

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 day-break 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 Matabelelanders 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 Oudts-hoorn, 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 coffer—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 ' ' fiasco.' 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 Younghusband¹ 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. Rutherford 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 Bechuana-land 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. Rutherford Harris to cable to *The Times* the letter the Reformers had given to Jameson. And Rutherford 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 townfolk 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 Davies¹ 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 pre-judgment 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.'