

in the Gwanda district in the month of July. The hard open-air life suited Rhodes: he looked well and was in great spirits. As for Jameson he had a warm welcome from his old friends. 'I could not help noticing,' says Jourdan, 'the respect and popularity which the Doctor commanded in Rhodesia. Everybody seemed to know and welcome him with real genuine delight.' Jameson was not long with them, however, for by August 1 he was back in Cape Town, studying with a keen eye the situation of Cape politics. Schreiner had struggled along on his policy of 'neutrality' until the middle of the year. But it became more and more difficult as one district after another fell into revolt until the Prime Minister, who in the last resort was a loyal subject, and his Attorney-General, Richard Solomon, determined to bring in a Bill to punish rebellion. The Cabinet had long been divided between the small group of Moderates or Neutralists, or, as they were contemptuously called, 'Mugwumps,' on the one side, and the Bond with a few extremists outside the Bond on the other. Rhodes's old friend, John X. Merriman—whether from personal reasons or because he had fallen under the influence of J. W. Sauer, had become as bitter as the Bond, and the Bond under fanatical influences was going further in the support of the Republics than Jan Hofmeyr liked. The Rebel Bill brought out this sharp division. The Prime Minister and the Attorney-General were left almost alone both in their Cabinet and in the House: the Dutch party as a whole gave its vote for the rebels.

On June 11 Mr. Schreiner tendered his resignation to Sir Alfred Milner, and the resignation was accepted.

A new Ministry was thereupon formed, with the

support of Mr. Schreiner. The inevitable Sir Gordon Sprigg was Prime Minister, and Mr. Rose-Innes—a ‘Mugwump’ as his old friend Rhodes called him—Attorney-General. It was still a Ministry of Moderates, independent of the new and definitely British party of which Rhodes was the leader as well as of the more racial Bond which had turned out its predecessor and was ready to turn it out also when the opportunity arose. Such was the Ministry which met the Cape Parliament on July 20, 1900.

The Cape newspapers of the day give some account of the first appearance of Jameson in this Parliament. The new Member for Kimberley was introduced by Mr. Lawrence and Colonel Harris.¹ ‘A dead silence prevailed,’ says the writer of the Gallery notes in the *Cape Times*, as the three gentlemen walked up the floor of the House.’ One side glowered darkly at the man whom they represented as the cause of all their woes, and the other side did not dare to cheer. It was a silence tense and burdened with the fierce passions of that time. And through a dreadful session, while Jameson sat without answering or appearing to notice, a little forlorn-looking, hunched-up figure on one of the back benches, the Bond threw poisoned darts of speech and laughter at him from the other side of the House. His talent for getting into uncomfortable places had never been better shown.

There is no word of this unhappy experience in the letter Jameson wrote to Sam on August 1. Sam’s son—Robert—was lying ill at Kroonstad, and Uncle Lanner would like to have gone to see him, ‘but cannot get away even for a day, as you will understand. For the next month to come it means every

¹ Now Sir David Harris, a Director of De Beers.

member of the party in place in case of a hostile division over this Rebel Bill.' For the new Government had mustered courage to introduce another measure for the purpose of disfranchising rebels. 'Horridly monotonous amusement. . . . Grootte Schuur still full of charming women waiting for husbands, so the evenings are pleasant; but the House up to now even worse than I expected.' Indeed the House had become impossible. With half the Colony either in rebellion or in sympathy with rebellion, constitutional government was a mockery. On October 15 Parliament was prorogued, nor did it meet again until August 20, 1902. Politics were at an end: the military power was supreme in the Colony, and under the guerilla warfare of the Boers South Africa dragged along a bitter, unhappy, mutilated life.

Together the two friends fretted under the inaction of Cape Town—which for Rhodes at least was already full of the shades of friends not dead but estranged—and he and Jameson set out for the North. On March 22, 1901, they reached Kimberley, where they worked at what Rhodes called his 'bread and butter' until May 22, and on May 25 arrived in Buluwayo.

There Rhodes spoke to the settlers of his eternal idea. Of the Chartered Company he said, we are 'only temporary . . . preparing the way for you' . . . until 'you are ready for self-government.' The great question ahead was 'the unity of South Africa. . . . This great dominant North—and I call it a dominant North—with the Transvaal, will dictate the federation. . . . The whole situation lies with the Northern States and nothing can alter it.'

To those who grumbled and repined he offered the comfort of his own inspiration :—

‘ I would put it to you that, after all, even now at the saddest time, when you are worried—if I might put it so—with a scarcity of capital, worried with the many difficulties of a new country, would you prefer to be here or on the old spot that you came from—here, sharing in the interests of a creation ? This is surely a happier thing than the deadly monotony of an English country town or the still more deadly mediocrity of a Karoo village.’¹

On June 24 they were back in Kimberley, on July 2 they were at Grootte Schuur, and on the following day they sailed for England. On July 20 they reached Southampton, and after a stay in London they left for Scotland on the 31st. Rhodes had taken the grouse moor and deer forest of Rannoch for the autumn season. There in those lovely Perthshire highlands Rhodes and Jameson and a little circle of close friends spent two happy months together.

¹ At the laying of the foundation stone of the Volunteer Drill Hall, June 15, 1901. See the *Bulawayo Chronicle*.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE DEATH OF RHODES

‘Living he was the land, and dead
His soul shall be her soul !’

RHODES was now in the shadow of death : Jameson—invalid himself—supported his flagging spirit. ‘On one occasion,’ says Jourdan, ‘shortly before we left London for Rannoch Lodge, in the course of a casual conversation, he expressed his horror of loathsome diseases, and said with great earnestness and pathos “. . . At any rate, Jameson, death from the heart is clean and quick, there is nothing repulsive or lingering about it ; it is a clean death, isn’t it ?” . . . Dr. Jameson had not the heart to meet his eyes. He tried to give a casual reply to the question, but his voice betrayed his emotion. Rhodes noticed it ; but, by a wonderful exercise of will-power, his face lighted up and he laughed away the incident.’

Rhodes—still fortunate in calamity—found in Jameson not friend only and doctor besides, but nurse also. ‘Quick, skilful, quiet, soft in speech and touch,’ never at a loss, brushing away Rhodes’s petulance with a grimace or a jest, easing pain, guarding his rest—all Rhodes’s wealth could not have got him such an one. And the sweetest part of it was that it was not bought, nor did it seem even a gift, but something taken for granted between the two.

‘This is a charming spot,’ Lanner writes to Sam,

'but not many grouse, and trout fishing is not salmon fishing.¹ Still plenty of exercise, fresh air, and bridge in the evening. Weather so far damnable. Harrogate was a great success. . . . I see myself in the future a regular old valetudinarian going yearly for the cures . . . Rhodes distinctly better and able to do a little shooting. . . . Rhodes too seedy at present to enter into any new thing.' And in another undated letter he says: 'Shooting nothing brilliant but good enough for us, and I get on better than I expected; but the scenery and health-giving qualities marvellous . . . very pleasant crowd and suitable to my lazy habits. R.'s health doing very well. . . .'

At the beginning of October, 1901, the party left for the south. Rhodes must go to Cairo and see the other end of his railway line. With the Doctor, Alfred Beit, and Sir Charles Metcalfe, he set out, taking a pleasant, leisurely road by way of Paris, Lucerne, and Venice.

According to Jourdan, they sailed from Brindisi about November 18; on the 21st they were at Cairo; here they took one of Cook's dahabeahs for a voyage up the Nile, and on December 3 we find Rhodes writing to Sir Lewis Michell: 'You will be glad to hear I am better. The heart has quieted down though I still have pain, which they say is the enlarged heart pressing on the lung. The great thing is rest.'

Rhodes loved Egypt: her ancient history was familiar to him; but the modern development under Lord Cromer interested him even more. And he noted everywhere those things which might be of

¹ The trout in Loch Rannoch, however, run up to 12 and 15 lb. and even more, but they are rare, and of course August is the worst month for trout.

service in Rhodesia. The Assouan dam interested him enormously; he bought twenty-four Egyptian jacks to improve the South African breed of donkey, and he discovered a drought-resisting maize which is now well established in Mashonaland. He was bent upon reaching Khartoum, but the heat increasing as they went south, Jameson feared for his patient's heart. So reluctantly they turned at Wady Halfa and retraced their steps to Cairo and made their way back to London. There Rhodes heard news which determined him to return to the Cape, since it concerned his honour. The story is best told in the veracious little book of his Secretary, Mr. Philip Jourdan. Here it need only be said that an adventuress had forged the name of Rhodes on a series of bills to the total of £23,000. It was to give evidence at the prosecution that Rhodes returned to the Cape.

But long before the miserable trial had dragged to its squalid conclusion, Cecil Rhodes had passed beyond the reach both of friends and enemies. The mischief was an aneurism which in its growth pressed both upon the heart and the lungs, so that the patient laboured for breath and his face became livid and discoloured. He went down to his cottage at Muizenburg, in the hope that the sea air might give him relief; but the sun of midsummer was pitiless and the tin roof of the little place gave him little protection against the heat. There, however, he stayed, and his friends and doctors did all that skill and loving care could effect to mitigate his sufferings. But the death of a strong man in the prime of life is always a terrible thing, for the soul does not pass easily, as in the yielding autumn of age, but is wrenched with violence from the body.

Rhodes would sit for hours upon the edge of his bed labouring for breath in the stifling heat.

In Cape Town and its suburbs, in train and tram, in picnic party, in evening gatherings, among the offices and shops of Adderley Street, and with the workmen of Salt River, men and women discussed—for his comfort alone, *he* was their single thought—whether the night would be hot or cool. ‘He,’ for only strangers mentioned him by name.

His old friends came one after another to say farewell, among them J. G. Macdonald, the agent in Rhodesia of the Consolidated Goldfields and the manager of the Rhodes estates round Buluwayo. When in Rhodesia these two had often discussed the building of dams, the raising of cattle and of crops, but particularly the planting of trees, a hobby to which they were both devoted. Riding home once with Earl Grey and Macdonald to Government House, which stands on the site of the King’s Kraal about three miles from Buluwayo, Rhodes, getting tangled up in the bush, vowed to plant an avenue. Then he told a favourite story of an old relative with whom he lived when he was a boy—an ‘old sea-dog’ he called him—who was planting oaks, and said he enjoyed their shade in imagination—and he went on, ‘I will plant an avenue here.’ ‘I see an avenue,’ he said to Macdonald, ‘it has carriages going up the centre, and there are ladies and gentlemen riding on horseback between the trees on one side, and there are nurses trundling perambulators between the trees on the other side.’

And now when Rhodes was dying, three days indeed before his end, he asked his friend Macdonald how the avenue was getting on; and when Macdonald very sorrowfully bade him farewell, Rhodes said,

‘ Now, Macdonald, you are going back to Buluwayo, and I am going back behind you. Get that avenue going. Make a success of it! See it through! We have got to fulfil our promise to give shade to the nursemaids in the afternoon.’

Rhodes was anxious in these last days to provide for Jameson. Once, indeed, on board ship on their last voyage, he had asked his friend if his means were sufficient, and Jameson had laughed in his airy way and told Rhodes that he had as much as he needed. But now as Rhodes lay in Muizenburg in those dying moments the thought recurred to him, and when Jameson was out of the room he asked for his lawyer that he might provide for him in his will. But Jameson, hearing the request, prevented it, and when Rhodes, returning again to the idea, asked for pen and paper and began to write, Jameson, with a laugh and a jest, took them out of his hands.

In these last days Jameson watched over his friend with a tenderness wonderful to see, and seemed neither to sleep nor to eat, his only rest being taken on a truckle-bed drawn across the doorway. He marvelled at his patient’s vitality. ‘ Had it been any other man,’ he said to Macdonald a few days before the end, ‘ he would have been dead two weeks ago. He is like the Boers ’—who were still fighting.

‘ On the afternoon of Wednesday, March 26,’ says Michell, ‘ I sat for a while by his bedside, while Dr. Jameson, worn out by persistent watching day and night, took a short rest. The patient was restless and uneasy. Once he murmured, ‘ So little done, so much to do.’ And then after a long pause I heard him singing softly to himself. . . . Then in a clear voice he called for Jameson. . . .’

Some hours afterwards Jameson uncovered the

dead face that Jourdan might take a last look at his master. 'His Roman features,' says Jourdan, 'were more pronounced than I had ever seen them in life. . . . Even in death he looked determined, dignified, and masterful.' The secretary, in his desolation, still could see that Jameson was 'fighting against his own grief. . . . No mother could have displayed greater tenderness towards the remains of a loved son.'

CHAPTER XXXIII

JAMESON WAITS HIS CHANCE

‘Hoe matched unto the most violent and rude actions of men, goodnesse and courtesie, yea and the most choise and delicate, that may be found in the schoole of Philosophie.’—MONTAIGNE.

JAMESON helped to lay the body of his friend in a grave cut in the granite upon a summit of the Matoppos looking north over the great plain where Buluwayo lies.

‘Lofty designs must close in like effects
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying.’

This pilgrimage ended he went again to England to seek health for himself, which he sorely needed but was never more to find.

He was none the less resolved upon an arduous task, by himself laconically described as ‘getting square with them’—to complete the work upon which his friend’s heart had been set, the federation of South Africa under the British flag.

Where this purpose was conceived or by whom suggested we do not know. None ever kept the bird in his breast better than Jameson. But we may hazard the surmise that it was when Rhodes somehow breathed life into him, as he lay not much caring to live on his bed in Down Street, Piccadilly, in the month of February 1897. Even then Rhodes foresaw that he would not live to see

his work complete, for more than a year before he had said as much to Hamilton in the garden at Groote Schuur. It is a fair inference, therefore, that what turned Jameson lifeward again was the appeal of Rhodes—made as he would have made it on himself, to rise up and finish the work. Moreover, Jameson's letters show that no love of politics—which he cordially detested—but the 'duty business,' as well as 'getting square,' brought him back from Harrogate for the opening of the Cape Parliament on August 20, 1902.

There lay before him, certainly, a task arduous beyond anything he had so far undertaken. Politically, he stood, as after the fire on the Pungwe River, in singlet and pumps, with a scorching sun overhead, a hostile jungle around, and a malarial river in front of him. His very name, as the adaptable Sir Gordon Sprigg unkindly said, was 'a cause of offence to every Colonist of Dutch blood.' Now that Rhodes was dead, he was sole inheritor of a heavy legacy of racial hate, which the blunder of the Raid had unwittingly created. And even many of Rhodes's friends fought shy of the man, who, in their estimation, had brought Rhodes down. Without wealth, with hatred on one side and distrust on the other, broken in health, inexperienced in politics, saye for the session of bitterness two years before, what chance was there that Jameson should ever do what in fact he set out to do, to take his dead friend's place as Prime Minister of the Cape Colony and finish the interrupted work of uniting South Africa under the British Flag?

To get the power to turn enmity into amity was the first part of his task. Here it may be explained that although he did not benefit under Rhodes's will,

he was created by that instrument a trustee and residuary legatee of his friend's estate. Part of that estate was the grounds and house of Grootte Schuur, the former left to the people of Cape Town, the latter to the Prime Ministers of a United South Africa :—

‘ Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new planted orchards
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you
And to your heirs for ever.’

The house being thus dedicated to Ministers not yet made, it stood without tenant, and Jameson used it as his temporary residence, living there in a style which was supported chiefly by his salary as a director of De Beers.

When Jameson re-entered the House of Assembly in its session of 1902, he found Cape politics in a very odd and precarious situation. That old and wary politician, Sir Gordon Sprigg, had been compelled, by the lack of a majority and the existence of a rebellion, to prorogue Parliament from time to time and finance his administration by means of Governor's warrants. There was a good case for suspending the Constitution altogether; but this Mr. Chamberlain refused to sanction, and now the return of peace compelled the Prime Minister to meet a Parliament in which he stood in a minority.

In this situation Sir Gordon Sprigg came to lean upon the Afrikaner Bond, secretly managed by Jan Hofmeyr from his house in Camp Street, but led in Parliament by two politicians, not Bondsmen, who had now attached themselves to that cause—John Xavier Merriman and Jacobus Wilhelmus Sauer. They were an oddly assorted pair—Merri-

man, tall, lean, aquiline, an English Don Quixote ; Sauer, short, stout, plebeian, a South African Sancho Panza. Merriman had always been a master of invective ; he had wit, sarcasm, and eloquence at his command, and he delighted in exercising these gifts upon the Government which his party, for its own purposes, maintained in office. Moreover, as he had once been an enemy of the Bond, and now only nominally led it, he was the more intemperate against his old that he might prove his zeal for his new associates. Sauer, less eloquent, was more malignant, and these two together, being experienced in debate and the practice of Parliament, and commanding a majority, delighted in demonstrating that they had the Government at their mercy.

But while their attitude towards Sprigg was of contemptuous tolerance, their demeanour towards Jameson suggested that he had no right to exist. It was not merely a personal rancour. They were both old Parliamentarians who had devoted their lives to the task of transplanting the precious herb of Constitutionalism to the rather ungrateful soil of South Africa, and here was a man who had flouted every constitutional propriety and had yet the audacity to appear in Parliament. Wrecker, raider, filibuster—a serpent in Eden, the devil in a convent. If Jameson dared to speak it was a profanation to be sternly repressed. ‘Speech’—said Sauer, of one of Jameson’s rare utterances—‘if I might dignify it by that name.’ And Merriman—after soaring in lofty realms of the Constitutional ether—Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, the Bill of Rights, the Bill of Rights in Virginia . . . the Declaration of the Independence of America . . . the Habeas Corpus, with mention of Pym and Hampden, the

fate of Charles Stuart and Governor Hutchinson, to excuse the rebel—would thus descend upon the Raider:—

‘No one knew better than the Hon. Member for Kimberley what conspiracy meant in this country, and they knew how it was possible to come forward with professions of friendship and professions of amity and yet spring an unexpected attack upon them.’

For his part Jameson generally maintained his silence of the damned, but in 1902 he made one reply: it was to a jibe of Sauer’s:—

‘For a whole session,’ Jameson reminded the House, ‘—during the session of 1900—I sat on these back benches and never opened my mouth, and I did this because I felt it was quite natural, during that time of trouble, when the war was still on, that any word from my mouth would be misunderstood, and would rather tend to create than to allay excitement on the opposite side of the House. But I will say this, that I found it very difficult indeed to maintain that silence continuously, when from day to day, not only once but many times, I was treated with words, not kind, not courteous, from the Hon. Member for Aliwal North especially, and also from other members on the opposite side of the House. However, that was all due—he would acknowledge—to this abominable Raid. (Opposition cheers.) That was a bad blunder. But the penance had been done, and he thought by ordinary fair-minded men it might now be forgotten.’

Here there were loud cheers from the right, renewed as Jameson went on to deprecate the race feeling fanned by such debates. If he and his friends had asked for the suspension of the Constitution—it was to prevent such attempts as these to inflame racial hatred. Then he reminded Merriman rather

effectively how he used to rail at Rhodes for going under the 'Bond umbrella,' and now was under it himself. But if fight they must, he ventured to predict that 'the tenacious and strong stayer will even defeat the slashing fighter . . . and then, sir, true loyalty, tempered with justice, moderation, and common sense, will come to its own again.'¹

So a weary session wore to its end. It was all hateful to Jameson, who had a fastidious dislike of brawls and oratory both. But by his discretion, his charm, and his good temper, he made progress, both in his party and in the country. On November 12, 1902, he writes to Sam from Grootte Schuur:—

'Have really been very busy and almost continually travelling. Then on the day I arrived back here had to go to bed with dysentery. Now up a week and all right. . . . I am still in the same mind about the leadership, but am afraid am rather drifting into it, and probably, unless Smartt, Michell, or Walton become more popular, will take it. I hate fixing myself down here from the health, financial, and boredom point of point; but still the duty business has something in it. But say nothing about this. I am only giving you my pros and cons. After all, I ought to be very pleased, considering the raids, Holloways, etc.; but I don't think I am, being really of a lazy turn of mind like the rest of the family. Still, continuous occupation is a great thing. . . . I have had Grootte Schuur full all the time I have been here, and it is already a considerable factor in keeping our party together—a good dinner or lunch is a good help as an adjunct to a political meeting. . . .'

The reader will long ere this have gathered that 'the duty business' had a great deal more in it for Jameson than he would ever admit. Not the Grootte

¹ *Cape Hansard*, August 28, 1902.

Schuur dinners but his natural genius for the leadership of men—his courage, and the absence of any base alloy of self in his composition—made him Leader of the Progressive Party, and Dr. Smartt helped to force his friend into an office which he might have claimed for himself.

The interval between the session of 1902 and the session of 1903 was filled by a flying visit to England and the labour of organising and drilling a party. The two white races bristled at one another throughout the Colony; some hundreds of rebels were still in prison, some thousands disfranchised; in the country districts loyalists were boycotted, and the British of the towns clamoured for measures of repression and precaution.

In these dangerous circumstances Jameson and his friends worked to organise a party strong enough to maintain both the peace and the settlement. They had no help from the visit of Joseph Chamberlain, who, disbelieving in the strength of the British party, paid court to Hofmeyr and the Bond. This may have been politic in the Secretary of State, but as Hofmeyr had been openly working against the policy of the High Commissioner, and as the Bond had shown itself the enemy of the loyalists, and held an attitude towards rebellion which was, to say the least of it, ambiguous, the British party resented it as ingratitude and desertion. They felt like honest Tylô in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* when Tyltyl takes the side of the cat:—

The Dog : My little God, you don't know, it was he who . . .
Tyltyl (threatening him) : Be quiet !

Mr. Chamberlain landed at Durban at the end of December, visited the Transvaal and the Orange

Free State, and arrived in Cape Town on February 17, 1903. There he entered into close relations with Hofmeyr, ostentatiously cold-shouldered Jameson, and received a monster deputation of the South African Party. Mr. Hofmeyr read aloud a manifesto, which discreetly denounced acts of racial hate, as for example boycott and insult, on whatever side committed, and added the significant words :—

‘ We hold with you, sir, that loyalty is no crime. . . . We are prepared to address an appeal to our people in the spirit of this statement, and to co-operate to the fullest of our power to promote good understanding between and the happiness and prosperity of both the great European sections of our population under the flag which waves over all of us.’

Mr. Hofmeyr took occasion to point out that disaffection would continue as long as any rebel remained in prison, and on March 21 those still confined—380 in all—were set at liberty.

On May 6, 1903, Lanner writes to Sam from Cape Town :—

‘ . . . Very sick of travelling and preaching the same platitudes from town to town. Have not spent more than two nights in one place since arrival except a week on railway matters in Johannesburg. Show going very well, but majority still on paper, of course. Joe damned us in Cape by letting himself be swallowed by Hofmeyr—not really deceived, I think, and had to be content with H.’s circular and preach belief in it. Still we have to claim him in public as our champion. Me he is furious with for what he calls forcing his hand on the liberation of rebels. Really he wanted to make bargain, which we would not have, and I am very glad I took the credit for our party instead of apparently being forced by Imperial Government. Afterwards he told Michell and Walton that if Sprigg went he could not send for me at first because of Raid. He is a

callous devil, but they politely told him the Progressives would choose their own leader. He can do us no good so it does not matter. Of course, if we win I shall try to get them to take Smartt if they will. I am sick of it, but will keep it up, at all events till after the elections.'

He kept it up to good purpose, as we gather from a packed meeting which he addressed at Grahams-town on May 27, when he announced that he meant to fight that constituency, attacked both the Bond and the Government, argued strongly for the party pledge and stricter discipline, and for a broad non-racial policy founded on the federation of the South African States, and the union of the British Empire by preferential agreements.

Writing again on June 3, on the eve of the 1903 session, he discusses the post which is being thrust upon him:—

'Just arrived back here for the Parliamentary grind. I am afraid we are in for the full 90 days, though will do our best to go to the country as early as possible. Still hope to hang up the leadership till after the session, and get them to take old Schermbrucker or some other stop-gap as chairman of caucus during session; but may be forced into it, which will be a pity, as that will only give the opposition another stick to beat the party with. Our election prospects good—really for the first time we have got a fairly decent solid party on pure party lines; but it is a tiresome grind, and I scarcely see myself lasting through a further four months of elections. Have Groote Schuur full—Bailey, Walton, etc. . . .'

When the last session of the tenth Parliament of the Cape of Good Hope opened on June 5, 1903, the long despised Jameson was at the head of a well-organised, well-disciplined party, devoted both to its leader and its cause.

We find him now speaking a little more often and with more confidence. Thus on June 17 he supported the Customs Convention as the true foundation of that union which he hoped to complete.

‘Looking at the proceedings,’ he said, ‘and the broad basis upon which they were treated, one could not help feeling that the delegates themselves felt that they were not merely there as representing their own individual States ; but they were really there to deal with all those matters as affecting the whole of South Africa, and further to consider that great question of the preferential tariff, affecting, as it did, the whole of the British Empire. In fact they must have felt themselves called upon as delegates to take the first great step towards South African federation.’

Now, welcome as this Convention was to Jameson, it was hateful to Merriman and Sauer. In the first place, it had been organised by the High Commissioner ; in the second place, it offered a preference to British trade ; and, in the third place, it had been arranged over their heads and without their sanction. They could—and would—have thrown it out were it not for a precaution taken by that old Parliamentary hand, the Prime Minister. Sir Gordon Sprigg had prepared an enormous programme of railway building, better calculated to enrich the farmer than the Exchequer ; and had put it all in one omnibus Bill which he kept trundling just in front of the nose of the country party. Thus Merriman and Sauer, although they detested the Convention, dared not defeat it for fear of losing the railways on which, as they knew well, the hearts of their followers were set. They confined themselves to demonstrations of hostility and allowed the Convention to become law.

We get a glimpse into the inner politics of the

session in a letter of August 12 from Jameson to Sam :—

‘This dreary House goes on for another three weeks. Trying to get a Bill in to shorten elections ; but don’t expect to succeed and so they may probably run on to February. Sprigg is a prize sticker. If I would swallow him for East London he would come to heel at once ; but I won’t, and so must see the dreary business out. Merriman has certainly gone back with his party every time and our lot are keeping well together. I think we will win in some form or other, and I think the Bond are beginning to recognise it. Health very so-so ; but I dare say it will get better when I can get away from this beastly wet Cape Town and the boredom of having to entertain a continuously shifting menagerie at Groote Schuur. Midge’s non-success a pity, but the charm is he is the only one who won’t be bothered with it. The pig-tails you may take as a certainty, and so I am giving up the ruined theory and beginning to think we may all get back into smoother waters.’

Clever as they were, Merriman and Sauer made one mistake. On August 25, 1903, Henry Burton, a clever young attorney, who was Bond Member for the district of Albert, opened out the vexed question of martial law, and particularly the payments made by the War Losses Compensation Commission. As the Dutch farmers of the frontier districts—whether rebels or loyalists—all nursed grievances and claims against the military, Mr. Burton raised a point on which feeling ran high, and his proposal to create a court to revise both the fines imposed on rebels and the compensation paid to farmers gave his party the opportunity for a very popular demonstration. But the Opposition leaders, led away by the excitement of their youngster’s tally-ho, made the capital error of their political lives. They allowed him to press

his point to a division. And in this division the Government were defeated by a majority of ten.

Then Sir Gordon Sprigg turned upon the Bond and upon Merriman and Sauer, to whose contemptuous dictatorship he had so long submitted. The House had adjourned after the division, and when it met next day the Prime Minister announced that in consequence of the defeat he proposed to appeal to the country, and that he did not intend to proceed with the Railways Extension Bill, the Additional Railway Works Bill, the Public Works Loan Bill, and the Arms, Ammunition, and Explosives Bill.

This announcement was so unexpected and so unwelcome—it turned the tables so completely upon the Opposition—that Merriman and Sauer lost their balance. They were no longer truculent, no longer sarcastic; they no longer bullied: they pleaded. They were even pathetic. Mr. Merriman ‘regretted that the Prime Minister should have taken up the attitude he had done, on the vote of the previous night, which was from its very nature a catch vote.’ The Government ‘had accepted in another place a motion far stronger than that which was proposed yesterday.’ He even ventured to blame the Prime Minister for drawing a defeat on himself by an ‘extremely unsympathetic speech,’ which had made it ‘impossible for members on that side of the House to withdraw the motion and to allow the thing, so to speak, to go by default.’ And why take this defeat so seriously? ‘The Prime Minister had been working through the whole session in the knowledge that he had no majority; he had been repeatedly in a minority. . . . Where was the necessity of putting down the foot, and making a Cabinet crisis of this

matter? . . . They were very anxious to have the Railway Bill,' etc., etc.

The Prime Minister remained unmoved by these tearful appeals of baffled self-interest, and on the following day Sauer tried his hand. They on that side, he said, would vote supplies, if only they might have the Railway Bill . . . it was in no hostile spirit that they were moving. . . . It had been said that they on that side were open to the charge that the Railway Bill was hung out as a bait. (Here Mr. Sauer was mercifully interrupted by cries of 'Order,' for he was speaking on the adjournment, and sat down in helpless fury.) Sir Gordon Sprigg rose to reply. He was at this time far advanced in years, a gentleman of a spare and dry constitution, with the stoop and quaver of old age. But now his eye sparkled with an unaccustomed fire.

He knew, he said, that the position in which hon. members had placed themselves was an entirely false position. They had listened to the advice of a very young member—here the Prime Minister stretched out a mittened hand at the unfortunate member for Albert—a very, very, very young member . . . and were consequently placed in the unhappy position in which they found themselves now. . . .

Then Mr. Merriman made another attempt. 'I am most anxious to maintain the character of the Government,' he said. . . . 'The Government were accused of having deliberately attempted to bribe the House and I wish to protect the Government.'

Mr. Merriman, too, was called to order, and upon the following day Mr. Sauer took up the cause. He pleaded, he stormed, he threatened; he cried out that the Progressive Party and the Government

would be blamed by the country for the loss of the Railway Bill. The Opposition would refuse to pass the Appropriation Bill unless the Railway Bill was passed.

He was kicking against the pricks. The Prime Minister stood firm: 'He might say at once that he was not prepared to proceed with the Railway Bill. . . . He stated so a few days ago . . . and he did not intend to swerve from the statement he then made one hair's-breadth. As for the Appropriation Bill, much as he disliked to carry on the public service, and spend the money necessary, without the authority of Parliament——'

Mr. J. T. Molteno interrupted him: 'You daren't do it.'

'What does the hon. member say?' asked the old man.

'You daren't do it,' Molteno repeated.

'You cannot break the law,' said Sauer.

'The hon. member says I daren't do it,' Sir Gordon Sprigg continued. 'Well, I have done it before, and I am alive and well to-day. Why daren't I do it again, if extreme necessity arises?'

So this curious crisis went on for the best part of a week, the Opposition trying to preserve the Government in office; the Government professing its desire to expire: but we need follow it no further. Parliament was at an end, and the Bond had given their service without earning their wages. The overweening of his enemies had given Jameson his chance.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A CLOSE FIGHT

'Then silently I laugh at my own cenotaph,
. . . . I arise and unbuild it again.'

WE learn that while Sprigg was taking this heroic line with the Opposition, he was trying to make terms with the Progressives.

'You will see,' Lanner writes to Sam from Groote Schuur, 'that as a first move we have dished both Sprigg and the Bond. Many more fences to get over, but it is cheering to have got the first. Merriman and Sauer have fairly bungled, sending their people to the country without railway or compensation, which they would have got if they had not risked bluffing on a martial law motion. Sprigg sat it out for a week, trying to bluff me into giving him East London which would have meant reinstatement. Finally gave way yesterday and asked for his warrants. He could not have met Parliament again, as we told him we would leave him stranded on the railway bill which meant forced resignation. The Governor has behaved admirably—funny ups and downs since the Raid time.¹ Party remaining fairly solid, but lots of manœuvring necessary between the sympathisers with the "old man" (Sprigg) and the non-compromisers. A good deal of excitement, but I am sick of it all and will be more so during the next six months. Still we will win somehow. If I personally were to drop out then it would not break my heart.'

Why Jameson was adamant with Sprigg appears

¹ The Governor, Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson, was at the time of the Raid Governor of Natal, and had taken over Jameson and his officers from the Transvaal Government after the Raid.

from a letter written from the Sanatorium, Kimberley, on September 13, 1903 :—

‘ I am off this afternoon to open the ball at Grahamstown. Difficult to satisfy both the stalwarts and the mugwumps, but I can’t afford to lose the former, so am glad to say can’t make it up with Sprigg in any way as a Minister. Have mapped out about a four and a half months’ tour, and hate it like the devil—the travelling and social humbug especially. At the same time the speaking difficulty is that I get so bored with hearing myself twaddling the same thing over and over again, and have a tendency to shut up on the least provocation. . . . Except for the old trouble, which does not vary, my health is really better, and you need not worry about it. Having that old bother I often use it to get out of things, justifiably, and then this gets exaggerated.’

Despite his health, which was worse than he would admit, Jameson was now to show himself as bold and inspiring a leader in politics as he had been in war. We see the same demoniac energy and contempt for risk which had snatched victory from danger in Matabeleland. His purpose in going to Grahamstown was to exchange the security of Kimberley for a contested election against one of Sir Gordon Sprigg’s chief supporters, a Mr. Douglass, a rich, popular, and influential ostrich farmer. But his boldness was well calculated, for he knew that the small group of Independents held the balance of power, and with the native vote would decide the issue. With the solid racial *bloc* of Dutch constituencies it was useless to argue: they were too well drilled and disciplined under the Commissie Van Toezicht. The British party—divided among rival and competing towns and the British farming community of the Eastern Province—had diverse interests and mutual jealousies. If they were now

to be led to victory discipline was essential. Upon these considerations Jameson risked all in a doubtful fight, and concentrated his political forces on the other strongholds of Sprigg's Eastern Province group.

His speech at Grahamstown on September 15 was a plea for unity and discipline: there could only be two parties, Progressive and Bond. The constitution of their party was free and democratic: but they must have unity, for unity was the key to victory.

But there was also a particular question on which victory depended—what Jameson calls in his letters to Sam the 'pigtailed.' The policy of bringing Chinese coolies to work in the mines was then a subject of raging controversy in South Africa and in England. In England it was misinterpreted as a design to displace the white miners by cheap Asiatic labour. But every South African knew that the white miners on the Rand had always been, and must always be, the gangers, foremen, overseers, and skilled workers of the industry. The rough, unskilled, and low-paid work had always been done by natives. And this was an economic necessity since the expense of running the mines upon white labour alone would have left no profit. Sir Alfred Milner's purpose was clearly understood. Native labour was scarce after the war, and the High Commissioner proposed to supplement it with Chinese coolies in order not to decrease but to increase the number of white miners on the Rand. The more labourers, the more white men; in sum the greater the population of Johannesburg.

For this very reason the Dutch opposed the measure, objecting to anything which placed them in a political minority. Here the Bond hoped to

win over the vote of the natives, who might easily be persuaded that their interest was threatened ; and that if the Chinese were once allowed on the Rand, they would soon be competing against natives all over South Africa.

Jameson had to steer warily. He did not want to embarrass the High Commissioner or hinder the salvage of the water-logged mining industry, but he must not lose the native vote, which naturally inclined to the British party.

We find him insisting that they must not dictate to the Transvaal in its own affairs ; but could make it impossible for the Chinese to enter Cape Colony ; petitioning the Governor to strengthen the regulations, and preparing a Bill absolutely to prohibit the entrance of Chinese into the Cape.¹ One circumstance notably helped Jameson with the native vote. General Botha proposed, as an alternative to Chinese immigration, that the native reserves be broken up and the natives forced to work.

Thus we find Jameson in his Grahamstown speech :—

‘ I got a telegram five minutes before I came into this hall from Johannesburg, from a prominent citizen, which reads : “ Botha advocated the breaking up of Basutoland, Swaziland, Pondoland, and compulsory labour at the Labour Commission to-day.” Well, gentlemen . . . we will now see whether the Bond repudiate General Botha, or repudiate their published native policy. And again I say that I have sufficient confidence in the astuteness of my native friends to leave them to read the riddle.’

Political speeches at the best are poor sort of reading. Sufficient to say that even in the heat of

¹ Jameson’s correspondence with the Governor and his Draft Bill to exclude Asiatics from Cape Colony were published in the *Cape Times* of January 8, 1904.

the conflict, Jameson kept the controversy off the bitter racial issue: preached reconciliation, material development, education, and, above all, Federation. And not of South Africa alone, but of the British Empire by fiscal preferences, first advocated by Cecil Rhodes and Hofmeyr, and at that time by Joseph Chamberlain to the people of England.

On September 30, Jameson writes again—this time from Groote Schuur—and his letter shows how keenly he was fighting under his mask of boredom:—

‘Certainly the market seems to have no bottom left; but the pigtailed should put it right by the end of the year. With our Cape elections on it is a pretty difficult job to keep on an even keel on this subject. However, I think we shall pull through, and Merriman has had a really nasty knock in Botha’s pronouncement on native reserves, which you may be sure we shall use for all it is worth. You forget in your criticism that the native vote alone will turn the scale in this election, and that vote is a legacy which we have to do our best with. I am off next week for a month’s tour of the native territories (horrible), and then practically through the rest of the Colony. We shall win well, I think, in the Upper House in November, and then that should give us a good lift for the real crux, the lower House about the middle of January.’

On November 7, the eve of the Council elections, Jameson made a great speech in the Feather Market Hall of Port Elizabeth to about two thousand people, interesting to us chiefly for its reference to the Raid:—

‘I personally, as you know, have been accused of stirring up racial strife. Well I might say, “Never was a greater falsehood”; but I can honestly say, “Never was anything further from my own feeling than any such action.” . . . I will merely say with regard to that, as I have said over and

over again—and every time I have said it, back it comes into my face like a football on a string from Mr. Merriman or the *South African News*—but I will say that that great blunder, badly carried out as it was at the beginning of it, had an absolutely honest purpose. There was no question of race at that time. It was undertaken not in the interests of any one race. It was undertaken against a close oligarchy, and in the interest of every race and every colour in South Africa.'

The Council elections were perilously close. Owing to an internecine quarrel, one seat—in the Western circle—was thrown away, and the result was an Upper House composed of 12 Progressives, 10 Bond, and 1 Independent. As Independents invariably showed their independence by voting with the Opposition, these results left Jameson with a majority of one. True, it was a pledged majority, and 'like Mercutio's wound,' as the *Cape Times* cheerfully remarked, 'twould serve.' But in the end it proved to be the downfall of Jameson.

The Council elections over, Jameson wrote to Sam from Cape Town on November 25, 1903:—

'Just arrived last night to commence organisation for Assembly. Council is really as good as we could expect—majority of a solid pledged one is enough for all practical purposes in the small Upper House of 23. As to the Lower, I am still fairly sanguine and think we shall pull it off, but it is a weary grind—this Chinese business the very devil just at the present moment.'

Again on December 9, 1903, he writes to Sam:—

'Very busy with these beastly elections. Would win certain if there was no pigtail question—but that makes it uncertain. Bond using it for all it is worth. Doubtful if I can make coloured men see difference between the C.C.

and the T.V. before the voting.¹ It all depends on that, and it is a somewhat difficult game to play. Still I am fairly sanguine. . . .’

On December 16 there is a note to Sam :—

‘Just to say I am off again on my travels after a fairly busy time down here. Milner arrived yesterday. I spent the afternoon with him, and of course he will be as helpful as he can ; but naturally his own show comes first ; and *re* Chinese, etc., he wants me to do more than I think safe. It is a beastly difficult position. Of course they must come, and the sooner the better ; but I have to continue the egg dance down here till they do arrive, or at all events are sanctioned. Now I am trying to get Milner to hurry it up so that the legislation can be published before our elections. Then I can say, “I told you so,” and get my coloured brethren to believe that we have been sincere and can help them better than the Bond in keeping them [the Chinese] out of the Colony. Otherwise things going pretty well and *S.A. News* getting perfectly rampant in a abuse of me personally—which means that we must be doing well. You should read some of it to amuse you and learn something of my real character and incapacity.’

On December 30, 1903, Jameson writes to his brother from Cape Town :—

‘Leaving this afternoon for my last six weeks of unmitigated boredom in the shape of political meetings. Without this abominable Chinese question we should have swept the floor with them. Now it is very doubtful. I am sticking to the honest line of keeping out of Colony and non-interference with T.V. Difficult to keep my party together on it, and may go under, but still have good hopes—especially if Milner hurries up and gets them sanctioned before February 10.’

¹ *I.e.* the policy of allowing the Chinese to go into the Transvaal under indentures, while keeping them out of the Cape Colony.

On January 20 the poll was declared at Grahams-town. Jameson was at the top with 707 votes; his Progressive colleague, a Mr. Wood, came next with 696 votes, and Mr. Douglass was beaten, with a vote of 403.

On January 25, 1904, Jameson writes to Sam from Kimberley:—

‘Here for a day to make sure of D.B. vote going right. Off to-morrow to Aliwal and Wodehouse to have a final shot at Merriman and Sauer. Think we shall keep the former out; but latter with his native influence very doubtful. Grahamstown has given us a good lead off, and may counteract our disadvantage on the Chinese question. The man in the street likes to be on the winning side. Douglass having been badly beaten, we ought to be pretty sure that East London will follow suit on Sprigg. From now till 10th I am going to do nothing but native constituencies. Practically following round on Tengo Jabavu’s track. Have done very well in Fort Beaufort District which I hope we have recaptured. The native does not like Tengo’s want of pluck in not facing the music. On the whole we are more hopeful, but still in the melting pot. At all events only a fortnight more of this beastly work. The motor car has been a great success, even in the roughest country.’

Tengo, an educated Kafir, was the Editor of a native paper called *Imvo*. In 1894 Mr. Merriman had declared that ‘he looked on Tengo Jabavu as one of the greatest dangers to the whites of this country’; but the Bond had now taken him to its bosom, and he was employed to attack Jameson on his administration in Rhodesia and alarm the natives about the Chinese. Tengo said that trusting Kafirs to Jameson was like trusting a goat to a tiger; but his primitive cunning delivered him into Jameson’s

hands. For he had changed Rhodes's declaration of 'equal rights for every civilised man' into 'equal rights for every white man,' and thereupon Jameson called him a liar, challenged him to prove his words, and fairly chased him round the native territories.

Then comes an undated note of triumph from Cape Town:—

'DEAR SAM,—Yes, it is a good win. Thanks for cable. Sprigg even now won't go, and must be removed with dynamite; but I think we shall manage it in the next couple of days—then the beastly work begins. Already everybody wants every billet. With luck I may get home for a month about July for health.—Yrs.,

'L. S. JAMESON.'

It was indeed a good win. Jameson's victory at Grahamstown had given the Progressives a lead. Sir Gordon Sprigg was defeated at East London by Dr. Smartt, and, even more terrible for the Bond, Colonel Crewe beat Sauer at Aliwal North,¹ and Merriman was thrown out at Wodehouse. Of the Government only two unimportant Ministers were left in the House.

Yet it remained a close fight, for as Jameson put it, not the Archangel Gabriel would have stood a chance in a Dutch constituency unless he were a Bondman. And the Bond and Progressive parties were so evenly balanced that on February 15, 1904, the parties were standing level with forty-five members each, with only five more results to come in.

But Barkly West, Prieska, and Tembuland all returned Progressives, so, as the final results stood, the Progressive party had a majority of five in a

¹ Sauer had represented Aliwal North for twenty-seven years.

House of ninety-five members. The majority, moreover, was pledged, and it had for its leader Dr. Jameson, so that whether Chamberlain liked it or no, there was now nothing else to do but make him Prime Minister.

CHAPTER XXXV

JAMESON PRIME MINISTER

' His high mettle, under good control,
Gives him Olympic speed and shoots him to the goal.

THE undated letter just quoted was probably written on mail day, February 17, 1904, for on that day we find the *Beaufort West Courier* blandly announcing that ' Sir Gordon Sprigg will meet Parliament without a constituency, following several British precedents, but with sufficient support. The present Ministry slightly modified will remain in office.' What British precedent there could be for a Prime Minister to continue in office without a seat and without a party [to be exact, with only two followers in Parliament]¹ the student of Erskine May might be puzzled to determine. As for the ' dynamite ' we find a hint in the *Cape Times* of the same day— ' that H. E. the Governor might follow the example of Sir Bartle Frere, who dismissed the Molteno Ministry.' Certain it is that the very next day Sir Gordon Sprigg ' tendered his resignation to the Governor, who sent for Dr. Jameson and asked him to form a Ministry.' The ' tenacious sticker ' had indeed defeated the ' slashing fighter,' and since there was now neither Merriman nor Sauer, the Raid for a time at least would not be thrown in his face ' like a football on a string.' Yet, he could not but see

¹ The Hon. John Frost and Sir Bisset Berry.

that once more he had got himself into an extremely uncomfortable position.

Invading the lazy tangle of Cape politics, Jameson had created a solid 'pledged' party, by appealing to a common sentiment in separate communities. But, sentiment apart, the interests of these communities were opposite and conflicting. The strongholds of the British Party were Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, and Kimberley, Grahamstown, and King William's Town, and a small but important country section of Eastern Province and Border British farmers.

Port Elizabeth and East London competed for the rich prize of the Johannesburg trade. Against them both Delagoa Bay and Durban also had a great advantage in point of distance; but owing to the steepness of the escarpment on the east these two lines of approach to Johannesburg had also certain disadvantages which gave the Colonial ports reasons for hope that under fair treatment they might not be altogether driven out of the interior trade. Cape Town was so far from the centre of wealth that, except for light and passenger traffic, she had almost fallen out of the running.

Easy to imagine that a not altogether friendly power in the Transvaal, bled in the days of its weakness by the monopoly the Colonial ports had once enjoyed, should play off one against another and heighten their jealousies in order to obtain the best possible terms for its traffic.

And that is what befell. Johannesburg gave the Portuguese port of Delagoa Bay the lion's share of its trade in exchange for facilities for recruiting labour. Railway rates roughly upon a mileage basis not only penalised the British against the foreign

ports and Natal against Delagoa Bay, and the Colonial ports against Natal, but Port Elizabeth against East London. And this made Port Elizabeth the more bitter, as the railway system she commanded was thought to be the true fighting line for the trade of the interior.

Moreover, the miners of Kimberley blamed the merchants of the coast ports for the high cost of living, arguing that the ports paid nothing in railway rates, but that these rates formed a large part of the revenue of the Colony and were a charge not upon trade, but upon industry.

These divergences between the four towns were sunk for the moment in their common fear of the Bond, a power not only hostile politically, but economically. For the Dutch farmers supported both a racial and an economic policy based on the protection of agriculture. And, trade being depressed beyond all precedent, and stock having been decimated by an unexampled drought, the people of the towns were in a state almost of panic about the cost of living.

Jameson designed to continue the Rhodesian policy of friendship with the Dutch farmers; a policy which must bring him into conflict, sooner or later, with the cheap food and free trade sentiments of the bulk of his own followers. The position of a Prime Minister who desires to follow a policy at variance with the interests of his party must always be difficult even when he commands a large majority, but, as Jameson had a majority of only one in the Upper, and from five to seven in the Lower House of Parliament, his situation was desperate from the outset.

Trouble began with the formation of a Ministry.

The smoother course would have been to bring in the mercantile elements of the towns; able and astute merchants who commanded their own communities, and would have greatly strengthened the administration. But with his design of conciliating the Dutch, their free trade convictions and interests would have tied his hands, and he accordingly formed his Ministry of his own personal friends. Dr. Smartt he made Minister of Public Works and Crown Lands; Mr. Victor Sampson, a Kimberley lawyer, he chose for his Attorney-General; Mr. Edgar Walton, the owner of a Port Elizabeth newspaper, became his Treasurer; Col. Crewe, an ex-officer of the Cape Mounted Rifles, and an able politician, he made Colonial Secretary; Mr. A. J. Fuller, an honest Eastern Province farmer, became his Minister for Agriculture; and Rhodes's old friend and banker, Sir Lewis Michell, joined the Cabinet without a portfolio. It was a Ministry by no means weak in talent, but not deeply rooted in the interests of the party; but it was a united Ministry of men who could work together, and above all a Jameson Ministry. The Prime Minister had his way, brusquely commanding or suavely persuading, or carrying his point by threatening resignation in a manner that showed he meant it—here, as at all times, consummate in the leadership of men.

'Just a line to say,' he writes to Sam, on February 24, 'I am in and am worried and bored to the last degree. The Opposition I do not mind, but our own people are the most awful crew; they all wanted to be ministers, and I am not through my troubles yet, but am sanguine. Going to meet Parliament next week and hope to break the back of the disagreeables.' And we find a reference to the same

troubles in his speech at a banquet given in his honour in Cape Town on February 25.¹ The Ministry had been selected, the Prime Minister explained, on the principle of efficiency. 'Now there are some men,' he went on, 'who are not included in the Ministry, but I do not believe there is any chagrin on the part of these men. . . . We are a united body of Progressives, determined to carry out the policy laid down for us by our great departed leader. . . . Our party are pledged, but not to any individual . . . they can assemble together in caucus and kick me out of my position . . . but they are pledged on the programme of the Progressive party . . . and to their constituents to vote with the majority of their party on every item of that programme.'

It is a speech which suggests hostilities, but also the courage to meet and the magnanimity to despise them. 'Mr. M'Clure,' he said, 'alluded to the unmitigated abuse which I personally have received. That we will forgive; I have no enmity against the other side; they used whatever means they had to advocate their principles, and I give them credit for believing in their principles.' On his side there was no racialism. It had 'never entered our minds. . . . We would equally select the Dutchman as the Englishman, because we believe they are both British.' 'We, the Progressive party,' he continued, 'view this limb of the British Empire as a real integral portion that can never be separated . . . and can never prosper unless we recognise that it is a limb of the British Empire.'

Such, indeed, was the sentiment which had united these discordant elements which Jameson now set

¹ The health of the Prime Minister was proposed by his staunch supporter in Cape Town, the Rev. J. J. M'Clure.

himself to control; the sentiment of common loyalty to the British flag. Together, Jameson explained, they could allay racial feeling, not by weakness, but by strength. 'Give us a working majority, and I believe that it will be the main factor in getting rid of this racial feeling.'

Here we see the difference between the policies of Jameson and of Sprigg. Sprigg sought to allay the racial feeling by yielding to its most bitter exponents; Jameson conceived the bolder plan of defeating them. And so, he contended, the country would have rest to go about its business, and the fanatics would be 'crystallised down to such a small nucleus that they would feel the hopelessness of racial conflict, which would thus dwindle and disappear.' Let them go on with practical things. He had appointed a farmer as the Minister for Agriculture, a farmer who would work in sympathy with the other side and would preserve the country from rash and ignorant legislation.

The Jameson policy then is a policy not of the towns but uniting town and country; the policy, indeed, of Rhodes applied to new circumstances.

Although he proposed to conciliate the Dutch farmers, Jameson had no intention of depending on them, and began by braving their hostility. The House met on March 4, 1904, and on the 15th the Attorney-General moved the second reading of the Additional Representation Bill, a measure for 'adjusting the balance between town and country.' Owing to the growth of the former and the stagnation of the latter the Bond member had an average constituency of 1161 voters against an average on the other side of 1647; and, if the large towns alone were taken, the anomaly was greater. Cape Town,

for example, had an average of 3426 voters per member, and Woodstock, its industrial suburb, 3221. In these circumstances the Government proposal must be thought moderate: one member for every 2000 town electors, as against one member for every 1500 country electors. Jameson's career as Prime Minister nevertheless began with the stormiest fight in the history of the Cape Parliament.

'By sitting mum and being polite to swine,' he writes to Sam on March 23, 'I am getting on fairly well in this beastly House; but of course the crux has still to come of the Representation Bill. Hope to have it through in another month, with luck. Your old friend — in the Upper House is one of our troubles. He had the cheek to want to be Treasurer. I had to let him understand that he would probably run off with the till; so naturally he has a tendency to show his teeth; but this is only one of the minor troubles, and I dare say we shall pull through.'

The Bond used every art to defeat the measure and the crux came, as Jameson predicted, a few days later. On Monday, March 28, he said he would sit all night to reach a vote. They had received a mandate for the Bill, they believed it to be moderate and just, and they meant to pass it. As for the racial question, by which the speeches of the Opposition were inspired, he had hoped they would have 'left that old cow in the sluit.'

Jameson, as usual, was furiously and rudely interrupted, but he kept his temper and bantered his opponents. One of the constituencies to get another member was a stronghold of the Bond; how then could the Bill be described as racial? 'Indeed,' he continued, amid laughter, 'I understand that

the seat will be contested by the late senior member for Aliwal North, Mr. Sauer. Therefore, let them make haste and pass the Bill, and then we shall have him back among us before the end of the Session.'

The urbanity of the Prime Minister infuriated the Opposition. Mr. N. F. De Waal, the Secretary of the Bond, rising at six o'clock, pointed at the setting sun: 'As surely,' he said, 'as the Prime Minister persists in his endeavour to force the Bill through the House, so surely would they see to-morrow's sun rise without any progress being made.' All through the night the Bond speakers harangued against what they described as 'Jameson's invention to catch Dutchmen,' 'Jameson's vengeance,' 'Jameson's black flag.' The Ministerialists ceased to answer. 'The House,' says an observer, 'presented a strange aspect. On the seats for the Legislative Councillors, wearied members were stretched out full length in restless slumber, from which they were roused from time to time by hoarse cheers or laughter which very occasionally greeted the speeches of the obstructionists.'¹ After twenty-four and a half hours the Speaker intervened, following a precedent of Speaker Brand's, and applied the closure, compelling a division on the main question. The Government mustered a majority of eight.

The Prime Minister rose to give formal notice as to future business. 'I believe,' he began, 'after the longest and most arduous debate——' Here there were cries of 'absolute scandal,' 'blackguardly scandal,' from the Opposition benches, but Jameson waited imperturbably until the din had subsided and finished his announcement.

¹ 'Notes in the House': *Cape Times*, March 30, 1904.

The Prime Minister had won and won without losing his temper. Thenceforth he was treated with more respect, and, as time went on, with more courtesy. He could 'sit mum and be polite to swine,' but he could command and be obeyed. And with the old Dutch farmers, whom he liked, he would chat so familiarly about their complaints and their farms, that their hostility was gradually disarmed. Indeed, many Dutchmen in the House came to love the Doctor, and gradually the racial bitterness faded out of politics and the two sides began to put their heads together for the good of the country.

But those days were still a long way off. Those two 'flags of bitterness in the land,' Merriman and Sauer, returned to the House, the first as member for Victoria West, and the second as one of the additional members under the Act. And they at least would not allow feeling to subside. 'A vindictive mark of revenge,' Merriman called the Representation Act, 'deliberately designed to set the two races by the ears,' because Dr. Jameson 'could never forget or forgive the Dutchmen for having contemptuously given him his life.'

There were reasons other than political for the bitterness of those days. The economic situation of the Colony grew worse and worse. The industries of South Africa languished, for their flywheel, the gold mines, could not get up speed owing to lack of labour power.

On May 3, the Treasurer introduced a dismal budget. Although expenditure had been reduced by nearly £1,000,000, there was a deficit of nearly £800,000, which the Government proposed to meet by an income tax and an excise of 6s. per gallon on

brandy. In the debates on these taxation proposals their majority dropped to two and even to one.

Moreover, the Upper House, where any single member could bring about a crisis, began to give trouble. We have already seen how one of Jameson's supporters had demanded the Treasury as the price of his support. Trouble now came from another, Mr. Logan, who had been a nuisance to Rhodes, and was now to be a nuisance to Jameson. There is reason to believe that the price he put upon his vote was the renewal of the railway refreshment contract in the Cape and its extension to the Rhodesian railways. The story goes that the threat was conveyed to Jameson by Lewis, his election agent, as the Doctor was sitting at his bridge table in Groote Schuur. 'Tell Logan to go to hell—no trumps,' was all that Jameson said. He was never the man to be blackmailed, and Logan, who did not dare to vote against the Government, announced his intention to return to his native Scotland before the end of the Session.

It is a remarkable example of the virtues of our popular system that the fortunes of a country and the fate of an administration should be so finely balanced as to depend upon the physical presence of an intemperate Scotch hotelkeeper. A deputation of two hundred and fifty Progressives waited upon Mr. Logan, and assured him that his departure would 'inevitably lead to the rejection of the Additional Representation Bill . . . the overthrow of the Progressive Ministry, and the wreck of the Progressive party.' Mr. Logan enjoyed the situation. He was not, he replied, going to be 'the

flunkey of any Corporation.’¹ His conscience revolted against the Party pledge, which he had formerly said ‘any gentleman might take and be proud of.’ He promised, however, to stay in spite of ‘urgent private affairs, even if the Session were to last one hundred and ninety days.’ But presently it was discovered that he had quietly booked his passage by the mail steamer which was to leave Cape Town on May 18. The most interesting incident reported in the *Cape Times* of that date, ‘had nothing whatever to do with the affairs of the Assembly. At about half-past three o’clock Mr. Logan entered the House and took his seat in the place reserved for members of the Legislative Council. A signal brought Dr. Jameson to a seat beside him, and the two remained in earnest conversation for a quarter of an hour. Both seemed to be in high spirits, and Mr. Burton, Mr. Cilliers, and others on the Opposition benches, who appeared to be taking a keen interest in the meeting, could not have gathered much as to the import of what was passing. At twenty minutes to four Mr. Logan pulled out his watch, called out good-bye, and sped out of the House—presumably off down to the Docks.’² The incident serves to explain what Jameson meant when he wrote to Sam about ‘being polite to swine.’

Thus at a single stroke Jameson’s pledged majority in the Upper House disappeared, and henceforth we find the divisions of the Legislative Council, eleven contents and eleven non-contents, being decided by the casting vote of the President. Now the President

¹ Meaning De Beers, of which he had formerly said, ‘All this talk about the influence of De Beers in the Progressive party was a myth.’

² The journalist was right. Mr. Logan sailed by the *Norman* that afternoon.

was the Chief Justice Sir Henry de Villiers, probably as great a judge and as great a man as our own Chief Justice Coke, and as he now presided over the fortunes of the Government it was possibly injudicious of Mr. Merriman, Leader once more of the Opposition, to fall into a rage when, on May 24, the Government increased the Chief Justice's salary by a paltry £250 a year.

Upon the whole it must have been an anxious Session for the Prime Minister. And yet he contrived to improve the feeling both in House and country. He mitigated the infliction of the excise by advancing £10 a leaguer on the wine farmers' stock of brandy, not, as it turned out, a very good investment of Government money. By the Better Administration of Justice Bill he abolished the special treasons courts, and modified in many other ways the treatment of rebels, who were no longer to be tried, even for homicide, if they had acted under orders from their superior officers. Upon May 27 the writer of 'Notes in the House' of the *Cape Times* says that the *rapprochement* between the two sides had never been more marked. Yet even here the leaders of the Opposition contrived to provoke a storm. The Prime Minister was pressed for a more complete amnesty, and when he declined to go any further, Mr. Merriman accused him of 'perpetuating the root of bitterness,' 'using the spoils of victory' to 'grind the rebels down still more.'

Nevertheless, the impression remained. De Waal, the true Leader of the Bond, showed by his attitude that he disapproved of the incendiarism. And when we consider that a little while before even Sir Gordon Sprigg had described Jameson as 'one whose very name is an offence to every man of Dutch blood,'

we must marvel at the change thus described by a contemporary journalist: he had 'transformed the bitterness and suspicion of the Dutch into something which was already more than tolerance and bids fair to ripen into confidence and esteem.'

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE PRIME MINISTER'S POLICY

' If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!" '

JAMESON held the haven of Federation very clearly before him throughout his political course. In June, 1903, he had supported the great change from separate economic systems to a customs convention which embraced all South Africa. Rhodes had taught him long ago that political union rests upon economic union, and comes 'from doing things together.'

When he himself takes the wheel, his eye never leaves the card; but he is hindered by a growing sea, a gathering darkness: life has become a race between this brave spirit and the elements of a Destiny as hostile as formerly propitious.

His body is enfeebled and poisoned by malaria. He fights against, ignores, and laughs at it by turns; but now and then it masters him, he is driven to Europe to take cures, like 'a drivelling valetudinarian,' as he impatiently styles himself. Thus, in July, 1904, he goes to England, not 'feigning illness,' as a rancorous opponent alleged, in order to carry out 'selfish and nefarious' designs, but driven by overwhelming pain and weakness. In August, 1905, he is in Carlsbad and reports of his serious condition

are used to 'bear' the South African market; in September he undergoes an operation; and in October the press reports speak of the 'low state of health produced by the pain he had suffered.' From year to year the game but unequal fight goes on against pain stoically borne and disease defied.

The Cape revenues refused to recover from the shocks of war, drought, and cattle epidemics; and in the four years of his government fell from £11,701,000 to £7,148,000—'a beastly time,' as he describes it to his brother, 'of retrenchment and a consequent growling public, and a party at sixes and sevens—a continuous egg dance.' His retrenchments struck inevitably at his own supporters, the British of the railways, the harbours, and the Civil Service; they knew, as well as he knew, that economy was his duty; his own salary as Prime Minister he had never drawn, although he was, as always, what the world calls a poor man. But human nature being what it is, the virtue is forgotten in the injury.

With these scanty resources Jameson held power on the precarious tenure of a majority so small that he never could count beforehand upon the support of the House. And as his policy of reconciling the country developed he had to face growing mutiny among his urban supporters. His staunch friend of those political days was Maitland Park, then Editor of the *Cape Times*, among the ablest journalists of his time, and more profoundly versed than most statesmen in the twin sciences of politics and economics. But even Park, though he remained fast friend, could not follow Jameson in his policy of conciliating the farmer at the expense, as he thought, of the towns. The *Cape Times* took the

side of the merchants in the conflict over this issue which was now developing.

Through all these troubles the Doctor never faltered in his course. He turned them to his ends, continually reminding the merchants of the Cape ports and the farmers of the Colony that their only hope of good markets and a fair share of the trade lay in union.

We see his purpose both in his speeches and his acts. Thus on December 6, 1904, he urged upon his constituents at Grahamstown the necessity of federation. 'Our first duty,' he said, 'is the immediate wants of the Colony which we govern; but at the same time we realise what is the trend of the times in the whole of South Africa, and that is the coming together of all its States.'

'Supposing we have a Railway Union, a Court of Appeal—we already have a Customs Union—and a universal policy for the native question, what more will we want to bring about federation?' And from this question of the federation of South Africa Jameson passes on to the great federation of the whole Empire by the practical measure of a fiscal preference.

A letter of December 12 to Sam refers to this meeting with chastened satisfaction:—

'I have got back from speechifying, and got through fairly well. If we like I do not see anything to turn us out now. . . . I am afraid I was rather a grumpy companion during your visit; but a good many worries mixed up with carbuncles must be an excuse. Now the atmosphere is clearer. After all, this kind of life is very tiresome, not that it is such hard work, but from the other aspect very absorbing and makes one useless socially. Still, it is doing something, and one always looks forward to the relief of getting rid of it all. . . .'