Jameson, painted by his Brother.

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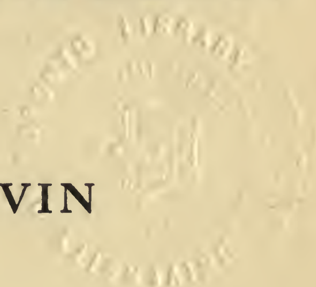
THE LIFE OF JAMESON



BY

IAN COLVIN

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II

WITH PORTRAIT

180897.
30.5.23.

LONDON
EDWARD ARNOLD AND CO.
1922

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PORTRAIT

JAMESON, PAINTED BY HIS BROTHER . . . *Frontispiece*

MAP

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THE RAID 57

THE LIFE OF JAMESON

CHAPTER XXII

THE WITWATERSRAND

'She builds in gold, and to the stars,
As if she threatened heaven with wars.'
BEN JONSON.

I

In leisurely fashion the party trekked over the great plains of Matabeleland and Mashonaland, examining the rock formations, visiting the gold-mines, chatting with prospectors, and marvelling over the old workings of a vanished race of miners whose hopes, once as high as theirs, were now reduced to indistinguishable dust. In all the little settlements Rhodes and Jameson were besieged with welcomes and petitions, and Rhodes's cheque-book or a scrap of an old envelope in place of a cheque, or Jameson's unfailing banter, stilled the clamour of many a discontented pioneer. Making north-east from Salisbury, the travellers reached the high Inyanga plateau which hung over the coastlands beneath, and was cool with the sea breezes of the Southern Seas. On this eastern escarpment in a land of grassy downs where bracken and brambles grew in the hollows, Rhodes laid out a farm, with the delight of a countryman who satisfies at last a long-deferred desire, the instinct of his race.

Then they went down the Pungwe River, and so

by Beira to Delagoa Bay, where they found the Portuguese practically besieged in their town by the Gazas.

Jameson must have enjoyed the situation enormously.

'We offered—Dr. Jameson and I—to assist them,' Rhodes afterwards told the Chartered Company, 'because the natives in rebellion were a portion of the tribe of Gungunhana, to whom we pay tribute; but the Portuguese declined our assistance, and one cannot help respecting their national pride.'

We might add that the refusal suggests circumspection as well as self-respect. For Rhodes had been for years and was still doing everything in his power to get hold of Delagoa Bay as part of his plan to bring about a union of South Africa by the peaceful encirclement of the two Republics.

Michell gives an account of these negotiations.[1] They began as far back at least as the beginning of 1892, and were conducted at first by Mr. Merriman, and then by Sivewright and other agents. In 1893 Rhodes had a representative in Lisbon, and arranged to offer £700,000 for the territory. Portugal's price went up as her credit went down. Rhodes was by this time negotiating as Prime Minister of the Cape, but paying for options and other expenses out of his own pocket. In April 1894 the Secretary of State for the Colonies telegraphed that Portugal refused to sell, but might lease Delagoa for one hundred years for a globular sum of £1,250,000 and £400,000 for the lease. During June and July the negotiations continued, but the Imperial Government was lukewarm and Portugal was shy. In the end the negotiation fell through. It is said that the Portuguese Government, then in a state almost of bankruptcy, con-

[1] *Life of Rhodes*, chapter xxvii.

sented, but that Queen Victoria intervened, fearing that popular indignation in Portugal might bring about the fall of the Royal House of Braganza.

It is in vain for the historian to speculate on might-have-beens; but it is as near certainty as we can get in our human affairs that if Rhodes had been properly supported in these negotiations by the Imperial Government the war which he feared and desired to avoid might never have taken place.

However that may be, Rhodes and Jameson went from Delagoa Bay to Pretoria, where Rhodes had another interview with the President; but could come to no accommodation.

From Pretoria they went to Johannesburg, the central town of the Witwatersrand, of which we must now say something, since it enters into the very pith and marrow of our history.

British diggers had been busy since the days when the two brothers trekked up to Marabastad in William Scully's wagon. They fossicked and prospected north and north-east, and found traces and pockets of gold in the broken valleys of Zoutpansberg and Lydenburg. The quartz of De Kaap Valley made a stir in 1883, and in 1884 the more famous quartz of Barberton was discovered. The Barberton correspondent of the *Volkstem*, writing on December 22, 1885, gives a glowing account of 'Bray's Golden Quarry' (now the Sheba Mine), which 'continues to astonish all who visit it.' 'They have now,' he continues, 'thirty yards of reef exposed, and all carrying visible gold, and are not yet across the lode.'

These and other discoveries were chiefly made by British prospectors from Natal and Kimberley; as for the Transvaal Boers, they looked on, some with hostility, some with indifference, but some with interest and hope. The diggers were not to their

liking—hustling, rough, noisy, irreverent fellows for the most part, who played cards of a Sunday and sometimes paid as little respect to property as to religion. But the gold-fields provided a market for their produce, raised the price of land, and might provide also for the financing of their Government.

At first the finds were flaws and pockets of gold-bearing quartz, dazzlingly rich but tantalisingly brief—no sound foundation for the fortunes of a state. The little band of diggers rushed from one deposit to another, and there was roaring luck while it lasted. These quartz formations were like the diamonds of the river—an adventure for the adventurous, a gamble, a speculation; but not a permanent organised industry. Yet just as the river-diggings preceded the diamond mines, so the quartz of Pilgrim's Rest and Barberton heralded the great discovery of the gold reefs of the Witwatersrand.

East and west for about 45 miles through the centre of the Transvaal, about 30 miles to the south of Pretoria, runs a range of cold, bare uplands, some 6500 feet above the sea, but not very much higher above the surrounding plateau than the Downs above the rest of Sussex or the Cotswolds or Chilterns above the valley of the Thames.

These Downs, treeless and grassy, and steeper upon the north than upon the south, were known as the Witwatersrand, the Ridge of the White Waters. They were parcelled out in great farms or ranches by Boers who grazed their flocks upon them in the hot summer months and left them for the lower and warmer pastures of the Bushveld in the winter.

It happened, in the year 1884, that a prospector from Natal, H. W. Struben by name, bought two farms in this region, Jacoby's farm of Sterkfontein

and Geldenhuis's farm of Wilgespruit. At Wilgespruit, Struben's brother Fred discovered the Confidence Reef, a small but rich quartz vein on the northern edge of the Rand. For the crushing of this quartz he set up a five-stamp battery, and kept one or two prospectors at work exploring for more.

A rumour of this discovery reached the perplexed Government of the Transvaal in the middle of the year 1885. Paul Kruger and his advisers were, as it happened, at that very time racking their brains over the chronic problem of how to raise the wind. The Volksraad had voted for an issue of Treasury notes; but the Council feared that the issue would not be taken up—and if the thing were to fail, it might strengthen the party which was still working for union with the Cape Colony under the British flag. Here, then, was a chance, a chance to save the Transvaal from bankruptcy, confusion, and ridicule. If there was gold, why not a gold currency?

On June 1, 1885, Dr. Jorissen on behalf of the Transvaal Government invited Mr. Struben to a conference at Pretoria. Struben went and showed the assembled Boers some rich specimens of his gold-bearing quartz. The Boers were duly impressed, and Struben upon his side took advantage of the opportunity to read a little lecture to the Government on the advantages it might reap from encouraging the mining industry. And the President, upon his side, 'promised the assistance and protection of the Government to those who endeavoured to develop the mining wealth of the State.' [1]

When we come to consider what followed between

[1] These negotiations were reported in the Transvaal newspapers of the time, and are also described in Mr. Struben's journal, a very interesting document kindly shown to us by his daughter.

the Transvaal Government and the miners it will be fair to keep this promise in mind. So far from being unwelcome intruders, the diggers were in those early days the saviours of the State.

In the meantime the Strubens were going on with their prospecting. At Sterkfontein they sank a shaft and found gold-bearing rock, and on Paarde Kraal they found a gold-bearing conglomerate which they followed along the Rand from Vogelstruisfontein and Driefontein. They had found an outcrop of the Main Reef. It was something altogether new, for the gold was not in quartz, nor was it in nuggets in a river-bed; it was finely distributed through a curious sort of pudding-stone formation of closely-packed pebbles held together by a sandy disintegrated quartz-like matrix or cement.

The country winkels or stores were accustomed to display in those days for the regalement of youth bottles of a round, hard, variously coloured sweetmeat known as banquette, formed of sugar-coating upon a core of nuts, almonds, or cloves. As the conglomerate upon the surface was disintegrated into a mass of smooth red and white quartz pebbles, of various shapes and sizes, exactly resembling these sweets, the formation was called banquette, more commonly spelt banket.[1] This curious reef could be traced for miles along the surface of the ground, sometimes sharp and clear, at other times overlaid by drifts of red sand. It lay upon a cant, so much was to be seen upon the surface, though how far it went down was a mystery. And wherever it was tested, the cement matrix—not the pebbles themselves—yielded gold, richly distributed although in fine particles.

[1] For this and a good deal more in this chapter we are indebted to Dr. Hans Sauer's entertaining little book, *The Far East Rand.*

The difference between this banket formation and the quartz was, as we have said, the difference between the dry diggings and the river diggings. For here was not a vein or a blow, but a reef of ore that could be worked for miles like a seam of coal.

Struben, as we may suppose, was not himself expansive over this discovery; but he had some leaky vessels among his men, and in May 1886 one of them, a South African Dutchman called Bantjes, showed some of the banket to a Mr. Sheasby of Kimberley, who happened to be in the Transvaal on a hunting trip.

When Sheasby returned to Kimberley he took Dr. Hans Sauer and one or two other friends into his confidence, and together they panned the ore. Next morning found Dr. Sauer in the stage coach for Potchefstroom, sitting opposite J. B. Robinson. They were both upon the same errand. The same coach which brought Sheasby had also brought two letters from Dr. Bird of Potchefstroom, telling Robinson and Sauer of the discovery. So hiring a Cape cart and four at Potchefstroom they set out together and were soon busily engaged exploring the wonders of the Main Reef, upon which by this time a little crowd of miners were already working. Robinson bought the farm of Langlaagte from the widow Oosthuizen for £1500—ground afterwards worth many millions. Sauer and young Oosthuizen walked ten miles to the west, where the reef had again been opened, on the site of the Durban Roodepoort, and they also looked in at the camp of Colonel Ferreira—afterwards the Ferreira Gold Mining Company. Here and there as they went along Dr. Sauer filled a bag with samples of the ore,

and with this burden of potential wealth returned to Kimberley.[1]

Two mornings after Dr. Sauer returned to Kimberley Rhodes and Rudd were both comfortably seated in the two corner-seats of Gibson's coach with their backs to the driver. Sauer *ran* several stages—to avoid suspicion—before he joined them. The coach drawn by a team of ten marvellously handled horses was soon at Potchefstroom, and was diverted for the first time in its history to cross the Rand on its way to Pretoria. And so it came about that Rhodes and his party were set down beside Colonel Ferreira's wagon, a place already known as Ferreira's Camp. Already a little crowd of diggers were at work, and in the week that Sauer had been away an enterprising Englishwoman had run up a reed and mud building called Walker's Hotel. There the party stayed until they bought the little Boer farm of Klein Paardekraal, the homestead of which, a small three-roomed stone cottage with a thatched roof, became their headquarters, from which they fossicked and prospected east and west, Rhodes and Rudd directing operations.

On Wednesday afternoon, August 4, according to our *Diamond Fields* journalist, Mr. C. D. Rudd, accompanied by Messrs. Duplessis, J. B. Robinson, Dr. Sauer, Mr. Esselen, and the Landdrost of the district, chipped some pieces from the Main Reef and leaders on the farm of Turffontein. The pieces weighed about 2 lb. 'One of the proprietors (Mr. Duplessis) roughly pounded them in a mortar and took the stuff close by and washed it. After the refuse had been thrown off, the party of gentlemen

[1] On July 28, 1886, Dr. Sauer left Potchefstroom for Kimberley with a bagful of auriferous soil.—*Diamond Fields Advertiser.*

were interested to find about half a pennyweight of gold mixed with the fine black sand generally found along with it.'

The Transvaal Government were equally interested. On August 5 there was a conference between Mr. Rissik, the Vice-President of the Republic, and General J. C. Joubert, the Commandant-General, upon the one side and about two or three hundred of those chiefly interested in the Fields, among whom were Messrs. Rhodes, Rudd, Robinson, Caldicott, Dr. Hans Sauer, Mr. Wolhuter, and other well-known Kimberley gentlemen on the other.

The Conference was upon certain questions of mining law and rights. President Kruger had declared two years before—or so it was reported—in favour of big companies, because he did not want to see his country overrun by diggers; but now he appeared to be on the other side. And it was reported as the opinion of the Attorney-General that no person could hold more than one claim in the entire gold-fields, and that no sale or transfer of claims made before the Fields were thrown open was to be allowed. On August 21 Cecil Rhodes was in Pretoria, one of a deputation to interview the President on the subject. In this, the second interview between Rhodes and Kruger, Rhodes again had his way. Kruger was by nature stiff, but he was not blind to the logic of facts. The reef could only be worked in large sections, and it must be worked if the State was to be saved from bankruptcy. On September 4, 1886, it was announced that the interdict on part of the Witwatersrand property of Cecil Rhodes and C. D. Rudd had been removed.

When we come to a later part of our history we shall find Cecil Rhodes described as an outsider

intervening in the affairs of the Transvaal. It is fair, then, to remember that from the beginning of the Witwatersrand he was one of the heads of the industry, and was recognised as such by Paul Kruger himself.

Rhodes, it is true, had not done so well on the Witwatersrand as in Kimberley. There was the unfortunate affair of the death of Pickering. And again, when his friend, J. B. Taylor, had shown him the Main Reef on one of its richest sections—where it stuck out from the Downs like a shark's fin above the sea—Rhodes had hesitated and had refused the opportunity of untold millions. In those early days at least it was a gamble, and Rhodes, who was not by nature a gambler, was never altogether happy in this new enterprise.

Once when Dr. Sauer had been trying to persuade him to buy some promising ground he replied, 'It is all very well, but I cannot calculate the *power* in these claims.'

And when Sauer asked him to explain, Rhodes went on:—

'When I am in Kimberley, and I have nothing much to do, I go and sit at the edge of the De Beers Mine, and I look at the blue ground below, and I can calculate the number of loads of blue and the value of the diamonds in the blue and the power these diamonds give me. But this I cannot do with your gold reefs.'

Nevertheless those purchases which Rhodes and Rudd did make were the foundation of one of the chief mining houses on the Rand, the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa. Rhodes was a power in Johannesburg.

II

But now we are in the month of October 1894, and in those eight years Johannesburg had sprung like Aladdin's palace out of the empty desert, and like Aladdin's palace was garish, rich in gold, complete in everything save water and drains.

If the builders were not Djinns and Afrites, they were at least as outlandish a community as were ever heaped together by an accident of fortune.

At bottom were the black, brawny, careless, singing savages of Africa, from all parts of the teeming East between Beira and Port Elizabeth. Their blind strength was guided chiefly by Cornish miners, whose ancestors had been first taught their trade by the Carthaginians, and it is an interesting speculation that these same Carthaginians might have taught the ancestors of the Shangani boys whom the Cornishmen now directed. Above these Cornishmen and other English and Australian miners were American and British engineers, and above them again were the capitalists, some English, others German, and many Jewish, an able, voluble, humorous, cynical crowd.

And at the top of all stood the several great mining and financial houses, whose heads and chief servants were the magnates and patricians of the place.

Upon the main stem of the mining industry all manner of subsidiary activities contrived to exist— English accountants and bank clerks, German chemists and import agents, the British shopkeeper, Australian prospectors and mine-managers, and a cosmopolitan crowd of stockbrokers and land agents, liquor-sellers, illicit gold-buyers, pimps, and fried-fish shopkeepers, and the votaries of all nationalities

of a hundred and one other trades and occupations, reputable and disreputable.

This mixed community did the most amazing things. It followed the canting reef of hardening rock thousands of feet down into the bowels of the earth, blasted out the adamantine ore with drills and dynamite, pulverised it with stamps, washed it with pumped-up and impounded water, spread it over sheets of copper coated with quicksilver, soaked it in tanks, and dissolved it in cyanide of potassium until almost the last fine particle of gold was extracted from it, and heaped up the residue in high dusty pyramids—the 'tailings' of the Reef.

And it built a great city in which eight-storey marble-fronted, and brick-backed buildings towered above shanties of corrugated iron—a city of electric light and electric trams, gorgeous shops and gay music halls, rising suddenly out of the empty veld, hundreds of miles away from and thousands of feet above the sea.

It was a community like Kimberley, only bigger and more volatile—energetic, intent upon its own interests, elevated or depressed according as its engineers and chemists were baffled by or victorious over the problems of its industry and its financiers were secure or insecure in the wavering faith of the investing public.

In times of prosperity it was intent upon gold, the object of its existence; but in times of depression it turned savagely to the thoughts of its losses and grievances at the hands of a Government which neither understood it nor liked it, but looked upon it only as a bed of pearl-bearing molluscs, which had grown miraculously on a rocky range for the profit and sustenance of the surrounding inhabitants.

It was to diagnose this state of feeling that Jameson was now visiting Johannesburg. To that end, as he afterwards reported, he had many talks with 'the miners and working-classes,' and the result was to convince himself and to inform Rhodes that Mr. Hammond was right in the account he had given of the political feeling of Johannesburg.

The mining community, it is important to remember, was in 1894 only emerging from the effects of the Baring crisis which had nearly brought about its ruin in 1891, and was only beginning to feel the benefit of the railway which reached Johannesburg in September 1892. It was only beginning that great expansion which reached its summit three years later, and with the gloom of the slump still upon it, it had been fighting a fierce but fruitless battle for political and economic rights.

In 1893 a petition with 13,000 signatures was received by the Raad with mocking laughter. In 1894 another petition signed by 35,483 Uitlanders was rejected with contumely, and President Kruger forced through the House Law No. 3 of 1894 which so altered the fundamental law of the State as to put the ballot beyond the reach of the new population. 'The measure,' says Sir Percy FitzPatrick, 'was accepted on all hands as an ultimatum—a declaration of war to the knife. . . . When remonstrated with . . . by a prominent man whose sympathies are wholly with the Boer . . . the President . . . pointed to the Transvaal flag flying over the Government buildings, saying, ". . . If I grant the franchise I may as well pull it down."'

The political organisation of the Uitlanders was recruited from the miners and the middle-classes, the great mining magnates deeming it better to hold

aloof from politics. Of the National Union, Charles Leonard, a lawyer and politician from Cape Town, was Chairman by virtue of a fine gift for political oratory, which, as is sometimes the case, covered an unfortunate deficiency in the more robust qualities of leadership. Bettington, who was to prove himself a more courageous spirit, had already begun to threaten force and to work by means of rifle clubs and military corps for forcible conclusions. With these were many others. The rank and file—there can be no doubt at all—were in deadly earnest. For like the toad under the harrow they felt the weight and the sharpness of the Dopper dispensation. They not only suffered more than their superiors from the insolence of office, its inefficiency and corruption; but they inherited the ignominy of the Majuba settlement in the open contempt of the Transvaal Boer for the defeated Briton.

At the head of the industry, Jameson's old acquaintance of early Kimberley days, Lionel Phillips, now a member of H. Eckstein and Company, Johannesburg representatives of the chief financial power on the Rand, Wernher, Beit and Company, was President of the Chamber of Mines. Mr. Phillips, as we gather from the letters he wrote at this time, was not at all anxious to plunge into a political or revolutionary agitation or to trust to the leadership of Cecil Rhodes. He had too much upon his shoulders to relish such risks, and preferred quieter methods of accommodation; but even he was beginning to despair of a peaceful issue out of the embittered and deep-rooted quarrel. All these and many others Jameson must have interviewed before he arrived at the conviction which later was to cost him so dear, that whatever its leaders might do, the mining

community of Johannesburg was fixed upon a political revolution. Jameson reported to Rhodes that all that Mr. Hammond had said was substantially correct.

Then Rhodes, we may suppose, had a struggle with himself. His better judgment bade him stick to his own plan. But he saw also the dangers of caution. The Reformers were clamorous. If they went on without him and succeeded, on Republican lines, he might bid farewell to his dream of a British South Africa.

Then his Delagoa Bay negotiation had failed . . . it looked as if his whole plan might fail. . . . No, he could not afford to stand out. . . .

And so Rhodes decided: he would drive a bargain with the Reformers—the terms of the bargain we shall see later—and he would agree to assist them, with his purse and influence, in the overthrow of the Transvaal Government. 'It was agreed,' Jameson afterwards testified, 'that the Police and Volunteers of the Chartered Company should be made as efficient as possible.' That was to be Jameson's part.

CHAPTER XXIII

A GAME OF CHESS

I

FROM Johannesburg Jameson followed Rhodes to Kimberley, and so on to Cape Town. The Cape was by this time ranged solidly behind Rhodes and the Rhodesian policy. For had not Rhodes spoken of Cape Town as the capital of an Africa united from the Cape to the Zambesi? No longer the Sleepy Hollow of old time; she was now a city inspired by a great ideal. Her young men and her money had helped in the conquest of the North, and she looked on the North as her heritage. And so she gave Rhodes and Jameson such a reception as Venice in her prime might have given to two of her captains returning from some fruitful and glorious conquest in the Adriatic or the Ægean. The Mayor presided at a banquet held in their honour—'the most representative and enthusiastic gathering of the kind that has taken place here for many years.' [1]

Here, for the first time in public, and in the presence of Rhodes, Dr. Jameson spoke of the new State as 'Rhodesia.' He thanked the Cape for its help in their progress to the North, in particular when the Boers of the Zoutpansberg threatened to stop their northern expansion. The Cape had also helped when war broke out and a massacre of whites and natives appeared to be probable, 'and when the

[1] *The Times*, October 29, 1894. The banquet was held on Saturday, October 27.

freedom of local administration was threatened by a section of the public in England—on all these points the Cape had strengthened the hands of the High Commissioner.'

Jameson was learning the art of politics. He appealed to the cherished principle of Colonial liberty: 'He claimed freedom for local administration because only those who knew local wants could understand the questions which arose. But they would always remember that they were under the power of the Imperial Government.'

We have the speaker's own commentary on this speech in a letter he wrote to his brother Sam on October 31, 1894, the day he left with Rhodes for England:—

'We are off this afternoon and glad to get away. I am getting a pretty bad time of it over the speech from Bower and his section: but I don't care a damn—on the principle of Chas. Lamb—better to be damned than not noticed at all, it won't do me any harm. Then *qua* politics, Rhodes is a little frightened that it may be injudicious, but I am sure it is right. The Cape Dutch element is more important to satisfy than the home people at present. If it saves me some extra dinners at home I shan't be sorry.'

The reception which Jameson and Rhodes had in England disappointed these forebodings. Labouchere and the Aborigines Protection Society had made a noise, but they had not alienated the heart of England from her adventurous sons, who revived in her breast proud memories of Clive, of Wolfe, of Baird, of Chatham. When Rhodes addressed the shareholders of the Chartered Company in the city of London, the expectation of hearing him brought such crowds as blocked the approaches to the Cannon

Street Hotel.[1] The Queen entertained Rhodes at Windsor and made Jameson Commander of the Bath. Jameson, indeed, became the lion of London—hunted with scant success by many a Diana of the social world. The political world lionised him also. The Prince of Wales presided over the banquet and meeting of the Imperial Institute held in Jameson's honour.

Jameson's address is interesting as one of the first examples we possess of his powers of exposition and debate.[2] His keen, dry, incisive style and his economy of words suggest his ancestry of Edinburgh—a city which has always paid due honour to logic. He described British policy in South Africa, first the calamitous treatment of the Dutch over their property in slaves, then the occupation of the Orange River Sovereignty and the retreat across the Orange, and then the annexation and the abandonment of the Transvaal. Thus England had surrendered the bulk of the interior and withdrawn to the Cape. 'But still the North was open to us.' When Rhodes fought for the North with the Transvaal he had to fight alone: 'The Little England policy was then in full force, and I don't think any Minister would have ventured to put forward as a reasonable proposal the annexation under the British flag of the territory between Mafeking and the Zambesi, about 1000 miles in extent, and certainly there was only one man who thought of adding another 1000 miles . . . to the end of Lake Tanganyika.' Rhodes had found the means to annex 'a country as large

[1] January 18, 1895. For the speech see p. 417 of the *Speeches*. In this speech Rhodes developed his policy of Imperial preference.

[2] *Imperial Institute Journal*, N. 1, p. 61. The address was given on January 28, 1895.

as Europe,' a country 'where white men and women can live, where children can be reared in health and vigour.' And he went on to describe Rhodesia as a land bearing not only gold but coal and iron side by side, and '100,000 fat, sleek cattle to prove its pastoral value'—'a happy combination,' as *The Times* remarked next day, 'of Canaan, Ophir, and the Black Country.'

Then Jameson passed on—logically as we have already seen—to a bigger question, 'a commercial union of the different States of South Africa.' 'There was the question of the flag . . . more a question of sentiment, but certainly the sentiment we hold in Charterland and in the Cape Colony is that at present we have the Union Jack, and we are determined never to lose it. But for the very reason we think so strongly on that point we can afford to appreciate and allow for the same feelings in others, and also we must always remember that unity of flag is not a *sine qua non* for the commercial union of which I am now speaking.' The connection between Cape Colony and Rhodesia would have an influence on the future of South Africa. And as there were now 50,000 Englishmen in the Transvaal, 'surely even the Transvaal with its 15,000 Boers and Mr. Paul Kruger will within a reasonable time see reason, and join in this much to be desired union of the South African States.' And here Jameson explained how the Cape Colony had already pushed its railways up through the Orange Free State to the banks of the Vaal. 'One State from the Cape Peninsula to the Zambesi with inter-free trade' would, he concluded, be of 'enormous benefit to South Africa and the Empire.' Also it would be an enormously valuable market for the British manufacturer. 'And

then, gentlemen, I don't think we shall hear from that Little England Party should it still exist.'

The value of this speech to the biographer of Dr. Jameson is the light it throws upon subsequent events. Jameson's mind was already active on this great question of the union of South Africa. He saw the bearing of Rhodesia on the question; he followed Rhodes in the idea that a commercial and railway union, with the Cape as 'the predominant partner,' would bring the political union about; but he saw also the obstacle in the Transvaal of Paul Kruger and his 15,000 armed Boers.

Such considerations lead to another part of Jameson's activities during this visit to London. 'When in England in 1894, I urged,' he afterwards told the Committee, 'the transfer of the Bechuanaland Protectorate to the Chartered Company.' Upon the question Rhodes had been in conflict with the High Commissioner ever since the Occupation: he claimed the Protectorate under the Charter, and it was part of his design to link up the territories of the Company with those of the Cape Colony. But when Jameson took a hand, was he thinking of a 'jumping-off ground' supposing he undertook the greater business already in his mind?

In the meantime Jameson enjoyed himself. He saw all the family circle, and there is a hilarious tradition of how he treated his Pringle and Jameson cousins to a champagne luncheon at the Glasgow Exhibition. There is a tradition also of his return voyage with Willoughby and other friends—the life and soul of the ship, and as keen on a game of deck quoits as if his life were staked on it. Little did he know that these joyous moments of a free and

careless mind were drawing to an end with him, as he sailed through the halcyon seas of the Southern hemisphere.

II

On his way to the North Jameson again visited Johannesburg: he was there in March 1895: and found the murmur of approaching strife growing louder. So he went on to his stronghold in the North, and there 'gave special attention to the formation of the Rhodesian Horse, a volunteer force . . . and to the general efficiency of the Matabeleland Mounted Police.'[1] We see something of these activities in a letter which he wrote to his brother Sam on May 16, 1895:—

'Everything going well and plenty of money coming in; but the inhabitants more voracious for favours than ever, and I less inclined to give now that they can stand on their own legs. Am having fair ructions with our new legal luminaries, but am getting them in fair order, and hope to get them to see common sense without an open row—a difficult thing to do with the legal mind. Otherwise the Council is working much better than I expected, and I am getting rid of detail work to the various heads, so that I shall be free to get away and travel about for the future. To-night I have to talk to the Volunteers—not easy as I hate all the idiotic military paraphernalia, yet one must appear to like it all, and induce this crowd to like it—as it is a necessity to get them together. . . . I am leaving next week to meet Willoughby and get Volunteers properly under way there and go through the usual crop of grievances. Get pretty sick of them all.'

Omens and events in the South seemed to justify these preparations. The quarrel was maturing not

[1] Evidence before Select Committee.

only between Kruger and the Reformers, but between Kruger and the Cape Colony and between Kruger and the Imperial Government.

Indeed the relations between the British Government and the Transvaal had long been on the very edge of war. The Warren Expedition of 1885 came just short of it. The High Commissioner's visit to Pretoria in 1894 was backed by a concentration of Bechuanaland police on the border. And in a despatch to Lord Ripon Sir Henry Loch warned the Imperial Government that every moment an explosion was imminent. The population of Johannesburg was on the edge of revolt; but they were unarmed and the Transvaal Government would probably put down any disturbances with great severity. Kruger had probably 15,000 men available for service; but as they were greatly scattered, it was unlikely that they could bring 6000 together. And the High Commissioner went on to point out that the extension of the railway to Mafeking in British Bechuanaland rendered the approach to Johannesburg easy of accomplishment across a country ill adapted for defence, but open for the advance of a small well-organised force. If there was a sudden outbreak in Johannesburg, he proceeded, Her Majesty's Government could not remain indifferent. Moreover the population of Johannesburg could be rapidly armed, and would only require the support of a small disciplined body of troops, which could be provided by two additional battalions and a field battery being added to the garrison of the Cape Peninsula. In the meantime the Transvaal Government should be warned that if disturbances were the result of their policy towards British residents, Her Majesty's

Government would not regard with indifference a state of affairs that would endanger the lives and property of Her Majesty's subjects.[1]

How far the British Government took the advice of their High Commissioner may be judged from its trooping dispositions. Thus, for example, the troopship *Victoria* left Bombay for Southampton on October 10, 1895, with the 7th Hussars on board. Contrary to her usual custom she sailed by way of the Cape. When she touched at the Cape the crisis for the moment had abated and the regiment was not disembarked; but she repeated the manœuvre on her next voyage home, this time with a battalion of the King's Own on board. When the trouble actually came, at the end of 1895, the Imperial garrison at the Cape stood at 3500 men; but the 1st Battalion of the Leinsters was on its way from the West Indies to relieve the Black Watch, and the Black Watch, although under orders for India, did not go, and the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Lancasters was, as we have seen, in the *Victoria* going home by way of the Cape of Good Hope.

The High Commissioner contrived to compose the acute crisis of Kruger's 'Commandeering' of British subjects. But no sooner was it settled than another crisis arose.

It was a crisis in the great game which Rhodes and Kruger had been playing for years with railways,

[1] Lord Loch in his statement in the House of Lords (May 1, 1896) said: 'The steps I took were in connection with an assembly at certain points of the British and Imperial Bechuanaland Police. My intention was that if disturbances had arisen in Johannesburg . . . it would have been my duty . . . to have informed President Kruger that he would be held responsible . . . if he failed in . . . the necessary measures . . . I should have felt myself at liberty to have taken such steps as I might have felt expedient,' etc.

customs, trade, and harbours as their cards. Broadly speaking, Rhodes's play was to encircle and interpenetrate the Transvaal; Kruger's to establish a separate and independent system of the North based upon Delagoa Bay. In the beginning, the South African Republic, upon the edge of bankruptcy with no outlet but to the South, was ready to agree to almost any terms. But the Cape Colony took a huckster's advantage and charged heavy tolls on the goods which went through its territories into the Transvaal. At the end of 1881 the Transvaal retaliated by placing a duty upon Cape brandy and other Colonial produce, and the Colony thereupon imposed an import tax on the produce of the Transvaal, then chiefly consisting of Magaliesberg tobacco.

The Republic then petitioned both for a Customs union and for the extension of the Cape railway system from Kimberley to Pretoria. The Cape Government of that day, if it had been wise, might have federated South Africa by a Railway and Customs Union on Colonial terms. In 1885 the famous 'Sammy' Marks, a sagacious Jew who often advised Paul Kruger in commercial matters, went down to Cape Town and offered to give Sprigg and Upington control of a railway to be built from Kimberley to Delagoa Bay on the sole condition that the Colony allowed the produce of the Transvaal to enter duty free. The Ministers refused.

As Rhodes was fond of saying, 'The mists of Table Mountain covered all.' Rhodes, as we may gather from the debates of those days, warned the House over and over again of the short-sightedness of its Ministers, and the golden opportunity they were missing. The speech which he made on May 20, 1886, prophesies the disasters which afterwards followed.

'What is staring the House in the face at the present moment,' he said, 'is that unless action is taken at once the Delagoa Bay railroad will be carried out. That means . . . that we shall not get a continuation of the line from Kimberley to Pretoria. Commercial people will be always inspiring or instilling into the rulers of the Transvaal hostile action against the Cape Colony. In other words, if the Delagoa Bay railway is carried out, the real union of South Africa will be indefinitely deferred.' 'Commerce,' he continued, 'should come first and union will follow by having our interests in common.'

And this pregnant speech is summed up thus in its packed and weighty conclusion:—

'I think the House should weigh the question seriously, and meet it, not in a petty spirit, but in a broad spirit; and with the idea always before us that we (the Cape Colony) should be the dominant State of South Africa, and should carry out the union of the South African States. If that were done, the authorities of Pretoria would co-operate with us rather than turn their views towards Delagoa Bay.'

It is with governments as with men: they take the divinely appointed moment and go on to fortune, or they let the golden opportunity slip, not knowing that it is golden—and when it is gone neither tears nor eloquence avail to bring it back. The Sprigg-Upington administration refused to take the advice of Rhodes. And then that happened which he foresaw: the discovery of the Witwatersrand gave Paul Kruger the means to carry out what Rhodes called 'Oom Paul's hobby,' to build the railway from Delagoa Bay to Pretoria and so secure an outlet for the Transvaal independent of the British Colonies to the South.

Roads and railways are threads with which the

Fates spin the destinies of States. They impose its policy and make its friends and its enemies. If, for example, the Transvaal had developed her commerce by way of Cape Colony and Natal, she must have become part of the Colonial economic system. And being part of the economic system, it must have followed, by a necessity of life, that she became part also of the Colonial political system. But Delagoa Bay lay outside. It is a port in Portuguese territory on the eastern side of Africa, so that when the Transvaal built a railway to that port she became independent of her neighbours to the South in all the necessities of her oversea commerce. Nay, more than that, she obtained the power to detach the Orange Free State from the Colonial system, and to cut the Colony off from the whole trade of the interior, save as much as passed through the long and narrow gut of Bechuanaland.

When Rhodes at last became Prime Minister he tried hard to retrieve the situation. In the year 1891 he concluded an agreement with Kruger under which the Cape Government advanced £600,000 for the construction of the railway from the Vaal River to Johannesburg, receiving in exchange Netherlands Railway Company Bonds guaranteed by the Transvaal Government. Under this agreement the Cape Government fixed the traffic rates on the Transvaal Extension until the close of the year 1894, or until the completion of the railway from Delagoa Bay to Pretoria. The Cape was thus given a temporary monopoly of the Johannesburg traffic, with the result, as Rhodes anticipated, that commerce and communication drew the States together and prepared the way for a South African Union.

But in the latter part of 1894 the Delagoa Bay

line reached Pretoria, and the agreement terminated on December 31 of that year. Then Kruger's policy of separation wrought a fatal change. The Netherlands Railway Company raised the rates on the fifty-two miles between the Vaal and Johannesburg from 2·4d. to 8d. per ton per mile. The object behind this manœuvre was to force the trade of the Transvaal out of its old Colonial channels into the new cut of the Delagoa Bay railway. It was upon this change that Rhodes and Kruger had that crucial interview briefly mentioned in our last chapter. When Rhodes failed to move his opponent, he must have realised the consequences of the failure: it was then that he accepted the fatal alternative.

A sharp conflict followed the President's move. The Cape merchants being faced by this wall of high railway tariffs appealed for help to their old friend the trek ox; the goods were transferred near the frontier to bullock wagons and were hauled to Johannesburg by road. The 'drifts' on the Vaal must have been a wonderful sight, for there were often as many as 120 wagons to be seen crossing the drift at Vereeniging in a single day.

Upon this Kruger resolved, as he said, to put a 'barbed-wire fence' along the river. By proclamation he closed the 'drifts' on the Vaal alongside the railway to oversea goods. Importers were thus given the choice either of paying the high rates from the Vaal to Johannesburg or sending their goods round by sea to Delagoa Bay.

The 'drifts' were closed in August 1895, and we find the Attorney-General of the Cape Government (W. P. Schreiner) reporting to Rhodes on September 3 following that the proclamation was *ultra vires*, and was an 'infraction of Article 13 of the London

Convention of 1884.' The Law Officers of the Crown took the same view. And Joseph Chamberlain, who was by this time Colonial Secretary, offered to support the Cape Government to all extremities.

'But,' he went on, 'Her Majesty's Government do not intend that such an expedition should, like most previous Colonial wars, be conducted at the entire cost of this country; and you should explain to your Ministers that you are therefore instructed to require from them a most explicit understanding in writing that, if it becomes necessary to send an expedition, the Cape Parliament will bear half the gross expense, and that the Local Government will furnish a fair contingent of the fighting force, as far as its resources in men may suffice, besides giving the full and free use of its railways and rolling-stock for military purposes.' [1]

To this the High Commissioner replied that he had received the written assurances required, that the Cape Ministers, 'including Schreiner and Faure, the two Dutch members, were unanimous in their decision to accept your conditions,' and, 'I am assured by Mr. Rhodes that he can count on the support of the majority of the Cape Parliament.'

Thus, upon this date, November 4, 1895, both the Cape Government and the Imperial Government were determined to make war upon the Transvaal if Kruger remained obdurate on this question of the drifts. But President Kruger in 1895, as in 1885, had the wisdom to perceive that forces were too strong for him, and when he received the Rhodes-Chamberlain ultimatum he opened the drifts.

It was a clever move: by giving up a pawn Kruger kept his king. He divided his opponents.

[1] Telegram of November 1, 1895.

The Dutch of the Cape Colony would have been ready to fight for their railways and their trade, but the wrongs of Johannesburg left most of them unmoved. The Uitlanders were mainly British and Rhodes's supporters were mainly Dutch.

The Cape Colony had no further quarrel with President Kruger. Rhodes, secretly pledged to support the Reformers, stood alone in his Cabinet, and could count no longer on the support of his colleagues. But the grievances of Johannesburg remained: in that quarrel the Imperial Government was still involved; to that quarrel Rhodes was committed, in that quarrel Jameson was making his warlike preparations.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE CONSPIRACY

> 'The framing of this circle on the ground
> Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, and lightening.'

I

We are now approaching the great catastrophe in the lives of these two men; but we must here ask the patience of our readers while we examine the intricate approaches to the plan of which it was the result.

We have seen how Rhodes has decided, with whatever initial hesitations, to assist the Reformers 'with my purse and my influence'; we have seen how Jameson was carrying that decision into practical effect by organising a force in the North.

But the way from Matabeleland to Johannesburg was long, difficult, and mountainous. Therefore it was the more desirable that the Bechuanaland Protectorate should belong to the Chartered Company, so that their forces might have a convenient 'jumping-off' place. To this end part at least of Bechuanaland was required; and as the Colonial Office looked upon the territory as an expensive nuisance, an agreement seemed easy. But the Company had some very active enemies, and they worked so industriously among the Bechuana chiefs that these worthies were persuaded to send a deputation to oppose the transfer. Hearing of this proposal, Jameson went down to Cape Town to consult with

Rhodes, and afterwards visited Khama at Palapye. These two soon came to terms, or so at least Jameson thought, and he returned to Buluwayo, taking Johannesburg on his way.

This visit to Johannesburg is important, for the Doctor had discussions with all the leading people—Charles Leonard, the eloquent Chairman of the National Union; J. W. Leonard, his brother, a Queen's Counsel, who had formerly been Attorney-General in the Cape Government; Ewald Esselen, then State Attorney in the Transvaal, but a friend of the Uitlanders; Lionel Phillips, who as President of the Chamber of Mines represented the mining industry; his fellow-mineowner, George Farrar; John Hays Hammond, and others—but without settling upon any definite plan.[1]

Despite his friendly professions Khama set out for England with two other Bechuana chiefs, and they were used—very much to Rhodes's disgust—by their friends, the philanthropists, for a political campaign against the transfer. To counter this opposition Rhodes sent Dr. Rutherfoord Harris to England. The bearing of this mission upon our story will have to be considered later; in the meantime it is sufficient to say that Dr. Harris secured the transfer of the strip of territory necessary to the Jameson plan, and that in the course of his negotiations he led Rhodes to believe that the Imperial Government knew and approved of what was going forward.

But what was going forward? Let us see. In

[1] As it happened, one of Jameson's officers, the Hon. Robert (to his friends 'Bobbie') White, kept a diary, and from the diary we gather that in April 1895 he visited Johannesburg on his way to Rhodesia. He made notes which suggest military plans. These notes were afterwards cited as evidence; but the author is assured by General White that he made them, according to his habit as a soldier, without any thought or any knowledge of what was afterwards to happen.

October 1895 Charles Leonard and Lionel Phillips went to Cape Town to arrange matters with Rhodes. At this interview there were present not only Cecil Rhodes, Phillips, and Leonard but Hammond and Colonel Frank Rhodes. Cecil Rhodes stipulated, there is reason to believe, that Federation should follow Intervention, and that in the Federation the British Colonies should have the balance of power. The Reformers assented, and the general plan of a rising in Johannesburg, armed support upon the Border, and the intervention of the High Commissioner were there agreed upon. Rhodes promised to take the High Commissioner up with him, when the moment arrived, in order to negotiate terms between the rebels and their Government. In the meantime Leonard was to draw up a manifesto intended to justify the revolt to the people of South Africa.

Such was the arrangement, and the part of it which concerns us most was the force upon the Border. And it is just worth noting, as we pass, that this armed support was promised on the request of Johannesburg, that is to say of the President of the Chamber of Mines and the Chairman of the National Union.[1]

And further we have to note that the first proposal was not that Jameson and his force should ride into Johannesburg but that he should be on the Border. Thus in his evidence Dr. Jameson says:—

> 'Their first proposal was to act alone, but my troops to be in readiness on the Border, a common-sense view in which I fully concurred. On further consideration, however, the leaders came to the conclusion that they could not hope to

[1] *Report*, Charles Leonard's evidence.

succeed without the co-operation of an armed force. . . . They therefore invited my help, stating that unless they were assured of assistance in Johannesburg the rising would not succeed. I agreed, and it was arranged that I should take my force to Johannesburg.'[1]

While these preliminaries were being arranged, we get tantalisingly brief glimpses of Jameson, a stormy petrel among the troughs and crests of gathering seas, now in Buluwayo, then in Cape Town, again in Johannesburg, and presently in Kimberley, Mafeking, Pitsani Potlugo—arranging, exhorting, inspiring to action—the one man of whom it may be said that he is sure of himself and whole-hearted in the business.

On September 24 Colonel Frank Rhodes and Sir Sidney Shippard, the Resident Commissioner of Bechuanaland, were already negotiating with a Bechuana chief for the site of a camp.[2]

On October 13 the Hon. Robert White, who had been to Pretoria, Johannesburg, and Cape Town, returned to Buluwayo and 'delivered message' at Government House—the message no doubt being that certain convenient territories on the Transvaal

[1] The arrangements with Dr. Jameson, says FitzPatrick, 'were made with him in person. During the month of September he visited Johannesburg, and it was then agreed that he should maintain a force of some 1500 mounted men fully equipped, a number of Maxims and some field artillery; that he was in addition to this to have with him 1500 spare rifles and a quantity of spare ammunition; and that about 5000 rifles, 3 Maxim guns, and 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition were to be smuggled into Johannesburg. It was calculated that in the town itself there would be perhaps 1000 rifles privately owned. Thus in the event of a junction of forces being effected, Johannesburg would be able to command about 9000 armed men with a fair equipment of machine guns and cannon.'—*Transvaal from Within*, p. 123. It will be noted that FitzPatrick puts the arrangement a month earlier than Jameson. Jameson's calculations, as will be seen, included the Rhodesian Volunteers at Buluwayo.

[2] Ikaneng, Chief of the Bamalite, Ramoutsa. See Cape *Report*, App. A. 9. *Vide* also Harris's telegram of November 2: 'Communicate the following to Dr. Jameson. I have obtained you Ikanning.'

Border had been transferred to the Company. On October 19 a proclamation to that effect was issued, and Dr. Jameson became Administrator of the territory. On October 20 the First Troop of the Mashonaland Mounted Police started for the South from Buluwayo, and the Second Troop followed next day. On October 22, White, who had been gazetted Magistrate in Bechuanaland, 'started with Holden in Mafeking coach to take over lower part of Bechuanaland Protectorate,' and on November 1—

'Dr. Jameson arrived by the coach at 5 A.M. and we drove out to look at site of camp, of which he approved very much. We drove back and reached Mafeking at 11.30. Went to see Colonel Grey with the Doctor and talked over B.B.P. (the Bechuanaland Border Police) joining in.'

According to White's diary under November 1, 'Doctor left at 10.10 P.M. for Cape Town with Major Sadler.' There Jameson busied himself recruiting men and horses. Thus on November 9 the diarist notes: 'Heard from Dr. Jameson that he will probably send up 100 men by end of month, and 8 horses by each train arriving from Kimberley.'[1] On November 14 Dr. Jameson left Cape Town for Johannesburg. The pretext for the visit was the illness of his brother Sam, who indeed had been in bad health all that year; but the real reason was to complete his arrangements with the Reformers. Two days after his arrival we find him writing to White:—

[1] The men were recruited from that crack Volunteer regiment, the Duke of Edinburgh's Own. Thus Stevens, writing from Cape Town on November 19: 'I have recently sent to you a number of men from the D.E.O. Volunteer Rifles, which regiment has its headquarters in Cape Town. The Colonel came to me this morning and said that we had taken away some of his best men,' etc.

'JOHANNESBURG,
'*November* 19, 1895.

'*Private.*

'DEAR BOBBY,—Hope by the time you get this you will have our men in camp—also about a hundred from Stevens [1] and I shall get a couple from Grey [2] when I arrive in about a fortnight or a little longer. The almost certain date will be December 26. From Willoughby's wire to me there ought to be 150 complete equipments on the way down—you better find out from him when they are likely to arrive; but I have wired to Willoughby that he is not to send down any men or anything further, as those people up there have been blabbing and here they are still getting letters on the subject—therefore I wired to Willoughby to stop all drilling—give out all the horses, etc. W. himself must not come down till much later, though I know he does not like it. Now you see the force ought to be about six [3]—if short of saddles after finding out all Grey has in reserve, then tell Stevens and he must get them below. I don't see that you can want any more uniforms or horses; but if required they would also have to come from Stevens. Of course efficiency and proper equipment are important; but what is much more important, in fact vital, is that suspicion should not be raised in any way. I am going to the Cape on Friday and shall be a week there before coming to Mafeking, unless some unforeseen blabbing occurs, when we might have to hurry things. Wolff will tell you rest.—Yours, L. S. J.' [4]

During his visit to Johannesburg Jameson made what he took to be final arrangements with the Johannesburg leaders. Who these leaders were we gather from the letter he obtained from them—the notorious letter of invitation. It was signed by Charles Leonard, Lionel Phillips, Francis Rhodes,

[1] J. A. Stevens, Assistant Secretary of the Company at Cape Town.
[2] *I.e.* two hundred B.B.P. men from Colonel Raleigh Grey at Mafeking.
[3] *I.e.* six hundred.
[4] Cape *Report*, App. A. No. 20.

and John Hays Hammond, with all of whom we have already at least a nodding acquaintance.[1]

These four, then, signed a letter which we might call an open invitation. It was addressed to 'Dr. Jameson, Dear Sir,' was headed 'Johannesburg,' but was undated. It began with a recital of grievances, which need not detain us, and proceeded:—

'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 those 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 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.

This letter was drafted by Charles Leonard, the scribe of the movement, at the suggestion of Lionel

[1] George Farrar, a large mine-owner, signed the letter some weeks later in Cape Town.

Phillips, to whom it was no doubt suggested by Jameson himself.[1]

The explanation generally given by the signatories is that it was intended to justify Jameson with his Directors, and to read to his troops; but not for publication nor to be used without permission. If so, it was rather unfortunately worded, for its language is that of a public manifesto. However that may be, Jameson must have put it in his pocket with a certain sense of satisfaction. For even by that time he had gathered the impression that the resolution of the Johannesburg leaders was not quite of the native hue of his own.

As to the arrangements then made, there are some discrepancies in the evidence. Jameson says that—

'The time selected for the rising in Johannesburg was the end of December.[2] It was agreed that simultaneously with the rising I was to start. My final arrangements with Johannesburg were that this date should be adhered to as far as possible, though it was thought an earlier date might prove necessary if the Transvaal Government gave signs of massing troops on the Border, which would have made it impossible for my force to get through—a rapid march

[1] 'The origin of the letter is this, so far as I was concerned. On my return from Cape Town in October 1895 with Mr. Phillips, he said to me: "You know, I think we will have to give Jameson a letter (evidently it had been talked about between him and somebody else) and I think you should sign the letter as Chairman of the National Union." I objected most strenuously. . . . However, he returned to the charge repeatedly, and eventually I gave way, and said, "If you men will sign the letter I will sign it as an individual with you." Jameson came up in November 1895, and that letter was given to him for the simple alleged reason that it would be required to justify him with the Company's Directors afterwards, and under solemn pledge that it was not to be used for any other purpose.'—Evidence of Charles Leonard. *Report*, 7945.

[2] The date, as settled, was telegraphed (in cipher) by Jameson to Willoughby (at Buluwayo): 'Date fixed is 28th of December to start from here, do not want Lee-Metford Rifles.—L. S. J.' See Fleishack's evidence, Trial at Bar, July 23, 1896.

without opposition being essential. Of this necessity I was, with my troops on the Border, to be the sole judge.'[1]

And FitzPatrick says: '. . . it was therefore decided that Dr. Jameson should be notified to start from his camp on the same night as the outbreak in Johannesburg. The dates of December 28 and January 4 were in turn provisionally decided upon, but the primary condition of these arrangements was that under no circumstances should Dr. Jameson move without receiving the word from the Johannesburg party.'[2]

Jameson, it will be seen, puts the date at December 28 or earlier without, and FitzPatrick December 28 or later with, further reference.

And Colonel Rhodes in his evidence puts the issue even more clearly:—

'Our point is that it was never left to Dr. Jameson to choose his own time; that he was absolutely not to use this letter until he heard from us. That is my own conviction, and it is the conviction of the rest of us I think. Dr. Jameson states the other thing, and that is his conviction.'

Such misunderstandings suggest again the fatal weakness of this complicated plot, that it rested not upon the direction of a single mind, but upon the co-ordination of several. But to proceed.

Jameson left Johannesburg for Cape Town about November 21 or 22, reported to Rhodes all that had happened, and showed him the letter. What Jameson's report was is suggested by the telegram which Rhodes sent to Harris (still in London) on November 24:—

'Dr. Jameson back from Johannesburg. Everything right. My judgment is it is certainty. . . . A. Beit must

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[1] *Report*, Jameson's evidence, 4513.
[2] *Transvaal from Within*, p. 126.

not consult Phillips, who is all right but anxious to do everything himself and he does not wish to play second fiddle.' [1]

By November 30 Jameson was in Kimberley; a telegram of that date from Robert White addressed to him there reports that eighty of the Company's police had arrived, and that the rest were expected on the Monday and Tuesday following. They had Lee-Metford rifles and uniform; but the new men who had also arrived had none. We may suppose that Jameson made arrangements with the manager of De Beers for the arming both of Johannesburg and his own force, for on December 4, having reached Mafeking, he is telegraphing to Gardner Williams about ammunition and bandoliers.

From White's diary we know that the Doctor, accompanied by J. Stracey,[2] arrived at Pitsani Potlugo from down-country on Monday December 2. On the same day Dyke's troop and Bowden's troop of the Company's police arrived from Buluwayo.

The next day we have the momentous entry: 'In Mafeking, Grey told, explained things to him.' [3]

From that time on Jameson divided his time between Pitsani Potlugo and Mafeking, supervising arrangements, keeping everybody in heart, and spurring up the Johannesburg people by letter and telegram. On December 9 Johnny Willoughby, at Buluwayo, having discovered that he had to 'leave for England hurriedly on my Company's business,' wrote full instructions for the calling up

[1] *Report*, App. Nos. 14-29.

[2] Stracey, now Colonel Stracey-Clitherow, then a young Guardsman on leave. It is said that he used to go to South Africa for his leave in order to drive the coaches, there being usually eight or twelve horses or mules in a South African coach.

[3] Colonel Raleigh Grey, now Sir Raleigh Grey, was in command of the Bechuanaland Border Police.

of the Rhodesia Horse 'for a camp of exercise.' 'In the event of it being deemed advisable,' Captain Napier or Captain Spreckley was to be in command, and 'should it be necessary for R.H. to move down-country, extra remuneration will be given to those going out of the country, to be settled by Dr. Jameson; but if absolutely necessary promise up to three months' extra pay (£45).'[1]

These instructions put it beyond all doubt that the use of the Rhodesia Horse for an invasion of the Transvaal from the North was part of the Jameson plan. And here we have the explanation of Jameson's promise, mentioned by FitzPatrick, to 'maintain a force of some 1500 men fully equipped.' The Rhodesia Horse was about 1000 strong, and the police on the Border about 500 — the total therefore was what Jameson promised.

II

In the meantime the Uitlanders were making preparations both military and political. They laid in supplies of provisions against a siege, and they began to organise various corps, of which Bettington's Horse and the Australians were the most notable. The Committee had also enlisted a worthy Police Officer called Andrew Trimble, who organised a Town Police, a regiment of foot, and a secret service; and they made beginnings with the importation of arms.

Of these military and police arrangements we shall have something to say at a later stage of our story. It is more important for the moment to consider the temper of the conspirators.

[1] Cape *Report*, App. A. Nos. 40 to 45.

During the long depression of the Baring crisis the people of Johannesburg were resolute in their agitation, and showed a spirit both in 1890 and in 1894 far nearer to the reality of revolution than they showed at the end of 1895 when the economic situation was vastly improved. This change in the atmosphere—rather than any lack of courage—may serve to explain the doubts and irresolution of the Reformers.

Whatever the explanation, the Uitlanders were more fertile in difficulties than in expedients. No sooner was one point settled than another arose. The first question was on a point of tactics. The date originally fixed for the rising was found to coincide with the Johannesburg races. Undoubtedly, if they had so desired, the Uitlanders could have postponed their races: they decided to postpone the rising.

Jameson, as will be readily understood when his situation is considered, was indignant. On December 12 he telegraphed to Colonel Rhodes: 'Grave suspicion has been aroused; . . . do you consider races of utmost importance compared with immediate risk of discovery daily expected . . . let J. H. Hammond inform weak partners, More delay, more danger.'

A little later a fresh contingency agitated the counsels of the conspirators. Doubts were set afloat—by whom history does not say—about the intervention of the High Commissioner. On December 21 they demanded from Rhodes a pledge that 'on day of flotation you and he will leave' (*i.e.* Cape Town for Johannesburg). 'There must,' the telegram continues, 'absolutely be no departure from this as many subscribers have agreed to take

shares on this assurance.' Upon this Alfred Beit, who had in the meantime arrived at the Cape, telegraphed to Lionel Phillips that 'Chairman starts immediately flotation takes place.'

As the High Commissioner[1] was then—if we are to believe the evidence—in blissful ignorance of the conspiracy, it is not the least surprising part of the story that the delivery of his person was made the subject of a bargain as precise as a shipment of goods free on rail for Johannesburg.

But the last and most formidable of these perplexities arose over a question which we must now discuss—the question of what flag was to be hoisted by the Revolution.

FitzPatrick states—or rather suggests—that this apple of discord was thrown by Jameson:—

'On or about December 19,' he says, 'Messrs. Woolls-Sampson and A. Bailey, two Johannesburg men concerned in the movement, who had been in communication with Mr. Rhodes and others in Cape Town, arrived in Johannesburg, and indicated clearly that the question as to which flag was to be raised was either deemed to be a relatively unimportant one or one concerning which some of the parties had not clearly and honestly expressed their intentions. In simple truth, it appeared to be the case that Dr. Jameson either thought that the Johannesburg Reformers were quite indifferent on the subject of the flag, or assumed that the provisions for the maintenance of the Transvaal flag was merely talk, and that the Union Jack would be hoisted at once.'

Now, 'in simple truth' there is a great deal of suggestion, but very little plain statement in this paragraph. But we have something. Abe Bailey

[1] Sir Hercules Robinson, who had returned to the Cape a short time before in succession to Sir Henry Loch as Governor and High Commissioner.

and Woolls-Sampson came up from Cape Town on or about December 19 with the apple of discord in their pockets. Now these two gentlemen had come from England by the same boat that brought Beit and Rutherfoord Harris. But by that time Jameson was already at Mafeking. Therefore they at least could not have heard the question raised by Jameson. Nor is there any proof that Jameson raised the question at all.

The probability is all the other way. Jameson's opinion on this subject of the flag we have already gathered from his speech at the Imperial Institute the year before. It was the opinion of Rhodes that the federation of South Africa was to be brought about by the realities of population, land, trade, and communications. If British South Africa had the balance of these solid interests, the question of the flag might be left to settle itself. As Jameson held these opinions, it is not at all probable that it was he who raised the question.

Was it Rhodes ? No, it could hardly have been Rhodes. For Leonard and Phillips had already settled this point with Rhodes in their conversations at Cape Town. In FitzPatrick's own book, Leonard's account of what took place at Groote Schuur in November makes it clear that it could not have been Rhodes.

'We read to him (Rhodes),' says Leonard, 'the draft of our declaration of rights. He was leaning against the mantelpiece, smoking a cigarette, and when it came to that part of the document in which we refer to Free Trade in South African products, he turned round suddenly and said, "That is what I want. That is all I ask of you. The rest will come in time. We must have a beginning and that will be the beginning. If you people get your rights, the

Customs Union, Railway Convention, and other things will all come in time."'[1]

Rhodes, then, could not have raised the question. Then who was it? There is a passage in the telegraphic correspondence between Rhodes and Rutherfoord Harris which suggests an answer. Rhodes, replying to a telegram from Harris which does not appear, says:—

> 'As to the English flag, they must very much misunderstand me at home. I of course would not risk everything I am doing except for British flag.—C. J. RHODES.'[2]

Who put the question we do not know; but we do know that the answer is honest and sincere. Rhodes from the beginning to the end of his life worked for the British flag. But he worked in his own way and with the means to his hand. The 'Imperial factor' had failed in South Africa; therefore he substituted the 'Colonial factor.' If he made the Colony the dominant State in South Africa, with the railways and the balance of the land in its hands, federation must follow on Colonial terms. And Colonial terms meant the British flag. Such was Rhodes's policy, and his assurance to the Unknown Inquirer was therefore honest.

Now we do not know for whom this assurance was intended. But we do know that the telegram was addressed to Harris in London. And as Harris returned to the Cape in the same boat as Abe Bailey and Woolls-Sampson, is it not possible that he showed them the telegram, and that they all—

[1] *Transvaal from Within*, p. 122.

[2] *Report*, App. No. 14 (iii. 9). The telegram is dated November 6, 1895.

having no understanding of Rhodes's policy—misunderstood it ? [1]

However that may be, the point was raised in Johannesburg, and a new debate began, the upshot of which was that Charles Leonard and Hamilton, the editor of the *Star*, were sent to Cape Town to get fresh assurances from Cecil Rhodes.

The deputation left Johannesburg on Christmas Day, but before it even got as far as Cape Town the Reformers had made up their minds to abandon the Jameson plan. For this change of mind FitzPatrick lays the blame upon Jameson.

'To this feeling of doubt,' he says, 'was added a sense of distrust when Dr. Jameson's importunity and impatience became known; and when the question of the flag was raised there were few, if any, among those concerned in the movement who did not feel that the tail was trying to wag the dog.'

We have seen that Jameson did not raise the issue of the flag; yet it is true that he was importunate. But we must remember his situation. He had agreed upon a settled plan, at the request of the Johannesburg people themselves. He had organised, and was with difficulty holding together, his force of 500 men upon the Border. 'The more delay, the more danger,' was obviously true. As early as December 12 he warned Johannesburg that 'grave suspicion had been aroused.' He knew that people had been, as he said, 'blabbing.' He also knew that Rhodes had 'risked everything,' not only in maintaining the force—which might be explained away—

[1] Rhodes, talking over the Raid after the event, told Mr. Little, Sir George Farrar's representative in Rhodesia, that the real point of difference between him and the Reformers was not the flag, but his terms for the federation of South Africa, particularly the condition that the Transvaal was to be in a minority in the federal representation.

but in smuggling arms into Johannesburg, which, if it were discovered, meant ruin.

It is clear from all the correspondence that Jameson depended for success on the element of surprise: we see it for example in the letter he wrote to 'dear Bobby' from the Kimberley Club on November 5: 'I am writing you that Foley leaves to-morrow to join you at camp; use him and keep him there. Not intentionally but idiotically he has been talking too much.' We see it in his refusal to let Willoughby come down from Buluwayo before December 9, lest people should talk. We see it even more clearly in his letter to 'dear Bobby' of November 19 from Johannesburg: 'What is much more important, in fact vital, is that suspicion should not be raised in any way.'

Retreat was difficult, delay was dangerous: as the thing had gone so far the best chance of safety lay in resolution. 'I was satisfied,' says Jameson, 'that not only those who assumed the leadership but the Uitlander population generally had, not hurriedly, but after grave and prolonged deliberation, come to the conclusion that their grievances would never be redressed by the Transvaal Government . . . and that there must inevitably be a rising.'[1]

> 'Beware
> Of entrance to a quarrel: but being in,
> Bear 't, that the opposed may beware of thee.'

And it was not only Jameson that was importunate. Rhodes had been warned of the necessity of speedy action from London, and on December 21 Alfred Beit, who was then staying with Rhodes,

[1] *Report*, Minutes of Evidence 4513.

telegraphed to Lionel Phillips urging 'immediate flotation.' On December 23 Harris telegraphed to Jameson, 'We suspect Transvaal is getting aware slightly.' And in the same telegram Harris definitely informed Jameson that the Revolution was to take place ('Company' to be 'floated') next Saturday (the 28th) at 12 o'clock at night, and that 'they are very anxious you must not start before 8 o'clock.'

On December 24 Jameson accepted this arrangement. Although the Boers were already astir—'meeting held Zeerust [1] and southerly town'—yet 'will endeavour to delay till Saturday.' Nevertheless, 'if you can only cable, do all you can to hasten it,' because 'every day is of the utmost importance.' On receipt of telegram he was prepared to start as originally arranged 'to move on date of delivery,' and he added, 'Colonel F. W. Rhodes etcetera intolerable.' On the 25th Harris telegraphed to Johannesburg that they could not 'give extension of refusal' beyond December as the 'Transvaal Boer opposition shareholders' were holding 'meeting' both on the Limpopo and 'at Pitsani.'

Nevertheless on the 26th Colonel Rhodes telegraphed to Cape Town that it was 'absolutely necessary' to 'delay flotation,' and that Leonard had left for Cape Town to explain, and on the same day Sam Jameson telegraphed to his brother at Pitsani Potlugo to the same effect. After explaining that the postponement was 'through unforeseen circumstances altogether unexpected,' and 'until we have C. J. Rhodes's absolute pledge that authority of Imperial Government will not be insisted on,' Sam added, 'we will endeavour to meet your wishes as

[1] Zeerust lay between the Bechuanaland border and Johannesburg.

regards December, but you must not move until you have received instructions to. Please confirm.'

Rutherfoord Harris, after re-telegraphing Colonel Rhodes's message to Jameson, gave him the same injunction: 'So you must not move until you hear from us again. Too awful; very sorry.'

Then on the 27th came another telegram from Dr. Harris with the news that while the Christmas deputation was on its way the Reformers had changed their plans:—

'Sicheliland concession shareholders' meeting postponed until 6th day of January; meanwhile circular has been publicly issued, and opinion of all interested will then be taken and then action decided upon.' Harris advises patience, promises to 'do our utmost'; but is doleful as to the Reformers—'am beginning to see our shareholders in Matabeleland concession were very different to those in Sicheliland matter.'

It is plain that Rhodes was solicitous to soothe Jameson's impatience, for on the same day he telegraphs at length not to be 'alarmed at our having 600 men at Pitsani Potlugo' as 'we have the right to have them.' And then he gives a series of explanations which might be used to disarm suspicion. They were 'sorting out' the Company's police for 'eventual distribution; the cost at Mafeking was only half what it was in Matabeleland; it was healthier for horses; they were under obligation to the Imperial Government to keep up a certain police force'—in short, 'if people are so foolish as to think you are threatening Transvaal, we cannot help that.'

In the meantime the Reformers were becoming more and more alarmed lest Jameson should move

as he threatened according to plan. They consulted with Major Heany, one of Jameson's own officers and friends, whom he had sent to Johannesburg to help to organise the forces there.

Heany was introduced to half a dozen gentlemen who 'talked for half an hour in my presence.' They were talking about the best way of getting Jameson to understand that he was not to come. Heany did not comfort them:—

'They asked me my opinion as to what Jameson would do, and I said, "He will come in as sure as Fate."' [1]

This remark must have put the Reformers in a fever of apprehension, and they resolved to send not one messenger, but two. Holden, another of Jameson's officers, was sent across country, and Heany by rail.

Holden arrived first—on the evening of the 28th—and delivered his message. Heany had to make the long detour by way of Bloemfontein and De Aar junction, and calculating that he would miss the Kimberley connection he telegraphed in code to Cape Town: 'Stop Jameson until I come.' In the meantime Phillips had telegraphed to Beit: 'It is absolutely necessary to delay floating. If foreign subscribers insist on floating, anticipate complete failure.'

III

Just as Jameson in 1893, at the end of the telegraph at Victoria, hammered away on the one point of immediate action, so now. On the 27th he telegraphed that his police had gone forward to cut the wire, and feared lest he might not be able to stop

[1] See Major Heany's evidence before the Committee: 'I know Dr. Jameson very intimately, and I know that when he once makes up his mind to do a thing, he usually does it.' (5864 *et seq.*)

them. He expected authority, therefore, at 'nine to-morrow morning.' Surely, he said, Colonel Rhodes saw the need for immediate action. As for the guarantee about the flag, they could give it before Leonard arrived.

And again he telegraphed that if he could not, as he expected, communicate with the police who were cutting the wires, 'we must carry into effect original plans.'

'They have then,' he argues, 'two days for flotation. If they do not we will make our own flotation with help of letter which I will publish. Inform John Hays Hammond, Dr. Wolff, A. L. Lawley whom you may rely upon to co-operate.'

And to his brother Sam he telegraphed, also on the 27th: 'Dr. Wolff will understand that (for) distant cutting British Bechuanaland Police have already gone forward; guarantee (on flag) already given, therefore let J. H. Hammond telegraph instantly all right.' To this imperious message Hammond replied: 'Wire just received; experts decidedly adverse. I absolutely condemn further developments at present.'

Now Jameson had by this time made up his mind about the Johannesburg leaders. 'There will be no flotation,' he telegraphed to Cape Town on the morning of the 28th, 'if left to themselves. First delay was races, which did not exist; second, policies—already arranged. All mean fear. You had better go as quickly as possible and report fully, or tell the Right Hon. C. J. Rhodes to allow me. I stand to lose 50 good British South Africa Company's police—time expires next week, and so on. We can tell them nothing.'

Jameson afterwards handsomely apologised for this imputation of cowardice; but his charge of

irresolution is justified. The Reformers first invited Jameson, then arranged their plans with him, then stipulated that the High Commissioner must come up, then that the British flag must not be raised, and then before there was time to get answers on all these points put off the whole thing and decided to consult everybody afresh. In the meantime the time-expired men of the Bechuanaland Police were threatening to resign and Jameson could not stop them; the Boers he was certain were becoming aware; if he were to act at all, he must act at once.

What was Cape Town saying to all this? Rhodes sought both to moderate Jameson's impatience and screw up the courage of Johannesburg. 'It is all right if you will only wait,' Harris telegraphed to Jameson on the 28th; and to Colonel Rhodes he telegraphed, 'Keep market firm.'

But later in the day, possibly after seeing Hamilton and Leonard, Harris sent this despairing message:—

'Goold-Adams arriving Mafeking Monday, and Heany, I think, arrives to-night; after seeing him, you and we must judge regarding flotation; but all our foreign friends are now dead against it, and say public will not subscribe one penny towards it even with you as Director. Ichabod.'

And still again (on the evening of the 28th):—

'You are quite right with regard to cause of delay of flotation; but Charles Leonard [and] Hamilton of Star inform us, movement not popular in Johannesburg; when you have seen Captain Heany let us know by wire what he says: we cannot have fiasco.' [1]

[1] The word 'fiasco' (pronounced fyasco) was a favourite with Rhodes about this time. Some years before, while waiting anxiously in Bechuanaland for news of his beloved Pioneers, he met one of them—a rough prospector—on his way down-country. 'What do you think of the North?' Rhodes asked him eagerly. 'Well, if you want my opinion,' the fellow replied, 'it's a bloody fyasco!'

The point of the flag was easily settled, Rhodes suggesting a referendum of the people of the Transvaal when the moment arrived. But the real trouble was the spirit of Johannesburg, and upon that the messengers had brought doleful news: 'Charles Leonard says flotation not popular' Harris telegraphs to Colonel Rhodes, 'and England's bunting will be resisted by public. Is it true? Consult all our friends and let me know, as Dr. Jameson is quite ready to move resolution and is only waiting for Captain Maurice Heany's arrival.' Lionel Phillips on the same day telegraphed to Beit, and the message was sent to Jameson:—

> 'It is absolutely necessary to delay floating; if foreign subscribers insist on floating without delay anticipate complete failure.'

It is difficult to resist the conclusion from all this that the question of the flag was merely a pretext. The Johannesburg leaders were not keyed up for insurrection: the nearer they got to it the less they liked it, and one excuse was as good as another.

But Jameson was by this time resolved to carry the thing through, by himself if necessary. His last message on the 28th ended with the fateful words: 'Unless I hear definitely to the contrary shall leave to-morrow evening . . . and it will be all right.' Fateful indeed! For to this message which was sent from Pitsani Potlugo on Saturday afternoon no answer came. Was silence consent? Jameson might have so judged, not knowing that, as will be seen later, malignant fortune had brought the telegram to a closed door.

But what of the Johannesburg Mercuries? Captain Holden arrived on the evening of the 28th, and

delivered his message; Captain Heany, by means of a special train from Kimberley, got to Mafeking early on the morning of the 29th.

Now Captain Heany was not the most suitable man for such an errand. A man of action, a member of that famous firm of Johnson, Heany, and Borrow, which had brought the Pioneers into Rhodesia, by birth an American, he had already been nearly twenty years in South Africa, and usually on the frontiers. He had served in Carrington's Horse, and in the Bechuanaland Border Police; he had joined his friends Johnson and Borrow to form the Northern Gold-fields Pioneer Syndicate which had got from Lobengula a concession to work the gold-fields of Mazoe. Thus he had been a Rhodesian before the Pioneers, and after the occupation he had continued his adventures. In helping to open up the East coast route he had been taken prisoner by the Portuguese, and in the Matabele War had commanded A troop of the Salisbury Horse. It was this eagle, this 'bird of freedom,' whom the Uitlanders chose to be their dove. He faithfully performed his duty. But on the way he stopped at Mafeking, and although it was then half-past four on a Sunday morning he knocked up a store-keeper, one Emanuel Isaacs, and bought a pair of field boots and a kitbag.[1]

The story goes that when Heany delivered the letter Jameson walked up and down for some little time, and then said, 'I 'm going.'

'Thought you would,' said Heany.

'And what are you going to do?' said Jameson.

'Going with you,' said Heany.

'Thought you would,' said Jameson.[2]

[1] See Cape *Report*, evidence of Emanuel Isaacs.

[2] Captain Holden, the other messenger from Johannesburg, who made his way across country, also went in with the column.

Then Jameson completed his arrangements. To Napier and Spreckley he telegraphed to call out the Rhodesia Horse; to Wolff at Johannesburg he sent the following telegram:—

'Meet me as arranged before you left on Tuesday night, which will enable us to decide which is the best destination;[1] make Adv. Leonard speak, make cutting to-night without fail, have great faith in J. H. Hammond, A. L. Lawley, and miners with Lee-Metford rifles.'

And to Cape Town he sent this long message:—

'Shall leave to-night for the Transvaal. My reason is the final arrangement with writers of letter was that, without further reference to them, in case I should hear at some future time that suspicions have been aroused among the Transvaal authorities, I was to start immediately to prevent loss of lives as letters state. Reuter only just received. Even without, my own information of meeting in the Transvaal [would] compel immediate move to fulfil promise made. We are simply going to protect everybody while they change the present dishonest Government, and take vote from the whole country as to form of government required by the whole.'[2]

The Reuter's message to which Jameson here refers was published throughout South Africa on the 28th. It ran as follows:—

'*Johannesburg*, December 28.—The position is becoming acute, and persistent rumours are afloat of secret arming of

[1] *I.e.* whether Pretoria or Johannesburg.

[2] There was some dispute in the Committee as to whether Jameson sent this message before or after his talk with Heany. Heany's special train arrived at Mafeking at 4.30 on Sunday morning. At Mafeking he hired a Cape cart and drove out to Pitsani Potlugo, a distance of twenty-seven miles. It seems possible that with good horses the distance could have been covered before 9.5 A.M., when the telegram was despatched; but Heany (fifteen months after the event) says he arrived between 11 and 12.

miners and war-like preparations. Women and children are leaving the Rand. Americans have passed a resolution siding with the Transvaal, and the Mercantile Association considers that in case of trouble they have everything to lose, and have appointed a committee to investigate the position. The market is lifeless; no business and everything politics. The "Volkslied" and "God Save the King" were loudly cheered in the theatre.

'*Pretoria.*—The President and General Joubert have returned. The political situation is the talk of the town, and the opinion is expressed by leading men that a *modus vivendi* will be arrived at and wiser counsels prevail in Johannesburg. Two citizens from the Rand privately interviewed the President with not wholly unsatisfactory results.'

Was there ever a more puzzling message for knight errant to receive? 'Secret arming and war-like preparations' meant the secret was out, the Government was warned, and if action were to be taken at all, it must be taken at once. Then if the women and children were leaving the Rand, that surely meant that the people meant to take action. The Americans were against them: that was bad.[1] And the merchants, having everything to lose from trouble, were against them also. Naturally! Kruger and his Commander-in-Chief were in Pretoria. That too suggested action. The President was receiving a deputation from the Rand. What did that mean? No, that did not sound well. But only two. No matter! Anyway it was now or never. If Jameson had been a man of less courage or more caution, he would have seen that Now was already too late. As it was, being Now or Never, he hazarded fate on Now.

[1] It was not true.

CHAPTER XXV

THE RAID

'There is a fate that flies with towering spirit
Home to the mark, and never checks at conscience.'

I

Dr. Jameson had a well-founded faith in his friend, Willoughby's, military talents, and he had always intended that 'Johnny' should command the column. But, for reasons we have seen, poor Willoughby was left fretting his soul out at Buluwayo. 'I can get nothing out of the Doctor as yet except vague and disappointing telegrams; in the meantime the days are slipping by and I am tired of waiting'—so he writes to his chum and Senior Staff Officer, 'Bobbie' White, on November 8. And again on the 18th Willoughby writes: 'I wish I could come down, but he will not let me move yet. Mind you and Harry drill the men inside out, outpost, advanced guards, skirmishing, etc.'

'Harry,' let us here explain, was 'Bobbie's' brother, or, to describe him more at length, the Hon. H. F. White, of the Grenadier Guards, Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the Mashonaland Mounted Police, and we may be certain that he and his second-in-command, Inspector Bodle, late of the 6th Dragoons, and his officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, worked hard and drilled their men both inside out and outside in, not only because

THE RAID

SKETCH MAP OF THE ACTIONS AT QUEEN'S BATTERY AND DOORN KOP

Compiled from materials supplied to the Author by Brig.-Gen. Hon. Robert White

X Position of Surrender

Boers
Farm
Plantation
Ridge strewn with stones & boulders
QUEEN'S BATTERY HOUSE
KRUGERSDORP
House
Deep Watercourse
Col. H. White
Col. R. Grey
Fr. Hinds Store. 3m.
Railway Embankment
Bivouac
March of Column (not true to scale)
Randfontein
Boers 9 a.m.
Boers 9 a.m.
To Krugersdorp
Open Veldt
Staats Artillery
Impassable
Boers
Boers
7.30 a.m.
Speitfontein Mine
Rearguard 9 a.m.
Farm
7.30 a.m.
Kraal
Johannesburg 9m.
X 9.15 a.m.
Boers 1st Position
8.30 a.m.
DOORN KOP
Boers 2nd Position
Boers
Rearguard 7.30 a.m.
Luipards Vley
8.45 a.m.
Farm Held by Boers
Scouts
Boers

it is the nature of the good British officer so to do, but because in this case their lives depended on it.

They had a good foundation for their work in the four troops and artillery troop of the Mashonaland Mounted Police—good shots and good horsemen nearly all of them. But from Cape Town Jameson had sent up about a hundred recruits who had to be brought up to concert pitch in as many weeks as they should have had months; but even they for the most part were not altogether innocent of arms—have we not seen the commanding officer of the Duke of Edinburgh's Own complaining that his best men had been stolen? Still, there was a great deal to do, and what made the work harder was that horses and equipment were dribbling in after the men.

Willoughby at last gave his final instructions for the calling out of the Rhodesia Horse for 'camp of exercise' if required, and left Buluwayo 'for England' on December 9. From the time he arrived at Pitsani Potlugo we may be certain the force was trained even more zealously than before. There was a great deal to be done. The Mashonaland Force had received Lee-Metfords in exchange for Martinis before leaving Buluwayo: the Bechuanaland Border Police were still armed with Martinis; they had to make the change and be instructed in the new weapon. Horses had to be brought into shape; mule teams had to be broken in to the Maxims; the route had to be studied, the order of march thought out, and arrangements made for the provisioning of men and horses along it.

This last part of the work had already been arranged between Dr. Jameson and his old Kimberley colleague, Dr. Wolff. In 1886 Wolff, like many another old Kimberley hand, had migrated to the

gold-fields, and in 1895 was practising on the Rand. About the middle of November he began the delicate operation of laying a line of stores between Krugersdorp and the western border, and stocking them with provisions, fodder, and remounts for a force six hundred strong without exciting the suspicion of the Boers. But Dr. Wolff came of a race that has never failed through lack of cunning. And Dr. Wolff formed two companies. One was the Rand Produce and Trading Syndicate. The price of forage, mealies, corn, and so forth varied a good deal in Johannesburg from week to week. What more reasonable than that a company should be started to buy produce direct from the Boers, store it at local centres, and bring it into Johannesburg as required? As for the horses, another company intended to open a line of coaches from the Rand to Mafeking—not, by the way, a very promising speculation, but hardly less promising than many another which had beguiled money out of the bulging pockets of Johannesburg investors.

Thus all things were arranged. On the 27th two men of the Bechuanaland Border Police were sent into the Transvaal to cut the wires to Pretoria at Rustenburg. It is said that they got drunk and made a hash of the business.[1] On the 27th through his brother Sam, and on the morning of the 29th direct, Dr. Jameson instructed Dr. Wolff to cut the telegraph wires—as previously arranged—round Pretoria; but Dr. Wolff afterwards stated in his evidence that he did not receive the order until Monday, when it was too late. This double failure to

[1] See Cape *Report*, evidence of Arthur Bates, an old policeman, who was sent by Colonel Grey from Mafeking to Rustenburg on the 27th. He had got £50 for some job or other—what he declined to say—but had not done it.

cut Pretoria off the wires was, as we shall see, disastrous. On Sunday (the 29th) the wires were cut both north and south of Mafeking and Pitsani Potlugo.[1]

At Pitsani Potlugo everything was ready by three o'clock on Sunday afternoon. It is a desolate place—a stretch of bare, flat veld under a kopje, with nothing but a farmhouse and a store to mark its desolation. But on that Sunday afternoon there was a goodly company. Dr. Jameson was there, as in the Matabele War and with the Pioneers a civilian without formal powers, but the true leader by virtue of his power to lead. Sir John Willoughby commanded the whole force, and he had his miniature staff.[2]

They were keen young British officers, some drawn from the Guards and other crack regiments and others from the Company's service. One joyous young Guardsman, Major J. B. Stracey[3] of the Scots Guards, had gone out to South Africa on leave, and 'happening' to be there he was 'temporarily attached to Staff,' along with Major Heany, Captain Foley, and Lieutenant Harry Holden, late of the Grenadiers, who also happened to be there.

The force itself, the Mashonaland Mounted Police,

[1] See the evidence of Mr. (now Sir) Somerset French, the Postmaster-General of the Cape, before the Cape Committee.

[2] Major Robert White was his Senior Staff Officer; Major C. Hyde Villiers of the Royal Horse Guards his Staff Officer; Captain Kincaid Smith of the Royal Artillery his Artillery Staff Officer; Captain Kennedy his Quartermaster, and Captain E. Holden his Assistant Quartermaster; Surgeon Captain Farmer of the B.S.A. Company, and Surgeon Captain Heaton Hamilton, late of the 1st Life Guards, were his Medical Officers; Lieutenant Grenfell of the 1st Life Guards his Remount Officer; Lieutenant Jesser Coope was Transport Officer; and Captain Lindsell of the Royal Scots Fusiliers was in charge of the Scouts.

[3] Now Colonel Stracey-Clitherow.

commanded by Colonel Harry White, consisted of 4 troops and an artillery troop, 372 officers and men strong, with 480 horses, 128 mules, and 65 Cape boys as servants and grooms. Their artillery was 1 12½-pounder and 6 Maxims, and their baggage train 6 Scotch carts, 1 Cape cart, and 2 grain wagons.

Such was the Pitsani Potlugo column, which drew up on parade on Sunday afternoon to be addressed by Jameson and Willoughby.

What Jameson said to his men can be put together from the various reports of witnesses. All agree that he read the letter or part of the letter from the Reformers: the phrase about women and children stuck in every memory.[1] He is said to have stated also that there would be no shot fired, and this is the more credible as it is certain that he pinned his hopes upon getting through by a surprise rush: 'they would get through without any fighting at all,' but if they did fight they were prepared for fighting. They were to be joined by the Bechuanaland Border Police, and, if it came to the push, according to one witness, the Cape Mounted Rifles and the Natal Mounted Police would join in.

We know no more of Willoughby's speech than that he congratulated the men on their appearance, and hoped they would give a good account of themselves.

We know also that the men cheered, and we may believe that the cheer was hearty, for Jameson had a power over men which some have called magnetic. As one of them afterwards said, 'We would all have followed the Doctor to hell.'

At half-past six, in the gathering coolness of a

[1] The statement that women and children were fleeing from Johannesburg had just come through from Reuter, and Jameson may have referred to that also.

midsummer evening, the column set out in the order of march on the road to Malmani.

In the meantime what was happening at Mafeking? There the need for secrecy was greater, as not the empty wilderness but a very wide-awake little township surrounded the police. For that reason the force was only paraded at half-past seven in the evening. Most of the men had accepted the offer of transfer from the Crown to the Company, but some had refused, and when the police force drew up these men fell out and were formed into a separate troop behind the rest.

Then Captain Coventry spoke to them. 'It is no good keeping it from you any longer,' he said. 'We are going to Johannesburg; we have got to get through in fifty hours, and I want you all to come along with us.'

Nobody moved out, and presently Colonel Raleigh Grey came up. 'What is the matter with you men?' he exclaimed. 'Why won't you come with us? We are going to Johannesburg, and I want you all to come with us.'

Then one of the troop spoke up and asked whether they were going to fight for the Queen.

'No,' the Colonel replied, 'you are not going to fight for the Queen; but you are going to fight for the supremacy of the British flag in South Africa.'

This satisfied most of the men, and when the column rode out of the camp, it was 122 strong—officers and men, not counting Major Robert White, who represented Willoughby's Staff, and the drivers and leaders.[1] They had 160 horses and 30 mules;

[1] Several of the younger officers, as well as some of the men, refused to join. Captain Fuller, late of the Force, who had joined the Cape Mounted Police on November 15, was watching the Depot station, and at 8 o'clock on Sunday night, according to his evidence, Major White asked him to

for artillery they had 2 7-pounders and 2 Maxims; and they had 2 Scotch carts, and two Cape carts to carry baggage and ammunition.

The column rode north out of Mafeking about nine o'clock at night. Mr. Boyes, the Magistrate, was sitting on the verandah of his house when he heard the sound of cheering from the police camp. He remarked to his wife that it was odd they should be cheering at that time of night, when Colonel Raleigh Grey rode past his front door. 'I have left my gauntlets under the chair on the verandah,' said Grey, and he picked them up and went, shouting out in the dusk to another neighbour, 'Good-bye, Sam Weil, I'm off.'

Mr. Boyes went to the club and found it in a buzz of speculation and excitement.

In the meantime the police, after riding out of the township to the north, formed to the right, then formed column of march and headed due east on the road to the Transvaal.

Captain Fuller, who was watching them, sent Sub-Inspector Brown to follow the column, and Brown returned about midnight with the news that they had crossed the Border.

The two columns rode through the night upon converging lines. The Pitsani column halted for an hour and a half 17 miles out at Jagersfontein Kop, where they picked up the two forage wagons which had been sent ahead.

Almost on the stroke of five the two columns met at Malmani. As troop after troop trotted down the

use his influence to persuade these young officers to join. Captain Fuller refused on the ground that he was in the Cape Government Service, and asked where they were going. Major White did not reply, but as the column moved off he called out 'Good-bye.' 'I shall have to report the movement of these troops,' said Fuller. 'You can do as you like,' White replied.

street in the light of dawn, an English cobbler opened his shop-door, and stood in it amazed with his apron in his hand. Then realising what the brave sight meant, he waved his apron up and down, crying, 'Good on ye, lads, good on ye!'[1]

The united column was now, with the staff, 508 strong, not counting the 75 drivers and leaders. Its order of march was well suited to the work in hand. Captain Lindsell rode first with a guide and a patrol of picked men half an hour by day and a quarter of an hour by night in advance of the column. Then came the advance guard, consisting of a troop with a Maxim gun. Then a squadron marching at the head of the main body, followed by four Maxims and the 12½-pounder, the mounted gun detachments, the Cape and Scotch carts under the Transport Officer; then a squadron and all the led horses, and lastly one troop for the rear guard with a Maxim gun.

In this marching order the column pressed on to Malmani Oog, where the first store was laid, and halted there for rest and breakfast at 6.45. At nine they were off again and trekked to Nordin's store, 16 miles farther on, which they reached at one o'clock; Nordin's they left at 2.20 and reached Lombard's store at the Lead Mines 9 miles farther at half-past five in the evening. Progress here was slow for the road was hilly.

The Lead Mines, indeed, were the first point of danger, for here, after a steep descent of 600 feet, the road passes for 500 yards through a narrow wooded ravine with a river at the bottom. In the drift the 12½-pounder ammunition cart was upset and delayed the column an hour; but the column got through at last in safety.

[1] At Malmani the telegraph line to Zeerust was cut.

It was just in time: a force of 300 Boers from Lichtenburg reached the defile three hours later. The Transvaal was awake. At Macarthur's store, the very next off-saddle, they got due warning.

'Two messengers here caught us up from Joubert, wanting to know why we were breaking the law, and warning us. The Doctor wrote an answer.'[1]

This was on Monday night: they had been twenty-four hours or so on the road, and here was proof that the Boers knew all about them. Jameson must have realised that here was an end to his hope of getting through without fighting.

II

How did Pretoria learn the news? We know, from the despatches sent to Berlin by Herff, the German Consul-General at Pretoria, that as early as December 24 the Transvaal Government was 'taking steps' against expected disturbances in Johannesburg. On the 26th Charles Leonard's violent manifesto—damp squib as it was—was 'looked upon by everybody as threatening the Government with violence'; and some time on Monday, the 30th, Pretoria received the news 'by telegraph'—probably from Rustenburg—that '800 men of the Chartered Company, armed with six Maxim guns and cannon of other calibre, were advancing on Johannesburg, and had already nearly reached the town of Rustenburg.' Thereupon Kruger called out his Burghers and prepared to give battle.[2]

[1] Willoughby's *Diary*. The printed version has it, 'received a letter'; if the *Diary* is correct these messengers must have come in from the west.

[2] Herff's telegrams were presented to the Reichstag on February 12, 1896, and were afterwards printed in translation as part of the Appendix to Report.

The Boers, then, were awake and the Imperial Government was awaking. Chamberlain had at least one eye open on Sunday, for on that day he telegraphed a warning to Sir Hercules Robinson. Rhodes had doubtful news some time after midday; but had sat upon it in a state of miserable uncertainty all through Sunday afternoon and evening. Then between ten and eleven o'clock at night he sent his coachman with a note 'scrawled on the back of a telegraph form' to the Imperial Secretary, Sir Graham Bower. Bower went at once and found Rhodes in his bedroom.

Now Bower had been Rhodes's confidant in the secret ever since October. Only the day before Rhodes had told him that the Revolution had 'fizzled out like a damp squib.' He now found Rhodes, as he afterwards described it, 'crushed' by the news, and he was 'rather knocked over' himself.

Bower slept on it, and slept badly, we may suppose, for at five o'clock he sent a note to the Governor to break the news, and by six o'clock he was in Cape Town. His state must have been indeed miserable, for he had kept his knowledge back from his superior since October, and now it had to come out. At eight o'clock he went to the Chartered Company's offices, but they were shut; then he went to the Prime Minister's office, but Rhodes was not there, then back to Government House to find the Governor had arrived.

More of what the Governor did that Monday we shall see later; in the meantime what is to our purpose is that he sent a telegram to Newton,[1] commanding him, if the rumour was true, to send 'a special messenger on a fast horse' after Jameson.

[1] Now Sir Francis Newton, then Resident Commissioner, Bechuanaland Protectorate.

Now Newton was much in Bower's position. Jameson had let him into the secret of the Jameson plan as early as December 4. Newton had kept the guilty secret in his breast until the middle of the month, but getting more and more uncomfortable about it, had resolved to go down to Cape Town and clear things up. He went, and saw his immediate superior, who was none other than Bower. Bower said he knew and hinted that everybody else knew also. Newton then proposed to see the High Commissioner, but Bower persuaded him to go instead to Rhodes. Newton went and told Rhodes that he proposed to resign. But Rhodes's powers of persuasion had been too much for poor Newton. Rhodes was then sanguine of success. If Newton resigned it might let the cat out of the bag. What assurances the Prime Minister gave him we shall see later on.

Newton had stayed over Christmas, glad to be away from Mafeking; but not altogether happy in his mind. He had returned on the 26th, had been overtaken at Vryburg by Heany's special train, and had arrived at Mafeking on the morning of that momentous Sunday.

He had heard that the force was riding away; but he had done nothing, and now at midday on Monday this message from the High Commissioner began to arrive.

Newton was even in a worse case than Bower; but now he did what he could. By either 1.30 or 2.30—accounts differ—Orderly Sergeant White, one of the policemen who had refused to go with Grey, was mounted on a swift horse with a waterproof packet in his breast pocket containing five letters, to Dr. Jameson and his principal officers.

White's horse must have been very good. He

was stopped at the Border by an armed guard of Dutchmen, and taken to Malmani, where his despatches were opened by the local authorities. There he was kept about four hours and then went on under escort. Hot on the spoor of the Raiders they pressed on from store to store, helping themselves to food and fodder as they went. Thus they rode all Sunday night, and some time on Monday morning—again accounts differ as to the exact time—they caught up with the column. By that time White had ridden eighty miles on the same horse.[1]

First he went with his despatches to Colonel Grey. 'Take them to Sir John Willoughby,' said Grey. He took them to Willoughby. 'Take them to Dr. Jameson,' said Willoughby. He took them to Jameson. 'Take them back to Sir John Willoughby,' said Jameson, 'he is in military command.'

So Willoughby opened the packet, and produced the five envelopes. Out of one of them—addressed to Captain Gosling—the Dutchmen at Malmani had taken the letter. But they were all the same. They were in fact copies of the High Commissioner's telegram to Newton :—

'There is a rumour here that Dr. Jameson has entered the Transvaal with an armed force. Is this correct? If it is, send a special messenger on a fast horse directing him to return at once. A copy of this telegram should be sent to the officers with him, and they should be told that Her Majesty's Government repudiate their violation of the territory of a friendly State, and that they are rendering themselves liable to severe penalties.'

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[1] White says he came up to the column at 11 o'clock at Doorn 'kop,' by which he clearly meant Doornport, which the column had reached at 5.45 A.M. in the morning. According to Willoughby's notebook the column left Doornport at 8 A.M.

White waited half an hour while Jameson and his officers debated the matter. The substance of the debate is no doubt given in the following passage from Willoughby's notebook:—

'Letter from H. C. here arrived ordering us to return. This was considered out of the question. We were now nearly two-thirds of the way, only 64 miles from Krugersdorp where our friends had promised to meet us in force. If we turned back we should be playing them false. Behind us we knew was Joubert probably with a large force, and we felt sure a retrograde movement would encourage the Boers to fall on us from all sides. Added to this we had food all the way in front of us but not an atom for men and horses on the road we had come. I thereupon replied to the letters that they should be attended to. The only way of safety now for our small force was to push on with the utmost speed, particularly as we had heard that the Rustenburg-Zeerust and Rustenburg-Pretoria telegraph wires had never been cut as promised by the Johannesburg people, and that Kruger knew of our advance at 2 P.M. on Monday, the 30th.'

As things had gone so far, there was in fact—and could be—no thought of turning back. White waited half an hour apart, and then Sir John Willoughby gave him the decision:—

'Tell your commanding officer,' he said, 'that the despatches have been received and will be attended to.'

Then, according to White, the bugle sounded 'Boot and saddle,' and the force rode off in the direction of Johannesburg.[1] For White's part, he returned to Mafeking. But he noted on the way that all the stores were in charge of armed Boers,

[1] At Doornport Dr. Wolff had placed 250 remounts; but as they were mostly old coachers, the Raiders only took 40 of them, preferring their own horses.

and two or three hours after sunset he fell in with a party of 300 of them—it was the Rustenburg commando. Willoughby was right: retreat was cut off.

The Raiders, as we have seen, left Doornport at 8 A.M. They reached Vlakfontein at 10 A.M., and after a short halt went on to Soldin's store, twenty miles from Doornport, which they reached at 1 P.M. and left at 2.30. As they went they saw several Boers riding and driving, who came up, looked at them, and then went off again; the farms they passed were now deserted and there were reports of wagons full of armed Boers in front. But nothing happened until they got to Boon's store at 6.30 in the evening.

There in the gathering dusk they saw a single horseman riding up from the east. It was no other than Saul Johannes Eloff, the President's nephew, a lieutenant of the Police, from Krugersdorp. 'In consequence of information received' he had ridden out that morning with a small force of men. He had left these behind when he sighted the column and now rode boldly up to challenge the Raiders. He was arrested, disarmed, and taken to Jameson.

'I asked him,' says Eloff, 'whether he thought it was right to arrest me, and to disarm me on our own territory, there being no war.'

'You are right,' said Jameson after a pause.

Eloff, however, was not at once released. He stayed with the column at Boon's store while it rested, and when the column left he was given his horse on condition that he waited two hours before riding away.

According to Willoughby's notebook, Eloff told them that 'Johannesburg was up, and it served the

Government right for not having a standing army.' It was a comforting piece of news—delusive though it was. The column rode on through the night, their scouts reporting that the Boer scouts retreated as they advanced, and there were reports also of a force of Boers to the south. So the column went along carefully as men do who expect every moment to be ambushed in the night. Soon after 9 P.M. they passed Levi's store, five miles from Boon's. And two miles beyond they approached a rocky wooded ridge through which the road had to pass. There the scouts encountered 30 Boers who opened fire. The column was halted and two troops moved up to seize the ridge on either side of the road, and then two Maxims were moved forward so as to overlook the reverse slope. Then the advanced guard, one strong troop, was sent forward to occupy the Drift 800 yards beyond the ridge. The Boers fell back before these movements beyond the Drift, fired a few shots, and then retreated.

It was the first skirmish, and Willoughby must have felt himself well out of it, for the road over the ridge and through the defile was so narrow that the column had to form in single file. But soon the track widened out again, and the force was able to resume the formation which it kept nearly all the way from Boon's store to within ten miles of Krugersdorp, of six lines abreast—two lines of guns in the centre, a line of carts on either side of the guns, and the main body of troops on each flank, thus reducing the total length of the column from a mile to less than 300 yards.

Two hours had been lost by this check on the ridge, and Willoughby was well aware of the value of time. They were now going through a region of

hills, about a mile and a half in breadth, and when a Boer came in with a flag of truce, Willoughby refused to halt the column, suspecting that either the fellow was a spy or had been sent as a ruse to gain time. And Willoughby was probably right, for when the Boer was examined, he had nothing to say: 'I sent him about his business,' says Willoughby, 'and had him conducted well outside our line of advanced scouts.'

Then the road became indistinct and the column lost it, so that as it was now one in the morning and they had been five hours in the saddle, a halt was called. The men were dog-tired and lay down beside their horses, guarded by two or three Cossack posts on two ridges that ran east and west, and a cordon of sentries round the bivouac. Here on one of the ridges a trooper was wounded by a sniper—Willoughby not liking the position saddled up at 3.30, and the men stood to arms until daylight.

As the dawn broke the sentries reported two large bodies of Boers advancing from the south; but it was a false alarm. A troop of the advance guard went ahead to occupy a ridge that crossed the road, and then the column resumed its march, reaching Van Oudtshoorn's store, twelve miles from Boon's, at six on Wednesday morning. There, in a fair position, they off-saddled for breakfast, and halted four hours to rest men and horses.

It was New Year's morning: the men had now been riding for two days and three nights, with bivouacs too short for refreshing sleep. And now their rest was troubled by constant alarms. One party of 60 Boers was sighted two miles to their rear, a force of 200 were reported two or three miles to the south, a small party to the north, and another

party was seen retreating on Krugersdorp. They were obviously surrounded and being held under observation.

III

At 9.30 the little force resumed its march, and after two miles, to their great relief, left the hilly region behind them and passed into fine open country. They were now dogged by a force of 100 Boers following a mile behind the rear-guard, which Willoughby therefore reinforced by half a troop and another Maxim.

As the Raiders rode along over the open plain, thus warily and wearily, at about five miles from a place called Van Oudtshoorn they espied two young men on bicycles riding towards them from the east. They were messengers from Johannesburg, and they brought good tidings. They had in all three despatches concealed in the pillars of their bicycles, and what they told Dr. Jameson was this:—

The name of one was Celliers, a Dutchman, of the other Arthur Maynard Rowland, an Englishman; they were both members of a bicycle corps which had been formed in Johannesburg, and they had come out with these letters from the Reform Committee. They had come by way of Krugersdorp, and had seen a good many armed Boers in that town. They had got through, indeed, by a ruse, for Celliers had gone to the Field Cornet, one Bodenstein, and had offered to take a message on to Commandant Potgieter who was between Krugersdorp and the Raiders. From Krugersdorp they had ridden westwards, past the Queen's Mine on the crest of the hill, and had seen more Boers there. Then they had passed some Boer police, but had shown them

the pass they had got from Bodenstein, and so had ridden on until they had come upon Commandant Potgieter twelve miles west of Krugersdorp, and retiring on that town. To Potgieter Celliers had given the despatch he had received from Bodenstein —after reading it—and had deceived Potgieter so cleverly that they had been allowed to ride on westwards, and so had met the Raiders.

They told Jameson besides that there had been no fighting in Johannesburg—which surprised him—but that the Dutch police had been withdrawn, that the town was policed by the forces of the Reform Committee, and that arms were being served out to the citizens. They also told him that there were 350 men with Potgieter, and that five Commandants —Malan, Cronje, Driechard, Erasmus, and another—were to join Potgieter at Krugersdorp in the afternoon.

As to the despatches, it is unfortunate that accounts of what they contain differ; but by a curious chance, pieces of them, for they had been torn up, probably by Jameson, and scattered on the veld, were found by a Boer official four months later, 'having remained undisturbed during the severe rain and wind storms of the wet season.' Pieced together they give the substance of two of the letters, albeit several important words are missing. These words have been supplied both by the Reformers and the Raiders, and the two readings differ; but in the meantime we may take the version of the Reformers, as they, after all, wrote them:—

'Dear Dr.—The rumour of massa*cre in* Johannesburg that started yo*u to* our relief was not true. We *are all* right, feeling intense. We have armed a lot of men. Shall be

very glad to see you. *We are* not in possess*ion of the* town. *We will send out some* men to *meet you. You are a fine* fellow.—Yours ever, F. R.'

'We will all drink a glass along *o'* you.—L. P.'

And the second:—

'31st, 11.30.—Kruger has asked for *some of us* to go over and treat: armistice for *24 hours agreed* to. My view is that they are in a funk at Pretoria, and they were wrong to agree from here.—F. R.'

'Dr. Jameson.'[1]

As to the third letter, it was from Dr. Wolff: it was written, according to him, on the night of the 30th, and described the defensive position which the Boers were likely to take at the Queen's Mine on the road to Krugersdorp.

Sir Percy FitzPatrick admits that 'the tone of this correspondence does not appear to be in accord with the attitude of the Reform Committee.' That is a point we shall have to debate later. In the meantime it is sufficient to say that the Doctor, as Celliers afterwards reported, was 'very glad with the news I brought him.'

It is true that he could not quite have liked that disturbing little later note about the armistice; but even that was only for twenty-four hours. The sentence, 'We are not in possession of the town' must have puzzled him a little. Probably he thought it meant Pretoria, for Rowland and Celliers told him

[1] *Transvaal from Within*, p. 180 and p. 440. The words in italics are the words supplied by Colonel Francis Rhodes and Mr. Lionel Phillips. According to a statement signed by Dr. Jameson, Sir John Willoughby, Major Robert White, and Colonel Raleigh Grey, the letter they received was: 'The rumour of massacre that started you to our relief was not true. We are all right, feeling intense. We have armed a lot of men. I shall be very glad to see you. We (or the Boers) are not in possession of the town. I will bring at least, or about, 300 men to meet you at Krugersdorp. You are a gallant fellow.'

that the Reformers were in possession of Johannesburg. But at any rate they were 'all right,' feeling was intense, arms were being served out, and help was to be sent—whether 'some men' or 300 men does not greatly matter.

Moreover here was a letter to show that Jameson was welcome, in spite of the injunctions: indeed he was praised; he was patted on the back—'You are a fine fellow. We will all drink a glass along o' you!' A glass indeed—of wormwood and of gall!

The Doctor and his officers talked things well over with the two messengers. Rowland—a keen young fellow he must have been—made sure that if he could get back to Johannesburg he could get 2000 men to meet the Raiders. Jameson was confident he could fight his way in without them; nevertheless he would be glad to get them; 'they would make a bit of a show'; they would be useful 'because if the 2000 men came out the Boers would probably draw off' and there would be no fighting.[1]

Celliers asked the Doctor whether it would not be well for him to halt, until they got through and sent help.

But Jameson replied that he thought there was nothing to fear. At the same time he did not want to go to Johannesburg as a pirate, so that it would be well for them to send some men to meet him.[2]

Then Colonel H. F. White wrote a memorandum to Colonel Frank Rhodes, explaining their situation, and Dr. Jameson added a postscript:—

'As you may imagine we are all well pleased by your

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[1] Trial at Bar, July 23, 1896. Rowland's evidence.

[2] Celliers's Report (FitzPatrick, p. 182). Celliers afterwards stated he gathered the impression that the Doctor 'had never expected help and did not want it'; but this contradicted both his own statements and Rowland's evidence.

letter. We have had some fighting, and hope to reach Johannesburg to-night; but of course it will depend on the amount of fighting we have. Of course we shall be pleased to have 200 men meet us at Krugersdorp, as it will greatly encourage the men, who are in great heart although a bit tired. Love to Sam, Phillips, and rest.—L. S. J.'

The letter was rolled up and, as before, put in the pillar of Rowland's bicycle: these two brave messengers shook hands with Dr. Jameson, who 'wished us well,' and set out on their journey back. What happened to them we shall hear in good time: in the meanwhile let us follow the Raiders.

IV

Presently as they rode along they found that the track began to be fenced on either side. They found also that these wire fences continued for two miles—right up to Hand's store—and 'as they practically constituted a defile'—from which in case of attack the column could not deploy, Willoughby halted the column while the wires were being cut every hundred yards or so. In the meantime scouts were sent out: they reported a force of Boers on the left; the party of 100 Boers which had been following them was still dogging their rear, and there was a force of 200 Boers in front, at Hand's store, while on their right flank the Raiders thought they could see a fourth party. They were thus surrounded by a force which moved along with them and never came to close quarters. It was not pleasant.

Colonel White sent for the guns to shell the Boers in front; but by the time the guns arrived the

Boers had galloped away, and all White could do was to fire a couple of rounds after them.[1]

All this delayed the column, and it was 1.30 before the Raiders reached Hand's store, some seven miles from Krugersdorp.

Here, for the first time, the commissariat failed. Most of the men, it is true, got some food, but the rear-guard and outposts had none, and most of the horses got nothing except a little grass, as there was only enough forage for the gun teams. Moreover, although the store was almost empty of provisions, it contained a cask of bad sherry, which was broached by some of the men, and although there was but little of it when shared among them, yet to men so fatigued and with empty stomachs, it was more than was good for them.

Sir John Willoughby knew from Dr. Wolff's letter and his knowledge of the place that the position in front of Krugersdorp was the crux of the enterprise. He sent Major Villiers and Lieutenant Grenfell ahead with a reconnoitring patrol to see if a flank attack from the right were possible, as he already knew that there was no chance for an attack from the left; and at the same time Willoughby sent a Boer whom he had taken at Van Oudtshoorn with a warning to the Commandant—that if his 'friendly force' met with armed resistance he might be obliged to shell the town.

Then at three on Wednesday afternoon the column resumed its march. Dr. Jameson afterwards bore witness that Willoughby's counsel was to avoid Krugersdorp altogether:—

[1] The advanced guard had come upon this force while it was watering its horses and could have wrought havoc upon it with its two Maxims; but Willoughby's orders were to avoid attack unless forced to action, and the Boers were allowed to ride away unharmed.

'He explained to me an objection, which I knew nothing about, of military tactics, that it was a wrong thing for him to do; but the only reason was that I insisted upon it, and he saw that it was necessary to follow the instructions in that letter from Johannesburg.'[1]

As the column topped a ridge, the whole position unrolled itself before Willoughby's experienced eyes, and the more he looked at it the less he must have liked it.[2]

From the ridge the force was on, the ground sloped away to a stream or spruit which crossed the road at right angles, and from the spruit the road climbed a long steep bare hill, smooth and blank, like the glacis of a fortress. On the right[2] of the road, a little way up the hill, like the outwork of a fortress guarding the spruit, was a large stone-walled enclosure, planted with trees, and on the left of the road one house. The summit, where the road reached the crest, was guarded by a substantial building, the Battery House of the Queen's Mine, which stood a little behind the crest, a hundred yards or so to the left of the roadside. What Willoughby could not see was that the reverse of the stony ridge was hollow and so strewn with great boulders that the defenders lay perfectly secure from any artillery fire he could bring to bear upon it.

The Boers, masters as usual of defensive warfare, had chosen and manned their position with admirable judgment. The enclosure near the spruit was full of them, and there was a line of their riflemen concealed in pits on the near side of the stream to the left, parallel with the road. The higher slopes

[1] Committee, *Evidence*, 4518.

[2] We are describing the position as Willoughby saw it looking towards Krugersdorp.

of the hill both to left and right were lined with more snipers. Altogether it was about as forbidding a position as ever confronted a weary force on its line of march to a beleaguered city.

But Willoughby was buoyed up by the promise which, rightly or wrongly, he had read into Colonel Rhodes's letter.[1] It was obvious that if such a position were attacked in rear as well as in front, the tables were turned on the defenders.

Willoughby's plan of attack was to shell the Queen's Battery and the crest of the ridge from the rising ground where his force now was and under cover of this fire to advance a troop of 110 men with two Maxims under Harry White as a first line with a strong troop and one Maxim in echelon as a support on either flank; while Raleigh Grey with one troop and a Maxim was to work round on the right so as to attack the Boer left. Thus two troops and three Maxims remained as reserve and rear-guard.

While Willoughby was arranging his forces, small parties of Boers were seen hurrying along by a parallel road on the left as if to join their friends in front of Krugersdorp, and at the same time the force which had been dogging the rear-guard all day opened fire. Willoughby's reply was to shell the Krugersdorp position with his 7 and 12½-pounders. The shelling began at 4.30 at 1800 yards. The gunners made excellent practice, but the Boers, as their custom was, lay quiet. The front line then rode down the slope; but they had hardly gone 400 yards when they were met and stopped by

[1] Dr. Jameson's evidence suggests that there was something of the sort in Dr. Wolff's letter also—'a letter of three pages in length describing what my force was to do on my arrival in Krugersdorp in order to get into Johannesburg.' (4518.)

a heavy fire from the Queen's Battery in front, as well as from the stone-wall enclosure above the spruit.

We have been told by a Dutchman who took part in the defence that this fire was premature; if it had been held until the Raiders were some way up on the other side of the spruit, the advance guard, or so the Boers calculated, would have been killed to a man. As it was they were stopped dead just short of the stream. In the meantime the left support had moved out to prolong the front line, but diverging too much to the left came under a hot fire from a farmhouse and plantation near the bed of the stream farther down the valley, and were driven back with the loss of a few men. Grey had worked round on the right, and was answering the fire of the Boers who had stopped the main advance. The whole force was at a standstill; Willoughby could plainly see that his attack on the Krugersdorp position must fail: it had been doomed to failure from the first unless helped from the other side.

But now Major Villiers rode in with the welcome news that the country to the right was open, and that they could easily move round. By this time some Boers were working up to the left of the narrow plateau on which the force stood, and had engaged the rear-guard and reserves. Not only was the frontal attack hopeless, but their own position was becoming unsafe. Willoughby could no longer hesitate, or all was lost. After a brief consultation with the Doctor, he gave orders for a flank movement of the whole force to the right, covered by the rear-guard with two Maxims under Captain Drury and by Colonel Grey with one troop, a Maxim and the 12½-pounder.

It was a clever manœuvre; in the gathering dusk the main force had moved a mile to the right before the Boers found out what they were doing. The rear-guard then retired, and when these had got clear, Grey followed. Thus the whole force was got out save a few skirmishers in the spruit with Lieutenant Scott and Dr. Farmer, who did not like to leave their wounded and were taken prisoners.

V

The slope which Willoughby had attacked in vain was no other than the western escarpment of the Witwatersrand, and now Willoughby by this flanking advance on the right had contrived to get his column actually up and on the Rand itself. They were among the mines, and at Luipaard's Vlei were met by a crowd of kafirs and friendly miners, who cheered them, told them that their last shell had totally destroyed the battery house, and put them on a road that led direct to Johannesburg. Some Boers were seen on the left, but appeared to be retreating in the direction of Krugersdorp.

Willoughby now saw a chance of getting through. He had two guides who had volunteered from the friendly crowd, and forming his force once more in night march formation, he prepared for a dash through the darkness on Johannesburg.

Just, however, as they were moving off, they heard heavy firing in the direction of Krugersdorp. The noise sounded like rifles intermingled with Maxims, and Willoughby leaped to the fatal conclusion that Colonel Rhodes's force had at last arrived and was engaged with the Boers at Krugersdorp. On the instant he decided to leave the carts with one troop

as guard on the road, and forming three troops in line, with one in reserve and taking the remainder of the guns with him, he advanced rapidly across the plateau towards Krugersdorp.[1]

But now the firing ceased, and instead of friends they suddenly descried the enemy in strong force advancing upon them, while their flankers reported another force of Boers on their right. Willoughby, seeing that he was in danger of being cut off from his ammunition carts, ordered a retreat, and the force fell back wearily on the road they had left. It was one of those strange chances on which often hangs the fate of men with whom the gods make sport. A fresh commando of Boers had arrived in Krugersdorp and the commandos already there had saluted them by firing their rifles in the air. It was these exulting salutations that lost for Willoughby his chance of slipping through. Nothing tires and discourages a force so much as countermanded orders. It was now almost dark; in the gloom the Boers were seen closing in from north, east, and south. The way to Johannesburg was barred, and there was nothing to be done but to bivouac in the best position they could find.[2]

Willoughby moved his column off the road to the edge of Luipaard's Vlei, and there, on its eastern side, under cover of the slope leading down to the

[1] Jameson has been blamed for this change of plan; but Willoughby's notebook is before the writer, and shows that it was Willoughby's decision: 'I at once concluded that this [the sound of firing] must mean the arrival at last of Colonel Rhodes and the long-expected Johannesburg force, coming, as promised, to our assistance. . . . To leave him in the lurch was out of the question.'

[2] 'But for this unfortunate circumstance of the firing, which we afterwards heard was due to the delight of the Boers at the arrival of large reinforcements from Potchefstroom, we should have by that time been 4 or 5 miles further on and have had, I believe, a good chance of reaching Johannesburg without further opposition.'—Willoughby's notebook.

water, the horses were formed up in quarter column, with the carts in the rear and on both flanks. Five Maxims were placed along the front so as to sweep the plateau, of which there was a clear view for 1000 yards or more; the other three Maxims were mounted at the rear corners and the left flank with the guns in the rear. The troops lay down in the gaps between the guns on all sides, and sentries were placed on every face of the laager.

Thus embattled the dog-tired Raiders settled themselves down to sleep; but it was a restless night, for the Boers were gradually creeping up the prospecting trenches with which the plateau was intersected, and by about nine o'clock a shower of bullets swept over the bivouac. Fortunately, as the camp was below the level of the plateau the men and horses suffered little—only one man and two horses being killed—but sleep was difficult and the men lay in a troubled dose with their rifles by their sides, while Jameson, Willoughby, and Grey debated what to do upon the morrow.

Here let us leave them, while we inquire what was happening in Johannesburg and why the Reformers had not sent the help they had promised.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE RISING

'And what a noble plot was crossed
And what a brave design was lost.'

I

DESPERATE men, desperate courses, and as we have already seen, the men of Johannesburg—in the latter part of 1895—were not desperate. There had been times—the desperate times surrounding the Baring crisis—when they really had meant insurrection. They were in a state for it in 1890 and again they were in a state for it in 1893. But although in the meantime their political grievances had not been lightened, although they still paid all the taxes and had no share in the government, and although the Government treated them with a hardly disguised hostility, still their economic position was vastly improved. The mining industry throve amazingly. Engineers and chemists solved the problems both of mining the ore and extracting the gold; so that their mines, which at first had been regarded with unbelief by the wise in these matters, were now become the wonder of the world. With the means thus obtained they were creating on those high barren uplands in the centre of the African wilderness a no less wonderful city. Thus occupied, creating, amassing, enjoying, they had, almost unconsciously, come to bear their political grievances, not with indifference, but with a certain

resignation. The National Union continued to agitate, and they sympathised with the agitation; they still talked of revolution; they even planned and prepared for it; but action was another matter. They were too busy.

Yet it was true that they had planned this conspiracy and had the misfortune to engage the assistance of outside friends, who were more in earnest than themselves. Cecil Rhodes had sent them his brother Frank, probably because Cecil trusted Frank, and because Frank was a soldier of high reputation. They looked to a soldier for revolution just as they would look to an engineer to sink an adit or a chemist to find a precipitate.

But Colonel Frank Rhodes was not a revolutionary leader: he was an open, brave, honest, charming English gentleman, without any ideas in politics save that the British Empire was a cause worth fighting for, and that his younger brother was always right. He was not a schemer; he was not an intriguer; he was not a demagogue; and he was not a desperate man. And although he was chosen leader by his associates, he had neither the knowledge nor the desire to lead the populace to the barricades. As to the rest, some were too young and trusted their seniors, others had a fully matured consideration of the responsibilities they carried and the shareholders they represented.

They had tried every expedient to avoid a revolt, and for years they had been content to talk of it rather than act it. They were in earnest, as men are in earnest over many things for which they are not prepared to stake their all. They were not cowards, as after-events showed, but were not screwed up to that pitch which turns even cowards

to brave men. They felt their grievances, but not as men feel who are willing to die to get rid of them: they felt them less than the working-men and the lower classes who suffered under the insolence of the Government officials and the race hatred which inspired it, and were in a position neither to resent nor placate it.

Still from talk they had insensibly drifted towards action. They had even named a day, and in war as in love the naming of a day, however light-heartedly it may be done by one of the parties, is apt to be taken seriously by the other, and as it approaches becomes serious for both.

In one of their numerous sessions the conspirators had discerned the need of some means of maintaining order in the desperate days to come, and to that end had called in an individual who was, in his own peculiar way, no less a man of action than Jameson himself.

This was Andrew Trimble, of whom, as he took a notable part in those obscure events, we must now give some account. Trimble, then, was an Ulsterman and an Orangeman, one of those strong determined natures which are bred in the North of Ireland. He had arrived in South Africa with his regiment, the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, in February 1881. The corporal was the first to enter Potchefstroom with the advanced guard of the flying column, and he shared the shame and bitterness felt by the British Army over the disastrous peace that followed Majuba. In the following year he took his discharge from his regiment with the rank of sergeant, and joined the Durban Burgh Police Force as a constable. Now it happened that a certain notorious 'I.D.B.,' by the name of Jacobs, was arrested in Natal with no less

than 3 lb. 11 oz. of diamonds in his possession, and Trimble was sent to Kimberley with the prisoner. While awaiting the trial he put in his time with the Kimberley Detective Force and did such good work that he was transferred there. And so, after a brief interval of service with the Warren Expedition, he embarked upon the perilous but fascinating career of detecting and pursuing the most cunning and desperate gang of criminals that ever infested a community. In the eleven years of his service, there was hardly a crook or a cut-throat, male and female, in South Africa who did not learn to fear and respect Andrew Trimble, and by zeal, courage, and a certain cunning which outmatched the criminal, he rose to be Chief Detective of the Kimberley Force.

For these and other reasons, Kimberley went somewhat out of fashion with thief, pimp, and smuggler, who began to flock in increasing numbers to the gold-fields of the Transvaal. There, for a time, they enjoyed an almost unbounded prosperity. Illicit gold-buyers, illicit liquor-sellers, faro dens, and thieves' kitchens spread and multiplied along the Rand until the honest miners threatened to take the law into their own hands. And then at last Ewald Esselen, who was State Attorney, asked the Cape Government to lend them a good police officer, and Sir Thomas Upington sent up Andrew Trimble. There followed such a ferreting and routing through all the haunts of vice and crime and contraband that the Jews who conducted the traffic saw ruin staring them in the face, and set to work to engineer a cabal against Trimble in the Government. Kruger, to do him justice, stood by his servant; but his enemies appealed to national sentiment and raised the cry

that none but a true Transvaaler should wield such power as Trimble wielded, and the upshot was that he had to go. He returned to Kimberley in November 1895 to claim his pension, knowing up to that time nothing of the plot that was brewing; but it occurred to the plotters that he was just the man to maintain order during the critical days of 'reconstruction,' and accordingly he was invited to visit Johannesburg. There, on December 18, he was ushered into a room in the *Star* office, where he found Colonel Rhodes, George Farrar, Lionel Phillips, Hays Hammond, and a young military officer called Sandilands, who had been made Chief of the Staff, assembled together. They explained to him that their purpose was to get rid of a dishonest and corrupt Government, and asked him if he would join.

'Gentlemen,' said Trimble, 'this is a hanging matter; I must ask for a night to decide.'

The next morning he returned. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I have decided to put my neck in the same noose with yourselves. If we are hanged we shall be hanged together.'

The Committee blinked a little, but thanked honest Trimble. He then made one criticism. 'Colonel Rhodes is the wrong man for your leader, not meaning,' he added, 'any disrespect to the gentleman. But it will be said that this is a Rhodes conspiracy.'

The Committee replied that they had gone too far to change.

Then Trimble raised his hand before the Committee, which was possibly a little astonished by his dramatic earnestness, and took a solemn oath to obey Colonel Rhodes in all things until he should be released by him.

Trimble threw himself into the plot with all his

energy. He organised a body of 500 police, in which he enlisted all the crooks of the Rand; and he placed over them sub-inspectors whom he chose himself—ex-policemen and friends of his own, good men and true whom he could trust. Never was such order kept in Johannesburg!

He enlisted besides a regiment of 500 men, and collected old soldiers of his acquaintance to knock them into shape. And through certain secret societies with which he was acquainted he organised a secret service, which penetrated even into the departments of State and kept a close watch on the Government at Pretoria. The Johannesburg gaol was a strong building—almost a fortress—commanding the town; but certain of the officials being friends of Trimble's, it was arranged that the building, with the weapons and munitions it contained, should be handed over on demand.

But the great coup which these conspirators hoped to bring off was to capture the fort and magazine at Pretoria. And here, says Sir Percy FitzPatrick, 'circumstances favoured the plans of the Johannesburg men. The surrounding wall of the fort, a mere barrack, had been removed on one side in order to effect some additions; there were only about 100 men stationed there, and all, except half a dozen, could be counted on as being asleep after 9 P.M. There never was a simpler sensational task to be done than that of seizing the Pretoria fort—fifty men could have done it. But there was more to be done than the mere taking. In the fort there were known to be 10,000 rifles, ten or twelve field-pieces, and 12,000,000 rounds of small-arm ammunition; and it was designed to seize the fort and the railway on the night of the outbreak, and by means of one or

two trains, to carry off as much of the material as possible and destroy the rest.' [1]

II

While Trimble and the other fiery spirits were preparing for these desperate deeds, the leaders of the conspiracy were growing more and more to dislike the whole business. And their minds unconsciously assisted their inclinations, presenting them first with one dilemma and then another. As these dilemmas arose they were discussed and debated in anxious conclave, and then sent down to Cape Town as posers for Rhodes.

What these difficulties were we have already seen: the first concerned the coming of the British High Commissioner; the second the raising of the British flag.[2] They must have the one and would on no account have the other. On Christmas Day Charles Leonard and Hamilton were sent to Cape Town; but it is clear that even before they started, the elder statesmen, if we might so call them, of Johannesburg had decided to abandon the enterprise. Sir Percy FitzPatrick puts the blame for this change of plan upon Dr. Jameson. The suggestion is that the Doctor was somehow or other responsible for the flag difficulty, and that even by Christmas Day his 'importunity and impatience' had so disturbed the Reformers that they 'began to discuss a complete change of plans' as soon as Leonard and Hamilton had left.

[1] *The Transvaal from Within*, p. 123.

[2] We have already stated our belief, founded on Mr. Little's report of Rhodes's conversation, that behind the flag question was another—the bargain made by Rhodes as to federation. This was probably a real cause of difference within the counsels of the Reformers.

But it is plain from the telegrams that Leonard brought the most doleful accounts of the position to Cape Town. And in his evidence he states quite definitely that he went to Cape Town intending 'for my part to try to obviate Dr. Jameson coming over the Border.'

The 'new arrangement' was to do without Dr. Jameson altogether except as 'moral support on the Border,' to have a meeting on January 6, then another representation to the Volksraad, and that failing, an appeal to arms and 'to England, as the Paramount Power, or to the other South African Governments to mediate and so avert civil war.'[1]

The Revolution being postponed, the only remaining anxiety was to stop Jameson moving 'according to plan.' To that end the Reformers, to do them justice, spared no precaution. They told Rhodes and Beit, both through Leonard and by telegram, that the whole thing was off; Sam Jameson and Hammond both sent peremptory telegrams to the Doctor at Pitsani Potlugo; and they despatched two messengers, one by train and the other across country. Captain Heany in his evidence gives a vivid little sketch of the commission: 'about half a dozen gentlemen were assembled.' They gave him the message. 'It was to tell Dr. Jameson to postpone his coming on the day appointed. That is briefly the message, and it is the whole of the message after it is all analysed. They talked for half an hour in my presence but that was the message they sent.' Heany gave it to them as his opinion that Jameson would come in whether or no. '. . . not only I told them that, but one member

[1] See C. Leonard's evidence; also FitzPatrick's *Transvaal from Within*, p. 130.

of the Committee at least, and the other messenger (Captain Holden) who was sent on the same day that I was, told them that very plainly.' The flag question, Heany said, was mentioned, but only as a side issue; it was not the reason given; the number of arms in Johannesburg was mentioned, but that was not the reason given for delay.

Of one thing there was no doubt; the Reformers besought Jameson not to come and forbade him to come in set terms. And having done so, in spite of Heany's and Holden's warning of the character of the man, they must have felt fairly secure that he would not come. It was too preposterous for belief.

How the news first came to the Committee-men does not greatly matter. Jameson's telegram to Dr. Wolff—Dr. Wolff being away—was opened by Sam Jameson on Monday morning and shown to his comrades. But it was only evidence of intention, albeit as late as 9.5 A.M. on Sunday morning. Then about noon Abe Bailey had a cryptic telegram from 'Godolphin,' Cape Town, which in racing language obscurely shadowed the truth. It was Dr. Rutherfoord Harris's warning. About the same time the zealous Trimble brought in a telegram intercepted by his secret service, giving Kruger the news from Zeerust. It was a smart piece of work, for the conspirators had the news before the Government. But they remained in a horrid suspense of doubt until about half-past four in the afternoon when A. L. Lawley burst into the room, crying, 'It is all up, boys. Read this!' And he showed them a telegram from Cape Town: 'The contractor has started on the earthworks with seven hundred boys; hopes to reach terminus on Wednesday.' [1]

[1] *Transvaal from Within*, p. 138.

Then, indeed, were hurryings to and fro, debates, deliberations, orders, and counter-orders, as one expedient after another flashed through the minds of the conspirators.

If a single man had been faced by such a situation, he would probably have seen that there were two courses possible to him—either to repudiate Jameson at once; make it known that he had come in contrary to instructions; offer support to the Government and use all means to get Jameson to return: or, contrariwise, throw all his energies into the insurrection, and pluck the flower of safety from the nettle of danger.

But the Committee—possibly because it was a committee—drifted hopelessly between these two courses. They distributed such arms as had come in; they enrolled every citizen who offered himself upon their Committee; they sent a cordial letter to Dr. Jameson; and at the same time they opened negotiations with President Kruger.

Sir Percy FitzPatrick says that from the first the conspirators realised the 'desperate' position in which Jameson had placed them.[1] But we can hardly think this correct, for on the next page he tells us that 'Those who had already taken part in the movement formed themselves into a Committee, and many other prominent men joined immediately.' Now it is obvious that if the conspirators had thought the position desperate, they would never have allowed their friends to share in their responsibility. On the contrary, as honourable men, they would have kept the burden upon their own shoulders.

No, the Committee must have still thought there

[1] P. 139: 'The position then [on the Monday afternoon seemed fairly desperate.'

was a very good chance of success. And there is evidence also that the President and his Government were not at all confident of victory. They had bad consciences. They had treated Johannesburg, as they knew in their hearts, abominably. And they had heard exaggerated reports of the arms and resources of the Uitlanders—that, for example, there were twenty thousand rifles in Johannesburg. Yet Kruger himself could have had no thought of compromise. He knew that for him it was neck or nothing.

His first thought must have been [1]—and was—to prevent the junction of his enemies. But he must have known—and did know—that he could hardly hope to stop Jameson and his Raiders at any point nearer the Border than Krugersdorp. And strong as that position was, it had one fundamental weakness: it could be attacked in the rear.

So Kruger's second thought must have been—and was—how to disarm Johannesburg. And clearly there was only one way—by negotiation.

Now those liberal-minded Dutchmen who sympathised with the Uitlanders were the obvious instruments to use, and of these Mr. Eugene Marais, the Editor of *Land en Volk*, offered himself as by a divine accident. He had just been to Johannesburg; he was impressed by the danger of civil war; he reported the position to General Joubert, and the General brought him before the Executive Council. The first move, therefore, was to send Marais and Malan, Joubert's son-in-law, to negotiate. They reached Johannesburg on Tuesday

[1] Possibly not quite his first thought, as there is reason to believe that Kruger had his old horse saddled up, ready for departure. He had to fear not only Johannesburg but a considerable section of his own people.

night, and negotiated so well that an armistice for twenty-four hours was arranged, and a deputation of Reformers returned the visit on Wednesday morning.

This deputation consisted of Mr. Lionel Phillips, Mr. J. G. Auret, Mr. Abe Bailey, and Mr. Langermann. They were among the cutest men on the Rand. If they had met President Kruger on the Stock Exchange over a point of business, it is probable that they would not have left a hair on the old gentleman's body; but in Pretoria on the business of statecraft they had no more chance with President Kruger and General Joubert than had the young oysters, 'who left their oyster-bed,' with the Walrus and the Carpenter.

Neither the President nor the Commander-in-Chief appeared in person: the negotiations were handled by two judges and a member of the Executive Council, and were skilfully protracted over the whole of Wednesday. Mr. Lionel Phillips recited the grievances of the Uitlanders in a speech which would have been effective if speeches had been of any service in such a situation. As to Dr. Jameson, it was true that he 'had remained on the Border with an armed force by a written arrangement with certain of the leaders'; but the Committee were in ignorance of his reason for starting, and had tried to stop him.

While this debate was going on in Pretoria, the Committee in Johannesburg were considering the position in another debate, occasioned by a telegram which they had received from the British Agent with the Transvaal Government, Sir Jacobus de Wet, denouncing Dr. Jameson. And not being without decent instincts of Englishmen, they

decided upon the following message, which they sent to their deputation at Pretoria :—

'Meeting has been held since you started to consider telegram from British Agent, and it was unanimously resolved to authorise you to make following offer to Government. Begin : "In order to avert bloodshed on grounds of Dr. Jameson's action, if Government will allow Dr. Jameson to come in unmolested, the Committee will guarantee with their persons if necessary that he shall leave again peacefully with[in] as little delay as possible."'

This offer the deputation presented to the Commission; but the Chief Justice had taken up the position that Dr. Jameson was a foreign invader about whom it was impossible to treat, and the offer was rejected.

Furthermore, the Commission asked the deputation for evidence that it spoke for Johannesburg; the deputation thereupon telegraphed for a full list of the Reform Committee, which was handed over to the Government. So innocent were these wary business men.

And, finally, the Commission presented the deputation with the decision of the Executive, which, they said, was contained in the following resolution :—

'The High Commissioner has offered his services with a view to a peaceful settlement. The Government of the South African Republic have accepted his offer. Pending his arrival no hostile step will be taken against Johannesburg provided Johannesburg takes no hostile step against the Government. In terms of a certain proclamation recently issued by the State President the grievances will be earnestly considered.' [1]

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[1] *Transvaal from Within*, p. 158.

Like Jack when he exchanged his mother's cow for a bag of beans, or Moses Primrose when he sold his father's horse for a gross of copper-rimmed spectacles in shagreen cases, the deputation returned with this precious formula, believing that it had done an excellent day's work.

III

In the meantime, what was happening in Johannesburg? The Government had withdrawn its police and the town was now in the hands of Trimble's men. Never had there been such good order, such sobriety, so entire an absence of crime. The women and children in the outlying camps were brought in and given shelter within the town; volunteer corps sprang up like mushrooms—cyclists, Scottish, Irish, Australian, and so forth; no less than 20,000 men were enrolled, and clamoured for arms. But of arms there were all too few. Certain wagons of coke and drums of oil had arrived from Kimberley and were now unpacked. The oil-drums were a triumph of Mr. Gardner Williams' ingenuity. From the tap right through the drum was a tube of oil, so that if they were drawn oil was found and nothing else, yet the drums were full not of oil but of rifles, even the weight of rifles against oil having been calculated. These were brought into Farrar's yard and broken open, and George Farrar himself, with his sleeves rolled up, worked like a man, opening the drums and distributing the rifles. Over 10,000 men were enrolled in the various corps, and double that number were eager to join; but there were only 3000 rifles to share among them all. It is calculated that there were at least a thousand rifles in Johannesburg besides; but these disappeared

like magic when it was heard that free rifles were being handed out. Several Maxims were also unpacked and distributed. All this being done without any attempt at concealment, the news spread over the town and over the country that the Uitlanders had 20,000 rifles. And as it happened that a great iron pipe was taken through the streets about that time swung under a trolley-frame, rumour added a great gun to this terrific armament. What with these stories, and the belief that the place was mined about with dynamite, it was doubtful if the Boers would have summoned up courage to take Johannesburg by assault, and the town was provisioned for six weeks.

The town for the time being was fairly secure. But there was at least one man in Johannesburg who saw that the key of the position was Krugersdorp. It was Andrew Trimble, once Corporal of the Inniskilling Dragoons, now a full-blown Lieutenant-Colonel in command of a foot regiment 500 strong. His secret service kept him well informed of the position, and his military instinct told him that the thing to do was to strike at the back of the Boers. So he went to Colonel Rhodes and asked leave to take out his 500 men and bring Jameson in. Now Colonel Rhodes was a man of honour. He had, as we have seen from his letter to Jameson, disapproved of the armistice and the deputation, but he had been overborne and his hands were tied—or so he thought—by the decision of his Committee. Therefore he had to refuse.

Trimble besought him. 'Let me take 250 men,' he said. 'No,' said Colonel Rhodes.

Then Trimble said, 'Let me take 25 men to guide him in.' And again Rhodes said 'No.'

And then the two soldiers, for they were both agreed in mind, fell to weeping like children with rage and vexation at the shame and the disgrace of their position.

'Oh,' cried Trimble, 'for 500 men at the back of these fellows, and they'd clear like hell!'

But it was not to be.

Rumours of Jameson's fight were now reaching Johannesburg in all manner of distorted forms, and sent waves of emotion and hope deferred through the expectant populace. Trimble's secret service intercepted a telegram from the Hof Commandant at Krugersdorp to the State Secretary at Pretoria, informing him that there were only three rounds of ammunition per man left, and that if they could not send more the Raiders would get through. Trimble calculated that the ammunition would be despatched by train, and he sent two miners out to Langlaagte with dynamite to blow up the line. But they had only begun their work when gallopers came after them with counter-instructions from the Committee. It is even said that the line had already been breached, but that the train jumped the damaged metals and went on its way.[1]

Besides honest Andrew Trimble there was another of the conspirators who felt the need for action. This was Colonel Bettington, who had been one of the most thoroughgoing of the agitators in the National Union, and had long been convinced that fighting was the only way to get any change of

[1] Sir Percy FitzPatrick asserts, on the authority of a Captain Ferreira, that the artillery and ammunition were sent direct from Pretoria by wagon, and not by rail through Johannesburg. 'A partially successful attempt,' he adds, 'was made to blow up the line between Johannesburg and Krugersdorp by individuals who thought that they would be rendering a service to the cause, and who did not stop to calculate the full effects of their action.'—*Transvaal from Within*, p. 163.

government out of Kruger. To this end he had got together a nucleus of officers, and when the troubles began he and they had formed most of the men who could be mounted in Johannesburg into a small but serviceable corps of mounted riflemen.

But this corps, much to Bettington's disgust, had been frittered away in small and useless defensive patrols sent this way and that without plan or policy.

One of these patrols, by the way, was sent along the road to Irene to meet a train of wagons. And thereby hangs a tale. For these wagons had been sent out to await the development of the surprise attack on the Pretoria Arsenal. They were to have brought back the rifles and munitions which the conspirators intended to seize, and when the orders for this part of the plot were countermanded, it became one of the chief preoccupations of the conspirators to get these wagons safely back to Johannesburg.

Bettington, like Trimble, had begged Colonel Rhodes to be allowed to get together his force and ride out to the only place where fighting-men were likely to be of use—at the back of the Boer position. And now about the time of daybreak on Thursday morning he was called up by Colonel Rhodes and given orders to go.

Exactly how Colonel Rhodes came to give these orders is a little in doubt.[1] Sir Percy FitzPatrick says that before daybreak on Thursday Bugler Vallé of Jameson's force arrived in the Reform Committee Room with a message from the Doctor. The message was, according to FitzPatrick, 'Tell them that I am getting on all right, but they must

[1] It may be noted that the twenty-four hours' armistice had expired.

send out to meet me.' FitzPatrick says that Vallé was 'keenly questioned' as to whether the Doctor wanted help, although it must have been obvious to anybody by this time that the Doctor must want help. When he had satisfied himself on this point, Colonel Rhodes decided to send out Bettington with his mounted men (about 100) 'with instructions to ascertain the whereabouts of Dr. Jameson's force, and if possible join them.'

And this version agrees with Mr. G. T. Hutchinson's account in his *Memoir* of Frank Rhodes,[1] who says that the Colonel was awakened early on Thursday morning by one of Dr. Jameson's troopers with the message that 'he would like some men sent out to meet him.'

Bettington, on the other hand, told the present writer that he was ordered to ride out and discover the meaning of some star-shells that had been sent up, no doubt by the Raiders; that he rode along the Krugersdorp road as far as Maraisburg, where he found Trumpeter Vallé, who said that he had been sent by Jameson with despatches for the Reform Committee, that he had started at two o'clock in the morning, and that his horse had foundered, and asked Bettington for a horse and a guide to take them through.

Then, as Bettington and his men were cantering forward in the direction from which Vallé had come, they heard a noise of hoofs galloping behind, and looking back saw a mounted messenger pressing after them. It was Sandilands, the so-called Chief of Staff, who had been sent hot-haste by the Committee to countermand Colonel Rhodes's orders. Then one of Bettington's officers said to Bettington, 'Shall I

[1] 1908. Privately printed, p. 95.

shoot his b——y horse?' Bettington said 'No,' and Sandilands delivered the message. The Committee was expecting an attack from the north-west, so it was put, and Colonel Bettington was to take his regiment in that direction. Bettington obeyed, grinding his teeth, as he told the writer, with vexation and disgust.[1]

The Johannesburg Committee did indeed send another message to Jameson. It was thus. On the Wednesday afternoon Sir Jacobus de Wet, the British Agent at Pretoria, sent a messenger with the High Commissioner's Proclamation to Dr. Jameson, and this messenger when he arrived in Johannesburg asked the Committee for an escort through their lines of defence. 'It was immediately decided,' says FitzPatrick, 'to take advantage of the opportunity in order to bring further pressure to bear upon Dr. Jameson to induce him to leave the country, and to make finally and absolutely sure that he should realise the position of affairs.' Considering that the Committee had already sent a message of welcome to Jameson and had prepared a camp and food for his men within their lines, and that it was now clearly impossible for Jameson to return, we find it a little difficult to applaud this decision.[2] But no

[1] FitzPatrick states that Colonel Rhodes acted 'without the authority of the Committee and in direct opposition to the line already decided upon. It was, moreover, considered to be taking a wholly unnecessary risk, in view of the fact that an attack upon the town was threatened by burgher forces on the north-west side,' etc., etc. Here we have a fatal example of the disunion and insubordination of the Committee.

[2] Karri Davies had 150 men, mostly Australians, armed, holding the Robinson Mine to the west of Johannesburg. He received orders from the Committee to have food and drink ready, and he had tables laid, meat cut up, beer in bottles, and fire lit, at what was to be Jameson's camp beside the mines. Later he had a message to have hot water, bandages, and doctors ready, as there had been a fight and wounded were expected. Later still Mr. Davies, who was upon the headgear watching for them, received the news of the surrender. Twice Mr. Davies went in to the

matter. Mr. J. Dale Lace volunteered to ride out with the messenger; they were both kept in the Boer lines over the Wednesday night, and were allowed to go through with their messages at daybreak on Thursday morning.

It is a humorous incident in a story not altogether devoid of humour that the arrival of Mr. Lace gave the Raiders a passing ray of hope. For a trooper rode in and reported the arrival not of Lace but of Leyds. And the officers, hearing this news, argued that if Leyds had been sent to negotiate with them Pretoria must be in a very bad way.

But when they inquired further, lo and behold it was only Mr. Lace with a chilling message that no help was to be expected from Johannesburg, and that Dr. Jameson should return whence he came.

'It is too late now,' said Jameson.

And then, no doubt remembering the letter he had received, and the promise which he thought it contained, 'Where are the troops?' he inquired.

'What troops do you mean? We know nothing about troops,' Mr. Lace replied.[1]

And so they parted.

IV

During the night there were two short bouts of firing round the camp where the Raiders lay—the first between nine and ten o'clock lasted for twenty minutes, the second at about midnight for only a few minutes. The Boers, no doubt, were husbanding their ammunition, of which, as we know, they were very short.

Committee and asked them to let him take his men out to meet Jameson. The reply was that it was impossible, owing to the armistice between the Committee and the Transvaal Government.

[1] *Transvaal from Within*, p. 171.

The men slept uneasily between the guns with their rifles by their sides, while Jameson and his officers consulted as to the morrow. Jameson, Willoughby, Grey, and the two Whites formed the little council of war, and they decided to move as soon as they could see to the south by a road which they hoped was still open.

They were by now, it must be remembered, on the top of the long ridge which is the Rand; they had also crossed the Krugersdorp and Klerksdorp railway line, but if they had taken the road along the top they would have had to thread their way through a maze of dumps and headworks and prospecting trenches, which the Boers were certain to turn into very formidable defences. Their decision was therefore to strike south through the Randfontein estate by a road which led to the plain below and circumvented a deep little valley in the hills in front of them. This circuitous route made the journey seven miles longer; but the way seemed open to the south and the officers hoped that on open ground they could break through any opposition.

Everything, therefore, was quietly prepared for a move at the first streak of dawn. At 4 A.M. the troops stood to arms and patrols were sent out in all directions, and the force was moved out in more extended order round the laager.

In about ten minutes' time a heavy fire was opened on them from every side but the south, and the patrols on the north-east and west were driven in, while the patrols on the south reported that the way was clear. By 4.30 the carts were all inspanned and the troops arranged in a new marching order. In the early morning light Willoughby and his officers could see that the Boers occupied pits to the east

and also along the embankment which stretched for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles right across the direct road to Johannesburg. It was an unfinished branch railway line. From these positions the Boers kept up their fire on the column; and Willoughby replied by placing the Bechuanaland Border Police with two Maxims along the left front with a troop of the Matabele-landers and two Maxims on the right, while he withdrew the rest of his force farther down the slope. Thus with the troops covering the retreat lying down on the edge of the plateau and the remainder under cover of the slope, the last march was safely begun. When the main force had gone a mile the rear-guards warily followed, and thus by skilful dispositions Jameson's officers got away from this region of mines and cuttings without serious loss, and left the Boers out of range on the hills above. The force marched south, passing through the village of Randfontein, where the miners were clamorous to join the Raiders, and were loud in their complaints that they had been given no rifles. But the Raiders made no halt, except once to find a guide. Two young fellows had volunteered as guides from among a crowd of miners the afternoon before, but these had disappeared, and it was some little time before they found another.

And here it may be explained that as the Jameson plan had been to ride to Krugersdorp and make a meeting there with forces or guides from Johannesburg, the twenty miles between Krugersdorp and Johannesburg had not been sufficiently studied by Jameson's officers. That they considered to be within Colonel Rhodes's command. Moreover, the road contemplated had always been the direct road through Krugersdorp, where the excellent Mrs.

Varley had ready a bountiful breakfast for 600 men.[1] The detour was an unforeseen development into which the Raiders were forced or shepherded by the strong Boer positions on their front. It has been suggested that the force was led to their fate by treacherous guides, but there is nothing to support such a belief. Willoughby tried to turn the Boer left and was stopped, as we shall see; but he would also have been stopped if he had tried to force the Boer front or turn the Boer right.

Thus the Raiders marched for ten miles, the left covering troop under Captain Drury carrying on a running fight. Colonel Grey had been wounded in the foot, as he stood beside Willoughby in the early morning, but did not so much as cry out when the bullet struck him, and now rode ahead with the Doctor leading the column as if nothing had happened. Willoughby remained in the rear, which he thought for the time was the most important as the attack came from that quarter. But it was not pressed, and, as the column proceeded at a fast trot over open ground, they were again in good hopes of circumventing the enemy. The Boers kept up a dropping fire from the hills above, and the rear and left flank of the column suffered considerably. The rear wagons were now filled with wounded, but the troops worked splendidly, and wherever ground permitted made a stand with a quarter or half troop, and thus kept the enemy at a distance never less than 500 yards. About four miles beyond Randfontein they crossed the stream (below where it issued from the valley that had lain before them) by an easy ford,

[1] Mrs. Varley (of Varley's Hotel) had covered her preparations by sending out 600 invitations to a dance, and was somewhat discommoded when all the invitations were accepted!

and then found that the road turned up again to the left and led straight to Johannesburg.

But the Boers, having the advantage of the interior position, had crossed, as it were, by the arc of the segment of the circular route which the Raiders had followed, and Colonel Grey reported to Willoughby that 400 of them were taking up a very strong position across the road in front. When Willoughby had galloped up to the head of the column, a mile and a half or so from the rear, he found it halted in front of a ridge which the guns were shelling. Colonel Grey had already made his dispositions for the attack, and Captain Coventry charged the ridge and took it. At the same time Inspector Bodle with two troops of the Matabeleland Mounted Police charged a force which had been threatening the left of the column, and scattered it.

The action had the appearance of success, but Coventry fell severely and Inspector Barry mortally wounded as they came on to the ridge, and their men were falling round them fast. And when the column reached the little summit they were faced by the true position of Doornkop in all its hopelessness. Round their front in a semicircle ran a little marshy valley. The spruit or brook which ran along it could only be forded at one point, rather to the right of where the column stood, and this drift was commanded by a rocky kopje which rose steeply from the other side. Beyond the stream the road wound up a gently sloping valley, the sides of which were entrenched and manned, and at a point pretty far back in the centre of this valley, at a higher level, the enemy had placed their guns.

The real fighting was done by the Boers in the kopje beyond the drift. Secure themselves behind

the boulders, they could pick off the Englishmen on the high ground opposite, and they commanded the road leading to the drift and the drift itself at a point-blank range.

An attempt was made to circumvent this position, but in vain, for it was indeed a cul-de-sac, a trap designed by nature and used by the Boers with their natural genius for that sort of warfare. And here, as the men were dropping fast, Jameson told Willoughby of the High Commissioner's second despatch received that morning, and the message of the Reformers denying them any help.

Men and officers were dead-beat, and little wonder. For if we consider their march, the distance from Pitsani Potlugo to Doornkop was 169 miles, and they had been on the march off and on for 86 hours. For 17 hours they had been fighting this desultory running fight, and they had eaten their last meal at 8 A.M. on the morning of January 1 at Van Oudtshoorn, 17 miles on the other side of Krugersdorp.

They were tired out, both men and horses, and lying on that bare rock in the morning sun, hungry and thirsty, they could see there was little hope. For Johannesburg had failed them, and they were in a trap. By the time they surrendered they had already lost 16 killed and 19 wounded, besides 25 or so more who had either been left behind at the spruit below the Queen's Battery or had fallen out through fatigue and were lost to the column. 'Bobby' White, nevertheless, with part of the force, was fighting away cheerfully enough trying to turn the enemy's left when the white flag went up. There is a conflict of evidence as to who hoisted the flag and by what authority. Garlick, Jameson's servant, who was beside his master at the time, testifies that

Jameson had got off his horse, and was drinking at the stream, when he saw the flag go up, and fell over so that Garlick thought him wounded. We gather that the flag was raised by a supernumerary who had come in with the Bechuanaland Police, and without the knowledge of Jameson. But the point is not of crucial importance, for the end was inevitable. Certain it is that the white flag was hoisted at 9.15 on the morning of Thursday, January 2, and that Willoughby sent to the Commandant an offer of surrender provided he would give a guarantee of safe conduct out of the country to every member of the force. Now Commandant Piet Cronje was in command of the Boers, and he was neither a soft nor a humane man. As Commander at the siege of Potchefstroom in the War of Independence he had not shown himself there in any way averse from taking the lives of Englishmen, either in hot or in cold blood.[1]

We may suppose, then, that his decision was not influenced by humanity but by prudence, for let us not forget that Doornkop is only some fourteen miles from Johannesburg, and that the Boers believed the Johannesburg men were in possession of 20,000 rifles.

An advance along the Rand from Johannesburg even by a small force would have turned the tables upon Cronje in the most complete and disastrous manner.

Moreover, Cronje did not come to his decision unaided. His reply, sent within fifteen minutes, notified Willoughby that he was assembling his officers 'to decide upon your communication,' and then after the lapse of some twenty to thirty

[1] See his record as given by FitzPatrick, *Transvaal from Within*, p. 187.

minutes more, he sent a second note addressed to Willoughby:—

'I acknowledge your letter. The answer is that if you will undertake to pay the expense which you have caused the South African Republic, and if you will surrender with your arms, then I shall spare the lives of you and yours. Please send me a reply to this within thirty minutes.

'P. A. Cronje,
'*Commandant, Potchefstroom.*'

And within fifteen minutes Sir John Willoughby replied:—

'I accept the terms on the guarantee that the lives of all will be spared. I now await your instructions as to how and where we are to lay down our arms. At the same time I would ask you to remember that my men have been without food for the last twenty-four hours.'

Firing had been continued by sections of the Boers, including the artillery in the rear, for some time after the flag had gone up; but this was no doubt due either to lack of discipline or lack of communications.

There was a rectangular cattle kraal of loose stones with a cottage beside it in the bottom near the stream, and there Jameson and his officers waited until at last Cronje rode up and saluted.

'Dr. Jameson,' he said in his broken English, 'I have honour to meet you.'

CHAPTER XXVII

THE FALL OF RHODES

'Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.'

WHEN these things befell, Cecil Rhodes was at the height and pinnacle of his power. He so well understood the interests and the sentiments of the Cape Colony that his sway was no longer disputed. The Ministers whom he had shed—both Sivewright and Schreiner—had been glad to come back to his fold. He ruled Cape Colony, not by the arts of corruption, as some have asserted, but upon broad and true principles of statesmanship, whereby he reconciled the agricultural and commercial interests and the Dutch and British races of the country. Nor did he rule by leave of Jan Hofmeyr, as has also been asserted; but by a free and honourable co-operation with the leader of the Bond. Hofmeyr could not have deposed Rhodes, even if he had so desired, upon Rhodes's policy, for Rhodes's policy satisfied both British and Dutch. Rhodes was stronger than Hofmeyr: he had the confidence of both races, Hofmeyr only of one.

This almost unquestioned sway extended far beyond the Colonial borders. The North was in his hands—the whole plateau of Central Africa up to the Belgian Congo—and his agents and emissaries worked

for his policy among the equatorial lakes and up to the verge of the Soudan. And although Africa was the centre and focus of his activities, his designs were not bounded by Africa; he concerted plans for the strengthening of the Empire with the statesmen of Canada and Australia, and in the Imperial capital, both in the City and in Whitehall, he had great power and great influence. Ever since 1884, indeed, the Imperial Government had come more and more to respect his advice in matters South African, and we might almost say that from 1890 onwards to the fatal date at which we now are, Cecil Rhodes held, if we may so put it, an unwritten power of attorney for Her Majesty's Government in South Africa.

Near the village of Rondebosch, now a suburb of Cape Town, he had built himself a house. Rondebosch lies among pinewoods and oakwoods upon the lowest slopes, which ascend always more steep to a region of aromatic bush and odorous undergrowth and native forest out of which rise suddenly the naked grey cliffs and precipices of that side of Table Mountain. These cliffs, of a bold, intricate, and almost Gothic contour, rise some two thousand feet above the woods so nearly perpendicular that only by one or two clefts and chimneys can they be climbed at all.

Some two hundred years before the Dutch East India Company had built a great barn or Groote Schuur, which had once been in the keeping of an ancestor of Jan Hofmeyr, and this building, transformed into a dwelling-house, after passing through many private hands and suffering changes many and sad, was bought by Rhodes. Working secretly through an agent, he bought also the surrounding

lands, until at last he had an estate of fifteen hundred acres covering all that lower side of the mountain.

Then he rebuilt the house upon the spacious and lordly lines of Cape Colonial architecture—upon two floors, raised upon a stoep or platform of solid stone, white outside with curved gables, and inside divided into a few great rooms panelled with teak, and furnished with the generous old camphor-wood, cedar-wood, stinkwood, and yellow-wood furniture—rust-banks, armoires, and coffers—the beautiful relics of an old colonial life then fallen into oblivion and decay.

Here he supported an open-handed hospitality, entertaining both inside and outside, for his grounds were almost more free to the people of Cape Town than to himself. In the house itself there was a constant going to and fro of guests. Every mail steamer brought notable visitors from England; every mail train across the flats below brought the captains and administrators of his great designs from Kimberley, Johannesburg, Mafeking, Buluwayo, and the vastnesses of the North. So it happened that the most amazing assortment of guests would gather round the dinner-table. But Rhodes was a natural master of the art of hospitality. No one was left out in the cold, but each drawn in turn upon the one subject of which Rhodes's judgment or intuition showed he was master. Or Rhodes would engage them in his favourite subjects of disputation, repeating a simple statement of principle or fact from various points of view, rubbing as it were all the facets of some hitherto unconsidered jewel of the commonplace until it blazed with a new and astonishing light.

An observer might have noticed that in the latter part of 1895 there settled upon the owner and upon his house an air of excitement and of strain: the

host's voice rose more frequently into its falsetto; guests came and went, in deputations or singly, like conspirators. Some time before Christmas Francis Newton came down from Mafeking, heavy with his burden of the guilty secret, and almost determined to resign. He found Rhodes still confident, but excited beyond wont. When Newton pressed him on the point, Rhodes assured him that the Colonial Office was giving him a free hand; if he failed, Chamberlain would take up the quarrel; but for the present the Chamberlain formula was, 'You never knew what would happen until it had happened.' As for Sir Hercules Robinson, 'he knew and did not want to be told.'

But the messages and messengers from Johannesburg broke in upon this complacency more and more. There was an obvious difference of spirit as between the Rand and Pitsani Potlugo. Jameson's telegrams grew impatient and angry as the Reformers became doubtful and hesitating. If Rhodes saw one thing clearly it was that Jameson could not act unless the Reformers acted. It was not with Rhodes a military but a political problem, and Jameson riding into a quiet Johannesburg was—politically—a hideous, an 'unthinkable' 'fyasco.' That his first idea was to screw up the resolution of Johannesburg is clearly shown from the telegrams on record. But it was like screwing up a nut with a broken thread. The Reformers went simply round and round, but never reached the sticking-point. Rhodes grew angry. When the Reformers charged Major Younghusband [1] with a message that the adventure must

[1] Now Sir Francis Younghusband, then special correspondent of *The Times* at Johannesburg. He went down to Cape Town towards the end of December.

be delayed, Rhodes drew him aside into the garden.

'Is there no *man* up there?' he said angrily. And then turning upon Younghusband he added, 'Won't you lead them?'

To this surprising request Younghusband politely replied that his connection with the affairs of Johannesburg was not sufficiently obvious.

'Then,' said Rhodes, 'we must stop Jameson.'

That Rhodes tried to stop Jameson is shown both in the telegrams already quoted and in the nature of the case. It was indeed to the Prime Minister of the Cape only a hideous slowly-dawning contingency that Jameson might move alone. The suggestion that Rhodes ever agreed to such an isolated move could only be made by malice or by ignorance. The mere idea threw him into a state of nervous apprehension. But he still hoped against hope that the Reformers would act, and his telegrams to Jameson were accordingly exhortations to patience and delay.

On Saturday, December 28, the Christmas deputation of Charles Leonard and F. H. Hamilton put an end to these lingering delusions. As to the question of the flag, which was the pretext of the deputation, Rhodes easily satisfied all doubts. That point, he said, could be reserved for subsequent settlement by referendum. But then Mr. Hamilton—who lacked neither courage nor resolution—opened out frankly on the state of Johannesburg. They were not yet ready; they desired to secure the co-operation of the moderate Dutch; any intervention by the Chartered Company or its forces would not only antagonise these but alienate everywhere the sympathy of moderate men, and arouse an invincible distrust.

This was a point of view which appealed to Rhodes: it was according to his political genius, to his better judgment. He assented. 'I have already,' he said, 'sent Jameson a message not to move. I shall send him another to-day.'

Little did this harassed conspirator think that he no longer controlled what was to be done, but was controlled by what he had done already. That, indeed, is human destiny. Jameson's message of Saturday the 28th that he meant to leave on Sunday evening, 'unless I hear definitely to the contrary'—'and it will be all right'—was handed in at 5 P.M. and received at Cape Town at 5.42 P.M. Therefore it should have reached Rhodes on the Saturday night. But as it was addressed to the Company's office, which was closed, it lay in the post office all that fateful night. Stevens only received it at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning; he first decoded and then took it to Dr. Rutherfoord Harris's house at Three Anchor Bay, of all the suburbs farthest from Rondebosch. Harris, with a cab, could hardly have got to Groote Schuur before 12 o'clock, and Rhodes says he only got the telegrams—there were two, although the history of only one is material—'in the afternoon.'

It was already too late. The Mafeking telegraph office was open only from 9 to 10 on Sunday mornings: on that particular morning the clerks closed later—at 10.48—but, after they had left, nothing could reach them or Mafeking. And at 1.20 on Sunday afternoon the wires were cut.

We have evidence of painful indecision. Was it too late? Should he stop him? Could he stop him? Jameson was on the spot. He was clamouring to be allowed to go. Rhodes must have thought

of 1893. Jameson had succeeded then against all expectations. He might succeed again.

Thus Rhodes debated with himself, coming to no very clear conclusion. But there is evidence that he sent a message—curiously verbose and rambling, but ending with a definite prohibition—'On no account whatever must you move. I most strongly object to such a course.' The evidence of Harris and Stevens as to their attempts to despatch this message is unsatisfactory. But that does not much matter. There was no possibility of getting it through.

The lessening uncertainty as to whether Jameson had really gone gave place in his mind to a growing certainty that if Jameson had gone he—Rhodes—was ruined. A raid as the sequel or consequence of a rising could be defended; but a raid through a friendly country on a peaceful Johannesburg—here was something impossible either to defend or to explain, no matter whether it failed or succeeded. It was not merely a case of the ruin of his personal position as Prime Minister in a Cabinet which knew nothing of the conspiracy, but of his political work which he valued far more. For both work and position were founded upon the Rhodesian policy of reconciliation and co-operation of British and Dutch, and this raid, like a charge of dynamite, blew up those foundations and left the whole structure in ruins. On the Sunday it was as if the match had been laid to the train, and only he could see the spark travelling towards the magazine. The hideous danger paralysed him, and he could move neither hand nor foot. Would Heany stamp it out before it reached the powder? That was the only hope. And yet he knew Jameson too well to hope much.

He must do something. For there was still

another hope. Jameson might reach and rouse Johannesburg. He might snatch at least a local success, and that chance was something to work upon. Therefore he must still try to carry out his part of the programme. And that was to get the High Commissioner to intervene. The High Commissioner and he were to go up together. Such was the arrangement that he had made with so much confidence yet without the High Commissioner being aware of it.

But now how could it be done? What he had planned was easy. He would have gone to Sir Hercules Robinson. They would have discussed together the revolution in Johannesburg. The High Commissioner would have shown him the messages he had received from the Reformers imploring his intervention. He would have told His Excellency that he had received similar messages and had already responded to them by sending in his police. Kruger with his arsenal and his capital lost to him would be ready to compromise. The Colonial Office would be all anxiety for the cause of Johannesburg. What more natural and promising than that the High Commissioner should intervene?

But now? . . .

Still, he must try. And so, shaking off for a moment the paralysis of uncertainty, he sent for Graham Bower, who was already his fellow-conspirator, and whom he had always intended to use for this particular purpose. We already know the main result of this interview. And how could it have been otherwise? Graham Bower had already been told—the day before—that the Johannesburg revolution had gone out like a damp squib. And now to be asked to bring the High Commissioner in

upon the side of this damp squib! The thing could not be done.

Rhodes must have agreed, for he did not exert himself even to see the High Commissioner, who was left to assume that Rhodes had been playing with him and had deceived him.

What no doubt finally determined the High Commissioner's perplexed and uncertain mind was the very remarkable message which that morning he received from Chamberlain, dated December 29:—

'It has been suggested'—the Colonial Secretary cabled—'though I do not think it probable, that Rhodes and Jameson, or somebody else in the service of the Company, advancing from Bechuanaland Protectorate with police. In view of Articles 28 and 8 Charter, I could not remain passive were this to be done; therefore if necessary, but not otherwise, remind Rhodes of those Articles, and intimate to him that in your opinion he would not have my support, and point out the consequences which would follow to his schemes were I to repudiate this action.'

Now we know that the Imperial Government sympathised with the Uitlanders. Further, it was part of the High Commissioner's instructions to intervene should a rising take place. These instructions he had received not from Chamberlain but from Chamberlain's predecessor, and for some time the War Office had been quietly strengthening the Cape garrison with a view to this very intervention. Therefore the High Commissioner must have been at first harassed by doubts that his Government might be behind the Raid. But this cable made it clear that whatever Jameson's move meant the Imperial Government was not party to it, and that his immediate chief, the Colonial Secretary, was against it.

So much light he had in the darkness. But indeed the old man could hardly have hesitated. He sent his message to Jameson, and to Rhodes he sent two formal and severe letters complaining of his absence from Cape Town, and warning him of the consequences of Jameson's action.[1]

Rhodes was not to be found: 'I have called,' says Graham Bower in one of the two letters, 'several times at your office this morning for the purpose of conveying to you His Excellency's instructions for the immediate recall of Dr. Jameson; but you have not, so far as is known, been at any of the public offices or at the British South Africa Company's offices.'

As a matter of fact Rhodes did not go into Cape Town at all upon the Monday. In the morning he remained at home brooding over the situation. Hamilton called about midday and found him in a state of anxiety bordering upon desperation. He told Hamilton what Jameson had done, and that he had done it contrary to his orders. He was thereby ruined. Then he looked at Hamilton and said: 'You are a young man. You are in the middle of a great situation. You are fortunate, for you will live to see the end of it.' And he added: 'What do you intend to do?'

Hamilton replied that he must return at once to Johannesburg.

'No,' said Rhodes, 'you must stay here, for we have this advantage at least—we are twenty-four hours in front of public opinion. And you must go round all the papers and get them to prepare the mind of the public.'

And one other thing Rhodes did. He directed

[1] Blue Book 8063, p. 117, Minutes of Evidence, p. 30.

Dr. Rutherfoord Harris to cable to *The Times* the letter the Reformers had given to Jameson. And Rutherfoord Harris, in doing so, added on his own account the date of December 28 to a letter which, as we already know, was originally undated.

Rhodes was doing what he could—and it was not much—to make the best of this bad job: to put the best face possible upon it. But all that Monday he must have felt in anticipation the whole fabric of his political work in act to descend upon his single head. In the midst of these anxieties he had to entertain Lord Hawke's English cricket eleven at luncheon. This he contrived to do, and then breaking away from that cheerful and unconscious throng he disappeared. He went up, as we now know, into the Mountain. Among the woods of the lower slopes or among the boulders above the woods he could be alone. He could look down upon the houses in the plain and upon the sea and across at the blue mountains, and find a certain degree of repose from the quiet of nature. And he could think.

Perhaps there may have been a practical idea in this seclusion of himself. He was being pressed to disavow Jameson, and he was determined to do nothing to imperil his chances of success. Thus best could he escape from the importunities which had already begun. But above all he wanted to be alone to think.

Doctors know that there is no more devastating process of thought than that vicious circle of brooding into which the mind is prone to fall when it is encircled by a disaster out of which there is no issue. The mind quests round and round and round, treading a path as it were over the raw nerves of

the brain. It was into such a desperate state that Rhodes was falling.

At this time his Attorney-General was that very eminent lawyer and excellent man Mr. W. P. Schreiner. There were cynics who laughed at Schreiner for a mind that was almost a conscience and a conscience that was almost a mind. 'Here comes Schreiner,' Upington once said of him, 'here comes Schreiner, his belly bristling with side-issues.' And this irreverent phrase somehow describes him—a ponderous man: the son of a German missionary with a German heaviness and a missionary's rectitude, a man so accustomed to state the opposites of a case that he could seldom come to a clear decision even upon an apparently simple issue without beating up flights of objections for hours on end. He was withal a man of an almost maidenly delicacy in matters of right and wrong.

Such was the Attorney-General, who was besides a close friend of Rhodes, for, although Rhodes laughed a little at the old woman in Schreiner, he respected his honesty and liked his ability.

Now Mr. Schreiner had had a most astonishing day at his office. For Mr. Boyes, the Magistrate at Mafeking, after he had heard Colonel Grey call for his gauntlets and seen the police riding out, went to the club, and there heard the truth from Sir Charles Metcalfe. As there was nothing to be done he went home to bed, but early next morning tried to telegraph the news. He found that the wire was cut and that Captain Fuller had sent a horseman with a message to Maribogo. Mr. Boyes thereupon sent one, Flowers, to mend the line, and at last got a message off to the Secretary of the Law Department at Cape Town. He 'had the honour to report' the

march on Johannesburg, and asked for instructions as to the defences of the town. It was, in fact, just the sort of message that a magistrate might be expected to send in the circumstances. But when it was shown to Mr. Schreiner, it filled that gentleman first with amazement and then indignation, and he wrote a reply to 'your agitated telegram' of so severe a nature that the Secretary, Mr. J. J. Graham, thought fit to modify it.

This disturbing incident occurred about two o'clock, and Mr. Schreiner was still ruminating on the 'agitation' of Mr. Boyes when a telegram came in from the Commissioner of Police at Kimberley forwarding the message from Inspector Fuller of Mafeking 'deeming it his duty' to give very much the same information as Mr. Boyes had given.

It was now Mr. Schreiner's turn to be agitated. Mr. Rhodes was not in town: he had been expecting him all day upon other business; so he went to see the Colonial Secretary, Johannes Albertus Faure, to discover if that excellent Dutchman could throw any light on the subject.

Mr. Faure had just returned from Johannesburg, where he had heard rumours of warlike preparations both there and on the Border. He had telegraphed to Rhodes about it as an absurd rumour which should be contradicted, but even now he refused to think it more than a rumour. Mr. Faure was in fact of a slow and plethoric apprehension, and the effect of his attitude of mind was somewhat to reassure Mr. Schreiner.

Thereupon, after 'desiring Inspector Fuller to be informed that grave misconception afloat,' Mr. Schreiner went off to Rondebosch with what had now become a bunch of telegrams in his pocket.

But first he had dinner at his own house—for he still believed that the reports were false: otherwise he could not have eaten his dinner—and had just gone into his study when he received a note from Mr. Rhodes, 'brought over by his confidential man' (no doubt Tony or the coachman) 'who was there waiting with a lantern to take me through the wood.'

'I went into his study (says Mr. Schreiner) with the telegrams in my hand.

'The moment I saw him I saw a man I had never seen before. His appearance was utterly dejected and different. Before I could say a word, he said, "Yes, yes, it is true. Old Jameson has upset my apple-cart. It is all true."

'I said I had some telegrams.

'He said: "Never mind, it is all true. Old Jameson has upset my apple-cart," reiterating in the way he does when he is moved.

'I was staggered. I said, "What do you mean? what can you mean?"

'He said: "Yes, it is quite true, he has ridden in. Go and write out your resignation. Go; I know you will."'

Now Mr. Schreiner had been to see Mr. Rhodes the day before, and when he had recovered from his amazement he naturally asked why he had said nothing about it then. And Rhodes replied at once: 'I thought I had stopped him, and I did not want to say anything about it if I stopped him.'

'Mr. Rhodes was really broken down,' Mr. Schreiner continues, 'he was broken down. . . . He could not have acted that part; if he did, he is the best actor I have ever seen. He was absolutely broken down in spirit, ruined.

'I said, "Why do you not stop him? although he has ridden in you can still stop him."

'He said, "Poor old Jameson. Twenty years we have been friends, and now he goes in and ruins me. I cannot hinder him. I cannot go and destroy him."'[1]

Things were taken so far by this interview that a Cabinet meeting was called the next day, and one thing at least Rhodes there made clear, that he intended to resign. How this resignation was delayed for a season we may here explain.

On Tuesday morning the news of the Raid was on everybody's tongue. More than that, it was in the *Cape Times*. Rhodes could hope nothing further from delay. He called on the Governor—and it must have been a meeting no less painful than with Schreiner. But the sum of it was an offer of resignation.

Jan Hofmeyr read the news over his breakfast in Camp Street, and went down to Government House to see if it were true. Upon the moment he sent this fateful message to Kruger:—

'I hope your burghers will acquit themselves like heroes against Jameson's filibusters.'

From that moment, with some few exceptions, Dutch and British in South Africa fell back into opposite and hostile camps. The Raid was like a bugle-call dividing them. It was a cry to the blood—and blood is thicker than water.

Then Hofmeyr returned to Government House to interview the High Commissioner further. Sir Hercules Robinson was old; he was ill; Rhodes had deceived him; Rhodes was silent; His Excellency was in a state almost of collapse. And yet it is

[1] Cape *Report*. Evidence of W. P. Schreiner.

difficult to believe the account of the interview given by Hofmeyr :—

J. H. 'You must send off a proclamation at once. Kruger sent one to stop Adendorff.'

H. R. 'Did he ? But I am afraid Pushful Joe is in it.'

J. H. 'It is all the more reason. Do you remember he was the man who said you would be merely a tool in the hands of Rhodes if you were allowed to come out, and he (C. J.) tried to prevent your being sent a second time ? '

H. R. 'Yes, that is true.'

J. H. 'Well, now it is your duty to prove you can go against Rhodes.'

H. R. 'I will send that proclamation. Will you write it out ? ' [1]

There are two considerations which suggest doubts of the accuracy of this report. The first is that Sir Hercules Robinson was both too well-bred an Englishman and too highly trained an official to refer in such a conversation to his ministerial chief as ' Pushful Joe,' and the second is that he had received the day before a telegram which went to prove the contrary. But it is nevertheless true that Sir Hercules Robinson did at this time fall under the influence of Jan Hofmeyr.

The proclamation we have heard of already as reaching Jameson early on Thursday morning. It was in effect a decree of outlawry. Dr. Jameson, it declared, had violated the territory of a friendly State, and done various other illegal acts. He and his force were commanded to retire ' on pain of the penalties of these illegal proceedings,' and all British subjects in the South African Republic were called upon to abstain from giving him ' any countenance or assistance.'

[1] *Life of Hofmeyr*, p. 490.

We may suppose that His Excellency hesitated over this proclamation: at any rate he sent it to Mr. Schreiner, who approved of it; he did not send it to Rhodes, but Rhodes heard of it—whether through Sir Graham Bower or Mr. Schreiner we do not know—and came in again to Cape Town 'and strongly urged me,' says Sir Hercules, 'to delay publication at all events till next day, saying that it would make Dr. Jameson an outlaw.' [1]

In the *Life of Hofmeyr* it is suggested that Sir Graham Bower was the cause of the delay; that Hofmeyr returned to Government House in the afternoon to find that the proclamation had not yet been sent, and that when at last it was sent, Sir Graham Bower addressed it to the British Agent at Pretoria, and 'expressly omitted all reference to its publication.'

It was a fight for time between Hofmeyr and Rhodes, the former, as he says, trying to 'prevent any co-operation between the townsfolk and the Raiders,' the latter fighting for time at least for Jameson to reach Johannesburg. Rhodes lost.

Hofmeyr commanded the situation at least in Cape Town, and he too was fighting for his political life. He had earned the sneers and the hostility of Kruger by his friendship with Rhodes; he was now compromised by that friendship. He must cut himself away. 'If Rhodes is behind it,' he said on Tuesday morning, 'then he is no more a friend of mine.'

And now on Tuesday afternoon the two men met—in Sir Graham Bower's room at Government House. The wreck of their old friendship and all that they had worked for together lay between them.

[1] Sir Hercules Robinson to Mr. Chamberlain—C. 8063, No. 13.

Rhodes told Hofmeyr that as people would blame him for the Raid, he had tendered his resignation, and Hofmeyr replied that resignation was not enough; to clear himself he must do more:—

'Issue a proclamation or manifesto as fast as it can be printed, repudiating Jameson's move, instantly dismissing or suspending him as Administrator of Rhodesia, and providing that the criminal law (if there be such law bearing on the subject) will be enforced to the utmost against him.

'"Well you see," said Rhodes, "Jameson has been such an old friend; of course I cannot do it."

'"I quite understand," Hofmeyr replied, "that is quite enough—you need say no more," and with that Hofmeyr turned away.' [1]

This was in fact the end of the friendship of these two men. Both felt themselves aggrieved. 'I felt,' said Hofmeyr, 'as a man feels who suddenly finds that his wife has been deceiving him.'

This was a favourite phrase with Jan Hofmeyr for some time afterwards. He repeated it to Edmund Garrett, and Garrett repeated it to Rhodes, 'certain that it would touch him.'

'Oh yes, I know!' Rhodes checked him the moment he began. 'About the wife and so on. . . . I've heard that already from—who do you think? Little Z. of the Civil Service' (with withering scorn). 'Hofmeyr goes about saying it.' [2]

It may seem strange that Rhodes also felt himself the aggrieved party in this quarrel. But so it was. And no doubt the reason is that it was never in

[1] *Life of Hofmeyr*, p. 499.

[2] *Edmund Garrett*, by E. T. Cook, p. 325. Garrett—of *Pall Mall Gazette* young men 'the loveliest and the best'—was the Editor of the *Cape Times*. He died, still in his youth, although that was indeed eternal, in 1907.

Rhodes's mind a racial but a political quarrel, in which Hofmeyr had been, so far, on the side of Rhodes. Only a few weeks before, let us remember, the Cape Government, including two members of the Bond—Hofmeyr's organisation—had signed an undertaking to make war on the Republic, and upon a question of trade—a cause of quarrel inferior to the grievances which remained. Rhodes saw in the conflict a fight not between Dutch and British, but between Separation and Union, that is to say between two policies in which Hofmeyr had up to that time ranged himself against Kruger.

Rhodes's emotion—we might call it an emotional storm—was not in the least because of any repentance or remorse for his share in the 'Jameson plan,' but only because that plan miscarried. He could not have reprobated the morality of the act, since he was in the preliminaries—up to the neck. There is no difference in morality between an act which fails and an act which succeeds. Rhodes had agreed to the plan: he had even pressed it: he wanted Jameson to ride in and help the Reformers. No, if he had a grievance with Jameson, it was because he made a 'fyasco' of the business. And this grievance was not so much against Jameson. 'Well, at least,' he would often say, 'Jameson tried to do something, and the other fellows only talked.'

And there lay his quarrel with the Dutch: he was with the Reformers heart and soul: he believed in their cause. Much as he hated fighting he was ready to fight Kruger in this quarrel for equal rights and the Union of South Africa. And in his view, the Cape Dutch, who enjoyed equal rights in a British Colony, should have supported him. And

when they went over in a body to the other side, Rhodes felt it as the desertion of a cause.

It was this radical difference that made any reconciliation impossible. Michell, when he went to see Rhodes on January 4, found him walking up and down among a litter of telegrams. Rhodes had not answered them, and he offered to send replies.

'Read them,' Rhodes said, 'and then you will understand.'

'I waded through them,' says Michell, 'and saw his difficulty. A majority were from Dutch supporters asserting their personal regard, and continued political support, conditional on his public disavowal of Jameson. "You see my point," he said, "and why there can be no reply."'[1]

The Reformers—in their lamentable position—had telegraphed to Sir Hercules Robinson, and telegraphed in vain. At their instance he could not intervene. But Hofmeyr was now working to the same end and for different reasons, and it was he who arranged with the Transvaal Government that the High Commissioner should visit Pretoria. Hofmeyr made the offer to Kruger on the Tuesday with almost as much assurance as Rhodes before had shown. 'I would urge His Excellency to come to Pretoria to assist you in the maintenance of peace and order,' he telegraphed to Kruger, and added: 'I think he is to be trusted.' And on Wednesday, after some hesitation, the President accepted the offer. For the disarmament of Johannesburg was his chief anxiety, and he foresaw that the High Commissioner would be useful in that delicate and dangerous operation.

The only obstacle lay in the proffered resignation

[1] Michell, vol. ii. p. 145.

of the Prime Minister. Sir Hercules Robinson feared to leave the Colony without a Government, and so made it a condition that Rhodes should remain until he returned. To this Rhodes consented, and on January 2 Sir Hercules Robinson set out for the Transvaal after trying, but trying in vain, to take Hofmeyr with him. Sir Gordon Sprigg—already looking with a certain complaisance to a change of masters—took over the direction of affairs.

As for Rhodes these things for him must have been like glimpses of the sickroom in a long delirium.[1] He had lost his bearings. All those who saw him at that time speak of him dead to all but one consideration. 'I do not think,' says Jourdan, 'he slept a wink for five nights. Tony, his personal servant, told me that "the baas walks up and down his bedroom, which is locked, at all times of the night."'[2] One of his guests at that time, Mr. Otto Beit, then a young man, has told the writer something of this agony of Rhodes. Upon the Monday, he said, when Rhodes did not return from the Mountain, and it grew dark, they became anxious, and sent out search parties; but Rhodes came in at last, ate little, talked in snatches, and then in his odd abrupt way went off to bed. In the middle of the night the young man was awakened by a figure bending over him. It was Rhodes. 'Come into my room,' Rhodes said, 'I want to talk.' And Beit, weary himself and sleepy, got up and followed. And then,

[1] One definite action taken by Rhodes at this time should be mentioned here. On a signal from Jameson, Napier and Spreckley had called up the Rhodesia Horse, 1000 strong with 6 Maxims and 12-pounders. They were ready to invade the Transvaal, advancing by way of Tuli. But Rhodes, seeing it would only add disaster to disaster, telegraphed to Spreckley on January 1 that 'you are on no account to move the Rhodesia Horse.'—Cape *Report*, p. 289.

[2] Philip Jourdan, *Cecil Rhodes*, p. 28.

while Beit almost dozing sat on a chair in his dressing-gown, Rhodes lay on his bed and talked to him endlessly, as one who finds a comfort in talk. Beit, then between sleeping and waking, is now puzzled to remember what Rhodes said, but the drift of it was Jameson—Jameson's chance of getting through. After what seemed an eternity of time—at four in the morning as his watch informed him—the voice ceased and Otto Beit crept back to his room and fell asleep. But at five he was awakened by Rhodes, fully dressed, who made his guest dress too and ride with him along the mountain-side.

We have other glimpses of the man, walking up and down in his room without ceasing, without noticing what went on about him. When his secretary—Jourdan—came with the messages which showered upon him, 'he would select a telegram, look at it for a second, then replace it with the others, and resume his pacing up and down in an absent-minded manner.' And Michell, who saw him on January 4—when 'the bitterness of death was past'—got the same impression. 'At first he was quite unmanned, and without a word spoken, we held hands like two schoolboys. I was struck by his shattered appearance. After a while—never ceasing to walk the room like a caged lion—he poured out his soul and swept away many of the misconceptions which then and subsequently possessed the public mind.'

What these misconceptions were we shall shortly have to discuss. For the moment one sees only the strong man struck and blinded as it were by the lightnings of Jove. His work was in the dust, and he sat in the dust also, while his friends behaved according to their nature, some well and some ill,

some counselling and some keeping silence, some cleaving to him and some leaving him and reproaching him.

'Now that I am down,' he said, 'I shall see who are my real friends.' And he kept on going over this thought with a certain rueful humour as his habit was. Indeed, he never tired of it to the day of his death. 'It is worth while being down,' he would say, 'to see who are your friends.'

Among the true friends who came to him was Dr. Jane Waterston, who found him sitting on his stoep looking at the mountain. In the middle distance was a great bank, or rather both sides of a ravine, all blue with hydrangeas, which he had caused to be planted and were then in bloom. Beyond were clumps of pines, then woodland and above the grey precipices soaring skywards. As Dr. Waterston came to him he waved his hand at the prospect. 'Do you know what this means?' he asked her, and answered his own question, 'Peace!'

Then taking both her hands, he said, 'When my brother was in extremity he sent for you. When I was in extremity you came.'

CHAPTER XXVIII

PUNISHMENT

> 'Sed quantum vertice ad auras
> Aetherias, tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.'

WILLOUGHBY surrendered on terms, but to an undisciplined force. And although the surrender was in order, Cronje was bitterly blamed by some of his brother commandants for taking it upon himself to grant the lives of the Raiders. They were stripped of their arms; the dead left to be buried on the field; the wounded put in wagons, and the prisoners marched two and two to Krugersdorp. At 1 P.M. they passed the Staats Artillery, 'consisting,' according to Willoughby's diary, 'of two Maxims and one or two pop-guns on wagons.' The Raiders were escorted by about fifty Boers under Neukerk, and took two hours to get over the hill into the town. A journalist, riding up close to the melancholy procession, found the Boers speaking with admiration of the bravery of the Raiders. 'The thing was impossible,' they said, pointing at the ground, 'hence the result.' The escort indeed were on very good terms with their captives; afterwards on the road to Pretoria they had a friendly dispute with them on the point of marksmanship; teams were drawn from the two sides, and the Police were fairly acknowledged to be the victors.

But as the force came into Krugersdorp several hundred fresh Boers joined the procession, the ex-

citement grew, rifles were fired in the air, the prisoners were marched twice round the Market Square and stopped every few yards for some excited burgher to harangue the crowd—'clamouring,' says Willoughby, 'for our immediate annihilation.'

Their captors were their salvation, for they closed in round the prisoners, 'told us to keep together and keep quiet,' and marched them to the Court House. There the officers were separated from the rest, and given a frugal meal of bread and water, and then Jameson and his Staff were taken to the Market Square, packed into a mule wagon, and driven a mile out of the town—close to the Dingaan's Day monument—where they outspanned and slept. Here they were passed by their men and regimental officers, marching to Pretoria under escort. And as they passed Jameson and his Staff they drew themselves up, saluted, and, dead-beat as they were, broke into a cheer that surprised their escort, and must have gone to the heart of Jameson and his friends.

So they trekked through the night, and as they neared Pretoria they were not too tired to notice that everything was astir. First they met a strong body of mounted Boers riding towards Johannesburg, and then they were met by one or two carriages headed by a large Transvaal flag and followed by more mounted Boers. A sort of triumphal procession was formed, and as they got into the outskirts of the town they saw that the streets were lined with thousands of armed burghers afoot, although all of them, we may be certain, had their ponies in the town. The town swarmed with Boers, shaggy, bearded, nondescript as to their clothes, but all carrying a familiar rifle and a bag or bandolier

of cartridges. It was the citizen army of the State, and Willoughby and his officers must have opened their eyes and realised, for the first time, the power they had so lightly challenged.

On the morning of January 3, 1896, Jameson and his Staff officers entered the Pretoria Gaol. They were given prison fare and put into criminal cells; they lay down in bug-infested beds, caring little so long as they could sleep. And they slept all that day and the following night, their rest broken only by the vermin and the officials who kept coming in and inspecting them from time to time.

Thursday, January 2, had been a day of bitterness in Johannesburg. It began in high hopes that Jameson would get in: only a few knew the inner history, the struggle between fiery and ardent spirits like Bettington and Trimble on the one hand, and the temporising course of the Reform Committee on the other. The latter made a show of action. They publicly distributed arms; they set armies of Kafirs to dig trenches on the outskirts of the town; Maxims were placed in position; and the little mobile forces were hurried with a great clatter and display from one point to another. The populace seeing all this hugged themselves in the assurance that their leaders and the Raiders were acting in concert.

They were deceived. The gallopers, the show of rifles and guns, the clatter of arms, all meant nothing. The innermost circle or the central point of the Reform Committee had decided that it would be rash to fight: the deputation was under the impression that it had concluded a separate peace with the Government, and every attempt to send out help to Jameson was in one way or another either prevented or countermanded. So the day wore on and the

news gradually began to percolate into Johannesburg that things were not going well with Jameson. The face of the people changed. Angry crowds began to gather in the streets and made their way to the headquarters of the Reform Committee. The best orators of that body tried, but tried in vain, to assuage the growing anger of the mob. They were shouted down with cries of 'Jameson!' and 'Judas!'

The Scottish corps, a thousand strong, and the Australians, swore they would march out and rescue the Raiders; but ignorance of where they were and the orders of the Committee combined to dissuade them.

The streets were full of clamour and the Committee of consternation. In the height of the trouble Bettington and some of his men came up the street. His heart was full of rage, and he grew the more angry when the crowd cheered him as if he were a conqueror. 'If they had thrown rotten eggs and stones at me I would have liked it better,' as he afterwards described his feelings. The first man he met was poor Sam Jameson, white and hardly able to stand with rheumatic fever. On him Bettington turned savagely as if he were the cause of his humiliation. 'You might at least,' he said, 'have given your brother the satisfaction of knowing that a few English gentlemen were prepared to meet him.' By this time the crowd was howling like a high wind round the Consolidated Goldfields Buildings. J. W. Leonard tried to speak, and was received with shouts of derision; Lionel Phillips tried with the same result.

The crowd meant mischief, and one firebrand led five hundred of them towards the Post Office, intending to wreck it. Bettington shouted at the crowd, and as he knew them he got them to listen.

He took a high hand with them. When one of them proposed a march of 10,000 miners on Pretoria, he replied with taunts. When they were really wanted, he said, all they would do was to wear a bunch of ribbons in their buttonholes, and now that it was too late they shouted for trouble. The first man who broke the law he would hang on a lamp-post! And so with bluff, bluster, shouts, and curses, the mob sullenly dispersed.

There was fear also: throughout the crisis the trains that left Johannesburg were packed not with women and children only, but with men also filled with wild panic, who went off amid the jeers of those who remained. What basis of reason there was in their fears may be gathered from Kruger's own *Memoirs.* It was only with difficulty and by threats of resignation—so he says—that he prevented his burghers from attacking Johannesburg, and one of his commandants implored him for leave to extirpate the Uitlanders.

With all these threats of attack, however, there was considerable trepidation. For the Boers never excelled in offensive warfare, and Kruger's chief aim was now to get the Johannesburgers to lay down their arms.

To that end he played his cards, not perhaps according to the rules of the game, but with coolness and skill. Sir Hercules Robinson arrived in Pretoria on the Saturday night (January 4). He saw in the Government—or rather the Governments, for the Orange Free State was now ranged alongside the Transvaal—'a desire to show moderation,' but the Boers 'show tendency to get out of hand and to demand execution of Jameson.' Johannesburg, he thought—or was told—could not hold out, as it

was short of water and coal. 'On side of Johannesburg leaders desire to be moderate, but men make safety of Jameson and concession of items in manifesto issued conditions precedent to disarmament. If these are refused, they assert they will elect their own leaders, and fight it out their own way.'

On January 6, Sir Hercules Robinson met the Executive Council, and made, it must be said, a very poor show of it. The President's terms were brief—unconditional surrender precedent to any discussion of grievances, and the High Commissioner could get nothing out of him as to what would happen after the arms were laid down. Twenty-four hours to lay down their arms: he could restrain his burghers no longer. Such was Kruger's moderation.

The British Government showed more spirit than the High Commissioner. They had their own settled policy of intervention—if and when the Revolution occurred. And, as we have seen, they had begun *before the Raid* to concentrate troops in anticipation of trouble. And now they suggested that if force was used there might be force on both sides, and offered to send troops to the Transvaal Border to support the negotiations. But Sir Hercules Robinson would do nothing; he saw that there was nothing to be done, but advise surrender, and he used all his influence to get the men of Johannesburg to lay down their arms, arguing that without this he could not hope to save the lives of Jameson and his force.

It was a cruel, and, as we have seen, a false dilemma. If the High Commissioner had known the terms of surrender he could not have used such an inducement; that he did not know it is a testimony rather to the astuteness than the honesty of

Kruger's diplomacy. As it was, this and other arguments prevailed in Johannesburg.

The High Commissioner did not go himself to the town, but sent as his agents Sir Jacobus De Wet and Sir Sidney Shippard.[1]

These two wily officials gave nothing in writing, but were free with their tongues. 'Not one of you will lose your personal liberty for a single hour,' said Sir Jacobus De Wet.[2] Karri Davies in the Reform Committee Room, leaning over the table and looking De Wet in the eyes, said, 'Do you give me your word of honour, Sir Jacobus, if we don't lay down our arms Jameson and his officers will be shot?' 'Yes,' Jacobus replied, 'I give you my word of honour that Jameson and his officers will be shot if you don't lay down your arms.' Sir Sidney Shippard, at a subsequent meeting in the same room, said the same thing.

By such menaces, threats (and we might add lies) most of the Johannesburgers were prevailed upon to lay down their arms.

The man who gave Shippard most difficulty, as the reader may not be surprised to hear, was Andrew Trimble. 'My father is eighty-four,' he said to De Wet, 'but if I surrender he will shoot me for a coward.'

'Not a hair of your head will be touched,' said Sir Sidney Shippard.

'Do you know your Kafir name in Bechuanaland?'

[1] Sir Sidney Shippard was Administrator of Bechuanaland when the Raid took place, but complicity was never brought home to him. Gossip gave him a high place in the hierarchy that was to be substituted for the Kruger Government, and the malicious Vryburg Correspondent of the *Kimberley Advertiser* reported on December 31 that Sir Sidney Shippard 'wired to a carrier who was about to transport his furniture to Johannesburg not to cross the border.'

[2] *Transvaal from Within,* p. 208.

Trimble retorted; 'they call you Marana-Maka, the Father of Lies.'

Then Trimble commanded those of his force who had rifles to give them up, but so to treat them first that the Boers could never use them. And one night as he was winding up his affairs, and taking over the last two rifles from the last two sentries that had guarded the banks, there was a sound of steps on the stairs and a police officer and two men entered the office.

Trimble looked at the warrant with the eye of an expert and saw a flaw in it. 'Doyle,' he said, 'this warrant is illegal. You'll get into trouble, my man, and I advise you to have it put right before you go any further.'

Now the house was surrounded, and as Trimble's point was good, the officer thought he could safely leave him, while he got the correction made. But as he went, one of his men lingered a moment. 'They mean to shoot you, Trimble,' he whispered, and followed the rest.

Trimble saw it was now or never. He opened his box of professional disguises, whipped out a long, white beard, put it on, powdered and pencilled his face until he looked like an old Boer, donned a long, light overcoat, took from a drawer two Lee-Metford bayonets and hid them in the breast of his coat, stuffed two Webley revolvers into his pockets, then walked outside and looked up at the sky, and raised his hand and said, 'I, Andrew Trimble, do solemnly and sincerely swear that I will not be taken alive, but will fight unto the last drop of my blood, God help me!'

The house was surrounded by about 150 men, who held their horses by their bridles, so that the

horses made a fence round the house with the men inside. Trimble, shrouded by the gloom of night, strolled up to an old Boer, and said in Dutch, 'That is a nice horse. Would you sell him?'

'Not while this trouble is on,' said the Boer.

Trimble slipped his hand down from shoulder to pastern joint, and finding that there was sufficient room between that horse and the next, slipped through.

Thus Andrew Trimble passed into the open streets of Johannesburg—by that time policed by Germans and Hollanders in uniform. How he hid in a friend's house between roof and ceiling, how he slipped through the patrols that guarded every road, how he boarded the train at Raikopje station, how he hoodwinked the detectives and guards at Heidelberg and Volksrust, and how at Newcastle he whipped off his beard, a free man in the only part of South Africa willing to shelter him from his pursuers—it is all a very interesting story, but too long to be related here.

Some because they were told they would save Jameson, and some because they were told they would save themselves, laid down their arms. And the Boers who had expected no less than twenty thousand rifles and several great guns were with difficulty convinced that the entire arsenal of the Reformers lay before them.[1]

Then the President began to unmask his batteries. Late on the evening of January 9, he proclaimed an amnesty for all—'except all persons and corporations who will appear to be the chief offenders, ring-

[1] On January 9, Sir Hercules Robinson reported to Mr. Chamberlain that 1814 rifles and 3 Maxim guns had been surrendered; the Government not considering this a fulfilment of the ultimatum threatened to attack Johannesburg; but Sir Hercules replied with some show of spirit, that the onus of proof of concealment lay with the Transvaal Government.

leaders, leaders, instigators, and those who have caused the rebellion at Johannesburg and suburbs.' And before the Reform Committee men even knew they were in danger, the President's detectives had pounced upon them, and about sixty leading men of Johannesburg were clapped in gaol.

Let us here pause to review, with becoming admiration, the President's diplomacy. In the first place, he held Johannesburg quiet, while he was engaged with Jameson, by the suggestion that they would suffer no harm if only they kept the peace; in the second place, he used the lives of Jameson, his officers and men as an inducement to disarm the city, although these lives were protected by the terms of Willoughby's surrender; in the third place, he employed an amnesty as an additional inducement to disarm, and afterwards excepted from that amnesty every one worth a fine. Never was city cleverness more completely fooled by rustic cunning. We are to remember that the only proof of complicity against the vast majority of the prisoners was the list which their leaders had themselves given to the Government in the course of the negotiations. Indeed the majority were innocent of anything more than putting their names on the list which their deputation obligingly handed over.

These new prisoners were also thrown into the Pretoria Gaol, and as the first-comers felt themselves sold by the last, and the last considered themselves put into the cart by the first, there was little more than an exchange of resentful glances between these companions in misfortune.

II

When the High Commissioner agreed to help in the disarmament of Johannesburg, it was upon the condition that the Raiders should be handed over to the Imperial Government, the officers to be tried by the courts of their own country. But after the surrender of arms, the Transvaal Government insisted that not only the officers but the men also should be tried and punished: otherwise 'the whole question must be reconsidered.'

Here, however, Chamberlain stood firm: he was 'astonished that Council should hesitate to fulfil the engagement which we understood was made by President with you, and confirmed by the Queen, on the faith of which you secured disarmament of Johannesburg. Any delay will produce worst impression here, and may lead to serious consequences.' 'I have already promised,' he went on, 'that all the leaders shall be brought to trial immediately, but it would be absurd to try the rank and file, who only obeyed orders which they could not refuse.' And further:—

'As regards a pledge that they shall be punished, the President will see on consideration, although a government can order a prosecution, it cannot in any free country compel a conviction. You may remind him that the murderers of Major Elliott, who were tried in the Transvaal in 1881, were acquitted by the jury of burghers. Compare also the treatment by us of Stellaland and other freebooters.' [1]

These forcible representations prevailed. Jameson with thirteen officers and his faithful servant, Garlick, sailed from Durban on January 21 in the

[1] Blue Book C. 7933, No. 132.

Victoria; and 23 officers and 500 rank and file sailed on January 28 in the *Harlech Castle*. Of the rest two junior officers and 101 rank and file were discharged in South Africa, and Coventry and the other wounded were handed over as they recovered.

The Reformers remained in Pretoria and were there tried upon a charge of high treason. Although, as we have seen, there was very little that was substantial in the way of evidence against most of them, they all stood together in the plea of guilty, this plea being the result of negotiations between the State Attorney on the one side and the Counsel for the prisoners on the other, the former undertaking not to press for exemplary punishment, while the President said it would enable him to 'deal magnanimously with the prisoners.' [1]

It was a poor-spirited course, and it only brought further misfortune and humiliation. Judge Gregorowski, who had been imported from the Free State for the purpose of the trial, passed sentence of death on Lionel Phillips, Colonel Rhodes, George Farrar, and Hays Hammond, and sentenced the others to two years' imprisonment and a fine of £2000 each, or another year. They were thrown back into a gaol, foul and primitive in itself, but made intolerable by the brutality of their gaolers. Kruger improved upon the methods of King John. Before he released them there was no indignity he did not inflict upon them; they signed humiliating petitions and accepted humiliating terms, and with all that he exacted from them no less than £212,000—£100,000 in remission of the death sentences upon the four, and £112,000 being the total of the fines paid by fifty-six others. Two heroic men—A. Woolls-

[1] *The Transvaal from Within*, pp. 237-9.

Sampson and Walter Karri Davies[1] refused to sign any appeal or petition, but endured their imprisonment with a stoicism which neither sickness nor vermin, neither the brutality of Duplessis nor the prayers of their friends, was able to break.[2] And in the end they were found to be so inconvenient to the Government in gaol that they were liberated.[3] Their action may have seemed Quixotic to the more cynical and worldly men who came to terms. It is all a point of view. But there is at least this to be said. These things should be weighed before the decision to fight. If suffering and danger and martyrdom are too great a price to pay, men should not engage in the struggle at all. The Reformers, if they thought heroic measures foolish, should have stuck to measures unheroic. But having committed themselves to the fight, their only chance lay in the fighting spirit. To import arms, plan a rising, and then negotiate, was to make the worst of both worlds, and invite disaster.

And here—as Barney Barnato has had a part in this story—let us look at his share in the struggle. It was characteristic. The weapons of revolution—the rifle, the Maxim and the bomb—were not Barnato's, nor was he so foolish as to sign any prospectus in which he had not a foundation share. His method was different; he dressed himself in black and bound his hat with crape, and he adver-

[1] Now Colonel W. D. Davies. Called Karri Davies because he was an Australian whose house in Australia was called Karri-dale, and who had imported Karri wood for the mines.

[2] Nine more, although they signed the appeal for revision, refused to sign any petition. Colonel Rhodes declined to sign the undertaking demanded of the others to take no further part for a long term of years in the politics of the Republic, and was thereupon banished from the Transvaal.

[3] They were let out, on the advice of Jan Hofmeyr, on the Queen's Jubilee, as 'a present to the Queen.'

tised that 'all our landed properties in this State will be sold by public auction on Monday, May 18, 1896.' He adjourned his Company meetings, made it known that £200,000 a month—the expenditure on his mines—would be lost to the Transvaal, estimated that £20,000,000 sterling had already been lost by the crisis, and demonstrated that the fall in the value of land was a very serious matter for the Boers. These highly practical arguments appealed to the Transvaal Government, President Kruger received the funereal and crape-crowned magnate on May 26, and 'listened attentively for an hour and a half to the arguments advanced by Mr. Barnato,' and although he 'frequently made spirited rejoinders,' ended by 'assuring the Member for Kimberley in kindly terms that he was still doing his utmost to obtain a further mitigation of the sentences.' [1]

III

But let us now follow the fortunes of Jameson and his officers. The prisoners—Jameson and his principal officers—to the number of fifteen in all, were first brought before Sir John Bridge in the Bow Street Police Court, and were thus charged :—

'That they with certain other persons in the month of December, 1895, in South Africa, within Her Majesty's Dominions and without licence of Her Majesty, did unlawfully prepare and fit out a military expedition to proceed against the dominions of a certain friendly state—to wit, the South African Republic, contrary to the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act, 1870.'

The proceedings need not detain us save for a glimpse of Jameson—'Dr. Jim leaned his rather

[1] Barnato's nephew, S. B. Joel, and others of his group were among the arrested Reformers.

anxious, kindly face wearily on his hand,' says one of the reporters. Through March, April, May, and June these tedious preliminaries lingered, and at last on June 15 the Magistrate committed six out of the fifteen for trial.[1]

These six were Dr. Jameson, Sir John Willoughby, Henry Frederick White, Raleigh Grey, Robert White, and Charles John Coventry, who were tried at bar in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court before the Lord Chief Justice, Baron Pollock, Mr. Justice Hawkins, and a special jury.

The trial began on July 20, 1896. The indictment contained twelve distinct counts, all framed upon Section 11 of the Foreign Enlistment Act. A trial at bar in the High Court of England is a stately affair well calculated to impress the spectators with the majesty of English law. In the twilight of the sombre Gothic Court looms the bench with its three judges, their keen, strong, shaven faces framed in powdered horse-hair wigs, in their long, red robes, hooded with silver grey and banded with broad black sashes. Beneath round the well of the Court —the jury on one side, the witness-box on the other, the prisoners at the bar and behind and around them a great array of counsel in their black gowns and wigs.

And this ponderous, mediaeval machine of justice proceeds with an almost superhuman deliberation, based upon laws, principles, precedents, and evidence, to its appointed end. There have been, it is true, many State trials under English law where a prejudgment was suspected. When Sir Walter Raleigh

[1] The prosecution discriminated between those who took part and those who were 'really responsible for preparing, fitting out, and inducing people to join the Expedition.'

was brought to trial for an offence somewhat similar, the British people knew that King James was seeking to win the favour of Spain and the patriot's chances were considered slender.

And so it may have been here. The British Government had not, indeed, promised to punish the Raiders; they had only promised to bring them to trial; but it would have led to damaging comments in unfriendly quarters if they had been brought to trial only to be acquitted.

That that inconvenience was present in the mind of Lord Russell of Killowen may be gathered from the conduct of his trial and his summing up. The case, considered without passion, was whether the prisoners had been guilty of a breach of a certain statute, and there was great doubt in many minds whether it covered the case of an offence committed either at Mafeking or at Pitsani Potlugo, the doubt being whether these places were under the dominion and sovereignty of the Crown. There was, it is true, a distinction to be made between the two places. Mafeking was in British Bechuanaland, but Pitsani Potlugo was in the British South Africa Company's new territory, and Jameson did not cross any portion of British territory before entering the South African Republic.

This was, it may be said, a purely legal point; but then the trial, it might be answered, was a purely legal trial. The Chief Justice, when the point was put, observed that the 'acts aimed at' were of 'the most questionable legality, wholly apart from the Statute,' and might have been 'the subject of an indictment at common law.' And that no doubt was true. The raid was a violent and lawless enterprise to be undertaken by Englishmen. And

English Common Law has a wide sweep. But the fact remains that the trial was not under Common Law, but under a particular Statute.

All these considerations were swept away and waved aside by the Lord Chief Justice.

He quoted the telegram of December 28 from Sam to Dr. Jameson:—

> 'It is absolutely necessary to postpone flotation through unforeseen circumstances . . . until we have C. J. Rhodes's absolute pledge that authority of Imperial Government will not be insisted on. . . .'

And upon this message—sent not by but to one of the prisoners—the Lord Chief Justice made a comment which illuminates his attitude of mind:—

'The hint,' he observed, 'which that conveys, that the Imperial Government, as represented at the Cape, would stand aside and see an attack made upon a friendly State which by convention in 1881 and 1884 it had agreed should be a free and independent and autonomous State, conveyed an imputation of the possibility of bad faith, of which I should be sorry to see a shadow of doubt.' [1]

On questions of law the judge must be allowed to rule supreme; but here is not a question of law, but a question of State policy. Because, the judge argues, in effect, bad faith is imputed to the Imperial Government by one person, therefore another person is to be found guilty of the breach of a Statute.

[1] The hint, by the way, and the imputation it conveyed, were by no means so unfair to the Imperial Government as the Lord Chief Justice supposed. For not only had the previous (Liberal) Government contemplated an attack on the Transvaal, but the Government then in office had for some time been quietly effecting a concentration of troops at the Cape for that purpose.

And again, after referring to evidence of premeditation, the judge exclaims:—

'How absurd, how mean, it was in the face of that document to make suggestions that they were going in answer to a sudden call to rescue women and children.'

Now the suggestion was made, not by Dr. Jameson, who read the letter, but by Charles Leonard who wrote it. If it was absurd and mean to make such a suggestion, any absurdity or meanness lay with the writer and not the recipient. For signing that letter four men had already been condemned to death, and the fifth was a fugitive from justice. Yet here we have it cited to inflame the minds of a jury against a sixth man who had received and read it, and five other men who had had nothing to do with it.

Even as to its absurdity and meanness there might be arguments, for a struggle such as the Reformers contemplated was obviously 'charged with danger to women and children' who had the misfortune to live where the struggle was about to take place. As it was, the trains leaving Johannesburg were disastrously over-crowded with panic-stricken women and their children. And with reason, as Kruger himself makes clear in his *Memoirs*, when he admits that only with the greatest difficulty could he prevent the design of his commandants to extirpate the people of Johannesburg.

It was common sense. The people of Johannesburg intended to rebel and to stand a siege. The Boers had guns. If they used them the women and children would be in danger; and to deliver them from that danger Jameson's force would have been of service. All this of course if the plans had gone

as they had been intended to go. Lord Russell of Killowen knew nothing of these plans, nor of the wrongs which prompted them, nor of the neglect of the Imperial Government which went some way to excuse them. Of these things the Lord Chief Justice knew nothing. It was no part of his duty to understand them. But again it was no part of his duty to use political arguments in charging a jury on a criminal charge.

The jury were asked to find upon a series of questions—as to whether or no the defendants were engaged in a military expedition from Mafeking and Pitsani Potlugo against the South African Republic, and whether Pitsani Potlugo was under the dominion and sovereignty of the Queen.

The motive for asking the jury for this sort of verdict is suggested by the illustration used by the Chief Justice:—

'Of course you remember the shipwrecked crew who, finding themselves on the ocean without any means of obtaining food, sacrificed the life of one of the persons in the boat.'

Clearly, the Bench feared that the sympathies of an English jury would go against State policy.

The jury retired at 4.20 in the afternoon,[1] and debated their verdict for an hour and five minutes.

When they returned it was with an answer in the affirmative to all the questions on the paper.

'That amounts, gentlemen,' said the Chief Justice, 'to a verdict of guilty. Do you now find against all the defendants a verdict of guilty?'

'My Lord,' the foreman replied, 'the jury have thought fit in answering these questions to append a rider: "The jury consider that the state of affairs

[1] That is to say of Tuesday, July 28, 1896, the seventh day of the trial.

in Johannesburg presented great provocation." My Lord, we have answered your questions categorically.'

'Then I direct you that, in accordance with those answers, you ought to find a verdict of guilty against the defendants.'

Here Sir Edward Clarke rose to his feet, 'My Lord,' he said, 'I wish——'

'I cannot allow any intervention,' said the Chief Justice.

'My Lord, I am calling attention——'

But the Chief Justice was determined to have his way: 'I cannot allow it, Sir Edward Clarke,' he said. 'At this moment I cannot allow it.' And then to the jury: 'Gentlemen, I direct you that in point of law that amounts to a verdict of guilty, and it is your duty to see if you cannot come to an agreement.'

'My Lord,' said the foreman, 'there is one objection to that. We answered your questions categorically. We cannot agree upon a verdict.'

'That,' said the Lord Chief Justice, 'is a most unhappy state of things. If there is one juryman objecting to a verdict he ought to reconsider the matter. These questions, answered as they are, amount to a verdict of guilty and to nothing else. They are capable of no other construction, and therefore I direct you—and I direct my observations particularly to the gentleman to whom you refer as disagreeing with the rest on the verdict—that you ought all to find, in accordance with these findings, a verdict of guilty.'

The jury hesitated for a time and consulted among themselves, and at last the foreman yielded the point:—

'My Lord,' he said, 'we are unanimous in returning a verdict of guilty.'

Against this skilful and masterful piece of shepherding Sir Edward Clarke proposed to appeal: he wanted to ask for a new trial, but Jameson and his officers refused to allow him: they preferred to take judgment.

In the circumstances His Lordship might have spared the homily which he addressed to the prisoners —considering that he had already delivered it before they were found guilty. But again he referred to the political consequences of their offence—in particular, 'the creation of a certain sense of distrust of public profession and of public faith.'

And then:—

'The sentence of the Court therefore is that—

'As to you, Leander Starr Jameson, and as to you, Sir John Willoughby, that you be confined for a period of fifteen months' imprisonment without hard labour.

'That you, Major Robert White, have seven months' imprisonment without hard labour.

'That you, Colonel Grey, you Colonel Henry White, you Major Coventry, have each five months' imprisonment without hard labour.'

We may have something more to say of what might be termed the moral view of this case,[1] when we come to consider the whole affair in the light of the evidence given before the Committee and certain other facts which did not appear in evidence. In the meantime we have to follow the now lamentable fortunes of our subject.

Jameson had sat through the trial in that hunched-

[1] Rhodes heard the news of the sentence among the Matoppos on July 29: 'A tribute,' he exclaimed, 'to the rectitude of my countrymen who have jumped the whole world!'—Michell, vol. ii. p. 177.

up attitude his friends came to know so well, his eyes frequently shut, his head on his hand. He was first taken to Wormwood Scrubs, clad in prison garb and treated like a common criminal. This indeed was the effect of his sentence as commonly understood. But the Government decided—possibly because he was now the idol of the populace, possibly because their consciences were not quite at ease on the subject, possibly for another reason which cannot now be stated, to treat him differently, and he (with his friends) was removed to Holloway, now a 'first-class misdemeanant,' but no less wretched at heart, and sickening for the illness that was to bring him release.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE INQUIRY

'Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life!'

In the prison of Holloway the Doctor fell sick almost unto death. Mind and body were worn out by the long strain they had endured; the fevers of the Limpopo and the Pungwe worked in his blood and disordered its functions. In this dark period he wrote no letters which survive, and probably he wrote none at all; but from Willoughby's letters to his mother we gather that, in November 1896, it was found necessary to operate upon Jameson for stone, the first we may suppose of many operations, for the Doctor suffered agonies from this complaint for the rest of his life. All resiliency had gone out of his constitution, and he did not mend, but hung in a miserable weakness between life and death. His Sovereign, who had compassion in her queenly heart for a brave and loyal if erring subject, procured him release, and Willoughby, like the gentleman he was, wrote to his mother, on December 6, 'You need not fuss a bit now that the old Doctor is out, I am perfectly content in here.'

The 'old Doctor' continued to languish on his sick-bed; imprisonment had not made him ill nor could release cure him. For the bitterness of his thoughts added gall to his malady. His mind must have trod in an eternal circle the consequences

of his disaster: not to himself although his pride was mortally hurt, but to his friend and to the cause they served. Rhodes had fallen, dragging down with him the whole solid and gigantic structure of his policy, and as it seemed the British cause in South Africa.

Rhodesia too . . . Jameson heard that Rhodes was no longer on the Board of the Company he had created; that the Matabele had risen, taking advantage of the absence of the Police; that they had slaughtered many of the settlers; that his town of Buluwayo had stood a siege; that Rhodes, shorn of all but his inborn authority, had hurried to the spot, had organised the forces, and, when the Company was nearly bankrupt and the Matabele among their granite fastnesses stubbornly maintained the war, had gone himself, unarmed and almost alone, into the mountains and had by his own courage, his own patience, his own sagacity procured a peace.

The two had not met since before the Raid, more than a year ago. Did Rhodes blame him for all these misfortunes? Was Rhodes still his friend? These doubts and questionings must have circled eternally through the mind of the invalid. In January 1897, Jameson must have heard of the great reception Rhodes had in his devoted Cape Town when he returned from his victories in Rhodesia, and then that Rhodes had sailed 'to face the music' amid the cheers of five thousand people assembled on Cape Town pier. Slowly the days passed, until at last he heard that Rhodes had reached England. But Rhodes did not come to him. . . .

The faithful Garlick, who had followed him to Doornkop, who had spent his days and nights smuggling and bribing round the walls of the prison of

Holloway, and who was now nurse to his master, saw that there was something in the patient's mind which was killing him. He guessed the truth, and secretly sent for Rhodes, who had then been in England for several days. That his love of Jameson was undiminished, we gather from something which happened when he was on his way from Salisbury to Cape Town in the previous December. A friend, hearing the news that Groote Schuur had been burnt down with all the dear and lovely things in it, went to Rhodes and began to break the news with the customary preliminaries. Rhodes changed colour; but when at last he heard the truth, 'Is that all,' he exclaimed with a sigh of relief; 'I thought you were going to say that Jameson was dead.'

We may suppose, then, that his inordinate and paralysing shyness of any emotion had held Rhodes back from an immediate meeting. But on Garlick's message he came at once. And the servant turning from the door, heard Rhodes, standing over the bed, say, 'Both of us have had a rough time, but you have had a rougher time than I.'

From then on Jameson began to mend. An undated note to Sam, probably written on February 5, shows the first flush of a returning interest in life:—

'I have just left the nursing home and got into these chambers [1]—very comfortable; but I am thoroughly sick of England, and will clear out immediately the others come out of Holloway and my part of the Commission is finished. Probably go to Tanganyika, I think, to look after the telegraph, etc., for a year. I am sure to get some amusement out of it, and see what the country there is capable of. Also it will be Africa and in touch to a certain extent with affairs

[1] 2 Down Street, Piccadilly, a flat which Jameson shared with Willoughby.

further south. Cape politics in some form probably after that interval, if things go as well as I expect. Hammond and Frank Rhodes have been to see me several times—very friendly, but on the basis of no discussion of past events. Lionel Phillips also intends coming, and if so I will try to find out if he intends to do anything for you. C. J. Rhodes is here in capital form, and is going to come out all right. Commission a nuisance but can't be helped.'

The next letter, which is from the same address, is dated February 12, 1897. His health, he says, is ' practically all right ' (it was far from right), ' and I have no doubt the other discomforts will soon disappear when I get away from this beastly London. The Commission begins next Friday, and I should think I shall have given evidence and be able to leave in about a month, provided I get Johnny Willoughby out by that time. As to destination, probably Tanganyika ; but maybe some other part of Africa. I certainly do not intend to leave that Continent alone till I have got square somehow on this last mess. . . . Frank and Hammond come frequently, and I am on most affectionate terms with them. . . . C. J. R. is all right. I see him very often here, but eschew Burlington. Commission will be all right.'

The rising tide of returning life may be seen, as it were, under the skin of these laconic sentences :—

> ' Let Mars and Saturn in the heavens conjoin,
> And what they please against the world design,
> So Jupiter within him shine.'

If C. J. R. was ' all right ' nobody else very much mattered, and C. J. R. had evidently been pouring his own blood into Jameson's veins with talk of telegraphs and Tanganyika, and work to be done and accounts to be squared. Therefore, the Com-

mittee was merely a nuisance which kept him in this ' beastly London '—that and getting his officers out.

Ever since the Raid, the Opposition, both Liberal and Radical, had been pressing the Government for an inquiry. The punishment of Jameson and his officers was a sop which did not satisfy them. They were after greater game. For Joseph Chamberlain, in particular, they cherished a deadly enmity, because he had once been one of themselves, and had dealt them a heavy blow when leaving them. To bring him down would be a peculiar satisfaction; and, better still, would very nearly, if not quite, bring down the Government.

The various telegrams and documents produced by the Transvaal Government—and indeed various circumstances of the case—suggested, although they did not prove, some degree of complicity between the Colonial Office and the conspirators. Was Chamberlain privy to the plot? He had denied it, and if it could be proved he could hardly stay in office. A minor but still potent consideration was that the Chartered Company was involved, and as the Charter had been given by the Government, anything which discredited the Company brought discredit also upon Lord Salisbury and his colleagues.

This campaign was pressed so far that on January 29, 1897, a Select Committee was appointed ' to inquire into the origin and circumstances of the incursion into the South African Republic by an armed force and into the administration by the British South Africa Company, and to report thereon, and further to report what alterations are desirable in the Government of the territories under the control of the Company.' It consisted altogether of

politicians, drawn from both parties, and including Chamberlain, against whom it was chiefly directed.

Before this tribunal most of our old South African friends and acquaintances appeared—Rhodes, Jameson, Schreiner, Newton, Graham Bower, Colonel Rhodes, Willoughby, Heany, Rutherfoord Harris, Dr. Wolff, Lionel Phillips, Charles Leonard, Alfred Beit, Rochfort Maguire, all contributed their parts of the story, with candour more or less according to their characters; but as we have told the tale already, in the light of their evidence, it would be useless to go over it all again.

There were, however, some incidents in the proceedings which seduce us into lingering a little. Cecil Rhodes appeared before the Committee upon February 16, and his evidence, which took six days, was not finished until March 5. We have many sketches of him by contemporary journalists, in appearance a solid, massive, imperturbable Englishman, and once a day, to save the time of the Committee, eating a plate of sandwiches and sipping a tumbler of stout as he gave his evidence. It might have been old Coke of Norfolk sitting among his partridges and spaniels, pulling at his beer and eating his bread and cheese. 'A queer fellow—yet a Privy Councillor!' as he once said of himself. This impression of solidity grows as we read the evidence: he is like a rock repeatedly submerged by waves of interrogation, yet always reshowing in the old position. It is a very simple position, and very well chosen, if we fairly consider it. The cross-questioners are Liberals and Rhodes is a Liberal also, and it is a Liberal cause—no taxation without representation.

'I hold further, whatever people may say, that you will have no body of Englishmen in any place for any period without those men insisting upon their civil rights. I am sure of that.'

Such was the rock of Rhodes's defence, and nothing could move it. It was upon this rock that Labouchere made shipwreck. He started his cross-examination jauntily, as one sure of his case. But he went down nevertheless. It was done very simply. 'If you will allow me to read it,' said Rhodes in reply to one of his questions, 'as you have been so very fair, I happen to have cut out of the paper what you said the other day.' And Rhodes proceeded to read a fiery speech in favour of the rebels in Crete.

'"They wished to strike to be free themselves (exactly the case of Johannesburg). . . . For his part he would welcome a revolution in any part of the Turkish Empire, and he rejoiced when he saw any portion of the Turkish Empire taken away from the Sultan's authority." I would have rejoiced if the Johannesburg section was taken away from Kruger, because I do not believe he can manage it. "Let it be thoroughly understood by Her Majesty's Government that, so far as the Radicals were concerned, they were not going to look on quietly while these proceedings were taking place in Crete."' The rising of the Cretans, the invasions by the Greeks, of these 'unconstitutional movements' Labouchere had expressed the most uncompromising approval. 'That,' said Rhodes, 'is just about the reply that I would make when you ask me on this question of the Transvaal. I feel keenly on that question, just as you feel keenly in the Cretan question. . . . I mean it, Mr. Labouchere. I think the same as you there. You have your warm feelings in this matter

of Crete, and I have in this matter, and I have proved the warmth of my feelings by what I have risked and lost.'[1]

For the rest, he was privy to the plan; he supported the Revolution; he took the responsibility; but as a fact, Jameson rode in without his authority.

'. . . the whole broad point is that Dr. Jameson was in great haste to act, while on the other side everything was done to check.'

So much we already know. But why had Rhodes not stood in the dock with Jameson? That, replied Rhodes, was for the Law Advisers of the Crown to consider.[2]

Labouchere pressed Rhodes hard on this point, and if there was any distress visible in Rhodes's evidence, it was here:—

'If the man behind Dr. Jameson had openly stated that he was behind him, would not that have induced the judge, after the jury had brought in a verdict of guilty, to lessen the sentence against Dr. Jameson?—I should have had to say I was not the author of the Raid, and I do not think it would have helped. . . . The legal advisers would be the best judge of that, and I remember sending them a telegram, that could be produced, that if I could save Dr. Jameson twenty-four hours' imprisonment by coming home and telling the story, I would do so, and in their judgment it would not have helped.'

Jameson gave his evidence on March 26 and again on April 9. What the Committee saw was a tired little man, almost perilously fragile, with a melodious voice, the fine curved nose of an Arab, and a sudden quickly fleeting but extraordinarily frank and winning gleam and sparkle of smile. What they heard was a long, laboriously worded account of the Raid

[1] *Minutes*, p. 82. [2] *Ibid.* 1515.

delivered by one obviously sick to death of the subject.

Where Jameson was chiefly pressed was as to the assurances he gave to his officers who were in the Imperial Service that they would not suffer by joining him. All that the Committee could get from him was this—that when he was in Cape Town before the Raid he saw the High Commissioner, and heard from His Excellency's own lips that if a rising did take place he intended to go to Johannesburg or Pretoria; but Dr. Jameson was careful to add that he on his side told the High Commissioner nothing. 'I may tell you,' he explained to Mr. Labouchere, 'that the reason I put [it] to the High Commissioner was in order that I should have no hearsay evidence communicated to my officers at all. . . . And I felt sure that it would be all right supposing we were successful, and I never had a doubt that we would be successful. . . .' [1]

And again: 'Of course in a thing of this kind, I perfectly recognise that the proper thing would have been to tell the High Commissioner; but then I would never have entertained the subject if I was going to do a proper thing. I know perfectly well that as I have not succeeded, the natural thing has happened; but I also know that if I had succeeded I should have been forgiven.' [2]

And that was probably the attitude of Drake, of Clive, of Nelson, of Popham, of Gordon, of every great soldier or sailor or civilian who has gone beyond his orders and hazarded everything on a stroke for the Empire.

The Committee did not get any more out of Sir John Willoughby, who was taken out of prison to

[1] *Minutes of Evidence*, 4545. [2] *Ibid.* 4605.

give evidence. He had written a letter to the War Office in which he said that 'I took part in the preparation of the military expedition and went into the Transvaal in pursuance of orders received from the Administrator of Matabeleland and in the honest and *bona fide* belief that the steps were taken with the knowledge and assent of the Imperial authorities.'[1] But when Sir John was examined upon this letter, he had 'read Dr. Jameson's evidence, and I think that his evidence covers every statement that I have made in that letter to the War Office.' He agreed with Dr. Jameson's evidence and, although he was threatened and bullied and worried, he fixed his bull-dog jaw upon this answer nor could he be made to relax his hold upon it.

The inquiry dragged on into July; but we need not trouble the reader with its proceedings and its findings. If we seemed to detect the tincture of State policy colouring the clear lymph of justice at Bow Street, there is no doubt of the violent and turbulent political dyes which darken the wells of Westminster Hall.

As to the responsibility of Mr. Chamberlain and the Imperial Government, that is a question somewhat outside the duties of the biographer of Dr. Jameson. But thus far, perhaps, we may timidly venture, on the broad aspects of the case.

There is no reasonable doubt that the Imperial Government had a very serious quarrel with the Transvaal Republic. In 1894 their High Commissioner had made warlike preparations, and had warned President Kruger in the plainest terms that if wrongs were not righted he would not be

[1] *Minutes of Evidence*, 5622.

answerable for the consequences. Kruger had then —a year before the Raid—publicly invoked the protection of the German Empire. All these things had happened not under Joseph Chamberlain, but under a Liberal Government.

Then in 1895 the dispute over the drifts brought the British Government to the very edge of war with the Transvaal Republic, a war in which the Cape Colony—both British and Dutch—was pledged to support the British power. That acute crisis occurred as late as November 1895, and if the British Government again made military preparations—as they were entitled to do—how are we to distinguish between these preparations and preparations in support of a revolt in Johannesburg? We have Mr. Chamberlain's statement that he was not privy to the Raid, and that the Colonial Office was not privy to it either. They did not even know of the intention to use the police to support the Revolution. The evidence of Dr. Rutherfoord Harris was not very satisfactory; he had hinted to Chamberlain; he thought he had made himself understood to Mr. Fairfield. But Mr. Fairfield was dead. And in his life Mr. Fairfield had been very deaf. When Dr. Harris telegraphed that 'I have already sent Flora to convince J. Chamberlain support *Times* newspaper,' he was 'hyperbolical.' He had not sent her to convince Mr. Chamberlain. And Miss Shaw (now Lady Lugard) indignantly denied that she had ever received such a commission.

All the hints and suggestions, which appeared in the telegrams from Dr. Harris and Miss Shaw to mean so much, were found on examination to boil down very small. There were, indeed, certain telegrams obviously referring to others which were not

produced. These telegrams were refused to the Committee by Mr. Hawksley, the Company's solicitor, who said that they belonged to Mr. Rhodes and he had no authority to produce them. Rhodes in fact suppressed them, and they have never since been published. Rhodes and Jameson kept their secrets well; but an undated letter from the Doctor to his brother Tom, written from the Burlington Hotel just before the trial at bar, seems to bear on the contents of these documents: 'Graham Bower has been here for an hour. He and High Commissioner as pro-Boer as ever; but there is one comfort, that they are in a mortal funk, and I had the pleasure of increasing the same by assuring him of the publication of the cables during the next few days.'

Why did Rhodes suppress them? Improbably to shield himself, since he had admitted his share in the business. Moreover the telegrams were not from but to him, and there is reason to believe that they were suppressed because they appeared to incriminate the Imperial Government.

Mr. Chamberlain gave the Committee one illuminating piece of evidence in the shape of a letter written by Mr. Fairfield to himself on November 4, 1895, when Dr. Harris was pressing for a speedy settlement of the Bechuanaland transfer. 'Rhodes,' Mr. Fairfield wrote, 'very naturally wants to get our people off the scene as this ugly row is pending with the Transvaal. That, I think, is also our interest. . . . I do not think that there can be any doubt but that the Transvaal will give way on the immediate question of the drifts; but that will not end the political "unrest." They will have in their hands to-morrow or to-morrow morning, a letter from Montagu White, written after Lord Salisbury's message to him,

warning them that the British Government is in deadly earnest.'

In reading this letter to the Committee, Chamberlain, after the words 'ugly row' interpolated the explanation, 'That of course refers to the drifts.' But does it? As Mr. Fairfield says that the Transvaal would give way on the drifts, he could not possibly have meant what Mr. Chamberlain says he meant. No, Mr. Fairfield obviously referred to the pending revolt in Johannesburg, about which the Imperial Government was in 'deadly earnest.' But if Rhodes wanted to get Bechuanaland for this ugly row, it was fairly obvious to such intelligences as Mr. Fairfield's and Mr. Chamberlain's what he proposed to do with it. That, we think, is a fair deduction.

But the Imperial Government itself was 'in deadly earnest' about the revolt, and intended to support it by force of arms if necessary, and Rhodes could hardly have 'promised delivery' of the High Commissioner f.o.b. for Pretoria had he not known that the High Commissioner was already under instructions to go if the Revolution took place.

But why, it may be asked, did the Committee fail to elicit this pertinent information? The answer probably is because Sir William Harcourt knew it all already. And further he knew that these instructions and that policy were not merely the instructions and the policy of Chamberlain but the instructions and the policy of the Imperial Government, and not only of the Government then in power but of its predecessor. Sir Henry Loch, who represented not Mr. Chamberlain but Lord Ripon, had himself organised a force of police on the Bechuanaland Border in case there should be a rising.[1] It was he

[1] See statement by Lord Loch in the House of Lords, May 1, 1896.

—and General Goodenough—who had urged upon the Imperial Government—when it was a Liberal Government—to increase the garrison because of possible political difficulties in the Transvaal.

Therefore if Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had been so foolish as to press complicity home to Mr. Chamberlain, they would only have ended in involving themselves.

But complicity in what? Not in anything disgraceful but merely in the conviction, and the resolve, if circumstances favoured, to act upon the conviction, that the Transvaal Government was hopeless. It was so hostile to England, so oppressive of Englishmen, and so injurious to a British South Africa that it could not be persuaded to reform: it could only be removed. If that was a sound conclusion in 1899 it was also a reasonable belief in 1894 and in 1895.

But if the Imperial Government were resolved, as there is no reasonable doubt, to support the revolt when it came, if they were preparing also, as we have shown reason to believe they were, forces to support that revolt, it is reasonable also to suppose that they had at least a general knowledge of what was actually going forward in South Africa. If it is difficult on the evidence to believe that they knew everything, it is equally difficult to suppose that they knew nothing. Reasonable men working to the same end would naturally be at some pains to be acquainted with one another's plans. Sir Hercules Robinson told Sir Francis Younghusband, who told the author, that he had been commissioned to support the reform movement by force if necessary when he was sent out for the second time by a Liberal Colonial Secretary. He had stipulated for 10,000 men and,

as we have seen, his available forces fell considerably under that estimate. Is it impossible to suppose that Rhodes had promised to make good this deficiency ?

There is one piece of evidence which certainly suggests knowledge, and that is the telegram which the Colonial Secretary sent to Sir Hercules Robinson on the very day on which Jameson started for Johannesburg. It was not, let us remember, a signal to go forward ; it was a prohibition. But the remarkable thing is that it was sent at the same time as other prohibitions which came from those who certainly did know of the Jameson plan, that is to say, from the Reformers in Johannesburg and from Cecil Rhodes in Cape Town. Were these prohibitions concerted ? It is reasonable to suppose that if all three together tried to stop a false move in the game, all three were in the game together.

But had the Imperial Government any complicity in the Raid ? That is a frequent, but, as it appears to the author, an idle question. Let us use again the Englishman's favourite illustration of a game—say, a cricket match. Jameson is at one wicket, Lionel Phillips, let us say, at the other. It is a critical point in the game : there is not much time left in which to win. Jameson sees what he thinks is an opportunity for a run. He shouts to Phillips, who waves his hand and answers No. But Jameson is sure he can make it, and save the game. He runs, but Phillips stands still : the fielders, knowing their men, throw up the ball very smartly, the stumps are knocked out of the ground, and the game is lost.

Jameson ran his side out—so much is clear. But confusion is imported when the censorious spectators proclaim that other people on his own side must

have known that Jameson was going to snatch a run. It is easy to assert: it is equally easy to deny: but it is impossible to prove such a statement. All we can say is that all the evidence, so far as it goes, and the likelihood also, is that Jameson decided for himself and that the rest of the eleven tried to stop him. Phillips tried to stop him; Rhodes tried to stop him; Sir Hercules Robinson tried to stop him; and Chamberlain tried to stop him. It is therefore difficult to believe that all these men—or any of them—wanted him to run, or knew that he was going to run. And they all say they did not know, and did not want him to run.

But that is, after all, if the moralist may be allowed his word, a trifling question. If people are playing cricket they mean to make runs although they do not mean to be run out, and therefore the real question is, who were in the eleven. And upon that question, having stated the facts, as far as we know them, we may now leave our readers to draw their own conclusions.

CHAPTER XXX

THE COMING OF WAR

> 'And he might thereupon
> Take rest ere he be gone
> Once more on his adventure brave and new,
> Fearless and unperplexed
> When he wage battle next
> What weapons to select, what armour to indue.'

For the moment the movements of Jameson, and of Rhodes also, are restless and eccentric, as if the motive were rather relief from pain and distress of mind than as of old a single purpose strongly held. Rhodes is evidently at first trying to amuse and occupy Jameson, as one more sorely hurt than himself; but in fact Rhodes had suffered deadlier thrust: he was never rightly to recover; but in that great and massy frame the full effects of the blow took long to appear. What was, when the shock was over, both to steel and refine the mettle of Jameson was to bring down in mortal ruin the weightier structure of his friend.

The inquiry dragged on into July; but long before it was over Jameson and Rhodes had both departed, and we may leap intervening distances and events to find ourselves again in Rhodesia, in the month of August 1897, considering as if our lives depended on it the proper route for the great African telegraph line which was to link Cape Town and Cairo. Rhodes had attempted to run the line through the awful country between Salisbury and

the Zambesi at Tete; but Jameson knew it well in the early days, and his bad opinion was confirmed by this later experience. 'Telegraphists,' says Michell, 'died at their posts, natives cut the wires, elephants destroyed the poles'; it was in short an impossible line, and Rhodes decided to give it up and take it round by Umtali over the healthy plateau of Nyanza northwards to the north-east corner of Rhodesia. And for the supervision of this work he chose Jameson, designing, no doubt, to occupy the mind of his friend, but forgetting the frailness of the body.

And so began another arduous journey for Jameson. Michell travelled down with him from Salisbury to Umtali, and told the present writer a curious story which illustrates—if ever a story did—the malice of chance. They were together in a Cape cart on a bleak part of the road with a cold wind blowing in their teeth when they observed a solitary figure walking towards them across the bare and lonely veld. As they drew nearer they saw that it was a man, a ragged, travel-stained, and weather-beaten English tramp. As the fellow passed he asked them for tobacco, which they gave him, and Jameson, bending down towards him, looked into his face and said in a puzzled way, 'Where have I seen you before?'

'In Holloway Gaol, your honour,' said the tramp with a grin, and the blow came so suddenly and hit so hard that Jameson, proof as he was against the strokes of fortune, fell back into his seat as if he had been shot.

It was, when we consider the health of Jameson at that time, a rash thing to undertake—this journey through those most savage wilds of Central Africa,

and it was evident to Garlick, who went with him, that his master could no longer bear with the old buoyancy the ardours of the wilderness. Nevertheless he persevered, and *walked* for three hundred miles along the line which the telegraph was to take until he reached the Zambesi at the fever-stricken Portuguese settlement of Tete. There he arranged with the Portuguese for the crossing both of the river and their territory, and having completed his negotiations, hired a dug-out canoe and some native boatmen and started upon a journey made by Livingstone long before down the Zambesi to the sea. The natives, probably because they feared the hippopotamuses, which are very dangerous to such craft, mutinied half-way down the river, and Mr. Seymour Fort tells us how the Doctor seized a paddle and belaboured the headman. 'During twenty-eight years' experience,' Mr. Fort adds, 'this was the first time he had ever struck a Kafir.' Whether we have here the first burst of that nervous irritation which was a symptom of the disease that killed him or a more calculated display of temper we do not know; but it prevailed. The Kafirs grinned and obeyed, and Jameson safely reached Chinde where he boarded a steamer for Beira, whence by river and rail he pursued his way to Umtali.

When Jameson was upon this journey Rhodes had gone up to his farm on the Inyanga plateau. There is a region of high grassy downs, six thousand feet or more above the sea, so cooled under the winds which sweep up from the south-east that you might often fancy yourself among the Scottish hills on a cold day in March. There bracken and brambles grow in the little hollows, but the plateau itself is bare save for grass, for trees cannot stand the searching south-

easters. Mysterious remains of human habitation were scattered over this then desert country—curious circular pits of dry masonry, approached by underground passages, described by the romantic as slave-pits; but more probably built to shelter the flocks of sheep and goats which no doubt once grazed upon those wind-swept uplands. And there were besides the traces of old cuts or canals evidently intended to convey the water which fell on the seaward side of the escarpment round to the cities of the people who dwelled under the shelter of the inward slope.

Rhodes took delight in this strange, high, lonely, romantic country, hung as it were in the sky over the Indian Ocean, and there made himself a farm, intending to plant orchards and graze flocks and make a home for his habitation. But here Fate tightened her stronger hand upon this strong man. Upon his former visit, when he was hurrying up by way of Beira and Chimoio to quell the rebellion of 1896, he had contracted malarial fever, and had shaken it off to organise the Salisbury column; but now it visited him again, and his heart being by this time affected, he was stricken in the Inyanga farm very ill.

Jameson heard the report either at Beira or Umtali, and hastened up to Inyanga where he tended Rhodes—a friend, a nurse, and a doctor all in one. Thus he brought the sick man back to some degree of health, and together the two worked on the farm and explored the country with the zest of schoolboys enjoying a vacation. 'Jameson,' says Mr. Fort, 'ever loving excitement, even attempted to break into the yoke wild cattle from the Zambesi, and on one occasion only escaped the charge of an infuriated beast by plunging into a swamp, while Rhodes miraculously leapt on to a wagon.'

There they tarried a while before they were dragged away by the fierce cries of political strife in the South.

Although the Imperial Government punished Jameson and censured Rhodes, it was determined to support the cause in which they had fallen. And this purpose was strengthened by many things that happened after the Raid, by the truculence of Kruger's Government, by the German Emperor's telegram which declared to the world what had long been suspected—that the Transvaal Republic and the German Empire were working together—and by the harsh treatment of the now disarmed and helpless people of the Reef.

Sir Hercules Robinson's settlement had indeed rescued the Raiders, but it had abandoned the Reformers; and now he was recalled and Sir Alfred Milner sent out in his place. The new High Commissioner arrived in South Africa in the middle of 1897, and in November of that year he made a tour in Rhodesia. At Umtali he met Cecil Rhodes, who was prepared to receive him a little defiantly, like a faithful subject who had been outlawed by the Government which His Excellency represented. But Milner met Rhodes with a disarming frankness and consideration, and in two long talks they had it out, as Rhodes would have said. And the substance of the talk was that Milner did not look upon Rhodes as an outlaw, but as a man with whom he could work, a man who could still do great service for his country. From this compact the two men never swerved, though Rhodes faced the strife with an almost overpowering sense of lassitude, as one knowing he would never see the end of it.

It is curious yet certain that neither Rhodes nor

Jameson ever thought when they were organising the Raid that they were attacking the Dutch, as they would have said, '*qua* Dutch.'

But the Raid, like a catalectic agent, precipitated the elements of South African politics, cloudily mingling under Rhodes's synthetic chemistry, into two distinct and separate racial bodies. Rhodes struggled against this precipitation but in vain. In private he might—and did—express his regret for his share in the trouble; when he spoke of it in public his words were drowned in the cheers of his supporters, or were listened to politely by men whose hearts were braced by the strongest of all political passions, the roused racial instinct.

The Raid had added enormously to the power and prestige of Kruger, who now began, under German suggestion, to work for Republicanism in Cape Colony. His agents and his money went everywhere, and under these new influences even Hofmeyr felt himself threatened and was forced unwillingly into the ranks of racialism. On the other side the British formed themselves into the Progressive Party, racial in substance although setting before itself the non-racial ends of material progress and political union.

In these new conflicts Rhodes took an unwilling and moderating part. He had no liking for it: it was contrary to all his principles of statesmanship: from the very beginning of his first intervention in Stellaland he had appealed to interest against race, and he still founded himself upon that appeal, arguing desperately for a lost cause, swimming with a bursting heart against a current too strong even for his giant strength. And as this strength failed we see him often pausing, bewildered and dismayed, withdrawing himself from the fight, or hesitating

in a growing paralysis of mind, followed by irritable bursts of energy.

As for Jameson, he was set upon squaring the account with fortune, and was urging on not only himself but Rhodes.

Thus he writes to his brother Sam on December 16, 1897 (from Westbrook, Rondebosch), that—

> 'R. is in a much better frame of mind, but requires gingerly treating unless you are actually with him. His health is all right again, and we want him down, but he is a bit slow to start.
>
> 'As to my future,' he continues, 'I intend carrying out my plan; but the leaders as usual are pretty weak in the back, and though very friendly, collapse at the very idea of my thinking of standing. At all events I must say nothing till after the Council election. That will be a certain success, and then perhaps they will get some pluck. In any case then I will have a freer hand. In the meantime I am seeing and twaddling to them all constantly—a very poor amusement, and even in the House not much better I should think. Still I must do it to get right with them all from top to bottom. . . .'

Sir Gordon Sprigg, now Prime Minister, was labouring heavily with the Bond more and more against him as Kruger's influence grew in the Colony, and, although many 'Moderate' Dutchmen still clung to the old cause, it was inevitable that the coming elections should be fought between the Progressives backed by Rhodes and the Bond driven by Kruger. Jameson's quick mind saw thus far into the future; but Rhodes still hoped against hope to rally the Dutch of the Colony, and events, which Kruger knew well how to use, had made the name of Jameson a shibboleth which no Dutchman could pronounce and live. The Progressives and even

Rhodes feared to give colour to this propaganda by putting Jameson in Parliament, and so, fuming at inaction and delay, at 'seeing and twaddling to them' without result, Jameson grew impatient. On August 15, 1898, we find him writing to Sam (from Kimberley) in bitter vein of his 'doings or rather want of doings.'—'If R. wins, which is very doubtful, will probably make myself do P. E. (Port Elizabeth) in January. I hate it all; but that is the right thing—perhaps Rhodesia in the meantime. R. is at last waking up, and off to P. E. to-day to speechify.' Again on the 23rd he writes (from Rondebosch) 'of the general mess here and of my having to give up the election for the present':—

'Even without Rhodes's approval they assured me top place, and I thought of going on; but as the "cause" is in a very shaky condition, and unless better organised pretty sure of a defeat, of course it would never do for me to run the risk of giving it a last kick. R. has done absolutely nothing since he came out but go backward. Now Harris [one of the De Beers Directors] has gone up to Kimberley to punch at him, and I am staying here to do what I can, and probably in a few days will go up to R. Should the Progressives win, I will, I suppose, stand in January; at all events have pledged myself to the P. E. Committee for the present, and in the meantime probably do the Rhodesia part of the programme. I hate it all and hate the people more than ever—would clear out by the next boat, but have not pluck enough to acknowledge myself beaten. Rhodes, Fuller, Sivewright, etc., etc., are all of course like butter now they have got rid of me as a candidate, so they listen and one may be able to do some good. Milner capital, the only really healthy personality of the whole crowd.'

Thus Jameson in the bitterness of his soul while events took their disastrous course. Rhodes's real

heart was in his work to the North, where he was laying the foundations of a new political balance for South Africa. Towards the end of 1897 his railway reached Buluwayo, and he was now bent on pushing it and his telegraph north to meet Kitchener's approach southwards from Khartoum. On March 16 he left for England and on April 21 he addressed his Chartered shareholders, for he had been re-elected to his old position, and we can see from this speech that Rhodes with his appearance of listlessness in the South was really working to save the position through the North. It was a country for white men, he pointed out, and there were already ten thousand white men settled in it. His opponents 'wanted the country to be damned. . . . But such is the bitterness between Imperialism and Republicanism. One section of the people wants to make a Republic in South Africa and another section wants to make a united South Africa under our flag. You thus see that politics interfere with everything. . . . They see that if it is a successful North, it means a united South Africa under the English flag; but if the North is a failure, it means a united South Africa under a Republican flag.'

In the meantime the Republicans made headway in the Cape. Towards the end of June, Sir Gordon Sprigg, for all his adroitness, was faced by an actual minority; the House was dissolved and a desperate battle followed in the constituencies. Mr. W. P. Schreiner, to give an appearance of moderation, had been placed at the head of the Bond; but the elections were managed from Pretoria. It is characteristic of Rhodes and of his policy that he stood again for his Dutch constituency of Barkly West, although his chances were said to be dismal and he

had the offer of an easy seat elsewhere. He made his infallible appeal to the Dutch love of their land, clinching it by a grim jest. He had developed the North, a country twice as big as the Cape, and 'whatever your personal feelings may be regarding me, you will get the country and I shall only get six feet by four.'

Racial passion was now at a height. The trees that Rhodes had planted for the people of Cape Town were cut down in the night by secret enemies; the animals he had collected in his paddocks for their amusement were killed. The times were drifting beyond argument. Even Schreiner became more bitter in his passion for moderation than the extremists whom he led. The result of the elections settled nothing. The parties were almost equally divided; but the Government was defeated by 39 votes to 37, and Mr. Schreiner formed a Ministry that rested on the Bond, and the Bond turned more and more for its inspiration and even its commands to Pretoria. Republican propaganda and Republican preparations now proceeded furiously. The Transvaal was importing both great guns and rifles in such quantities as could only mean war.

In the meantime Jameson, seeing that nothing was to be done, returned to Europe for a while, not giving up his purposes but waiting on occasion. A letter to Sam written on November 13 from Paris shows that he had been there some little time. He knows 'a fair number of nice people, so time does not hang. Have seen Cyrano de Bergerac also Sara and some lighter pieces.' He says that he will probably stay 'till 28th and then join yacht,' but on the 23rd he is with a French party shooting at an hotel called the Château Royal d'Ardenne: 'None of them

speak English except our host, and he only speaks and does not understand much, rather like my French. They can't shoot much, but that is also rather my line, so we agree all round. One thing I do find, they laugh at the idea of fighting over Fashoda or anything else.' There is to be a flying trip to Brussels and then the yacht.

The yacht was the s.s. *Iolaire*, a mail boat converted by Sir Donald Currie and hired from that canny Scot by Alfred Beit. Beit, kindliest of men, had thought out a wonderful tour of the Mediterranean for the especial benefit of Jameson. Bettelheim and Jim Taylor, two of Jameson's friends (of the old Kimberley days) were the only other guests. Rhodes was to have joined the party at Cairo; but events were too strong for him. From the itinerary —Monte Carlo, Ajaccio, Cartagena, Algiers, Tunis, Suda Bay, Alexandria—we may see what comfort and solace Jameson found after his dismal sojourn in the Valley of Humiliation.

Jameson writes from Cairo on January 27—very solicitous about Sam's health: 'Midge of course will win in the longevity trick but you will come next.[1] I rather played out. Been doing Pyramids and races to-day—rather an incongruous combination.' At Cairo the party split up. They joined again at Alexandria and went first to Port Said, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Jericho, and the Dead Sea. From Jaffa they sailed to Smyrna and then to Constantinople. Thence to the Piræus, and at Jameson's suggestion through the Corinth Canal to Cephalonia, where they marvelled at the waters rushing into the bowels of the earth. So to Messina

[1] Middleton Jameson won the 'longevity trick.' He survived both Sam and Lanner, and died on April 22, 1919.

—it was before the earthquake—Reggio, and by train to Naples, where Rhodes at last joined them.

To link the Cape and Cairo by rail and telegraph, so that the savage interior of Africa might blossom into a civilised state under the British flag, that was the end for which he was now working—against time—'that terrible time.' 'You can conquer anything,' he said in one of his later speeches, 'you can conquer, if you will allow me to say it, even Raids; but Time you can never interfere with, and so we have to complete, with all the rapidity we can, the project that is before us, that is the project of uniting the North and South of Africa.' [1] The compass had shaken a little but it was now steady to the North.

The immediate need was money; all the resources he could command were insufficient, and he sailed for England to get more. He proposed to give his own guarantee of the interest on two millions sterling, and he bethought himself that if the British Government were to guarantee his guarantee, the money could be raised at 3 per cent. instead of at 5 per cent., thus saving a charge upon the railway of £40,000 a year. Sir Michael Hicks Beach was deaf to all his arguments, and he was kept in London waiting in vain for an assent that never came.[2] But his shareholders had more imagination than the Government. By January 23 he was able to write that the whole of the new issue of the

[1] *Speeches*, pp. 639-40.

[2] It was at this time that his friend Colonel Weston Jarvis met him riding in the Park and asked him sympathetically if he had yet had a definite reply from the Treasury. 'No,' said Rhodes, 'but I am sure what it will be. He will sell me a dog. I know he will. Think of it! The guarantee of the guarantee of the interest on two millions—and that from the British nation. I wish to Heaven things would happen which would make them spend two hundred millions! That would make the British Empire!'

Chartered Company had been over-subscribed. He got four millions sterling for the extension of his railway, a sum, he said gratefully, which 'will carry us to the borders of the German sphere, that is to Tanganyika.' [1]

These negotiations kept Rhodes from joining Beit's little party in Egypt, and it was a consequence of them which again separated them at Rome. For now that Rhodes had got the means to build the railway he found himself under the necessity of negotiating a right of way for it and the telegraph either through German or Belgian territory. At the moment his hopes were fixed on Berlin, encouraged thereto by Imperial blandishments. The German Government were then characteristically pushing the Transvaal ever further into its fatal quarrel with the British Empire. And for that reason the Emperor was anxious to give a contrary impression. He granted Rhodes the audience Rhodes desired, and it was this invitation which took him away from Rome to Berlin.

The Emperor received him graciously, made merry with him over the Raid telegram, and concluded arrangements both for the telegraph line and the railway. He assured his visitor that he was in favour of Rhodes's schemes; but he doubted if his Ministers could rely on the Reichstag, 'which was not yet permeated by an Imperial spirit.' Rhodes was flattered; but when he came to consider the agreement which the Germans drafted, he found it was useless to him, a thing, as he expressed it, of 'ifs and ans.'

And now we must follow the restless footsteps of these two back to South Africa. Jameson tarried a

[1] *Speeches*, p. 640.

little in Ireland for salmon-fishing with Willoughby. By May he was in London, and by June 29 we find him writing to Sam from Buluwayo. He thanks Sam for 'condolences on Charters,' but they 'will come all right in time, and a good lesson not to gamble'—the same old tale, in fact!

'I have been travelling ever since arrival,' he continues, 'and done most of the good mines. Administration more or less chaos, and I have been able to smooth the troubled waters a bit, so am altogether rather pleased with myself. Had intended to stay another month up here, but think it more important to go down to the Cape and see R. on his arrival *re* this place, and also would rather be nearer the border as this T.V. (Transvaal) business is coming on so rapidly. Even you must be satisfied with Chamberlain now and I still think it must be peaceably settled. Oom Paul I think is just putting his hoof out to find the lowest round of the ladder, and should find it within the next fortnight. De Beers question of course I have not gone into till R. arrives; but shall probably carry out that part of the programme.'[1]

Jameson then goes down to Cape Town to meet Rhodes, who is coming out from England, and on July 19, 1899, writes from Groote Schuur to Sam:—

'Rhodes arrived very fit, and bar accidents I shall do the Kimberley trick in about three weeks, but with a free hand to go home any time I like, and that will probably be within the year. Milner very strong and I am sure will carry through practically his dispatch of May 4, even though Kruger keeps on climbing down as he will. The troops will have to come; but even then I don't believe there will be fighting, though nearly every one including M. thinks there will.'

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[1] Dr. Jameson had just been made a Director of De Beers, no doubt through the Rhodes influence, and by all accounts an uncommonly good director he was.

So confidently did Jameson back his opinion that he went off to the North, and when war began we find him writing from Buluwayo to Sam on the fateful October 12, 1899:—

'Arrived from veld last night. . . . War is declared this morning, but still I cannot believe the Boers will be foolish enough to begin shooting. However I am going down to Mafeking to-night again in case there is anything going. Supposing there is any shooting they would be sure to make a mess of the line; and it would be rather stupid to be boxed up here. If there is any real fighting, it will be in Natal, and then I would go to join Brocklehurst and Willoughby, to arrive in a fortnight. In any case we may consider the T.V. question settled and good times ahead. Certainly, as far as chances are concerned I have made a mess of it; but must just set to work to make it up again and delay the politics a bit.'

As for Rhodes, up to the very edge of war he is still preaching racial co-operation and political unity. Thus, for example, he spoke to the people of Cape Town on July 18, 1899, shortly after his return: 'That is what we are working for, not only union of the country but union of the races, and, if I may put it, that will come right once the principle of equal rights is accepted—equal rights for every civilised man south of the Zambesi.' [1]

And Rhodes also in many reported conversations showed that he did not believe that war was coming. He never could forget how President Kruger had submitted to General Warren upon the very edge of war in 1885, and that incident no doubt gave bias to his judgment. He did not realise the new factors in the situation—above all the support of Germany, the great means and arsenal which Kruger now

[1] *Speeches*, 639 *et seq.*

commanded, the help he received from the Dutch in the Cape Colony. The Raid had nearly destroyed the influence of Hofmeyr and the Colonial Dutch, and Hofmeyr now was fain, against his will, to appear to support the Republican cause, although secretly he worked for peace. For indeed the sagacious old man saw that war must place him and his people in a deplorable position, either false to their race—in the eyes of the Republic—or traitors to the Crown of which they were and had always protested themselves to be loyal subjects.

It was a frightful dilemma, and Hofmeyr, as he could not shake Kruger, tried his utmost to weaken Milner. In his desperation he even approached Rhodes by devious channels, and offered him the support of the Bond, which would make him again Prime Minister of the Colony, if only Rhodes would throw his influence against Milner. Rhodes refused, as long before he had refused the offer of Borckenhagen.

Thus Rhodes was true to Milner, and Milner maintained his position. The Transvaal and the Orange Free State openly prepared for war, and the British Government, seeing at last its clear approach, tardily began to strengthen its garrisons and to mobilise a field force; on October 9 the two Republics sent their ultimatum, and on October 11, 1899, war began.

On October 9, it was apparent, even to Rhodes, that all his predictions were wrong and that war was inevitable, and upon the evening of that day he and his friend Dr. Smartt quietly boarded the train for Kimberley—a hazardous journey, for the Boers were already threatening the railway. Rhodes, as he told Smartt, was impelled by his anxiety for Kim-

berley, the city of his first fortunes which he had made and beautified with gardens ; he ran to it from a defensive instinct. As for Jameson, he made a bee-line for the point at which he thought the fighting was to be. Thus from the opposite ends of Africa these two men rushed by a simultaneous impulse into the battle-front.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE WAR

> 'A heavy case
> When force to force is knit, and sword and glaive
> In civil broils makes kin and countrymen
> Slaughter themselves in others.'

JAMESON'S gift for getting into uncomfortable places—Kimberley, Buluwayo, the Pungwe, Gungunhana's Kraal, Doornkop, Pretoria Gaol, and Holloway—had led him at last into Ladysmith, the worst of all.

It was a little town of brick and corrugated iron built on an alluvial flat, almost upon the level of the Klip River, and surrounded by steep, rocky hills. It was normally hot, and the siege took place in the hottest months of the year, with temperatures running up to 104° in the shade. This little town had become a centre of refuge for Northern Natal as well as a military depot. The garrison alone numbered over 13,000 men, and there were besides 2000 Europeans and about 6000 Kafirs, Cape boys, and Indians. And as General White allowed his cavalry and field artillery to be locked up with the infantry, we must add thousands of horses and mules, as well as the flocks and the herds of the Colonists. The place became pestiferous. Enteric and dysentery were epidemic. When things were at their worst there were 1900 patients in hospitals intended for 300, and at one time or another at least

half of the inhabitants passed through the hands of the doctors. As food ran short the people were fed largely upon horse-flesh, skilfully disguised, it is true, by an enterprising commissariat as 'chevreuil,' and to complete the happy picture we must imagine a liberal peppering of 6-inch and 4·7-inch shells from the two 'Long Tom' Creusot siege-guns and the four Krupp howitzers which the Boers, with unaccustomed energy, brought into position round the town.

The investment was complete by November 4, 1899, and on February 28 following the town was relieved by General Buller. Of what Jameson did with himself during these four months we have only a very scanty record. A correspondent mentions that one of the first shells fired in the siege pitched just outside the Royal Hotel, in which he was then living, when the dining-room was full, and filled the place with shattered glass and dust—'this was generally assumed to be a Transvaal welcome to Dr. Jim and some of the Rhodesia people,' and a few days afterwards he was just on his way to breakfast with Sir George White's staff when the room in which the breakfast was laid was blown into the air.[1]

Colonel Karri Davies recollects that he saw Dr. Jameson close behind the attack, tending the wounded, in that heroic sortie on the morning of December 8, when one of the Creusot guns was captured and put out of action.

Jameson hated idleness, and, save for doctoring, to which he had grown unaccustomed, there was little to do. The military did not encourage civilian enterprise, as the garrison, with the Colonial Corps, were thought to be sufficient for all emergencies, and,

[1] *How We Kept the Flag Flying*, by Donald Macdonald, pp. 48 and 67.

moreover, Jameson was still under the cloud of official displeasure. 'I always understood,' says a friend, 'that he was rather *bondé* by the authorities there; and kept himself very much to himself, taking practically no part in the affairs of the siege. I fear the military authorities were not very genial to him.'

And this impression is confirmed by other witnesses. The garrison had its moments glorious and terrible—the battle of October 30, the disastrous opening of the siege; the Boer attack of January 6 on Cæsar's Camp and Wagon Hill; the two night sorties which silenced the Long Toms; but these were rare intervals in the tedium of White's stone-walling tactics. The General had the caution of years; he was short of ammunition, and his whole idea was to hold on until Buller broke through. And even in the defence Jameson had no part. To make matters worse, 'his servant,' as Mr. Fort tells us, 'caught typhoid, and through nursing him day and night he himself succumbed.' When at last, on February 28, 1900, after hope so long deferred, Buller's cavalry appeared, Dr. Jameson was again almost within the portals of death. He was carried down to Durban, put on board a steamer, and arrived, looking like a dead man, at Groote Schuur, there, among friends, to recover gradually a little of his former health. But it may be said that his physique was broken by Ladysmith, and thenceforth his body dragged after his spirit like a broken limb.

We may suppose that Cecil Rhodes was at Groote Schuur to welcome Jameson, for Kimberley had already been relieved. As with the one so with the other; in the matter of health Rhodes too was now a wreck. The great catastrophe of the Raid and

the troubles which followed it had played havoc with his nerves; the bouts of fever in Rhodesia had undermined his constitution; but the real trouble was a heart never strong and now thrown out of gear by the growth of an aneurism which in the end was to kill him. This trouble was worsened by a heavy fall from his horse during the siege.[1]

His impatience at the approach of death—having so much still to do—made him irritable, and those storms of ill-temper to which he had always been liable were now more frequent and with less occasion. Those who understood him were not troubled by such failings, which were rather symptoms of disease than characteristics of the man; but strangers—like Colonel Kekewich, for example—could not be expected to make these allowances. He suffered, moreover, from the constraint and the anxiety of a siege, of which, despite these faults of temper, he had been the life and soul, and he emerged from it, not indeed prostrate like Jameson from Ladysmith, yet, though still some way from death, a dying man.

Groote Schuur was now a hospital and a convalescent home, and Rhodes himself stayed in his little tin-roofed cottage on the beach at Muizenburg. But not for long. On March 18 he sailed for England. He and Tony were again on the run—this time from an implacable enemy.

Jameson remained on at the Cape, on April 25, 1900, writing to Sam very cheerfully of his returning health:—

'I am practically all right again—only a little groggy in

[1] Rhodes, although he believed he could ride, had a loose seat in the saddle and was careless with his reins. He was usually so deep in thought and in conversation as to forget all about his horse or where it was going, and occasional heavy falls were the natural result.

legs and head. Groote Schuur has been a charming place to convalesce. House full of kindly, smart Englishwomen waiting for lovers or husbands at the front. Saturday to Monday I spend on the Muizenburg sands, and they come down in detachments to amuse me. I am going to do the De Beers and Kimberley seat and shall wait here for C. J. R., then at once to Kimberley where I have taken a house. This will mean a year at least before I get home, but it is the right thing to do after waiting so long, I expect.'

The war, he thinks, will not last as long as people suppose, 'but then I have been wrong in every prediction up to now.' Still he hopes within a month or so to get up to Buluwayo—'which I must do before settling down at Kimberley.'

On May 2 he writes that he is 'now nearly perfectly fit after another dose of Muizenburg. War slowly but surely coming to an end; but English generals, including the Chief, seem very nervous of risking anything, and in war you can't expect to gain much rapidly without a certain amount of risk. The really only satisfactory man out of all the authorities is Milner. He is behaving splendidly, and I have been seeing a good deal of him—quite refreshing after my long military companionship. You will think me an ass to stay out here, but I do want to carry out my original intention and not be defeated in it. . . .' And again on May 8 he writes that Rhodes's boat had just come in and he was to be at Groote Schuur to lunch. 'Then I will get De Beers fixed up and leave for Kimberley at end of week.

'Parliamentary thing also going well, and so I shall really get to work in earnest again, and feel quite young and very fit at the prospect after four years' waiting and boredom. . . . Schreiner and

Solomon already out of touch with the Bond party, and I think only looking for a decent method of stepping over. Milner as sanguine and careful as he is strong, and most interesting.'

Rhodes stayed at Groote Schuur no more than a week. There was much work to do in the North. The old road through Bechuanaland was still closed by the Boers, and there were no steamers sailing for the east coast at the time, so he chartered a little steamer for himself and set off for Beira.

On May 16 Jameson writes from Groote Schuur to Sam :—

'Rhodes left yesterday for Beira. I leave to-night for Kimberley to take up De Beers and run the election as soon as possible. Qualification requires tinkering; but I am going to risk it, and not lose this session if I can help it. . . . War very near an end, then the politics should become very interesting.'

On May 19 he writes from Kimberley that he has 'fairly started the election business,' and has taken his seat on De Beers—'Even though there will probably be no contest I have to please the people by doing all the usual electoral business of committees, meetings, etc. I hate it all but must go through with the purgatory.' There was, however, work more to his liking :—

'To-day I have been having a campaign against the military hospitals and getting myself much disliked by the authorities; but shall get the hospitals turned out of the town in the end. At present Kimberley is a simple typhoid-breeding machine. However, I like rows with them, and at present the town is simply full of khaki. Mafeking relieved, which we heard yesterday, is a great comfort, and another fortnight or so ought to see the end of the beastly war.'

On May 22 the *Diamond Fields Advertiser* published an imposing requisition signed by all the leading citizens inviting Dr. Jameson to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. Rutherfoord Harris as Member for Kimberley, and he writes to Sam on the 24th :—

'Had a very successful meeting on Friday and told agent to send you a paper, so that you may see I have not gone for anybody though doing my best to justify myself as to honesty. Everybody was horrified at my idea of touching the subject ; but that made me all the more determined to give some explanation in my first public appearance. Now they are all pleased, and I hope that will be the last of the whole beastly business.'

The speech to which Jameson refers is fully reported in the local paper of June 23. For twelve years, Jameson reminded the assembled townsfolk, he had lived and worked continuously in Kimberley, and when he had left for the North it was only to assist in the birth and development of what might be called Kimberley's most progressive offspring, the State of Rhodesia. But for Kimberley and De Beers the North would probably still be undeveloped, and, still more probably, incorporated with the Transvaal Republic.

In the tact and skill of this opening passage we see that Jameson had inherited some of his father's talent for political oratory: it is a device at least as old as Cicero to begin by flattering your audience. Sympathy thus established, Jameson went straight, as usual, to the point of danger, to the Raid.

We are tempted to admire the courage that thus faced the 'whole beastly business,' which it was the political fashion of that time to taboo. He had

been silent for four years. Twice had he come to the Cape at the invitation of a constituency, and twice he had acquiesced in the judgment of his political leaders: but now, with the burghers of the two Republics in Her Majesty's territories and his Colonial critics in rebellion, he could disregard 'the comfortable theory of oblivion,' and deal fairly and squarely with the subject. Then he went on to cover ground already known to us—his inquiry of 1894, the grievances not of the capitalists but of 'the storekeepers, the miners, and the mine-managers along the Reef'; the absence of any race feeling in his design—'his part would have ended with the establishment of a provisional Government of the leading inhabitants to call a plebiscite of the people of the Transvaal'—the other object of federation, and so forth. Then—characteristically—Jameson proceeded to argue with those critics who asserted that the design of the Raid was 'impossible and impracticable.'

'Faulty,' he said, 'as the carrying out was—for which bad luck and I are really alone responsible—and miserable fiasco as the result proved, still I can assure you this was not from want of forethought or want of preparation or absence of a reasonable plan with every prospect of success.'

To demonstrate this reasonableness, Jameson gave an account of the Pretorian conspiracy. Apart from the rifles of the burghers, the whole armoury of the Transvaal was contained in those days in the so-called Pretoria Fort, which was guarded by only three men of the Staats Artillerie, and its sole protection was a broken-down, corrugated iron fence. To capture this arsenal the Rand had ample forces, thoroughly well armed and thoroughly prepared.

There was, Jameson admitted, a weak link in the plan, and that was the 150 miles which separated the two bodies of men, who had to act together if the thing was to succeed. But it was a failure: 'the failure probably mine, but whose it does not matter. As it has been truly said, a revolution to be justified must be successful: ours was not: you can supply the corollary for yourselves.'

Then Jameson discussed the effect produced by the Raid on subsequent events in South Africa: it had been held responsible for every evil that had since occurred up to and including the war then raging. But the Raid had not created the racial question; and therefore it was not perhaps an unmitigated evil that the Raid had reminded them of its existence. It had to be faced, as it had been faced with a vengeance during the past twelve months.

Then was it true, as Reitz had said, that the Transvaal had begun to arm from the time of the Raid? No, for Kruger had sent his orders to Europe for arms some time before—when, indeed, he received a much greater 'eye-opener'—the Drifts ultimatum of October 1895—when the President was faced by the fact that, unless he yielded, the British Empire, assisted by the Cape Government, would declare war against him. And here Jameson reminded his audience that the Cape Government which was then prepared to make war on Kruger was a Government supported by Jan Hofmeyr. It was then that Kruger began his armaments, as was proved by the Republican statistics—the leap from an expenditure of half a million in 1894 to one and a half millions in 1895. It followed that the Raid was not after all an unmixed evil, since it had drawn the

attention of the British public to South Africa, and given the Imperial Government the public support without which they could not have intervened.

And now to sum up. The aim was redress of grievances and the establishment of an enlightened government, and as a further result the ultimate federation of the South African States. The same result was now assured, but at what a cost! Looking at the dire events of the past twelve months, his regret was intensified if possible for the failure of an attempt which, had it been successful, might have prevented so much suffering and bloodshed.

Such was Jameson's apologia for the Raid, and we find a reference to it in a short triumphant note written on June 25 from the Board Room of De Beers:—

> 'Dear Sam,—Have just come back from nomination and was duly elected. No opposition. That, I hope, is the last clearing up of the Raid business, all the officers, including Johnny, having now been put right. Love to all.—Yrs.,
>
> L. S. Jameson.'

By June 30 the Doctor is at Mafeking on his way to Buluwayo—a 'damnable journey,' as he writes to Sam, the railway being still upset. We hear of him next from Jourdan. Rhodes, with his friend Sir Charles Metcalfe, who was then consulting engineer of the Rhodesian Railways, and 'Johnny' Grimmer to manage his transport arrangements, was travelling across Rhodesia by mule wagon, with Tony to cook for them and serve their dinner under the stars. It was the life Rhodes loved—'Let us get away, Metcalfe, and have our chops on the veld,' he would say, and Jameson found them all thus wandering

in the Gwanda district in the month of July. The hard open-air life suited Rhodes: he looked well and was in great spirits. As for Jameson he had a warm welcome from his old friends. 'I could not help noticing,' says Jourdan, 'the respect and popularity which the Doctor commanded in Rhodesia. Everybody seemed to know and welcome him with real genuine delight.' Jameson was not long with them, however, for by August 1 he was back in Cape Town, studying with a keen eye the situation of Cape politics. Schreiner had struggled along on his policy of 'neutrality' until the middle of the year. But it became more and more difficult as one district after another fell into revolt until the Prime Minister, who in the last resort was a loyal subject, and his Attorney-General, Richard Solomon, determined to bring in a Bill to punish rebellion. The Cabinet had long been divided between the small group of Moderates or Neutralists, or, as they were contemptuously called, 'Mugwumps,' on the one side, and the Bond with a few extremists outside the Bond on the other. Rhodes's old friend, John X. Merriman—whether from personal reasons or because he had fallen under the influence of J. W. Sauer, had become as bitter as the Bond, and the Bond under fanatical influences was going further in the support of the Republics than Jan Hofmeyr liked. The Rebel Bill brought out this sharp division. The Prime Minister and the Attorney-General were left almost alone both in their Cabinet and in the House: the Dutch party as a whole gave its vote for the rebels.

On June 11 Mr. Schreiner tendered his resignation to Sir Alfred Milner, and the resignation was accepted.

A new Ministry was thereupon formed, with the

support of Mr. Schreiner. The inevitable Sir Gordon Sprigg was Prime Minister, and Mr. Rose-Innes—a 'Mugwump' as his old friend Rhodes called him —Attorney-General. It was still a Ministry of Moderates, independent of the new and definitely British party of which Rhodes was the leader as well as of the more racial Bond which had turned out its predecessor and was ready to turn it out also when the opportunity arose. Such was the Ministry which met the Cape Parliament on July 20, 1900.

The Cape newspapers of the day give some account of the first appearance of Jameson in this Parliament. The new Member for Kimberley was introduced by Mr. Lawrence and Colonel Harris.[1] 'A dead silence prevailed,' says the writer of the Gallery notes in the *Cape Times*, as the three gentlemen walked up the floor of the House.' One side glowered darkly at the man whom they represented as the cause of all their woes, and the other side did not dare to cheer. It was a silence tense and burdened with the fierce passions of that time. And through a dreadful session, while Jameson sat without answering or appearing to notice, a little forlorn-looking, hunched-up figure on one of the back benches, the Bond threw poisoned darts of speech and laughter at him from the other side of the House. His talent for getting into uncomfortable places had never been better shown.

There is no word of this unhappy experience in the letter Jameson wrote to Sam on August 1. Sam's son—Robert—was lying ill at Kroonstad, and Uncle Lanner would like to have gone to see him, 'but cannot get away even for a day, as you will understand. For the next month to come it means every

[1] Now Sir David Harris, a Director of De Beers.

member of the party in place in case of a hostile division over this Rebel Bill.' For the new Government had mustered courage to introduce another measure for the purpose of disfranchising rebels. 'Horridly monotonous amusement. . . . Groote Schuur still full of charming women waiting for husbands, so the evenings are pleasant; but the House up to now even worse than I expected.' Indeed the House had become impossible. With half the Colony either in rebellion or in sympathy with rebellion, constitutional government was a mockery. On October 15 Parliament was prorogued, nor did it meet again until August 20, 1902. Politics were at an end: the military power was supreme in the Colony, and under the guerilla warfare of the Boers South Africa dragged along a bitter, unhappy, mutilated life.

Together the two friends fretted under the inaction of Cape Town—which for Rhodes at least was already full of the shades of friends not dead but estranged—and he and Jameson set out for the North. On March 22, 1901, they reached Kimberley, where they worked at what Rhodes called his 'bread and butter' until May 22, and on May 25 arrived in Buluwayo.

There Rhodes spoke to the settlers of his eternal idea. Of the Chartered Company he said, we are 'only temporary . . . preparing the way for you' . . . until 'you are ready for self-government.' The great question ahead was 'the unity of South Africa. . . . 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.'

To those who grumbled and repined he offered the comfort of his own inspiration:—

'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.'[1]

On June 24 they were back in Kimberley, on July 2 they were at Groote Schuur, and on the following day they sailed for England. On July 20 they reached Southampton, and after a stay in London they left for Scotland on the 31st. Rhodes had taken the grouse moor and deer forest of Rannoch for the autumn season. There in those lovely Perthshire highlands Rhodes and Jameson and a little circle of close friends spent two happy months together.

[1] At the laying of the foundation stone of the Volunteer Drill Hall, June 15, 1901. See the *Buluwayo Chronicle.*

CHAPTER XXXII

THE DEATH OF RHODES

'Living he was the land, and dead
His soul shall be her soul!'

RHODES was now in the shadow of death: Jameson —invalid himself—supported his flagging spirit. 'On one occasion,' says Jourdan, 'shortly before we left London for Rannoch Lodge, in the course of a casual conversation, he expressed his horror of loathsome diseases, and said with great earnestness and pathos ". . . 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?" . . . Dr. Jameson had not the heart to meet his eyes. He tried to give a casual reply to the question, but his voice betrayed his emotion. Rhodes noticed it; but, by a wonderful exercise of will-power, his face lighted up and he laughed away the incident.'

Rhodes—still fortunate in calamity—found in Jameson not friend only and doctor besides, but nurse also. 'Quick, skilful, quiet, soft in speech and touch,' never at a loss, brushing away Rhodes's petulance with a grimace or a jest, easing pain, guarding his rest—all Rhodes's wealth could not have got him such an one. And the sweetest part of it was that it was not bought, nor did it seem even a gift, but something taken for granted between the two.

'This is a charming spot,' Lanner writes to Sam,

'but not many grouse, and trout fishing is not salmon fishing.[1] Still plenty of exercise, fresh air, and bridge in the evening. Weather so far damnable. Harrogate was a great success. . . . I see myself in the future a regular old valetudinarian going yearly for the cures . . . Rhodes distinctly better and able to do a little shooting. . . . Rhodes too seedy at present to enter into any new thing.' And in another undated letter he says: 'Shooting nothing brilliant but good enough for us, and I get on better than I expected; but the scenery and health-giving qualities marvellous . . . very pleasant crowd and suitable to my lazy habits. R.'s health doing very well. . . .'

At the beginning of October, 1901, the party left for the south. Rhodes must go to Cairo and see the other end of his railway line. With the Doctor, Alfred Beit, and Sir Charles Metcalfe, he set out, taking a pleasant, leisurely road by way of Paris, Lucerne, and Venice.

According to Jourdan, they sailed from Brindisi about November 18; on the 21st they were at Cairo; here they took one of Cook's dahabeahs for a voyage up the Nile, and on December 3 we find Rhodes writing to Sir Lewis Michell: 'You will be glad to hear I am better. The heart has quieted down though I still have pain, which they say is the enlarged heart pressing on the lung. The great thing is rest.'

Rhodes loved Egypt: her ancient history was familiar to him; but the modern development under Lord Cromer interested him even more. And he noted everywhere those things which might be of

[1] The trout in Loch Rannoch, however, run up to 12 and 15 lb. and even more, but they are rare, and of course August is the worst month for trout.

service in Rhodesia. The Assouan dam interested him enormously; he bought twenty-four Egyptian jacks to improve the South African breed of donkey, and he discovered a drought-resisting maize which is now well established in Mashonaland. He was bent upon reaching Khartoum, but the heat increasing as they went south, Jameson feared for his patient's heart. So reluctantly they turned at Wady Halfa and retraced their steps to Cairo and made their way back to London. There Rhodes heard news which determined him to return to the Cape, since it concerned his honour. The story is best told in the veracious little book of his Secretary, Mr. Philip Jourdan. Here it need only be said that an adventuress had forged the name of Rhodes on a series of bills to the total of £23,000. It was to give evidence at the prosecution that Rhodes returned to the Cape.

But long before the miserable trial had dragged to its squalid conclusion, Cecil Rhodes had passed beyond the reach both of friends and enemies. The mischief was an aneurism which in its growth pressed both upon the heart and the lungs, so that the patient laboured for breath and his face became livid and discoloured. He went down to his cottage at Muizenburg, in the hope that the sea air might give him relief; but the sun of midsummer was pitiless and the tin roof of the little place gave him little protection against the heat. There, however, he stayed, and his friends and doctors did all that skill and loving care could effect to mitigate his sufferings. But the death of a strong man in the prime of life is always a terrible thing, for the soul does not pass easily, as in the yielding autumn of age, but is wrenched with violence from the body.

Rhodes would sit for hours upon the edge of his bed labouring for breath in the stifling heat.

In Cape Town and its suburbs, in train and tram, in picnic party, in evening gatherings, among the offices and shops of Adderley Street, and with the workmen of Salt River, men and women discussed—for his comfort alone, *he* was their single thought—whether the night would be hot or cool. 'He,' for only strangers mentioned him by name.

His old friends came one after another to say farewell, among them J. G. Macdonald, the agent in Rhodesia of the Consolidated Goldfields and the manager of the Rhodes estates round Buluwayo. When in Rhodesia these two had often discussed the building of dams, the raising of cattle and of crops, but particularly the planting of trees, a hobby to which they were both devoted. Riding home once with Earl Grey and Macdonald to Government House, which stands on the site of the King's Kraal about three miles from Buluwayo, Rhodes, getting tangled up in the bush, vowed to plant an avenue. Then he told a favourite story of an old relative with whom he lived when he was a boy—an 'old sea-dog' he called him—who was planting oaks, and said he enjoyed their shade in imagination—and he went on, 'I will plant an avenue here.' 'I see an avenue,' he said to Macdonald, 'it has carriages going up the centre, and there are ladies and gentlemen riding on horseback between the trees on one side, and there are nurses trundling perambulators between the trees on the other side.'

And now when Rhodes was dying, three days indeed before his end, he asked his friend Macdonald how the avenue was getting on; and when Macdonald very sorrowfully bade him farewell, Rhodes said,

'Now, Macdonald, you are going back to Buluwayo, and I am going back behind you. Get that avenue going. Make a success of it! See it through! We have got to fulfil our promise to give shade to the nursemaids in the afternoon.'

Rhodes was anxious in these last days to provide for Jameson. Once, indeed, on board ship on their last voyage, he had asked his friend if his means were sufficient, and Jameson had laughed in his airy way and told Rhodes that he had as much as he needed. But now as Rhodes lay in Muizenburg in those dying moments the thought recurred to him, and when Jameson was out of the room he asked for his lawyer that he might provide for him in his will. But Jameson, hearing the request, prevented it, and when Rhodes, returning again to the idea, asked for pen and paper and began to write, Jameson, with a laugh and a jest, took them out of his hands.

In these last days Jameson watched over his friend with a tenderness wonderful to see, and seemed neither to sleep nor to eat, his only rest being taken on a truckle-bed drawn across the doorway. He marvelled at his patient's vitality. 'Had it been any other man,' he said to Macdonald a few days before the end, 'he would have been dead two weeks ago. He is like the Boers'—who were still fighting.

'On the afternoon of Wednesday, March 26,' says Michell, 'I sat for a while by his bedside, while Dr. Jameson, worn out by persistent watching day and night, took a short rest. The patient was restless and uneasy. Once he murmured, 'So little done, so much to do.' And then after a long pause I heard him singing softly to himself. . . . Then in a clear voice he called for Jameson. . . .'

Some hours afterwards Jameson uncovered the

dead face that Jourdan might take a last look at his master. 'His Roman features,' says Jourdan, 'were more pronounced than I had ever seen them in life. . . . Even in death he looked determined, dignified, and masterful.' The secretary, in his desolation, still could see that Jameson was 'fighting against his own grief. . . . No mother could have displayed greater tenderness towards the remains of a loved son.'

CHAPTER XXXIII

JAMESON WAITS HIS CHANCE

'Hee matched unto the most violent and rude actions of men, goodnesse and courtesie, yea and the most choise and delicate, that may be found in the schoole of Philosophie.'—MONTAIGNE.

JAMESON helped to lay the body of his friend in a grave cut in the granite upon a summit of the Matoppos looking north over the great plain where Buluwayo lies.

'Lofty designs must close in like effects
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying.'

This pilgrimage ended he went again to England to seek health for himself, which he sorely needed but was never more to find.

He was none the less resolved upon an arduous task, by himself laconically described as 'getting square with them'—to complete the work upon which his friend's heart had been set, the federation of South Africa under the British flag.

Where this purpose was conceived or by whom suggested we do not know. None ever kept the bird in his breast better than Jameson. But we may hazard the surmise that it was when Rhodes somehow breathed life into him, as he lay not much caring to live on his bed in Down Street, Piccadilly, in the month of February 1897. Even then Rhodes foresaw that he would not live to see

his work complete, for more than a year before he had said as much to Hamilton in the garden at Groote Schuur. It is a fair inference, therefore, that what turned Jameson lifeward again was the appeal of Rhodes—made as he would have made it on himself, to rise up and finish the work. Moreover, Jameson's letters show that no love of politics—which he cordially detested—but the 'duty business,' as well as 'getting square,' brought him back from Harrogate for the opening of the Cape Parliament on August 20, 1902.

There lay before him, certainly, a task arduous beyond anything he had so far undertaken. Politically, he stood, as after the fire on the Pungwe River, in singlet and pumps, with a scorching sun overhead, a hostile jungle around, and a malarial river in front of him. His very name, as the adaptable Sir Gordon Sprigg unkindly said, was 'a cause of offence to every Colonist of Dutch blood.' Now that Rhodes was dead, he was sole inheritor of a heavy legacy of racial hate, which the blunder of the Raid had unwittingly created. And even many of Rhodes's friends fought shy of the man, who, in their estimation, had brought Rhodes down. Without wealth, with hatred on one side and distrust on the other, broken in health, inexperienced in politics, save for the session of bitterness two years before, what chance was there that Jameson should ever do what in fact he set out to do, to take his dead friend's place as Prime Minister of the Cape Colony and finish the interrupted work of uniting South Africa under the British Flag?

To get the power to turn enmity into amity was the first part of his task. Here it may be explained that although he did not benefit under Rhodes's will,

he was created by that instrument a trustee and residuary legatee of his friend's estate. Part of that estate was the grounds and house of Groote Schuur, the former left to the people of Cape Town, the latter to the Prime Ministers of a United South Africa :—

> 'Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
> His private arbours, and new planted orchards
> On this side Tiber; he hath left them you
> And to your heirs for ever.'

The house being thus dedicated to Ministers not yet made, it stood without tenant, and Jameson used it as his temporary residence, living there in a style which was supported chiefly by his salary as a director of De Beers.

When Jameson re-entered the House of Assembly in its session of 1902, he found Cape politics in a very odd and precarious situation. That old and wary politician, Sir Gordon Sprigg, had been compelled, by the lack of a majority and the existence of a rebellion, to prorogue Parliament from time to time and finance his administration by means of Governor's warrants. There was a good case for suspending the Constitution altogether; but this Mr. Chamberlain refused to sanction, and now the return of peace compelled the Prime Minister to meet a Parliament in which he stood in a minority.

In this situation Sir Gordon Sprigg came to lean upon the Afrikander Bond, secretly managed by Jan Hofmeyr from his house in Camp Street, but led in Parliament by two politicians, not Bondsmen, who had now attached themselves to that cause—John Xavier Merriman and Jacobus Wilhelmus Sauer. They were an oddly assorted pair—Merri-

man, tall, lean, aquiline, an English Don Quixote; Sauer, short, stout, plebeian, a South African Sancho Panza. Merriman had always been a master of invective; he had wit, sarcasm, and eloquence at his command, and he delighted in exercising these gifts upon the Government which his party, for its own purposes, maintained in office. Moreover, as he had once been an enemy of the Bond, and now only nominally led it, he was the more intemperate against his old that he might prove his zeal for his new associates. Sauer, less eloquent, was more malignant, and these two together, being experienced in debate and the practice of Parliament, and commanding a majority, delighted in demonstrating that they had the Government at their mercy.

But while their attitude towards Sprigg was of contemptuous tolerance, their demeanour towards Jameson suggested that he had no right to exist. It was not merely a personal rancour. They were both old Parliamentarians who had devoted their lives to the task of transplanting the precious herb of Constitutionalism to the rather ungrateful soil of South Africa, and here was a man who had flouted every constitutional propriety and had yet the audacity to appear in Parliament. Wrecker, raider, filibuster—a serpent in Eden, the devil in a convent. If Jameson dared to speak it was a profanation to be sternly repressed. 'Speech'—said Sauer, of one of Jameson's rare utterances—'if I might dignify it by that name.' And Merriman—after soaring in lofty realms of the Constitutional ether—Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, the Bill of Rights, the Bill of Rights in Virginia . . . the Declaration of the Independence of America . . . the Habeas Corpus, with mention of Pym and Hampden, the

fate of Charles Stuart and Governor Hutchinson, to excuse the rebel—would thus descend upon the Raider:—

'No one knew better than the Hon. Member for Kimberley what conspiracy meant in this country, and they knew how it was possible to come forward with professions of friendship and professions of amity and yet spring an unexpected attack upon them.'

For his part Jameson generally maintained his silence of the damned, but in 1902 he made one reply: it was to a jibe of Sauer's:—

'For a whole session,' Jameson reminded the House, '—during the session of 1900—I sat on these back benches and never opened my mouth, and I did this because I felt it was quite natural, during that time of trouble, when the war was still on, that any word from my mouth would be misunderstood, and would rather tend to create than to allay excitement on the opposite side of the House. But I will say this, that I found it very difficult indeed to maintain that silence continuously, when from day to day, not only once but many times, I was treated with words, not kind, not courteous, from the Hon. Member for Aliwal North especially, and also from other members on the opposite side of the House. However, that was all due—he would acknowledge—to this abominable Raid. (Opposition cheers.) That was a bad blunder. But the penance had been done, and he thought by ordinary fair-minded men it might now be forgotten.'

Here there were loud cheers from the right, renewed as Jameson went on to deprecate the race feeling fanned by such debates. If he and his friends had asked for the suspension of the Constitution—it was to prevent such attempts as these to inflame racial hatred. Then he reminded Merriman rather

effectively how he used to rail at Rhodes for going under the 'Bond umbrella,' and now was under it himself. But if fight they must, he ventured to predict that 'the tenacious and strong stayer will even defeat the slashing fighter . . . and then, sir, true loyalty, tempered with justice, moderation, and common sense, will come to its own again.'[1]

So a weary sesssion wore to its end. It was all hateful to Jameson, who had a fastidious dislike of brawls and oratory both. But by his discretion, his charm, and his good temper, he made progress, both in his party and in the country. On November 12, 1902, he writes to Sam from Groote Schuur:—

'Have really been very busy and almost continually travelling. Then on the day I arrived back here had to go to bed with dysentery. Now up a week and all right. . . . I am still in the same mind about the leadership, but am afraid am rather drifting into it, and probably, unless Smartt, Michell, or Walton become more popular, will take it. I hate fixing myself down here from the health, financial, and boredom point of point; but still the duty business has something in it. But say nothing about this. I am only giving you my pros and cons. After all, I ought to be very pleased, considering the raids, Holloways, etc.; but I don't think I am, being really of a lazy turn of mind like the rest of the family. Still, continuous occupation is a great thing. . . . I have had Groote Schuur full all the time I have been here, and it is already a considerable factor in keeping our party together—a good dinner or lunch is a good help as an adjunct to a political meeting. . . .'

The reader will long ere this have gathered that 'the duty business' had a great deal more in it for Jameson than he would ever admit. Not the Groote

[1] *Cape Hansard,* August 28, 1902.

Schuur dinners but his natural genius for the leadership of men—his courage, and the absence of any base alloy of self in his composition—made him Leader of the Progressive Party, and Dr. Smartt helped to force his friend into an office which he might have claimed for himself.

The interval between the session of 1902 and the session of 1903 was filled by a flying visit to England and the labour of organising and drilling a party. The two white races bristled at one another throughout the Colony; some hundreds of rebels were still in prison, some thousands disfranchised; in the country districts loyalists were boycotted, and the British of the towns clamoured for measures of repression and precaution.

In these dangerous circumstances Jameson and his friends worked to organise a party strong enough to maintain both the peace and the settlement. They had no help from the visit of Joseph Chamberlain, who, disbelieving in the strength of the British party, paid court to Hofmeyr and the Bond. This may have been politic in the Secretary of State, but as Hofmeyr had been openly working against the policy of the High Commissioner, and as the Bond had shown itself the enemy of the loyalists, and held an attitude towards rebellion which was, to say the least of it, ambiguous, the British party resented it as ingratitude and desertion. They felt like honest Tylô in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* when Tyltyl takes the side of the cat:—

> *The Dog*: My little God, you don't know, it was he who . . .
> *Tyltyl* (*threatening him*): Be quiet!

Mr. Chamberlain landed at Durban at the end of December, visited the Transvaal and the Orange

Free State, and arrived in Cape Town on February 17, 1903. There he entered into close relations with Hofmeyr, ostentatiously cold-shouldered Jameson, and received a monster deputation of the South African Party. Mr. Hofmeyr read aloud a manifesto, which discreetly denounced acts of racial hate, as for example boycott and insult, on whatever side committed, and added the significant words:—

'We hold with you, sir, that loyalty is no crime. . . . We are prepared to address an appeal to our people in the spirit of this statement, and to co-operate to the fullest of our power to promote good understanding between and the happiness and prosperity of both the great European sections of our population under the flag which waves over all of us.'

Mr. Hofmeyr took occasion to point out that disaffection would continue as long as any rebel remained in prison, and on March 21 those still confined—380 in all—were set at liberty.

On May 6, 1903, Lanner writes to Sam from Cape Town:—

'. . . Very sick of travelling and preaching the same platitudes from town to town. Have not spent more than two nights in one place since arrival except a week on railway matters in Johannesburg. Show going very well, but majority still on paper, of course. Joe damned us in Cape by letting himself be swallowed by Hofmeyr—not really deceived, I think, and had to be content with H.'s circular and preach belief in it. Still we have to claim him in public as our champion. Me he is furious with for what he calls forcing his hand on the liberation of rebels. Really he wanted to make bargain, which we would not have, and I am very glad I took the credit for our party instead of apparently being forced by Imperial Government. Afterwards he told Michell and Walton that if Sprigg went he could not send for me at first because of Raid. He is a

callous devil, but they politely told him the Progressives would choose their own leader. He can do us no good so it does not matter. Of course, if we win I shall try to get them to take Smartt if they will. I am sick of it, but will keep it up, at all events till after the elections.'

He kept it up to good purpose, as we gather from a packed meeting which he addressed at Grahamstown on May 27, when he announced that he meant to fight that constituency, attacked both the Bond and the Government, argued strongly for the party pledge and stricter discipline, and for a broad non-racial policy founded on the federation of the South African States, and the union of the British Empire by preferential agreements.

Writing again on June 3, on the eve of the 1903 session, he discusses the post which is being thrust upon him:—

'Just arrived back here for the Parliamentary grind. I am afraid we are in for the full 90 days, though will do our best to go to the country as early as possible. Still hope to hang up the leadership till after the session, and get them to take old Schermbrucker or some other stop-gap as chairman of caucus during session; but may be forced into it, which will be a pity, as that will only give the opposition another stick to beat the party with. Our election prospects good—really for the first time we have got a fairly decent solid party on pure party lines; but it is a tiresome grind, and I scarcely see myself lasting through a further four months of elections. Have Groote Schuur full—Bailey, Walton, etc. . . .'

When the last session of the tenth Parliament of the Cape of Good Hope opened on June 5, 1903, the long despised Jameson was at the head of a well-organised, well-disciplined party, devoted both to its leader and its cause.

We find him now speaking a little more often and with more confidence. Thus on June 17 he supported the Customs Convention as the true foundation of that union which he hoped to complete.

'Looking at the proceedings,' he said, 'and the broad basis upon which they were treated, one could not help feeling that the delegates themselves felt that they were not merely there as representing their own individual States; but they were really there to deal with all those matters as affecting the whole of South Africa, and further to consider that great question of the preferential tariff, affecting, as it did, the whole of the British Empire. In fact they must have felt themselves called upon as delegates to take the first great step towards South African federation.'

Now, welcome as this Convention was to Jameson, it was hateful to Merriman and Sauer. In the first place, it had been organised by the High Commissioner; in the second place, it offered a preference to British trade; and, in the third place, it had been arranged over their heads and without their sanction. They could—and would—have thrown it out were it not for a precaution taken by that old Parliamentary hand, the Prime Minister. Sir Gordon Sprigg had prepared an enormous programme of railway building, better calculated to enrich the farmer than the Exchequer; and had put it all in one omnibus Bill which he kept trundling just in front of the nose of the country party. Thus Merriman and Sauer, although they detested the Convention, dared not defeat it for fear of losing the railways on which, as they knew well, the hearts of their followers were set. They confined themselves to demonstrations of hostility and allowed the Convention to become law.

We get a glimpse into the inner politics of the

session in a letter of August 12 from Jameson to Sam:—

'This dreary House goes on for another three weeks. Trying to get a Bill in to shorten elections; but don't expect to succeed and so they may probably run on to February. Sprigg is a prize sticker. If I would swallow him for East London he would come to heel at once; but I won't, and so must see the dreary business out. Merriman has certainly gone back with his party every time and our lot are keeping well together. I think we will win in some form or other, and I think the Bond are beginning to recognise it. Health very so-so; but I dare say it will get better when I can get away from this beastly wet Cape Town and the boredom of having to entertain a continuously shifting menagerie at Groote Schuur. Midge's non-success a pity, but the charm is he is the only one who won't be bothered with it. The pig-tails you may take as a certainty, and so I am giving up the ruined theory and beginning to think we may all get back into smoother waters.'

Clever as they were, Merriman and Sauer made one mistake. On August 25, 1903, Henry Burton, a clever young attorney, who was Bond Member for the district of Albert, opened out the vexed question of martial law, and particularly the payments made by the War Losses Compensation Commission. As the Dutch farmers of the frontier districts—whether rebels or loyalists—all nursed grievances and claims against the military, Mr. Burton raised a point on which feeling ran high, and his proposal to create a court to revise both the fines imposed on rebels and the compensation paid to farmers gave his party the opportunity for a very popular demonstration. But the Opposition leaders, led away by the excitement of their youngster's tally-ho, made the capital error of their political lives. They allowed him to press

his point to a division. And in this division the Government were defeated by a majority of ten.

Then Sir Gordon Sprigg turned upon the Bond and upon Merriman and Sauer, to whose contemptuous dictatorship he had so long submitted. The House had adjourned after the division, and when it met next day the Prime Minister announced that in consequence of the defeat he proposed to appeal to the country, and that he did not intend to proceed with the Railways Extension Bill, the Additional Railway Works Bill, the Public Works Loan Bill, and the Arms, Ammunition, and Explosives Bill.

This announcement was so unexpected and so unwelcome—it turned the tables so completely upon the Opposition—that Merriman and Sauer lost their balance. They were no longer truculent, no longer sarcastic; they no longer bullied: they pleaded. They were even pathetic. Mr. Merriman 'regretted that the Prime Minister should have taken up the attitude he had done, on the vote of the previous night, which was from its very nature a catch vote.' The Government 'had accepted in another place a motion far stronger than that which was proposed yesterday.' He even ventured to blame the Prime Minister for drawing a defeat on himself by an 'extremely unsympathetic speech,' which had made it 'impossible for members on that side of the House to withdraw the motion and to allow the thing, so to speak, to go by default.' And why take this defeat so seriously? 'The Prime Minister had been working through the whole session in the knowledge that he had no majority; he had been repeatedly in a minority. . . . Where was the necessity of putting down the foot, and making a Cabinet crisis of this

matter ? . . . They were very anxious to have the Railway Bill,' etc., etc.

The Prime Minister remained unmoved by these tearful appeals of baffled self-interest, and on the following day Sauer tried his hand. They on that side, he said, would vote supplies, if only they might have the Railway Bill . . . it was in no hostile spirit that they were moving. . . . It had been said that they on that side were open to the charge that the Railway Bill was hung out as a bait. (Here Mr. Sauer was mercifully interrupted by cries of 'Order,' for he was speaking on the adjournment, and sat down in helpless fury.) Sir Gordon Sprigg rose to reply. He was at this time far advanced in years, a gentleman of a spare and dry constitution, with the stoop and quaver of old age. But now his eye sparkled with an unaccustomed fire.

He knew, he said, that the position in which hon. members had placed themselves was an entirely false position. They had listened to the advice of a very young member—here the Prime Minister stretched out a mittened hand at the unfortunate member for Albert—a very, very, very young member . . . and were consequently placed in the unhappy position in which they found themselves now. . . .

Then Mr. Merriman made another attempt. 'I am most anxious to maintain the character of the Government,' he said. . . . 'The Government were accused of having deliberately attempted to bribe the House and I wish to protect the Government.'

Mr. Merriman, too, was called to order, and upon the following day Mr. Sauer took up the cause. He pleaded, he stormed, he threatened; he cried out that the Progressive Party and the Government

would be blamed by the country for the loss of the Railway Bill. The Opposition would refuse to pass the Appropriation Bill unless the Railway Bill was passed.

He was kicking against the pricks. The Prime Minister stood firm: 'He might say at once that he was not prepared to proceed with the Railway Bill. . . . He stated so a few days ago . . . and he did not intend to swerve from the statement he then made one hair's-breadth. As for the Appropriation Bill, much as he disliked to carry on the public service, and spend the money necessary, without the authority of Parliament——'

Mr. J. T. Molteno interrupted him: 'You daren't do it.'

'What does the hon. member say?' asked the old man.

'You daren't do it,' Molteno repeated.

'You cannot break the law,' said Sauer.

'The hon. member says I daren't do it,' Sir Gordon Sprigg continued. 'Well, I have done it before, and I am alive and well to-day. Why daren't I do it again, if extreme necessity arises?'

So this curious crisis went on for the best part of a week, the Opposition trying to preserve the Government in office; the Government professing its desire to expire: but we need follow it no further. Parliament was at an end, and the Bond had given their service without earning their wages. The overweening of his enemies had given Jameson his chance.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A CLOSE FIGHT

'Then silently I laugh at my own cenotaph,
. . . . I arise and unbuild it again.'

We learn that while Sprigg was taking this heroic line with the Opposition, he was trying to make terms with the Progressives.

'You will see,' Lanner writes to Sam from Groote Schuur, 'that as a first move we have dished both Sprigg and the Bond. Many more fences to get over, but it is cheering to have got the first. Merriman and Sauer have fairly bungled, sending their people to the country without railway or compensation, which they would have got if they had not risked bluffing on a martial law motion. Sprigg sat it out for a week, trying to bluff me into giving him East London which would have meant reinstatement. Finally gave way yesterday and asked for his warrants. He could not have met Parliament again, as we told him we would leave him stranded on the railway bill which meant forced resignation. The Governor has behaved admirably—funny ups and downs since the Raid time.[1] Party remaining fairly solid, but lots of manœuvring necessary between the sympathisers with the "old man" (Sprigg) and the non-compromisers. A good deal of excitement, but I am sick of it all and will be more so during the next six months. Still we will win somehow. If I personally were to drop out then it would not break my heart.'

Why Jameson was adamant with Sprigg appears

[1] The Governor, Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson, was at the time of the Raid Governor of Natal, and had taken over Jameson and his officers from the Transvaal Government after the Raid.

from a letter written from the Sanatorium, Kimberley, on September 13, 1903:—

'I am off this afternoon to open the ball at Grahamstown. Difficult to satisfy both the stalwarts and the mugwumps, but I can't afford to lose the former, so am glad to say can't make it up with Sprigg in any way as a Minister. Have mapped out about a four and a half months' tour, and hate it like the devil—the travelling and social humbug especially. At the same time the speaking difficulty is that I get so bored with hearing myself twaddling the same thing over and over again, and have a tendency to shut up on the least provocation. . . . Except for the old trouble, which does not vary, my health is really better, and you need not worry about it. Having that old bother I often use it to get out of things, justifiably, and then this gets exaggerated.'

Despite his health, which was worse than he would admit, Jameson was now to show himself as bold and inspiring a leader in politics as he had been in war. We see the same demoniac energy and contempt for risk which had snatched victory from danger in Matabeleland. His purpose in going to Grahamstown was to exchange the security of Kimberley for a contested election against one of Sir Gordon Sprigg's chief supporters, a Mr. Douglass, a rich, popular, and influential ostrich farmer. But his boldness was well calculated, for he knew that the small group of Independents held the balance of power, and with the native vote would decide the issue. With the solid racial *bloc* of Dutch constituencies it was useless to argue: they were too well drilled and disciplined under the Commissie Van Toezicht. The British party—divided among rival and competing towns and the British farming community of the Eastern Province—had diverse interests and mutual jealousies. If they were now

to be led to victory discipline was essential. Upon these considerations Jameson risked all in a doubtful fight, and concentrated his political forces on the other strongholds of Sprigg's Eastern Province group.

His speech at Grahamstown on September 15 was a plea for unity and discipline: there could only be two parties, Progressive and Bond. The constitution of their party was free and democratic: but they must have unity, for unity was the key to victory.

But there was also a particular question on which victory depended—what Jameson calls in his letters to Sam the 'pigtails.' The policy of bringing Chinese coolies to work in the mines was then a subject of raging controversy in South Africa and in England. In England it was misinterpreted as a design to displace the white miners by cheap Asiatic labour. But every South African knew that the white miners on the Rand had always been, and must always be, the gangers, foremen, overseers, and skilled workers of the industry. The rough, unskilled, and low-paid work had always been done by natives. And this was an economic necessity since the expense of running the mines upon white labour alone would have left no profit. Sir Alfred Milner's purpose was clearly understood. Native labour was scarce after the war, and the High Commissioner proposed to supplement it with Chinese coolies in order not to decrease but to increase the number of white miners on the Rand. The more labourers, the more white men; in sum the greater the population of Johannesburg.

For this very reason the Dutch opposed the measure, objecting to anything which placed them in a political minority. Here the Bond hoped to

win over the vote of the natives, who might easily be persuaded that their interest was threatened; and that if the Chinese were once allowed on the Rand, they would soon be competing against natives all over South Africa.

Jameson had to steer warily. He did not want to embarrass the High Commissioner or hinder the salvage of the water-logged mining industry, but he must not lose the native vote, which naturally inclined to the British party.

We find him insisting that they must not dictate to the Transvaal in its own affairs; but could make it impossible for the Chinese to enter Cape Colony; petitioning the Governor to strengthen the regulations, and preparing a Bill absolutely to prohibit the entrance of Chinese into the Cape.[1] One circumstance notably helped Jameson with the native vote. General Botha proposed, as an alternative to Chinese immigration, that the native reserves be broken up and the natives forced to work.

Thus we find Jameson in his Grahamstown speech:—

'I got a telegram five minutes before I came into this hall from Johannesburg, from a prominent citizen, which reads: "Botha advocated the breaking up of Basutoland, Swaziland, Pondoland, and compulsory labour at the Labour Commission to-day." Well, gentlemen . . . we will now see whether the Bond repudiate General Botha, or repudiate their published native policy. And again I say that I have sufficient confidence in the astuteness of my native friends to leave them to read the riddle.'

Political speeches at the best are poor sort of reading. Sufficient to say that even in the heat of

[1] Jameson's correspondence with the Governor and his Draft Bill to exclude Asiatics from Cape Colony were published in the *Cape Times* of January 8, 1904.

the conflict, Jameson kept the controversy off the bitter racial issue: preached reconciliation, material development, education, and, above all, Federation. And not of South Africa alone, but of the British Empire by fiscal preferences, first advocated by Cecil Rhodes and Hofmeyr, and at that time by Joseph Chamberlain to the people of England.

On September 30, Jameson writes again—this time from Groote Schuur—and his letter shows how keenly he was fighting under his mask of boredom:—

'Certainly the market seems to have no bottom left; but the pigtails should put it right by the end of the year. With our Cape elections on it is a pretty difficult job to keep on an even keel on this subject. However, I think we shall pull through, and Merriman has had a really nasty knock in Botha's pronouncement on native reserves, which you may be sure we shall use for all it is worth. You forget in your criticism that the native vote alone will turn the scale in this election, and that vote is a legacy which we have to do our best with. I am off next week for a month's tour of the native territories (horrible), and then practically through the rest of the Colony. We shall win well, I think, in the Upper House in November, and then that should give us a good lift for the real crux, the lower House about the middle of January.'

On November 7, the eve of the Council elections, Jameson made a great speech in the Feather Market Hall of Port Elizabeth to about two thousand people, interesting to us chiefly for its reference to the Raid:—

'I personally, as you know, have been accused of stirring up racial strife. Well I might say, "Never was a greater falsehood"; but I can honestly say, "Never was anything further from my own feeling than any such action." . . . I will merely say with regard to that, as I have said over and

over again—and every time I have said it, back it comes into my face like a football on a string from Mr. Merriman or the *South African News*—but I will say that that great blunder, badly carried out as it was at the beginning of it, had an absolutely honest purpose. There was no question of race at that time. It was undertaken not in the interests of any one race. It was undertaken against a close oligarchy, and in the interest of every race and every colour in South Africa.'

The Council elections were perilously close. Owing to an internecine quarrel, one seat—in the Western circle—was thrown away, and the result was an Upper House composed of 12 Progressives, 10 Bond, and 1 Independent. As Independents invariably showed their independence by voting with the Opposition, these results left Jameson with a majority of one. True, it was a pledged majority, and 'like Mercutio's wound,' as the *Cape Times* cheerfully remarked, ''twould serve.' But in the end it proved to be the downfall of Jameson.

The Council elections over, Jameson wrote to Sam from Cape Town on November 25, 1903:—

'Just arrived last night to commence organisation for Assembly. Council is really as good as we could expect—majority of a solid pledged one is enough for all practical purposes in the small Upper House of 23. As to the Lower, I am still fairly sanguine and think we shall pull it off, but it is a weary grind—this Chinese business the very devil just at the present moment.'

Again on December 9, 1903, he writes to Sam:—

'Very busy with these beastly elections. Would win certain if there was no pigtail question—but that makes it uncertain. Bond using it for all it is worth. Doubtful if I can make coloured men see difference between the C.C.

and the T.V. before the voting.[1] It all depends on that, and it is a somewhat difficult game to play. Still I am fairly sanguine. . . .'

On December 16 there is a note to Sam:—

'Just to say I am off again on my travels after a fairly busy time down here. Milner arrived yesterday. I spent the afternoon with him, and of course he will be as helpful as he can; but naturally his own show comes first; and *re* Chinese, etc., he wants me to do more than I think safe. It is a beastly difficult position. Of course they must come, and the sooner the better; but I have to continue the egg dance down here till they do arrive, or at all events are sanctioned. Now I am trying to get Milner to hurry it up so that the legislation can be published before our elections. Then I can say, "I told you so," and get my coloured brethren to believe that we have been sincere and can help them better than the Bond in keeping them [the Chinese] out of the Colony. Otherwise things going pretty well and *S.A. News* getting perfectly rampant in abuse of me personally—which means that we must be doing well. You should read some of it to amuse you and learn something of my real character and incapacity.'

On December 30, 1903, Jameson writes to his brother from Cape Town:—

'Leaving this afternoon for my last six weeks of unmitigated boredom in the shape of political meetings. Without this abominable Chinese question we should have swept the floor with them. Now it is very doubtful. I am sticking to the honest line of keeping out of Colony and non-interference with T.V. Difficult to keep my party together on it, and may go under, but still have good hopes—especially if Milner hurries up and gets them sanctioned before February 10.'

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[1] *I.e.* the policy of allowing the Chinese to go into the Transvaal under indentures, while keeping them out of the Cape Colony.

On January 20 the poll was declared at Grahamstown. Jameson was at the top with 707 votes; his Progressive colleague, a Mr. Wood, came next with 696 votes, and Mr. Douglass was beaten, with a vote of 403.

On January 25, 1904, Jameson writes to Sam from Kimberley:—

'Here for a day to make sure of D.B. vote going right. Off to-morrow to Aliwal and Wodehouse to have a final shot at Merriman and Sauer. Think we shall keep the former out; but latter with his native influence very doubtful. Grahamstown has given us a good lead off, and may counteract our disadvantage on the Chinese question. The man in the street likes to be on the winning side. Douglass having been badly beaten, we ought to be pretty sure that East London will follow suit on Sprigg. From now till 10th I am going to do nothing but native constituencies. Practically following round on Tengo Jabavu's track. Have done very well in Fort Beaufort District which I hope we have recaptured. The native does not like Tengo's want of pluck in not facing the music. On the whole we are more hopeful, but still in the melting pot. At all events only a fortnight more of this beastly work. The motor car has been a great success, even in the roughest country.'

Tengo, an educated Kafir, was the Editor of a native paper called *Imvo*. In 1894 Mr. Merriman had declared that 'he looked on Tengo Jabavu as one of the greatest dangers to the whites of this country'; but the Bond had now taken him to its bosom, and he was employed to attack Jameson on his administration in Rhodesia and alarm the natives about the Chinese. Tengo said that trusting Kafirs to Jameson was like trusting a goat to a tiger; but his primitive cunning delivered him into Jameson's

hands. For he had changed Rhodes's declaration of 'equal rights for every civilised man' into 'equal rights for every white man,' and thereupon Jameson called him a liar, challenged him to prove his words, and fairly chased him round the native territories.

Then comes an undated note of triumph from Cape Town:—

'DEAR SAM,—Yes, it is a good win. Thanks for cable. Sprigg even now won't go, and must be removed with dynamite; but I think we shall manage it in the next couple of days—then the beastly work begins. Already everybody wants every billet. With luck I may get home for a month about July for health.—Yrs.,

'L. S. JAMESON.'

It was indeed a good win. Jameson's victory at Grahamstown had given the Progressives a lead. Sir Gordon Sprigg was defeated at East London by Dr. Smartt, and, even more terrible for the Bond, Colonel Crewe beat Sauer at Aliwal North,[1] and Merriman was thrown out at Wodehouse. Of the Government only two unimportant Ministers were left in the House.

Yet it remained a close fight, for as Jameson put it, not the Archangel Gabriel would have stood a chance in a Dutch constituency unless he were a Bondman. And the Bond and Progressive parties were so evenly balanced that on February 15, 1904, the parties were standing level with forty-five members each, with only five more results to come in.

But Barkly West, Prieska, and Tembuland all returned Progressives, so, as the final results stood, the Progressive party had a majority of five in a

[1] Sauer had represented Aliwal North for twenty-seven years.

House of ninety-five members. The majority, moreover, was pledged, and it had for its leader Dr. Jameson, so that whether Chamberlain liked it or no, there was now nothing else to do but make him Prime Minister.

CHAPTER XXXV

JAMESON PRIME MINISTER

'His high mettle, under good control,
Gives him Olympic speed and shoots him to the goal.

THE undated letter just quoted was probably written on mail day, February 17, 1904, for on that day we find the *Beaufort West Courier* blandly announcing that 'Sir Gordon Sprigg will meet Parliament without a constituency, following several British precedents, but with sufficient support. The present Ministry slightly modified will remain in office.' What British precedent there could be for a Prime Minister to continue in office without a seat and without a party [to be exact, with only two followers in Parliament] [1] the student of Erskine May might be puzzled to determine. As for the 'dynamite' we find a hint in the *Cape Times* of the same day—'that H. E. the Governor might follow the example of Sir Bartle Frere, who dismissed the Molteno Ministry.' Certain it is that the very next day Sir Gordon Sprigg 'tendered his resignation to the Governor, who sent for Dr. Jameson and asked him to form a Ministry.' The 'tenacious sticker' had indeed defeated the 'slashing fighter,' and since there was now neither Merriman nor Sauer, the Raid for a time at least would not be thrown in his face 'like a football on a string.' Yet, he could not but see

[1] The Hon. John Frost and Sir Bisset Berry.

that once more he had got himself into an extremely uncomfortable position.

Invading the lazy tangle of Cape politics, Jameson had created a solid 'pledged' party, by appealing to a common sentiment in separate communities. But, sentiment apart, the interests of these communities were opposite and conflicting. The strongholds of the British Party were Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, and Kimberley, Grahamstown, and King William's Town, and a small but important country section of Eastern Province and Border British farmers.

Port Elizabeth and East London competed for the rich prize of the Johannesburg trade. Against them both Delagoa Bay and Durban also had a great advantage in point of distance; but owing to the steepness of the escarpment on the east these two lines of approach to Johannesburg had also certain disadvantages which gave the Colonial ports reasons for hope that under fair treatment they might not be altogether driven out of the interior trade. Cape Town was so far from the centre of wealth that, except for light and passenger traffic, she had almost fallen out of the running.

Easy to imagine that a not altogether friendly power in the Transvaal, bled in the days of its weakness by the monopoly the Colonial ports had once enjoyed, should play off one against another and heighten their jealousies in order to obtain the best possible terms for its traffic.

And that is what befell. Johannesburg gave the Portuguese port of Delagoa Bay the lion's share of its trade in exchange for facilities for recruiting labour. Railway rates roughly upon a mileage basis not only penalised the British against the foreign

ports and Natal against Delagoa Bay, and the Colonial ports against Natal, but Port Elizabeth against East London. And this made Port Elizabeth the more bitter, as the railway system she commanded was thought to be the true fighting line for the trade of the interior.

Moreover, the miners of Kimberley blamed the merchants of the coast ports for the high cost of living, arguing that the ports paid nothing in railway rates. but that these rates formed a large part of the revenue of the Colony and were a charge not upon trade, but upon industry.

These divergences between the four towns were sunk for the moment in their common fear of the Bond, a power not only hostile politically, but economically. For the Dutch farmers supported both a racial and an economic policy based on the protection of agriculture. And, trade being depressed beyond all precedent, and stock having been decimated by an unexampled drought, the people of the towns were in a state almost of panic about the cost of living.

Jameson designed to continue the Rhodesian policy of friendship with the Dutch farmers; a policy which must bring him into conflict, sooner or later, with the cheap food and free trade sentiments of the bulk of his own followers. The position of a Prime Minister who desires to follow a policy at variance with the interests of his party must always be difficult even when he commands a large majority, but, as Jameson had a majority of only one in the Upper, and from five to seven in the Lower House of Parliament, his situation was desperate from the outset.

Trouble began with the formation of a Ministry.

The smoother course would have been to bring in the mercantile elements of the towns; able and astute merchants who commanded their own communities, and would have greatly strengthened the administration. But with his design of conciliating the Dutch, their free trade convictions and interests would have tied his hands, and he accordingly formed his Ministry of his own personal friends. Dr. Smartt he made Minister of Public Works and Crown Lands; Mr. Victor Sampson, a Kimberley lawyer, he chose for his Attorney-General; Mr. Edgar Walton, the owner of a Port Elizabeth newspaper, became his Treasurer; Col. Crewe, an ex-officer of the Cape Mounted Rifles, and an able politician, he made Colonial Secretary; Mr. A. J. Fuller, an honest Eastern Province farmer, became his Minister for Agriculture; and Rhodes's old friend and banker, Sir Lewis Michell, joined the Cabinet without a portfolio. It was a Ministry by no means weak in talent, but not deeply rooted in the interests of the party; but it was a united Ministry of men who could work together, and above all a Jameson Ministry. The Prime Minister had his way, brusquely commanding or suavely persuading, or carrying his point by threatening resignation in a manner that showed he meant it—here, as at all times, consummate in the leadership of men.

'Just a line to say,' he writes to Sam, on February 24, 'I am in and am worried and bored to the last degree. The Opposition I do not mind, but our own people are the most awful crew; they all wanted to be ministers, and I am not through my troubles yet, but am sanguine. Going to meet Parliament next week and hope to break the back of the disagreeables.' And we find a reference to the same

troubles in his speech at a banquet given in his honour in Cape Town on February 25.[1] The Ministry had been selected, the Prime Minister explained, on the principle of efficiency. 'Now there are some men,' he went on, 'who are not included in the Ministry, but I do not believe there is any chagrin on the part of these men. . . . We are a united body of Progressives, determined to carry out the policy laid down for us by our great departed leader. . . . Our party are pledged, but not to any individual . . . they can assemble together in caucus and kick me out of my position . . . but they are pledged on the programme of the Progressive party . . . and to their constituents to vote with the majority of their party on every item of that programme.'

It is a speech which suggests hostilities, but also the courage to meet and the magnanimity to despise them. 'Mr. M'Clure,' he said, 'alluded to the unmitigated abuse which I personally have received. That we will forgive; I have no enmity against the other side; they used whatever means they had to advocate their principles, and I give them credit for believing in their principles.' On his side there was no racialism. It had 'never entered our minds. . . . We would equally select the Dutchman as the Englishman, because we believe they are both British.' 'We, the Progressive party,' he continued, 'view this limb of the British Empire as a real integral portion that can never be separated . . . and can never prosper unless we recognise that it is a limb of the British Empire.'

Such, indeed, was the sentiment which had united these discordant elements which Jameson now set

[1] The health of the Prime Minister was proposed by his staunch supporter in Cape Town, the Rev. J. J. M'Clure.

himself to control; the sentiment of common loyalty to the British flag. Together, Jameson explained, they could allay racial feeling, not by weakness, but by strength. 'Give us a working majority, and I believe that it will be the main factor in getting rid of this racial feeling.'

Here we see the difference between the policies of Jameson and of Sprigg. Sprigg sought to allay the racial feeling by yielding to its most bitter exponents; Jameson conceived the bolder plan of defeating them. And so, he contended, the country would have rest to go about its business, and the fanatics would be 'crystallised down to such a small nucleus that they would feel the hopelessness of racial conflict, which would thus dwindle and disappear.' Let them go on with practical things. He had appointed a farmer as the Minister for Agriculture, a farmer who would work in sympathy with the other side and would preserve the country from rash and ignorant legislation.

The Jameson policy then is a policy not of the towns but uniting town and country; the policy, indeed, of Rhodes applied to new circumstances.

Although he proposed to conciliate the Dutch farmers, Jameson had no intention of depending on them, and began by braving their hostility. The House met on March 4, 1904, and on the 15th the Attorney-General moved the second reading of the Additional Representation Bill, a measure for 'adjusting the balance between town and country.' Owing to the growth of the former and the stagnation of the latter the Bond member had an average constituency of 1161 voters against an average on the other side of 1647; and, if the large towns alone were taken, the anomaly was greater. Cape Town,

for example, had an average of 3426 voters per member, and Woodstock, its industrial suburb, 3221. In these circumstances the Government proposal must be thought moderate: one member for every 2000 town electors, as against one member for every 1500 country electors. Jameson's career as Prime Minister nevertheless began with the stormiest fight in the history of the Cape Parliament.

'By sitting mum and being polite to swine,' he writes to Sam on March 23, 'I am getting on fairly well in this beastly House; but of course the crux has still to come of the Representation Bill. Hope to have it through in another month, with luck. Your old friend —— in the Upper House is one of our troubles. He had the cheek to want to be Treasurer. I had to let him understand that he would probably run off with the till; so naturally he has a tendency to show his teeth; but this is only one of the minor troubles, and I dare say we shall pull through.'

The Bond used every art to defeat the measure and the crux came, as Jameson predicted, a few days later. On Monday, March 28, he said he would sit all night to reach a vote. They had received a mandate for the Bill, they believed it to be moderate and just, and they meant to pass it. As for the racial question, by which the speeches of the Opposition were inspired, he had hoped they would have 'left that old cow in the sluit.'

Jameson, as usual, was furiously and rudely interrupted, but he kept his temper and bantered his opponents. One of the constituencies to get another member was a stronghold of the Bond; how then could the Bill be described as racial? 'Indeed,' he continued, amid laughter, 'I understand that

the seat will be contested by the late senior member for Aliwal North, Mr. Sauer. Therefore, let them make haste and pass the Bill, and then we shall have him back among us before the end of the Session.'

The urbanity of the Prime Minister infuriated the Opposition. Mr. N. F. De Waal, the Secretary of the Bond, rising at six o'clock, pointed at the setting sun: 'As surely,' he said, 'as the Prime Minister persists in his endeavour to force the Bill through the House, so surely would they see to-morrow's sun rise without any progress being made.' All through the night the Bond speakers harangued against what they described as 'Jameson's invention to catch Dutchmen,' 'Jameson's vengeance,' 'Jameson's black flag.' The Ministerialists ceased to answer. 'The House,' says an observer, 'presented a strange aspect. On the seats for the Legislative Councillors, wearied members were stretched out full length in restless slumber, from which they were roused from time to time by hoarse cheers or laughter which very occasionally greeted the speeches of the obstructionists.'[1] After twenty-four and a half hours the Speaker intervened, following a precedent of Speaker Brand's, and applied the closure, compelling a division on the main question. The Government mustered a majority of eight.

The Prime Minister rose to give formal notice as to future business. 'I believe,' he began, 'after the longest and most arduous debate——' Here there were cries of 'absolute scandal,' 'blackguardly scandal,' from the Opposition benches, but Jameson waited imperturbably until the din had subsided and finished his announcement.

[1] 'Notes in the House': *Cape Times*, March 30, 1904.

The Prime Minister had won and won without losing his temper. Thenceforth he was treated with more respect, and, as time went on, with more courtesy. He could 'sit mum and be polite to swine,' but he could command and be obeyed. And with the old Dutch farmers, whom he liked, he would chat so familiarly about their complaints and their farms, that their hostility was gradually disarmed. Indeed, many Dutchmen in the House came to love the Doctor, and gradually the racial bitterness faded out of politics and the two sides began to put their heads together for the good of the country.

But those days were still a long way off. Those two 'flags of bitterness in the land,' Merriman and Sauer, returned to the House, the first as member for Victoria West, and the second as one of the additional members under the Act. And they at least would not allow feeling to subside. 'A vindictive mark of revenge,' Merriman called the Representation Act, 'deliberately designed to set the two races by the ears,' because Dr. Jameson 'could never forget or forgive the Dutchmen for having contemptuously given him his life.'

There were reasons other than political for the bitterness of those days. The economic situation of the Colony grew worse and worse. The industries of South Africa languished, for their flywheel, the gold mines, could not get up speed owing to lack of labour power.

On May 3, the Treasurer introduced a dismal budget. Although expenditure had been reduced by nearly £1,000,000, there was a deficit of nearly £800,000, which the Government proposed to meet by an income tax and an excise of 6s. per gallon on

brandy. In the debates on these taxation proposals their majority dropped to two and even to one.

Moreover, the Upper House, where any single member could bring about a crisis, began to give trouble. We have already seen how one of Jameson's supporters had demanded the Treasury as the price of his support. Trouble now came from another, Mr. Logan, who had been a nuisance to Rhodes, and was now to be a nuisance to Jameson. There is reason to believe that the price he put upon his vote was the renewal of the railway refreshment contract in the Cape and its extension to the Rhodesian railways. The story goes that the threat was conveyed to Jameson by Lewis, his election agent, as the Doctor was sitting at his bridge table in Groote Schuur. 'Tell Logan to go to hell—no trumps,' was all that Jameson said. He was never the man to be blackmailed, and Logan, who did not dare to vote against the Government, announced his intention to return to his native Scotland before the end of the Session.

It is a remarkable example of the virtues of our popular system that the fortunes of a country and the fate of an administration should be so finely balanced as to depend upon the physical presence of an intemperate Scotch hotelkeeper. A deputation of two hundred and fifty Progressives waited upon Mr. Logan, and assured him that his departure would 'inevitably lead to the rejection of the Additional Representation Bill . . . the overthrow of the Progressive Ministry, and the wreck of the Progressive party.' Mr. Logan enjoyed the situation. He was not, he replied, going to be 'the

flunkey of any Corporation.' [1] His conscience revolted against the Party pledge, which he had formerly said 'any gentleman might take and be proud of.' He promised, however, to stay in spite of 'urgent private affairs, even if the Session were to last one hundred and ninety days.' But presently it was discovered that he had quietly booked his passage by the mail steamer which was to leave Cape Town on May 18. The most interesting incident reported in the *Cape Times* of that date, 'had nothing whatever to do with the affairs of the Assembly. At about half-past three o'clock Mr. Logan entered the House and took his seat in the place reserved for members of the Legislative Council. A signal brought Dr. Jameson to a seat beside him, and the two remained in earnest conversation for a quarter of an hour. Both seemed to be in high spirits, and Mr. Burton, Mr. Cilliers, and others on the Opposition benches, who appeared to be taking a keen interest in the meeting, could not have gathered much as to the import of what was passing. At twenty minutes to four Mr. Logan pulled out his watch, called out good-bye, and sped out of the House—presumably off down to the Docks.' [2] The incident serves to explain what Jameson meant when he wrote to Sam about 'being polite to swine.'

Thus at a single stroke Jameson's pledged majority in the Upper House disappeared, and henceforth we find the divisions of the Legislative Council, eleven contents and eleven non-contents, being decided by the casting vote of the President. Now the President

[1] Meaning De Beers, of which he had formerly said, 'All this talk about the influence of De Beers in the Progressive party was a myth.'

[2] The journalist was right. Mr. Logan sailed by the *Norman* that afternoon.

was the Chief Justice Sir Henry de Villiers, probably as great a judge and as great a man as our own Chief Justice Coke, and as he now presided over the fortunes of the Government it was possibly injudicious of Mr. Merriman, Leader once more of the Opposition, to fall into a rage when, on May 24, the Government increased the Chief Justice's salary by a paltry £250 a year.

Upon the whole it must have been an anxious Session for the Prime Minister. And yet he contrived to improve the feeling both in House and country. He mitigated the infliction of the excise by advancing £10 a leaguer on the wine farmers' stock of brandy, not, as it turned out, a very good investment of Government money. By the Better Administration of Justice Bill he abolished the special treasons courts, and modified in many other ways the treatment of rebels, who were no longer to be tried, even for homicide, if they had acted under orders from their superior officers. Upon May 27 the writer of 'Notes in the House' of the *Cape Times* says that the *rapprochement* between the two sides had never been more marked. Yet even here the leaders of the Opposition contrived to provoke a storm. The Prime Minister was pressed for a more complete amnesty, and when he declined to go any further, Mr. Merriman accused him of 'perpetuating the root of bitterness,' 'using the spoils of victory' to 'grind the rebels down still more.'

Nevertheless, the impression remained. De Waal, the true Leader of the Bond, showed by his attitude that he disapproved of the incendiarism. And when we consider that a little while before even Sir Gordon Sprigg had described Jameson as 'one whose very name is an offence to every man of Dutch blood,'

we must marvel at the change thus described by a contemporary journalist: he had 'transformed the bitterness and suspicion of the Dutch into something which was already more than tolerance and bids fair to ripen into confidence and esteem.'

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE PRIME MINISTER'S POLICY

> 'If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
> To serve your turn long after they are gone,
> And so hold on when there is nothing in you
> Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"'

JAMESON held the haven of Federation very clearly before him throughout his political course. In June, 1903, he had supported the great change from separate economic systems to a customs convention which embraced all South Africa. Rhodes had taught him long ago that political union rests upon economic union, and comes 'from doing things together.'

When he himself takes the wheel, his eye never leaves the card; but he is hindered by a growing sea, a gathering darkness: life has become a race between this brave spirit and the elements of a Destiny as hostile as formerly propitious.

His body is enfeebled and poisoned by malaria. He fights against, ignores, and laughs at it by turns; but now and then it masters him, he is driven to Europe to take cures, like 'a drivelling valetudinarian,' as he impatiently styles himself. Thus, in July, 1904, he goes to England, not 'feigning illness,' as a rancorous opponent alleged, in order to carry out 'selfish and nefarious' designs, but driven by overwhelming pain and weakness. In August, 1905, he is in Carlsbad and reports of his serious condition

are used to 'bear' the South African market; in September he undergoes an operation; and in October the press reports speak of the 'low state of health produced by the pain he had suffered.' From year to year the game but unequal fight goes on against pain stoically borne and disease defied.

The Cape revenues refused to recover from the shocks of war, drought, and cattle epidemics; and in the four years of his government fell from £11,701,000 to £7,148,000—'a beastly time,' as he describes it to his brother, 'of retrenchment and a consequent growling public, and a party at sixes and sevens—a continuous egg dance.' His retrenchments struck inevitably at his own supporters, the British of the railways, the harbours, and the Civil Service; they knew, as well as he knew, that economy was his duty; his own salary as Prime Minister he had never drawn, although he was, as always, what the world calls a poor man. But human nature being what it is, the virtue is forgotten in the injury.

With these scanty resources Jameson held power on the precarious tenure of a majority so small that he never could count beforehand upon the support of the House. And as his policy of reconciling the country developed he had to face growing mutiny among his urban supporters. His staunch friend of those political days was Maitland Park, then Editor of the *Cape Times*, among the ablest journalists of his time, and more profoundly versed than most statesmen in the twin sciences of politics and economics. But even Park, though he remained fast friend, could not follow Jameson in his policy of conciliating the farmer at the expense, as he thought, of the towns. The *Cape Times* took the

side of the merchants in the conflict over this issue which was now developing.

Through all these troubles the Doctor never faltered in his course. He turned them to his ends, continually reminding the merchants of the Cape ports and the farmers of the Colony that their only hope of good markets and a fair share of the trade lay in union.

We see his purpose both in his speeches and his acts. Thus on December 6, 1904, he urged upon his constituents at Grahamstown the necessity of federation. 'Our first duty,' he said, 'is the immediate wants of the Colony which we govern; but at the same time we realise what is the trend of the times in the whole of South Africa, and that is the coming together of all its States.'

'Supposing we have a Railway Union, a Court of Appeal—we already have a Customs Union—and a universal policy for the native question, what more will we want to bring about federation?' And from this question of the federation of South Africa Jameson passes on to the great federation of the whole Empire by the practical measure of a fiscal preference.

A letter of December 12 to Sam refers to this meeting with chastened satisfaction:—

'I have got back from speechifying, and got through fairly well. If we like I do not see anything to turn us out now. . . . I am afraid I was rather a grumpy companion during your visit; but a good many worries mixed up with carbuncles must be an excuse. Now the atmosphere is clearer. After all, this kind of life is very tiresome, not that it is such hard work, but from the other aspect very absorbing and makes one useless socially. Still, it is doing something, and one always looks forward to the relief of getting rid of it all. . . .'

In January, 1905, as he writes on the 10th of that month to Sam, Jameson is deep in the 'hard, dreary work of preparing Bills, etc., for next Session, and keeping the family party together' with fair hopes of 'getting through all right.' Then, with Mr. Jagger, he is attending a Railway Conference at Johannesburg, an interim report of which, published on February 9, discloses that what is being debated is no less than the question of the division of traffic as between the Cape, the Natal ports, and Delagoa Bay. Dr. Jameson has procured a certain scheme of reduction in the railway rates from the Colonial ports which, or so the Conference hoped, might transfer a fair share of the trade to the Colony. But the scheme must be ratified by the States concerned before it comes into operation, and the Conference points the way to Federation by resolving that the only true remedy is to bring all the railways under a common management.

It was a triumph for Jameson's diplomacy, yet it was to be frustrated by the conflicts and jealousies of his party. Early in the Session of 1905, which opened on March 10, we see developing the rift between the Prime Minister and his followers of the towns. Cattle are increasing, but the farmers complain that owing to the importation of meat under a well-organised trust, they cannot find a market for their stock. Townsmen retort with complaints of the dearness of provisions. Inside the party there is a hot meeting of caucus on the question of the re-imposition of the meat duties. 'Having,' Jameson writes to Sam on March 27, 'a rather hard time, but in good health. Tried party at their highest yesterday on meat duties; but with threat of another government came out top and got them in line. It

was a lesson that the old Sprigg methods have gone, and having won, hope we shall swim along all right.' The result of this internal dispute was in fact a compromise. The Prime Minister promised 'moderate protection' when there was stock enough in the country, and in the meantime an inquiry as to whether there were enough cattle to feed the population, and immediate steps against the meat trust. On this basis in the debate of the following day the Government presented a united front to the Opposition.

So the Session proceeded tranquilly enough until May 8, when Merriman challenged the financial policy of the Government, and the Prime Minister, making it a vote of confidence, carried the day. 'Just a line,' Jameson writes to Sam on May 17, 'to say that we are getting on all right. Merriman made an ass of himself, and let me claim a vote on non-confidence, which results in keeping our full majority, eight—Fuller and Lea being away ill and not paired. That has given us a good strengthening lift, and I think, with incidental worries on education, diamonds, and railways we have got over all our fences. . . .'

Here the Prime Minister's optimism a little deceived him, for the railway fence was to give him a nasty fall. We have seen how Jameson had secured a readjustment of the rates in favour of his Colonial ports, which, however, modified an unfair disadvantage of Port Elizabeth as against East London, and East London feared that Port Elizabeth's gain might be her loss. Such was the ignominious cause of the first split in the Progressive party. On May 23 the member for King William's Town, a town attached to the East London interest, opposed the railway

settlement. The Prime Minister argued with wonderful skill and 'a complete mastery of the subject, which won the admiration of the House,' for a broad view. He had obtained for his Colony, he pointed out, a 33⅓ per cent. reduction on the preference to Delagoa Bay, which promised what they all desired, a fair division of the traffic on the basis of one third to Delagoa Bay, one third to Natal, and one third to the Cape. Let them then take a patriotic and not a parochial view of this question, and consider the good of the whole Colony.

He argued to deaf ears. The Opposition sedulously inflamed the jealousy of the ports. Merriman suggested that the agreement was made in the interest of Port Elizabeth. Sauer, more astute, did not take sides, but moved that consideration of the Conference proposals be postponed. East London and the Border members attached to her fortunes fell into the trap, and the Government was defeated by fourteen votes.

It was not only a heavy blow to Jameson, but it showed the fundamental weakness of the British party in the Colony and the conflict of interests which worked against the unity of sentiment. On July 1, Dr. Smartt tried to reconcile East London, but was howled down. The Session had ended in a defeat which foreshadowed the end of Jameson's administration.

CHAPTER XXXVII

A DIGRESSION INTO BIG AFFAIRS

> 'And, with wise conduct, to his country show'd
> The ancient way of conquering abroad.'
>
> WALLER.

WE must now turn for a little from these gathering clouds of Cape politics to other skies. Dr. Jameson and Dr. Smartt sailed for England by the *Kildonan Castle* on March 13 to take part in the Colonial Conference of 1907. Here also Jameson was to continue the interrupted plans of his friend, who had worked for a greater federation than the South African.

At the first of these conferences, held in 1887, Lord Salisbury had set forth their object of Imperial unity. He had pointed to two ways of reaching this goal, the union for defence and the union for trade, the Kriegsverein and the Zollverein of German Imperial policy.

As for the former, it had already begun in the contributions of the Colonies to the Egyptian war; but the latter was prevented, at the very outset, as Lord Salisbury pointed out, by the Free Trade policy of England. Unfortunately, the further they went into the business of an Imperial union the plainer it became that a Kriegsverein was impossible without a Zollverein. Our old friend, Jan Hofmeyr, as one of the delegates for the Cape, brought the thing to a head by a proposal for combining the two, to establish an Imperial customs tariff on all foreign goods enter-

ing the British Empire, and use the money so raised for its defence. Now Hofmeyr was interested in this policy in a practical way. His family and his kinsmen had grown up on the old preferential system, which had established the Cape wine trade by which they lived, and they had been ruined at a single blow by the Cobden Treaty with France of 1860. But it had the much wider implication of 'doing things together,' of union for livelihood, of combining through a common interest, which we have found to be the keynote of the Rhodesian policy. We may take it, indeed, as certain, from identical passages in the speeches of the two men, that Hofmeyr had talked the matter out with his friend Rhodes before he went to London in 1887.

But that was now twenty years ago, and in that time the great project of uniting the Empire had made very little progress. In such subsidiaries as postage, cables, and naval contributions something had been done; but these did not go to the root of the matter. The more they went into it, the more the politicians of the British Empire found that a Zollverein must be the foundation of any structure of permanence, and the Colonial statesmen set to work to build their side of the bridge unsupported from the other. Rhodes made a small yet practical beginning by a provision of Imperial preference in the constitution of Rhodesia; the other Colonies, as he predicted, followed his example; but England still refused to do anything in return, and these slender and incomplete arches hung perilously between sky and sea. Joseph Chamberlain, clearly seeing the danger of disruption, tried to convert his country to her old policy, but broke his party and his health in the attempt. The Liberals, who had long languished in opposition, gained a new source

of power by the defence of Free Trade. For all those interests which lived upon narrow margins, as well as the great interest of German imports, rallied to their support and gave them their great victory of the end of 1905. The Imperial Government, therefore, were committed to that cause to which they owed their existence. In this respect of Free Trade, which governed every other question, they were in conflict with the whole of the rest of the British Empire, except India alone, which desired, but was not allowed, to be Protectionist.

There was indeed one Colonial statesman from whom the Imperial Government might, if even out of gratitude, have expected support. General Louis Botha had recently been put in power by the Liberal Administration, and the Dutch soldier-farmer was now representing the Transvaal in the Imperial Conference. But although he gave his political benefactors silence, he gave them nothing else. By instinct and interest he was as much a Protectionist as any of his Colonial colleagues, and with Dr. Jameson, his old enemy in the field, he was now upon excellent terms. In this fight for preference, which was the main business of the Conference, Jameson's true partner was Alfred Deakin, Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia. They were mutually attracted, Deakin by the gallant temper and quick wit of Jameson, and Jameson by the intellectual ability and the earnestness of purpose in Deakin. The policy of all the Empire States save England alone had already been stated in the Preferential resolution of 1902. All the Dominions had, indeed, put it into practice by the grant of a preference under their customs tariffs to British manufactures. And now Mr. Deakin carried the issue two steps further by proposing not only a mutual

preference between the Dominions, but 'that the United Kingdom grant preferential treatment to the products and manufactures of the Colonies.'

Mr. Deakin's opening speech in the debate, which occupied the whole of the eighth sitting of the session, will remain a classic on this subject; but our proper business is the speech in which Jameson supported his colleague. The idea of preference, Jameson pointed out, and as we have already seen, had been initiated by Hofmeyr in 1887, and had been taken up by Rhodes, who wrote about it in 1890 to the Canadian and Australian Prime Ministers. Then, when the Chartered Company was established shortly afterwards, Mr. Rhodes 'with great difficulty' secured a clause in the Constitution limiting the Rhodesian tariff on British goods. To Lord Milner he gave the credit of carrying the policy into the South African Customs Union itself. And he went on, 'When I mention these three names in connection with Preference, I think South Africa has perhaps given what I may call a useful object lesson . . . as far as the leaders of political opinion in South Africa are concerned, it was kept outside party politics, because I do not think any one could say that Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Hofmeyr, and Lord Milner were on all-fours in domestic politics in South Africa.' Then he made the point that the Imperial Government had already accepted the principle, for the Crown Colonies of Basutoland and Bechuanaland were members of the Customs Union which had granted Preference.

Mr. Asquith, who was conducting the Free Trade case, here interrupted the speaker with a question well calculated to entrap a South African statesman:—

'Does wool come within the subject-matter as to which you think preference ought to be given ?'

But Jameson was not to be caught. 'Wool,' he replied, 'is a raw material, and we do not want to put anything on it.'

What then, Mr. Asquith asked, was their produce in South Africa on which preference could be given ? 'Wine and tobacco,' Jameson replied, and he made good his point by giving a history of the Cape wine trade. Before the Cobden Treaty with France the Cape had exported 800,000 gallons of wine in a single year to England. By that treaty the preference on Cape wines was swept away, and the South African export trade immediately disappeared. Jameson had written to the Unionist Government on the subject when he took office. 'They gave me,' he said, 'the usual sympathy, but they gave me nothing else.'

'Do you know any British Government which gives a preference to any form of alcohol ?' Mr. Asquith asked. Yes, Jameson replied, the Australian Commonwealth gave South Africa a preference. And now, he proceeded, 'I believe the proposition before the Conference is . . . that we give, irrespective of the United Kingdom giving anything at all, a certain preference, but when the United Kingdom reciprocates, then we are all prepared to come forward and give more.'

If the preference was to continue, England must reciprocate. This was not a threat ; it was a warning. He had a majority at the Cape in favour of preference, but in his Parliament there was also a minority against it unless there was reciprocity. 'Therefore,' he said, 'I am justified in saying that

the whole Colony, with any reciprocity whatever from the United Kingdom, would be unanimously in favour of preference.'

Now it happened that Canada was represented by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whom Jameson certainly did not like.[1] It is fair to say of the Canadian Liberal that he had put the doctrine of Imperial Preference in practice; but as he had received no return from the United Kingdom he had turned to the United States, to whom he had given an 'intermediate tariff.' Jameson sharply criticised this development. 'The point is,' he said, 'when once you begin to make commercial treaties outside there is no saying how far they go.' Here he enunciated a political truth no doubt drawn from the philosophy of Rhodes. 'When you once get commercial treaties and commercial sympathy, we generally find political sympathy follows.' And he ended with a plea for a small practical concession, a remission of one shilling of the duty on Cape tobacco.

This suggestion that preference should be given without putting on new duties met at least some of the Liberal arguments, and Mr. Asquith had to fall back on the sanctity of abstract principle. It would, he said, be a 'flagrant and undeniable departure from the very basis of our principle of Free Trade.' 'Is not that,' Jameson interjected, 'coming back rather to the fetish of Free Trade?'

It was a fetish, but it was impossible to move Mr. Asquith and his colleagues. Mr. Lloyd George alone gave the Dominions any sympathy, but he gave them no help. Dr. Jameson had another passage of arms with Mr. Winston Churchill, who declared

[1] In private, in his incisive way, he described that respected statesman as 'a damned, long-haired dancing master.'

that preference meant nothing if it did not mean an increase of prices.

'Oh no,' said Jameson. 'It will make a much larger volume of trade, which is often better than better prices.'

'I assert,' said Mr. Churchill, 'without reserve, that preference can only operate through the agency of price. . . .'

'If you use,' Dr. Jameson retorted, 'the words "more profit" instead of "better prices," then that will explain the thing.'

And Deakin backed up Jameson. 'Wholesale production,' he said, 'is always cheaper than retail.'

The Colonies had the best of the argument; but the Imperial Government stuck to its position. 'It means,' Mr. Asquith said, 'that we are to consider the question whether we shall treat the foreigners and the Colonies as it were differently, and that we conceive we are not able to do.' And a few days later, on May 18, Mr. Churchill boasted at Edinburgh that they had 'banged, barred, and bolted the door on Imperial Reciprocity,' and 'would not concede one inch, they would not give one farthing preference on a single peppercorn.' [1]

We need not detain our readers with any account of the social functions with which the Mother Country sought to atone for its neglect of these vital necessities. Sufficient to say that Jameson was made a Privy Councillor, and was given the freedoms of London and of Edinburgh, thus becoming the fourth burgess of his line in the Scottish capital.

It was, no doubt, with a pang that he bade farewell

[1] The Reports of the Imperial Conference as published by the Imperial Government give all these speeches verbatim, and the best account of the subject is to be found in Mr. Richard Jebb's admirable *History of the Imperial Conference* (1911).

to Deakin, who writes to 'Dear Dr. Jim,' from Marseilles on May 24 that 'I look back upon our brief camaraderie as the best feature of the Conference, and I hope some day we shall meet again. If that is not to be you will not be forgotten—and if that is nothing to any one else it is a big something to me.' He would always, he said, remember 'the gallant, leal, and gay adventurer with whom I was fortunate enough to singe the King of Spain's beard in true buccaneering fashion, or, at all events, to make him double it up on his chin and put large quantities of it in his mouth while he wriggled and shuffled in his Colonial Office chair at the head of the horseshoe table.[1] . . . Good-bye, old fellow, don't worry about the Boers or the waterworks—for Africa needs you still and so does the Empire, whose hottest corner has fallen to your share.'

By the beginning of June Dr. Jameson is at the Cape, where he is entertained by the Mayor of Cape Town at the Mount Nelson Hotel, and gives an account of his pilgrimage. He also points the way to Federation, and quotes with approval a recent speech of Hofmeyr's on the subject. The Dutch, he says, had been first in their feeling for a South African nationality, probably because they were cut off from Holland and had no other country to look to. The British had been absorbed in a bigger nationality, but they too now felt this South African patriotism, just as in the case of Australia and Canada, where a local national feeling did not interfere with a loyalty to the Empire. Thus we see that Jameson had learnt even from defeat to extract good counsel and inspiration.

[1] Lord Elgin, Secretary of State for the Colonies, presided over the Conference.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

END OF THE JAMESON MINISTRY

> ' 'Tis not in mortals to command success;
> But we 'll do more, Sempronius, we 'll deserve it.'

AND now Jameson was to return to what was to him the most truly loathed of all the uncomfortable places into which his darkening Destiny had led him. The Cape Parliament opened on June 21, 1907, and a few days later the fateful correspondence between Jameson and Lord Selborne on the question of Union was published. The Leader of the Opposition received it with hostility; but Mr. Merriman reckoned without his party, for Mr. Theron, the Chairman of the Bond, hailed it with enthusiasm. 'We were,' he said, 'one people under one flag, not under our own flag, but under the great flag of England.' Such a speech from such a source was to Jameson an exceeding great reward. For it told him, as clearly as words could say, that with every appearance of failure in his great purpose, he was succeeding. Give him but a little time more and a little more strength and he would win against Destiny.

A few days after Dr. Jameson went to Bloemfontein to a Conference on Ocean Freights, where he and General Botha stood together in the fight with Sir Donald Currie.

On July 23 Mr. Malan, the exponent of Dutch nationalism in the Cape, moved a notable resolution, demanding preliminary steps to a Union of British

South Africa. 'The time has passed,' he said,' when we should speak of Dutch and English on racial lines. When the day of Union comes, whether it is English or Dutch in the majority, it will make not the slightest difference, because we are all working for the one ideal. I do not want a Dutch South Africa. We have to accept the Union Jack, and we are not going back on that.' Here, indeed, was confirmation of Theron! Jameson seconded the resolution in terms no less friendly, while Merriman sneered in vain at Lord Selborne and 'the petty interference of the High Commissioner.' On this big question Jameson was leading the whole House.

But while he thus strove to bring about the end of his hopes, events were moving disastrously for his Government. 'I do not believe,' said the Treasurer, in his Budget statement on August 17, 1907, 'that the history of the whole world contains a record of a State such as this having to face so rapid and so enormous a fall in its revenue.' With an empty Exchequer, Jameson had to meet the two opposing claims for protection and for cheapness, standing, as he said on August 13, between 'the rabid Free Trader behind him (in the person of Mr. Jagger) and the rampant Protectionists opposite.' Mr. Merriman took full advantage of the situation. The Government were so hard pressed on the meat duties that they were fain to leave it to the decision of the House.

'We are having,' says Jameson to Sam on August 14, 'a beastly time of retrenchment and a consequent growling public, and a party at sixes and sevens—a continuous egg dance; but we shall pull through, as everybody is more frightened of the other lot. Yesterday we were defeated by 2 to 1 on an extra penny on meat which I refused to have,

though I don't really think it would raise the price as the farmers are doing so well and the stock in the country enormously increasing ; but the very defeat will do us good politically as emphasising our sticking to the towns when necessary. Having originally put on a penny I could not resign for another penny, though should much have liked to do so and get a rest from the show. Now the debate on Walton's budget begins to-morrow, and if Merriman tries any tricks I will push him to a vote of confidence and I believe defeat him. They are in a worse quandary than we are. Yesterday they significantly sat dumb, not venturing to answer, and simply voted against us. Charming weather, and I get golf every Sunday afternoon. Transvaal playing badly on the Federation question.'

Merriman did try his tricks. On August 15 he made what a contemporary journalist calls ' a determined effort to oust the Ministry ' on a motion for the taxation of diamonds. He called Jameson the Harold Skimpole of finance, and made full use of the Prime Minister's position as a Director of De Beers. ' We have had,' Jameson retorted, ' a great deal of abuse but very little argument. We are incapable, we are hopeless, we shall ruin the country. If that is your view the sooner we are got rid of the better. If we are defeated we shall know what to do. If not, we shall get on with the business of the country.' The Opposition had hopes of detaching Mr. Jagger, already disgruntled by what he called the surrender on Free Trade. But Mr. Jagger had theoretical doubts as to the wisdom of taxing the raw products of an industry, and Sauer thereupon changed the line of attack and moved as an amendment a tax on the profits of diamond and copper mines.

It was a formidable assault, but Jameson met it with courage. On August 16 he put the case clearly.

He reminded the House of Merriman's previous denunciation of any proposal to single out one industry and make it a sort of milch cow for the Colony. He preferred to draw his revenues from all wealth equally by grading up income-tax, and, as his Treasurer explained, under the new scale of taxation, the De Beers Company would pay £307,000 a year. He nevertheless agreed to a tax of 10 per cent. on mineral profits. But these concessions were not enough for the Opposition, and they succeeded in detaching Mr. Jagger from the Government. It was saved by a bare majority of two. Again, on September 11, the Government was severely pressed on the meat duties, and Jameson only extricated his Ministry by pointing out the danger of interfering with the Customs Union.

The Prime Minister was not dismayed by these narrow escapes. 'Things are going well enough,' he wrote to Sam on September 16, 'and the Bond up to now have been defeated in each of their attempts. The only crux will be at the end of the session. The Upper House may try to throw out the estimates, but I expect we will manage them somehow, and I shall be condemned to another year of this treadmill and no going home, I am afraid, for some time. . . . Have taken to golf on Sunday afternoons in defiance of the religious folk, as that is my only free time. Shall be able to beat both you and Midge by the time I get back.' The crux came sooner than he expected—but now from another quarter. In the Upper House Logan was intriguing ceaselessly with the supporters of the Bond,[1] and

[1] 'If Mr. Logan still held the Railway Refreshment Contract there would have been no crisis.'—From Colonel Crewe's speech at East London, December 1907.

this combination contrived to block the Appropriation Bill. The President did his best for the Government, but, by a clever use of the standing orders, the Opposition kept on voting the President out of the chair, thus obtaining a majority of one. At last a supporter of the Government, Mr. Wilmot, moved for the suspension of the standing rules. But Logan, or rather the clever politicians of whom he was the tool, countered this move by withdrawing most of the Opposition from the Council, and thereupon, with only twelve in the House, one of those who was left drew attention to a standing rule that without fifteen members such a motion could not be put.

This crisis occurred on September 17, 1907, and Jameson, who had the privilege of speaking though not of voting in the Upper House, faced it undauntedly. The proceedings had been made a farce; constitutional government had become impossible. 'I have got,' he said, 'a very small audience within the precincts of the Council,' pointing a finger across the bar where most of the Opposition were seated, 'but I have got a very large audience outside these precincts.' As the farce they had witnessed would be repeated again to-morrow, they must decide the issue now, and if they were defeated they would go to the final court of appeal, to the electorate. The Prime Minister's courage availed nothing; the Government was at an end, ignominiously slain by the treachery of one supporter.

'I had a really happy day yesterday,' Jameson's friend, Mr. Kipling, wrote on September 19. 'I saw in the papers that the licensed vitteler had done you in the eye at last. There is a deal of crapulous cock-eyed perseverance about a man who has been thoroughly pickled in whiskey for a quarter of a century. . . .'

'You will have seen political results,' Jameson writes to Sam on September 25. 'I am rather glad, as it ensures Carlsbad next year. But we are not done yet. For the Party I must see the show through, and the resources of civilisation are not yet exhausted to keep the Bond out. Too long and complicated to explain, but I shall get a certain amount of amusement out of it between now and March when the elections end. Going to Rhodesia to-morrow, having put the organisation at work. Then back in a month for further developments. Swan (the sculptor) and Hawke (Hawksley) arrived. Swan charming. Shall beat you at golf when I come back as now shall have some time to practise.'

When Jameson gaily hinted that the resources of civilisation were not yet exhausted, he was preparing for a last move, offering a gambler's chance in the game already lost. Rhodes's old Attorney-General, Mr. W. P. Schreiner, during part of the war Prime Minister, had fallen at the hands of the Bond because he had dared to punish rebels. He had not, however, gone over to the Progressives, owing to his horror of the Raid and the Raider. 'I don't think,' he said on November 1, 1903, 'we can expect reconciliation from Mr. Sauer or Mr. Merriman on the one side, or from Dr. Jameson and Dr. Smartt on the other.' But now, with Jameson's record behind him, Schreiner might be expected to think differently.

He was prince among the Mugwumps, so moderate that he could never come to a decision upon anything, and the idol of all Laodiceans. And Jameson's plan was no less than to make him the leader of a new and larger party which would combine both Moderates and Progressives. This idea was already in his mind when he issued his manifesto of September 26, 1907, announcing that the Progressive Party had become

the South African Unionist Party, with the development of South Africa, equal rights for all civilised men, the union of the European races, and the union of the British South African Colonies for its objects. We have a hint of it also in Mr. Schreiner's statement in the *Cape Times* of October 10, 1907: 'With regard to Dr. Jameson I would like to say this, that I recognise that full appreciation has not been given to the services he has rendered to the country in his earnest endeavours to remove racialism. In this he has gone far, and I think he has not been fairly met by certain members of the Opposition, not Bondsmen, who have repeatedly raised the old offence.' Again, in a speech on October 28, at Queenstown, we find Mr. Schreiner assuring his constituency that while there was nothing in the story of a pact between the Prime Minister and himself, he certainly had had a most interesting conversation with Dr. Jameson, who had been very kind about his re-entrance into political life, and his hope that he would become a great factor in the politics of this country. Was he then to say to the Prime Minister, 'No, No, No, remember the Raid, never forget it.' He said that they should let these things remain in the past, and he said again, at the risk of another 'blazing indiscretion,' that the personal conduct of public affairs by the Prime Minister, apart from the unhappy events of which he wished to say nothing, had assured him that not only was the Prime Minister an English gentleman, but that he was honestly desirous of obliterating the evil consequences of a step which he was sure the Prime Minister was one to deplore. And was there to be no place for repentance? Take a man on his word and judge a man on his acts. They had

come to the parting of the ways, and they must get away from the racial intolerance, which was itself the cause why there was to be no room for repentance.

Meantime Jameson, with Hawksley, the Company's solicitor, had gone up to Buluwayo, where concessions were to be made to the settlers in the matter of mineral royalties and easy land settlements. On October 22 he was at Johannesburg, on October 31 back in Cape Town, and on November 6 at Grahamstown explaining his position to his constituents, who gave him as enthusiastic a reception as ever. He did not conceal from himself the fact that the Government were unpopular; their unpopularity was the result of their retrenchment. The Government had no chance of returning, but he hoped they would still be a large party. That party would be looking for a leader. And here he referred to Schreiner; but in terms so vague as to show that 'the resources of civilisation' were not carrying him very far. The large lymphatic lawyer never kindled to an idea, least of all the idea of leading a lost cause. But the apparition had at least one effect: it infuriated the Opposition leaders beyond words, for Schreiner's moral prestige was great in the Colony, and when he condemned Merriman and Sauer for keeping the fires of racialism burning they were convicted of sin and could find no defence. 'My Schreiner scheme,' Jameson writes to his brother on November 20, 'going on well. The Bond shrieking with rage. I may not win but it is a good fighting chance, and whichever way it goes I shall have a couple of years' rest to devote to De Beers and Charter, both of which want looking into, especially the Charter. Then in a couple of

years I should have a very good chance of coming back for the Federation trick, if I want to. . . . Swan was perfectly delightful and made a great impression on everybody. He did an admirable oil portrait of Holland[1] and another of my bulldog, "Zut," and has put both the memorial here and the statue in Kimberley on right lines. Tell Midge this.' Again he writes on December 12: 'Going on as usual. Lots of worries. Shall make a good fight and probably not succeed. My aim is to put Schreiner in if he is not too impossible. I am not making any alliance with him, merely will support him, but won't take any office myself, so most probably shall be home in May.' A little later we find the *Cape Times* noting in Schreiner's speeches 'a tendency to retire further into the shell of an obdurate independence, rather than to develop lines of thought which might lead towards a re-arrangement of parties.' And Jameson writes gloomily on January 6, 1908: 'This American slump and consequent stoppage of the sale of diamonds[2] has filled up the cup of financial troubles—and, from the personal point of view, very tiresome. I seem to be constantly in the train, either going to or coming from Kimberley. Have to be there again to-morrow morning. Elections on the whole seem hopeful; but my Schreiner plan looks very shaky, he is such an impossible personage. Still, I am

[1] Now Sir Reginald Sothern Holland, at that time Secretary to the Prime Minister.

[2] The export of diamonds had fallen by £288,000 a month, and the sale of diamonds fell to almost nothing, owing to the great financial crisis in America. Diamonds being the most important of the Colonial industries from a financial point of view, the effect on the Government was obviously disastrous. We find Jameson making an expedition to Johannesburg in the middle of January in order to try and arrange as to output with the directors of the new and formidable rival of De Beers, which was to produce the Cullinan diamond.

not going to give it up. In the intervals Holland and I are perfecting ourselves in golf, and will make a good show against you and Midge when we come home in May, as I hope we shall be able to do.'

The poll for the Upper House came first, and by January 29 it was known that the South African Party had won in the Council elections. On that date their strength stood at 15 against the Unionist 6 and the Independent 1. On that date, also, Jameson writes to his brother :—

'We are really having a debacle like the Balfour Government. I shall probably resign on the Council Elections without waiting for the Assembly, but must see the elections out for the Party's sake. Altogether, I am not dissatisfied—the bigger Merriman's majority, the more trouble he will have. No excuse not to do all the Bond ask, which will disgust the country. Also, they will certainly have a year of bad finance. I give them eighteen months to two years, then the reverse swing. In the meantime Federation will have to wait. Botha is having great trouble with his extremes. All things working towards the Moderate Party I was trying for. Schreiner of course has not played up; but he will be in the House and active, which is the main object gained. I see now the Bond must have its turn and be discredited. There was a fighting chance that that might be avoided; but it has not come off, and even if S. had played up I now see *could* not come off. . . .'

No, there is never a fighting chance with a man who can never be induced to fight.

Dr. Jameson tendered his resignation to the Governor at one o'clock on Friday, January 31, 1908. His Excellency thereupon called upon Mr. Merriman, who undertook to form a Ministry. In the Council elections the South African party

had polled 51,000 votes against 27,000 for the Unionists.

The Jameson Ministry had assumed office on February 22, 1904, and had thus been in power for almost exactly four years. The only changes in its personnel during that time were that Sir Lewis Michell had resigned on June 6, 1905; that in the last year Sir Pieter Faure, that respected old Dutch farmer, whom we have already seen unmoved and unbelieving in the crisis of the Raid, had taken the place of Mr. Fuller as Secretary for Agriculture, Mr. Fuller remaining in the Ministry without a portfolio. Upon its general record the *Bloemfontein Friend*, the organ of the Dutch party in the Orange Free State, may be allowed to be at least an impartial, if not a hostile, witness. 'It has to be admitted,' says the *Friend*, 'that he [Jameson] has laboured with amazing success to mitigate racial feeling. The Afrikander people of the Cape Colony have to-day a feeling of personal liking and respect for the leader of the Raid. A better augury could not be for the final reconciliation of the two races.'

On March 2 Jameson justified himself to constituents still devoted. He had returned, he said, to the position of five years before, but he had pointed the way to a larger and a broader national life. He had followed the policy of his late great Chief, Cecil Rhodes, which must not be interrupted by their defeat, but must be followed in Opposition. It was to turn the minds of the people away from the barren racial issue to the natural development of the Colony—a policy of forgive and forget. It was no mere lip service to the cause it professed, for in the last Registration Act he had reinstated the rebels, and so brought about his own defeat at the polls.

He did not regret it: 'No party advantage is worth the estrangement of the two white races of this country.' An exulting reference to the defeat of the crapulous hotel-keeper was the only note of personal feeling in the speech. Jameson had learnt the lesson of adversity. 'As I get older,' he said, 'I find that a great thing is patience. All the troubles I have had in my earlier days—you perhaps remember some of them—they have all, I believe, been the result of impatience.' But he was not discouraged. His aim of Federation now stood directly in front of them, in the Conference on Customs, Railways, and Union, about to take place. 'We are all unificationists,' he said; 'we all ought to aim at that. If I could get it to-night I would take it. But here again my question of patience comes in, and I say, don't let us ask for too much at once.'

The Grahamstown result on March 12 was at least a personal tribute to Jameson, for he was returned with his colleague Mr. Fitchat, the Opposition candidate being heavily defeated. On March 13 his Party had another triumph in the return of all seven Unionists for Cape Town. On March 23 he writes Sam from Kimberley:—

'. . . What with Charter, De Beers, and Cape politics we are in a general mess; but I am so tired out with the political game I feel I shall be useless until I have had a few months away from it, and then probably return with renewed zest. . . . Simply utterly bored and slack politically. Charter and De Beers without politics, accompanied by frequent golf with you, should give me a good change and rest. Twelve months' worry and depression and then I feel sure things will look up again all round. . . .'

He was again on the political platform at Woodstock on March 30, rallying his opponents on the

fervency of their new found Nationalism. He had been thirty years working in the country when that great patriot de Waal was learning Dutch, either in Holland or America; when Mr. Greer and Mr. Vanderbyl were in their swaddling clothes. Had he not as much right to be a South African as they had ?

The results were decisive. It is true that Mr. Schreiner was returned for Queenstown, and another independent, Sir Gordon Sprigg, for East London, but the South African party gained 19 seats and stood at 69 votes in the Lower House. The Independents were 4, and the Unionists 34. The Bond had thus a majority of 31 against the rest of the House and 35 against the Unionists. It seems a great swing over, but 11 out of the 17 losses were due to the re-enfranchisement of the rebels.

The reader has already seen what was the main work of the Jameson Government; but one or two omissions of detail have to be made good, chief among them their Education Act, which developed means for the creation and maintenance of schools, and a certain degree of compulsion. It established, in fact, a School Board system in Cape Colony, a doubtful blessing it may be said, but at all events in line with the general policy of development. The Irrigation Act provided a machinery for the control of riparian waters and the building and maintenance of irrigation works. The Workmen's Compensation Act explains itself. There were other measures, but we do not look to Acts of Parliament for Jameson's chief contribution to the public good.

No, it was something in the personal gift of a man who was by training a healer as he was by genius a leader of men. As in the old days he had not only

commanded but doctored his Pioneers, not only ruled but physicked his settlers; as in the Transvaal he looked on the case with the eye of a surgeon, so now in these years of office he treated his country as if it were a case of nerves disordered by war and racial passion, exhausted by loss of blood, enfeebled by loss of trade. To give his patient time and gentle treatment, and set a hope before him; to show him the way to a complete re-establishment: such was the work of a good physician.

Everybody now called him 'the Doctor,' as in the early days of Kimberley, and not for nothing. More patient than of old, his body dwindled to a perilous frailty, the face marked by constant pain and self-repression, the features more aquiline, the eye if not more penetrating more tolerant, the smile less gay but more winning, the whole comprehension of the man enlarged by suffering and humiliation. Such now was Jameson. The presence, the gesture, the brusque and fearless yet kindly speech, the purity from any taint of self or self-importance—such were the winning and healing qualities of the Doctor in these latter years.

Friends and enemies reconciled, even Schreiner, even Merriman, testified to the miracles he wrought: one after another the stalwarts of the Bond, wary old Theron, the darkly brooding Malan, and many an old Boer, steeped and engrained in the belief that Jameson was the arch-fiend himself, all came under the spell, all fell into the habit of dropping into the Prime Minister's office, or rather into the Doctor's consulting room, and submitting with bland smiles to his unfailing frankness of treatment.

It was a notable thing in the Doctor that remarks which from others would have ended in blows or

deadly estrangement, not only gave no offence when they came from him but seemed to produce even a pleasurable tickling, a sense almost of flattery, in the minds of those to whom they were addressed.

He was able to speak thus, no doubt, because of the infinite tolerance, the complete understanding which transfigured even his terms of abuse. And so it came about that at his dinner table, where he ate no more than a sparrow, or at his bridge table, where his eye sparkled with all the old fire and malice of battle, the leaders of both parties and all sections, met and learned to know one another across the dense cigarette smoke, so that they left with a larger and more humane view of their interests and their opposites.

There were friends who came more often—Smartt, eloquent on all subjects, brought down from every flight by his friend's raillery; Walton, whose unfailing gloom on the failing revenues had to be cheered and chaffed away; Maitland Park, whose Scottish metaphysics and granitic convictions were put to the proof by deft and light-handed experiment; Abe Bailey, to be rallied upon his depredations on the widow and the fatherless; old friends from the North and the Witwatersrand to be closely and minutely cross-examined upon everything and everybody, from the cost of railway haulage to the latest morsel of feminine gossip. Such were Jameson's hours of relaxation: in general he said very little, only a shrug or a word that went to the centre of the target; but he was the life and soul nevertheless of the little company.

And now at the end of his term of office, his health broken, his party defeated, he must yet have felt in his heart that at last he was 'square.' In the

personal account none could now say that credit and debit were not balanced. And upon the larger issue he had atoned for his mistake: that Union which the Raid had failed to achieve was now upon the point of accomplishment. And it was he who had put it in train.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE UNION

'If a man have a true friend, he will rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him; so that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires.'—BACON.

DR. JAMESON left Cape Town for England on April 15, 1908, with as usual a double end in view—a cure, and the affairs of the Chartered Company. What these affairs were we shall see later. As to the cure, he went to Carlsbad for the summer, and there, recovering some of his health, took a long flight to Dornoch in the far north of Scotland, where he spent a very happy six weeks or so with his old friend of Kimberley days who had once introduced him to the Willoughby-affronted President. On September 28, he writes to Sam from Glenmuick: 'Just arrived here after a really cheery holiday at Jim Taylor's, when we all played golf at Dornoch and Brora and left the grouse alone. Also a couple of days at Dunrobin and motored here. Now I have to go to Balmoral to-morrow till Saturday. Balfour surpassed Rosebery.' On October 1 there is a short note from Balmoral Castle: 'Charming weather here and a very cheery crowd, but I will tell you all about it when we meet.'

The subject of discussion at Balmoral, we may safely suppose, was nothing less than the federation or unification of South Africa, for by October

Jameson was in Durban, a member of the Conference called for that purpose.

It was, in fact, his Conference, although it was only called after his fall. Long before, on November 28, 1906, Jameson had written to Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson the letter from which these present events were to proceed. It was a formal letter, a State document, written for him in language so dull that we dare not inflict it upon the long-suffering reader, but handling living issues in the true spirit of the Rhodesian policy. The settlement then made on the railway question, he pointed out, had brought South Africa to the border line of the larger question, for their experience of his three years of office had shown both him and his colleagues how many things could be settled only with the help of the other South African Governments. As no common authority existed, friction, delay, and failure attended all attempts to solve general difficulties. It was doubtful, for example, if there could be any settlement of the railway question between Governments which had no power to do more than state their views. The sum of it all was that the Governor was requested to submit these ideas to Lord Selborne, then High Commissioner for South Africa.

His Excellency, upon his side, wrote the able minute of January 7, 1907, first reviewing the railway dispute, and from that quarrel drawing the moral that as long as five Governments existed, with their own financial systems, their own courts of law, their own organisation of defence, their own policies on the natives, on cattle diseases, and, in short, on every public question, so long would friction of purposes and conflict of interests endanger the peace and the prosperity of the whole country. Even the

Customs Convention was no true settlement, but a mere compromise between five Colonial Customs policies, 'almost universally disliked, tolerated only because men shrank aghast from the consequences of the disruption of the Convention.'

This correspondence led directly to the Inter-Colonial Conference of the spring of 1908, which took the broad view that the questions before it involved closer union, and drew up a series of resolutions to that end. Of these, it is only necessary to say that they defined the constitution of the National Convention which Jameson returned to South Africa to attend. He had been elected as delegate for the Cape of Good Hope, along with eleven others, the Chief Justice, Mr. Merriman, Mr. Sauer, Mr. Malan, Dr. Smartt, Mr. Walton, Mr. Jagger, three Dutch Members of Parliament, and Colonel Stanford, an authority on native affairs. The chief of the five delegates for Natal was Mr. Moor, the Prime Minister. The Transvaal was represented by eight, including General Botha, General Smuts, Mr. Hull, Sir George Farrar, Sir Percy FitzPatrick, and General de la Rey. Mr. Fischer, Mr. Steyn, General Hertzog, General De Wet, and Mr. Browne were the five delegates for the Orange River Colony; and Sir William Milton, Mr. Coghlan, and Sir Lewis Michell represented Rhodesia, with the right to speak but not to vote.

We gather something of the doings of Jameson in this notable company in the letter he writes to Sam on October 25:—

'Secrecy is the order of the day, so there is nothing to tell. Still generally we are going better than I expected. All crooning like doves. Botha is the great factor and plays a capital game of Bridge. He dined with me the other night

and went away minus 70s. He, Steyn, and I are great pals—so the world wags. I expect to be here about another six weeks, and think we are pretty sure to get something through which the people will take.

'Charter matters and De Beers going better, so everything but the weather looking brighter. Beastly, muggy, wet weather all the time we have been here, but have managed to get a couple of days of golf in the rain on a miserable swampy nine-holes course. So Union is costing us some discomfort. After this I see a good deal of Kimberley and Rhodesia for me, besides, I suppose, preaching Union in the Cape. So probably won't get home till next year.'

We have another letter from Durban, dated November 6, reporting a month of useful progress:—

'We adjourn to-day,' he continues, 'to Cape Town, where another month should finish. I am going Free State and Kimberley in the interval. Things all round looking very hopeful, though, of course, there are still some minor fences to get over. Botha continues the most satisfactory and far the biggest of the lot. Of course there is the slimness to look out for, but he has less of it than any of his confrères, and far less than our pseudo-English —— and ——. Still we are all cooing doves. Steyn, too, is quite a surprise and he and Botha are the two factors for a decent British settlement. Strange but true. Funny that my main pals to get things through are Botha, Steyn, and perhaps Christian De Wet. Latter only the rough Boer stamp, but amenable and behaves very decently.'

Then from Cape Town on December 8, 1908, he writes:—

'We are steadily plodding on, and bar one subject shall get through fairly successfully—that is the damned capital question: just getting to the stage now when it can't be staved off any longer. This is where the selfishness of the natural animal comes in, and the intriguing powers of some

of our own crowd are beginning to show. . . . However even that may be got over, though it looks nasty. Beautiful weather and occasional golf make the time pass fairly pleasantly, and of course the discussions are really interesting—a great improvement on the dreary humdrum of the ordinary Parliamentary session. I have the House full at Groote Schuur of delegates and others—Lady George [Farrar] among the number. . . .'

Again he writes on January 7, 1909, from Cape Town:—

'Back again in Cape Town for the reassembling of the Convention after a round of Kimberley and the Rand—rather depressing in these times—especially the former. Though the market is better we are by no means out of the wood yet—with new discoveries and the obstinate Premier.[1] I see at the very best diminished profits for some time to come. Have Curzon and his sister staying with me at present. He very interesting. . . . The Farrars also staying with me and to-night coming to dinner, the Chief Justice, Fischer, Prime Minister of the Orange River Colony, Fitz, etc., etc., a fine hotch-potch; but that is all on the Convention lines. Still fences to get over, especially that damned capital question, but I am quite optimistic. Shall be glad when it is finished. . . .'

On January 21, 1909, Jameson writes to Sam that they are just plodding along and hope to be finished in a fortnight.

'The damnable question becoming crucial, and they are all so damnable about it—our own financial friends far worse than the Dutchmen; but I am looking for some solution

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[1] The Premier Diamond Mine. Rhodes would probably have had this mine but for the carelessness of one of his secretaries, Gordon le Sueur, who forgot to post a letter from Rhodesia instructing his engineer on the Rand to examine the property. The mine afterwards yielded the Cullinan diamond, and became a dangerous rival to De Beers until they amalgamated.

which will satisfy none of them. Apart from their getting their deserts that in the end will be the line of least resistance. . . .'

The Capital question about which they were all so 'damnable' was settled, as Jameson said, by a compromise which had the virtue of pleasing none. It was, in fact, very much the decision of Solomon in the case of the baby. The functions of government were divided between the three rivals; Cape Town to be the seat of the Legislature, the Supreme Court to go to Bloemfontein, and Pretoria to be the centre of administration. Moreover, the native question was left undecided, every Colony continuing its own system; and the electoral question was compromised on the lines of one vote one value; but upon the great question of Union there was neither postponement nor compromise: the four Colonies were given one Government and one Parliament, with full powers over the subordinate Councils which were left to the individual States, thus avoiding the pitfalls of federalism into which Australia so disastrously fell. Although Jameson had hardly dared to hope for more than federation, he accepted the principle of a Union with delight, and did all in his power to support the broad views of the united Transvaal delegation against the parochialism of the Cape and the fears of Natal.

On February 3 the Convention adjourned in order that the draft Bill might be laid before the Parliaments of the several Colonies. The Transvaal was known to be in favour of the Convention as it stood; but the British of Natal were jealous of their rights; in the Cape Colony Schreiner confused press and public with side issues, and Hofmeyr, hostile in

general but in secret to the broad lines of the scheme, opposed particularly and openly the provisions of three-member constituencies and proportional representation, which would have helped the British minorities in the territories of the Afrikander Bond.

Thus there was a fight still to be fought, and Jameson threw himself into it, as one who forces his flagging strength to a last spurt in a long race. On February 13, 1909, we find him writing to Sam from Kimberley:—

'I am off this morning to orate on Constitution at Grahamstown—hate it, must do my share.[1] Things going well in spite of Schreiner and Hofmeyr, and we shall get it thro'. The Dutch bogey is much exaggerated, and they are getting well split up amongst themselves. Of course they will be in charge at first; but that they are now, in virtue of the Liberal Government. The race business really has a chance now of disappearing, and even at first it will be a coalition, I expect. You will have seen that the railway is through. That and the tobacco success, etc., mean everything to Rhodesia which really is on its last legs, though finance for the next couple of years will want watching, and will amuse me much more than these politics, and give me much more time at home.' Then on February 22 Jameson writes that things are still going well, 'Hofmeyr "the mole," burrowing as usual; but he will be defeated, and funk really opposing in the end. I met him the other day—the first time since 1894, and had a long talk on the Constitution, and the above is what I gather. . . .'

On March 15, Jameson, then at Kimberley, believes that the Convention will be passed by the Cape, the Orange River Colony, and the Transvaal Parliaments without amendment, 'and as for Natal

[1] Jameson made a great speech on the draft Bill to a crowded meeting of his constituents at Grahamstown on February 15.

I am trying to persuade them to make her trust to her referendum,' and he goes on :—

'Have just been up to Pretoria to get Botha to squeeze Moor, which he will try to do. Bond really split on the question, but Hofmeyr section will have to give way, and that means a finish to his influence, which he knows and so is fighting in his usual secret way to the last ditch. It is rather amusing. Merriman, Sauer, Botha, Steyn, and I against Hofmeyr, with Malan openly on our side, but secretly not knowing whether he is standing on his head or his heels. Schreiner hating Hofmeyr but having to run with him against the rest of us. On your side I am afraid you are not going to get rid of Asquith, Winston and Coy. yet ; but perhaps another year of preparation for the other side will do no harm. Golf improving, and I shall beat you easily when I come home.'

On April 21 he writes :—

'I am not to get away as soon as I expected. Hofmeyr and Schreiner combination have been too much for Merriman, and we have been in the strange position of helping Merriman to keep his position so as not to delay Union, the object of Hofmeyr and Schreiner, because they know they can't break it. However, things are clearing up a bit. . . .'

On May 24, from Kimberley this time,—and it is the last of this long chapter of letters from the Cape —Jameson writes to Sam :—

'As far as we are concerned, the resources of negotiation were not yet exhausted, and I believe it is now quite safe to go through, and after all we have given up nothing that mattered. Proportional representation was an experiment —one might almost say a fad, and for the present certainly not suited to this scattered community. . . . The result is that Hofmeyr for one has been out-manœuvred, and is furious as a result. . . . Have had very little golf lately,

so you will have a good chance of beating me when I get home. . . . Will buy Midge's picture as you say it is good. . . .'

These letters suggest sufficiently what Jameson was doing, explaining the Bill to the Colony, and helping Merriman, his old enemy, to pilot it through the House. The chief opponent now was Schreiner—and his side issues. He had been a delegate to the Convention, but had resigned the work in order to defend Dinizulu,[1] and now he found an objection to every clause. The reply of Jameson in defence of the draft Convention was probably the ablest thing he had ever done in the way of debate. Moderate in tone, light in touch, now witty and now serious, it carried the House.

The session which began on March 30 ended on April 17 with the passing of the Bill, although with certain amendments inspired by Hofmeyr. The Parliaments of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony accepted the measure; in Natal, Parliament opposing, it was referred to a referendum, and in the end accepted by a great majority.

On May 3 the Convention reassembled at Bloemfontein. And here it might be the place to mention an incident characteristic of Jameson's instinct in politics. Nationalism was strong in the Orange River Colony, and resentment still smouldered over the loss of independence. Jameson placated this opposition by proposing that the old name of Orange Free State should be restored, a change which did not greatly matter now that the State was to be absorbed in a British South African Union. An excellent poker player, he always knew what card

[1] A sequel to the Dinizulu Rebellion in Natal in 1906.

to throw away, on the chance of drawing something better—which is one part also of diplomacy.

For the rest, certain of the Cape amendments were accepted; proportional representation—that brittle safeguard of minorities—was abandoned; the rule of one-member constituencies was adopted, and with these and a few other changes all the delegates expressed themselves content. The Convention came to an end at a quarter past twelve o'clock P.M. on Tuesday, May 11, 1909, its last act being a motion of thanks to the local Government for hospitality, proposed by Jameson.

A grace after meat! What were the Doctor's thoughts at that moment? Did they leap long years of ardour and agony and unimaginable labours to the little tin bungalow in the mining camp of Kimberley—to the burning face and the Saxon blue eyes of Rhodes, as he leaned towards him over the table, while the mouth uttered, with an apostolic fervour, the dedication of these two lives to 'a United States of South Africa under the British flag'?

CHAPTER XL

IN OPPOSITION

'Hope is the main thing in life, and my hope is to get out of the whole thing decently.'

THE amended Convention being now accepted by the Parliaments of the three larger States and upon referendum by Natal also, there remained only ratification by the Imperial authority. To that end the delegates went to England, where Jameson arrived on June 26, 1909. There was a good deal of negotiation to be done between the South African delegates and the Colonial Office, but as these on the South African side were mainly in the capable hands of the President, Lord de Villiers, they need not detain us. In August Jameson is at Carlsbad and has a long talk with M. Clemenceau, whom he finds 'very interesting and a great personality,' and in the latter part of that month he returns by way of Paris for a De Beers and a Charter meeting, before leaving for Scotland. On September 30 he is at Balmoral, there to hold momentous talk with General Botha, and broach his great idea of the 'Best Men Government.'

General Botha was by nature a moderate; by upbringing and natural taste a farmer, with progressive ideas on the breeding and care of stock; in mind deliberate and shrewd. He had fought bravely and honourably in the South African War; had no love

of Kruger or Krugerism; liked Englishmen and the English country life, and his idea of politics was material progress, a flourishing Johannesburg as a good market for the Dutch farmer, with the reservation that should there be a difference the Dutch farmer was to have the last word. Like Jameson he had seen the dangers of racialism, but had dismissed the idea of a Coalition as impossible, knowing too well the prejudice of his own people, yet Jameson's arguments almost over-persuaded him.

For Botha was reasonable and Jameson had reason on his side. In the Convention the statesmen of both races put away racial feeling, but in the country it still ran high. The Dutch were certain of a majority in the new Parliament; so much was inevitable from the distribution of seats. But if they seized that advantage what followed? An administration on racial lines to stereotype the quarrel which General Botha, like Jameson and Rhodes, sought to end.

But, unfortunately for these hopes, the instinct of race, and the animosities it breeds, are strong and deep in the breast of man. Botha must have pointed out to Jameson the great difficulties in the way of his settlement, and letters from the Cape confirmed Botha's fears. A storm of racialism threatened to wreck the craft of Union even before it was launched, and so the indomitable spirit must once more drag the worn-out body back to South Africa, or risk the loss of all those freighted hopes. On October 19 Jameson writes to Sam a short note from 2 Down Street, Piccadilly: 'This batch of letters,' he says, 'makes me sail on November 6 instead of December. I must put in an appearance before the Parliament rises or chuck the whole thing. Merriman is in a

hell of a mess, and some of my people are getting restless, then Hofmeyr's death emphasises things, so I must go ; but damn them all.'[1]

Jameson arrived in Cape Town on November 23, 1909, and that very afternoon was in Parliament. On December 7 he writes to Sam from Groote Schuur:—

'I am off to-night by boat to Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown, Kimberley, Transvaal, and Natal, about a month's trip, to see how the land lies. It is a mixed problem, but I suppose will end in the old two parties. If so we should have a very respectable opposition. In the meantime Botha writes me that he is anxious to go on the lines we talked over in Scotland. I shall see him shortly and then will know how much to believe. All the same I wish I was at your end. The Lords have certainly begun well, and Asquith, etc., or rather Lloyd George, seem to be putting their feet into it more and more. The threat of financial chaos, general Billingsgate, etc., must be bad party tactics.'

By the latter part of December he was in Johannesburg, and on the 29th of that month visited Pretoria. The Johannesburg newspapers, evidently on a hint of what is going forward, are 'doubtful if Botha could bring the back Veld to agree.' Botha, in fact, liked Jameson's ideas but was afraid they would not work. If, however, he could persuade the others that he was right Botha would go in with him: otherwise not.

Jameson did what he could. He interviewed President Steyn in the Orange Free State ; Mr. Moor and his colleagues in Natal. On January 14, 1910, he was back in Cape Town doing his best with Merriman and Sauer. He even set in motion the

[1] 'Onze Jan' had come to England as one of the delegation, and died suddenly in London on October 16, 1909.

lethargic Schreiner, whom we find flabbily advocating a non-party Government at Queenstown on January 15.

But Merriman looked at these matters from a severely practical point of view, resting himself on his title as the senior Prime Minister of the senior Colony to succeed to the Premiership of the Union. As for Best Men Government, were there not enough best men on his own side, and was he not chief of them? Jameson ardently expected General Botha in Cape Town to help in the process of persuasion. But Merriman was mulish; he committed himself publicly before Botha arrived. 'All this talk,' he said, on January 22, 'about Coalition seems not only foolish but positively mischievous. Existing parties form the only basis for the parties of the future.'

'We are still hung up,' Jameson writes to Sam on January 24, 'and I am sick of negotiations, travelling, etc. However, this week should finish matters one way or another. Botha comes here to-night as he promised—in fact he has behaved perfectly straightly with me all through; but in the end, if I was betting, I should say he will go with his own people—the line of least resistance, and being a Dutchman—and we shall have to do our best in opposition. In Cape and Transvaal we shall do well, but from my visit to Natal I find they are still of the pure grocer variety—ostensibly British but really in Botha's pocket as the dispenser of good things. A miserable crowd who are not fit to run a Town Council, not to speak of responsible Government. Golf is the only really straightforward thing and I am getting better and making quite an income out of golf balls with Walton and beat Walton every time. George (doubtless Sir George Farrar) is staying with me this week like a bear on hot bricks about Coalition from funk of his people, but I expect will do what he is told if there is any chance of bringing it off, etc.'

On January 27 General Botha, Mr. Merriman, and Abraham Fischer, the Prime Minister of the Orange Free State, met together at the Treasury Office in Cape Town. Both Fischer and Merriman were opposed to any idea of a Coalition or a Best Men Government. On February 5 Merriman made another speech denouncing any one who dared to question the perfection of the party system. On February 9 Jameson writes to Sam: 'I have not given up all hopes of getting Botha ultimately to work with our party even if we can't do it with the first Unionist Government. Merriman is evidently asking to be made Prime Minister, and I open the ball on the other side on Friday and shall have to hammer Merriman freely then, etc.' The meeting at the City Hall at Cape Town on February 11 to which Jameson here refers was, by local report, 'one of the largest and most representative meetings' ever held in South Africa. Every seat had been taken fully three-quarters of an hour before, and upwards of 2000 people were left outside. Jameson, we are told, held the audience as with a spell, through a closely-woven piece of reasoning, relieved only by a characteristic shrug and habitual use of emphatic forefinger. It was an admirable speech, easy, good-humoured, ironical, bantering Merriman on his many inconsistencies and on his ominous agreement with Hertzog, and pleading for a non-party Government drawn from both races, to follow the illustrious precedent of the first administration of the Dominion of Canada. He had to admit, however, that Merriman had put an end to all hope of a non-party Government. It was the more lamentable as he was confident that Botha, Merriman, and himself could sign the same set of principles for the govern-

ment of the country. But now there was nothing for it but to organise for the fight which they had not invited. Yet they, on their side, would not shut the door; there was, in fact, no door to close, their object would be to support General Botha against the racialists on his own side.

Thus the early promise of the Convention was disappointed, and the two races in South Africa returned to their tents, and yet with a certain shamefacedness, for we find Mr. Merriman at Malmesbury on February 17 complaining that 'I have been attacked for what I have said by a gentleman for whom I have the very greatest personal friendship.' A change indeed from the language of old days! Jameson had at least uprooted the flag of bitterness from the land of the Cape; but it was growing and spreading farther north. In the Orange Free State General Hertzog, the Minister of Education, was attempting to force 'compulsory bi-lingualism' on a country hitherto well content to go on 'uni-lingual lines.' The Nationalist aimed to change the growth of years at a single stroke. He not only made the teaching of both tongues compulsory, but knowledge of both the principal test for teachers; dismissed the heads of the Education Department and forced several hundred teachers to resign. Although none were left to fill the places of those who had gone, Hertzog threatened to extend this system to the whole of South Africa.

Now elementary education under the Union Convention was a provincial subject, and the Convention had intended equality between the languages, but no compulsion. Botha was all for the spirit of the bargain, but to restrain the vehement nationalism of Hertzog and his fanatics was beyond his power. All hope of

agreement being at an end, Jameson was as keen as any to uphold his own side. A great Conference of his party met in the Town Hall at Bloemfontein on May 23, and next day Jameson announced that they had formed the Unionist Party of South Africa.[1] And here he defined the policy which, as Leader of the Opposition, he was to follow. It was to oppose racialism, to work for the progress of South Africa, and to support General Botha against the extremists. On May 30 he writes from Kimberley: 'Bloemfontein Congress a success, but that very success keeps me here longer. Botha doing what I expected, but that does not militate against the fact that the Dutch are defeated and he will have to look to us for help against his own people.' At the beginning of June Jameson is again at Pretoria, this time as the guest of Lord Gladstone.[2] And on June 8 he is at Johannesburg expounding the principles of his party to a Progressive Conference, and incidentally expressing extreme disappointment at the Constitution of the first Union Cabinet.

The new Government was, as Jameson said, on party lines, yet it contained such extremes within that party as suggested the breach which in the end

[1] The Congress originally arranged for May 9 had to be postponed owing to the death of King Edward VII. Jameson had written to Sam shortly before that he was having 'plenty of travelling and twaddling, which bores me excessively' (March 8), and on May 8 he wrote: 'The King's death very sad and more than sad from the public point of view . . . and . . . I have had to put off the Progressive Congress which was to take place at Bloemfontein to-morrow. The people are already there, and it may be difficult to work up another enthusiasm a fortnight hence, but I must try and have a "tomash" as a last effort before Gladstone sends for his Prime Minister on June 1. I am still travelling round and likely to be so for some time. Go to Cape to-morrow, and after twaddling to Selborne and Gladstone must start this Congress and then the weary electioneering.'

[2] Lord Selborne having returned to England, Lord Gladstone had been appointed the first Governor-General of the Union of South Africa.

took place. Botha was Prime Minister. Merriman had declined to serve under him, but Sauer had no such objections and became Minister for Railways. Malan was Minister for Education and Smuts Minister for Defence. Burton had Native Affairs; Hull was Treasurer; Abraham Fischer, Minister for Lands; D. P. de Villiers Graaff, Minister for Public Work; F. R. Moor, who had been Prime Minister of Natal, was in charge of Trade and Commerce. His Natal colleague, Dr. Gubbins, was Minister without a portfolio, and Hertzog was Minister for Justice.[1]

Jameson chose an unusual rôle as Leader of the Opposition, to support the Prime Minister against the extremists of his party. As, however, it was improbable that a purely British party could ever hope to govern South Africa, his policy was wisely conceived in the interests of his people.

It had this implication, that General Botha and Dr. Jameson remained very good friends, in essence rather colleagues than opponents. We find Botha at Pretoria on June 14 giving his supporters a full account of the negotiations between himself and the Leader of the Opposition, and this liking between the two shines through the statement. 'Dr. Jameson,' says Botha, 'made out a very strong case for the Coalition,' but also, he continues, 'made a very strong impression upon me personally, and most decidedly brought me nearer to him at these discussions. It appeared to me very clearly what a fair, reasonable, and friendly attitude Dr. Jameson

[1] On the point of seniority and also of experience Lord Gladstone might have been expected to call for Mr. Merriman, who complained that he had been treated by the Governor-General as Nelson had been treated by Hood after the siege of Bastia, but the plain truth was that Merriman, although he had been used as a figurehead by the Dutch, was in no sense their leader and had never won their confidence.

took up in all matters.' And he ended with a tribute to the good faith of the Doctor.

We get the other's view of this curious partnership in a letter to Sam of June 22:—

'Yes, Botha is stepping back more and more and we are gradually consolidating into a real party fight. I lunched with Botha at Pretoria last week and talked the whole thing out with him. It is the old story—he funked splitting up his own people at the start—hates most of his colleagues; but talks of getting rid of the old gang in a couple of years. I think he will probably come to grief in the process and told him so. Still he has been quite honest with me all through—only a much weaker vessel than I expected. Now I am off again on Saturday for what will probably be a three months' trip, through the Colony, Transvaal, and Natal, latter gradually coming right; so I shall leave it to the last to mature without outside interference. A beastly grind and shall do as little speaking as I can—more organising, which is the real factor in winning elections. I am now in Westbrook[1]—very comfortable, but, as you say, going to be pretty expensive. But that kind of thing is part of the campaign, and if, as I hope, it will only last for a year or so I don't mind spending a few thousands on it. Hope is the main thing in life, and my hope is to get out of the whole thing decently and carry out my original plan of Rhodesia and London.'

In July we find Jameson and Smartt touring the Eastern Province by motor car. On August 3 there is a great political meeting in the Wanderers' Hall in Johannesburg, at which Jameson reminds the Johannesburgers of the ideals of Rhodes which they were still to follow. Rhodes, he said, had told them long ago that it was his surroundings which had inspired his ideals—' an early manhood spent in the

[1] Westbrook was a pleasant enough house close to Groote Schuur, which had now gone to Botha as Prime Minister of the Union.

desert-like expanses outside Kimberley and under the majestic shadow of Table Mountain.' They had inherited a great cause to work for, 'one united, homogeneous people'—a cause which he opposed to the provincialism and racialism of the Hertzog party. And in particular he spoke of the education controversy and the three cardinal principles laid down by the Convention on which they took their stand: 'no compulsion, mother-tongue medium, and equality of opportunity.'

On August 9 Jameson spoke in Durban to a great meeting of nearly 4000 people, the largest ever held in Natal. And in this speech, which is on the same general lines, we find an interesting reference to the Raid. Paradoxical as it might appear, he said, the Raid was a blow struck for federation. It was badly conducted, badly organised, badly carried out, and every one who was punished in connection with it thoroughly deserved that punishment. But the motive was good, notwithstanding all the stupidity. The Raid was not to replace Dutchmen by Englishmen, for had it succeeded the new President on the list (which he had in his pocket when he rode in) was Lucas Meyer, President of the Volksraad, and the most progressive of Dutchmen. Such was the policy of Rhodes, and it was now the policy of the Unionists. If he could replace the present Government he would make not an English Government but a Government of the best men of both races.

Dr. Jameson left Durban on August 11 and went by Port Elizabeth to Grahamstown, where he held another crowded meeting as the candidate for the new constituency of Albany, in which Grahamstown was included. Here he developed the same line of policy. The Prime Minister, he said, was in a hope-

less position, in a minority in his own Cabinet. 'I know that he is perfectly at one with me in spirit. You ask, why not give the Prime Minister a chance? Certainly I will, and the only chance he can get is through the large Unionist minority, if not a majority.'

On August 24 he writes to Sam of 'speechifying and election troubles naturally increasing as we near the end. Of course the Government will get a big majority; but they won't be homogeneous, and I don't give them more than two years—then chaos, and Botha may be absorbed, and we may get our way or keep them from the last ditch, until he has to come with us in self-defence. He is naturally getting a little bitter in public, but I am on good terms with him privately. Saw him both before and after my Rand speech and discussed things amicably. . . . And my golf has suffered sadly through my election travels, but I am going to try a game with Syfret[1] next week and see what is left. Had a game with Harry Fuller at East London and he beat me.'

Then on August 30 Jameson made a great speech in the City Hall at Cape Town, and again in the same place on September 14, always making the same points: the need to support General Botha against the racialism of his colleagues. On September 7 he writes to Sam:—

'I am in the last week, thank God, and never another election for me, and the day after election I am off to Rhodesia for a month to do it thoroughly, so that immediately I can get away from Parliament I can put the sea between me and all the abominations. Hope I shall be able to go with you; but it all depends on how much jabbering they do in Parlia-

[1] Chairman of the *Cape Times* Company.

ment. . . . It seems as if I shall probably get in for the Harbour seat, which will land me in another row with my Grahamstown people, as I shall probably have to sit for the Cape seat to save it to the party. Nice prospect with all your dock voters on your doorstep—another argument for cutting the whole thing at the earliest possible moment.'

On the eve of the polls he writes :—

'Results of elections will be as good as we can expect. Apparently a very large majority against us, but we will have enough to keep them straight and break them up within a couple of years. . . .'

And on September 16 he writes again :—

'Thank goodness elections all finished and I start for Rhodesia to-morrow. We have done well—and the effect of the elections is to make the whole country enthusiastic about our line of policy. Of course they will be in a good majority, but that does not matter. Three Cabinet Ministers out and probably a fourth.[1] Cape Peninsula solid for us, etc. They will break up soon. After he was out Botha wired me thanking me for what I had said about him in my last speech, so you see we are still on friendly terms and will yet work together.'

The result of the elections proved the success both of Jameson's policy and his organisation. It was inevitable, of course, that the Government should have a majority, but General Botha himself was defeated at Pretoria East by Sir Percy FitzPatrick, and his colleague Mr. Hull by Sir George Farrar. Jameson was elected both for Albany and the Harbour Division of Cape Town.[2]

[1] Mr. Moor was rejected by the Natal constituency of Weenen.

[2] Jameson in the end chose to represent the constituency of Albany, and the Harbour Division went to Sir Henry Juta, a member of his party.

Then away to the North. On September 30 he writes from Buluwayo:—

'I am just off to the Congo to see if Bob Williams has been lying more than usual—going straight through there and back, as politics are so lively in the Cape that I must get back a fortnight before Parliament meets. . . . This country is going ahead splendidly, notwithstanding this beastly tick fever which we have now got among our cattle at Inyanga. Everybody cheery and hard at work—a real pleasure after the last three months of vapid nonsense of Cape politics—still my most sanguine expectations in these have been more than realised.'[1]

The first Parliament of the Union of South Africa met on October 31 amid what Dr. Jameson—who had returned from the North—describes to Sam as 'beastly festivities,' and there was a most unfortunate bout of what he calls 'jabbering' over education. There is evidence, however, that Jameson and Botha are working very happily together behind the scenes. Botha moves an amendment to refer the whole thing to a Committee and Jameson praises the Prime Minister for 'his usual function of pouring oil on troubled waters.' At the same time he makes a very good-natured but none the less damaging attack on Hertzog, reminding him of the words of President Steyn at the Convention, that Dutch was not to be forced down the throats of the children.

Among the New Year honours of 1911 were a Baronetcy for Dr. Jameson and a Knighthood for Dr. Smartt. It is said that both General Botha and

[1] It should be unnecessary to say that the unseemly reference to his old friend, then developing the great copper deposits at Katanga in the Belgian Congo, had a purely humorous intention.

General Smuts were shy of accepting the honours offered to them by His Majesty's Government. To encourage them Dr. Jameson and Dr. Smartt told them that they also would accept honours. But at the last moment the understanding fell through, Botha fearing the bitter comments of the Republicans, and so Jameson was left with a title which he certainly did not covet.

A sharp illness in March made his doctors insist on a change, and Jameson and Smartt together left for England on April 26. We hear of Jameson at Carlsbad in July. To his friend Smartt he writes on August 18, 1911, some little time after his return to London, that he is better in general health except for his shoulders, etc. He has decided, however, 'that I am not coming back to politics. Of course,' he adds, 'I must give decent notice to Grahamstown before Parliament. Don't you think Bailey would do for Albany? He could be made to spend money there and help the Party funds. Ask Hennessy what he thinks . . . he will loyally accept you as leader, taking up our line of friendly support to Botha, but absolutely still on the English side.' Again he writes from the same address, 2 Down Street, on September 2, that he has had to 'chuck my imitation golf for a few days' owing to a gouty eczema which had made his right wrist bad again, and 'makes me stand on one leg—very boring. . . . I am surer than ever that I am doing the right thing in the interests of the party as well as my selfish self in replacing the incompetent self by the competent you.' Neither Smartt nor the Party consented easily to give Jameson up, as we gather from a letter of November 3, 1911: 'Your cable I take to mean that good or bad result you still want me to come back, and in fact

if I don't it would be running away when you think the party is in a tight place, because of Botha's probably relapsing into the arms of Steyn. Therefore I cabled another tentative reply.' And he goes on to give a reluctant assent to the party call. 'Of course I will do all I can, but it will be a very poor all, probably like last session, a kind of sleeping partner with another supply of new and strange diseases.' And again, 'It does seem a hopeless business getting out of these damned politics, and it is particularly annoying that again I must appear as a complete liar and humbug on this subject, when God knows I am and always have been honestly anxious to get out of it, but I suppose it can't be helped. If only at the last moment Botha should do the 100 to 1 chance and chuck Steyn I suppose you would still let me out. I have begun again the injections with Dawson and neuritis certainly does not get worse.'

He leaves London for Edinburgh in November and goes to Biarritz in December. There also his health is still far from good, but he musters strength for the voyage to South Africa, which he undertakes in January 1912.

In the meantime events there had been going as Jameson feared under a system both partisan and racial. Hertzog and Fischer had been getting rid not of teachers only, but of many other servants of the Government who had the misfortune to be English, upon one pretext or another. The Civil Service, which had always been mainly English, was being remanned with Dutchmen, many of whom had no qualifications for the offices into which they were pushed. The Civil Service as a result was seething with discontent, and the whole country was

restless and disturbed. On February 15 Jameson in Parliament makes a protest against these changes 'in conflict with the spirit of the South African Act.' Again he claimed the sympathy of the Prime Minister; again he suggested that he was assisting the moderate Dutch to keep their own fanatics in order. Hertzog he described as a John the Baptist with an ideal, but the vehemence of this ideal had made him forget the bargain to which the two races had come in the Convention. Let them not try to make South Africa bi-lingual in a single year. 'We know,' he said, 'that if you feed a child on jam in moderate quantities he will like it; but if you push a pot down his throat he will probably never eat jam again.'

This protest no doubt had its effect on the Government, but it was the last effort of Jameson. On March 12 he had written to Sam, 'I am well enough, but have occasional bouts of seediness and rather more stiffening up of the arms; so I have almost decided to come away after the Budget debate in about three weeks; so I should be home by end of April and I hope ready to play golf with you. Still they won't let me resign; but at all events I should have a clear nine months to think about coming back.' At Wynberg on March 19 he told his followers that he could no longer lead the party, and proposed his friend Sir Thomas Smartt as his successor. On April 10 a party meeting reluctantly accepted the resignation. On the morning of April 10 he bade a sad farewell to Smartt and the Prime Minister, and sailed later in the day by the *Armadale Castle.*

'The shadow of Jameson's resignation,' says the writer of 'Notes in the House,' in the *Cape Times,*

'lay heavy upon all.' General Botha spoke with simple feeling of the loss of 'our friend.' 'From the day,' he said, 'I first met him a strong friendship arose between us, and to-day that friendship is even stronger. And after praising Jameson, both his character and his work, he said in that simple way which went to the hearts of men, 'I conclude by wishing him God's blessing.'

CHAPTER XLI

LAST DAYS

CECIL JOHN RHODES AND LEANDER STARR JAMESON

Auspice Caecilio, duce te, dilecte, profectis
  Africa, Leander, dat nova tecta viris.
Ille obdormivit; magno sed numine nata
  Terra memor retinet nomen et ingenium.
Hunc, freta transvectum vitae, mors jungit amico
  Heroum et sedi sidus adesse jubet.[1]

JAMESON was now at last really free of Cape politics, which we have plainly seen from his letters he had always hated; only the 'duty business' had kept him there so long. His ambition was now the Charter Company in London and golf with Midge and Sam. But his 'strange and new diseases' made life an intermittent agony. In July he is at Carlsbad, writing on July 19 to Smartt 'after twenty hours damnable pain and several morphia injections. But in paving the way to my getting out you may honestly tell our friends that I shall be an invalid

[1] D. O. M. translates his verses into English thus:—

Rhodes for our chief, Leander for our guide,
Through Africa we came and here abide.
Rhodes sleeps but dies not; daughter of his will
His country keeps his name and spirit still.
Leander's stormy seas are passed, his end
The starry home of Heroes, with his friend.

D. O. M.

MATOPPOS, 22*nd May* 1920.

for several months to come, if not worse.' On August 15, 1912, he is in Harrogate, sharing a house with the Marquis and Marchioness of Winchester, with another dear friend, Lady Muriel Paget, as one of the guests. In such good company he could be happy, but it is plain from his letter to Smartt of that date that he is in wretched health. 'Your politics,' he says, 'are in the lap of the gods, but you must get into combination with Botha against the Labour crowd. And to do this you will have to meet him a bit in managing his difficult people, and that means controlling yours. Fitz and Drummond in a chastened spirit ought to help you.[1] All this from the arm-chair in England you will say is piffle, and perhaps you are right. Make Hennessy resign my seat, and put up Bailey immediately latter comes out next month and Hennessy can resign my Cape clubs, etc.' On September 27, 1912, he writes from East Lothian, again to Smartt, that 'Botha is behaving pretty well, gradually summoning up courage to tell his people they must pay [for the Navy]. You ought, with patience, to bring about the combination. Just as in the naval question and the Rhodes Memorial question, he has to go slowly, but in the end he comes out, though he best knows how to bring his own people along. . . . Charter affairs so much in the melting-pot that I think I must give up the Indian trip this year and stick to London Wall.' And again he writes to Smartt on November 1, 1912, that he had been 'rather pleased with Botha's statement as to the necessity of providing for [naval] protection of ninety millions trade, and think it was unwise to let Long hammer him so

[1] Sir Percy FitzPatrick and Sir Drummond Chaplin.

strenuously.[1] If you were keeping up a real party fight with the purpose of succeeding him as a party it would be good business, but that is hopeless, as we hinted at the general elections. That being so, it seems well to foster any sign of good intentions, and after all we know that in subjects of this kind Botha must gradually get his people to come with him. They must be educated and we in decency must recognise that fact. A party attitude on the Navy must give the Hertzog element points against Botha, and tend further to throw the latter back into their hands. I have heard from Botha and seen Graaff. Of course you must keep the party together and keep up a strenuous fight on methods, but I am sure it would be good business if you would meet Botha often and talk and agree upon principles with him. . . . We must frankly acknowledge to ourselves that our best alternative is . . . to choose Botha rather than the Merriman, Sauer, Hertzog combination, and hope for the inclusion of our people with Botha's immediate party. The only way to lead to that is a frank, friendly, personal understanding between you, the leader, and Botha, and your main difficulty of course will be to keep in hand the extremists of your party, like Fitz and, in a lesser degree, the young men like Long. Great cheek the arm-chair lecturing you, but I know you won't mind my giving you my frank ideas.'

In the meantime Jameson, in spite of his ailments, had been going more and more deeply into Charter affairs. Since the death of Cecil Rhodes and Alfred

[1] Mr. B. K. Long, then a barrister and Member of Parliament on the Progressive side, now Editor of the *Cape Times*, in succession to Jameson's old and trusty friend, Sir Maitland Park, who died after a long illness, heroically borne, in 1921.

Beit the Company had drifted without leadership or policy. Jameson's first task was to organise a competent government. To this end he worked for the appointment of a Committee of All Time Directors.[1] 'Just a line,' he writes to Sir Lewis Michell on January 10, 1913, 'as you will hear all news from Maguire.[2] We have had a strenuous time since you left but are getting fairly under way on a business basis. Fox, Malcolm, and Birchenough make a good Committee, but as one of them is to be always in Rhodesia I want a fourth. . . . The presidency, as you know, is in abeyance. My idea of course is Grey, and I have said so.'

When things had gone thus far, the Duke of Abercorn, the President of the Company, died, and it was plain to all that only Jameson could succeed him. On February 27 he was asked to take the chair at the general meeting, and in his speech the shareholders at once recognised that touch of genius and inspiration lacking since the death of the founder.[3]

The election of Jameson as President of the Chartered Company was inevitable. He himself would have preferred Earl Grey, but the opinion of the Company was decisive, he was duly elected, and thenceforth the Board had again a policy. Jameson saw very clearly, as Rhodes had foreseen, that Rhodesia must

[1] The whole-time Executive Committee consisted of three Directors, Mr. Dougal Orme Malcolm, a Colonial Office official with experience of South Africa, Mr. Birchenough, and Mr. Wilson Fox, who had been General Manager and was promoted to the Board.

[2] Mr. Rochfort Maguire, then Vice-President of the Company, had gone out to Rhodesia on a visit as representing the Company, taking with him the Directors' statement of policy of 1913.

[3] 'Just come back from the meeting,' Jameson writes to his brother on the 27th, 'which went off very well. They voted all we want and did not heckle.'

some day enter the Union, and redress the balance. Therefore he wanted a stronger and a bigger Rhodesia with closer settlement, material progress, and a good understanding between Company and settlers. The chief thing was to get people on the land, and that was no easy matter, for as Rhodesia had a black population the only sort of settlers in the least likely to survive were men with capital who could organise the black labour in large farming operations. One of the Executive Committee whom Jameson liked and trusted most, Mr. Dougal Malcolm, went out to expound a scheme, which in brief was the creation of a Land Board to finance the sale of land to settlers upon long and easy terms, to be administered jointly by the Company and the representatives of the settlers.

Jameson with Wilson Fox and Hawksley followed Malcolm. On November 26 he writes from Buluwayo :—

'Pretty hot weather, but I do well with it. Plenty of deputations and little bothers, but I am steering pretty clear of functions and intend to get out of it if I can with one big meeting before I leave. That ought to have more effect at elections than being constantly on tap.'

Curious to think of Jameson going over that great country after so many years—nodding to an old acquaintance in the streets of Buluwayo, 300 feet wide because he had laid them out himself so that 'a bullock team could turn anywhere'; where Thomson had cut out the fleet horse from the harness of his cart, there were the first trees of the mile-long nursemaid-shading avenue; where in the goat kraal he had wrestled with the King for days in debate, and cured the royal gout, where he had held his own

in the perilous game with savage indunas and hostile *concessionaires*, where he had been arrayed in the savage insignia of the feather cloak, the shield and the spear, there was now a pleasant garden with trim box hedges, and the white walls of Government House shining through the shrubbery. And in those great tawny plains where he and his servant, Garlick, had fought wild dogs, or made fires to keep off lions, the smoke rose from English homesteads, and Hereford cattle grazed in peace. The savage land had become a civilised colony, with its towns and railways, its mines, its commerce, and even its industries. And, sad to say, there were also its politics, for there were now 30,000 white settlers, many of them with a grievance against the Company, all of them keen to debate questions of policy and government—an active, alert, energetic people, with the confident, arrogant views natural to young communities.

They came to Jameson, the old pioneers, and Jameson greeted them in that drily humorous way of his own: 'Hullo, Bill!' he said to one, 'you have got damned ugly since I saw you last.' To another who came full of grievances, after listening in silence for ten minutes, 'And now, Tom, don't you think you are a —— fool?' And Bill and Tom went away swearing that not for years had they heard such wisdom and common sense in Rhodesia.

The great event of the trip was the meeting in Salisbury of December 22, 1913, at which Jameson came to grips with all the questions then at issue between Company and settlers. 'I am going to be perfectly frank,' he said; 'I am not going to adopt the tactics of the ostrich, who buries his head in the sand and imagines that another and prominent portion of his body is not seen.' And from these

opening words the settlers knew at once that it was really and truly their old Dr. Jim speaking to them as of old as man to men. By universal testimony it was a wonderful triumph. The Colony began by being hostile, but Jameson pulled it round by virtue of his humour and his courage. The unalienated land, he said, belonged to the shareholders. It had been suggested that he should hand it over to the people; 'but my answer to that is that I represent the Charter Company Board and the Board represents 40,000 shareholders. The property is not mine, and I have no inclination to go back to Holloway.' Then, logically and reasonably, as his manner was, he took his audience step by step through the great question of their political future. The Imperial Government had the opportunity of revising the Charter from the following year, 1914, twenty-five years from the time it had been granted. But the Charter would go on. Why? Because the alternative was absorption in the Union. 'The Dutchmen,' he continued, 'are great friends of mine, and I believe that the Englishmen and the Dutchmen will be mixed up in a heap together some day. But in the meantime let them settle their troubles down below before they come up here. We do not want their racial, their bi-linguistic, or any other troubles, to add to our own.' They were not yet ready for the Union. 'What is going to happen to this young vigorous Rhodesian child when it gets into the bed of that large and corpulent mother. . . . Your aspirations are going to be killed, and at the inquest next morning the verdict will be, overlaid by the Union.' He put the alternative before them of a greater Rhodesia, stretching from Mafeking to 300 miles north of the Zambesi. 'With that great State

before you,' he said, ' surely it is an inspiring thing, not only for you, but for your children and your children's children.' Better that than to allow their identity to sink in the vortex of the troubles of the Union, Asiatic, Native, and racial. '. . . Let it right its own affairs and allow you to develop your affairs, and it is in the lap of the gods in future whether we shall go to the Union or whether we shall not.'

A vigorous speech; but the weariness and sickness cannot be kept out of his letters. ' Got through first big meeting here all right,' he wrote to Sam; 'the audience were extremely good-natured, and I hope the only really bored person was myself. Things generally are going pretty well. . . . I believe they will vote Charter all right at the election.'

The speech at Buluwayo on January 26, 1914, dealt more with the business, the mining, and the development of the country. One sentence from his discussion of the land question suggests the spirit of the speech: ' There is nothing more attractive to a human being than having been able to convince himself that somebody else's property is his own.' Jameson was at home among his Rhodesians.

Sir Starr had to defend the Company not only from the envy of settlers, but from the hostility of the Colonial Office. The Company had always acted on the belief that it owned the land of Rhodesia by right of concession, conquest and occupation. Some it had assigned to the natives, some it had granted to the pioneers, some it had sold; but there remained great tracts of unalienated land, not indeed the best, the ownership of which Mr. Harcourt now made a bone of contention between the Company and settlers.

His first move was a letter of January 1, 1914,

addressed to the High Commissioner, suggesting that the question be made the subject of a Privy Council case, and offering on behalf of the Government, 'every facility for its determination.' The Company, upon its side, as the question had been raised, was willing enough to have it settled, and only stipulated that the decision should be final. It even waived all legal objections to the settlers, who in law had no sort of status, being made a party to the suit. It is not part of our purpose to follow the manifold intricacies of this case, which in the end was decided much on the principle of Æsop's fable of the two cats, the monkey, and the cheese. The land which had been claimed by the settlers and by the Company was declared to be the property of the Crown.[1] Sufficient to say that it upset Jameson's plan for land settlement in Rhodesia, for the settlers refused to come to any arrangement which they thought might possibly prejudice their title to the land, and so the Company's carefully arranged scheme fell through.

Then came the great war, making these and all other issues small by comparison. On November 13, 1914, Jameson writes to Smartt from London:—

'Yes, you are having a peck of troubles, but Botha will come out. The rebels can't have much in the way of ammunition and general supplies. It should only make the South West campaign slower. Still we were all wrong about the question of disloyalty. . . . What a tiresome speechifier Schreiner will make as H.C. [High Commissioner]. General idea that war will finish up at end of spring. Of course we will win, but most of us will be ruined in the process. The Government are damnable, but it is a lucky thing they are

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[1] It followed, however, as a logical, if unwelcome, consequence that the deficits of the Company became the liability of the Crown.

in power so as to ensure of loyal opposition. Dawson [his doctor] is sending me to Bath to-day for a fortnight.'

In the speech which Sir Starr Jameson, now President, addressed to the Nineteenth General Meeting of the Company on December 17, 1914, there is very little but war and the preparations for defence. In the north-east the Germans had raided the border, and Rhodesian troops were working with the forces of Nyasaland and Belgian Congo. In the south-west, where German territory projected a long tongue to the Zambesi, the Company's troops had occupied the Caprivi strip. Jameson was cheered to the echo when he said that 'practically the whole manhood of Rhodesia volunteered for service within or outside our territory.'

A bequest of £25,000 left to him, with thoughtful kindliness, by Alfred Beit, put him beyond all need, with his simple tastes, to consider ways and means of life, and in these latter years Jameson moved from 2 Down Street to the larger house of 2 Great Cumberland Place, which he shared with his brothers, Sam and Midge. There they were generally to be found of a late afternoon, Jameson hunched up in a huge arm-chair before a roaring fire even when the weather was warm, with his eternal cigarette, arguing more or less impatiently with one or other of his brothers on the political questions of the day. There were eternal arguments, not so much with Sam, who was much of Lanner's way of thinking, as with Midge, who, either from devilment or from a natural habit of mind, always and upon every question took the other side. Not that they were quarrelling, as might appear to the uninitiated; they were merely whiling away the hours of tedium and of pain now habitual to the Doctor, although he never spoke of, nor even

betrayed, his sufferings, except for an odd grimace or one of his favourite expletives. Golf became more and more difficult owing to a gouty eczema in the arms, but he contrived to play nevertheless, and was never happier than when wagering a box of new golf balls with such old friends as Jim Taylor or with Sam. He found delight also in the visits of various South Africans—magnates of the Rand, whom he chaffed unmercifully; Lionel Phillips, with whom he was again on friendly terms; Sir Percy FitzPatrick, and the rest. But his chief delight was when Sir Thomas Smartt came home with eloquent accounts of South African politics. This loyal-hearted Irishman, whose natural gift of rhetoric was carried into private conversation, was his perpetual delight, and it is recorded that even when they were together in the House of Assembly, or on a political platform, when the other was in his sublimest rhetorical flights, Jameson would be quietly and maliciously and continuously interrupting *sotto voce* with 'Oh! for God's sake, stop it, Smartt! Dry up and sit down!'—interruptions which Smartt took with imperturbable good-humour.

On January 22, 1915, in a letter to this friend, Jameson refers to pessimistic reports of disaffection among the Dutch.

'But,' he goes on, 'so long as there is an "if" I would not bother about the pessimistic view. Over here there will be practically no change for the next couple of months, weather and preparation of reinforcements preventing. Then things will begin to hum, and I still think it will be over in the summer. Damnable weather here, and with a good deal of rheumatism I am going to spend these two slack months in going to India, starting to-morrow and returning in end of March. Metcalfe and Jim Taylor are going with

me. The Government, especially our particular one (Harcourt ?) as damnable as ever, but our Charter is now on a level keel for the next ten years,[1] and except pin-pricks they cannot do us much harm. Hawk back at work—a little more obstinate and idiotic, but otherwise as before.' [2]

On May 21 of the same year he writes again to Smartt :—

'On the whole was rather bored in India, but am glad to have been there. It was hot at all events, and my chest had been bothering me. Now I am all right. The end of the war seems to get further and further away. Of course the usual muddling on a bigger scale. The eventual success, of course, is all right, and the rapidly coming compulsory service and its attendant advantages is almost worth the sacrifice from a national point of view. . . . The new Government at all events will have a sprinkling of honest men and will muddle along better. I dined with Asquith the other night in the middle of the crisis, and he was much more interested in his Bridge than in anything else. . . . But still, no doubt, he is the best man to run the new mixed show, that he is pre-eminently good at from long practice and no principles of his own to interfere. Botha's show is the only well done thing in the war.'

Again on August 17 he writes to Smartt :—

'Your cable only another evidence of the hopelessness of the authorities. I am going down to see Bonar Law about it this afternoon. It is our next hope, but even he seems to have been mesmerised into a semi-mandarin since the Coalition. Funny thing to say, but as far as England is

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[1] It had been renewed by the Imperial Government.

[2] This affectionate reference to Mr. Hawksley, the respected and beloved solicitor of the Chartered Company, must not be taken *au pied de la lettre.* He had returned to work after a serious illness. Broadly speaking, the measure of Jameson's love for his friends may be gauged by the strength and invention of the affectionate abuse he launched upon their devoted heads.

concerned, this Russian debacle is the best thing that has happened. It is even putting the fear of God into the Government, and I hope they will be punched into compulsory service in the next few weeks. The Balkans is the interesting point at the present moment and the only possible solution of this huge Dardanelles blunder. Lionel Phillips is very busy getting together a Committee and funds for a Hospital for the S.A. Contingent. That will be done all right. We are having great trouble with the Colonial Office about our war expenditure in the north. Bonar a little sticky, and the permanent staff declared enemies. Altogether life is not a happy one at present. . . .'

Jameson made one more visit to South Africa. He left with his friend Mr. Dougal Malcolm on October 23, 1915, with two main ends in view, one the organisation of the north-eastern border against the Germans in German East Africa, and the other the administrative amalgamation of all the Rhodesias. Jealousies and local interests stood in the way, and his scheme of a Greater and United Rhodesia had to be postponed.[1] He returned to London on February 16, 1916. Possibly the journey had been rather much for his health, and in March he underwent another, and this time a very serious, operation. At the Annual Meeting of the Company on April 6, 1916, Mr. Lyttelton Gell, the Chairman, had

[1] A statement concerning the amalgamation of Southern and Northern Rhodesia was made by the visiting Directors in the Rhodesian press on December 31, 1915. They pointed out the advantages of a single unified administration for the whole of Rhodesia, including the territory north of the Zambesi, the chief advantage to the settlers being that their voice would be stronger if it was the voice of a single community than if Rhodesia were divided into two territories. Moreover, the people of Northern Rhodesia, who were not yet sufficiently numerous to have their own Legislative Council, could join in the Legislative Council of the Southern Province. There would be a common law, for the law of Southern Rhodesia is Roman Dutch, whereas the law of Northern Rhodesia is English. There would be prospective economies, a stronger Civil Service, and other advantages.

to regret the absence of their President owing to continued ill-health, and from then on his friends noted a continually ebbing strength of body, although the spirit burned as brightly as ever, and his courage even in the darkest days of the war never faltered.

On May 16, 1916, he writes to Smartt:—

'This operation has been a devil of a business, and though it was very successful and healed practically by first [intention], still the irritation and stiffness of side persists and won't be right for another couple of months. At the same time it leaves me more or less "gaga" as to energy for doing anything, and only one advantage, it makes it impossible for the present for me to go into the House, which some of our friends are still urging. The point about the operation which I did not realise is the extent of the incision . . . which, of course, means a horrid tightening up of my fibrous tissue, which must take time and trouble to get over. The political position still damnable, but Asquith may come to grief over the Irish affair. Bonar Law's loyalty to Asquith has been a hopeless handicap. He has a backbone like Rosebery, I am afraid.'

These last letters serve to show the ardour of the dying man in the cause of his country. He was never too ill to listen to news from any of the battle fronts, and his chief delight was when some old soldier friend dropped in upon him with tidings of the war. He would even speak with envy of his old friend Sir John Willoughby,[1] who organised an armoured motor battery and took it to East Africa to fight under the command of his old enemy, General Smuts. Invalid as he was, Jameson forced himself to work. In September, 1916, the War Office formed a Committee which included representatives of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John, the

[1] Sir John Willoughby died on April 16, 1918.

Prisoners of War Help Committee, and the Indian Soldiers Fund, to take charge of the welfare of British prisoners, and Sir Starr Jameson was made Chairman. He had loyal colleagues, and if he had no longer the strength for such a burden, his insight and habit of quick decision were of service.

On December 31, 1916, he wrote to Smartt:—

'Your interview and Botha's subsequent speech most satisfactory. Hope you will be able to keep him continuously up to the mark, and especially before he comes home you must impress him to take the strong line on the peace terms with the Bosches, and not let him be influenced by the International Jews and his Radical friends over here.

'The change was brought about by the Northcliffe Press and the *Morning Post*, especially the latter, putting pluck into Lloyd George. . . . So far it is working well, and I really think they have got the best brains and energy available in the country. Milner is, of course, the main factor in the War Council, and I think we may say the whole show is being run by him and L. G. Altogether there is a clearing of the atmosphere since Asquith has gone. Every one more hopeful and feel that business is being done.'

On June 21, 1917, he writes again from the old address:—

'I suppose your session is about finishing with a grand finish off by Merriman as to his horror of his old friends the "back velders." Smuts, of course, has made a great hit, and from my talks with him I really believe he will be a considerable strength to our War Cabinet, which has lately been slacking off like all cabinets. Even our great stand-by, Milner, can only shrug his shoulders on the R. Macdonald episode, Tino, etc. In the old days he would have seen them all damned first before he would have agreed to any weak measures. Russia, of course, won't make peace, but she may be ruled out for fighting this year and we must

wait for next year for America to fill the gap. The one bright spot is Haig and our Army, of which nothing is too good to say. Tell Hennessy, Crewe, and Walton and Fitz I know I am a beast not to write, but really I can give no news that you do not see in the papers, and with these damned Committees one is sick of everything except going to bed. Old Michell is going wonderfully strong. . . . With love to Lady S. and the "puppies,"—Yours,

L. S. JAMESON.'

Then on September 25, 1917, he writes, again to Smartt, this time from 2 London Wall Buildings:—

'Michell left to-day . . . younger than I have seen him for a long time. He tells me Lady Michell writes that you were going to take a rest after the Session and it only lasted thirty-six hours. Do stop this rot, and vegetate at your beastly farm—the world won't come to an end if you do, but if you don't *you* will come to an end. Things very sticky over here, and even optimist as I am an ominous compromise looks more and more likely. Both naval and military don't seem to be able to get out of the playing for safety attitude. The order of the day seems to be no risks, and if that goes on the Hun will never be knocked out. It is all very depressing. I am going to Ireland for the week-end to hear from Dunraven what is going on at the Convention. I am afraid it is only a talking out [word indecipherable ?] to keep things quiet.'

And now the end was near. Jameson took to his bed on Friday, November 16. The neuritis from which he had so long suffered, the effects of malaria in Rhodesia, and dysentery in the trenches of Ladysmith, had gradually poisoned all the nerves of the body, and now took the form of attacks of almost unbearable pain. Once he said to his doctors, with the dreadful knowledge of an expert, 'Since

you have done everything to satisfy medical punctilio, cannot you give me something and let me go.' Sam had died the year before, but Midge,[1] a brother even more dear than Sam, was constantly at his bedside. One morning Midge thought the doctor's face and views more cheerful, and he whispered that there was hope of recovery. 'No,' said Lanner, with his old smile, 'thank God, there is no hope.' The pain left him as he grew weaker, and when he could no longer speak he could still recognise his friends and signified farewell by a little pressure of the hand. Thus he died on the afternoon of Monday, November 26, of the year 1917.

On the 29th of that month his body was laid in a vault at the Kensal Green Cemetery until peace should return to the earth. Then it was carried to Rhodesia and on May 22, 1920, laid in a grave cut in the granite on the top of the mountain which Rhodes had called The View of the World, close beside the grave of his friend.

> 'Thy firmness makes my circle just,
> And makes me end where I begun.'

There on the summit these two lie together.

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