

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And again, after referring to evidence of pre-meditation, the judge exclaims :—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'My Lord, I am calling attention——'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And then:—

‘The sentence of the Court therefore is that—

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

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

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

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

Jameson had sat through the trial in that hunched-

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

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

CHAPTER XXIX

THE INQUIRY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'I have just left the nursing home and got into these chambers¹—very comfortable; but I am thoroughly sick of England, and will clear out immediately the others come out of Holloway and my part of the Commission is finished. Probably go to Tanganyika, I think, to look after the telegraph, etc., for a year. I am sure to get some amusement out of it, and see what the country there is capable of. Also it will be Africa and in touch to a certain extent with affairs

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

¹ *Minutes*, p. 82.

² *Ibid.* 1515.

delivered by one obviously sick to death of the subject.

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

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

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

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

¹ *Minutes of Evidence*, 4545.

² *Ibid.* 4605.

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

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

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

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

¹ *Minutes of Evidence*, 5622.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But the Imperial Government itself was 'in deadly earnest' about the revolt, and intended to support it by force of arms if necessary, and Rhodes could hardly have 'promised delivery' of the High Commissioner f.o.b. for Pretoria had he not known that the High Commissioner was already under instructions to go if the Revolution took place.

But why, it may be asked, did the Committee fail to elicit this pertinent information? The answer probably is because Sir William Harcourt knew it all already. And further he knew that these instructions and that policy were not merely the instructions and the policy of Chamberlain but the instructions and the policy of the Imperial Government, and not only of the Government then in power but of its predecessor. Sir Henry Loch, who represented not Mr. Chamberlain but Lord Ripon, had himself organised a force of police on the Bechuanaland Border in case there should be a rising.¹ It was he

¹ See statement by Lord Loch in the House of Lords, May 1, 1896.

—and General Goodenough—who had urged upon the Imperial Government—when it was a Liberal Government—to increase the garrison because of possible political difficulties in the Transvaal.

Therefore if Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had been so foolish as to press complicity home to Mr. Chamberlain, they would only have ended in involving themselves.

But complicity in what? Not in anything disgraceful but merely in the conviction, and the resolve, if circumstances favoured, to act upon the conviction, that the Transvaal Government was hopeless. It was so hostile to England, so oppressive of Englishmen, and so injurious to a British South Africa that it could not be persuaded to reform: it could only be removed. If that was a sound conclusion in 1899 it was also a reasonable belief in 1894 and in 1895.

But if the Imperial Government were resolved, as there is no reasonable doubt, to support the revolt when it came, if they were preparing also, as we have shown reason to believe they were, forces to support that revolt, it is reasonable also to suppose that they had at least a general knowledge of what was actually going forward in South Africa. If it is difficult on the evidence to believe that they knew everything, it is equally difficult to suppose that they knew nothing. Reasonable men working to the same end would naturally be at some pains to be acquainted with one another's plans. Sir Hercules Robinson told Sir Francis Younghusband, who told the author, that he had been commissioned to support the reform movement by force if necessary when he was sent out for the second time by a Liberal Colonial Secretary. He had stipulated for 10,000 men and,

as we have seen, his available forces fell considerably under that estimate. Is it impossible to suppose that Rhodes had promised to make good this deficiency ?

There is one piece of evidence which certainly suggests knowledge, and that is the telegram which the Colonial Secretary sent to Sir Hercules Robinson on the very day on which Jameson started for Johannesburg. It was not, let us remember, a signal to go forward ; it was a prohibition. But the remarkable thing is that it was sent at the same time as other prohibitions which came from those who certainly did know of the Jameson plan, that is to say, from the Reformers in Johannesburg and from Cecil Rhodes in Cape Town. Were these prohibitions concerted ? It is reasonable to suppose that if all three together tried to stop a false move in the game, all three were in the game together.

But had the Imperial Government any complicity in the Raid ? That is a frequent, but, as it appears to the author, an idle question. Let us use again the Englishman's favourite illustration of a game—say, a cricket match. Jameson is at one wicket, Lionel Phillips, let us say, at the other. It is a critical point in the game : there is not much time left in which to win. Jameson sees what he thinks is an opportunity for a run. He shouts to Phillips, who waves his hand and answers No. But Jameson is sure he can make it, and save the game. He runs, but Phillips stands still : the fielders, knowing their men, throw up the ball very smartly, the stumps are knocked out of the ground, and the game is lost.

Jameson ran his side out—so much is clear. But confusion is imported when the censorious spectators proclaim that other people on his own side must

have known that Jameson was going to snatch a run. It is easy to assert : it is equally easy to deny : but it is impossible to prove such a statement. All we can say is that all the evidence, so far as it goes, and the likelihood also, is that Jameson decided for himself and that the rest of the eleven tried to stop him. Phillips tried to stop him ; Rhodes tried to stop him ; Sir Hercules Robinson tried to stop him ; and Chamberlain tried to stop him. It is therefore difficult to believe that all these men—or any of them—wanted him to run, or knew that he was going to run. And they all say they did not know, and did not want him to run.

But that is, after all, if the moralist may be allowed his word, a trifling question. If people are playing cricket they mean to make runs although they do not mean to be run out, and therefore the real question is, who were in the eleven. And upon that question, having stated the facts, as far as we know them, we may now leave our readers to draw their own conclusions.

CHAPTER XXX

THE COMING OF WAR

' And he might thereupon
Take rest ere he be gone
Once more on his adventure brave and new,
Fearless and unperplexed
When he wage battle next
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.'

FOR the moment the movements of Jameson, and of Rhodes also, are restless and eccentric, as if the motive were rather relief from pain and distress of mind than as of old a single purpose strongly held. Rhodes is evidently at first trying to amuse and occupy Jameson, as one more sorely hurt than himself; but in fact Rhodes had suffered deadlier thrust: he was never rightly to recover; but in that great and massy frame the full effects of the blow took long to appear. What was, when the shock was over, both to steel and refine the mettle of Jameson was to bring down in mortal ruin the weightier structure of his friend.

The inquiry dragged on into July; but long before it was over Jameson and Rhodes had both departed, and we may leap intervening distances and events to find ourselves again in Rhodesia, in the month of August 1897, considering as if our lives depended on it the proper route for the great African telegraph line which was to link Cape Town and Cairo. Rhodes had attempted to run the line through the awful country between Salisbury and

the Zambesi at Tete ; but Jameson knew it well in the early days, and his bad opinion was confirmed by this later experience. 'Telegraphists,' says Michell, 'died at their posts, natives cut the wires, elephants destroyed the poles'; it was in short an impossible line, and Rhodes decided to give it up and take it round by Umtali over the healthy plateau of Nyanza northwards to the north-east corner of Rhodesia. And for the supervision of this work he chose Jameson, designing, no doubt, to occupy the mind of his friend, but forgetting the frailness of the body.

And so began another arduous journey for Jameson. Michell travelled down with him from Salisbury to Umtali, and told the present writer a curious story which illustrates—if ever a story did—the malice of chance. They were together in a Cape cart on a bleak part of the road with a cold wind blowing in their teeth when they observed a solitary figure walking towards them across the bare and lonely veld. As they drew nearer they saw that it was a man, a ragged, travel-stained, and weather-beaten English tramp. As the fellow passed he asked them for tobacco, which they gave him, and Jameson, bending down towards him, looked into his face and said in a puzzled way, 'Where have I seen you before?'

'In Holloway Gaol, your honour,' said the tramp with a grin, and the blow came so suddenly and hit so hard that Jameson, proof as he was against the strokes of fortune, fell back into his seat as if he had been shot.

It was, when we consider the health of Jameson at that time, a rash thing to undertake—this journey through those most savage wilds of Central Africa,

and it was evident to Garlick, who went with him, that his master could no longer bear with the old buoyancy the ardours of the wilderness. Nevertheless he persevered, and *walked* for three hundred miles along the line which the telegraph was to take until he reached the Zambesi at the fever-stricken Portuguese settlement of Tete. There he arranged with the Portuguese for the crossing both of the river and their territory, and having completed his negotiations, hired a dug-out canoe and some native boatmen and started upon a journey made by Livingstone long before down the Zambesi to the sea. The natives, probably because they feared the hippopotamuses, which are very dangerous to such craft, mutinied half-way down the river, and Mr. Seymour Fort tells us how the Doctor seized a paddle and belaboured the headman. 'During twenty-eight years' experience,' Mr. Fort adds, 'this was the first time he had ever struck a Kafir.' Whether we have here the first burst of that nervous irritation which was a symptom of the disease that killed him or a more calculated display of temper we do not know; but it prevailed. The Kafirs grinned and obeyed, and Jameson safely reached Chinde where he boarded a steamer for Beira, whence by river and rail he pursued his way to Umtali.

When Jameson was upon this journey Rhodes had gone up to his farm on the Inyanga plateau. There is a region of high grassy downs, six thousand feet or more above the sea, so cooled under the winds which sweep up from the south-east that you might often fancy yourself among the Scottish hills on a cold day in March. There bracken and brambles grow in the little hollows, but the plateau itself is bare save for grass, for trees cannot stand the searching south-

easterns. Mysterious remains of human habitation were scattered over this then desert country—curious circular pits of dry masonry, approached by underground passages, described by the romantic as slave-pits; but more probably built to shelter the flocks of sheep and goats which no doubt once grazed upon those wind-swept uplands. And there were besides the traces of old cuts or canals evidently intended to convey the water which fell on the seaward side of the escarpment round to the cities of the people who dwelled under the shelter of the inward slope.

Rhodes took delight in this strange, high, lonely, romantic country, hung as it were in the sky over the Indian Ocean, and there made himself a farm, intending to plant orchards and graze flocks and make a home for his habitation. But here Fate tightened her stronger hand upon this strong man. Upon his former visit, when he was hurrying up by way of Beira and Chimoio to quell the rebellion of 1896, he had contracted malarial fever, and had shaken it off to organise the Salisbury column; but now it visited him again, and his heart being by this time affected, he was stricken in the Inyanga farm very ill.

Jameson heard the report either at Beira or Umtali, and hastened up to Inyanga where he tended Rhodes—a friend, a nurse, and a doctor all in one. Thus he brought the sick man back to some degree of health, and together the two worked on the farm and explored the country with the zest of schoolboys enjoying a vacation. ‘Jameson,’ says Mr. Fort, ‘ever loving excitement, even attempted to break into the yoke wild cattle from the Zambesi, and on one occasion only escaped the charge of an infuriated beast by plunging into a swamp, while Rhodes miraculously leapt on to a wagon.’

There they tarried a while before they were dragged away by the fierce cries of political strife in the South.

Although the Imperial Government punished Jameson and censured Rhodes, it was determined to support the cause in which they had fallen. And this purpose was strengthened by many things that happened after the Raid, by the truculence of Kruger's Government, by the German Emperor's telegram which declared to the world what had long been suspected—that the Transvaal Republic and the German Empire were working together—and by the harsh treatment of the now disarmed and helpless people of the Reef.

Sir Hercules Robinson's settlement had indeed rescued the Raiders, but it had abandoned the Reformers; and now he was recalled and Sir Alfred Milner sent out in his place. The new High Commissioner arrived in South Africa in the middle of 1897; and in November of that year he made a tour in Rhodesia. At Umtali he met Cecil Rhodes, who was prepared to receive him a little defiantly, like a faithful subject who had been outlawed by the Government which His Excellency represented. But Milner met Rhodes with a disarming frankness and consideration, and in two long talks they had it out, as Rhodes would have said. And the substance of the talk was that Milner did not look upon Rhodes as an outlaw, but as a man with whom he could work, a man who could still do great service for his country. From this compact the two men never swerved, though Rhodes faced the strife with an almost overpowering sense of lassitude, as one knowing he would never see the end of it.

It is curious yet certain that neither Rhodes nor

Jameson ever thought when they were organising the Raid that they were attacking the Dutch, as they would have said, '*qua* Dutch.'

But the Raid, like a catalectic agent, precipitated the elements of South African politics, cloudily mingling under Rhodes's synthetic chemistry, into two distinct and separate racial bodies. Rhodes struggled against this precipitation but in vain. In private he might—and did—express his regret for his share in the trouble; when he spoke of it in public his words were drowned in the cheers of his supporters, or were listened to politely by men whose hearts were braced by the strongest of all political passions, the roused racial instinct.

The Raid had added enormously to the power and prestige of Kruger, who now began, under German suggestion, to work for Republicanism in Cape Colony. His agents and his money went everywhere, and under these new influences even Hofmeyr felt himself threatened and was forced unwillingly into the ranks of racialism. On the other side the British formed themselves into the Progressive Party, racial in substance although setting before itself the non-racial ends of material progress and political union.

In these new conflicts Rhodes took an unwilling and moderating part. He had no liking for it: it was contrary to all his principles of statesmanship: from the very beginning of his first intervention in Stellaland he had appealed to interest against race, and he still founded himself upon that appeal, arguing desperately for a lost cause, swimming with a bursting heart against a current too strong even for his giant strength. And as this strength failed we see him often pausing, bewildered and dismayed, withdrawing himself from the fight, or hesitating

in a growing paralysis of mind, followed by irritable bursts of energy.

As for Jameson, he was set upon squaring the account with fortune, and was urging on not only himself but Rhodes.

Thus he writes to his brother Sam on December 16, 1897 (from Westbrook, Rondebosch), that—

‘R. is in a much better frame of mind, but requires gingerly treating unless you are actually with him. His health is all right again, and we want him down, but he is a bit slow to start.

‘As to my future,’ he continues, ‘I intend carrying out my plan ; but the leaders as usual are pretty weak in the back, and though very friendly, collapse at the very idea of my thinking of standing. At all events I must say nothing till after the Council election. That will be a certain success, and then perhaps they will get some pluck. In any case then I will have a freer hand. In the meantime I am seeing and twaddling to them all constantly—a very poor amusement, and even in the House not much better I should think. Still I must do it to get right with them all from top to bottom. . . .’

Sir Gordon Sprigg, now Prime Minister, was labouring heavily with the Bond more and more against him as Kruger’s influence grew in the Colony, and, although many ‘Moderate’ Dutchmen still clung to the old cause, it was inevitable that the coming elections should be fought between the Progressives backed by Rhodes and the Bond driven by Kruger. Jameson’s quick mind saw thus far into the future ; but Rhodes still hoped against hope to rally the Dutch of the Colony, and events, which Kruger knew well how to use, had made the name of Jameson a shibboleth which no Dutchman could pronounce and live. The Progressives and even

Rhodes feared to give colour to this propaganda by putting Jameson in Parliament, and so, fuming at inaction and delay, at 'seeing and twaddling to them' without result, Jameson grew impatient. On August 15, 1898, we find him writing to Sam (from Kimberley) in bitter vein of his 'doings or rather want of doings.'—'If R. wins, which is very doubtful, will probably make myself do P. E. (Port Elizabeth) in January. I hate it all; but that is the right thing—perhaps Rhodesia in the meantime. R. is at last waking up, and off to P. E. to-day to speechify.' Again on the 23rd he writes (from Rondebosch) 'of the general mess here and of my having to give up the election for the present':—

'Even without Rhodes's approval they assured me top place, and I thought of going on; but as the "cause" is in a very shaky condition, and unless better organised pretty sure of a defeat, of course it would never do for me to run the risk of giving it a last kick. R. has done absolutely nothing since he came out but go backward. Now Harris [one of the De Beers Directors] has gone up to Kimberley to punch at him, and I am staying here to do what I can, and probably in a few days will go up to R. Should the Progressives win, I will, I suppose, stand in January; at all events have pledged myself to the P. E. Committee for the present, and in the meantime probably do the Rhodesia part of the programme. I hate it all and hate the people more than ever—would clear out by the next boat, but have not pluck enough to acknowledge myself beaten. Rhodes, Fuller, Sivewright, etc., etc., are all of course like butter now they have got rid of me as a candidate, so they listen and one may be able to do some good. Milner capital, the only really healthy personality of the whole crowd.'

Thus Jameson in the bitterness of his soul while events took their disastrous course. Rhodes's real

heart was in his work to the North, where he was laying the foundations of a new political balance for South Africa. Towards the end of 1897 his railway reached Buluwayo, and he was now bent on pushing it and his telegraph north to meet Kitchener's approach southwards from Khartoum. On March 16 he left for England and on April 21 he addressed his Chartered shareholders, for he had been re-elected to his old position, and we can see from this speech that Rhodes with his appearance of listlessness in the South was really working to save the position through the North. It was a country for white men, he pointed out, and there were already ten thousand white men settled in it. His opponents 'wanted the country to be damned. . . . But such is the bitterness between Imperialism and Republicanism. One section of the people wants to make a Republic in South Africa and another section wants to make a united South Africa under our flag. You thus see that politics interfere with everything. . . . They see that if it is a successful North, it means a united South Africa under the English flag; but if the North is a failure, it means a united South Africa under a Republican flag.'

In the meantime the Republicans made headway in the Cape. Towards the end of June, Sir Gordon Sprigg, for all his adroitness, was faced by an actual minority; the House was dissolved and a desperate battle followed in the constituencies. Mr. W. P. Schreiner, to give an appearance of moderation, had been placed at the head of the Bond; but the elections were managed from Pretoria. It is characteristic of Rhodes and of his policy that he stood again for his Dutch constituency of Barkly West, although his chances were said to be dismal and he

had the offer of an easy seat elsewhere. He made his infallible appeal to the Dutch love of their land, clinching it by a grim jest. He had developed the North, a country twice as big as the Cape, and 'whatever your personal feelings may be regarding me, you will get the country and I shall only get six feet by four.'

Racial passion was now at a height. The trees that Rhodes had planted for the people of Cape Town were cut down in the night by secret enemies; the animals he had collected in his paddocks for their amusement were killed. The times were drifting beyond argument. Even Schreiner became more bitter in his passion for moderation than the extremists whom he led. The result of the elections settled nothing. The parties were almost equally divided; but the Government was defeated by 39 votes to 37, and Mr. Schreiner formed a Ministry that rested on the Bond, and the Bond turned more and more for its inspiration and even its commands to Pretoria. Republican propaganda and Republican preparations now proceeded furiously. The Transvaal was importing both great guns and rifles in such quantities as could only mean war.

In the meantime Jameson, seeing that nothing was to be done, returned to Europe for a while, not giving up his purposes but waiting on occasion. A letter to Sam written on November 13 from Paris shows that he had been there some little time. He knows 'a fair number of nice people, so time does not hang. Have seen Cyrano de Bergerac also Sara and some lighter pieces.' He says that he will probably stay 'till 28th and then join yacht,' but on the 23rd he is with a French party shooting at an hotel called the Château Royal d'Ardenne: 'None of them

speak English except our host, and he only speaks and does not understand much, rather like my French. They can't shoot much, but that is also rather my line, so we agree all round. One thing I do find, they laugh at the idea of fighting over Fashoda or anything else.' There is to be a flying trip to Brussels and then the yacht.

The yacht was the s.s. *Iolaire*, a mail boat converted by Sir Donald Currie and hired from that canny Scot by Alfred Beit. Beit, kindest of men, had thought out a wonderful tour of the Mediterranean for the especial benefit of Jameson. Bettelheim and Jim Taylor, two of Jameson's friends (of the old Kimberley days) were the only other guests. Rhodes was to have joined the party at Cairo; but events were too strong for him. From the itinerary—Monte Carlo, Ajaccio, Cartagena, Algiers, Tunis, Suda Bay, Alexandria—we may see what comfort and solace Jameson found after his dismal sojourn in the Valley of Humiliation.

Jameson writes from Cairo on January 27—very solicitous about Sam's health: 'Midge of course will win in the longevity trick but you will come next.¹ I rather played out. Been doing Pyramids and races to-day—rather an incongruous combination.' At Cairo the party split up. They joined again at Alexandria and went first to Port Said, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Jericho, and the Dead Sea. From Jaffa they sailed to Smyrna and then to Constantinople. Thence to the Piræus, and at Jameson's suggestion through the Corinth Canal to Cephalonia, where they marvelled at the waters rushing into the bowels of the earth. So to Messina

¹ Middleton Jameson won the 'longevity trick.' He survived both Sam and Lanner, and died on April 22, 1919.

—it was before the earthquake—Reggio, and by train to Naples, where Rhodes at last joined them.

To link the Cape and Cairo by rail and telegraph, so that the savage interior of Africa might blossom into a civilised state under the British flag, that was the end for which he was now working—against time—‘that terrible time.’ ‘You can conquer any-thing,’ he said in one of his later speeches, ‘you can conquer, if you will allow me to say it, even Raids; but Time you can never interfere with, and so we have to complete, with all the rapidity we can, the project that is before us, that is the project of uniting the North and South of Africa.’¹ The compass had shaken a little but it was now steady to the North.

The immediate need was money; all the resources he could command were insufficient, and he sailed for England to get more. He proposed to give his own guarantee of the interest on two millions sterling, and he bethought himself that if the British Government were to guarantee his guarantee, the money could be raised at 3 per cent. instead of at 5 per cent., thus saving a charge upon the railway of £40,000 a year. Sir Michael Hicks Beach was deaf to all his arguments, and he was kept in London waiting in vain for an assent that never came.² But his shareholders had more imagination than the Government. By January 23 he was able to write that the whole of the new issue of the

¹ *Speeches*, pp. 639-40.

² It was at this time that his friend Colonel Weston Jarvis met him riding in the Park and asked him sympathetically if he had yet had a definite reply from the Treasury. ‘No,’ said Rhodes, ‘but I am sure what it will be. He will sell me a dog. I know he will. Think of it! The guarantee of the guarantee of the interest on two millions—and that from the British nation. I wish to Heaven things would happen which would make them spend two hundred millions! That would make the British Empire!’

Chartered Company had been over-subscribed. He got four millions sterling for the extension of his railway, a sum, he said gratefully, which 'will carry us to the borders of the German sphere, that is to Tanganyika.'¹

These negotiations kept Rhodes from joining Beit's little party in Egypt, and it was a consequence of them which again separated them at Rome. For now that Rhodes had got the means to build the railway he found himself under the necessity of negotiating a right of way for it and the telegraph either through German or Belgian territory. At the moment his hopes were fixed on Berlin, encouraged thereto by Imperial blandishments. The German Government were then characteristically pushing the Transvaal ever further into its fatal quarrel with the British Empire. And for that reason the Emperor was anxious to give a contrary impression. He granted Rhodes the audience Rhodes desired, and it was this invitation which took him away from Rome to Berlin.

The Emperor received him graciously, made merry with him over the Raid telegram, and concluded arrangements both for the telegraph line and the railway. He assured his visitor that he was in favour of Rhodes's schemes; but he doubted if his Ministers could rely on the Reichstag, 'which was not yet permeated by an Imperial spirit.' Rhodes was flattered; but when he came to consider the agreement which the Germans drafted, he found it was useless to him, a thing, as he expressed it, of 'ifs and ans.'

And now we must follow the restless footsteps of these two back to South Africa. Jameson tarried a

¹ *Speeches*, p. 640.

little in Ireland for salmon-fishing with Willoughby. By May he was in London, and by June 29 we find him writing to Sam from Buluwayo. He thanks Sam for 'condolences on Charters,' but they 'will come all right in time, and a good lesson not to gamble'—the same old tale, in fact!

'I have been travelling ever since arrival,' he continues, 'and done most of the good mines. Administration more or less chaos, and I have been able to smooth the troubled waters a bit, so am altogether rather pleased with myself. Had intended to stay another month up here, but think it more important to go down to the Cape and see R. on his arrival *re* this place, and also would rather be nearer the border as this T.V. (Transvaal) business is coming on so rapidly. Even you must be satisfied with Chamberlain now and I still think it must be peaceably settled. Oom Paul I think is just putting his hoof out to find the lowest round of the ladder, and should find it within the next fortnight. De Beers question of course I have not gone into till R. arrives; but shall probably carry out that part of the programme.'¹

Jameson then goes down to Cape Town to meet Rhodes, who is coming out from England, and on July 19, 1899, writes from Groote Schuur to Sam:—

'Rhodes arrived very fit, and bar accidents I shall do the Kimberley trick in about three weeks, but with a free hand to go home any time I like, and that will probably be within the year. Milner very strong and I am sure will carry through practically his dispatch of May 4, even though Kruger keeps on climbing down as he will. The troops will have to come; but even then I don't believe there will be fighting, though nearly every one including M. thinks there will.'

¹ Dr. Jameson had just been made a Director of De Beers, no doubt through the Rhodes influence, and by all accounts an uncommonly good director he was.

So confidently did Jameson back his opinion that he went off to the North, and when war began we find him writing from Buluwayo to Sam on the fateful October 12, 1899 :—

‘ Arrived from veld last night. . . . War is declared this morning, but still I cannot believe the Boers will be foolish enough to begin shooting. However I am going down to Mafeking to-night again in case there is anything going. Supposing there is any shooting they would be sure to make a mess of the line ; and it would be rather stupid to be boxed up here. If there is any real fighting, it will be in Natal, and then I would go to join Brocklehurst and Willoughby, to arrive in a fortnight. In any case we may consider the T.V. question settled and good times ahead. Certainly, as far as chances are concerned I have made a mess of it ; but must just set to work to make it up again and delay the politics a bit.’

As for Rhodes, up to the very edge of war he is still preaching racial co-operation and political unity. Thus, for example, he spoke to the people of Cape Town on July 18, 1899, shortly after his return : ‘ That is what we are working for, not only union of the country but union of the races, and, if I may put it, that will come right once the principle of equal rights is accepted—equal rights for every civilised man south of the Zambesi.’¹

And Rhodes also in many reported conversations showed that he did not believe that war was coming. He never could forget how President Kruger had submitted to General Warren upon the very edge of war in 1885, and that incident no doubt gave bias to his judgment. He did not realise the new factors in the situation—above all the support of Germany, the great means and arsenal which Kruger now

¹ *Speeches*, 639 *et seq.*

commanded, the help he received from the Dutch in the Cape Colony. The Raid had nearly destroyed the influence of Hofmeyr and the Colonial Dutch, and Hofmeyr now was fain, against his will, to appear to support the Republican cause, although secretly he worked for peace. For indeed the sagacious old man saw that war must place him and his people in a deplorable position, either false to their race—in the eyes of the Republic—or traitors to the Crown of which they were and had always protested themselves to be loyal subjects.

It was a frightful dilemma, and Hofmeyr, as he could not shake Kruger, tried his utmost to weaken Milner. In his desperation he even approached Rhodes by devious channels, and offered him the support of the Bond, which would make him again Prime Minister of the Colony, if only Rhodes would throw his influence against Milner. Rhodes refused, as long before he had refused the offer of Borckenhagen.

Thus Rhodes was true to Milner, and Milner maintained his position. The Transvaal and the Orange Free State openly prepared for war, and the British Government, seeing at last its clear approach, tardily began to strengthen its garrisons and to mobilise a field force; on October 9 the two Republics sent their ultimatum, and on October 11, 1899, war began.

On October 9, it was apparent, even to Rhodes, that all his predictions were wrong and that war was inevitable, and upon the evening of that day he and his friend Dr. Smartt quietly boarded the train for Kimberley—a hazardous journey, for the Boers were already threatening the railway. Rhodes, as he told Smartt, was impelled by his anxiety for Kim-

berley, the city of his first fortunes which he had made and beautified with gardens ; he ran to it from a defensive instinct. As for Jameson, he made a bee-line for the point at which he thought the fighting was to be. Thus from the opposite ends of Africa these two men rushed by a simultaneous impulse into the battle-front.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE WAR

' A heavy case

When force to force is knit, and sword and glaive
In civil broils makes kin and countrymen
Slaughter themselves in others.'

JAMESON'S gift for getting into uncomfortable places—Kimberley, Buluwayo, the Pungwe, Gungunhana's Kraal, Doornkop, Pretoria Gaol, and Holloway—had led him at last into Ladysmith, the worst of all.

It was a little town of brick and corrugated iron built on an alluvial flat, almost upon the level of the Klip River, and surrounded by steep, rocky hills. It was normally hot, and the siege took place in the hottest months of the year, with temperatures running up to 104° in the shade. This little town had become a centre of refuge for Northern Natal as well as a military depot. The garrison alone numbered over 13,000 men, and there were besides 2000 Europeans and about 6000 Kafirs, Cape boys, and Indians. And as General White allowed his cavalry and field artillery to be locked up with the infantry, we must add thousands of horses and mules, as well as the flocks and the herds of the Colonists. The place became pestiferous. Enteric and dysentery were epidemic. When things were at their worst there were 1900 patients in hospitals intended for 300, and at one time or another at least

half of the inhabitants passed through the hands of the doctors. As food ran short the people were fed largely upon horse-flesh, skilfully disguised, it is true, by an enterprising commissariat as 'chevreuil,' and to complete the happy picture we must imagine a liberal peppering of 6-inch and 4·7-inch shells from the two 'Long Tom' Creusot siege-guns and the four Krupp howitzers which the Boers, with unaccustomed energy, brought into position round the town.

The investment was complete by November 4, 1899, and on February 28 following the town was relieved by General Buller. Of what Jameson did with himself during these four months we have only a very scanty record. A correspondent mentions that one of the first shells fired in the siege pitched just outside the Royal Hotel, in which he was then living, when the dining-room was full, and filled the place with shattered glass and dust—'this was generally assumed to be a Transvaal welcome to Dr. Jim and some of the Rhodesia people,' and a few days afterwards he was just on his way to breakfast with Sir George White's staff when the room in which the breakfast was laid was blown into the air.¹

Colonel Karri Davies recollects that he saw Dr. Jameson close behind the attack, tending the wounded, in that heroic sortie on the morning of December 8, when one of the Creusot guns was captured and put out of action.

Jameson hated idleness, and, save for doctoring, to which he had grown unaccustomed, there was little to do. The military did not encourage civilian enterprise, as the garrison, with the Colonial Corps, were thought to be sufficient for all emergencies, and,

¹ *How We Kept the Flag Flying*, by Donald Macdonald, pp. 48 and 67.

moreover, Jameson was still under the cloud of official displeasure. 'I always understood,' says a friend, 'that he was rather *bondé* by the authorities there; and kept himself very much to himself, taking practically no part in the affairs of the siege. I fear the military authorities were not very genial to him.'

And this impression is confirmed by other witnesses. The garrison had its moments glorious and terrible—the battle of October 30, the disastrous opening of the siege; the Boer attack of January 6 on Cæsar's Camp and Wagon Hill; the two night sorties which silenced the Long Toms; but these were rare intervals in the tedium of White's stonewalling tactics. The General had the caution of years; he was short of ammunition, and his whole idea was to hold on until Buller broke through. And even in the defence Jameson had no part. To make matters worse, 'his servant,' as Mr. Fort tells us, 'caught typhoid, and through nursing him day and night he himself succumbed.' When at last, on February 28, 1900, after hope so long deferred, Buller's cavalry appeared, Dr. Jameson was again almost within the portals of death. He was carried down to Durban, put on board a steamer, and arrived, looking like a dead man, at Groote Schuur, there, among friends, to recover gradually a little of his former health. But it may be said that his physique was broken by Ladysmith, and thenceforth his body dragged after his spirit like a broken limb.

We may suppose that Cecil Rhodes was at Groote Schuur to welcome Jameson, for Kimberley had already been relieved. As with the one so with the other; in the matter of health Rhodes too was now a wreck. The great catastrophe of the Raid and

the troubles which followed it had played havoc with his nerves; the bouts of fever in Rhodesia had undermined his constitution; but the real trouble was a heart never strong and now thrown out of gear by the growth of an aneurism which in the end was to kill him. This trouble was worsened by a heavy fall from his horse during the siege.¹

His impatience at the approach of death—having so much still to do—made him irritable, and those storms of ill-temper to which he had always been liable were now more frequent and with less occasion. Those who understood him were not troubled by such failings, which were rather symptoms of disease than characteristics of the man; but strangers—like Colonel Kekewich, for example—could not be expected to make these allowances. He suffered, moreover, from the constraint and the anxiety of a siege, of which, despite these faults of temper, he had been the life and soul, and he emerged from it, not indeed prostrate like Jameson from Ladysmith, yet, though still some way from death, a dying man.

Groote Schuur was now a hospital and a convalescent home, and Rhodes himself stayed in his little tin-roofed cottage on the beach at Muizenburg. But not for long. On March 18 he sailed for England. He and Tony were again on the run—this time from an implacable enemy.

Jameson remained on at the Cape, on April 25, 1900, writing to Sam very cheerfully of his returning health:—

‘I am practically all right again—only a little groggy in

¹ Rhodes, although he believed he could ride, had a loose seat in the saddle and was careless with his reins. He was usually so deep in thought and in conversation as to forget all about his horse or where it was going, and occasional heavy falls were the natural result.

legs and head. Groote Schuur has been a charming place to convalesce. House full of kindly, smart Englishwomen waiting for lovers or husbands at the front. Saturday to Monday I spend on the Muizenburg sands, and they come down in detachments to amuse me. I am going to do the De Beers and Kimberley seat and shall wait here for C. J. R., then at once to Kimberley where I have taken a house. This will mean a year at least before I get home, but it is the right thing to do after waiting so long, I expect.'

The war, he thinks, will not last as long as people suppose, 'but then I have been wrong in every prediction up to now.' Still he hopes within a month or so to get up to Buluwayo—'which I must do before settling down at Kimberley.'

On May 2 he writes that he is 'now nearly perfectly fit after another dose of Muizenburg. War slowly but surely coming to an end; but English generals, including the Chief, seem very nervous of risking anything, and in war you can't expect to gain much rapidly without a certain amount of risk. The really only satisfactory man out of all the authorities is Milner. He is behaving splendidly, and I have been seeing a good deal of him—quite refreshing after my long military companionship. You will think me an ass to stay out here, but I do want to carry out my original intention and not be defeated in it. . . .' And again on May 8 he writes that Rhodes's boat had just come in and he was to be at Groote Schuur to lunch. 'Then I will get De Beers fixed up and leave for Kimberley at end of week.

'Parliamentary thing also going well, and so I shall really get to work in earnest again, and feel quite young and very fit at the prospect after four years' waiting and boredom. . . . Schreiner and

Solomon already out of touch with the Bond party, and I think only looking for a decent method of stepping over. Milner as sanguine and careful as he is strong, and most interesting.'

Rhodes stayed at Groote Schuur no more than a week. There was much work to do in the North. The old road through Bechuanaland was still closed by the Boers, and there were no steamers sailing for the east coast at the time, so he chartered a little steamer for himself and set off for Beira.

On May 16 Jameson writes from Groote Schuur to Sam :—

'Rhodes left yesterday for Beira. I leave to-night for Kimberley to take up De Beers and run the election as soon as possible. Qualification requires tinkering; but I am going to risk it, and not lose this session if I can help it. . . . War very near an end, then the politics should become very interesting.'

On May 19 he writes from Kimberley that he has 'fairly started the election business,' and has taken his seat on De Beers—'Even though there will probably be no contest I have to please the people by doing all the usual electoral business of committees, meetings, etc. I hate it all but must go through with the purgatory.' There was, however, work more to his liking :—

'To-day I have been having a campaign against the military hospitals and getting myself much disliked by the authorities; but shall get the hospitals turned out of the town in the end. At present Kimberley is a simple typhoid-breeding machine. However, I like rows with them, and at present the town is simply full of khaki. Making relieved, which we heard yesterday, is a great comfort, and another fortnight or so ought to see the end of the beastly war.'

On May 22 the *Diamond Fields Advertiser* published an imposing requisition signed by all the leading citizens inviting Dr. Jameson to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. Rutherford Harris as Member for Kimberley, and he writes to Sam on the 24th :—

‘ Had a very successful meeting on Friday and told agent to send you a paper, so that you may see I have not gone for anybody though doing my best to justify myself as to honesty. Everybody was horrified at my idea of touching the subject ; but that made me all the more determined to give some explanation in my first public appearance. Now they are all pleased, and I hope that will be the last of the whole beastly business.’

The speech to which Jameson refers is fully reported in the local paper of June 23. For twelve years, Jameson reminded the assembled townsfolk, he had lived and worked continuously in Kimberley, and when he had left for the North it was only to assist in the birth and development of what might be called Kimberley’s most progressive offspring, the State of Rhodesia. But for Kimberley and De Beers the North would probably still be undeveloped, and, still more probably, incorporated with the Transvaal Republic.

In the tact and skill of this opening passage we see that Jameson had inherited some of his father’s talent for political oratory : it is a device at least as old as Cicero to begin by flattering your audience. Sympathy thus established, Jameson went straight, as usual, to the point of danger, to the Raid.

We are tempted to admire the courage that thus faced the ‘ whole beastly business,’ which it was the political fashion of that time to taboo. He had

been silent for four years. Twice had he come to the Cape at the invitation of a constituency, and twice he had acquiesced in the judgment of his political leaders: but now, with the burghers of the two Republics in Her Majesty's territories and his Colonial critics in rebellion, he could disregard 'the comfortable theory of oblivion,' and deal fairly and squarely with the subject. Then he went on to cover ground already known to us—his inquiry of 1894, the grievances not of the capitalists but of 'the storekeepers, the miners, and the mine-managers along the Reef'; the absence of any race feeling in his design—'his part would have ended with the establishment of a provisional Government of the leading inhabitants to call a plebiscite of the people of the Transvaal'—the other object of federation, and so forth. Then—characteristically—Jameson proceeded to argue with those critics who asserted that the design of the Raid was 'impossible and impracticable.'

'Faulty,' he said, 'as the carrying out was—for which bad luck and I are really alone responsible—and miserable fiasco as the result proved, still I can assure you this was not from want of forethought or want of preparation or absence of a reasonable plan with every prospect of success.'

To demonstrate this reasonableness, Jameson gave an account of the Pretorian conspiracy. Apart from the rifles of the burghers, the whole armoury of the Transvaal was contained in those days in the so-called Pretoria Fort, which was guarded by only three men of the Staats Artillerie, and its sole protection was a broken-down, corrugated iron fence. To capture this arsenal the Rand had ample forces, thoroughly well armed and thoroughly prepared.

There was, Jameson admitted, a weak link in the plan, and that was the 150 miles which separated the two bodies of men, who had to act together if the thing was to succeed. But it was a failure: 'the failure probably mine, but whose it does not matter. As it has been truly said, a revolution to be justified must be successful: ours was not: you can supply the corollary for yourselves.'

Then Jameson discussed the effect produced by the Raid on subsequent events in South Africa: it had been held responsible for every evil that had since occurred up to and including the war then raging. But the Raid had not created the racial question; and therefore it was not perhaps an unmitigated evil that the Raid had reminded them of its existence. It had to be faced, as it had been faced with a vengeance during the past twelve months.

Then was it true, as Reitz had said, that the Transvaal had begun to arm from the time of the Raid? No, for Kruger had sent his orders to Europe for arms some time before—when, indeed, he received a much greater 'eye-opener'—the Drifts ultimatum of October 1895—when the President was faced by the fact that, unless he yielded, the British Empire, assisted by the Cape Government, would declare war against him. And here Jameson reminded his audience that the Cape Government which was then prepared to make war on Kruger was a Government supported by Jan Hofmeyr. It was then that Kruger began his armaments, as was proved by the Republican statistics—the leap from an expenditure of half a million in 1894 to one and a half millions in 1895. It followed that the Raid was not after all an unmixed evil, since it had drawn the

attention of the British public to South Africa, and given the Imperial Government the public support without which they could not have intervened.

And now to sum up. The aim was redress of grievances and the establishment of an enlightened government, and as a further result the ultimate federation of the South African States. The same result was now assured, but at what a cost! Looking at the dire events of the past twelve months, his regret was intensified if possible for the failure of an attempt which, had it been successful, might have prevented so much suffering and bloodshed.

Such was Jameson's apologia for the Raid, and we find a reference to it in a short triumphant note written on June 25 from the Board Room of De Beers:—

'DEAR SAM,—Have just come back from nomination and was duly elected. No opposition. That, I hope, is the last clearing up of the Raid business, all the officers, including Johnny, having now been put right. Love to all.—Yrs.,
L. S. JAMESON.'

By June 30 the Doctor is at Mafeking on his way to Buluwayo—a 'damnable journey,' as he writes to Sam, the railway being still upset. We hear of him next from Jourdan. Rhodes, with his friend Sir Charles Metcalfe, who was then consulting engineer of the Rhodesian Railways, and 'Johnny' Grimmer to manage his transport arrangements, was travelling across Rhodesia by mule wagon, with Tony to cook for them and serve their dinner under the stars. It was the life Rhodes loved—'Let us get away, Metcalfe, and have our chops on the veld,' he would say, and Jameson found them all thus wandering