

South African Memories

Uitlander risings or resistances, and long before the Jameson Raid. It was taken to indicate that the policy of repression and control by force was the accepted doctrine of the ruling party, and of course there were many, especially among the older residents, who were unshaken in the belief that the old policy of extending the South African Republic (the very significant title originally given to the Transvaal and always retained), would be pursued, and that more sinister evidence of this might be expected at any time.

Long before the end of 1894 hints and rumours got about that there were to be other forts constructed with the idea of repelling any possible invasion by the British troops. How these rumours originated it is impossible to say. They were believed by many to be the true indications of the attitude of the Transvaal Government, but they were also almost invariably received with derision by the non-Boer population on the grounds that the idea of an invasion by British troops was such a preposterous absurdity that this could not possibly be the true reason for the projected forts. Experience of the British Government's attitude towards South Africa, its uncertainties and inconsistencies due to party changes—Liberal and Conservative—had produced such an effect that I do not believe there was a serious person in Africa who contemplated the possibility of British troops invading the Transvaal.

It fell to my lot to be responsible for the firm's business in Pretoria and the district. That fact, and a very wide circle of acquaintances and old comrades throughout the country, put me in touch with much that was going on. I had heard of a project to build a ring of forts round Pretoria, and that the object was to protect the capital against invasion by the British. I was familiar with the wild talk of the bitter, ignorant, and extreme racialists—even in the Volksraad, about "driving the English into the sea." It was a well-known cry! But this 'forts' project implied invasion by the British. Such a notion was scouted by these very extremists as absurd and impossible. Early in 1899, I had a small experience which was illuminating. Travelling by train to Pretoria I stood in the passage looking out over the Fountain's valley and the big fort opposite. A fine-looking active Boer—a visitor from country parts—stood near me and was most interested in everything. It was clearly his first visit. "What is that?" he asked excitedly, pointing up to the fort with its massive embankment.

"That's one of the big forts!" I answered.

"Forts! Then it's true—what I heard! But what are they for?"

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"To protect Pretoria against the British army when they come to take the country," I replied smiling, and chaffing him.

However he was excited and intensely serious.

"That is not true! They will not get as far as this. We'll meet them near the coast and drive the lot into the sea! We ought to have done it before; but now we are united and ready and we'll do it properly!"

I avoided argument and just pointed to another aspect of the steep hill; and he broke out into a new thought.

"But tell me this! Who is going into these things? Who will have to fight in those forts?"

"You will, of course!" I laughed at him.

"Me! You think I'm a fool—mad? No fear, my friend. Look you, here I am, a Boer, and I like plenty of room behind me. Fight—yes! I'll fight the English every time; but I won't go into one of those traps, to be killed like a rat in a hole. Murdered by big guns or perhaps even bayonets."

To me the idea seemed too preposterous; the project was futile; unnecessary and wasteful; and I simply refused to accept it as a serious enterprise. Of course one had to recognize that it might be one of those projects which an interested clique had managed to persuade the President and his party to adopt; the real purpose of which was to enable the proposers to make money without doing any honest work. The screen of patriotic enthusiasm was not uncommonly used for this purpose. We didn't then realize that Germany and France, who were supplying through their great factories big guns and munitions for use against the British, might be at the back of it all.

My work in Pretoria necessitated frequent visits from Johannesburg to the capital, many of which were directly concerned with an enterprise known as the Pretoria Portland Cement Company. The right to manufacture cement was originally granted as a concession or monopoly, acquired from the Government by or through Mr. Edouard Lippert. The policy of granting concessions or monopolies had been adopted by the Transvaal government and exploited by speculators and adventurers and by numbers of hangers-on of the party in power. The mining industry—the main source of all prosperity—and the mining population as a class, were naturally the main victims, the greatest sufferers and most determined opponents of the concession policy; and our firm, by far the greatest factor in mining, was resolutely opposed to all concessions.

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Concessions and monopolies had been granted for dynamite to a German group, for railways to the Netherlands Railway Company, for liquor to Messrs. Lewis and Marks, for the manufacture of cement, for Pretoria water-works and Johannesburg water-supply, and the electric lighting of Pretoria. There were very many other monopolistic grants, too numerous to be worth recalling. The foregoing suffice to throw some light on the position.

Our firm, whilst generally recognized as the most serious opponents of the concession policy, were not infrequently charged with participating in these improper grants. As a matter of fact, they were connected with the Cement, Pretoria lighting and Pretoria water-works enterprises, which had been started under monopolistic grants; but the facts in these cases, which have never been published, leave the firm's name clear and bring to light some of the difficulties which men, intent on conducting legitimate business, had to face.

One day, J. B. Taylor, a partner and representative of the firm of H. Eckstein, had to see the President on some subject connected with the mining industry. The old President was gruff and brusque in his ways, but was clear enough in his purpose. He brushed aside the subject which had been raised and hurled at his visitor the reproach that, "you people are always asking me some favour, you always want something to be done for yourselves. You never come to offer something for the good of the country: it's all for the mining industry and what you can get out of it."

Taylor, astonished by this sudden attack, replied that the mining industry had saved the Transvaal, that the latter had been insolvent and helpless before the discovery of the mines; and he reminded the President of the oft-quoted fact of the 12s. 6d. credit balance in the Treasury before the discovery of the gold fields had turned the tide; and that the State's Revenue had suddenly jumped to hundreds and thousands of pounds.

The old President, with a wave of the hand, dismissed that point and adhered persistently to the statement that nothing practical was done or proposed for anything but Johannesburg and the mines.

Taylor, anxious to conciliate the old man, asked for a suggestion as to what he had in mind that the mining industry could do, and the old gentleman, who was evidently quite prepared with definite proposals, named at once the needs of Pretoria for water and for light.

To this Taylor replied that the President had already

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granted concessions for both these rights, and so excluded them from the field of commercial enterprise.

The President's answer to that was equally prompt. "That's nothing," replied the President, "they can do nothing with it. I will make them sell to you cheaply if you will undertake to do the work and give light and water to Pretoria. You must do something for the country and the capital if you expect to get all these things for your mining industry."

Ridiculous as it may appear, the old President was perfectly serious, and in the course of a few days negotiations were opened by the concessionaires, and in the end these concessions were purchased by two companies formed by us.

It is only necessary to add that after the systems of water and lighting had been installed and developed to a stage when a very small profit was being earned (and of course the original concessionaires had taken their cash and passed their rights over to the industrial companies), such pressure was put upon these organizations that they were glad to cut their losses and get out. What had caused some grim amusement for our firm was to find that the original concessionaires, whom the President had dragooned into selling their rights for the benefit of the community, included individuals well known to be hangers-on of the Government, and even members of President Kruger's own family. It is not here suggested, as it was freely stated at the time, that the President himself had any share or interest in these concessions, or that his insistence upon the purchase of these concessions by us, or our companies, can fairly be attributed to any improper motive; the whole policy was as unwise as it was improper, and was so full of pitfalls that those who took any part in it had only themselves to thank for the suspicions of personal interest or favouritism; yet in the circumstances one can recognize the justice of what Dr. Leyds wrote of his late chief, that "more often than not he was imposed upon, misled and made use of by those who were close to him and in whom he placed misplaced trust."

No doubt the old President really wished to benefit Pretoria, but it was deep in his nature and faith that he should "spoil the Egyptians," and it is not too much to say that whilst affecting to compel the original concessionaires to sacrifice their valuable monopolies at a low price and for the good of the country, he was in truth only securing for his friends and relations a price which they could not otherwise have obtained. In these matters our firm, and those who co-operated with them, were not concessionaires as was sedulously repre-

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sented, but were victims under compulsion, both in the acquisition of the rights and in the manner in which they were compelled to surrender them. So far from profiting they lost heavily by a transaction in which they had never desired to participate.

The Pretoria Cement was somewhat different. Pressure was put upon our firm by the Government to start a cement industry. At that time all cement used in South Africa was imported, practically all of it from England. The demands for the mining industry were increasing enormously and everything had to be brought from various rail heads, namely, in Portuguese territory, Natal and in Cape Colony, by ox-wagon. The price of cement, which is now about 12s. per barrel, was then frequently £10 to £12, 10s.

The concession to manufacture cement had been granted for a short period and had almost expired, but it contained a clause entitling the concessionaires to apply for an extension. Our firm agreed to buy a fraction more than a half share, thus giving them a majority vote; the balance was owned by Edouard Lippert, the original owner of the dynamite monopoly.

The concession term expired before the factory in Pretoria had reached the stage of production. Lippert had assumed that the renewal of so valuable a concession would be applied for and granted, and was furious when our firm took the stand that such a monopoly was injurious; that the weight of the material and the long distances of carriages would be ample protection for any genuine local industry; and when we definitely refused to consent to any application for renewal. Thus the concession lapsed finally and the right to manufacture cement was free to all.

But great as were the strategic advantages enjoyed by the company, success was by no means assured. A little experience enabled us to realize that the manufacture of cement was a highly expert business. The prejudice against locally manufactured cement was very strong. Heretofore the imported article only had been used, and contractors, builders and workmen alike refused to acknowledge any merits in the local manufacture. Expert manufacturers had to be found and imported, for there was no expert advice available in the country. For one reason or another many failures were experienced. However, by 1894 a capable manufacturer had been secured from Germany and highly satisfactory results were obtained. This expert had been associated with successful manufacture in Germany. He was also a reserve officer in the German army, engineers or

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artillery, and well acquainted with the up-to-date military requirements of his country.

At that time considerable expenditure had been incurred in new kilns for the cement factory, and the work had been reorganized, but the increasing requisitions of the general manager for up-to-date plant, coupled with the unhappy experience of the past, had caused uneasiness, and it had been decided that no further additions should be made until more satisfactory commercial results were obtained.

I made a practice of keeping in close touch with the factory, not only for regular meetings but on all occasions of visiting Pretoria; and on one such occasion, early in '95, I found that the general manager, not expecting me, had gone over to Johannesburg. The local secretary, who was the son of naturalized German parents, was in the office. This young man, born and educated in England, was entirely British in his character and sympathies; and as political feeling ran high in those days and nearly all those of German nationality or origin were in strong sympathy with the Boer cause and very hostile to the British, this was a distinction of which cognizance was taken.

As I entered the office, unannounced, and behind him, a hurried attempt to cover up a large sheet of drawing paper lying on the desk before him, drew my attention to it and I went over to see what it was. He began to make a stammered protest to the effect that he was acting under orders; that he knew there would be trouble; that his sympathies were entirely British; that he had objected to doing the work but had been instructed by his general manager; and he concluded by saying, somewhat hysterically, that he knew he would get the sack for it, but that it was not his fault and he hated the whole thing.

I was completely taken aback by this flurried and hysterical outburst as I had not the least notion of what was referred to, but it made me more interested in the document, and I immediately suspected that it was a design for a new kiln, which would involve large capital expenditure, and expressed myself pretty freely on the subject, saying that we had had enough of capital expenditure and that new kilns could wait until we could show some practical results.

The paper in question was a ground plan of some construction, and on seeing the circular form of this plan with a number of abutments and doors or embrasures, I broke off to say that it did not look like any cement kiln that I had ever seen, or any other construction with which I was familiar;

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in fact, I added, "I don't know what it is, but the damn thing looks more like a fort than anything else."

This impetuous comment produced something like collapse, and then, in tears, a passionate outburst of protest to the effect that he was not a traitor or a conspirator, but had simply acted under orders. That was the first indication that there was something queer and serious in the whole business, and that it was my duty to find out all about it. The young man was an excellent and loyal worker, and it was clear that he was, or believed that he was, the victim of some design which was kept secret from the proprietors.

After a little while he owned up to it all. It *was* the plan for a fort. The Government, he said, were intending to establish a series of forts round Pretoria, and upon ascertaining that our manager was a Prussian officer of experience in these matters, they had employed him to design the forts. These were to be massive constructions in which large quantities of cement would be used. What arrangements were made between the Government and our representative have never been divulged. He may, or may not, have been paid a special fee; he may, or may not, have hoped to sell to the Government on behalf of the company the required cement. Of the negotiations between them nothing has ever been known, but two facts were outstanding and indisputable. The Government had engaged our whole-time officer to do their expert military work, and the latter had used our staff, office and materials to do this work and to supply them with the necessary designs, without ever reporting the facts to his employers, or crediting the company with any of the cost.

Needless to say, the young man was much distressed under the cross-examination, and in the end assured me that he knew from the beginning that he was doing wrong and ought to have told me, but he did not like to go behind his manager; that his sympathies had been loyally with us; he felt that he had done wrong and that he should be sacked on the spot, but he was anxious to make amends and prove his *bona fides* and was ready to go at once. I reassured him, as I think he deserved, that he was not to blame as he had obeyed the instructions of the manager under whose authority he worked; and after thinking matters over for a little while I answered his last question, "But what am I to do? I cannot go on with this and I cannot tell him what has happened!"

I told him to obey his general manager by completing the plans and specifications as instructed. He had been told to observe the closest secrecy and in no circumstances to allow anyone to enter the office while he was engaged on

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the plans. I, as chairman, instructed him to obey orders literally but to make two copies instead of one, and to supply me, as chairman, with the second copy. I then returned to Johannesburg and reported the matter.

It certainly seemed to be a master-stroke of audacity on the part of the Government, to utilize for their own political and war purposes one of our own whole-time officers, and annoying as this was one could not but smile at the cleverness and audacity of the idea.

In due course I received the duplicates and forwarded them to the War Office in England where, I have been given to understand, they were safely entombed and never seen or heard of again.

I must confess to some personal feeling in this matter, a feeling of resentment that we should have been so completely had; and it was with some satisfaction that I devised a plan of getting square. Within a few weeks I took occasion to see the manager and raised the question of his remuneration, and pointed out that it was unfair to one who had been so successful to hold him to a fixed salary when the prospects for expansion offered such improved returns; and with his eager concurrence we arranged a reduction of the fixed salary which was far more than compensated for by a percentage on the forthcoming sales. The arrangement was mutually satisfactory.

The Government bought from us their entire cement requirements for the new forts, at prices which were arranged by the general manager.

It was frequently a game of wits. No doubt there were many occasions on which they could congratulate themselves, but there were some, and this was one, on which we felt that we had got a bit of our own back.

The end was farcical! I had, at that time, no access to anyone of position or influence in England. I had not been there since childhood and knew no one, and was quite unknown; so I sent the plans and a report to the War Office in London. There they were safely pigeon-holed and I received no acknowledgment.

A year later, when the Jameson Raid took place, and was given world-wide as a justification for the Boer determination to arm and to build forts to defend themselves against such attacks, there was not a soul to tell that the British War Office had proof that these forts had been planned and partly built long before.

Possibly the facts were known to some and were of value as an indication of policy. At any rate, I knew nothing more

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until two years after the Raid, when Sir William Butler, then Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, told me that when he was appointed and was coming out to assume the command, he had 'dug out' these plans and my report in the records of the War Office where, he added grimly, "they had been pigeon-holed and forgotten."

Possibly they had helped him to arrive at the conclusion, in his much criticized report, that if a war should occur it would need a British army of at least 50,000 men to deal with the matter.

CHAPTER XVII

LORD CROMER

I HAD been seriously ill during the early part of 1900, but by the middle of the year was hoping to return to South Africa; and never having witnessed a Derby, we seized the chance of having this experience.

The 30th May, the date of the Derby that year, was a date of fourfold interest to us. It was my wife's birthday; the date of the Reformers' release from prison; the day of Lord Roberts's entry into Johannesburg; and finally the day on which King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, won the Derby with Diamond Jubilee. It is not in my power to describe the tremendous excitement caused by these two events. A party of us had secured a coach and a very good position opposite the grand stand. One of our party was a man well known to us in mining circles in Johannesburg. He was a German, indeed a Prussian, of the ultra type; big, handsome, well connected, and uncompromisingly German; but one who abstained from obtruding his opinions in any offensive way. The almost universal association of the Germans with the Boer Republican cause had given rise to very strong feeling in South Africa. The open and bitter hostility displayed against the British was surprising to many, and was very deeply resented. I had been on excellent terms with our German friend but had never discussed with him this debatable question, being convinced that he held the German political view.

Diamond Jubilee had won his race in great style; the enthusiasm was frantic, and the horse was being led from the enclosure by the Prince of Wales himself. We were within fifty yards and saw everything. It was at the moment when the crowd in their enthusiasm for the Prince's victory became frenzied with delight and pressed in on horse and owner that, as was recorded at the time, one delirious enthusiast slapped the Prince on the back with a shout of: "Good old Teddy; God bless you!"

It was a moving sight.

I was standing on the top of the coach and happened to glance at my companion—my German friend—and was so

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arrested by the expression on his face that I forgot to turn again to the main scene. His face was drawn; his glance was fixed upon the Prince; and the intensity of that look arrested and bewildered me. I could say nothing, but he must have been conscious of my amazement, for with a voice quivering with feeling he said huskily: "Great God! He patted him on the back: and in my country they would have had 50,000 troops to protect the Kaiser from his people."

It was only then that I knew what was in his mind; I felt dizzy with pride in our people on hearing perhaps the finest compliment I had ever heard.

I got back to South Africa within a few months, and early in October was sent by Lord Milner, at the request of Lord Roberts, to Pretoria in order to deal with certain conditions connected with the irregular forces. Lord Roberts was arranging to hand over the command to Lord Kitchener. I saw a great deal of the former and was immensely impressed by the great old man, his breadth of view, his humanity, his wisdom and smiling courage. (He had just lost his only son at Colenso; a grief which the posthumous V.C., granted for his splendid courage, may have assuaged but also deepened, by emphasizing the cutting short of a fine career. There are but few examples of father and son winning this great distinction.) I saw him on many occasions but there is no need to record matters which are now of no importance. What I recall most vividly was the striking combination of statesman and soldier which he revealed. He dealt, among other matters, with the Concentration Camps. He took sole responsibility and was emphatic in maintaining that this war was different from most others. He said that it would be unpardonable to apply those methods which from the purely military viewpoints would be most effective and might even be regarded as essential; for all of us concerned in it had to remember that we were not fighting a foreign enemy but a people with whom we would have to live afterwards; and that it was all-important to avoid as far as possible such measures or steps as would leave a permanent barrier of resentment. He dwelt very earnestly on the Concentration Camps idea and looked upon it as the outstanding measure of mercy towards the enemy, frankly admitting that there was no military advantage whatever and that it was from purely humane motives that he favoured this action. In appreciation of this I quoted to him General Sherman's statement that he "had left the South nothing but their eyes to weep with." He took this up very quickly,

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saying that it might be the hard military view, but that in this country where we would all have to live together such inexorable action would be madness.

Being a civilian I was doubtless treated with greater freedom than would have been accorded to men on service, and questions of policy, such as the sending and receiving of envoys for peace negotiations, were quite freely discussed. I had no status or reputation to justify such treatment and was conscious that Lord Roberts was merely desirous of getting what information he could from those who had had opportunities to know the position; and in that spirit I spoke to him quite frankly, very strongly deprecating the sending of emissaries such, for instance, as Hendrik Schoeman, and I confidently foretold the reception he would get—a forecast that was immediately justified. I also spoke strongly against the far too ready acceptance of proposals which only meant prolonged delay and the testing of the British resolution to see things through. Quite properly, no doubt, but very unfortunately for me, Lord Roberts must have informed his successor-designate of these things, and as I had no notion that these measures had been initiated and pressed by Lord Kitchener himself, the fat was in the fire and I received a highly unfavourable impression of the new commander-in-chief.

His methods and mental process seemed to me to be what Lord Esher has since described as having been considerably influenced by his experience with the tricky diplomacy of the East. Being in the all-powerful position of a military autocrat he failed to show the restraint and dignity that is becoming to the all-powerful; in plain truth he was dictatorial almost to the point of bullying. My only purpose was to serve the British cause, but when I was unable to acknowledge the wisdom or justice of certain decisions favoured by him he was arrogant, offensive and grossly ill-mannered; on one occasion he stalked from the room and left me there for a couple of hours without the courtesy of even a formal dismissal or a message.

I was indebted to a member of his staff, since very greatly distinguished in the Great War, for the kindly act of telling me that "K's manners were sometimes peculiar" and that "I had better hop off and he would make it all right."

I saw a good deal of 'K' later on at the time of the Peace negotiations at Vereeniging, and the impression left on me was even worse. However, that's another matter.

Recurrence of illness overtook me in Pretoria and after a little while I was removed to Johannesburg to be in doctor's

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hands for a month or more before being able to get back to Cape Town; and then only to be sent out of the country again.

In January 1901 I had gone to Grindelwald in search of health when the death of the old Queen revealed the value of the English tourist to the winter resorts on the Continent. The combined effects of the war and the Queen's death caused something like ruin and desolation, and seeking to escape the depression, we made up a party to visit Egypt.

My friend, Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, editor and proprietor of the *Spectator*, was kind enough to give me a letter of introduction to his friend, Lord Cromer, who, he assured me, would be greatly interested to hear of things in South Africa, especially as the two big men out there—Milner and Kitchener—had first achieved fame as his own lieutenants.

This is no account of an Egyptian tour, and although the experience is entirely personal that is not the reason for the writing. It has a valid claim to be a Scrap of History inasmuch as it concerns three great characters—Cromer, Milner and Kitchener.

We had chartered our dahabieh and it was necessary to get away from Cairo at once. However, although it seemed impossible that the great Viceroy should know of the passing through of a person as insignificant as myself and should note the omission to call and pay my respect, I felt it impossible to postpone my call, without explaining the reason.

I had another valuable letter of introduction from a mutual friend to Moxley, the manager of one of the leading banks. I called on him and explained my dilemma and the necessity for immediate and complete rest, for which the Nile trip had been prescribed.

Moxley was a cordial, hearty Irishman, hospitable and helpful, with just that excitability which is an Irish trait, and that touch of the brogue which is so attractive. He understood my position at once and said: "Look here, my boy, I can fix it all for you; there will be no trouble. Maybe the old man (he meant Lord Cromer) will never know you have been here, but it is just as well not to take the risk, for he's a holy terror. You don't know what he's like in Cairo; kings and emperors are not in it; he's got a grip of Cairo and of all Egypt that no one ever had. He is the absolute dictator, and not only in politics, or with the Government, but in social and business circles he's a sort of God Almighty. Mind you, it is not that he interferes or that you ever know he does, and he never says

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anything; but Lord, man, he just thinks—and if he doesn't think right, out you go. No one knows how he does it, but he's got that power—if you cross him in any way or he doesn't like you, you might as well get out of Egypt. However, since he lost his wife a little while ago he seems to have gone behind a screen. No one ever meets him or sees him. It is all done now by his private secretary, Boyle, a splendid fellow and a great friend of mine. It is Boyle who does it all—politics, business, society, everything. I can fix you all right now and you will have no trouble. I'll be seeing Boyle this afternoon and will tell him all about it. Just go down to the old man's office and ask for Boyle; send your card in to Boyle; I'll tell him all about it and I'll let you know at the hotel if it is right. Don't bother about the old man at all; take no notice; it is Boyle that's running Egypt and I'll fix the whole thing for you. He will put it right with the old man if he ever hears that you passed through Cairo. You leave it to Boyle."

I did.

Moxley called at the hotel, as promised, and practically repeated all he had said in the morning, giving the final assurance that he had fixed it all up with Boyle who would receive me as soon as I called next day.

We were to sail, I think, on the following afternoon, and I made my call in the morning; asked for Mr. Boyle and handed in my card marked with his name. The card was taken by an Egyptian in the uniform or livery of the country; he bowed silently and moved from the large circular hall into which I had been shown, and passed through a door on the right. He never opened his lips and I assumed that he could not speak English but that he clearly understood that it was Mr. Boyle whom I wished to see.

I waited for about a quarter of an hour, when the same servant returned, entering not from the door I was watching but from the opposite side—my left—and led the way to a large office into which he escorted me.

The one possibility which had been overlooked by both Moxley and myself was that Strachey had written to Lord Cromer mentioning the letter of introduction he had given me and probably supplying certain explanations, and that this letter, travelling by mail, might have arrived considerably ahead of me. That, indeed, is just what had happened.

I was greeted with the prompt cordiality which gave me immediate hope that Boyle and I would hit it off and he would fix everything for me. He rose from his chair and walked to greet me, and gave me a seat at his table.

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After rather hurriedly explaining my own troubles and the reason for this hurried dash through Cairo, I thanked him for his kind assurances to Moxley, which the latter had conveyed, and explained that Moxley had assured me that he would put it all right and remove any impression of discourtesy upon my part. We then chatted freely about all sorts of things and I, being a South African, realized that it was very natural he would be interested in that country and the war position. I don't know how long this interview lasted, probably the better part of an hour, as interesting and leading questions were always being asked. I was only too glad to get off so lightly and to make things pleasant and interesting as a kind of grateful return for enabling me to get away at once.

I had promised to be back with my party for luncheon at one, and was much surprised to find by a glance at the clock that I had only a quarter of an hour left. As I rose he asked me to stay for luncheon; he was alone and would be glad if I'd keep him company. I thanked him heartily, in that easy, colloquial style which is rather characteristic of those from the overseas Empire. He accepted my explanation about the luncheon and shook hands, saying: "Perhaps we may have better luck next time, after your return." And with that I left him.

I liked Boyle very much, and walking back to Shepherd's Hotel reflected that an experience like this, contact with leading men, and touching big questions, certainly gave a delightful finish to his manner. The quietness, the air of authority and knowledge, and the dignity which was not the least impaired by sincere and gentle cordiality and kindness, made a real impression upon me.

My party consisted of three couples—old friends in South Africa; and at luncheon I told of my meeting with Boyle and the successful arrangement that my formal call upon Lord Cromer might be postponed until our return. We were all interested, of course, in these things, and after paying warm tribute to Boyle for his consideration I added one little comment, not as a criticism but just a revelation of what had struck me at the time. I spoke of the attractive manners which I supposed were characteristic of the diplomatic body, and contrasted these with the less polished, more informal, though no less sincere, style of our own country: "Evidently," I said, "it was the product of the school itself—the diplomatic body; that they entered as young men and acquired this as a kind of atmosphere; but that this learning from the elders produced some rather amusing results."

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I had never seen Lord Cromer, nor was I familiar with his portrait, but I had a shady impression of what he looked like, and it struck me that Boyle must have cultivated a faint similarity in appearance. Cromer I had looked upon as quite an old man, and had assumed from what Moxley had told me that poor health, worries and grief had told upon him severely. Boyle was not quite as young as I had expected a private secretary to be; but then, I thought, he occupied a very important position not held by very young men, and notwithstanding the differences between their ages it seemed clear that there was a faint likeness, but more especially that the air of dignity and authority and of repose which added greatly to the attraction of his kindly nature, were acquired from his chief and produced a clear resemblance. "These chaps, you know," I added, "however good they are must begin to believe in the airs they are putting on, so I suppose it is quite natural for Boyle to speak as if he were Cromer himself; and according to Moxley he really is."

We left that night. As a health trip it was not a success. The heat at Philae where we explored the temple with a thoroughness prompted by the knowledge that Sir William Wilcox intended to submerge it by raising the dam; and the exploration of Karnak during a spell of terrible heat made it an urgent matter to escape at once, and we returned to Cairo in all haste to avoid the hot weather; but ill as I was it was impossible to go without calling upon Lord Cromer himself to explain what looked like the cavalier treatment of my friend's letter of introduction.

I called again next morning, was shown into the same hall by the same servant. Intending to profit to the full by Moxley's kindly help, of course I called on Boyle, and being rather nervous that there might be a mistake, and I might be shown into the presence of Cromer himself, I emphasized the name, and the servant nodded and smiled, and what reassured me was that this time he took the card through the left exit—not the right one as he had done before, but the left one leading directly to Boyle's office.

There was no delay; in two minutes I was again shown into the same office and being heartily delighted to meet my friend Boyle again, I rather precipitately rushed into explanations. He was very sympathetic on the matter of health; asked how we liked the trip, was very sorry that we would miss other attractions through having to leave at once; and then we drifted off again into matters of general interest. It was quite a bright and breezy conversation,

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brisk and informal. Once or twice the thought occurred to me, "Boyle does stick it on a bit with his calm, reposeful and authoritative air."

I don't blame anyone for thinking this impossible—for the second time I went through the whole scene and never had the faintest suspicion that I had been talking to Cromer all the while!

There was a something of abruptness in the manner of asking the questions that followed—as though he wished to express his own opinion and was not interested in news for which he asked; indeed he did not even wait for it but gave the answers himself, sincerely and firmly content that this disposed of them. It flashed across my mind: "By jove, Boyle, you *do* stick it on! Good fellow that you are you've got swollen-headed and talk like the Almighty; Cromer himself couldn't beat that!"

But I'd no time to think much; it was just a flash.

It is so unbelievable, so monstrous, that it has been for years more like a nightmare than an experience. I can remember most that happened clearly enough up to a certain point, from that time onwards my mind is a blank. He seemed quite easily to direct the course of discussion and never hesitated to ask prompt questions, digressing from the subject of the moment. One such incident was: "Now you have met all these men and formed your opinions, what do you think of them? You know Kitchener?" I assented, but he added immediately: "I invented Kitchener," and went on without a pause, but such a difference in tone: "And you know Milner?" I suppose the cordiality of my reply was quickly apparent to him: for again, without a pause, and a wonderful change in his look and tone, he said: "Ah! he is a great man."

I don't know and cannot tell what followed. The first thought that shot through me was: "Well, 'I invented Kitchener'—that's pretty good nerve on Boyle's part." And I had the inclination to smile broadly at Boyle's Olympian air; but before I had time to yield to that there came the tribute to Milner, full of conviction and sincerity; and yet given with the air of one who could speak with great authority. What did it mean? I felt my feet begin to go cold, quite literally, and a cold shudder of goose-flesh crept over me. I was completely incapable of understanding anything that he said, or even of hearing what he said. I know that the conversation continued and that from time to time some idiotic attempt must have been made by me to carry on, but for the next few minutes my mind, such as it was, was

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busy casting back to recall from the two interviews instances real or imaginary of my free and easy talk with the great man. I was so bewildered and apprehensive of what I might have said, or the manner in which I might have treated him, that there was nothing left but to get out as soon as I could. The hideousness of the blunder obscured everything. In a flash the whole thing was clear to me, and at every recollection I wondered more and more how it was possible for a human being of even most limited intelligence to have made such a mistake. I left with the feeling that he must believe I had suddenly become imbecile. However, his kindness and courtesy were unflinching to the end. Indeed he again extended the invitation to luncheon. He said something which seemed like heaping coals of fire upon my head; but this only seared me the more, and I hurried away quite incapable of explanation or apology.

I had gone halfway across the big enclosure when I partially recovered; and with the feeling that it was a miserable thing to clear out without apology; and that he was entitled to much better treatment than that. I paused with the idea of going back to apologize and explain. But a fresh and absurd thought occurred. I was really ill and nerve-shattered, otherwise nothing so fatuous could have occurred to me; but I was suddenly attacked by the idea that Cromer himself was standing at the window chuckling with laughter to see me in that attitude of hesitation. Then I headed straight for town at a fast walk.

On reaching the hotel I found my party waiting and reinforced by the arrival, during my absence, of an old and most valued friend, Colonel Frankie Rhodes, favourite brother of Cecil Rhodes, a fellow-prisoner of the Reform days, and one of the four sentenced to death. I was so upset by the morning's experience that very soon the whole story was told. That was the first occasion on which I realized that there was a humorous side to it; and as I went on with my tale the entire party became convulsed with laughter. I was bombarded with questions and raked by joyous chaff and laughter. They did not see the tragedy and humiliation which obsessed me.

By the time we had finished luncheon and were seated in the large hall of Shepheard's Hotel unrestricted chaff prevailed, and Frank Rhodes, a lovable and staunch friend and a most cheery companion, with a positive talent for audacious chaff, struck his best vein. With his hands deep thrust in his belt—a characteristic attitude—he began to stalk about from the table at which we were having coffee,

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firing off the most ridiculous travesties and making comments which caused interest and much amusement to other groups sitting at their tables.

"Finest thing that ever happened; I must tell Cecil, he will die with laughter."

All this time Frank Rhodes was strolling round; then he would stop suddenly and from a distance would say: "And so you prodded him in the ribs did you? And said 'Buck up old chap.' Well, well!"

I protested hotly that there was nothing of the sort, and tried to hush him up, but the bursts of laughter from my friends egged him on and his travesties of my interview were positively outrageous. Suddenly he would wave familiarly to me and say: "Well, so long old cock: I'll see you again."

Always my protests were drowned by the laughter of others, and in the end I am bound to confess that his wild extravaganzas and buffooning were so monstrous and yet so amusing that I succumbed with the rest.

"It will be the talk of Cairo for a year," he said, "Egypt will ring with it. The great Viceroy patted on the back, and prodded in the ribs! Hope to see you at the Club old boy, etc., etc."

However, perhaps it was the luncheon, perhaps the chaff, that pulled me back; for I left the rest of the party, went to my room and wrote a letter to Lord Cromer himself, frankly stating the fact that I had been misled into thinking that, as requested by me, I had been introduced to his private secretary, Boyle, on both occasions; that I could do no more than state the facts, and apologize for what must have been extraordinary behaviour. I told him frankly that what worried me was that I might have left upon him the impression that my countrymen, or some of them, were an ill-conditioned, ill-mannered lot, of whom this kind of behaviour was characteristic. I sent the letter off at once and within half an hour received a perfectly charming and most comforting reply. The kindness and courtesy of his answer were enhanced by the easy humour of the concluding sentence, in which he assured me that in mistaking him for Boyle, who was only half his age, I had paid him a compliment which he warmly appreciated.

All's well that ends well, and I felt better than I had done for many a day; so much indeed had I recovered my spirits that a new aspect of the affair developed at dinner. This experience was again the principal subject of our talk, and with that gross injustice and ingratitude of which the guilty are so often capable, I began to discover that the

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whole thing had been Moxley's fault. "If that idiot," I said, "hadn't told me what he did about Boyle running the whole country and being the man to see, and of the utter unimportance of seeing Cromer himself, nothing of the kind would have happened." I ended up with the resolve to see Moxley the next morning and pull his leg most thoroughly: "I'll take it out of Moxley's hide for this and I'll spin him a yarn that will make his scanty hair stand on end."

So on the following day I did call, and was cordially greeted by the warmhearted Irishman, who asked almost at once if I had fixed it up all right.

"Perfectly all right," I answered, "and I came to thank you for all you have done."

He assured me that there was nothing to thank him for, and I, with grim determination to pass on to him, if only for a time, some of the misery that I had suffered, began by reminding him of all that he had said about Cromer and Boyle. But I did this in such a way as to lead him to believe that it had been most helpful, and that I was expressing my gratitude. "You remember telling me that I need take no notice of Cromer? That Boyle was *the* force and could fix up everything; and, in fact, that he ran Egypt? That you had spoken to him as a friend on my behalf?" To all of this Moxley nodded gladly and approvingly. "Well," I said, "I went there and I asked for Boyle and was shown in by an attendant, and I had a long meeting with him. By way of apologizing for troubling him, and to express my appreciation, I told him what you had said to me."

"Yes! yes!" said Moxley.

"He was awfully nice to me and asked me to lunch, but I told him that I couldn't leave my party and that I would see him again; that I would give him a look up on my return."

"Yes! yes!" repeated Moxley. "He's a great boy, he's a fine fellow."

"You see, we went for our trip and got back only yesterday, and I called again and asked for Boyle. It was like meeting an old friend."

"Oh! he's a fine fellow," said Moxley.

"Yes, he was a fine fellow and he was awfully decent to me; and I told him so. Of course you know, Moxley, we from the overseas are inclined to be a bit informal, especially where our sentiments are friendly. We are not ashamed to show it and sometimes it looks a little bit familiar to the starchy Englishman who is notoriously cold; but I got on famously. I must say it struck me that good fellow

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as he is he put on a lot of buck and talked in a sort of God Almighty fashion; not offensively, you know, but with an air of infinite authority and superiority. Well, he said something that startled me by its amazing audacity. He talked as if he were Cromer himself. I had never seen Cromer, but I had an idea that Boyle also cultivated something of a resemblance to his great chief."

"No! no!" said Moxley, "you are quite wrong there, he's a most unaffected fellow, and of course he's not a bit like Cromer in face or manner or anything; might easily be his son, and young at that."

"Well, that's what I thought," I replied. Then gathering myself to throw the final bomb, I said: "That's what I thought, and you can just imagine my feelings when I found out that it was Cromer himself that I had been talking to in both interviews; and I have never met Boyle!"

Moxley, a pleasant-faced, healthy-looking man, whose dress and appearance were quite in keeping with his responsible position, stopped for one moment before the full force of the explosion broke him up, and for five minutes I thoroughly enjoyed the spectacle of what I must have looked like, or felt like, myself.

Taking my inspiration from Frankie Rhodes, I invented all sorts of things, and at each turn would be met by Moxley's distracted gasp: "My God, you never said that to him!"

"Well, I am ruined," he said, "you have done for me now. What in God's name ever made you make such a mistake. Why there isn't the faintest likeness between them."

"Well," I said, "how could I tell? I had never seen either before; and after what you told me, and that you had fixed it all up with Boyle too, I think it was perfectly natural."

"You don't know Cromer," he said, "you don't know what you have done. He doesn't have to talk, but just turns you out of Egypt. Why, I am ruined for ever. I will have to leave. He will think I did it on purpose; I might as well pack up and go by the next steamer; it is the finish of me."

Then he had a sudden inspiration. "I will go and see Boyle himself and tell him the whole thing's damn rot."

"Listen, Moxley," I said, "I wouldn't do that if I were you. Just keep quiet for a bit, nothing will happen."

"Keep quiet," he said, "why you don't know Egypt or Cairo; it will go like wildfire through the country, everyone will be laughing at Cromer, and that's one thing he would never stand. No, I will have to go, I am finished; but I will go and see Boyle and get him to explain."

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"No, Moxley, don't, just keep quiet and believe me it will be all right. I have had as bad a time as you could have through making this mistake, but there's no need for you to get into trouble, and I will tell you why—because I never told a single word of what you had said to me. I have just told you this to let you understand the kind of hell that I have gone through myself."

The change in dear old Moxley was miraculous; he asked me a dozen times anxiously about various things: "And ye didn't say that, and ye didn't say this?" and the only excuse I can offer for the outrageous passing on of my own blunder was that we were better friends and happier and more exhilarated company when I told him it was all an invention, than we ever would have been if I hadn't played the trick on him.

Before sailing next day I wrote a full account of this to my friend Strachey—I owed it to him, for his kind introduction and also because I thought he was entitled to know the whole story.

In reply he thanked me for what he described as a unique story, and for the very best laugh that he had ever had. He said it was altogether too good to be lost, although one couldn't see how it could be more widely known at the time. This appeared to be the end of it, and it was several years later that quite unexpectedly there came a brief sequel and the real conclusion.

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I was spending a week-end with my friend St. Loe Strachey at Newland's Corner, and I was greatly surprised to see Lord Cromer appear for dinner. Strachey was a very old friend of his and Cromer had been there for a visit of some days. The horrible Cairo incident came back to me so vividly that I could think of little else. However, there was no doubt about what to do, and I waited an opportunity to own up and apologize in person; but none occurred. He was friendly and pleasant, and during the evening he often looked so amused that I felt sure he remembered it all, but he made no reference to a previous meeting.

Next morning I had to leave soon after breakfast, without a chance of speaking to him; and, recovering a sense of proportion, I decided that he had forgotten it all, as it was ridiculously unimportant and uninteresting for him. My host was driving me to the station and I was surprised to see Lord Cromer get into the carriage, for he was not leaving for some days. As I left the carriage at the station he was

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alone, and when bidding him good-bye the impulse to 'put it right' was too strong. I had only just commenced when he leaned over the side, chuckling with laughter, and while shaking hands he pulled my arm with his left hand and said: "Tell me now! Honestly, didn't I do it rather well? I was very pleased with myself. And you know Boyle *was* a compliment!"

He had understood it all from the first!

CHAPTER XVIII

JOCK OF THE BUSHVELD, AND THOSE WHO KNEW HIM

[THE following article was contributed by Sir Percy Fitz-Patrick to *The State* in 1909. He was anxious that it should be incorporated in this volume, and in all the circumstances it has been decided to reproduce it in the form in which it originally appeared.]

I

It was no use saying that the work of the Convention was quite enough, and there was no time for anything else, or that one was already doing one's best to forward the cause of Union! The editors of *The State* with smiling firmness insisted that the writer of 'Jock' owed it to the Little People of South Africa, from whom he has received so many evidences of friendship, to show his gratitude by writing something more about Jock, so that they might read this magazine and become interested in the great question of the Union of South Africa.

"Write a sequel—more stories about Jock!" they urged.

"No! There will never be a sequel. A good deal was cut out and more was never told, but apart from that, the story of Jock is as simply true as the writer's memory could make it. There will never be a sequel."

"Then let us have the verities of Jock. Tell us the little corroborative things and what the men who knew the life think of it."

"I have letters from several of the men mentioned in the book—men who knew Jock and Jess, Rocky and Jim Makokel—men who lived it all through! You can see what they think of it! But please tell me what in the world has Jock to do with the Union of South Africa?"

"That is what you have to show the little people!" was the reply of the editors—still smiling.

But for two days the mere narrator was unable to find the answer: and then the light came from the old familiar quarter—the Little People themselves!

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For one of them had said:

"I love it because it's full of things that we know, and because it's a true story, about our own country."

Our own country.

It was a little past five in the morning when the light came; and standing at an open window on the Camp Ground, one saw the other light, the light of day, steal softly over the face of the grand old mountain. Away up on the shoulder of the Devil's Peak the old Block House stared into the face of the rising sun; below it stands Groote Schuur. Two and a half centuries and a mile of mountain side divides them; and between the two lies the history of Our Own Country.

It was at the Block House they kept watch for the raiding Hottentots; it was against that little breakwater that the waves from the ocean of barbarism used to thunder and break; it was from there that they sailed out on great hunting expeditions among the elephants and lions, giraffe and eland, in the far hinterland of the Cape Flats (where the suburban trains take you now in fifteen minutes.) In those days hippos were plentiful in Princess Vlei, near the Wynberg Golf Links.

Below the old Block House the sun picked out another little building—the Lions' Den: and suddenly Jock came back again to prove the faith of the Little People that it is Our Country. Do you know the story of Rhodes's lions?

They were caught by Farmer Francis, the brave hunter, who was with me on the buffalo hunt described in the chapter of *Jock* called "The Buffaloes and Bush Fire," and the place where he caught them is quite close to where Jock chased the monkeys and the crocodile chased me; and it is only a few miles from where 'Mad' Owen hammered the crocodile, and no further from the lonely grave where Francis himself lies buried where he fell fighting in the late war. Francis shot a lioness and on going up to the body found three very young cubs hiding behind small tufts of grass within two or three yards of the lioness; they made no attempt to escape and he had time to photograph them. He took them back to his camp, and gave them to an old setter of his—instead of her own puppies—and I have a photo of the foster mother feeding the three cubs; they are stretched out contentedly on the lioness's skin. Francis gave the cubs to me but as they grew up they became too troublesome and expensive, and I offered them to Mr. Rhodes, with the suggestion that he should build a den at Groote Schuur. Before they could be delivered, however, one was

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killed by a snakebite, but the other two are still at Grootte Schuur, and so are the photographs.

Farmer Francis is dead—he fell in the late war—and a braver or a stauncher comrade no man could want; Rhodes is dead, but from the lap of the mountain which he saved for us you may look North as he did, and see Our Country and what he did for it. Jock is dead; and one knows it was only a dog's instinct that, in his case too, led him to stake life itself for the trust. But the lesson is the same. And it is only one of life's little ironies that the lions are still alive to make one of the links which connect us here and there, far and near, living and dead throughout our country.

Many people doubt if the story of how 'Mad' Owen horse-whipped the crocodile can be true! Only last week I had a letter from Sir Duncan M'Kenzie, the distinguished Commandant of the Natal Militia—one of the pioneers in the days of Jock—in which he adds another detail: "I don't know if you are aware that the horse which 'Mad' Owen rode through the Komati when the crocodile caught it by the leg, belonged to my late brother Jock, and as far as I know the story as related by you is substantially correct." Four other old hands have written in similar strain—two of them helped to doctor the horse the night the affair occurred.

There are a score of letters which might be of interest to the Little People, but the most valued are those from the old comrades. Ted Sievwright—the owner of Jess—wrote recalling many things; and added: "In twenty-five years I have had many, many dogs, but never one to touch Jess and Jock in fidelity, courage and intelligence."

Other old comrades—Jimmy Donaldson (Colonel of the Imperial Light Horse and D.S.O.) and Hughie Hall, of Nel's Spruit—also know all that is to be known; and Jess, Jock and Jim are to them very real personages whom they remember well.

There are letters from them too; and no greater reward could have been desired than the thanks of the old comrades whose friendship has outlasted time and change. There is only one criticism, and it is a well-deserved one. Hall writes: "It's all right enough, except these two pictures of Snowball and Tsetse climbing that bank! They did a wonderful thing that day, but no horse can climb the wall of a house." My friend Mr. Caldwell, to whose beautiful drawings so much is due, has authorized me to put the blame on him. I did write asking him to "take three feet off the bank, and make it not quite plumb," so that it might

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agree with the text; but it was too late, and the book was already printed.

One more member of our party—Jamie Fullerton, in the wilds of Swaziland, who figures as Robbie in the book—has written to add something. When *Jock* was published there came a characteristic letter: "I see in the papers a review of another book you have written; it seems to be a pretty decent one. You may know that there are not many booksellers in these parts, and, if there were, I've no cash to spare for such things, so send along a copy. From what the papers say I fancy that must be the brindled pup Ted Sievwright gave you the day he gave me my dog Nugget. He must have been a good deal like Nugget from the accounts, and I could just as well write a book about my dog: he was the bravest and best dog I ever saw, and made a name for himself from one end of Swaziland to the other. Nothing could touch him, he could tackle anything, and was a good friend to have in this country. He died at the game: charged down a hole after an antbear, and got jammed between the rocks. We were footing it, and before we could dig him out he was dead." Nugget was 'Billy's Pup.' I had not heard of him again until this letter came.

There were eight of us who trekked, or camped, or worked together from choice in the year that *Jock* was born, 23 years ago; all are alive to-day, and I think that is a record. There were four of us who lived together in the year he died; and only one is left. And there was another friendly camp in these days, where we often dropped in, whose members were always welcome. Who could have guessed how their names would become known? There was Knapp, who fell at Lang Valley, Ladysmith, leading his troop of the I.L.H. and our 'Sambo'—to wit, Colonel Sir Aubrey Woolls-Sampson, K.C.B., whose name and fame are known throughout the land and far beyond it; and Alan Wilson of glorious memory. That was a trio it would be hard to beat anywhere! This camp was not far from the route of the Last Trek, where the drought broke, and the cattle began to die.

I remember very well one moonlight night, meeting Alan Wilson in Low's Creek, and walking out with him along Pettigrew's Road, close to where *Jock* and I had our last hunt together. It was in the poort, at its shadiest, where, it was said, a boy had been taken by a lion a week or so before, and we had just been talking of this when some small buck dashed out of the bush a few yards before us. It was *Jock's* attitude—ears cocked and eager to jump off

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in pursuit—that showed conclusively it was not the lion: and poor old Jock could not hear the laughter that followed.

There was another Camp of Three a few years later: Farmer Francis and his brother Walter—equally brave and cool—and my young brother George. They broke up camp to join the I.L.H. They sleep where they fell—Komati Poort, Mafeking, and Estcourt, in Natal.

Duncan M'Kenzie, Woolls-Sampson, Alan Wilson—friends, associates, and fellow-pioneers of Jock! Their names are written across the face of half South Africa—Natal, Transvaal, Rhodesia! Links to unite our Country; so perhaps Jock is not out of place in these pages after all.

It was not easy to write the end of Jock, and the mere narrator has to acknowledge many reproaches from the tenderhearted. There is only one answer. It is literally true. That is no justification, say some. Well, then, put it to the high authorities who sit in judgment—once more to the Little People themselves! It was only when the manuscript was finished that they knew more than the bare fact; when one morning someone with more courage than the mere narrator read it to them, with a warning that it was “very sad, but he died before Nelson.” Half-way through one strolled away, whistling and did not come back, while another stared hard and pale-faced through the open window. At the end there was silence for some minutes, and then with a look of defiance, but a voice not well controlled, he said: “I don't call that a bit sad.” That was the only comment. It was late that night, an hour when even ‘grown-ups’ nod, that a voice, softened of all defiance, spoke: “Tell me how Nelson died—and I'll go to sleep.”

To some it is given to die the death they have lived for; and of none is this more certain than of Alan Wilson. The comrades of early days will bear witness what a life's dream was realized that day on the Shangani River. And that is why those who knew him believe the Matabele's story that when only five or six of the thirty-five were left, they took off their hats, and under fire from all sides, sang something as the English do, standing up, and then went on fighting. And how at last only one man was left standing—one man bigger than the rest, who wore a broad-brimmed hat; while beside him a wounded comrade reached up to hand him cartridges, until he too went down, and the big man fought alone. I have his stirrup-irons now; and his last message sent the day before he started for Shangani, arrived months later on a birthday which the Little People

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keep, with his name for remembrance. So the links are forged.

It is a far cry from Alan Wilson lying near Cecil Rhodes in the Matoppos to Jock in the Bushveld, and the link is of the slenderest, but enough to hold one's thought to this, that such men were of the pioneers and the makers of our country; that they belong to all of us; and that their example is greater even than their work. Who will tell the story of the pioneers? Not one man or one woman, however willing; but many will be needed for the task—each to contribute his or her share, small or great, to preserving a record of which any country might be proud. No one person can do it, or attempt it; for who are the pioneers? Look up again at the old Block House on the shoulder of the Devil's Peak! They began there. Straight below it stands the monument of Rhodes, and two thousand miles north his body lies within a hundred yards of Alan Wilson's. A thousand miles still further north the pioneers are pressing on to-day; and to west and east every mile has had its pioneer—men and women, Dutch and English—Our People who made Our Country. Jock, you see, touched only one little corner, yet through the men who were there the links reach out to the lions at Groote Schuur; to the graves in the Matoppos; to many a hard-fought fight, Mafeking and Ladysmith, and Mome Gorge, where men who had looked into Jock's friendly face and patted him have played their part.

Is it not one country? And ours?

2

Two years ago we made a summer trip to the end of the Berg near Pilgrim's Rest, that the Little People and others might see for themselves something of the country and life, of which they had heard a good deal, and with Bingo for escort instead of Jock. They camped at Tumbling Waters and Paradise Camp, stood on the outermost edge of the Berg at break of day and watched the sea of clouds roll up from the low country in snowy billows and creep into the bays and gorges at their feet and when the clouds had melted they looked down into the wonderland of the Bushveld and saw where Jock killed the porcupine and the baboons fought the tiger and rescued their wounded comrade. The grenadillas trail in glorious profusion over Jim Hill's old camp, where the new assayer shot the goat in mistake for a sable antelope. The everlasting mountains—just the

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same—stare out eastwards across the hazy bushveld towards the sea, like colossal watchdogs—with the foothills for fore-paws. We walked and waded up the Mac Mac gorge to the falls, sheer three hundred feet, and saw the great walls, as of old, clothed and draped with staghorn moss like exquisite green lace, fold upon fold and tier upon tier, overlapping away up and up until pattern and plan were lost to the eye, and all bespangled with countless millions of glistening drops from the wafted spray—beautiful beyond description when the sun towards midday drove his shafts of light down into the depths of the gorge.

Above the Falls four of the old hands were at work sluicing the bed of the creek, just as they had been in the days of Jock, four and twenty years ago. 'The Bo'sun,' with the complexion of a child and the head of Father Christmas, cheery and mudstained, was still at work; and we had reckoned him an old man then! The years between dropped out and the talk was of yesterday—with scraps of news and reminiscences thrown in.

"I'm the last of the old hands now. Most o' them's gone long ago. D'ye 'member Jimmy Bryson—the chap you christened the 'Corn Merchant' the time he bust on meales? He was always gettin' inter trouble not mindin' his own business. He was a year younger'n me. He went out in '99 jus' after war begun. Nothing would do the shouters in Lydenburg but there must be a salute for Kroojer's birthday, to show they was all right an' loy'l, even if they didn't go out 'n fight like the reel Bores. Twenty-one charges of dyminite? *Twenty-one* mind ye—jus' zif he was the Queen. An' Jimmy bein' a miner, they guv him the job o' firing—fer a quid! O' course number twenty's fuse runs an' blows his bloomin' head off. An' serve him right fer interferin' in politics!

"But I'm gettin' on a bit now myself and don't know as I'll stand this wet work many more winters! Eighty-two last month! D'ye 'member the day you made the ridin' breeches outer a flour sack? My soul I laugh 'bout that still every time I see your name in the papers!"

He was one of the members of the camel expedition sent by President Burgers to Delagoa to bring up cannon for the first Sekukuni war; and it was an odd coincidence that the record of that trek written by W. C. Scully, also one of the party, was published in the *African Monthly* at the time the Bo'sun was telling us about it. I sent him a copy of *Jock* which he says he "will keep, as it seems to be the right thing"; adding that it will be some time before he reads it all as he is "not much on books."

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And Jim Makokel is at his old kraal, only a few miles away. Twice reported dead, and indeed twice left for dead, he can still hold his own, as his neighbours unreservedly admit. It must be fifteen years ago that he attacked a gang of Shangaan on the Sabi River, when one of them, coming up behind, laid his back open with an axe, apparently driving it clean through the ribs. I heard of it from one of the old hands at Mac Mac who saw him as he lay motionless on his face, before his people carried the body away to the kraal; but in a few months Jim was up again and doing. Some years later it was a party of Basutos in Kimberley who rallied and turned on him and "hammered him into pulp" with their sticks. No one knows how he got over that; but he reappeared at his kraal with a few more scars and the same old spirit to take life as he found it. It was on a later trek last year, down in the Bushveld, that I last heard of him. Wishing to make quite sure that it was not his son, the younger Jim Makokel, and a real chip of the old block, of whom they spoke, I asked certain questions:

"Is it the old Jim Makokel that you speak of—an old man?"

"Yes: the old man."

"Is he a big man—a strong man?"

"Big and very strong."

"Has he marks on his head—cuts?"

"Man, Inkos! many—the marks of fighting."

"Does he still fight?"

"Wow!!"

"Does he ever get drunk?"

"Ho! The Inkos knows him well!"

In the days of Jock there were very few natives living in that part of the Bushveld and there were practically none in the parts where big game was plentiful: and because of the abundance of big game and the unspeakably wild and trackless character of the country we used to think of it as a country that never had been inhabited; yet there were and are evidences innumerable of human occupation. Where the grass was burnt off we were puzzled to see, as you may see to-day, for miles and miles along valleys and hillsides, lines of stones and piles of stones obviously gathered by the hand of man. Some are in the form of kraals or scherms, but most are only the stones thrown out of the old Kaffir gardens when that part of the country was densely populated. In the eighties there were several very old natives

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who claimed to remember the people and the happenings of the earlier times before the big game reoccupied those parts. One of them was Sandhlan, then Prime Minister to Umbandine the Swazi king—a man reputed to be ‘about a hundred.’ He was a full-grown man when Tshaka was at his greatest; and more than sixty years later he was still head and shoulders above all others in character and capacity. These old authorities all agreed in saying that it was Tshaka who killed or carried off the former inhabitants. Tshaka, the Black Napoleon, who is held accountable for two million human lives! There were thousands of Jim Makokels in those days; there are many still. In the letter from Sir Duncan M’Kenzie, already quoted, he says, “Jim Makokel is such a familiar character that I feel I must have known him.”

You may read in history who Tshaka was; where he held sway; and what he did. But nowhere in history will you read what Tshaka has to do with Jock and Those Who Knew Him! Yet, but for Tshaka there would have been no Jock—just as many of the things that concern us greatly would, but for him, never have come about.

Here is the answer! Along the hillsides, in the valleys, and over the wild bush-covered flats where we hunted there lie those lines and piles of stones—the silent witnesses of a bloody past. Times out of number, and over hundreds of square miles, we must together have scrambled and stumbled over them running after game. It was Tshaka who did that: it was his work that left a country silent and waste—so quiet and peaceful that little by little the big game ventured back again and made it their home until we who came later and those who had come along before us—the real pioneers—entering on a country trackless and wild, thought that it was new and untrodden by the foot of man. There would have been no such hunting there but for Tshaka; and thus, no Jock! And it was there, where we hunted, that Tshaka’s last campaign was fought—the Moscow that led to his death.

If you look into it you will see the stories of the game, the natives and the pioneers, like the threads in a single fabric, all interwoven in the history of our country. But how many trouble to look into it at all? Come, then, and see whither the threads lead; what like are a few of the details that go to make up the story; and what meaning lies unnoticed and forgotten behind the names that you can see to-day upon the map.

This Tshaka, who has been called the Black Napoleon

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and the Attila of the Nineteenth Century, and the Alexander the Great of Africa—is surely one of the romantic figures of history! Think of it! Here was a naked savage, so brave, so capable and so masterful that whilst a mere lad he rose to leadership and was marked by the Chief, his father, as a rival, and would have been murdered but for his mother's warning to seek refuge with her father, the chief of a neighbouring tribe; who rose to power and favour and, succeeding his grandfather soon returned to become also chief of his own tribe—Amazulu. Was it merely an accident or was there some weird prophetic instinct at work when these three were named in their insignificant infancy? Tshaka—The Destroyer—but, to be fair, he was more than that; he was the builder of a nation too! His mother—beloved of her people, so they said—Umnandi, The Sweet One! And Amazulu, the People of the Skies! It is told by one of the old explorers that a shipwrecked sailor, the sole survivor of some unrecorded disaster on that coast, repaid the kindness shown him by telling the lad Tshaka the story of Napoleon. But even if that be true, the story of the Black Napoleon would be not less but more striking still! He invented discipline and the science of war—for they were unknown in his world, and who could have taught him? From the smallest beginning he marched from victory to victory until within twelve years and while still in his thirties his most terrible arm reached from Port St. John to Lake Nyassa; and all Zululand, Natal, Swaziland, Basutoland, Free State, Transvaal, Bechuanaland, Rhodesia, and Portuguese East Africa were under his foot and devastated by the savage armies he had raised and disciplined and led. There was no one to say him nay!

This is not the history of our country but only a part and for the fraction of its life. Behind Tshaka, in a darkness that is punctured here and there by pin-holes of light, lie the centuries away back to, and before the days when the Queen of Sheba came in barbaric splendour to dazzle The Wisest of the Wise. But take it only from the days of Tshaka—say eighty years ago—and look at it with the eyes of to-day.

From the northern suburbs of Johannesburg you can see, thirty miles away, a nick in the Magaliesberg Range; it is called Mosilikatse's Nek. That was the outpost of Tshaka's greatest general, who, fearing that the king would deal with him as he had dealt with all others when they became too powerful or too popular, fled in time, taking with him his veteran impis 15,000 strong to found a nation and carve

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out a kingdom for himself. There and therabout the Old Voortrekkers—135 of them, under Potgieter and Uys—fought the nine days' fight and drove Mosilikatse from the Transvaal. The scene of the last fight was called by the natives Mali-co ("Where the blood Ran"); it is now Marico. Within sight of the spot where now flourishes the greatest gold mining industry the world has ever known, those old Voortrekkers fought out the issue between barbarism and civilization. That was in 1837, but half a century was to pass before anyone found the gold that they had fought over and trampled under foot. And then—that half century later when Mosilikatse had gone north and founded his Matabele kingdom, the same old issue was to be fought on between his son and successor Lo Bengula, and the white men of Rhodesia, when Alan Wilson fell with his brave thirty-five in the gallant dash at Shangani.

From Bulawayo (The 'Place of Slaughter') you can motor to the Matoppos in a couple of hours easily; but some years ago it was not so easy. Rhodes was there once during his lifetime, wandering with a companion or two on horseback, and reached a great bald granite hill where a few huge boulders stood irregularly grouped like sentinels 'at ease.' It was said that Mosilikatse, the founder of the Matabele nation, was buried somewhere in these hills; but at that time nothing more was known. Long afterwards Rhodes sent someone to find the place, because the view haunted him and he wished to be buried there—at The World's View, as he called it. After he was buried there they found that the grave of Mosilikatse is also there—so the natives allege, some way beyond the Shangani Monument, in a cave which is closed with stones and hidden by dense bushes; for no one goes there, of course, because it is haunted, or bewitched as they say. But the most curious thing of all is that the native name for that now famous hill is, and has been since the day of Mosilikatse's death, "The Home of the Great Spirit." And nobody knew it until long after the other great spirit had passed and marked it as his own.

There is something Imperial about those savage chiefs that recalls the old Romans.

Mosilikatse knew nothing of the Sabine raid, but with his army he cleared a land and he founded a nation, as Romans had done 2,000 years before. And they had their sports on the same Imperial scale. Their coliseums too: but not in marble nor wrought by the hand of man! As Lo Bengula did, so did the others, and no doubt Mosilikatse hunted in regal style where Pretoria stands to-day. And

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the king's hunting was something to be remembered. The impis would go out to form a gigantic circle, perhaps twenty miles in diameter, round the appointed place, and for two or three days they would gradually close in, until on the king's day, there would be within the compass of half a mile, thousands of wild animals of every kind, blind and mad with terror, racing all ways, crashing into each other, and charging over the encircling men. Then into them would dash the fighting men, savages mad with excitement and lust of blood—animals as wildly mad as the beasts themselves. Such a scene was witnessed by one of the great hunters—I think it was Selous—in Lo Bengula's time: he had been bidden to be there and to shoot to his heart's content. As the circle narrowed he stopped, and when asked by the induna whom Lo Bengula had sent to escort him, why he did not shoot, he explained that at that distance there was great danger of killing the men who were closing in. "Shoot!" was the reply, given with a look of offended dignity. "The king has plenty of men!"

There are many still living among us who remember the Rand when the big game were a hundred times more plentiful than anything described in 'Jock'; when rhinoceros, eland, ostrich, giraffe, roan, sable, gemsbok, quagga, bontebok, hartebeeste and wildebeestes roamed in their hundreds and thousands; and when springbok and blesbok were in millions on the open uplands of the Transvaal and Free State. We have paid for civilization—in various ways—in the work and the lives of our Pioneers; in the native wars; in the disappearance of the game; in the changed conditions—but we cannot eat our cake and have it; else it would not be strange that our people live and work in peace and unguarded Mosilikatse and Lo Bengula reigned in terror; or that the farm on which the Langlaagte and Crown Mines are now being worked was once exchanged for an old wagon, and could not be bought to-day for ten millions sterling; or that old Bezuidenhout shot a lion where the Observatory now stands (he showed me the spot!) and lived to see Johannesburg built on it and mines of fabulous wealth developed there.

But what has become of the game? Was it possible to destroy such vast quantities? Well, the destruction is terrible even now when most Governments are trying to preserve the paltry remains of the greatest, most wonderful, most varied and most beautiful assortment of wild animals the world has ever known; even now wicked, wanton, wasteful slaughter goes on—a slower but no less sure extermination.

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The natives are as merciless as wolves, the trekking, poaching Boers spare nothing that will yield hide or biltong; the traders and butchers in Rhodesia kill ruthlessly to trade meat for mealies or to undersell cold storage mutton, and they keep gangs of native hunters to do their work. Last year I saw lying at one railway siding the hindquarters and heads of five eland—two bulls and three cows—and of several roan, sable and koodoo, being sent in to Salisbury; it did not pay to take any but the best parts—not one-fifth of the noble animals; the rest was left to the natives. But what need you expect from such as these when hunting parties of 'sportsmen' set out to make record bags and bring back whole truckloads of trophies? They cannot plead ignorance, hunger, poverty or even business. Only vanity and the lust for blood move them to their wicked butcheries. And their piles of trophies tell nothing of females killed for meat, of the 'poor heads' thrown away or of the wounded—by far the greatest number—that escape only to die.

But what became of the millions before white men came in numbers, when breechloaders and small-bore rifles were unknown?

The late Mr. Barrett, who was a well-known trader in Harrismith, told me that during the years, '73, '74, and '75 there were exported from Harrismith district alone over one million hides per annum, and that Vrede district produced as many, but Kroonstad always beat them. These were springbok, blesbok and black wildebeeste, in the main.

He added that on one occasion he saw herds of them driven into the vlei below the village and killed with stones and iron bars to save ammunition, for of course the cost of a shot was to be considered when the value of the whole animal—its hide—was only a shilling. The vlei, which was an impassable swamp then, has, like many others, disappeared and the spot is marked by a dusty donga which is scoured by floods of an hour or two's duration when the summer thunderstorms sweep the Platberg. Even the country has changed—but that is another story!

The old farmers in these districts will tell you that everything they bought from the traders in those days was paid for in hides, and boys grew up with the idea that they must pay with the gun for what they wanted to buy. Besides this there still survives the significant saying, "You cannot farm stock *and* springbok." But there was yet another terrible engine of destruction at work. General Botha, who grew up in the adjoining district, tells me that he remembers once when there was a drought in the West, seeing a migration

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of black wildebeeste. They moved slowly across the farm for two and a half days; and bodies of mounted Basutos hung on their flanks and followed them up, driving thousands of them into swamps and pools where they were drowned and trampled to death, for the sake of hides worth a shilling a piece! Who can name the sum of such slaughter? Five years ago I bought six black wildebeeste calves at £20 a piece for my farm in Harrismith district—only a few miles off—and they have increased to fifteen now; but in the four adjacent districts there are no others! Elsewhere in the O.R.C. there are about a couple of thousand—possibly as many as the Basutos killed in one day in the migration of which General Botha tells.

But enough about the game! Turn now another way, or it may appear that there are not other things better worth remembering than the record of destruction.

Within a few miles of me in Harrismith district there lives a man named Palmer, who is now in his hundred and fourth year; he came out as a boy of fifteen with the 1820 settlers. And on the next farm there lived until recently an old lady, Mrs. Truter, who was one of the two girl survivors of Dingaan's terrible massacre at Weenen in 1838. Just think how much of the history of our country is covered by the lives of these two old neighbours! Think what they represent and what it all means to us, to whom they and their life stories both belong. Will no one give us the human story of those days? Not the cold, hard thing of facts and dates, of ink and parchment, but the life as they lived it; with its joys and sorrows; its trials, triumphs and tragedies; warm with the life-blood of those who lived and died for us to make Our Country, and—though they know it not—to make it one! The history that gives life and inspiration to a people is not learned in the works of the historian but told in stories and heard in the nursery; and here in South Africa we have hidden treasure "beyond the dreams of avarice" in the old archives, in the letters and diaries of those now dead, and in the memories of many who are with us still and can speak with knowledge.

A month or so ago I read a notice of the death of Captain Godfrey Armitage at the age of 84. He was Commandant in Alice district when the village of Auckland, Johannesburg, and Woburn were destroyed and our people massacred by the Kaffirs on Christmas Day, 1850. They spoke of him as "the last of the old settlers"—yet here is old Palmer—twenty years his senior, and still alive. Surely there are scores of the second generation, who have the tales of those

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days at first hand, able and willing to pass them on to us whose right it is to know them! But it would be travelling too far afield to wander off into the Old Colony. There is enough in this little corner of Tshaka's country to fill more space than the smiling editor can afford to give in *The State*.

Come back to the old lady who lived at Truter's Rust—one of the two survivors at Weenen, The Place of Weeping! Little People, if you do not know the story, read it now, that you may for ever remember what those pioneers of ours, the old Voortrekkers, went through, and that you may understand why we should all keep the 16th of December—Dingaan's Day—green in our memories. When Piet Retief and his little band had been treacherously murdered at the Peace Conference, after the treaty had been signed, Dingaan sent out his impis to wipe the white people off the face of the country. Men, women, and children were surprised in little camps or groups, in families trekking or on their farms, and were massacred without one hint or sign to warn them. Then on the following days, when small parties of two or three or a dozen men got round to give warning or succour, they found nothing but butchery and desolation. In one camp only were there any left alive! In a heap of stripped and mutilated corpses they came upon the bodies of two young girls "11 and 13 years of age," riddled with 19 and 21 assegai wounds respectively; but they still showed signs of life. The Two Survivors! One of those girls lived to be the mother of Commandant Henning Pretorius in the Transvaal, and the other—my neighbour—was the mother of Commandant Truter, a man of six foot three, who weighed 320 lbs., and fought through the late war. I believe both survivors lived to see their great-grandchildren!

The farms on which my two old neighbours—the 1820 Settler and the Survivor—lived have one beacon in common; it is the peak of a hill called Verkykers Kop. It is one of the places where it is good to go up along and think; for the same reason that "He went up on to a high mountain to pray"—which really means the same thing! There are other such places, if you know a little of what they can tell; and Table Mountain, the World's View and Majuba are among them.

A few weeks ago the Little People climbed Verkykers Kop with us to look at history where it was made, and to understand what is meant by the Union of our country and how it came about.

Come you, too!

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From that point eastwards, you overlook the Drakensburg, those rugged buttresses of the uplands of South Africa facing the sea from the Cape to Kilimanjaro; on the south are the mountains of Basutoland—the Switzerland of South Africa; westwards, merging through a bluish haze, in a bluer sky, are the plains of the old Free State; and north lies the Transvaal. Turn first to the south! There is a hill capped by a huge block of solid sandstone, in shape somewhat resembling a baker's paper cap—Rensburg's Kop: it lies between van Reenen's and Olivier's Hoek passes: and that is where Mosilikatse and his impis came up from Zululand and Natal to escape Tshaka's rule. It is also where the Voortrekkers got their first view of the land of promise. You may see now from the windows of the railway carriages what they saw seventy years ago when the first wagons outspanned on the Berg, and you can realize—perhaps—what that panorama of surpassing beauty meant to them, who had trekked so far and endured so much to find a home. A little to the right, and only half as far away, is the Platberg—with Harrismith at its feet—Sir Harry Smith, who fought under Wellington and rescued from the drunken mob of looters the beautiful Spanish girl after whom Ladysmith is named. That gap—you cannot call it a valley—through which the Wilge River flows, is one of the great passes in South African history; for through it also flowed opposite ways two streams of people, Black and White. Below the Berg—away in Zululand, and before the first Voortrekkers appeared—was Tshaka the source of all unrest, like some great volcanic force whose mere existence kept all awake and whose every movement sent tidal waves of savage humanity fleeing or pursuing, each as destructive as the other, rolling across Africa, unspent until they reached the deserts a thousand miles away. One such wave was Mosilikatse—properly Umzilikazi—and his army. It struck against the blue mountains of Basutoland, and swept off west and north along the course already shown over the Rand and Pretoria, to Bulawayo and even beyond the Zambesi.

3

From your perch on the rocky pinnacle of Verkykers Kop, looking south a little to the right of Harrismith, where Mosilikatse turned aside—you will see Mont aux Sources, the highest mountain in South Africa. It was well named by the old French missionaries, for there, within the compass

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of a mile, rise four rivers, spurting out north, south, east and west—the Elands, Orange, Tugela, and Caledon. Twelve thousand feet high, it towers above all others, and it is the corner beacon of Basutoland, Natal and the Orange River Colony. Did you know that there was a mountain in South Africa where you could do 'glacier' climbing on the frozen crest and slopes in winter, and be snowed up occasionally on Christmas Day? There you may still see eland in their native state and haunts, for the Natal Government, in their reserves on the eastern slopes, have managed to save—and all thanks to them!—a herd of over six hundred.

Behind Mont aux Sources is 'Ntaba Bosigo, the impregnable stronghold of the Basuto chiefs. There is only one way up—a steep narrow path that ends in a deep slit in the perpendicular kran through which ordinary men can climb with difficulty, and only one at a time. It is the scene of an act of bravery which ought to be remembered. When the Free States stormed the mountain in the Basuto War three men—Wepener, Webster and Holwell—found their way up here, but no others could follow. It was on the top that Wepener fell; the other two fought their way back again. That is where the great Moshesh held his own—against White and Black, even against Tshaka himself, to whom, however, with unflinching diplomacy, he always sent valuable presents; and from where that wisest of all native chiefs gathered together tribes and fragments of tribes and fugitives from others' rule, and moulded them into the Basuto people. A ruler in the civilized world, with all the world's experience, who combined courage with caution, resolution with foresight, power with restraint, and a clear purpose with wonderful patience, would be called remarkable, if not 'great,' and here was a savage who showed these qualities, and must have developed his policy from his own character and individual wisdom: example and precedent, as known to him, were all the other way.

When Mosilikatse came to conquer Basutoland, the wise one showed the strength of his fastnesses—and sent a present of several days' food for the invading army. They moved on! He gave refuge and protection to those whom others had, through fear or jealousy, expelled, and they proved the best of allies, having no one else to look to, and their people and others followed after to add to Moshesh's strength. It is said that he refused shelter to no one, and that once, when it was discovered that among a party who had fled to him for protection were some of the wretched cannibals who had killed and eaten his own grandfather, he still

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refused to break his rule of sanctuary, but gave them food and home, saying to his protesting people: "Let them be and respect them! They are the graves of men." One longs to have looked into the eyes of the Old Inscrutable for the glint of humour that must have lurked there. They called him the Lord of the Mountains!

When Mosilikatse moved on it was with the purpose of leaving between him and Tshaka the Terrible hundreds of miles of utter devastation, that pursuit should be impossible; and those whom he drove out behaved in like manner. Thus did the waves of devastation push each other on. It is on record that one great tribe, led by a woman, moved on north-west across the Vaal from this very spot, fleeing from the Amangwane, who were themselves fleeing from Tshaka, and left in their trail—nothing! Some refugees who reached Basutoland gave the names of twenty-eight well-known tribes wiped off the face of the earth in that one retreat.

It was in 1828, the year of Tshaka's assassination, that Mosilikatse swept through that gap from east to west, and it was eight years later that the Voortrekkers appeared and the white stream began to pour through it the opposite way.

Turn now to the west; for we are still on Verkykers Kop! Somewhat to the right and about forty miles away you can see Vecht Kop. That is where Mosilikatse made his attempt to exterminate the whites, and sent an impi, 5,000 of his best under his fighting general Kalipi, to do the work. Some small parties were caught unprepared and murdered; one laager of thirty-five was attacked without success; and then under Sarel Celliers the others gathered hurriedly together under this hill in a laager of fifty wagons locked and laced with brushwood. There were forty men and boys who could use arms. All that day the women were moulding bullets and slugs, and when the actual storming of the laager began they cleaned and loaded the spare rifles and handed them up to the men, so as to ensure continuous firing; and the children in the inner laager were told not to cry, but to lie still in their places to avoid the whizzing assegais, of which it is said eleven hundred were afterwards picked up. A gun against an assegai makes heavy odds! True! But so are five thousand against forty. It is also true, as the old Boers themselves say, that the Matabele packed so densely in their rush that they had not room to throw freely, and that the laager was so small that they overshot the mark and killed each

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other. But think what that meant when the defenders' weapons were muzzle-loaders! Powder poured from a horn or scooped by hand from the pocket; bullets wrapped in greased rags each separately rammed home; flints to be adjusted, or caps to be fitted and nipples cleared; and then, the first defenders' shot—Celliers' signal to begin—fired at thirty yards, with an effective range of two hundred yards at most. If they were good shots in those days it was because of the care and pains prompted by vital necessity, and not because of unlimited practice; for they had to buy, and bring from Cape Colony, all their powder at five shillings a pound and their lead at a shilling a pound; and money was not plentiful then! The old lead bullets went four to the pound, but that was so ruinous that they put round stones in the moulds and coated them with lead.

Paul Kruger was a boy of twelve, and took his part in the fight when they beat off Mosilikatse's army; and in one of the laagers further back there was a very little girl—the mother of General De la Rey, happily still with us, a hale and honoured representative of the Voortrekkers. They called it Vecht Kop, or Battle Hill, for remembrance; but despite the victory they had lost all their stock, and were for a time even without oxen to move their wagons.

It was in the following January that the Voortrekkers gathered in commando under Potgieter and Uys, one hundred and thirty-five strong, and rode from Vecht Kop here, across the Vaal, over the Rand, into Magaliesberg, to Mosilikatse's Nek, near Pretoria, and in the nine days' fight finally broke Mosilikatse's power at Marico.

So great was the desolation wrought by the Matabele that a few months previous Potgieter and a party of eleven had journeyed for eighteen days beyond the Vaal River, as far as Piet Potgieter's Rust, without encountering a single human being, and in many days more they met only a few wild hunted creatures—the survivors of hundreds of thousands. Is it any wonder that they had thought the land empty and free of danger? The Promised Land awaited them!

For three and a half months the party of eleven were away seeking the port on the east coast of which they had heard. At Zoutpansberg they turned back, having learned enough for their purpose. But in all that time and in all that way they had seen nothing of the 'terrible Matabele' of whom they had heard—the fabled Matabele as they thought. They had, in fact, passed along the huge strip of desolation that Mosilikatse had put between himself and Tshaka. Is it any wonder they were startled on their

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return to find that the fabled monster was a reality, and had swooped down behind them and begun the massacre of their people?

Vecht Kop was a victory indeed; but one that cost them all they had, and one that revealed undreamed of tasks and dangers yet to be faced. Yet there was no turning back. What was it that led them on? Not the call of a religious leader, so powerful in other great migrations, for it is recorded that not a single clergyman joined in the Great Trek; and it would almost seem that their influence was against it. What was it then? Courage, Faith, Ignorance? Call it what you will! Ignorance there was, of course, but that makes their Faith and Courage more remarkable. What could these people have known in those days? Their education was surely less than now, and the whole world's knowledge of South Africa was worth but little. They had no maps; for none existed! They had no science and no instruments for observation—nor could they have used them. But they sallied out across an unknown continent with their families and their flocks to make a home and find the 'port' that would be their own. Would you measure the extent of their ignorance? Well then, look at Nylstroom on the map—north of Pretoria! The Bible was their guide, and when they came to a river running northwards, they thought it must be the Nile; and Nylstroom it is to this day! It is not laughable, but pathetic! Do you wish to know what they suffered? Then take the record of the foremost Voortrekkers of all—Trichard, whose party consisted of eight men, seven women, and thirty-four children; and van Rensburg's party of ten men, nine women and thirty children. Earlier in the same year, 1836, in which Potgieter made his journey they too reached Zoutpansberg and there separated. They, too, had found a country uninhabited, and knew nothing of Mosilikatse and his Matabele to the south-west; nor had they heard of Sotshangana on the east—also a refugee from Tshaka—who had devastated the Bushveld where Jock spent his life, and had even driven the Portuguese completely out of Africa south of the Zambesi. His Zulu people took his name, but have degenerated by mixture with inferior races into the Shangaans, for whom Jim Makokel—pure as Tshaka's self—had such profound contempt. Trichard went east, and two years later four men, three women and nineteen children only of the forty-nine composing Trichard's party reached Delagoa in a state of utter destitution, after incredible hardships and sufferings.

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But of Jan van Rensburg and his party no trace was found, no word even of a single soul for over thirty years. Then, one day in 1867, a Swazi chief sent in four white people—a man, a woman and two children,—whom he had obtained from another chief further north. General De la Rey has told me, just as he heard it from those who saw them—and you will read it in history—that they were of pure white blood. But that was all: they knew nothing of their origin; they had no names but their native ones; they knew no customs but those of ‘their people’; in life and habit and dress and thought—in all but colour—they were Kaffirs! Their hands were soft and delicate as those of leisured people; for they had never been allowed to work, but had been treated as superior beings, mated together, and kept as the pride and, it may be, as the mascots of the tribe. That is all that can be guessed of Jan van Rensburg and his brave pioneers.

So! We have travelled far from Vecht Kop over there. Turn now eastwards, towards the sea. That dark, flat-topped hill, slightly peaked at each end, north-east of where we stand and less than fifty miles away! That is Majuba—Amajuba, the Home of the Doves.

In 1884, the year before Jock was born, we trekked with wagons from Maritzburg to Lydenburg. It took seven weeks, half in winter dryness, half in the cold spring rains; and one night we outspanned at the foot of Laing’s Nek, with the heavy, slippery climb before us for the morning trek. Long before dawn I left them and striking off to the left, climbed Majuba. From its lead-spattered rocks I watched the sun rise, and then for hours sat and looked the whole land over, with only one thought. That was the first time. The second time was in 1899; and as we stood on the western edge and overlooked the “great spaces washed in sun,” the heart-wrung prayer of old Gert de Jager came, silent but insistent, to haunt a troubled mind: “Oh, God! Is there not room in this great land for both of us?”

To-day from Verkykers Kop you can look past Majuba, and there, in a country as beautiful as bloodstained—small wonder the Natalians love it so—you will find the answer spelled out in history.

Here it is!

Eastwards, further than the eye can reach, is the Bluff, where Dick King swam his two horses across Durban Bay “to ride five hundred miles and swim a hundred rivers,” alone in unknown country, where hostile savages and wild beasts held divided sway, to find King William’s Town and

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get assistance for the British against the besieging Boers. White against White; and the struggle was an old one even then! Dick King did his work without help or rest, or guide or road—in ten days. His widow died last year!

A little northwards up the coast, at Dukusa, is Tshaka's grave, which the Zulus honour still! That is where his great kraal stood, with the 'killing place' near by, where on the big rock that overhangs the long black pool the king had his victims bound and tossed to the expectant crocodiles. Tshaka, Lord of the Millions Dead!

But Dukusa lives only in fact and in the mouths and memories of the people. It is not 'officially' recognized, because an unseeing somebody ran his pen through the historic native name, and wrote in its place—the name of *one who had surveyed it!* Just as they stripped old Van der Stel's country home of its hand-worked teak to make way for something nice and modern in the way of machine-made windows and japanned furniture. Vergelegen a suburban villa! We are progressing in our utilitarian way; but we are not pioneers: the fellaheen found that the four-thousand-year-old papyri from the Pharaohs' tombs made passable fuel for their sugar mills; the Turks took the Greek masterpieces from the Acropolis to make lime!

It was at Dukusa that Tshaka fell, stabbed in the back by his brother Dingaan and two others, and a wonderful career was ended when Tshaka the Terrible was at the height of his power and in the very prime of life. There is one account of that scene which fits in better than others with what we know of him. It tells of how he fell and, dying, turning on his side to glare at the assassins, gasped out the words: "Dogs whom I fed at my kraal!" It was there, they say, that he was then planning the still greater kraal which was to be called Gungunhlovo—the Circle of the Elephant. One of his names among his people was Nhlovo, the Elephant, but Dingaan, who seized his throne, took his name as well, and Gungunhlovo is now marked elsewhere on the map as Dingaan's Great Kraal.

Westward of Dukusa, coming inland, is that Hill of Execution, Kuluma 'Mabuta, overlooking Gungunhlovo, where Dingaan, vilely treacherous, less wise and even more cruel than the great founder of the Zulu nation, murdered the brave Piet Retief and his comrades as they sat unarmed in his inner kraal to drink beer with him as evidence of friendship and in public celebration, according to native custom, of the treaty of peace which had been signed the day before—of the sixty-five, not one escaped. Ten months later the avengers

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found the bodies impaled at the Killing Place, and in the pouch of the intrepid leader—the Treaty of Peace!

Nearer still, and on a clear day, you may see the rest quite plainly from the turrets of the Berg—is Weenen, the Land of Weeping, where one hundred and twenty men, fifty-six women, and one hundred and seventy-six children were massacred on the days following the murder of Piet Retief, when Dingaan sent his impis out, just as Mosilikatse had done at Vecht Kop, to kill all they could find and, once and for all, to clear the whites off the face of the land. It was there that the Two Survivors—the little girls with their two score assegai wounds—were found among a pile of dead. Who can speak of the terror of those days when, having already received assurances from Dingaan, most of the men were away with Piet Retief to ratify the Treaty of Peace; when others were out hunting to provide food; when not a whisper or a sign reached any to tell them of the appalling treachery and disaster already accomplished and the more terrible butchery still to come? In that Land of Weeping there stood some small camps which escaped untouched, overlooked among the hills and thorns; and in one of them there were two children—the father and mother of General Botha! So close is it all to us.

It was to avenge these massacres that some months later the white people of Natal, British and Dutch, united against the common enemy. (It was Piet Retief's work to bring them together, backed by the word and example of the brave old Englishman, Alexander Biggar. See how the Pact was kept! Retief was murdered on the joint mission of peace; Biggar's two sons fell in the long, desperate struggle that followed; but the old man himself held on bravely to the end. He fought through Blood River, on Dingaan's Day, through all the following rout, and on to that day of disaster just escaped, on the Umvulusi River, to be caught in the quicksands and stabbed to death within sight of the hill where lay the body of that murdered comrade, Piet Retief, to whom he had passed his word.) The little band of Dutch from the camps of the Voortrekkers, as far up as Harrismith, and the smaller band of English from Durban, set out by different routes. Both were ambushed by Dingaan's men. Of the seventeen Englishmen who were leading a thousand or so 'bastard' and native allies, thirteen fell in the fight. And in the Boer camp occurred the first of the tragedies associated with the name Piet Uys, bringing grief to a whole community but lasting honour to an already honoured name. Leader of one large section which was

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not in harmony with Retief and escaped the massacres, Piet Uys, already famed for his part in the Mosilikatse fights, joined Potgieter, taking with him every available man, including his fourteen-year-old son. It was in the effort to extricate his men from the ambush that Piet Uys fell, and the brave lad turned back to help his father, and died with him.

To the left of Weenen is Blood River.

There, on the 16th December, 1838, the Voortrekkers met Dingaan's impis, mad drunk with blood lust and victory; and the little river earned its name! A handful of men—four hundred and seven in all—armed with old muzzle-loaders and flintlocks (with a range of about two hundred yards) and three small cannon, against thousands of the finest savages in the world. None can say how many Dingaan sent to do his work: it is estimated that there were ten or twelve thousand, and that about three thousand were killed. That was the day of days; but the taking of Gungunhlovo and the battle of the White Umvolusi—the ambush and eight hours' running fight, so nearly a complete annihilation—and even another campaign were yet to be gone through before the power of Dingaan was finally crushed and the traitor met his most deserved fate. Do you wonder that they remember 'Dingaan's Day?' Do you wonder that they love a country so won?

Some day it will come—the real life-story of the Voortrekkers who set their faces to the unknown world and entered on the Great Trek! Some day the dry bones of history which have been preserved to us will be clothed in living flesh, and we shall know them all for what they were: the men who had the courage and faith to face it, the leaders who conceived the project and inspired such trust, and the women—the web and woof of it all!

Blood River feeds the Buffalo, and the Buffalo the Tugela, and the marks of history lie thick here about. Forty years after the Boers crushed Dingaan, the British crushed Ketschwayo and finally broke the Zulu power: and all within a radius of a few miles. Isandhlwana, where the 24th Regiment was annihilated, lies only a little way to the left, as we look from Verkykers Kop. Rorke's Drift, where Chard and Bromhead with some seventy men in a laager of biscuit tins and flour bags beat off five thousand of Ketschwayo's best men fresh from the Isandhlwana victory, is no more than five miles from the spot where the Boer laager stood on Dingaan's Day. Kambula and Hlobane Mountain—so nearly another disaster—are close by, and further back

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to the left is Ulundi, where Ketshtwayo learned from the British what Dingaan had learned from the Boers.

Jim Makokel played his savage part in most of these fights before he came as a wagon driver to me.

It was at Hlobane that the second of the Piet Uys tragedies occurred. He, with his five sons, joined Sir Evelyn Wood, as is recorded, "to take vengeance on the Zulus for the death of my father and brother." Once more it was an ambush and a retreat, and once more it was a Piet Uys doing all that bravery could do to avert disaster; but this time it was the father who went back, hearing of the son's distress—and gave his life for the son. It was that same day that Colonel Weatherley, fighting off the foremost Zulus to give his thirteen-year-old boy a chance to escape, fell wounded, and, as in the case of the first Piet Uys, the gallant youngster went back and stood over his father until he fell. They found the boy's body lying across his father's.

Little People! Look back for a moment on what you have seen. In the siege of Durban it was British against Boer—White against White. In Dingaan's day it was Boer against Black, and once, under the influence of Retief, and later to avenge his murder, Boer and British united against barbarism. In Ketshtwayo's time it was British against the common enemy—barbarism; and once again, in the work of Piet Uys and his people, there was one brave effort to make common cause.

But only one year later it was again White against White in a struggle obstinate and inevitable, because of qualities splendid and invincible in union but terrible in conflict—a struggle that lasted twenty years; history so new that it needs no recalling but—did you know that you could read it all from the pinnacle of a single Hill?

There, only a few miles from Isandhlwana, are the battle-fields of the first Boer War, Ingogo, Laing's Nek, and Majuba—the black sentinel of the border; and, like milestones on the road, stand the monuments of twenty years after: Talana, Dundee, Elandsplaagte, Nicholson's Nek, Ladysmith, Wagon Hill, Long Valley, Spion Kop, Colenso, Pieter's Hill, Willow Grange!

There they stand! The records of over sixty years of cut-throat struggle—Boer and British and Zulu: beacons in one great bloodstained panorama from the Berg to the Sea!

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On Verkykers Kop, looking eastward to the sea, there comes back to you old Gert de Jager's question-prayer:

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“Oh, God! Is there not room in this great land for both of us?”

And it is from Durban by the sea that the answer comes.

“Equal and Together.”

For there, in Natal, the lasting peace was made, where men of both races died for the faith that was in them.

“Yea! and made their burial place.

Altar of a Nation.”

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Good night, Little People! The smiling editors have had their way and we have strayed at times far from Jock and Those who knew Him. It is two in the morning now and the moon is shining so brightly that one can see the Block House on the shoulder of the Devil's Peak. An old familiar sound—the groaning, grunting sound that reaches one through all others—comes down the mountain from the lions' den: and with it, Jock's face and figure, alert and watchful, come back as readily as if there were no years between.

But it is time to go to bed, or the procession which started from the old Block House will move on through the night: Van Riebeeck, Rhodes, Alan Wilson, Piet Retief, the Piet Uyses—father and sons—the Two Survivors, Alexander Biggar and his sons, the Trichards, van Rensburg, and the White Kaffirs, Richard King, Weatherley and his boy, Francis and the Camp of Three, Rocky, the Old Settler, and the men of the Last Long Struggle! And jogging along behind them a little red dog with one cocked ear, knowing nothing about heroes, unconscious of admirers, content to look into his master's eyes and know that he, too, has done his best.

CHAPTER XIX

RECOLLECTIONS OF RHODES

[ON the twentieth anniversary of the death of Cecil Rhodes (March 26, 1902), Sir Percy FitzPatrick contributed to the *Cape Times* some recollections of the Empire Builder, from which some of the more characteristic passages are here extracted.

Sir Percy describes his first meeting with Rhodes. It was in the early 'eighties, and the occasion was a bazaar in the old Town Hall at Wynberg.]

. . . The bazaar was in full swing when a grey-bearded gentleman, well known in the world of the Cape Peninsula, entered and was warmly greeted by the distinguished dames of the bazaar. With him was a young man, absurdly, exasperatingly young to command the attention which was so readily accorded to him. He was also extremely good looking in a perfectly unconscious way. He was tall, looking easily over the heads of those about him; he had crisp, wavy hair, a shapely, brainy head, full of character like that of the young Augustus. His forehead was large and almost heavy; his grey-blue eyes were large, soft, dreamy, amused, observant, thoughtful—always changing. And then he smiled. There was interest, friendliness and amusement, observation and insight, and, above it all, a look of kindly indulgence. No young man had ever looked like that; none had a right to; and I hated him on the spot. He seemed to be superior, and he knew it. And the devil and all of it was that he did not show it. He was not contemptuous, nor even indifferent. But I froze with hostility on sight. I was very young.

The years leave that memory undimmed. He had spoiled my day. Turn where I would I could see him over the heads of others, and everyone seemed to be drawn to him naturally. He was the magnet and we scraps of filings! I found myself watching him. Even when spoken to I answered almost incoherently, preoccupied and possessed by him. A girl friend of mine was one of the first