Unfortunately for the smooth course of diplomacy Jameson's lieutenant, Sir John Willoughby, was the first to appear on the scene.

It should here be explained that, at that time, when difficulties arose between the gold-miners and the President, as frequently happened, J. B. Taylor, a Kimberley pioneer and an old hand in the Transvaal, was usually asked to mediate. Mr. Taylor had a good deal of influence with President Kruger, and he was also, as it happened, a friend of Jameson's. To Taylor, then, Willoughby went and begged him to arrange an interview with the President. The meeting was duly arranged for six o'clock the next morning, and Willoughby in his haughtiest manner opened the conversation.

'President Kruger,' he said, 'I understand that a party of Boers are about to cross the River Limpopo to go into Mashonaland. I think you ought to know that the Company have a force of armed men to arrest any intruders of that sort into that country. I think you ought to understand that if a Boer force attempt to cross the river it would be tantamount to war, not only against the Chartered Company, but also against Her Majesty's Government.'

President Kruger was not the sort of man to be bearded by a stripling. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe against his boot and replied:—

'Ef daar moot oorlog wys laat da oorlog wys.' [1]

Dr. Leyds, who was acting as interpreter, did not

[1] 'If there must be war, let there be war.' One of Willoughby's notebooks confirms the account of the incident given to the Author by Mr. Taylor. Thus for example: 'Kruger informed me there will be no trek. . . . I told him that if a trek crosses the Limpopo and will not stop we shall fire on them, and if that happens it will mean war with the Transvaal, not merely with the Chartered Company, but with the English nation. He said, "All right, if it is war, all right."'

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translate this remark; but it made Taylor, who understood it, very uncomfortable.

The moment the interview was over Leyds went to Sir Jacobus de Wet, the British Agent at Pretoria, and asked by what right Sir John Willoughby threatened the Republic. Was he accredited by Her Majesty's Government? De Wet telegraphed to the High Commissioner, and the answer came at once, 'Disown Willoughby, and say Her Majesty's Government disown him altogether.'

Fortunately Jameson followed hard upon the heels of his lieutenant, and when he heard from his friend Taylor what had happened, he asked him to arrange another interview. Thus Kruger and Jameson met, and Taylor, who was present, testifies to Jameson's tact with the old man. In the lightest and pleasantest way he sounded Kruger on the threatened trek. The President protested that he had tried to stop 'these people,' as was indeed the fact. For Kruger at this time was honourably observing the Swaziland Convention. But his Commandant, General Joubert, as Jameson and Kruger well knew, was working with the trekkers. And Jameson reminded Kruger of this by remarking, 'After all they are your people.'

The interview was pleasant, and ended with an assurance from Kruger that the reports of the trek were very much exaggerated.

What Kruger thought of Jameson we do not know; but Taylor has preserved a chance remark of Jameson on Kruger. It was the consolation of the Outlanders at that time to tell one another that after all they would not be for long under the harrow as Kruger was certainly dying of dropsy or some other disease.

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And when Jameson came out he gave a medical man's opinion with his usual incisiveness.

'Damn you fellows,' he said to Taylor. 'You have all been telling us he has not another year to live, but he will see us all under—like an old elephant.'

And that indeed was an excellent description of Oom Paul, with his bulky body and small eyes, strong, cunning, obstinate, vicious when attacked—an old rogue elephant.

We may suppose that Lanner and Midge, now united, had a happy journey through the northern Transvaal, and that Jameson did what he could in the Zoutpansberg to damp down the trekkers. Then he made his arrangements upon the border and went on to Mashonaland, no doubt to settle with Colquhoun, who was leaving at the end of his year, and to look into the Portuguese trouble. There is a letter from Jameson to Sam dated May 25, 1891, which appears to be written from Salisbury. But it is mainly taken up with small, private, financial matters not worth recording. It concludes, however, with cheerful news of the settlement: 'We had a capital race meeting yesterday, and altogether people fairly cheerful. I was at Hartley Hill the other day. Two mills crushing continuously; and some of the reefs condemned by the experts turning out very well. Victoria still more promising.'

We have surmised that what took Jameson away from the Limpopo in that somewhat critical month of May 1891 was the Portuguese trouble. For upon the 11th of that month a strong force of Portuguese and native auxiliaries made a surprise attack on the Company's police camp near Umtali, and pulled down the Company's flag. Captain Heyman, who was in command in those regions, was delighted to

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have such an opportunity; he had asked Rhodes how much he should take and Rhodes had replied, 'Take all you can get and ask me afterwards.' [1]

Captain Heyman, then, collected every man who could walk, forty-five in all, and marched across the Penhalonga Range, intending to go to Beira. He found the Portuguese force drawn up in front of Massikessi fort. It consisted of a battalion of Portuguese troops and some four hundred native auxiliaries. The Portuguese formally paraded their men preparatory to an attack, and the Company's police picked them off from a kopje on which they had taken up their position and also peppered them well with their single little 7-pounder gun. This long-distance engagement lasted for two hours, and the police could see the Portuguese officers urging their men to charge the position. At last the Portuguese charged within two hundred yards; but the fire of the police was too much for them, and they broke and fled. The Portuguese officers, by all accounts, behaved well in difficult circumstances. They tried to keep their men at it with the flats of their swords, and when their force broke and ran, they turned and walked slowly back to the fort. According to one version, it was found afterwards that one of the Portuguese officers, or rather a Frenchman in the Portuguese service, was wounded rather badly in the neck, and another in the arm. 'They made no sign, however, until just as the rising ground was about to hide them from view they turned, took off

[1] Sir Melville Heyman, as he now is, is Managing Director of the Willoughby Company at Buluwayo. He told the author that in these instructions Rhodes was repeating the words which Lord Salisbury had used to Rhodes, when Rhodes asked the British Minister how much he should take and Salisbury said to Rhodes, 'Take all you can get and ask me afterwards.'

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their hats to the English, and strolled slowly back to the fort.' [1]

Captain Heyman was now rather at a loss what to do, with a solid fort before his forty-five men.[2] However, he kept on bombarding the fort until his last round of gun ammunition was fired and the gun-trail broke. Then he spent a perplexed night in the open; but to his amazement when dawn broke no Portuguese flag was to be seen.

Suspecting a ruse, he contrived another, and sent his Medical Officer in with a flag of truce to offer surgical aid to the wounded. The doctor found the fort empty.

Captain Heyman had managed the affair very well: he had rigged up several Scotch carts covered with canvas to look like guns, and by other devices contrived to give the Portuguese the impression that he was not only very much stronger than he actually was, but commanded the vanguard of a larger force behind. Under this impression the Portuguese had evacuated the position under cover of night.

Captain Heyman entered the fort and found to his glee that it was well provisioned. As a matter of fact, a convoy had come in the day before the attack. There were, for example, no less than forty demi-johns of vino tinto in the cellar, and although Captain Heyman thought it wise to smash all but ten, his force was served with wine-rations about twelve times a day while they remained at Massikessi!

Moreover there were guns, including three 3-pounder Hotchkiss, six 1-pounder Hotchkiss, and three machine guns, with a very large supply of rifle

[1] *Adventures in Mashonaland*, by Two Hospital Nurses (Rose Blennerhassett and Lucy Sleeman), 1893.

[2] Heyman had also an auxiliary force of Umtasa's natives, who acted well as carriers but fled at the first shot.

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ammunition. Captain Heyman thought it well to despatch these spoils of war over the Penhalonga Range to Umtali, but sent on Lieutenant Fiennes with a small detachment to take Chimoio on the road to Beira. There, of all people, whom should he meet but Bishop Knight Bruce, who told him that Major Sapte was coming up behind with orders to the police to turn back. And this was what happened: early next morning Major Sapte arrived with orders which Captain Heyman felt he could not well disregard, and so, very reluctantly, he gave up the idea of taking Beira.[1]

Jameson now thought that he could safely leave the eastern frontier to itself for a moment and return to the South. On June 8, 1891, he writes from Fort Tuli to Sam:—

'Have kept fairly free of fever; but bothered with an abominable dose of piles which commenced as soon as I left Pretoria, and don't improve much—a nuisance not to be able to sit on a horse at present but have had plenty of work to do here in getting staff in order, etc. News *re* Portuguese so far satisfactory—but don't expect it will last and from my point of view there ought to be a rumpus to help us. Am trying to get the authorities below to allow me to go on up above as I feel sure the Boer question is pretty safe now.... Glad to hear from below you have started off the battery. Thank Lionel Phillips for the whisky which I forgot—also Jim Taylor and Bettelheim for all their kindness to me. Harris is here and a great help—enormous energy—he will leave in about a week and I hope I shall get on without him. Will write to Curry about Boyd and if that does not succeed

[1] It is said that when Rhodes afterwards heard the story from Heyman, he said, 'But why didn't you put Sapte in irons and say he was drunk?' Major Sapte, it should be explained, was Military Secretary to Sir Henry Loch, and carried instructions from the High Commissioner that he was to order the Company's forces to withdraw from Massikessi.

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will do something for him in Mashonaland when I see things in order. Here Harris is a continuous pen machine. . . .'

Upon June 24 it was reported that 112 Boers were on the Floris Drift, and trying to cross the river. But everything was ready for them. The north bank of the river over against the drift was manned by a detachment of the Company's police, and every other drift was guarded in the same manner, while the Bechuanaland police lay at Mafeking ready to support the Company's men at any threatened point.

Nevertheless Colonel Ferreira crossed the river with two other leaders. These three were promptly arrested and word sent to Jameson.

Jameson arrived. He released the prisoners, and crossed over with them to the Boer camp on the other side. And here we get another glimpse of Jameson's steely mettle. With that armed and angry concourse of disappointed frontiersmen he argued; he chaffed them, he twitted them—easily, good-naturedly, with that infectious appearance he had of being amused. Here they were, he said, disowned by their own Government, and trying to fight another. What asses! Why, the Chartered Company was eager and willing to have them, and allot them land as *bona fide* settlers. Why force a door which was open?

These arguments prevailed, reinforced as they were by the appearance next morning of the Bechuanaland police under Major Goold-Adams. A few of the trekkers took land under the Company. The rest gradually melted away without a shot being fired.

And although the pertinacious Adendorff continued to agitate for some time longer, his trek had suffered a decisive defeat. Never again did it recover strength sufficient to attempt a crossing.

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CHAPTER XVI

THE MEETING IN MASHONALAND

WITH this last trouble behind him, Jameson wrote to his brother Sam a letter which briefly foreshadows the work ahead:—

'Things have gone very well so far,' he writes from Tuli, 'and I think the Boer hostile trek is fairly finished. I leave for Fort Salisbury to-morrow morning—if Rhodes agrees, which I feel pretty sure he will. Have made myself fairly disagreeable here, clearing out rubbish, etc.—but will have a still worse time of the same in Mashonaland I expect. However, Rhodes will back up everything I think—at all events he has done so up to this—so everything will come right. . . .'

'Clearing out rubbish' was Jameson's short way of describing the retrenchments which he had agreed with Rhodes to carry out, in circumstances which we must now consider.

The pioneers, as we know, were full of the idea that gold was to be found in the interior. Had they but known it, the valorous Portuguese had set out from Portugal three hundred years before, expecting to find gold in the ground 'like ginger,' and 'like yams'—'forced up by the growing trees and held in the forks of the branches.' Barreto and his men had marched up the Zambesi and then set out southwards in search of the gold-mines of the Monomotapa. But all that they had found was

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fever, a few Kafirs washing for gold-dust, and 'a hole in the ground.'

The no less hopeful and hardly less credulous pioneers scattered abroad fossicking and prospecting from Tuli, Victoria, and Salisbury. Tuli became a busy town—with a newspaper and several bars—on the mere prospect; but the expectations never came to anything, and it dwindled as it had arisen, like Jonah's gourd, in a night. Victoria did somewhat better. Round the settlement there certainly were reefs that yielded a high percentage of gold. The Fernspruit Mine, which lay somewhere between the present town of Victoria and the Providential Pass, gave at first from 10 to 600 ounces a ton, but experienced miners had small faith in these high yields, remembering Pilgrim's Rest and other such bitter lessons in the fickleness of Fortune—a goddess most capricious where she is most bountiful. The richest reefs are often the first to fail.

The miners worked hard and lived hard, with very little thought either of their health or of their future. Bully beef, mealie porridge, and whisky made their fare, and they slept in tents or rude huts beside their workings. Nature does not allow such liberties in virgin country within the tropics, and fever began to take a heavy toll of them. Of the sixteen miners at work on the Fernspruit Mine in the rainy season of 1891 every one was down with fever. It was not ordinary malaria, but frequently 'jaundice,' as it was then commonly described, or blackwater as we now call it, a fever of which men die swiftly.

So, too, with the mines round Salisbury. It cost fourteen fever-stricken prospectors fourteen days to travel from Hartley Hill to the Fort; they arrived in their shirts, or rather in fragments of them. One

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man in high delirium insisted upon quitting the wagon at every outspan and dancing stark-naked on the veld.

The situation of these pioneers, always precarious, in the summer rains became impossible. Swollen rivers blocked the long road from Tuli to Victoria so that the wagons were stalled between them and their transport riders died of hunger or of fever. In several cases whole wagon-loads of new-comers perished on the way. The small police-stations at the drifts were often reduced to a desperate plight. At one, both men of a patrol died, and their bodies were found long afterwards half-eaten by the native pigs. As the convoys could not come up from Tuli for three months at a time, the pioneers ran out of provisions. The mealie meal went rotten, and such commodities as coffee, sugar, flour, pepper, and peas ran up to famine prices. Whisky—dreadful thought to the pioneer!—grew scarcer and scarcer until it stood at £1 a bottle, and clothing and boots were not to be had. Quinine, for a time, was £5 an ounce.

In their perplexity the pioneers of Salisbury bethought themselves of the Portuguese trading-stations at Tete on the Zambesi, some 250 miles away, and a party was sent across country to bring back provisions. It was led by one John Scott, whose white companion, Smith, died of fever on the way, and whose natives then deserted him. Thus alone in the Bush, he happened upon a young Kafir, who guided him through a country of grass ten feet high and always drenching wet. In this way he reached the Lucia River, two days' journey from his goal, where he was struck down by fever. But the young Kafir brought him into Tete, where he was nursed back to health, and there from an Indian

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trader he bought goods sufficient to load two hundred men. In such precarious fashion the pioneers managed to exist in those early days. They could not well have survived, however, but for the strong arm of the Company, which bore the principal part of the loss and cost of bringing up supplies, and wherever its wagons were allowed the Colonists to have what they required.

Major Johnson and his partners Borrow and Heany tried hard to open the road to Beira; but the Portuguese, the tsetse fly, the fever, the lions, the Bush, and the mountains were fatal obstacles. Their road was never more than a track or forest path, strewn with dead horses and oxen, abandoned wagons and broken-down coaches. Their river steamers stranded on the sand-banks and mud-islands, and the profits they had made by their famous contract for the expedition were soon scattered along that fatal trail.

Still, the settlers had their rifles, and game was usually plentiful. When bully beef failed, they consoled themselves with venison, for shirts they tied strips of entambo bark round their waists, and for boots made sandals of raw antelope hide softened in water.

It was no new experience for settlers in a new country. Close upon two hundred and fifty years before, van Riebeek and his company had suffered much the same hardships in their first rainy season in Table Valley—their gardens washed away, their tents and huts blown down, their cattle stolen by Hottentots or killed by lions, their stores exhausted or mouldy, and only the indomitable courage of their Commander had saved them from despair. When the 1820 settlers landed near what is now Port Elizabeth they suffered from the same evils in the

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same degree. Lions killed their cattle, elephants trampled down their fences and their fields, rust blighted their wheat, fever weakened their sinews and lowered their spirits. But these analogies could not be expected to comfort our Mashonaland pioneers; settlers are seldom blessed with historical memories.

Cecil Rhodes was determined to visit his new country, and started again in the latter part of 1891. The first attempt he had made by Bechuanaland; his second was by the East coast. Major Johnson, then developing the Pungwe route by steamer and coach, and D. C. de Waal went with him. By September 22 they reached Delagoa Bay, which Rhodes had tried but failed to buy from the Portuguese, and the party visited Lourenço Marques, then a filthy, feverish, broken-down, evil-smelling place. 'It is indeed much to be regretted,' says de Waal, 'that these harbours did not fall into the hands of van Riebeek, van der Stel, or van Tulbagh—active and energetic men who would have turned those naturally beautiful spots into delightful pleasure-resorts, in which the Cape would have a splendid market for its wines and other products.'

At Inhambane Rhodes engaged fifteen natives as carriers for the journey, but both there and at Beira, which they reached on September 26, the Portuguese officials did all in their power to prevent the boys from going on. By the aid, however, of Denis Doyle, who was also of the party, and of Captain Pipon, of H.M.S. *Magicienne*, these troubles were overcome, and they were soon steaming up the Pungwe in the *Agnes*, a river steamer brought out by 'Messrs. Johnson and Company.'

A very different voyage this from the desperate venture of the Berthon boat; by day sheltered under

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the awnings from the tropical sun, by night at anchor and comfortably listening to the lions and the hyenas —' we sat there with the gloomy stream around us, the black forests yonder on our right and left, and the starry heaven above us '—even de Waal becomes poetical.

Sixty miles up-stream was as far as the *Agnes* could go, and there, at the Portuguese military post of Nunes Ferreira, they inspanned their horses and loaded their carriers. Major Johnson went with the cart, Rhodes and the rest continued by boat to Mapandas, a Portuguese station seventy miles from Beira, where two pioneers had established a comfortable little hotel. Thence they went on with two carts and three ponies; but as rain fell and the road was vile they made poor progress, and their nights were disturbed by the growling and grunting of lions near at hand.

The travellers passed Sarmento, on the Pungwe, and the road grew worse and worse. ' I saw,' says de Waal, ' how our friend Johnson had imposed on us. Instead of travelling on a wagon-road, as he had said we would, we were going in a Portuguese footpath, and so wretched was that footpath that in many parts of it a horse could not be ridden.' They had to leave one of their carts behind with all its harness and furniture, and had constantly to unpack the other, and carry the loads themselves over sluits and marshes in a scorching heat of between 100 and 120 degrees. Then they had to abandon their second cart and push on as best they could on horseback ' through a bamboo forest whose growth was so dense that we could scarcely see the sky above us.' They passed ' Bowden, the well-known cricketer . . . with some thirty Kafirs, who

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were carrying flour, liquor, and other provisions for his shop at Umtali.' Heat, fever, and fatigue were almost too much for poor Bowden, and Rhodes gave him one precious bottle of whisky, then considered a prophylactic against fever. De Waal protested, but Rhodes proceeded to give Bowden the pony which de Waal was riding.

And so they went on. Once they passed a Portuguese Lema or Governor, being carried in a litter, 'lying upon his back with a book in his hand,' and followed by fifty attendants. And they passed many deserted ox-wagons, 'the animals that had brought them there having been stung to death by the destructive tsetse fly.'

They spent one night under the Penhalonga Mountains, where they slept soundly despite the roaring of the lions at a spot near where a trader called Theal had been devoured by a lion a month before, and not far from where, three months before, Selous, lying alone in a little shelter of boughs, had shot three lions as they nosed and pawed at the branches. Then they crossed the mountains, now the boundary between Mashonaland and Mozambique, and came down to Umtali Camp, 17 miles from Massikessi. 'Here,' says de Waal, 'we met Mr. Heany, Dr. Jameson, and some other well-known gentlemen. It was to us a moment of rejoicing when we entered Umtali Camp.'

Thus Rhodes and Jameson met in the promised land. We can imagine the handgrip between these two, who now stood together on the edge of the country they had won—a country half as big as Europe, stretching into the Dark Half-known of tropical Africa and the sources of the Nile.

Rhodes must have had misgivings as well as

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rejoicing in his heart, for these 252 miles from Beira to Umtali—the deserted wagons, the rotting carcases—told him clearly in how precarious a position they still were, marooned, so to speak, upon the roof of Africa, one road barred by the tsetse fly, the other by distance and threatened by the Matabele.

'I went round,' Rhodes afterwards told his shareholders, 'and met Dr. Jameson in the country. I found the position at the time as follows: a discontented population of about 1500 people and an expenditure of about £250,000 a year upon police. Things looked rather bad, because it was not only the large number of police, but also the feeding of them, which had to be done by carting the food for 1700 miles from the coast. Dr. Jameson and myself talked matters over, and he said, "If you will give me £3000 a month I can pull through."' [1]

At Umtali Dr. Jameson sent Rhodes to see the hospital started not long before by two English nurses, Rose Blennerhassett and Lucy Sleeman. On October 10, 1891, according to these ladies, 'Mr. Rhodes rode up alone. His appearance and Roman Emperor type of head are too well known to need description. We took him into the hut, knowing our patients would like to see him. It was not without difficulty that we persuaded him to enter. He said that if he were ill himself he should not like a stranger to come and look at him. But when we told him that the patients would be greatly disappointed if they did not see him, he yielded at once. . . . How much would we have? Would £100 do? Amply, we said. Well, he thought he had better make it £150. . . . We were especially charmed by the great man's simple manners and

[1] At second meeting of Chartered Company, November 29, 1892.

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boyish enjoyment of a joke. Of his many kindnesses we thought most of his having remembered to replace the small medical library which had been lost with our luggage. The books not being procurable at the Cape, this busy man took the trouble of having them sent for to England.' [1]

The party left Umtali at five o'clock on Saturday October 10, 1891, in a spring wagon with eight horses and mules and a cart with four. At the Umtali River they outspanned at a spot where a traveller a fortnight before had been carried off by a lion. 'He walked a small distance from his ox-cart at evening, when suddenly the Kafirs he had left at the cart heard a sort of smothered cry, and then all was quiet again. Never again did those Kafirs behold their master. Where he had trodden last the fresh footprints of a lion were to be seen.' They rode into Salisbury at five o'clock on the evening of October 16, 1891.

It was already a little town with a European population of about 400, and the seat of Government. 'All was life there,' says de Waal. 'A little outside the town a large number of outspanned ox-wagons were to be seen, belonging to farmers, who, with their wagons, were temporarily camping there. They had come to sell their farm produce to the Salisbury people.'

Colonel Pennefather was now in charge of the Company's Commissariat Department. 'I could hardly believe my eyes,' says de Waal, 'when I saw the immense store of groceries it contained, and not less surprised was I to behold the stock of ploughs, picks, spades, shovels, galvanised iron, and other such articles. There were also stored thousands of

[1] *Adventures in Mashonaland*, by Two Hospital Nurses, 1893.

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bags of mealies, and as many cases of biscuits, sardines, pickles, potted meat, and what not.'

The Company had saved the situation; there was now a scarcity of nothing but liquor. Yet there was great murmuring among the people, and this discontent took shape in several deputations.

The story is told, either of this visit or another, of how Rhodes received one of these deputations in his tent in the early morning, as he sat with nothing on but a towel, swabbing himself with a sponge in a canvas bath. In this odd position, for he was never troubled by the conventions, Rhodes gave the settlers a little sermon on the great work they were doing for the future of South Africa and the Empire.

Whereupon one of the deputation, a dour Scottish trader, replied:—

'I would have ye know, Mr. Rhodes, that we didna come here for posterity.'

De Waal gives an account of one of these conferences, from which it appears that the pioneers, in Salisbury at all events, did not get much sympathy from the Managing Director.

'"Well," Mr. Rhodes answered them, "I know that when the rivers were full the wagons could not cross, but I could not help that. You certainly cannot expect to be already provided with roads, telegraphs, bridges, post-carts, etc., all within the short space of twelve months. You have any amount of linen goods, beads, and such-like articles, have you not?"

'"Yes," was the reply, "but we can't eat them."

'"Well," the representative of the Chartered Company rejoined, "if you were really hard up for food, why did you not take them to the Kafir kraals

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in the neighbourhood and exchange them for eatables as *we* did on our way ?"

'They felt rather in a corner and had hardly anything to say.

'"Every kraal," continued the Premier, "is stocked with mealies, meal, rice, pumpkins, beans, and eggs. What more do you want ? No," he concluded, "your agitation has not arisen from want of food, but from something else: it is want of *liquor* that displeases you."'

Rhodes and his party left Salisbury on October 20 with three wagons, each drawn by a team of twelve oxen, and five saddle horses. Dr. Jameson and one or two others went with them, and so together they trekked over the open country, riding, shooting, talking with prospectors, visiting gold-mines, and speculating on the ancient workings that followed the reefs sometimes a hundred feet down into the earth.

They went by Fort Charter, and there met Selous with the mails from Victoria, and on by the road the pioneers had made to Victoria, through a fertile but deserted country, seeing everywhere the ruins of villages destroyed by the Matabele. On October 23 they reached Fort Victoria, where all the rocks appeared in the eyes of de Waal 'more or less gold-bearing,' and then, making a little detour, visited the famous ruins of Zimbabwe.

'Dr. Jameson and I,' says de Waal, 'climbed up the massive but elegantly-built walls, which at some parts are between twenty-five and thirty feet high. We were much interested in the Phallus or Phalli, the Phoenician god, the top part of which had fallen in. Inside the temple there grew a large, wild tree, the branches of which bowed about thirty feet over the walls,'

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That night they slept under the shadow of the walls. De Waal agrees with Mauch that they 'had been erected either by the order of King Solomon or of the Queen of Sheba or else by the Persians,' and might have been 'the Ophir of which we read in the Bible.' Nor would the present writer desire to disturb an opinion so pleasing to the fancy, albeit so ill-supported by anything in the nature of evidence.

Then the travellers visited the gold-workings round Victoria, and the kraal of the Chibe of Banyailand—destroyed a year afterwards by Lobengula. Near there 'we enjoyed a fine supper and spent our last night with Mr. Selous, Dr. Jameson, and Mr. Brabant in a very pleasant way. At three the following morning we bade these gentlemen God-speed and again took up the journey.'

It is pleasant to dwell on these happy times in the open veld, with rifle and wagon, under the sun and under the stars, with Tony to make coffee and cook the eggs and the venison, and Rhodes and Jameson perpetually chaffing each other after the manner of English schoolboys.

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CHAPTER XVII

A PACKET OF LETTERS

. . . more than kisses, letters mingle souls,
For thus friends absent speak.'

DONNE.

THROUGHOUT the latter half of the year 1891 and the whole of the year 1892 Jameson was hard at work in Mashonaland. He was the Administrator of a country so large that none could say what its boundaries were—the Plateau of the Interior, as Rhodes called it, or, as he also called it, with a northward thrust of his arm, the North. Jameson, *the* Doctor of Kimberley, had been roped in as its Administrator, as Rhodes roped in all his friends and associates, one for this job, and one for that. And now we shall see the Doctor at work, with wonderful energy and an affectation of cynicism. It is for him, so he says, 'a gamble,' an amusing alternative to 'pills,' to which he can always return if it 'busts.' Yet he works as if he were in earnest. He has promised Rhodes to reduce the expenditure from £250,000 a year to £3000 a month, and he is better than his word, for he actually brings it down to £30,000 a year.

It is not an agreeable task; but he has so much humour, sympathy, and what may be called natural justice that he carries his reforms through with the goodwill of the settlers.

Those early pioneers who still live—and they are

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not very many—will tell you with a certain rueful appreciation how he cajoled and fooled them. 'He flirted with men,' said one of them to the writer, 'like a woman; he fooled us and then laughed at us.' And his laughter was so infectious that they usually joined.

As for example, one of his chief economies was to reduce the expensive force of police from 700 to 40, and to substitute a militia which cost about £4 per head per annum. To this new burden he reconciled the settlers by promising them horses. But, as it happened, what with lack of money and the horse-sickness then spreading through the country, he could not fulfil his pledge, and an indignation meeting was accordingly organised in Salisbury by men who took a solemn oath among themselves that they were no longer to be put off with chaff. The Doctor entered the hall in an atmosphere of sullen gloom. 'Gentlemen,' he began, 'this is a dull meeting. Barman! Drinks for the company!' And then—the tension somewhat relaxed—'Gentlemen of the Salisbury Horse'—there being at that time only one horse to the whole corps—'I have important news for you'—the meeting pricked up its ears—'it may seem somewhat premature; but as we are all here, and you have done so well, I think I may let you into the secret. Gentlemen, I heard this morning'—a pause here—'that your Bandmaster has crossed the Tuli.'

The announcement was made with so much *éclat* and was received with so much acclamation, and the fun became so fast and furious, that it was only next day that the pioneers found the leisure soberly to reflect on the circumstance that they had heard not a word about the horses.

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We find another illustration of this indomitable cheerfulness in the reminiscences of his friend 'Bob' Williams.

'I well remember,' says the mining-engineer, 'meeting him in 1892 at Fort Salisbury, on my second journey there. After a long and weary trek, I surprised him in his hut. "Good heavens, Williams," he said, "what the devil do you want here? Didn't I tell you to clear out of Africa altogether."

'"No use, Doctor," I replied. "Africa has laid hold of me."

'"Well, all right," said Jameson, "you can have my bed or a shakedown."

'It was the wet season, and the rain, which seldom stopped, came through the wattle and daub hut. The Doctor was ill with fever and other complications, and almost nightly I would wake up to find him either shifting his bed to escape the raindrops or injecting morphia into his arm to get sleep. When I asked him if I could do anything for him he would always reply, "No, I am all right, thanks. Sorry I disturbed you."'

We are further helped to an understanding of the Doctor's life and temper in those early days by the collection of letters fortunately preserved in the Jameson family, letters characteristic in a certain ironic dryness of statement. As the fine subtle essence of personality clings more to private letters than public events, we may pause a little in our story to dip into the more intimate relations and minor occurrences with which they are mainly concerned.

Middleton Jameson was staying at Fort Salisbury as his brother's guest from the time of Rhodes's

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visit in October 1891 until the latter part of 1892. We have many glimpses of Midge—riding with Jameson, hunting with Selous, painting, or making up his mind to paint—'an extraordinary devil,' as the Doctor calls him—a genius, as we gather from his surviving works, but incurably indolent, and 'dithering.' There is, by the way, one long letter from Midge, an undated letter, but evidently written towards the end of 1891, to 'Lizzie'—Tom's wife—from Fort Salisbury.

He had, he says, first seen Lanner with Rhodes, and then gone to spend a month in the bush about forty miles off, to shoot with the Secretary of the Company [Dr. Rutherfoord Harris] and the lawyer [Caldicott]. They had had a capital time and good shooting; but Harris had been bitten by a crocodile:—

'We had all been bathing for a fortnight or more in a small shallow pool of water which we had at first carefully examined and thought perfectly safe. Harris went down for his dip without waiting for Caldicott and myself, and although in less than two feet of water the crocodile came up on the rock he was sitting on and got his teeth into his back—fortunately he was not three feet from the shore so he got out and called for help—then the doctor was sent for from Salisbury and we got him in here in my wagon. He has already been lying twelve days on his stomach, and Lanner says he will have another fortnight of it. It was lucky that the animal was not able to get a good grip, otherwise we should have had a funeral.'

Then Midge goes on to speak of his brother:—

'It is really extraordinary his popularity here, especially as the Company with Rhodes and [my crocodile friend] Harris have come in for a good deal of criticism, not to give it a stronger name. Many of the Company's laws and mining regulations are much disliked, but somehow or other Lanner

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has a way of talking them over and getting the malcontents to agree with him.'

After describing his brother's position, he gives a piece of ominous news:—

'This morning Lanner is doing his first bit of magistrate's work, as he has had to send out the local magistrate to a place called Lomagundi where the chief and some of his people have been killed by the Matabele.'

Then there was Bob—the wanderer, the gold prospector. In his youth he had sailed to the Antipodes and been wrecked upon the coast of Australia—had spent four years in the Bush among black boys and kangaroos and had—it is charitable to suppose—been touched by the sun. He had been a gold-miner in California. He had made sheep-dip in Oregon. He had been a digger at Pilgrim's Rest in the early days of the Transvaal and spent his savings royally in Durban, and he was now upon the lees of life. 'Bob rather takes the place of a drunken wife to me,' the Doctor writes to Sam, 'rather hard as I have never gone in for the luxury of the married state.'

On December 16, 1891, the Doctor writes to Sam of a trip upon which Midge has gone with Rolker to the Lomagundi region:—

'. . . and as they are to visit the Sinoia Caves . . . I hope Midge will do some painting. I see he still requires a "motive" for painting as Sidney Harsant used to say. However, I daresay he will do something, and in any case he is a delightful companion and a great boon to me. I had expected to do all these trips with Midge, but with Harris's accident, etc., I must remain at Salisbury for the next few months. It is just as well it has happened so—as now I have taken all the detail into my hands and intend to keep

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it. Colleagues here all very nice and we get on swimmingly. Am going in for fairly heavy expense in the way of public buildings, etc., but it is a long way to be reprimanded and then the buildings will be well on and not to be stopped. I especially want to show that the country need not stand still during the rainy season—that gold work can go on as usual—even buildings be put up and all the ordinary every-day work. . . . We have had our slap in the face and from now you will see a steady upward progress—though slow. . . .'

Jameson went travelling nevertheless, as we gather from a letter to Sam dated February 8, 1892:—

'I returned to Manica after a fairly good trip—rather wet but was well satisfied with the working going on. Midge intended writing, but being naturally lazy and having a slight touch of fever he deputes me. . . . It is all his own fault, as during my fortnight's absence he returned to his natural lazy habits, stopped riding, and only lounged, just like our police force of last year sitting waiting to get fever. I am glad I did not take him to Manica as it was a pretty hard-riding trip, swimming rivers, etc., not on the road to Manica, which is very good; but afterwards, riding along the gold belt to the Sabi. . . . We are getting along all right during the wet season—brick-making, building, etc., without interruption. The economy necessary makes things a little difficult, also the constant bickerings amongst the whites, especially our own employees. However, all that will improve with time. It is a fine lesson in human nature and lowers your idea of the same—every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost. I am glad to hear Rhodes is going home. I feel sure he will then get our railway commenced; without it we might as well shut up shop. . . .'

A letter to Sam on February 15 reports that—

'. . . Midge is all right again but too lazy to write. . . . He makes a very bad patient, not accustomed to be ill or to have troubles of any kind, I suppose . . . Harris also on

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his legs and I hope soon will be off to Manica. Telegraph line arrived here, but some hitch which will prevent communication for a few days. A good deal of worry just at present not diminished by the telegraph being so near;[1] but that will all come right if only the miserable people would show a little more energy on the gold prospecting or rather producing as there are now four mills at work. This would stop the continual financial worries which is the hardest part of the whole business. A fine training tho' for me. If I had only gone through it before the Kimberley days I might have been a rich man to-day. We are having lovely weather for the last week; no rain and no sign of it and Salisbury and Umtali very healthy—though of course a little fever in the lower districts. Nobody who is hard at work seems to get fever—either black or white—the lazy devils who sit waiting for it do,' etc.

A letter of March 7 tells Sam that 'that lazy devil Midge . . . is actually doing a little painting at last, under more or less pressure, but I suppose his surroundings are not very conducive to the "motive" required.' And then: 'What rubbish you write about want of appreciation in reports, etc. Now please try to forget this kind of thing. Even talking to your friends in that kind of way tells back on me, and you know how I hate it. But for the financial question things are going very well, and I like the continuous occupation; but it is pretty hard lines to come into pretty well empty coffers, and still try to make a decent show.' And the letter ends with a lamentation over the continued deplorable behaviour of Bob in Johannesburg, accounts of which had come through from Blanche.

[1] 'On February 17, 1892, the telegraph line to Fort Salisbury was completed and Rhodes and I had a long and interesting talk over the wires with Dr. Jameson, the Administrator, a talk which resulted in the establishment of the first bank in Rhodesia on July 30.'—Michell's *Life of Rhodes*, vol. ii. p. 52.

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By April 27 Midge has 'really commenced a picture of a Mashona group, and will not leave until the end of July.' As for his own position, 'Charters so far certainly have not increased my capital; but I am not sorry I went in—it has given me great amusement and kept me employed—and at the worst, if the show is to bust, which I don't expect, I always have pills to fall back on. I think the railway is all right for this season, and then we will swim again, though slowly.'

On May 4:—

'Midge as usual is supposed to write; but I don't suppose it will come off. He is the most extraordinary devil; wonderful energy in beginning things and in small fads, but no persistence. . . . I suppose, however, that kind of thing is a disease in some people and they are hardly to be blamed for it. He is in rude health—rode to the Mazoe and back with me last Saturday and Sunday—seventy miles without even a change. We are having lovely weather and a good many parties returning to the low country to continue work on their claims. I am getting some knocks *re* late summary treatment of the impertinent natives; but it was necessary, and expecting a snubbing from the higher quarters I took all necessary precautions to have a good explanation. Of course Iverson has to protect himself with the home people, so the strictures don't bother me, and on the whole he has been very nice. Rhodes's return will keep all that kind of thing straight. The railway news cheered up the community. I had to talk to them and stand free drinks on the occasion, the latter an expensive but useful form of helping to keep things going pending some money coming in. . . . If the financial question did not exist I should be having quite a decent time of it. But that does bother—constantly some unexpected addition to my hard and fast estimates and to be made up by some corresponding reduction, not always easy to do. However, the Company cannot help it. They simply have not the money. . . .'

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'The late summary treatment of the impertinent natives' was no doubt the punishment meted out to the two chiefs, Golodaima and N'Gomo. The narratives of the early explorers of what used to be called Zambesia show very clearly that some of the chiefs were brigands who murdered white traders and hunters for their guns and stores. After the Salisbury settlement these practices continued, and Jameson determined to suppress them. The first case was the murder of one Guerold, a Frenchman, at Wahtas Hill in the Mazoe District on January 22, 1892. Captain Graham, the Commissioner of Police, with a tiny force of eight men under Captain Lendy, and a Maxim gun, went to investigate, and they found the dead man's body and proofs of the murder near a nest of fortified kraals among the hills. One of the chiefs of these kraals, Chirumziba, was captured, and some of Guerold's effects were found in his huts. Chirumziba was therefore imprisoned and his kraal burnt. Then the party surrounded Golodaima's kraal and were met by shots: they fired and killed six and wounded three. When the kraal was searched an 'enormous quantity of stolen property,' including 'almost every conceivable article commonly used by white men,' showed what sort of people Golodaima and his followers were. In the second case a farmer of the Victoria District called Bennett was assaulted and robbed by a chief called N'Gomo, who by all accounts was a nuisance not only to the white men, but to the surrounding natives. N'Gomo defied all attempts to bring him to justice. Captain Lendy then made a night march, surrounded the kraal, and in a short fight killed twenty-one of its inhabitants, whereupon Maguende, N'Gomo's superior chief, presented Lendy with an elephant's tusk for ridding the country of an evil-doer.

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When reports of these doings got to England, the Mrs. Jellybys of the day got up an agitation, and Lord Knutsford, who was then Colonial Secretary, was moved to rebuke the Administrator. But the judicious mind will fairly consider that the Mashonaland settlement was a tiny garrison of less than a thousand men in the midst of a million savages. If Jameson had been mild in these cases, the fashion of robbing the white man would have spread, and every settler in Mashonaland would speedily have had his throat cut.[1]

Jameson's reference to Cecil Rhodes and the Beira railway also requires a word of explanation. Rhodes arrived at Kimberley on November 23, 1891, after visiting Tuli, the base camp at Macloutsi, and the Chief Khama at Palapye. He had made a journey of 4000 miles by sea and land and seen the North of his heart. And now in the interval between the beginning of the year and the beginning of the session he paid a flying visit to England, his main business being to get the Beira railway through.

We hear something of its results in Rhodes's speech at the second meeting of the Chartered Company.[2]

'A reference to the map,' he said, 'will show that it was essential to make a communication from the East coast—in fact to get a railway built. We have had great difficulty over this railway. We ought to have built it much sooner; but the Home Government, or rather the Foreign Office, has glided into that steady, pleasant duty of the exchange of letters, and they appear to think that this might last until the end of the century. Unfortunately some of our younger spirits went up and forced the route from Beira, and then

[1] A full account of these affairs and the resulting correspondence is given in the Blue Book C. 7171 (1893).

[2] *Speeches*, p. 304.

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we had the unfortunate dispute with the Portuguese, which, however, did bring about a happy result. We got some final settlement of the question as to whether we could, or could not, build a railway—not only the general terms, but that the line should be completed within some date. The result was that we found we had to build the railway by arrangement with a company which the Portuguese had created.

'When I returned home about five months ago, when the Charter was at its worst, and our shares stood at 10s. or 12s., it seemed almost impossible to obtain any further capital; but through the good feeling of friends I obtained sufficient to build the railway from the coast.'[1]

On August 11, 1892, Jameson wrote to Sam:—

'Midge and Selous left yesterday for a six weeks' shoot on the Pungwe. Selous then goes home and Midge goes up the East coast to Egypt, arriving there in November for a six months' paint, and then home. Before leaving he finished a picture of a group of Kafirs working iron—also made a lot of sketches of individual niggers. . . . I am sorry to lose him, and he was a great favourite amongst my crowd here; but I think he had had enough of the wilds. Poor Bob is still in Umtali Hospital and Midge is to do his best to persuade him to go home. [Here follows a discussion of Bob's case with which the reader need not be troubled]. I shan't get home this year, and in fact I don't know when. Things are going better but finance still a great bother, as the better we go naturally the more we need to spend, and our revenue is not very expansive, and the available cash outside very limited indeed. Harris[2] means well in Cape Town, but is really a muddling ass—on the surface a genius but under the crust as thick as they are made.

'I hope Willoughby's battery will be a good one. It is

[1] The date of this speech is November 29, 1892. The railway had only reached its seventy-fifth milestone by the autumn of 1893. The Portuguese, the tsetse-fly, and the malarial mosquito were a powerful combination.

[2] Of course, Dr. Rutherfoord Harris.

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very plucky of him to get it as I am afraid he will have to pay most of it out of his own pocket—and he has not too much at present like the rest of us. That —— [1] must be a damned scoundrel who sold the Lobengula Battery. It costs me a lot in "reims" [2] to keep it together. Hoste tells me that the fitter I sent to put it right and work it recognises pieces of lots of engines at the Rand, and they must have stolen them from many places and put them together to make an engine—Hoste's joke of course. . . . We are in our new offices now and feel quite comfortable and important. This damned railway still hangs, and I suppose any hour may bring us the information that Pauling has got it and may finish through the fly by the end of the year. Even then all this delay upsets my calculations as expecting it to be an accomplished fact long ago and by this time an increased population resulting with an increased revenue—I shan't get the benefit of it till next year.

'Gladstone's majority not as satisfactory as it might be. I suppose no Minister was ever in a more difficult position, and Home Rule even now very dicky. . . . We are gradually getting a small crowd of women now, and they have already begun to fight amongst themselves which sounds rather civilised—the Caldicotts very nice. . . . Just received a wire from Rhodes to say that Pauling's contract signed to be thro' the fly by December 31, a great relief.'

To this letter a long postscript dated August 15 gives Sam the latest news of Bob—now in hospital at Umtali and Bob's debts, for Bob had an amiable way of drawing on his brother for the expenses of a promising but illusive reef:—

[1] Jameson's abuse is not to be taken literally. He had a playful habit of calling even the most exemplary of his friends 'damned scoundrels,' and the author has therefore taken the liberty of omitting the name of the Rand magnate who sold the battery.

[2] Reims, *i.e.* leather thongs much used by the Dutch for harness. The Rhodesian gold-miners had to buy old stamp batteries from the Rand, owing to the difficulty and expense of getting new ones from England.

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'. . . . Have two more drafts of his from Umtali to-day to meet. As you may suppose, I spend more in the country than I receive in salary, and for some of Master Bob's drafts and other things have already lately had to sell some of my very small nest-egg outside of Charter shares which I keep for a rainy day, which is pretty sure to come to me with my financial luck. However, I need not go on grunting to you about Bob—only just at this moment I feel a little irritated, although I know the poor devil is not responsible for his actions. . . . Company's finance is still hell and Harris is a damned nuisance.'

On October 11, 1892, the Doctor wrote two letters, one to Midge and the other to Sam. In the first he says:—

'Have just returned from a trip round Hartley Hill, Lomagundi, etc. Williams and Willoughby went with me and are still out hunting. I had to come back to talk to Rhodes before he left for England last week. We had a good lion chase. I got one bullet in and Willoughby finished it off. A decent male. We also got several buffalo and plenty of buck of all sorts. Hope you had as good sport on the Pungwe. I have to go down to Manica to try a white man who is supposed to have murdered a nigger, then after that must limit myself to Salisbury for the wet season as Duncan goes home next month to bring his wife out after the rains.[1] Our buildings are all completed and many private ones gone up, so you would scarcely know Salisbury. Harris sailed Bob off to England. . . . I may get home next year and may not. I am going to see it out till we are a success. Our gold prospects have made big jumps since you left, and I think we will see next year with the railway and gold. Finance still worries my soul out. Expect to spend most of the wet season in my office and hut with my books.'

[1] Andrew Henry Farrell Duncan, Surveyor-General, was a retired officer of the Royal Navy, and before joining the Company's service in 1891 had been for some time engaged in survey work in British Bechuanaland. On one or two occasions he acted as Administrator in the absence of Jameson.

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The letter to Sam is also sanguine about the gold, and hopes that 'Rhodes's speech at the meeting in November will also give us a leg up. . . . I feel sure he will get some more money for telegraph and railway' and 'Mazoe is turning out trumps.' He mourns the loss of Duncan, Willoughby, and Williams 'my only chums,' who are going to England—to return in May.

The Manica murder trial to which Dr. Jameson briefly refers in his letter to Midge is still remembered in Rhodesia. A drunken bar-keeper, irritated by tom-tom playing, had fired into the darkness of the surrounding night and by ill-luck had killed a Mashona boy. He was found guilty of manslaughter, and Jameson as Chief Magistrate sentenced him to a fine of £50 or a term of imprisonment. As there was no gaol, the Doctor was for a moment embarrassed when the prisoner said he could not pay the fine. But only for a moment.

'What can you do then?' he asked the prisoner.

'Well, Doctor,' the bar-keeper replied, 'I could scrape up £25 and give you my I.O.U. for the rest.'

'That will do,' Jameson replied. 'Clerk of the Court, take the prisoner's money and his note of hand for the balance.'

Midge was at this time on his way to Beira with Selous, shooting as they went, and we hear on November 1 that 'poor Midge has had a nasty gun accident, my ·577 express burst in his hand; but both he and Selous write that they think that the hand will be all right.' Midge thereupon changes his mind and goes by way of East London to Johannesburg, and we have a letter from Lanner telling Sam to put a pin into him 'as he is an awful chap to dither.' On November 14 Lanner writes gleefully

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that 'Rhodes is making them hum at home, and is not finished yet. His biggest scheme of all, I see, is not yet alluded to. [Possibly the Cape to Cairo railway?] . . . I would buy Charters again but Hillier keeps my account pretty tight and curses me for already spending a good deal more than my income. He is a good caretaker and saves me money. Bob Williams is here booming us all on the gold question. An optimist is really a very pleasant companion for a little time after you have had a year's dose of pessimists.'

A letter of November 21 reports cheerfully:—

'I come out fairly square in my estimates to the end of the year, and expect that the finances for the ensuing year will be all right. Altogether better than I expected, and everything in the future looks bright enough—though the next five months will be a bit dull.'

The next letter, dated January 22, 1893, is so characteristically Jamesonian that it must be given at length:—

'Would that we could see ourselves as other see us. Your sublime confidence in the scrip overdraft trick is rather alarming to me, coming with your very sound advice to me to get on velvet in Charters, and at the same time telling me you have seven shares costing you £700 and had refused to sell one for £600. Remember I have fair grounds for giving advice, having on two separate occasions in the past left myself completely stony, and may very probably do it a third time, tho' I hope not. The difference between us is that you have several hostages to fortune, while I have deliberately avoided these luxuries, and knowing that I have only myself to look after have felt myself entitled to gamble if I liked. This appears rather a serious lecture for a youngster to a senior and I know it will do no good, but

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remember I know the Jews, whom you are practically pitting yourself against, far better than you do, and have really lived with them for years. The result of this intimacy has been that I have invariably been left, and you will be left in the same way. Remember again that both you and poor Julie were very confident and knowledgeful in the first Rand boom, but success not brilliant if I remember right. Do keep in your mind that the whole share market on the Rand is practically in the hands of the Jews—to rise and fall as they like, and what chance can you an outsider have with them—even your ground-floor gentleman will leave you without warning. However, enough of this, which I daresay you think impertinent. Only as a suggestion sell enough of seven shares to pay off the whole house—a wife and family with a bank overdraft in a Jew gambling community is not a natural combination. Gold prospects still look very bright, but you will hear all details from Bob Williams, who ought to be in Johannesburg when this reaches you.'

A letter of February 13 is almost entirely occupied with 'the Bob question,' but there is a note on a murder case which suggests a digression:—

'The murder case was a nuisance and rather melancholy work; but all in the day's business! I am writing the High Commissioner strongly not to interfere by remissions and hope he will let us finish it up here.'

We may suppose that this refers to the famous murder of the O'Grady family by one Jim, a Zulu. It appears that Jim's master had lost four oxen, and that Jim, being found guilty of the theft, was sentenced to lashes and imprisonment: but was let out of gaol upon a promise to restore the oxen. Jim, still handcuffed, went off with his master on a prospecting trip; but the wagon was brought to a stand by fever about thirty-five miles from Salisbury.

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O'Grady, Jim's master, and his partner, Mackenzie, lay prostrate under the bucksail, the voorlooper was away getting water, and O'Grady's wife, with a child of eight months in her arms, was going about ministering to the needs of the patients. Such was the opportunity chosen by Jim for his attack. What worked in his mind we do not know—possibly a sense of wrong, possibly a thirst for revenge. But at any rate he crept into the wagon, picked up a loaded gun, and fired at O'Grady point-blank. O'Grady was as good as finished, for the bullet, passing through his neck, touched the spinal cord and paralysed him. Then Jim turned upon Mrs. O'Grady, and the poor woman, struck with panic, offered to unlock the handcuffs if the Zulu would only spare her life. But when Jim was released, he first killed the child, then Mrs. O'Grady, and after them Mackenzie. And as the voorlooper came up with the water he fired at him too, but missed him, and the boy ran away to Salisbury and reported the crime.

In due course Jim came before the Chief Magistrate, who duly found him guilty and sentenced him to death; but there was some delay in executing Jim for the reason that the sentence had first to be confirmed by the High Commissioner at Cape Town.

The people of Salisbury grew impatient at the delay, and one night a drunken baker led them to the gaol with the intention of lynching the Zulu. The gaoler first smuggled Jim out of the gaol and hid him in another building, and then sent for the Administrator to quell the riot.

Jameson had been playing a hand of loo at the club, but came over at once and confronted a very angry crowd hot upon Jim's scent. For a time it

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looked as if the Doctor might be killed as well—one man swinging an axe told him to get out of the way or take the consequences. But Jameson stood firm. He first appealed to the British sense of justice and love of order; but failing there he appealed to interest. The country, he said, was upon the eve of a boom. The magic word was well calculated to catch the ear of a Mashonaland crowd: when the boom came, the Doctor continued, the pioneers would reap their reward. But if lynch law prevailed confidence in the country would be destroyed and the boom would never come at all.

The appeal had a chastening effect on the crowd, and Jameson, quick to seize an advantage, called them fools; Jim was going to be hanged—of that he could assure them. Then why all this fuss about it?

The crowd dispersed without doing any mischief, and the Administrator went back to his hand of loo.

In a letter of March 6, 1893, there is a note on Rhodes which takes us back to Colonial politics:—

'Rhodes has had a pretty hard time of it in London and I think will have his hands full with his Cabinet out here. Sivewright seems to have made a bit of a mess.'[1]

[1] Sir James Sivewright, the Commissioner for Railways in Rhodes's Government, had gone to London with Rhodes at the beginning of October 1892 after concluding a railway refreshment contract with an ill-favoured friend of his, a drunken and unscrupulous Scot called James Logan, who—to do him justice—was also a man of enterprise and energy. Sivewright had given Logan the contract upon terms which did not please some of his colleagues. These colleagues cabled and wrote to Rhodes and Sivewright demanding that the contract be suspended, and in the absence of Rhodes and Sivewright they repudiated the contract. Rhodes, returning by the East coast, Delagoa Bay, and the Transvaal, arrived in Cape Town on March 8, 1893. The protesting Ministers then placed a pistol at the head of the Prime Minister: either Sivewright must go or they would resign. Rhodes was never a man to be coerced. He resigned himself and reconstituted his Ministry without Sivewright upon the one side or Rose Innes, Merriman, and Sauer upon the other.

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On March 27, 1893, Jameson wrote buoyantly to Sam:—

'You are an easily dejected crowd in your golden city, to write such a dumpy letter of prospects because you had a few days' rain and a railway accident. Plenty of news every day of new people and batteries coming up here; but we have another couple of months of patience to exercise before feeling the good effects.

' . . . Bezuidenhout wants the partnership to take the whole coach line from Pretoria to end of railway at Chimoio. I am trying to get Harris to arrange it, as running the Umtali post ourselves is a horrid bother and I feel sure more expensive than the contract could be given for. Our gold is flourishing. New Salisbury District, as far as surface goes, beats Victoria, and the first shaft of 42 feet gives samples which I have seen panned this morning—phenomenal. Of course mine work must be done to generalise; but it promises wonderfully well.'

Again, on April 10, Jameson writes:—

'I have still to keep a fair-sized pauper community and will till some of these working capitals come in. Everything is going well; but I am rather in the blues, as on the top of rather a beastly mail to answer, poor Dan died this morning after a week's illness. He was a most faithful creature and the best servant I ever had—a friend of everybody up here and could do anything. Besides servant he has been my driver in all my journeys through the country. . . . Blanche's scandal letter most acceptable. Ask her to repeat it as often as she has time. I know it is no trouble to her to write and they give me a lot of amusement. So tell her to be charitable. . . .'

A letter of April 24 is much in the same tone:—

'. . . people and money coming into the country—everything looks very hopeful—just got another 250 oz. of gold this morning from Willoughby and Dickens—also some from

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Umtali.' Takes a milder view of Willoughby's battery 'but still as that little devil Willoughby is a particular amateur, and will want all sorts of explanations when he comes out, I think it is as well you should go for —— and Co. if they are in fault. Another murder here of a white by a white this morning. A kind of epidemic. I shall have to keep the scaffold standing as a permanent institution if this goes on. However, I suppose epidemics of that kind do occur. Home Rule success splendid! . . . Look out for your lungs this winter.'

In a new and wild country like Rhodesia—with gaols yet unbuilt, a tiny police force, and illimitable refuges in the interior—there was, in fact, no small danger of lawlessness. Therefore Jameson pushed on the building of gaols; but his chief difficulty was to get a hangman. At last by the offer of a large reward he secured the shamefaced services of a settler down on his luck.

The hangman did his job to the satisfaction of the authorities, but was sent to Coventry by his old comrades. No one would speak to him; what was worse, no one would drink with him. When he entered a bar, the bar would empty, and his pathetic offers of a drink resounded in the ensuing silence. Once—it was in Salisbury—only a drouthy tailor remained in the saloon, too far gone in liquor to move.

'Have a drink,' said the hangman coaxingly, 'just a little drop!'

The tailor looked at him stonily. 'Don't like your little drops,' he said at last, and staggered to the door.

A letter of May 5 is chiefly concerned with the price of deals and iron with which Sam has furnished him, with which he 'has been able to knock the

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gentlemen here down,' though 'you will understand that I am bound to encourage the merchants here if I can. . . .' Moreover 'as the foundations of the gaol are already being put in and I leave for Umtali on Saturday to start the buildings there, it would have been very awkward to stop building till the stuff would come from Johannesburg. I am specially anxious to start the buildings to make as good a show as possible for people coming in, and so make a better success of our stand sale. . . . The flotation trick seems to be going on well at home. Both Willoughby and Bob Williams very successful. Our Salisbury district doing better every day. . . . Altogether we are going to have a fairly successful year I think.' 'I have old Alfred staying with me . . . a nice old lady but not a genius . . . the true expert class who does not like committing himself to any opinion unless he can damn. Cape politics very interesting at present. S. must be rather a bother to Rhodes; but I don't think the latter will object to having an opportunity of reconstructing his Cabinet. A letter from Midge last mail saying he was on his way up the Nile—had done no painting so far but very enthusiastic about Egypt.'

On May 29 there is a note on the progress of communications: '. . . we have got Ziederberg to take on the Salisbury extension from August 8, and by that time I will make Bezuidenhout or some one else put mules on the Umtali line; so we will have a rapid service from both ends, which ought to help us in the way of visitors.'

Then more talk of shares. 'The Australian smash a nasty one for us just at present, but that will only be temporary. The end of this year ought to see

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us in a fairly good position—bar further accidents. Duncan will be here in a fortnight and then I shall begin my rounds. This will wake me up as I feel getting a bit stale after about eight months' continuous office and financial worries which I hate.'

Jameson always dearly loved gossip: he was never happier than when chuckling over some little scandal about one or other of his friends or enemies, and on June 29, 1893, he writes a grateful letter to Blanche for providing him with his favourite entertainment:—

'Sorry to hear you are having ructions with the brilliant Beetles (Bettelheim). The Rand must be a funny place and Mrs. —— a plucky young woman; but I think the attractions of the serai will be too much for the sex of Johannesburg to keep up the cutting business. . . . Glad to hear you say Sam is such a swell in the Director line, and I hear from others that he is making money hand over fist. You will be able to do the swell in Hyde Park while I shall probably be drivelling on in the wilds. . . .'

Still Mashonaland is getting 'a bit more lively,' although 'I don't see any immediate prospect of a trip home.' When it does come he will go by the East coast to 'the Continent and as little of England as possible. Meantime for the next few months I shall get plenty of mule driving which I don't enjoy at all, and for nearer distances long rides which are still less amusing. Rhodes's politics very amusing; but he sails through his troubles beautifully, and I hope to see him up here before the end of the year.'

Here, no doubt, because of his rounds—his mule-cart driving and his long rides, which he did not

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enjoy at all, but which ran into thousands of miles—there is a gap in the correspondence of which we may take advantage to bring this chapter to an end. The next will open on more stirring times.

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CHAPTER XVIII

A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

'When God was portioning out fear to all the people in the world at last it came to my turn, and there was no fear left to give me.'
—GENERAL GORDON.

I

FOR more than two years the pioneers lived at peace with their neighbours the Matabele. 'We are on the most friendly terms with Lobengula,' Rhodes said at this time. 'He receives a globular sum of £100 a month in sovereigns, and he looks forward with great satisfaction to the day of the month when he will receive them. I have not the least fear of any trouble in the future from Lobengula.' [1]

Yet there were difficulties upon both sides. The Matabele had always lived by 'eating up' the tribes around them, and had always looked upon the Mashona as their slaves, and their cattle. Their custom was to send armed parties of tax-collectors to every tributary chief. These parties demanded what they thought the chief was able to pay in grain and cattle. If the chief resisted swift messages were sent to all the other tax-collectors at all the other kraals; they combined and descended together upon the chief who resisted, destroyed his village, and killed him and his people except such of his young men and maidens as they deemed fit to take away. Moreover—after the ancient Irish fashion—

[1] *Speeches*, p. 303 (November 29, 1892).

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the tributary Mashona were made to give pasturage to herds of the royal cattle, and if these cattle were stolen, an impi was sent to punish the kraal where the theft had taken place.

In the pursuit of these and other gentle usages the Matabele killed the Chief Lomagundi and his people in 1891, and the Chibe of Banyailand and his people in 1892. Moreover, Matabele impis raided Mashonaland and ravished and murdered under the eyes of the pioneers. Thus, for example, in 1892 a Matabele regiment marched through the camp of the Mashonaland Agency, only fourteen miles from Victoria, where that Company had 150 natives at work, and these wretched people begged for the protection of their white employers. Dr. Jameson protested vigorously upon these various occasions, and Lobengula sometimes apologised and sometimes justified himself. The killing of the Chief Lomagundi he described as a 'mistake,' but as for the marauding impis they were merely collecting arrears of tribute or punishing his serfs according to the custom of the country.

In April 1893 Rhodes's beloved telegraph wire was cut near the kraal of a Mashona chief called Gomalla; 500 yards of the wire were taken away and no trace of it could be found. Dr. Jameson found that Gomalla's people were the thieves, and sent a police officer to the kraal to secure either the culprits or a fine in cattle. Gomalla, being a cunning rascal, paid the fine in cattle which belonged to Lobengula, and then complained to the King that the Company had taken the royal cattle. Lobengula protested to Jameson, and told him that his people wanted to fetch the cattle, but he wished to settle the matter amicably. Jameson sent the cattle

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to the King, with explanations, and told him he was wise not to send the impi as 'there would surely have been trouble from the large body of white men now in the country.' And Jameson added: 'When his people come to work, or when they are sent by him, they will always be well received, but aggressive and irresponsible bodies might be severely dealt with.' [1]

We gather what was passing in the King's mind from the reports of the white men then at Buluwayo. Thus Colenbrander reported that the King was 'awfully wild' about the affair. And 'Matabele' Wilson tells the story more graphically.

The King, it appears, turned upon Wilson—whom he liked and trusted—and asked him why Dr. Jameson had taken his cattle.

'I do not know, O King,' Wilson answered discreetly. 'I am not Jameson. He is a big induna.'

'Old Lemachie, thou liest,' said the King; 'tell me the truth.'

Then Wilson explained as best he could that the cattle had been taken until such time as the thieves were produced, for if a man does wrong he must be punished.

The King appeared to ponder over the answer, and some little time afterwards he said to Wilson, 'Go to my *kotlas* and tell me what you see.'

So Wilson went to the King's storehouse and found a vast heap of guns—chiefly the rifles sent by Rhodes three years before—all thrown higgledy-piggledy in heaps and covered with rust.

'What did you see?' asked the King.

'I saw many guns covered with rust,' Wilson replied.

[1] This message was sent from Tuli on May 19, 1893.

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Then the King said, 'Make them ready for use, Lemachie.'

And as royal orders were not to be disobeyed in Buluwayo, Wilson called in his friend 'Jimmy' Fairbairn, and got all the *kotla* girls together, and they cleaned the rifles.

Then the King sent for a rifle, and handing it to the induna Ingandan, he said, 'Take an impi and go over to Victoria and get my cattle that my *maholi* (slaves) have stolen.' [1]

It might appear from this incident that Lobengula was a trifle resentful, and desired to display his power to the white man. On the other hand, it appears that at this time the people of Bere's kraal in the Victoria district had been accused of stealing the King's cattle, and Colenbrander, who was then at Buluwayo, reported that the King was perfectly satisfied with the explanation, and was sending the impi both to punish these thieves and those who had cut the wire.

Nevertheless it is certain that Lobengula both armed his men with rifles and sent them into Mashonaland in the face of Jameson's warning. The King first sent a small force of seventy men; but this force did not succeed in its object. Captain Lendy, the Resident Magistrate, met it outside Victoria and sent it back with a letter to the King, reminding him of Jameson's message that his impis must not cross the border.

Then about a month later the King organised a great expedition under Manyow and Umgandan, consisting of the Mhlahlanklela, the No Seika, and

[1] 'Matabele' Wilson, most respected and best beloved of the few remaining pioneers before the Pioneers, still lives near Buluwayo, and the narrative given above was taken, with much more of interesting reminiscence, from his own lips.

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the No Lima Regiments, and the men of eight towns; 2500 warriors left Buluwayo and they were attended by about 1000 *maholi*—in all a force of 3500 men.[1]

We gather what happened at the King's kraal before the impi started from a letter written by Colenbrander, then agent of the Imperial Government at Buluwayo, to the Rev. J. D. Moffat, dated June 29, 1893. The small impi, which had been met by Lendy, having failed, the King was now sending a large impi to punish the cattle-thieves ('and I fancy that he will go for the recent wire-cutters also.') Lobengula had asked him to wire and let 'Lendy' know, also Dr. Harris and Dr. Jameson, which he was doing by that post, so that there need be no unnecessary scare. The King in his anxiety to make his intentions clear sent to Colenbrander to write another letter to Lendy; 'but finding him away, they went to Dawson, who kindly wrote for me, thus enabling them to get a good start in front of the impi, warning the Victoriaites of their intentions.'

Either Dawson or Colenbrander was wrong in his date, for Dawson's letter bears the same date as Colenbrander's, whereas it was written the day before:—

'BULUWAYO, *June* 29, 1893.

'To the Magistrate or other Officer in charge at Victoria.

'SIR,—An impi is at present leaving this neighbourhood for the purpose of punishing some of Lo Bengula's people who have lately raided some of his own cattle. The impi in its progress will probably come across some white men, who are asked to understand that it has nothing whatever

[1] See Manyow's evidence in the Newton Report, C. 7555, p. 25.

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to do with them. They are likewise asked not to oppose the impi in its progress. Also, if the people who have committed the offence have taken refuge among the white men they are asked to give them up for punishment.—Written at Lo Bengula's request by J. W. Dawson.'

If this letter had got to Lendy ahead of the impi, history might have been a little different. But as we shall see, it was not delivered until the mischief was done, and Colenbrander's telegram, which had to be sent by runners to Palapye, was also too late.[1]

Poor Lendy did not live to tell his story before the Commission; but Charles Vigers, the Mining Commissioner, tells what happened.[2] On Sunday July 9 he was riding with Lieutenant Weir of the Police, three miles from Victoria. They were met by a mob of Mashonas, who told them the Matabele were close at hand. They rode on and presently 'saw the whole of the granite kopjes covered with armed Kafirs, and we also saw, on looking right and left across the flat, large numbers of Kafirs with shields and guns already between us and the town. We rode up to a large party of them in charge of an induna, and asked them what they were doing. He said they were hunting Mashonas to kill them for stealing the King's cattle. He also told us that there was a letter from the King with the main body.'

When Vigers and Weir returned they found 200 of the impi already in the township, within 100 yards of the hospital: 'they were armed, they were cheeky

[1] According to Michell, *Life of Rhodes*, Colenbrander's telegram reached Victoria on July 9. According to the *Mashonaland Times* (published at Victoria, July 20, 1893), it reached Lendy on the 8th. It reached Jameson at Salisbury on the 10th, as appears from his long telegram to Dr. Rutherfoord Harris of that date given in the Blue Book, C. 7171. It is certain that the impi were already inside the Victoria District on the 8th, and were massacring natives in the township of Victoria on the 9th.

[2] C. 7555, p. 16.

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and shouted out insulting things.' There was another large body by the church; they had been pursuing the clergyman's house-boy and had stabbed him to death. 'I rode up to them,' says Vigers, 'and got off my horse and went up to a young *majaka* who had a rifle. I snatched it out of his hand and asked him where he got it from. He said the King had given it to him. I then told them that if they came any farther they would be fired on. . . . Captain Lendy with police and mounted inhabitants in the meantime were hunting small parties of the Matabele round about the town, rescuing white men's cattle that were being driven off. The country at that time was completely covered by large parties of Matabele in pursuit of the Makalakas who had taken refuge in the hills.'

It was afterwards found that about four hundred of the natives of the district, men, women, and children, had been slaughtered in this raid. The roads into Victoria were strewn with their bodies. The smoke of the burning kraals went up into the sky at every point of the horizon. And although the Matabele did not kill the white men, they took the cattle from their farms and cut the throats of their fowls and their goats. And they killed their servants before their eyes.

As for example, a prospector called Richmond had been warned, like all the other white people, to take refuge in the town, and was walking along the road with his goods packed on a donkey, which a Mashona boy was leading; some Matabele came towards them, and the boy, seeing death in their faces, ran to his master and clasped him by the knees. The Matabele rushed up, tore the boy away, and stabbed him to death before Richmond's eyes.

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Richmond was carrying a rifle, but did not use it. He protested, however, and a Matabele, laying his hand upon his arm, said, 'Keep quiet, O white man, we are forbidden to kill you now, but your day is coming.'

We have said that Jameson was at Salisbury, and only heard of these doings on the 10th. At the same time he got the news from Lendy and Colenbrander's reassuring message from the King. His first impression was that Lendy could turn back the impi without fighting, and he telegraphed back:—

'Have you heard the King's message to me? You will see he is very anxious and in fact frightened of any trouble with the whites. But you have done absolutely right in taking all precautions. What you should do now is this: See the head induna as soon as possible. Tell him of the King's message and my reply, and, if necessary, that you would act up to it with police, volunteers, and your machine guns. At the same time, remember the excessive importance of not hinting at this if avoidable. From a financial point of view it would throw the country back till God knows when. In short, you have authority to use extreme measures if necessary; but I trust to your tact to get rid of the Matabele without any actual collision.'

And at the same time Jameson sent this reply to the King, through Colenbrander:—

'Thank the King for his friendly message, and tell him that, of course, I have nothing to do with his punishing his own maholis. But I must insist that his impis be not allowed to cross the border agreed upon by us. He not being there, they are not under control, and Captain Lendy tells me that some of them have actually been in the streets of Victoria, burning kraals within a few miles, and killing some Mashonas who are servants of the white men. I am now instructing Captain Lendy to see the head induna and

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