

sentative of Rhodes—although, both being informants, his position had never been defined.

The arrangement might have succeeded well, for Jameson was easy to deal with. But Colquhoun, not having the gift of command, tried to make up for it by a show of authority. When he heard that Jameson and Johnson proposed to make their way to the East Coast, he dissented and at last roundly forbade them to go.

Johnson, however, went on with his preparations. He had brought with him a Berthon collapsible boat in three sections. This he packed in a wagon and sent on ahead in charge of two of his best transport drivers, Morris and Human, with orders to make the best of their way south-eastward to Massikessi, a Portuguese fort near the headwaters of the Pungwe River. He wrote, also, to an old Cape Town friend, Tom Anderson, to charter a tug and send it round to meet them on the East Coast. This letter was carried by despatch riders between 500 and 600 miles to the nearest post office.

The bullock wagon, with boat, kit, and stores, left Salisbury about September 20, 1890. On October 4, Jameson and Johnson had a parting dinner with their friends in the town, and next morning set out, taking with them young Hay, a Colonial farmer from the Queenstown district, and a Zulu boy called Jack. They had six horses, one for each man and three for packs. They carried flour, sugar, coffee, tea, a little bacon, salt, and curry-powder, but neither tinned meat nor butter, depending for meat on Johnson's Gibbs-Metford; but here they miscalculated. The country round Salisbury was without human population, no doubt owing to fear of the Matabele, and for that reason swarmed

with game ; but further eastwards it was populated and gameless.

They rode through open country by way of Marandellas, now a prosperous farming district, up into a wilderness of water-worn granite hills. From Marandellas on they struck cold drizzly rain, with the shrivelling east wind which blows there at that time of the year. Jameson had broken several of his ribs through a fall from his horse shortly before they started, and the fractures were still in plaster of Paris. He must have suffered during the ride, but he never complained. Jameson, says Johnson, 'was essentially a townsman . . . his best friend could not pretend that Providence had intended him for life on the open veld. One of the most pitifully pathetic sights in my memory is that of Jameson trying to light a fire in the rain on the banks of the Odzi River.' But his sense of humour never deserted him. It had full play over one queer incident early in the trip. The party were overtaken by a trooper—one of the Chartered Company's Police, who saluted shamefacedly, and said that he had come from Mr. Colquhoun with orders to arrest them and take them back to Salisbury.

'Damn the fellow!' said Jameson, 'I got him his job.'

After crossing the Odzi River the explorers passed through more broken country by the foothills of the Penhalonga Range. At the mouth of the Penhalonga Valley they overtook their wagon, whose spoor they had followed, outspanned near a small mining camp on the Bartisol lode. Here they unloaded the wagon, which could not compass the Penhalonga Range, and loaded everything on 'pagameeza' boys or carriers. Then Jameson and Johnson

climbed over the Range and went down to Fort Massikessi to interview Baron Rezende, the Portuguese governor of those regions.

Now the Portuguese were by no means happy about the occupation of Mashonaland. They themselves had had their gold fever, and had organised reckless expeditions into the Interior. But that was three hundred years ago, and since the heroic age of Portugal, when Francisco Barreto in complete armour rode out from the banks of the Zambesi at the head of his doomed and devoted followers in search of the Monomotapa, the great little nation had gradually declined, till now it was fain to content itself with the occupation of the coast and a few feverish forests and trading stations in the low-lying strip between coast and Central Plateau.

Yet a spark of the ancient spirit remained, and when Lisbon heard that Rhodes was busy with the occupation of a territory to which she also laid claim, a battalion of Brazilian Volunteers and some drafts of regular troops were sent to Mozambique.

Baron Rezende received the intruders with frigid politeness in his mouldering fort of Massikessi. When Jameson asked for permission to go through to the Coast he granted the request 'if we liked to take the risk,' but could offer them no help either in guides or carriers. 'We were not asked to stay the night in the Fort,' says Johnson, 'which Jameson had felt sure would be the case, but luckily I had brought along a couple of blankets, some biltong, coffee, and a billy in case of accidents, and . . . we spent a very cheery if chilly night under a bush near the head of the Revue River.'

They had overcome the only difficulty they feared—opposition from the Portuguese. To have had

to turn back and face Colquhoun—triumphant in his scepticism—would have been bitterness indeed.

The British manager on the *Bartisol* was, as Johnson informs us, a 'brick.' He sent off his own boys to the surrounding kraals, and they presently came back with thirty carriers, who agreed to go to the Pungwe River for so many yards of calico a head. It took four boys to carry each section of the boat, folded up and slung on a long bamboo; six more carried the four boxes; whilst the four oars, two masts and tiny sails made three more loads. With a good store of provisions from the wagon, tied in bundles, the party again set out upon their journey. Human and Morris waved farewell and turned back for Salisbury.

The party then crossed the Penhalonga Mountains, and made a wide detour to avoid Massikessi Fort, in case the Governor should have changed his mind. Here Johnson killed a magnificent eland bull, weighing, as he estimated, 1200 lbs., on which the carriers gorged themselves.

Next day they met General Machado, afterwards Governor-General of Portuguese East Africa, who was both courtly and friendly. At the sight of their horses he expressed his astonishment and admiration. For three hundred years, he said, the Portuguese had been in Manica, and never had they been able to get the horses through the country of the deadly tsetse fly along the coast. When Johnson heard that he could not get his horses beyond a certain point, he offered to sell them to the General and send them back from Chimoio. Machado was delighted, and he parted with the travellers upon the most cordial terms.

At Chimoio they left the horses with a native

chief, and plunged into a dense bamboo forest through which they marched for three or four days, until at last they came to the bank of a great river which the natives said was the Pungwe.

They arrived about noon, and for the rest of the day worked at fitting the boat together in a little shallow backwater, and packing her with carefully-selected stores. Then they paid off their carriers, and parted with poor Jack, their Zulu servant, who was certain that they could not get along without him. But since the boat, when loaded, had no more than five inches freeboard, Jack had to be left behind, and about midday the three white men pushed out upon the clear waters of the Pungwe amid farewells from him and the carriers.

The river here was about 600 yards wide; but as they went on, it split into mazy courses through channels and backwaters—from 6 inches to a foot in depth, where the three men had constantly to jump out and drag the boat through to deeper water. 'I should be sorry to say,' says Johnson, 'how far we dragged that boat the first day—probably as far as it floated—and we were very weary and wet through to the skin when soon after sundown we arrived opposite Sarmiento on the south bank of the river.'

Here Johnson, himself a hard man and used to hardship, observes: 'Not one man in a hundred could, or at least would, have stuck the pain that poor Jameson must have suffered during the ride from Salisbury, the broken ribs, not yet united, strapped up with plaster. However, the pain of riding was nothing to what he suffered when rowing with a pair of sculls. He had never rowed in his life, and we had no time to teach him, and I shall

always remember the splendid pluck with which Jameson stuck it and insisted on pulling his oar.'

The Intendente of Sarmento, 'a seemingly much-married half-caste,' received the party with kindness tempered with incredulity when they told him that they had come overland from the Cape of Good Hope. He gave them a house next his own on the eastern side of the village, and natives carried up everything from the boat, including masts, sails, and oars.

They placed everything under cover except the masts and the oars: even the sails they spread over the floor for a carpet; they took off their wet clothes and hung them up to dry, lying on their blankets in their shirts; and then Jameson began to write up his diary by the light of a candle stuck in an empty bottle.

Now the house was in fact a hut, like all the others in the town, made of dry grass tied to a framework of split bamboos. It appears that Jameson called Johnson over to see an entry he had made in his diary, and Johnson kicked over the bottle. The candle fell against the dry grass wall of the hut, which incontinently lit. Johnson made frantic efforts to put it out, but in vain. All Johnson had time to salvage was his writing-case and a rifle; but his writing-case flew open as he fled and bank notes to the value of £200 fluttered back into the flames. In the meantime the fire, blown by a strong east wind, spread from hut to hut, and within a few minutes the whole town of Sarmento had ceased to exist.

'It was a weird sight,' says Johnson, 'the flames making the river and surrounding country seem as light as day, the reports of the explosion of all my

Gibbs-Metford cartridges (less those in my bandolier) mingling with the screaming of the natives, and the snorting of affrighted hippopotami in the big pool just below the landing.'

They spent a poor night squatting under the lee of the Intendente's house, which being on the east had escaped the fire. The outlook was hardly cheerful, for they had lost almost everything they had, and so, too, had the Sarmentonians, who, as the night wore on, 'showed unmistakable signs of growing peevishness.'

By lucky chance, Johnson, when he stripped, had kept on both his bandolier and a belt containing some £90 in gold. Including these, the list of their salvage, according to Johnson ran :—

- 3 singlets.
 - 1 blanket partially burnt.
 - 1 odd dress slipper (Jameson's salvage).
 - 1 revolver without cartridges (Jameson's salvage).
 - 1 pair boots (Hay's salvage).
 - 1 7 lb. tin of Morton's icing sugar (Hay's salvage).
 - 4 oars.
 - 2 masts.
 - 1 rifle and bandolier.
 - 1 sheath-knife.
 - 26 Gibbs-Metford .450 cartridges.
 - 1 empty leather writing-case.
 - My wife's photograph partially burnt.
 - 1 sovereign belt containing about £90.
- } My salvage.

It was not a consoling inventory, for except the icing sugar they were foodless, and but for their boots, the one slipper, and the three singlets naked in an unknown and savage country. Moreover, the public opinion of Sarmiento evidently blamed them for the loss of the city, and an angry crowd, headed

by the Intendente, demanded compensation in unintelligible tongues, but with gestures whose meaning was plain.

Fortunately Johnson's money belt saved one part of the situation. With a gesture which gave dignity to his nakedness he handed the Intendente twenty golden sovereigns, and the manner of that official instantly changed. He cursed his people, who pressed around, for their importunity, almost wept over the white men's misfortune, which he now ascribed to Providence, invited them into his house and laboriously inscribed a document 'To all officers of the Government of His Most Catholic Majesty the King of Portugal,' inviting and commanding them to be serviceable and polite to these 'very distinguished people' who 'whilst travelling through his district had been overcome by an act of God.'

And so, after an unseemly little scuffle at the landing-stage with some natives who had not shared in the compensation, they once more embarked and pulled out on the river.

They rounded the first bend in silence, and then, says Johnson, 'rested on our oars and "appreciated the situation," ending, I remember, with roars of laughter as we saw the funny side of things.'

The humour of it was that they had started from Salisbury 'rather with the idea of impressing any Portuguese we might meet' with their wagon and fine oxen, their good horses, Berthon boat, etc.; etc., and now here they were, unshaven, disreputable, nearly penniless, nearly naked ragamuffins.

As they went on the river grew wider and the islands larger, till it was difficult to tell which was mainland and which was island. But Jack the Zulu before he left had winnowed out for them

information that the river had two main channels, the southern being the more direct and frequented. The African sun now high in the heavens, grilled the heads and unprotected bodies of the travellers almost beyond endurance. Presently they saw twenty Egyptian geese sitting on a sand-bank, and by careful stalking Johnson managed to shoot one. Then they paddled on in search of a place of rest and refreshment.

Once again the channel deepened and narrowed till they shipped their oars and drifted between the winding banks. Then Hay, steering in the bows, gave a shout, and Johnson, who had been pouring water on their heads, saw that they were nearly atop of a herd of buffalo dozing with their noses just out of water. Grasping his rifle he jumped out of the boat and plunged into the river. He clambered up the bank as the buffalo were floundering out on the opposite side, aimed at the nearest, a big cow, and the bullet struck her square in the root of the neck. She had but strength to drag herself clear of the river and fall dead on the bank as the rest of the herd lumbered off.

'As quickly as possible,' says Johnson, 'I cut off about 100 lbs. weight of prime cut, including the tongue and some liver for an immediate meal.' Then they pushed on to the shade of the first big tree and halted.

Now the problem was to make a fire without matches or a glass lens. But Johnson used a dodge from the old hunting days. Taking a cartridge he removed the bullet and wads, threw away all the powder except enough to cover a sixpenny piece, which he carefully poured back into the cartridge case. Then he cut the driest piece of his singlet and

stuffed it into the case above the powder, made a little heap of dry grass and sticks on the ground, and fired his rifle into it. This is a delicate operation, for either too much or too little powder means failure; but at the third attempt he succeeded. The piece of cloth was shot out of the rifle a glowing tinder. Johnson carefully heaped upon it more dried grass and minute chips of dry wood, blowing gently the while, till he raised a cheerful fire and the buffalo liver and tongue were roasting in ashes.

The food appeared delicious, and after a heavy sleep they felt mightily refreshed. Then in the afternoon they embarked again, between well-defined and heavily-wooded banks.

The moon rose; they made good progress down stream. 'The silence of the evening was broken only by the feathering of our oars, and by the splashes of crocodiles as they rushed off mud banks in the inner bends of the river on our approach, or by the resentful snort of the hippopotami.' It was a pleasant interval of coolness and of calm.

The night wore on, and at about eleven o'clock as they guessed—being too tired to row—they decided to land. But it was a difficult business to get ashore, for the banks were densely covered with huge tropical creepers. At last, however, they reached an old, well-worn hippopotamus trail up the bank on the northern side, and found the country on top comparatively open, save for a few very large tropical trees. So they made the boat fast to a big creeper, and scrambled up the bank with their scanty belongings.

At the first halt they had cut some of the buffalo beef into very thin strips, first partially drying them

in the smoke of the fire, then hanging them in the wind and sun. They had also woven a basket of palm leaves, which they lined thickly with mud, and in this they put the remains of their fire, and they fed it with dry sticks.

Thanks to Johnson's wise precautions, they had thus both fire and food, but neither bed nor blankets, nor any protection from the mosquitoes 'of a bulldog breed' which now attacked them.

Presently they heard the roar or rather grunt of lions not far off. For a while they comforted themselves with the belief that they were safely on the island called 'Mdingee-Dingee' between the two branches of the river. But they had lost their bearings among the many islands just below Samento, and were really going down the long north branch of the Pungwe. They were therefore upon the mainland between that river and the Zambesi, one of the most lion-infested countries in Southern Africa.

The calling of one lion to another grew nearer and nearer. Then they saw three lions moving near some bushes within fifty yards, and 'obviously taking a more than passing interest in us.' As the East Coast lions had the reputation of being bolder than those of the interior, Major Johnson thought it wise to spend three of his remaining twenty-one cartridges—very carefully aiming high so as only to scare.

The beasts disappeared; but the roaring continued, and the noise of the rifle shots raised a pandemonium in the river, where innumerable hippopotami bellowed and splashed, while jackals and night birds in the surrounding gloom added their infernal noises.

‘As poor Jameson used to say, we could always repeat that night—if we were lunatics enough to wish to do so—less the mosquitoes—by sitting out in singlets under a tree, by a smoking fire, in the moonlight on the patch of ground at the end of the old bear terraces in the Zoo and arranging for all the animals to be let out under the impression that a meal was waiting for them in our vicinity.’

Their next visitor was a hippopotamus bull, enormous in the moonlight as he walked slowly round in narrowing circles, evidently consumed with curiosity. He was within twenty yards when Major Johnson deemed it wise to stop him with a bullet, lest he should tread upon them. With a bellow the beast rushed down the trail at the bottom of which lay their Berthon boat.

The watchers’ hearts leaped into their mouths as they heard the plunge; but fortunately the *Pioneer* had swung out to the end of her moorings and escaped unscathed.

At this point they judged it better to resume life afloat, and, gathering together their fire-basket and other goods, got aboard. But the boat was ill-adapted for sleeping purposes owing to the seats, which acted as stretchers and kept the sides from collapsing. Still two men managed to curl up somehow and sleep while the third stood watch. The river seemed alive with hippopotamus, and the air resounded with their splashing as they left the river to feed or returned to the water. One big-tusked bull came within ten feet of the boat before he satisfied his curiosity, but the *Pioneer* rode safely through the uncomfortable night.

On the first streak of dawn they untied the painter and resumed their down-stream journey. The river now flowed in a clearly-defined channel 200 yards

wide through the great 'flat' or plain, 90 miles across, which divides the Pungwe River from the Zambesi. Here the travellers saw vast herds of big game—chiefly buffalo, water-buck, blue wildebeest, Burchell's antelope, zebra, and Lichtenstein's hartebeest. But as they had plenty of meat and few cartridges they left the game alone and pressed forward until the sun compelled them to seek shade.

Johnson stood the sun pretty well, as he had long before accustomed himself to hunting in his shirt; but Jameson's condition was rapidly becoming alarming, for his skin was more tender and the sunburns turned into great blisters. Now, however, there was no tree in sight for miles, and the travellers were fain to seek refuge under a noisome grass shelter which had evidently been used by native fishermen or hunters some time before.

At three in the afternoon they resumed their voyage, rowing hard with a strong current. Then they rested for a few minutes on their oars and drifted lazily on, admiring the scene. Swallows skimmed the peaceful water, whose surface was broken only now and then by a jumping fish or a swirl as one of the innumerable crocodiles, floating eyes-out in the lazy afternoon, sank before the nearing boat.

Suddenly from the distance ahead came a dull, low roar—like distant thunder; and round the bend a bare two hundred yards away surged a great, white wave or curling breaker. It was a tidal bore—such as sweep up the long estuaries of many of these rivers. The voyagers would have made for the bank; but it was too late, so turning the *Pioneer* head on, they took the full force of a breaker three

feet high. They were nearly dashed out of the boat ; the fire-basket went overboard ; and the boat was awash, but fortunately she had double sides, and the air space between them just kept her afloat.

They improvised a bailer out of the icing-sugar tin, and, holding on to an overhanging bough, managed to get a good deal of the water out of her. Then they rowed slowly until they came to a little native village of grass huts, which—according to the custom of the country—were perched upon poles ten feet high to keep them above the floods of the rainy season.

Here the travellers were hospitably received, and traded some of the meat and empty cartridge-cases for handfuls of millet, which they boiled in an earthen pot given them by the natives. Thus refreshed, they waited for the tide, and with a bright moon and a six-knots ebb to help them set out again. Rowing hard, they passed the junction of the northern and southern channels, just above the little Portuguese settlement of Nunes Ferreira, hardly to be distinguished from the native villages. They now kept close to the north bank, along which for hours they had deep water. But with the ebbing tide suddenly their sculls touched bottom and the boat grounded. Johnson got out and walked towards the middle of the river—here about a mile wide—and about five hundred yards from the boat found a channel some three feet deep.

He went back to consult with his friends. They deemed it unwise to risk straining the boat by hauling her over the sand, and so divided her into her three sections and then carried these one at a time, with the kit, to the bank of the new channel.

It was now early dawn. The bow and mid-ship

sections had been fastened together by Johnson while the other two were bringing over the kit. Hay and Jameson were in the act of placing the stern section in position, so that Johnson might fix the sockets and make the lashings secure. At this critical moment, to their horror, they heard again the sound of the on-coming bore. They held the boat head on until the wave struck her, and then scrambled aboard—an unpleasant position, out of sight of land in a swamped boat, one-third of which was wagging loose in the tide. Nevertheless, half drifting, half paddling, they at length made the northern bank; tied the painter to an overhanging branch, and all three, dog-tired, curled up somehow in their sections and fell asleep.

Johnson dreamed that he was drowning, and waking up found his head just above water. He had only paid out about five feet slack on the painter so that when the tide had risen ten out of its twenty-seven feet the nose of the boat had been pulled under water and she had filled again.

They cut the rope and drifted back upon the tide into the slimiest of creeks, where they laid up until the tide turned, about two hours before sundown.

It was a terrible day in the heat and the slime. Johnson and Hay to make fast the boat got out and worked up to the waist in mud—loathsome and full of poisonous-looking crabs and ludicrous little sea-horses, and all sorts of other weird crawling things. With the afternoon came a horde of the biggest mosquitoes they had yet seen, which vigorously attacked their undefended limbs. They seemed to be in the midst of pestilential and interminable mangrove forest with roots that coiled in the slime

like snakes. There was no sign of game ; their new fire-basket had been put out when the boat was swamped, and what remained of the meat was too high to be eaten raw. All they had was a handful or two of uncooked corn.

In the waning daylight, when the flood-tide had slackened off, they left their creek and paddled eastward. The river had now so far widened that it seemed like the sea. Large mangrove islands appeared, and among these the southern bank lost itself four or five miles away. ' We had started off,' says Johnson, ' weeks ago to find the sea, and I remember wondering, somewhat uncomfortably, what we were going to do with it now we had found it. The view looked very vast, lonely, and inhospitable, and the *Pioneer* in the midst of it all—chartless, compassless, waterless, and foodless—seemed to shrink into a mere cockle-shell.'

Then the breeze freshened up from seaward—sadly reducing their speed. They were weak and rowed languidly.

And now an amazing thing happened. Johnson saw on a narrow bit of horizon between two distant islands two tiny sticks, so small and so far away that they looked for all the world like two lucifer matches. The others thought Johnson was mad—' ship-mad ' they called it—but a black spot appeared below the sticks. There could be no mistake about it. It was a steamer—a steamer at anchor.

The night was falling, and they had determined to keep to the north bank. But they now observed with some anxiety that whereas the steamer showed a little to the south of east, the line of mangrove trees made a wide sweep to the northward. They could not see that the steamer was lying about three-

quarters of a mile off the low-lying island of Beira ; but took her to be well at sea about ten miles away.

In the gathering darkness they anxiously debated whether they should hug the northern shore or make for the vessel now lost to sight in the gloom. The night was cloudy and threatening. They were in two minds when suddenly out of the darkness shone a light—the riding light which the steamer had hoisted. Their doubts were resolved for them ; they steered for the light.

In a few minutes they had lost sight of the shore and were rowing in the teeth of a freshening wind, which made a nasty jobble against a strong ebb-tide. For a while they paid no heed to the drenches of spray ; but soon heavy splashes of water broke over the bows and the port side. The wind was veering to the north-east ; it was clear that they were in imminent danger of being swamped. Accordingly they made a new arrangement of their crew of three. Jameson went aft and steered ; Hay went for'ard and baled ; Johnson stayed amidships and rowed.

Then the steamer's light went out !

The first thought of these wretched mariners was to turn and make for the northern shore ; but the increasing sea made it impossible to live unless the boat was held bow on to it.

So bow on for an hour they laboured to keep her living. They had given up all idea of finding the steamer in the waste of darkness, and thought only how far they might be carried out before the tide would turn and bring them in again.

In this desperate situation Major Johnson rested a moment on his oars and peered through the spray

ahead. A dark mass towered above the boat. It was the steamer.

They shouted desperately, 'Ship ahoy! Heave a line quickly!'—and continued to shout. For a while there was no sound or sign of life from the steamer. Johnson says that his heart sank to zero as they passed along her hull. Then some one shouted from above, 'Below there!' and a line fell right across the bows of the little *Pioneer*.

'Five minutes later,' says Johnson, 'we were landed on board the *Lady Wood*, and drinking big tots of neat brandy. The strain of the last twenty-four hours—particularly the last one—was over, and all three were done in.'

* * * * *

Now when we consider that this story is truth and not fiction, we must count it an amazing circumstance that the party should so have been saved or have been saved at all.

When Major Johnson wrote to his friend Tom Anderson (of the firm of Anderson and Murison of Cape Town) he asked him to instruct the captain to cruise up and down between the most southern mouth of the Zambesi and Chiloane Island, both small Portuguese stations, and to look out for a flag by day and a bonfire by night. This the captain had done as best he could for twenty-nine days, although the sea was so shallow he could not approach nearer than between ten and fifteen miles of the coast, and every night the bush-fires blazed at various points along the shore. Still the captain had put in to the mouths of the Busi and Pungwe Rivers at least once a week for nearly a month, and had come that morning for the last time. Indeed, he had intended to put to sea before dark—for he had given up all

hope—but, going ashore for fresh meat, had shot a zebra late in the afternoon—just where the Beira railway station now stands—and had resolved to wait until next day so as to take aboard enough of the meat to last him for his voyage of four or five days to Natal.

As for the ship's light going out, it appears that it had been hoisted by the lamp boy; and the careful skipper when he came on deck had cursed the boy for wasting good oil so far out of the track of steamers and had ordered him to extinguish it at once.¹

* * * * *

When Dr. Jameson got to Cape Town he wrote to his brother Sam a letter so characteristically laconic, when we know what he had gone through, that he seems to live in it as much as in Colonel Johnson's narrative:—

' QUEEN'S HOTEL, SEA POINT
' November 11, '90.

' DEAR SAM,—Have received both your letters, for which many thanks. I am in splendid condition and have had a capital trip. Have had a good many people to see or would have written at once; shall leave by Thursday's mail for Kimberley, and probably wait there till Rhodes arrives. Till I get there my future movements are quite uncertain. Will write you fully then, and very probably be able to make out a trip to Johannesburg. *Re billets, entre nous* I have had rather a tiff with Colquhoun, who is an ass; but it makes me still more uncertain of my movements till I

¹ In the late war Major Johnson became Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson and was given command of the 26th Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment. He served partly in India, where he assisted General Dyer to put down the formidable rising of April 1918. To amuse his regiment he wrote an admirable account of his African adventures, which appeared in the *Royal Sussex Herald*, vol. iii. (Lahore, 1918). This chapter is little more than a transcription, somewhat summarised, of Colonel Johnson's graphic narrative, which he very kindly placed at disposal of the author.

have seen Rhodes. I have rather an inclination to take a trip home unless there is something to be done outside returning to practice. I am afraid I have got rather too restless for the last. Expected to see Blanche¹ at East London, but heard there from young Fuller she had left a fortnight before. Cape banks seem to have made a mess of everybody, and general financial conditions are rotten at home as out here. As to my shares, I don't know myself what I possess till I get to the office. In any case I believe in the country and its future, and unless very hard up would not feel inclined to sell at present, to say nothing of the look of the thing, having just returned and to a certain extent connected with it. However, this is all in the air till I know something more.—Yours,
L. S. JAMESON.'

On November 16 Jameson arrived in Kimberley, and from there wrote more fully to his brother Midge:—

'THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY,
'KIMBERLEY, *November 17, 1890.*

'This is short as have a lot of writing to do and hate it.—L. S. J.

'DEAR MIDGE,—Arrived here yesterday after a pretty adventurous journey over a partly unknown country—splendid health all the way, notwithstanding my previously broken ribs. Roughly we did 430 miles—on horseback 230—walked 50 and rowed 150. First portion natives had never seen a horse or a white man—generally an escort of one to two hundred natives from kraal to kraal, all very friendly. Plenty of game of every description—the walking was the hardest part to me as I hate it at any time. There were only three of us, and one had never had an oar in his hand, so the other two had to keep to a pair of sculls each the whole way—150 miles in five days and one night was pretty hard work, but I was in such splendid condition that I really scarcely felt it: the boat was one of these Berthon

¹ Sam's wife.

collapsibles in three sections about 14 feet long with sails; but we were never able to use them—having a strong head-wind all the way. The boat we had carried across to the Pungwe by native carriers. On the river any amount of game—crocodiles simply in hundreds every day—buffalo—hippotami—lions occasionally, etc., etc. At the coast we had a small steamer waiting for us, and then a beastly rough passage down the coast.

‘Rhodes is away, but will be back this week. My movements are quite uncertain till I have seen him. He offers me a very swagger “billet” in south Zambesia, really entire control. I am not sure about taking it till I have talked it over with him. In any case I shall either go up there or come home for a bit—probably the former. Will send some cash first if I do. It is interesting work and has a future in it which is attractive: I think I am probably done with practising and am sorry in a way, but have got into too restless a life to settle down to it. *Re* appointment above, keep it to yourself for the present. I am not even telling Sam as he has a tendency to talk and that does not do in these affairs till they are settled.—Yrs., L. S. JAMESON.’

CHAPTER XIII

JAMESON MAKES ANOTHER JOURNEY

' . . . and there they found many strange adventures and perillous.'

WHEN Jameson and Rhodes met in Kimberley in the latter part of November 1890, the two fell at once to the business in hand. As to the territory, we may be certain that their main preoccupation was the road to the East coast and the Portuguese who stood between. Without a road to the East they were beaten. They must get through somehow: they must have—as we now say—a corridor. And to get one must have been the burden of their counsel. But on the personal side there was Jameson's position to be considered. And here the result is best given in Jameson's own words:—

'THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY,
'KIMBERLEY, *December 1, 1890.*

'DEAR MIDGE,—Have had a week with Rhodes, and the result is that I have accepted his proposition and leave for Mashonaland and Manica to-morrow morning. While Rhodes is Premier, and therefore cannot go to Mashonaland, I represent him there as Managing Director with the approval of the Home Board and with absolute control over everybody. It is a large order, but I am fairly well initiated in the ins and outs, and think I shall be able to make a success of it. Helping to make maps has more attraction in it than even a good practice, and certainly has more possibilities in the future. Next year I shall be certainly on the move, as this includes not only Mashonaland

but the surroundings of the Charter's possessions, which I shall do my best to increase, in fact all the so-called Zambesia or, as it will be called, "Rhodesia."

'My address will be : Dr. L. S. Jameson, Fort Salisbury, Mashonaland.'

Three days after writing this letter Jameson left Kimberley and made posthaste for Mashonaland. There was reason. At Tuli he met the first hint of trouble in the shape of a wagon containing two Portuguese officers going down to Kimberley as prisoners of the Company. Mr. Mundell of the Company's police, who was in charge, introduced the prisoners, Colonel d'Andrada and Mor Gouveia. The two Portuguese gentlemen remained under the tilt in gloomy dignity, in offended pride, looking out upon the howling wilderness around them without appearing to perceive the intrusion. It was a situation which might have strained even the Doctor's nonchalance. Jameson jumped into the wagon and addressed them with all the charm and courtesy of which he was master ; but they refused to be softened, and although he gave Mundell a formal order of release, insisted upon being taken on to Kimberley.

After a journey of twenty-two days he arrived in Salisbury on Christmas Day of 1890. Here he 'settled everything with Colquhoun amiably,' and the settlement is described by Jameson himself in a letter he wrote to his brother Sam :—

'You ask about my position. Well, it is to stay here as Managing Director in Rhodes's place till he can come up. He has transferred to me his full power from the Board with the Board's cabled sanction. And my arrangement with Rhodes himself is, that if I like at the end of Colquhoun's

year, I can take over the Administratorship. This he offered me at once if I liked ; but I did not want it, and thought a change at present would not look well for the Company. Even afterwards I should rather Colquhoun stayed on if he turns out all right, as I should hate the administrative detail work, but like the general control work. Now Colquhoun's promise is limited to the administration of Mashonaland under my control — and all the outside political work, Manica, Portuguese, etc., etc., is mine alone. . . . Rhodes behaved well to me, offering me really anything I wanted ; but this was certainly where I could be most useful, and having given a couple of years to it more or less I should like to see the country fairly started and have a hand in it. Also it will probably give me some kind of a career, or at all events occupation for the future. I may be years here ; but will frequently have to come down-country . . . *Re* finances, of course if this is a success I shall come out well ; but in the meantime Hillier, who holds my P.A., will always have a little ready cash in case you want it.'

The rest of the letter chiefly concerns family affairs, and particularly Bob, who has pegged out his claims at Hartley Hill and is enthusiastic about the whole Umfuli District: 'It is bound to be a big diggings—the most extensive in the world, I think.' But there is an interesting note on communications, which sheds a retrospective light on his trip down the Pungwe:—

'The infernal long transport kills us. All the more necessity for our East route. To a business man you will understand its importance when I tell you we are at present paying £72 per ton from Cape Town to here and by the East route Johnstone [Johnson] would take the contract to land goods at Fort Salisbury from Cape Town for under £11 per ton, less than the Kimberley railway rate alone.'

They expected to have the East route open in April. 'The steamers for the river are ordered, and

I am now arranging about the land portion here. Portuguese are [giving] and will give us some trouble; but they brag more than they do. I think a peaceable occupation could have been obtained; but force having been used we cannot go back, and must make reason for it.'

There was indeed, at this time, an increasing trouble with the Portuguese, and force had been used for which, as Jameson puts it, 'we must now make reason.' We need not trouble to go so far back as Major Serpa Pinto's offensive on the Shire River in the early spring of 1890, which brought about the visit of British gunboats to Portuguese waters. That was but an early symptom of these later troubles. The Portuguese had remained supine upon the feverish coast-lands of Africa for about three hundred years, yet had certain trading and frontier stations as far up the Zambesi as Tete and at other points like Massikessi a considerable way from the coast. With these frontiers they had been content, and had never in the memory of man sought to cross the watershed and establish themselves on the high and healthy interior. When the Moffat Treaty and other signs of a British advance along the central plateau became known, the Portuguese made claims which were denied by our Foreign Office. Then the column arrived, and Selous pointed out to Jameson and Colquhoun the importance of Umtasa's country, which contained the eastern gateway of the new territory—the road through Umtali and the Penhalonga Range which Jameson, Johnson, and Hay were probably the first white men to explore. Umtasa's kraal was on the western side of the Penhalonga Range, while the Portuguese frontier fort of Massikessi was, as we have seen, upon the

eastern. Colquhoun and Selous together visited the Chief and secured the Treaty of September 14, and then Selous, whose interventions in the higher diplomacy were not altogether happy, rode over the mountains and gave formal notice of the concession to the Portuguese Commandant Baron Rezende—the same nobleman whom we have seen treating Dr. Jameson and Major Johnson with a certain reserve. Nor was Rezende cordial to Selous—as is perhaps not altogether surprising. Fearing attack by the Portuguese, Umtasa asked the Company for protection, and Colquhoun, who had left a garrison of one policeman, reinforced him with two small detachments of police under Captain P. W. Forbes and Lieutenant the Hon. Eustace Fiennes. On November 15 Baron Rezende and Colonel d'Andrada with a considerable force took possession of the kraal. But Forbes and Fiennes, who had only about thirty men, arrested the Portuguese officers and disarmed their force. The Baron was conveyed under escort across the frontier to Massikessi; but Colonel d'Andrada and Mor Gouveia, being judged to be soldiers of vigour and enterprise whom it would be dangerous to leave at large, were sent as prisoners first to Fort Charter, then to Salisbury, and finally, as we have seen, to Kimberley.

In those hostilities Jameson was chiefly anxious concerning the fate of Gazaland, or that part of it which lay north of the Limpopo and stood between the southern part of Mashonaland and the sea. The Gazas, like the Matabele, were a warlike tribe, who had swarmed off from the Zulu hive. The kraal of the great Gaza Chief Gungunhana lay somewhat to the north of the mouth of the Limpopo, and was almost on the coast. It was Jameson's idea, or

possibly it originated with Rhodes, to secure a concession from Gungunhana that would open a way to the sea-coast in that direction. And as it was notorious that the Portuguese feared the Gazas more than the Gazas feared them, Jameson and Rhodes no doubt calculated that the Portuguese might not be able to establish their title to that part of the East coast.

The rains being at hand, Jameson decided to act at once. And as the mission was both delicate and dangerous, he also determined to undertake it himself.

On December 28, three days that is to say after arriving at Salisbury, he set out for Manica, as the centre of trouble, and after getting things a little into shape there, came to his decision, as we see in the following letter, written to Sam from the Umtali Valley, Manica, on January 12, 1891 :—

‘I told you in my last, this was likely to be the centre of interest in the Company’s territories at present. Well, I find it more so than I expected. We must go ahead, and I hope all things will be settled within the next three months. I had intended returning to Fort Salisbury before this ; but instead am going to make an attempt to see Gungunhana, which if successful will finish up our native question satisfactorily. If I get through all right I shall probably come out by Delagoa Bay again, and then may make a trip up your way before returning. This is all quite unforeseen, but I am sure is the right thing to do. We have a man there who has gone in from the south, Dr. Sholtz. I believe you knew him in Johannesburg, and if I can get down from here through all the intermediate native chiefs and finish things with Gungunhana I don’t think the Portuguese will have many legs to stand on. Even then I can be back in Mashonaland in about three months, that is at the end of the rains, which will be soon enough for any work in my line. The

weather will be the nasty part of the journey. Otherwise about seven days beyond here it is a splendid country to pass through according to native accounts. So far it has been a continuous deluging rain and pretty difficult travelling with a cart. I have two good men with me, Doyle and Moodie, and about 20 carriers—will take our horses as far as possible—perhaps all the way. The natives make it 800 miles to Gungunhana's kraal according to their method of calculation by days, though I can hardly think it is so much from the map, but the latter is probably guess-work as usual.

'This is simply a marvellous country, both for minerals and agriculture; but the transport for troops, etc., is dreadful at this rainy season—consequent very limited supply of grub or clothing. However, that ought to be all right in another three months when we must have our East coast route open—steamers for Pungwe or Busi Rivers already ordered, and I have just made final arrangements for completion of road to both. Then we ought to get a decent population in. Of course the Portuguese is our possible difficulty, but they must give way—at all events as regards route, and I think practically certain as regards territory.

'You will hear from me from Delagoa Bay or, if I return to Mashonaland by the same route, from Fort Salisbury. Write as before to the latter. Am writing this in Heyman's hut, who is officer commanding in Manica. . . . Yrs.,

'L. S. JAMESON.

'I start to-morrow morning.'

Of Doyle we already know something. He had been used by Rhodes and Jameson, not altogether successfully, in Lobengula's kraal. D. G. B. Moodie was that resourceful and friendly gold-miner on the Bartisol lode who had helped Jameson and Johnson to find carriers for their journey over the Penhalonga Range to the Pungwe River. Doyle made trouble at first by insisting upon what Jameson took to be 'most outrageous terms' (one of which

was £10,000 for his widow if he died on the expedition). Moreover, Jameson distrusted Doyle: it was for that reason—according to Sam—that Jameson went—‘distrusting Doyle to act single-minded for the Company he determined to go with him.’ Nevertheless, as he had no other interpreter, he agreed to the terms upon his own responsibility, and the party set out, with two horses, a mule, and twenty native carriers, carrying some rifles (a present to Gungunhana) and a few provisions.

They set out for the high plateau close to Um-tasa’s kraal at the head of Umtali Valley, and travelled in a southerly direction, taking, however, a course somewhat west of a straight line to avoid the rivers, which were by this time—the latter end of January—swollen and almost impassable. By taking this course they crossed nearly all the rivers, except the Sabi, at their headwaters and had, says Doyle, ‘no rivers to swim or dangerous fords.’ They did, however, lose the mule in a flooded stream, and with it they lost the greater part of their scanty provisions.

They had expected to find food at the native kraals or shoot game. On the first day they reached Umzimonya’s kraal amidst beautiful country and grass-clad hills. The kraal itself was built on the top of a high granite rock almost inaccessible from below. But as they went on through vast, undulating, wooded plains they found hardly a habitation. The miserable remnant of Umhama’s people, whose ancestors had occupied the greater part of what is now northern Gazaland, had been driven by their conquerors into the fastnesses of the granite hills, and a country fit to support a great people showed no signs of habitation.

The travellers made 20 miles a day in a cool and bracing country between 4000 and 5000 feet above sea-level, and soon reached the headwaters of the Lusiti, where the granite gave way to slate and Moodie's experienced eye found traces of gold and old gold-workings of the same kind as the pioneers had already found in Mashonaland and Manicaland.

Then through Shakwanda's country of dense bush they suddenly descended to a much lower level—the site of Manhlagas—the old town of Gungunhana—which they reached on their fourteenth day. The country under the mountains was rich and beautiful—hundreds of miles of land well fitted for agriculture. But the great kraal was deserted, as were hundreds of others in the neighbourhood. The Chief with all his peoples—a great multitude¹—had recently travelled southwards to punish Spelenyama, a chief who had raised the flag of rebellion against him. And not only was the country deserted, but the migrating people had swept before them both cattle and game. The only animal which the travellers met in their long tramp was a skunk, which they shot and the Kafirs ate. Their food was green 'mealies,' as maize is called in South Africa, taken from the gardens of the deserted kraals which they passed. One evening they could not even find mealies, and were fain to satisfy their hunger with wild oranges.

After passing Spelenyama's kraal, they marched through undulating wooded country between hills overlooking the Busi on the left and a corresponding range on the right, and then crossed the valley of

¹ Sam's letter estimates them at 100,000 men, but this is an exaggeration. The Gazas, like the Matabeles and the parent Zulus, were a military organisation, and Gungunhana's army is estimated by Doyle at 20,000 warriors.

the Sabi. The river at that point was $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide, and half a mile of it strong, running water. Beyond the Sabi the country was dead level, at no place more than 300 feet above the sea, where at this season the rains formed a chain of swamps, so deep in many places that the horses were almost foundered in the mire. It was a nightmare journey, drenched night and day, plodding forward, drawing their feet continually out of never-ending mud—for one spell of eleven days it rained without break, and for a whole fortnight they were encompassed by dense, dripping forest. In this dismal land first Doyle and then Moodie fell sick of fever. Jameson became doctor, nurse, and bearer, although he, too, was suffering from malaria. 'Doyle,' says Sam, 'was very bad, and many a time Lanner thought the £10,000 would have to be paid, probably by himself if the Company repudiated the bargain.' We can imagine Jameson, sardonically congratulating his patient upon the contract and assuring him that it would be to his doctor a melancholy obligation, a debt of honour.

In the Sabi country those natives whom they saw spoke of Gungunhana as 'the King' with bated breath, although between them and the monarch were still vast plains, usually impassable for lack of water. Even now, with the country flooded by unusual rains, drinking water could only be found through the kind offices of natives acquainted with the country.

From the swamps they rose a little into a country of rich crops and fine timber, and at last after travelling for forty-six or forty-seven days, and covering a distance estimated by Doyle at between 700 and 800 miles, they reached Gungunhana's kraal, 'pretty ragged and famished.'

This new town of the Great Chief of the Gaza people was upon a fairly healthy site 300 feet above the sea, and was like Buluwayo—'the usual type of Zulu huts grouped together, with an inner enclosure in which the royal wives are kept.'

Gungunhana himself, says Doyle, 'has always been most courteous to us. I am informed that his fighting force is 20,000 warriors of pure Zulu breed, 2000 of whom are armed with Martini-Henry rifles, and the remainder with shield and short assegai.'

At the King's kraal these three Englishmen, weak, fever-stricken, ragged, and dirty with the mud of their journey, were confronted by a scoundrel of a native whose kraal they had passed through a day or two before, and who had then tried to blackmail them with extortionate charges for food. The fellow accused them before Gungunhana with the crime of rape. But Jameson, pointing to himself and his companions, travel-stained, yellow, haggard, staggering with fatigue, and shivering with ague: 'Do we look,' he said, 'like men who desire women?' When the remark was translated, Gungunhana smiled and dismissed the accuser with contumely.

Then they 'had a big palaver in front of the Portuguese officials—grand uniforms, spurs, epaulettes, etc., etc.; but the ragged fever-stricken envoys out of the wilderness eventually induced Gungunhana to put himself under the protection of the British, and [he] signed a concession of all his country, which extends from the Limpopo to the Zambesi and includes Manica.'

Here was the most notable of all the achievements of Jameson. Before Lobengula he had the prestige of 'the Mouth of the Man who made the Great Hole.' He could deliver wagon-loads of rifles

and 'globular sums' of golden sovereigns. He could promise wonderful white bulls that presently arrived in carts from over the sea. But to Gungunhana's kraal he came with hands almost empty, in rags, stripped of all that gives prestige, or testifies to power, save his voice and his eyes. He met arrayed against him everything that might be expected to impress a savage: and in the teeth of all he won—a victory, an amazing victory, as Thomas Carlyle would have said, of mere stark manhood over clothes.

Armed with the concession, the Doctor and his party went on to the River Limpopo. At that season the banks of the great estuary could only be approached through miles of slush and mud—a swampy, tropical country like lower Bengal. The natives were harvesting large quantities of grain, and the weary travellers refreshed themselves with bananas, pineapples, and other tropical fruits which grew in wild luxuriance.

Jameson had taken a leaf from Johnson's book and arranged for a tug to be waiting for him in the estuary; but when he got to the Limpopo there indeed was the tug—*The Countess of Carnarvon*, but beside her lay a Portuguese gunboat, with orders to the travellers to come aboard.

Now Jameson realised that his concession was in danger, and acted, as usual, promptly. He gave the document and the two horses to one of his men, and told him to make his way overland to Delagoa Bay and wait for him there.

The Doctor and his party were then brought on board. They were searched and treated as prisoners, to the infinite satisfaction of Jameson, and were finally released at Delagoa Bay, where Jameson met

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his man and recovered the document, having accomplished, as Sam said to Tom, 'one of the pluckiest journeys ever attempted in South Central Africa.' 'Selous admits,' Sam continues, 'it is one of the worst pieces of country to go through, and Lanner went at the worst time of the year. It is marvellous he got through and is now almost rid of fever, and looking well and strong and hard. He says he is developing muscle in all directions, greatly to his astonishment.'¹

¹ Of this journey to Gungunhana's kraal the author has seen two accounts. The first is in a long letter written from Johannesburg on April 23, 1891, by his brother Sam to his brother Tom. It begins: 'I went down to Kimberley last week and wrote you a hurried line from there. Now about Lanner.' This account, then, may be taken as from Jameson's own lips a very short time after his return. The other account is by Denis Doyle in the proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, evening meeting, June 29, 1891. Doyle's account is entirely occupied with the configuration and appearance of the country. It is stated, by the way, that the expedition started on March 16; but this is probably a misprint for January 13 on which day Jameson said he was going to start

CHAPTER XIV

SIR JOHN WILLOUGHBY

'Unfortunately some of our younger spirits went up and forced the route from Beira, and then we had the unfortunate dispute with the Portuguese, which, however, did bring about a happy result.'

CECIL RHODES.

RHODES went to England at the beginning of 1891 'upon urgent business' according to Michell, and we may surmise that this urgent business had something to do with Mashonaland. There were at least two urgent questions, one the squabble with the Portuguese over the frontier and the corridor or right of way to the coast, and the other the threatened Boer trek from the Transvaal over the Limpopo into Mashonaland. We may take it as probable that he discussed these matters with Lord Salisbury.

But he was back in South Africa before the end of March 1891. The Portuguese, through the friendly intervention of the Foreign Office, had been persuaded to come to a temporary settlement, or *modus vivendi*, under which a way was allowed through Beira to Mashonaland. Yet when a private venture fitted out at Durban arrived at the mouth of the Pungwe in the middle of February 1891 they were stopped by the local authorities, and held for a fortnight on an unhealthy island. As they had not provided themselves with the necessary papers, the Portuguese were able to defend their action in form; but their attitude showed their unfriendliness.

Sir Henry Loch wrote to Lord Knutsford (on

March 25, 1891) that no vessels were allowed up the Pungwe; that this was a direct breach of the *modus vivendi* and would be likely to cause serious difficulties, for all arrangements had been made for the ascent of that river, and wagons, etc., provided to convey passengers and goods to Mashonaland by that route.

Rhodes thought he had a *casus belli*, and with his keen eye for a point did not miss it. The Portuguese, as we have seen, had already on the Limpopo constrained *The Countess of Carnarvon*, and had treated Jameson with violence. On that point—to be candid—his case in international law was not as strong as he could have desired. To convict the Portuguese of a clear breach of the *modus vivendi* on the Pungwe was now Rhodes's object.

To this end he chose Sir John Willoughby as an Englishman of spirit and courage, not likely to be tame under Portuguese violence, for a 'laying on of hands' was exactly what Rhodes wanted to complete his case. When he communicated his plans to a friend, it was objected that poor Willoughby might lose his life.

'Not a bit,' Rhodes replied in his high falsetto. 'They will only hit him in the leg.' And he went on repeating, as was his way when excited, 'They will only hit him in the leg. They will only hit him in the leg. No, my dear fellow, they will only hit him in the leg.'

And so it came about that Rhodes gave to Sir John Willoughby the following letter:—

'THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY,
'KIMBERLEY, March 28, 1891.

'DEAR WILLOUGHBY,—I want you to go with Johnson's vessel as representative of the Charter Co. in order to supervise the arrangements.—Yours, C. J. RHODES.'

And to Johnson, now senior partner in the well-known firm of Messrs. Johnson, Heany, and Borrow, merchants, contractors, shipowners, coachowners, and forwarding agents, Cecil Rhodes sent the following letter of instructions:—

‘Sir John Willoughby has agreed to go. You must of course give him full charge and inform your people to do exactly as he directs, in fact the whole thing under his charge. You should not confine him by any instructions: you should just talk to him and leave everything to him—instructing the Captain to do whatever he tells him, and also the Captain of *Agnes* with whom he must fall in. I think the *Agnes* should wait for Willoughby.’

The young Englishman, thus voted to this delicate task, deserves consideration, since he plays an important part in the story. Sir John Christopher Willoughby, of Baldon House in Oxfordshire, was the fifth Baronet of his line. His father, Sir John Pollard Willoughby, had been notable in his day as a servant of the East India Company, was for a time Political Agent in Kathiawar, where he succeeded in putting down infanticide among the Rajputs, and afterwards for many years Chief Secretary to the Government of Bombay. Johnny was born on February 20, 1859. In due course he went to Eton, where, as the famous Dr. Warre informed his mother, ‘he has shown energy and perseverance in doing what he undertakes,’ and to Trinity College, Cambridge. Both at Eton and afterwards he excelled as a rifle-shot.¹ He had from the first a passion for anything connected with soldiering, and found

¹ In 1878 he commanded the Eton team at Wimbledon and won the shield, with the highest score made up to that time. It was considered a great event in Eton, which had not won the shield for ten years, and Johnny returned to the tune of ‘See the Conquering Hero comes’ to be received by the Provost in shorts and silk stockings.

his true vocation in the Blues, where he was a first-class regimental officer. Wherever there was a fight, there Willoughby was sure to be found. He was at the battles of Kassassin and Tel el Kebir, and in the march to Cairo in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882; and he was in charge of a division of Transport and Camel Corps in the Nile Campaign of 1884-1885.

'I expected I should be in a funk; but I wasn't,' he writes to his mother of his first battle, and if it is safe to say it of any man, it is safe to say of Willoughby—by universal testimony he never was 'in a funk' of anything. He keeps his mother informed of strange events in matter-of-fact, soldierly letters. He grieves that he was not in the Abu Klea fight where his dear friend Burnaby was killed, trying to rally the square, with many another good man; mourns over the death of Sir Herbert Stewart; is in high hopes that Gordon will be saved, and full of honest indignation at the 'grand old crocodile' whom he blames for the disaster of Khartoum. Taking three or four hundred camels a thousand miles over desert country, under a tropical sun, only whetted Willoughby's pleasure in Africa, and when the campaign was over, he set out with Sir Robert Harvey upon a shooting expedition in the neighbourhood of Kilimanjaro.¹

Up that mountain he went to the height of 15,000 feet; but 'did not stay long as we were disappointed in finding no game.' However, as he is proud to inform his mother, he did not do badly on the whole, for he shot, besides a variety of other big game, no less than sixteen rhinoceroses—one at five yards

¹ Of this trip Sir John Willoughby gives an account in his book, *East Africa and its Big Game*.

range as it was charging him. 'There is,' he says, 'little or no danger in shooting them if you keep cool, as they are very stupid animals.'

We may suppose that Sir John Willoughby came to know Frank Rhodes (who was A.D.C. to Sir Herbert Stewart) in Egypt; but in whatever way the introduction came Cecil Rhodes made good choice when he chose Johnny to be Second-in-Command of the Pioneer Expedition under Pennefather. Willoughby was a wonderful transport officer; no detail escaped him. He was tireless, tenacious, indefatigable, imperturbable; and his dogged cheerfulness, and a certain staunchness in his character, won for him the friendship of Jameson—of whom, for the rest of his life, he remained the devoted worshipper. There was nothing that Willoughby would not have done for Jameson. Such was the man whom Rhodes chose for his design against the Portuguese.

At the beginning of April 1891 the S.S. *Norseman* (of the Union Company), attended by two other vessels, the *Agnes* and the *Shark*, and three lighters on which were placed large stores of goods and provisions to be delivered to traders in Mashonaland, was despatched from Durban. The *Norseman* carried a mail-bag, and among her passengers was Sir John Willoughby, who had with him five Englishmen and one hundred natives. He was charged with the duty of making a road from the highest navigable point on the Pungwe in the direction of Mashonaland.

This little flotilla arrived at Beira anchorage on April 13, at 9 A.M., and was escorted into the Bay by the Portuguese warship *Auxila*, which had picked it up 25 miles to the south. It found two more gunboats, the *Tameza* and the *Liberal*, inside. The port

was full of excited soldiers, and the Portuguese authorities were also in a state of high tension, for they showered stern but contradictory orders upon the Englishmen. The position was not improved by the arrival of a Portuguese armed tug, the *Buffalo*, with two British prisoners on board who had been taken on the Busi River, on their way from Mashonaland to Sofala.

Sir John offered to comply with the conditions of the *modus vivendi* by the payment of the 3 per cent. Customs duty; but the Customs refused to take the money, and the Governor-General sent word that the expedition could not be allowed to go any farther owing to the unsettled state of the country.

Sir Henry Loch had issued orders to the Captain of the *Agnes* before the expedition started that he was not to disobey the Portuguese authorities; but Sir John Willoughby deemed it his duty to carry matters a point further, and on the morning of the 15th he got his little flotilla ready to go up river.

At 3.20 P.M. the tug *Agnes*, with the two lighters in tow, preceded by the launch *Shark*, got under weigh and went about a quarter of a mile up the mouth of the Pungwe. Thereupon the gunboat *Limpopo* ran up abreast of the *Agnes* on the port side at a distance of a hundred yards with all guns manned and run out ready for action; the flagship *Liberal* steamed round to the starboard side, and also trained her guns on the flotilla. The *Tameza*, which lay ahead, opened the ball with a blank shot.

These attentions convinced Sir John Willoughby that he had gone far enough to meet every punctilio, and not waiting to be 'shot in the leg,' he gave orders for the expedition to stop.

The end of it was that the Portuguese Commandant took Sir John Willoughby with his second-in-command, Captain Roach, and his medical officer, Dr. Wilson, to see the Governor-General, informing them on the way that it was lucky for them that they had been stopped, as there were many soldiers up the river. Ashore they became the centre of a mob of excited soldiers who hooted, threatened, and cheered for Portugal—which made Sir John Willoughby, who disliked indiscipline above all things, extremely disdainful.

The conversation between the Governor-General and Sir John Willoughby was conducted with great formality and elaborate hauteur upon both sides. Both explained that they were acting under superior orders; the Governor-General narrated with considerable feeling the various high-handed actions of the Company. Sir John retorted that his proceedings were in accordance with the *modus vivendi*; but that the matter was now—after the violence and gross insults to which he had been subjected, and in particular after the firing upon the British flag—between the British Government and the Government of Portugal.

In fine, the expedition sailed back to Durban. Sir John Willoughby in a report to the High Commissioner, dated April 28, 1891, gave a full account of the outrage; Her Majesty's Government addressed a severe note to the Government at Lisbon, and Sir George Petre, the British Minister, was instructed to inquire whether the *modus vivendi* was at an end; to add that if the Portuguese Government would not protect British subjects a British man-of-war would be sent to Beira; and finally that 'if the transit of peaceful passengers and of supplies

were stopped, all responsibilities for the consequences must fall upon Portugal.'¹

A correspondence followed: H.M.SS. *Brisk*, *Mohawk*, and *Magicienne* dropped one after the other into Beira Bay, and Captain Pipon on H.M.S. *Magicienne* was appointed to act as British Consul at that port with the happiest results.²

¹ C. 6495. Nos. 146, 156.

² For much in this and subsequent chapters the author is indebted to the Lord Loch papers, which the present Lord Loch was so good as to allow him to see.

CHAPTER XV

A DOUBLE ATTACK

. . . in counsels it is good to see dangers, and in execution not to see them, except they be very great.'—BACON.

THERE is more than a suggestion, both in the coincidence of events and in the official papers, that the Transvaal Boers and the Portuguese were acting against the Company on a common plan. From the Portuguese side a military concentration at Massikessi, from the Transvaal a concentration of trekkers on the Limpopo, threatened a double attack which would tax all the courage of Jameson and the statesmanship of Rhodes.

The pretext from the Transvaal was the famous Adendorff concession, said to have been granted on August 5, 1890, by Sebasha (*alias* Chibe) and Mozobe, two chiefs of the Banyai. These were a people who occupied a tract of land some 200 miles by 100 miles in extent, north of the Limpopo, and paid tribute to Lobengula; but in the document produced by Adendorff Sebasha and Mozobe were represented as ceding the whole country from the Limpopo to the Zambesi.

The concessionaires, to wit Johannes du Preez, Louis Adendorff, Florious de Maijer, and Cornelis Brummer, upon their part promised protection against the raids of other tribes and the payment of 'fifty good head of cattle or two blankets in place of every head of cattle in default.'

But not only were the chiefs of the Banyai unable to concede territories which did not belong to them ; they denied having given any concession at all. Chibe, it appears, was not a name but a title. The late chief or Chibe of Banyailand had been flayed alive by Lobengula about the year 1878, and the chief or Chibe of Banyailand who ruled in 1890 declared he had given nothing whatever. Sebasha was not the Chibe of Banyailand but his grandson, and a chief of no importance.¹

These circumstances, however, did not seem relevant to Adendorff and his friends. It happened that in the autumn of 1890, after he had formed his Government, Rhodes made a journey to the North, intending, if he could, to visit Matabeleland. He got as far as Macloutsi, in the north of Bechuanaland, but there the High Commissioner stopped him, fearing, with reason, to place so valuable a hostage in the power of the Matabele. Thereupon Rhodes turned his mule wagons, crossed the Crocodile River, and went down through the northern Transvaal to visit President Kruger at Pretoria. On the way he was intercepted by Adendorff and his friend, Barend Vorster, who tried to persuade him to buy the 'concession,' and threatened dire consequences if he refused. Rhodes was not a man to be blackmailed : he told them that their concession was worthless and he would have nothing to say to it.

The concessionaires thereupon set to work to organise a trek upon a national scale, and to that end engaged the support of General Joubert and other influential people in the Transvaal. Adendorff

¹ Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, Selous, Brabant, and D. C. de Waal saw the true chief at the beginning of November 1891. A very interesting account of the interview will be found in chapter xxvi. of de Waal's book, *With Rhodes in Mashonaland*.

set out his case in a letter which several Dutch South African papers published. After a brief history of the concession he said that 'there is already in every part of the country a great movement, and hundreds of people are preparing to migrate and leave this Republic for good, to go and live there in a good and very fruitful highland, but which also has winter ground very much better than Matabeleland, into which Mr. Rhodes wishes to lead people.'

Adendorff protested that he and his friends 'did not want to keep it for themselves, or sell it out under burdensome conditions or in a speculative way under a military government as the Rhodes Chartered Company is doing.' On the contrary, they invited Afrikaners to trek thither with them, and nominated some fourteen representatives of the Transvaal, the Free State, and the Cape Colony to be 'temporary leaders' pending the appearance of 'their Joshuas or Calebs.'

Adendorff ended his epistle with the boast that 'the God of Heaven, who administers all things, can alone put a stop to this trek, but men cannot,' and an admonition to Rhodes and his Charter not to 'come and trouble us in our own lawful land.'

This appeal was pressed with a great deal of enthusiasm by the Republican Party, not only in the Transvaal, but in other parts of South Africa, and it was estimated that by June 1, 1891, 2000 burghers would meet on the Limpopo prepared to cross into the promised land.¹

And now Rhodes was to show the strength both of his policy and his position in South Africa. He set the formidable machinery of the Afrikaner Bond to work against the Adendorff trek. His

¹ *Life of Hofmeyr*, p. 414.

speech to the Bond at the Paarl on April 13 made his favourite appeal to interest and reason.

‘I look,’ he said, ‘at this interior development from a practical point of view. Perhaps twenty years ago *one of you* had a farm, and, while *you* were alone, it was big enough for you ; but since then, there have come four or five sons, and some of them have to seek new homes, and many have to move North. Now, I don’t think any of *you* will blame me when I say that, holding that idea, I thought it would be wise to take the balance of the North for the Cape Colony.’

Again :—

‘I took over this new country in trust for the Cape Colony, and I said that I would take *your* young men, I would allow whatever produce *you* send to go in free, and I would not ask *you* for any money.’

Rhodes reminded his Dutch audience that he had taken any one of ‘*your* people’ who had cared to come to him ; that he was preparing a land settlement on that basis. He had asked them to send men to report on the country so that they should not be idly taken away with no prospect.

‘I have done all these things and now what has happened ? A gentleman named Mr. Adendorff, and Mr. Barend Vorster and Mr. du Preez say they are going to take the result of the labours of *your* sons. When I came down from Tuli I visited Pietersburg, and I met Mr. Vorster and Mr. Adendorff. I saw them on several occasions, and Mr. Vorster finally came to me and said he had got a local grant from a native chief and wanted me to buy it. . . . I said to him frankly that I had not much opinion of his grant. He said, “If you don’t buy it I shall give you trouble.” . . . It is a question of a new country which *your* people have tried to rescue from barbarism and add to civilisation. But these people came to me and said unless I gave them so many thousand pounds

they would induce some ignorant farmers to go in and murder *our* people in the country.'

And he kept on repeating his statements as was his habit when excited :—

'That is the case as it stands ; you cannot get out of it. I hope *you* won't be annoyed at this. Because I would not give Mr. Barend Vorster and Mr. Adendorff a certain sum of money, they have threatened me in the Zoutpansberg that they would give me trouble, that they would fight *my* people unless I would give them so many globular thousand pounds.'

It was a simple and a direct appeal, and it was reinforced by several references, direct and indirect, to the way in which the Transvaal was shutting the agricultural produce of Cape Colony out of the Johannesburg market.¹

The assembled Bondsmen not only applauded but they set to work at once to defeat the Adendorff trek. J. H. Hofmeyr and A. B. Hofmeyr, the President and Secretary of the Bond, signed a document which was in effect a counter-manifesto to Adendorff's appeal. It set forth how the Chartered Company had been formed, 'of which *our* Prime Minister is the Managing Director,' and how it had taken possession of the land 'by means of an armed force, composed principally of young Afrikanders.'

'Knowing all this,' the letter proceeds, 'the report that a great trek is being organised outside of the Company, to go and take possession of the same territory, and there establish, if need be by force of arms, an independent Republic, is calculated to fill every one who has at heart the prosperity of South Africa with great anxiety.' The Company, so the letter went on, did not intend to yield before

¹ *Speeches*, p. 278 *et seq.*

the trek. His Excellency, the High Commissioner, had already issued a proclamation to give warning against the enterprise. 'And the British Government has had a telegram sent to the Transvaal to the effect that they will consider all attempts to establish a Republic in, or to make any encroachment on, the British sphere of influence, as hostile deeds against Her Majesty the Queen.'¹

It is remarkable, indeed, when we consider its past and future history, that the Bond should then be working for the extension of the British Empire against the extension of the Republic. But so it was, and the fact proves the soundness and success of the policy of Rhodes.

Jameson was in Kimberley on April 15, 1891, for on that day he writes from Kimberley to his artist brother Middleton, sending him two drafts for £200, with the 'suggestion that you might use it in a trip out to see me in Mashonaland' as 'it is a marvellously fine country—for landscape at all events.' In this letter there is not a word about the journey to Gungunhana, but he says in his laconic way, 'I have given up doctoring and fairly thrown my lot in with the Company, which is going to be a great success, whether I am or not.'

Rhodes's reference to this final decision we find in his speech at the second annual meeting of the British South Africa Company:²—

'My friend, Dr. Jameson, agreed to assume the charge of the country. Dr. Jameson had been up in the country before, having just got back from a seven hundred miles walking tour—across the country of Gungunhana, a chief from whom he had obtained the whole of the coast region as

¹ *Life of Hofmeyr*, p. 416.

² November 29, 1892.

a concession. Dr. Jameson was suffering from a very bad malarial fever ; but when I asked him to go back he agreed to do so without a word. He was fortunate enough to fall upon a trek of dissatisfied Transvaal agitators, who were determined to take the northern country from this Company. By the measures he took and his good management Dr. Jameson dispersed the trekkers, and many of them have since taken land under the Company's flag.'

Rhodes, then, again appealed to Jameson in his difficulty, and Jameson again responded to the appeal.

In Sam's long letter of April 23, already so largely quoted, there is something to the same effect. 'Rhodes,' Sam reports, 'now places absolute trust in him and allows him practically an absolutely free hand.'

And then Sam tells Tom of their brother's position as the result of these successes :—

'He [Jameson] is the moving spirit in the political *dénouements* that are daily developing, and events are, to a great extent, answering his expectations, and he sees his plans steadily being fulfilled. He has absolute confidence that he will have Beira a free port for the Chartered Company within two months. He takes up with him next week the Secretary of the Company with staff—a surveyor-general, a legal adviser, chief surgeon, etc., etc., etc., and means to have the Central office and Headquarters in Mashonaland, and not in either Cape Town or Kimberley. Kimberley office he has now closed up. The Port Beira row has exactly fallen out as he hoped and wished and indeed worked for, the Portuguese playing most beautifully into his hands. . . . He is in receipt of no salary. He can at will dismiss Colquhoun and take his salary ; but he prefers to retain him as his subordinate till his year is up. He will then decide whether or no he will accept the Administratorship. Rhodes he tells me (in his vague way) has said he will see that the

London Board make him some presentation for all his valuable services. Of course Rhodes is one of those successful big men who can get the best possible work out of men and give very little in return. Lanner is intensely modest as to his own claims ; and Rhodes is proving signally deficient in recognising them. Lanner would never admit this for a moment. In fact, it would hurt him if I was to give him my opinion.

‘ His own idea is it would be no pleasure to him to realise some thousands and go home ; the fun of that sort of thing is done for him. But it is intensely interesting to him to make this big kingdom a success. Then he has some thoughts of possibly going home and joining the London Board eventually. If the show bursts he says he can always go back to Pills.’

‘ Lanner,’ in fact, had succeeded beyond, and indeed against Sam’s expectations, and Sam had to revise his judgment. ‘ Since I have seen him this time I am not so confident that he has made much of a mistake in giving up pills for a time.’

Jameson must have made a flying visit to Cape Town, for on April 30, 1891, he writes from 22 Adderley Street in that city to Sam :—

‘ I shall probably leave here in a week or less *via* Transvaal for Tuli and Mashonaland. I go to Zoutpansberg to see people at various places *re* this hostile Boer trek, which is our only real difficulty for political reasons ; but which I am glad to say is fading daily. I have to see some people in Johannesburg, so if I do stay a night, of course I will come out to see Blanche, in any case he ’d better remain in town.¹ Will wire you before to get rooms for self and Willoughby ; but hope to be able to go right through to Pretoria and farther. All this may be changed by some new aspect in Boer or Portuguese during the next few days. . . . ’

¹ This is a reference to Midge, who had anticipated his brother’s invitation and was already in Johannesburg with Sam.