 Matopo Estate, 217, 289, 292, 354, 365, 368, 370.
 Dam, 292, 351, 357.
 Hills, 1, 10, 15, 35, 209, 210, 212, 213, 217, 241, 258, 259, 265, 270, 273, 275-278, 280, 284, 286, 309, 339, 340, 350, 351, 359, 368, 371-373, 375.
 Maund, E. A., 85, 101, 104-107, 265, 266.
 Menpes, Mortimer, 332.
 Menzies, Sir Robert, 355.
 Merriman, John X., 22, 23, 48, 52, 128, 151, 171, 202, 317.
 Metcalfe, Sir Charles, 34, 43, 95, 159, 161, 162, 207, 213, 217, 234, 235, 238, 239, 243, 257, 281, 287, 289, 301-303, 312, 336, 344, 351, 355, 356, 364, 369.
 Methuen, General Lord, 323.
 Michell, Sir Lewis, 21, 34, 37, 217, 284, 285, 286, 292, 336, 354, 361, 364, 366, 369.
 Milner, Lord, 34, 288, 293, 313, 317, 318, 319, 336, 345, 385.
 Milton, Sir William, 166, 217, 339.
 M'Jana, 161, 268, 269.
 M'Levu, 263-265.
 Moffat, Rev. J. S., 85-88, 98, 108, 116-118, 262, 263.
 Treaty, 87, 98, 102.

- Molteno, Sir John, 52.
 Mount Hampden, 122, 126.
 Mulzenberg, 312, 329, 360-364, 393.
 M'Ziligazi, 13, 259-263, 269.
- Napier, Colonel, 210.
 Natal, 10, 12, 30, 31, 37, 166, 169,
 176, 183, 265, 294, 317, 319,
 382, 383.
 Native franchise, 76, 77.
 liquor traffic, 77.
 policy, 166, 169-173, 214, 215,
 391.
- Navy, Imperial, 148, 291.
 Newton, Sir Francis, 52, 99.
 N'gamiland, 62, 168, 290.
 Nile, the, 303, 356.
 Norris, W. E., 196.
 Nyasa, Lake, 138, 150.
 -land, 3, 120, 137, 150, 282, 287,
 307.
- Omdurman, 300.
 Orange Free State, 61, 139, 176,
 183, 194, 294, 296, 297, 314-
 317, 319, 325.
- Order in Council, 300, 301, 390.
 Oriel College, 29, 377, 391.
 Oxford, 9, 12, 22, 27, 28, 30-40, 52,
 99, 285, 305, 349, 360, 361, 377-
 380, 383, 384.
- Paardeberg, 325.
 Paarl, 220, 292, 293, 341.
 Palapye, 122, 146, 231, 232.
 Parkes, Sir Henry, 148.
 Parnell, C. S., 81, 89, 90, 93, 95-97,
 100, 392.
- Pauling, George, 152, 186, 215.
 Pennefather, Colonel, 125, 132.
 Phillips, Sir Lionel, 336.
 Pickering, Neville, 43, 45-47, 59, 60,
 235, 338.
- Pickstone, H. E. V., 292.
 Pioneers, The Mashonaland, 123,
 130, 132.
- Pitsani, 193, 220.
 Plumer, General, 212, 213, 214, 248,
 251, 252, 253, 256, 259, 261,
 262.
- Pondoland, 166-169.
 Portal, Sir Gerald, 149.
 Portugal, 132, 138, 200.
 Portuguese, 65, 84, 85, 87, 98, 112,
 116, 117, 120, 132, 133, 135-
 138, 140, 144, 145, 175, 232,
 389.
- Pretoria, 69, 76, 101, 132, 175, 178,
 181, 187, 190, 193, 195, 196,
 200, 201, 228, 315, 317, 347.
- Providential Pass, 126.
- Pungwe River, 131, 133, 144, 145,
 152, 158, 217.
- Radziwill, Princess, 307, 311, 312,
 354, 355, 359, 360, 362.
- Railway, Beira, 152, 186, 216, 288.
 and Customs Union, 76.
 Cape, 76, 124, 133, 175, 314.
 Delagoa Bay, 175.
 Nederlands, 124, 175, 314.
 Trans-Continental, 301, 303, 305,
 308, 348, 349, 389, 393.
- Rannoch, 355.
- Reform Committee, 182, 193, 199.
 Leaders, 5, 189, 190, 198-201.
 Movement, 187, 202, 392.
- Renny-Tailyour, E. R., 101, 104,
 131.
- Rhodes, Cecil John :
 birth, 1.
 family, 1-6.
 at school, 6-9.
 in Natal, 10-17.
 on the Diamond Fields, 18-28.
 his first Will, 26, 130.
 at Oxford and Kimberley, 29-49.
 enters Parliament, 50.
 his second Will, 59.
 secures Bechuanaland, 73.
 amalgamates the diamond mines
 and founds the De Beers Con-
 solidated Company, 82.
 and the Rudd Concession, 102.
 obtains Charter, 116.
 becomes Prime Minister, 127.
 buys Groote Schuur, 129.
 visits Mashonaland, 145.
 annexes Pondoland, 168.
 passes the Glen Grey Act, 171.
 made Privy Councillor, 181.
 and the Reform Movement, 187-
 204.
 resigns Premiership, 196, 202.
 resigns from Board of Chartered
 Company, 206.
 makes peace with the Matabele,
 213, 214.

- before the Select Committee, 222.
 prepares his final Will, 285.
 re-elected to Board of the Chartered Company, 296.
 returns to Parliament, 300.
 receives Degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, 305.
 besieged in Kimberley, 319-327.
 life at Grootte Schuur, 330-342.
 diverse activities, 347-354.
 last illness, 355-365.
 his death, 366.
 his funeral, 367-373.
 his Will, 374-380.
 summary of his work, 381-395.
- Rhodes, Arthur, 4, 5.
 Bernard, 4, 6.
 Edith, 4.
 Elmhirst, 4, 5, 69, 323, 364.
 Ernest, 4, 5, 69, 376.
 Francis William, Rev., 3, 6, 31, 45.
 Frank, Colonel, 4, 5, 8, 9, 12, 23, 25, 27, 30, 69, 149, 189, 198, 199, 300, 372, 376.
 Herbert, 2, 4, 7, 9-12, 14, 15, 18, 20, 23, 25, 26, 27, 48, 49.
 Louisa, Mrs., 3, 4, 18, 20, 31.
 Louisa, 4.
 William, 2, 3, 100.
 Scholars, 373, 378-380, 384, 385.
 Trust, 252.
- Rhodesia, 8, 61, 76, 77, 134, 140, 180, 181, 186, 188, 194, 201, 206, 207, 215-218, 224, 226, 232, 235, 236, 243, 282, 283, 288, 290, 294, 295, 296, 300, 301, 305, 306, 309, 310, 324, 328, 330, 339, 344, 352, 353, 354, 357, 365, 368, 369, 370, 373, 375, 389, 390, 393, 394, 395.
- Richardson, J. P., 248, 249, 251.
 Rinderpest, 207.
 Roberts, Lord, 324, 328, 347.
 Robinson, Sir Hercules (later Lord Rosmead), 5, 65-71, 75, 85, 86, 88, 103, 105, 113, 116, 182, 187, 191, 195-197, 200, 201, 206, 207, 288.
 Robinson, J. B., 78, 182.
 Rolleston, Captain, 11, 15.
 Rooi Grond, 62, 66, 68.
 Rosebery, Lord, 149, 286.
- Rosmead, Lord. *See* under Sir Hercules Robinson.
- Rudd, C. D., 20-27, 32, 33, 38, 40-45, 49, 78, 79, 99-105, 111, 114, 117, 120, 228, 229, 336.
 Concession, 102-104, 107, 109, 114, 116.
- Ruskin, John, 36.
- Salisbury, 124, 126, 130-133, 135, 145, 150, 152, 154, 156-159, 179, 207, 210, 212, 217, 228, 229, 231, 232, 240, 241, 243-245, 274, 282, 286, 287, 289, 290, 295, 297, 298, 330, 344.
 Lord, 84, 89, 113, 137, 140.
 Sandringham, 306.
- Sauer, Dr. Hans, 78, 158, 159, 243, 251, 252, 258.
- Sauer, J. W., 52, 59, 127, 128, 151, 314.
- Sauerdale, 217.
- Scab Act, 172.
- Scanlen, Sir Thomas, 52, 58, 63, 66.
- Schnadhorst, Mr., 141, 142, 392.
- Schreiner, W. P., 52, 151, 197, 201, 202, 288, 314, 336, 344.
 Mrs., 52, 201.
- Schultz, Dr., 120, 136.
- Scully, W. C., 22, 25, 27.
- Select Committee, The, 202, 203, 216, 220-223.
- Selous, F. C., 111, 112, 121-123, 125, 126, 146, 231-234.
- Shangani river, 160, 161, 268, 350, 359, 375.
- Sharpe, Sir Alfred, 138.
- Shaw, Flora, 134.
- Shippard, Sir Sidney, 86, 100, 102.
- Shiré river, 48, 137, 138.
- Sigcau, 166, 167.
- Sivewright, 128, 149, 151.
- Smartt, Dr., 312, 316, 336, 364, 369.
- Sobat, 300.
- Solomon, Saul, 52.
- Soudan, 5, 66, 328.
- Southey, Sir Robert, 25.
- Spengler, Oswald, 4, 341, 367.
- Sprigg, Sir Gordon, 54, 57, 58, 69, 76, 127, 128, 151, 202, 345, 346, 369.
- Stairs, Lieut., 138.
- Stead, W. T., 35, 111, 142, 384.
- Stellaland, 62, 63, 66, 68, 70, 71.

- Stellenbosch, 293.
 Stent, Vere, 251, 252.
 Stevenson, Sir Edmund, 336, 363, 369.
 Steyn, President, 314, 317, 318.
 Stow, Philipson, 49, 82.
 Sutherland, Dr., 11, 12, 14, 29, 37.
 Swan, John, 181.
 Swaziland, 124, 182, 263, 275.

 Tanganyika, 75, 138, 150, 231, 296,
 300, 301, 302, 309, 394.
 Tati, 115, 118, 123.
 Taylor, 'Bulala,' 162.
 Taylor, Sir Herbert, 260, 262, 264.
 Telegraph, trans-continental, 119,
 141, 149-151, 282, 297, 300,
 301, 303-305, 308, 348, 349,
 393.
 Tete, 282.
 Thompson, Frank, 99, 102-106, 108,
 109, 114-118.
 Thomson, Joseph, 120, 138.
 Tony de la Cruz, 145, 196, 201, 234,
 235, 238, 278, 281, 289.
 Transvaal, 27, 30, 48, 53, 54, 56, 61,
 63, 65, 67, 72, 76, 77, 84, 85,
 86, 98, 100, 102, 124, 139, 174-
 177, 181, 182, 183, 187, 188,
 191-193, 200, 202, 203, 211,
 220, 232, 262, 283, 289, 290,
 293, 294, 295, 312, 314, 315-
 319, 325, 352, 387, 390, 393.
 Tuli, 130, 132, 135, 145, 154, 158,
 159, 161, 163, 208, 209, 228.
 Tweed, John, 181, 350, 359.
 Tyson, Captain, 231.

 Uganda, 5, 149, 150, 300, 301.
 Uitlanders, The, 174-178, 182-186,
 192, 194, 198, 203, 289, 313,
 317-319.
 Umkomaas, 12, 13, 14, 16, 30.
 Umlugulu, 250.
 Umtali, 145, 186, 216, 217, 229,
 238, 239, 240, 282, 287, 288,
 330, 344.
 Umvukwe, 243, 244.
 United States of America, The, 48,
 285, 310, 373, 385.

 Upington, Thomas, 52, 66, 69.

 Vaal river, 12, 75, 237, 325.
 Van der Byl, Mrs., 129, 336.
 Van Koopman, Mrs., 336.
 Van Niekerk, 62, 66-68, 70, 71.
 Van Pittius, Gey, 62.
 Venter, M., 131, 132.
 Victoria Falls, 296, 348.
 Fort, 146, 153-156, 158, 159, 208,
 209, 231.
 Queen, 104, 105, 107, 112, 116-
 118, 125, 140, 143, 167, 265,
 266, 267, 269, 317.
 Vryburg, 128, 131, 294, 370.

 Wady Halfa, 151.
 Walfish Bay, 65, 130.
 Walton, Sir Edgar, 336, 364.
 Wankie Colliery, 296.
 War, Boer, 5, 6, 317-329.
 Basuto, 57.
 Matabele, 68, 154-163, 194, 375.
 Warren, General Sir Charles, 34, 69-
 72, 131.
 Watts, G. F., 341.
 Will, the first, 26, 130.
 the second, 59.
 the final, 283, 374-380.
 Williams, Basil, 78, 285.
 Williams, Robert, 231, 355.
 Willoughby, Sir John, 144, 157, 158,
 193.
 Wilson, Major Allan, 160, 161, 268,
 279, 350, 359.
 Wilson, 'Matabele,' 101, 154, 155.
 Windsor Castle, 140.
 Wolseley, General Lord, 77.
 'World's View,' hill, 258, 279, 281,
 368, 371-375.
 Wyndham, George, 95, 96, 222, 242,
 355.

 Zambesi, 75, 82, 84, 101, 103, 120,
 130, 162, 171, 173, 207, 226,
 239, 282, 288, 296, 299, 307,
 308, 348, 354, 381, 389, 395.
 Zimbabwe, 231, 331.
 Zomba, 137.

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