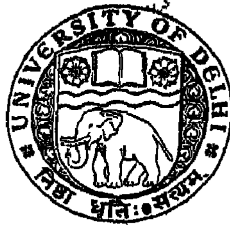

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RHODES GOES NORTH

To SUZANNE BOSMAN

RHODES GOES NORTH

BY

J. E. S. GREEN

LONDON

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I recollect once reading Mark Twain on Palestine. I had shortly before read a beautiful description of it – I think it was Thomson's 'The Land and the Book' – and the whole object of the author had been to paint it as he desired it to be; but Mark Twain, in his brutality, described it as I suppose it is; and all one's illusions were once for all destroyed.

C. J. Rhodes

PREFACE

THROUGHOUT this book I have used the term Mashona in the Matabele sense, not identifying the name with any particular tribe, but using it generically as descriptive of those tribes inhabiting the country between Matabeleland and the Sabi river.

Out of consideration for my readers I have of set purpose avoided footnotes, but those who have some acquaintance with the literature of this period will readily perceive how much I am indebted to others (notably Mr. Marshall Hole) for facts, for reported conversations, for explanations sometimes, and sometimes perhaps for phrases the origin of which I have forgotten. Without them indeed my book could not have been written, for I owe nearly all my material to them.

My thanks are due to Mr. E. E. C. Green (no relation) for many valuable suggestions, and for the care with which he has read through this book in MSS. I am not, however, indebted to him for any of the facts contained therein, these facts having been obtained from the authorities listed at the end of this book, and from private sources.

Bulawayo, 1935.

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INTRODUCTION

(1)

THE outstanding figure in that brood of giants who rose and fell in South Africa between 1870 and 1900 is Cecil Rhodes, and Cecil Rhodes is outstanding because, unlike his fellow exploiters who *sought power in order to get money, he sought money* from the beginning with the ultimate object of getting power. Without his money Cecil Rhodes might possibly have been ineffective, a queer sort of fellow with a tendency to day-dreaming. He seems to have sensed this himself, for from boyhood onwards he took an absorbing interest in money. What is the use of having big ideas, he would ask, without the money to carry them out? But in this matter of money, as in everything else which he did, Cecil Rhodes overreached himself in the end. For he was one of those men who believe that everything – literally everything – can be bought for money, even the soul of a people, until the Dutch taught him the contrary.

To be a forceful figure in politics, industry, finance, or anything else, two qualities are essential – a single-track mind, and a fanatical belief in one's own individual destiny. Cecil Rhodes had both. His overmastering passion was the North, and his belief in himself bordered at times on megalomania.

Before Cecil Rhodes came to South Africa, attention had already been drawn to the North by the writings of Karl Mauch and Richard Babbs. Ruins had been discovered there of a very high order which had obviously once been used for smelting gold, and this unusual combination provided a picturesque background for a nice archæological problem. Not that Karl Mauch himself saw much mystery about it. To the geologist turned antiquarian there was nothing really mysterious either about the gold or the ruins. The gold must have come from the mines of the Queen of Sheba, and the ruins were merely a copy of King Solomon's temple. And the London *Times* gave point to this theory, by publishing in 1868 an assay, taken by the Bank of England, of some specimens of quartz found in this region. The figures were astounding, incredible, fantastic – 1,185 oz. of gold and 60 oz. of silver to the ton. But the North could wait. It was so far away. It was 1,700 miles from Capetown, and the Dutch were not interested in mining. Besides, this gold was guarded by a formidable dragon called the Matabele. The fact was therefore pigeonholed but not forgotten.

It was not forgotten among others by the youthful Rhodes. In 1872 he and his brother Herbert, leaving their diamond claims in charge of another brother, Frank, set out from Kimberley to explore the North. They got no further than Marabastad, where the gold was already petering out. But this journey seems to have made a tremendous impression on the youngster. From now on the North seized on his imagination with terrific force, and became the be-all and the end-all of his existence. Whether sitting on an inverted bucket gazing into the depth of his Kimberley mine, or sitting on a bench at Oriel listening to lectures from Oxford dons, the North

was never out of his mind for long. One day he would annex the North. And how John Ruskin would applaud him, with that singular notion of his (which Cecil Rhodes was obliged to confess he shared) that the Anglo-Saxon race had been chosen by Providence to own and dominate the earth.

Thus before Mr. Rhodes entered South African politics, his powerful brain was even then contriving the downfall of the Matabele, and the conquest of the North. Oxford had taught him what to do, and Kimberley had taught him how things were done. A crave for fame was driving him. He too, if life was spared, would become one of the great ones of the earth. He would soon be rich enough to count. He was rapidly making his pile, and one day the ball would come to the player.

It came, during the elections of 1880. Mr. Rhodes was returned for Barkly West. And from now on, he began to acquire a new psychology. Africa had got him. The spirit of the land and the soul of its people had got into his bones. He had become a South African, and a South African he remained in spite of the jingoism of his latter days. The North was still his ruling passion, but the North must now be won, not for England, the land of his birth, but for Cape Colony, the land of his adoption, and the Imperial factor must be eliminated from South Africa, except in so far as it could be made to subserve South African ends.

And South Africa too was changing. A new spirit was abroad, due to the immense excitement provoked by the discovery of gold and diamonds. A monstrous upheaval was impending, the significance of which was not to be mistaken. It meant the end of the old order, the end of the *lekker lewe*, the life of ease, with its instinct for freedom and voluntary action. A new set of ideas was

taking possession of the people, as ship after ship dumped immigrants on their shores, many of whom had left broken bridges behind them. Everyone was seeking gold in the land of the brave and the home of the free. Only the Dutch (and not all of them) understood that gold is not an infallible cure-all for human ills.

(2)

The discovery of enormous gold deposits on the Rand upset the equilibrium of all the South African States by shifting the centre of gravity from Capetown to Pretoria, more than a thousand miles away. And the disturbance was not merely local. It was felt in London, where the secret hope had always been cherished that the emigrant Boers or their descendants would return one day of their own free will to the Imperial fold. Federation, it was thought, would solve this problem, for federation was a half-way house, a resting place in the path to unity, a political device designed to meet difficulties which could not be surmounted by union. In 1854 Lord Grey had openly sponsored federation, and twenty years later Lord Carnarvon, fresh from his triumphs in Canada, was prepared to apply even a measure of force to bring back into the fold 'the two Dutch States which we ought never to have lost, and which he hoped it was still possible to restore to the Crown.' But the Shepstone raid of 1877, like the Jameson raid of 1895, only served to show that federation in South Africa could never be accomplished by force.

Without the Rand and its inevitable corollary, the Delagoa Bay railway, federation in South Africa under the British flag would have come about by common consent within a reasonable measure of time. But with

the Rand in the possession of the Transvaal, and the prospect of an independent railway from Pretoria to the coast, federation under the British flag was by no means a foregone conclusion. A new and dangerous competitor had appeared on the scene, and in order to counteract the growing influence of the South African Republic, the Imperial Government, in spite of the London Convention, decided to cut off the Transvaal from all access to the North. Thus BEFORE the Moffat treaty was concluded (largely through the influence of Mr. Rhodes), the Dutch had already been left with only a very little window looking on the North, and BEFORE Mr. Rhodes obtained his famous concession, the country south of the Zambesi had already been declared exclusively within the sphere of British influence. And for neither of these measures can any credit be given to Mr. Rhodes. British Imperial policy was decided in London, and not dictated from Capetown, and in London Mr. Rhodes at this time had no sort of standing whatsoever. Lord Salisbury, the British Prime Minister, had only the vaguest idea who Cecil Rhodes was, 'rather a pro-Boer M.P. in South Africa, I fancy.'

To Mr. Rhodes the issue raised by the discovery of the Rand was largely local. Unless Cape Colony pushed its frontiers to the Zambesi, the great days of Cape Colony were over. For from the Cape point of view, there was little to choose between a new English colony north of the Limpopo and a new Dutch colony. Neither would be of any use in restoring the falling fortunes of the Cape. But with the North in its possession, Cape Colony would be able to impose its own terms on the Transvaal when the day for federation came. But the difficulty was this. Cape Colony had no money to spend on acquiring the North, and apart from this, its ministers were not blessed

with sufficient imagination or intelligence to realise its importance. Mr. Rhodes therefore decided to use the vast sums accruing to the Central Diamond Mining Company, through the approaching amalgamation of De Beers and the Kimberley Central, to take the North himself, and then make a gift of it to the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. It would be a handsome recognition of all Cape Colony had done for him. For it was Cape Colony which had made him. All his money had been made out of diamonds found in the Colony, and he would now use the money realised by the sale of these diamonds to found a new colony south of the Zambesi for his adopted country, and then find other money with which to run it.

It was a far-reaching scheme, and in a sense a scheme quite in step with South African tradition. Cecil Rhodes would be the hero of a new trek, with a place in history beside Louis Trichardt, Gerrit Maritz, Piet Retief, and Hendrik Potgieter. He would be the new Moses who would lead his people into the promised land. The *lekker lewe* could start all over again, with its farm of 3,000 morgen, and its £1 quit rent and no more. And the Central Diamond Mining Company would lose nothing. The startled shareholders had nothing to fear. They would get a splendid return on their investment, for the North was fabulously rich in gold and perhaps in precious stones as well.

But some of the shareholders in the Kimberley Central voiced strong objection to the deed of trust, and ultimately went to law. What had a mining company, they asked, to do with politics? Business is business, and politics are politics, and they should be kept apart. And the Supreme Court upheld them. The Kimberley Central was put into liquidation, and Rhodes and Barney Barnato

having bought the assets, De Beers Consolidated was born.

Mr. Rhodes had only won Mr. Barnato to his plans after a terrific struggle which was prolonged day by day, and often far into the night. Finally, early one morning, after a sitting which had then lasted eighteen hours, on and off, Mr. Barnato suddenly gave way. 'Some people have a fancy to one thing,' he said, 'some to another. You want the means to go North, and I think we must give it you.' Not that Barney Barnato himself had any illusions about the North, but 'After all, every man has got a fad; this is Rhodes's fad; it will please him. Let him have it.'

ERRATA

Page 224, line 18, for *September 12th* read *September 13th*.

Page 224, line 28, for *September 30th* read *October 1st*.

Page 237, line 13, for *companies* read *troops*.

CHAPTER I

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE NORTHERN GATEWAYS

(1)

ALL States are predatory, and the Transvaal was no exception to the universal law. No sooner had the immigrant farmers established their Republic than they began to behave as all men behave. They began to see visions, to dream dreams, and to organise themselves for expansion. Kruger was not the first of the great Presidential dreamers. Pretorius had dreamed of a union between the Free State and the Transvaal, and of a greater Transvaal stretching from sea to sea; Burgers had dreamed of the day when the Transvaal Republic would be the centre of an independent South African confederation extending from the Cape to the Zambesi, and was the first South African of importance to expound the doctrine of equal rights for all civilised men in that union. But while these dreamers were looking at the stars they fell into pits. Pretorius, annexing by proclamation the whole of Bechuanaland on the west and all the territory on the east up to and including part of Delagoa Bay, was unable to preserve intact the frontier of the Vaal, and was driven from office by the storm of indignation following the Keate award; Burgers, aspiring to make the Transvaal the dominant State in the South African commonwealth, and conceiving as a means to that end the construction of a railway from Delagoa Bay to Pretoria, so as to render the Republic less dependent

on British colonial ports, was defeated in war by Sekukuni, the intrepid chief of the Bapedi tribe, thus exposing the country to the terrors of a Zulu invasion, while the railway plant on arrival was mortgaged to pay freight. And then, during this period of chaos and bankruptcy, Sir Theophilus Shepstone annexed the Transvaal.

Pretorius and Burgers failed, not only because they had no money to carry out their ambitious programmes, but because in the Transvaal itself there was little cohesion among the groups of wandering farmers. But out of the loss of the diamond fields and the annexation of the Transvaal a new sentiment began to emerge. A successful war of liberation was fought. After going through the furnace of war the quarrelsome farmers were welded into a united community, and a new nation had been born.

The two diplomatic instruments by which the Transvaal re-acquired its independence were the Pretoria Convention of 1881, and the London Convention of 1884. The Pretoria Convention was unacceptable to the Boers for a variety of reasons. The boundaries of the State, as defined by the convention, were not satisfactory, especially in respect to its western frontier; and crushing financial burdens had been imposed. The Boers, it is true, had been granted self-government, but it was self-government of a very qualified kind. Great Britain was declared the suzerain power, and suzerain rights were scrupulously exacted. In foreign affairs the Boers had practically no independence at all, while in home affairs their independence was limited in many ways – especially in regard to all legislation touching the natives. As Mr. Kruger put it, in his homely phrasing, they felt like a man whose clothing had been taken away from him and then restored to him without his watch and purse. In 1883

Kruger entered on the first of his four consecutive terms of presidential office, and it soon became clear that a determined and intractable spirit had taken control of affairs. He made up his mind to recover the watch and purse without any unnecessary delay, and the fruits of his policy soon became manifest. In 1884 the Pretoria Convention was scrapped and the Convention of London took its place.

(2)

It was the state of affairs in south-east Bechuanaland that gave Kruger an opportunity to press for the revision of the Pretoria Convention. The Voortrekkers had always looked on Bechuanaland as their natural heritage, and when Mziligazi, yielding to Boer and Zulu pressure, finally crossed the Limpopo and established the Matabele power far to the north, the immigrant farmers declared that the country vacated by the Matabele belonged of right to them. In 1868 Pretorius gave official recognition to this claim by publishing a proclamation extending the territories of the Republic on the west as far as Lake Ngami. But this attempt to appropriate vast areas of land by proclamation failed. The British Imperial Government, influenced, no doubt, by Livingstone and Arnot, declined to see in the Boers the sole residuary legatees of Matabele political power south of the Limpopo. In 1879 a proclamation was drafted declaring Bechuanaland a British Protectorate, and British police were sent to occupy the country. But a Protectorate was not proclaimed, and when, in 1881, the boundaries of the Transvaal were fixed by the Pretoria Convention to the east of the 25th degree of longitude, the police were withdrawn. Bechuanaland thus became a sort of no man's land, inhabited in the south-east by a fair sprinkling

of settlers, mostly Dutch or of Dutch extraction, who were now living interspersed among the tribes under no sort of government at all. As usually happens in such cases the country rapidly sank into anarchy, with the blacks playing off the whites against one another, and the whites fomenting dissension and civil war among the blacks, receiving, in return for their aid, grants of farms. Day by day this state of affairs grew worse, and nothing was done to remedy it. The Government of the Transvaal was the only Government prepared to assume responsibility for the maintenance of law and order in south Bechuanaland, but was prevented from doing so by the boundaries fixed by the Pretoria Convention; the Government of Cape Colony, having burnt its fingers badly over the Basuto question, was not in the mood to annex further native territory, though Mr. Rhodes, a rising Cape politician, was anxious that it should; and the Imperial Government, in spite of the solemn warnings of the great missionary, Mr. Mackenzie, preferred to pursue a policy of drift. Thus encouraged, the Bechuanaland settlers, sinking their differences, combined to take matters into their own hands. In good old Dutch fashion they set up two little republics in the territory, the republic of Goshen in the north, and the republic of Stellaland in the south.

Now while the Imperial Government itself was not prepared to annex south Bechuanaland, it was still less prepared to recognise the right of Boer farmers to set up independent republics of their own on the Transvaal border. The previous history of the Transvaal had shewn only too clearly how a system of independent republics would end. Independent republics had once been established at Potchefstroom, Zoutpansberg, Lydenburg, and Utrecht, but they had all disappeared, and the same

thing would happen again. It was only a question of time when the two little states of Stellaland and Goshen would be absorbed by their more powerful neighbour. There could be no doubt about it. The Transvaal under its new President was not likely to drop a claim advanced by the Voortrekkers and sponsored by Pretorius. Both Gert van Niekerk, administrator of Stellaland, and Gey van Pittius, administrator of Goshen, were bound to the Transvaal by ties of blood or domicile. It was to the Transvaal that they turned for inspiration. The constitution of Stellaland was drawn up on the lines of the Transvaal Grondwet; and soon a movement was on foot to unite the two little republics under the grandiloquent title of the United States of Stellaland. The movement came to nothing. Nevertheless it was clear that under cover of independent republics the Transvaal State would stealthily push its frontier further to the west.

Now neither the Imperial Government nor the Government of Cape Colony grudged the Transvaal an extension of its frontier as such. Stellaland and Goshen were important for quite other reasons. Stellaland and Goshen were important because they lay in the path of the trade routes to the north. For forty years the trade of Bechuanaland had been in the hands of the British. With the exception of American ploughs and American axes the Bechuanaland market consisted entirely of British manufactured goods. It was not a big market, but it had immense possibilities. For beyond Bechuanaland lay the vast interior. The trade routes opened up by the missionaries were the only known trade routes into the interior, and, as trade routes in the South Africa of those days were entirely a question of water (especially on the west), it was felt that if two Governments friendly to the Transvaal (even if they did not at once unite with the

Transvaal) were allowed to command the roads to the north, the Boers would certainly close the road into the interior – not, perhaps, so much with a view to hampering trade as with a view to putting an end to the constant traffic in firearms which was going on with the natives up country

On assuming office President Kruger lost no time in complaining to the British Resident in Pretoria of the intolerable condition of affairs prevailing in south-east Bechuanaland, where in spite of – or perhaps because of – the two little republics the native tribes continued to war with one another, and proposed to send a deputation to London to discuss the Bechuanaland question and to revise the Pretoria Convention. The British Government accepted this proposal, and in November, 1883, a deputation, consisting of President Kruger, the Rev. S. J. Du Toit. and General Smit, arrived in England.

While met handsomely on other matters, the deputation failed to carry its point over Bechuanaland. Aware of the sympathy felt for the Bechuana tribes by many influential parties in Britain, whose feelings had been stirred by Mr. Mackenzie's writings and speeches, the Pretoria delegates, on their arrival in London, assumed, a little too eagerly to be convincing, the rôle of champions of native interests. All the trouble in south Bechuanaland, they asserted, was due to the artificial frontier laid down by the Pretoria Convention, which took no count of tribal boundaries; the implication, of course, being that if the frontier was adjusted in favour of the Transvaal peace and order would be rapidly restored. But the delegates took good care not to say this. On the contrary, they stood on the principle of free choice, the right of the tribes to decide for themselves whether they would be included in the Transvaal or not. These were curious

arguments in the mouths of Boers, and no wonder they left Lord Derby cold. The Colonial Secretary knew perfectly well that there was nothing definite about native boundaries. In South Africa the boundaries of native States were no more fixed than the boundaries of white States. The two rival swarms of black and white colonists, descending from the north and ascending from the south, were equally ignorant of the nature of the country in front of them. The wandering Bechuanas, like the wandering Boers, were constantly shifting their boundaries as better lands or new 'fountains' were discovered and became available. Mr. Mackenzie, Lord Derby's great unofficial adviser, was at his side explaining, with chapter and verse out of his long experience in the mission field, how scant was the regard the Boers ever paid to native interests, especially when land was at stake. Detribalisation was the accepted policy of the Boers, and detribalisation had doubtless much to recommend it in a country where the whites were in so small a minority. The principle of free choice as applied to natives would be simply a farce. Native chiefs would be bribed, cajoled, or bullied into signing agreements without any understanding of their meaning, while, under cover of protecting native interests, the Transvaal would push its frontier further to the west, expropriating native lands for the use of white settlers, and closing the gates to the north.

So far as the British Colonial Office was concerned, the natives did not really come into the picture. Whatever happened to Stellaland and Goshen the natives would probably lose their lands. If their lands were not taken from them by Transvaal and Free State settlers, they would certainly be taken from them in time by Cape colonists. It was natural for Mr. Mackenzie to champion

the cause of the natives, since he had worked among them for years and had identified himself with their interests. But the British Colonial Office had a somewhat different point of view. It was not concerned so much with defending native interests as with defending British trade. The Transvaal could have all the land in Bechuanaland it wanted, subject only to one condition – that no part of any trade route to the north passed through Transvaal territory.

Lord Derby offered, therefore, once again to amend the Keate award. For the second time in three years the frontier of the Transvaal was to be pushed further to the west, but was still to remain to the east of all the trade routes. On this point Lord Derby stood like a rock. In vain the deputation complained that the new frontier partitioning Stellaland and Goshen would be worse than the old, and would only create fresh difficulties. It was, so Lord Derby declared, 'the uttermost concession' which the British Government would make, and, as the delegates had received very generous treatment on all other points arising out of the Pretoria Convention, the Boer leaders finally gave way and on February 27th, 1884, signed the London Convention, subject to its ratification by the Volksraad within six months.

After defining, in article 1, the new boundaries of the Republic in minute detail, article 2 of the London Convention went on to declare that 'the Government of the South African Republic will strictly adhere to the boundaries defined in the first article of this Convention, and will do its utmost to prevent any of its inhabitants from making any encroachments upon lands beyond the said boundaries. The Government of the South African Republic will appoint commissioners upon the eastern and western borders, whose duty it will be strictly to

guard against irregularities and all trespassing over the boundaries. Her Majesty's Government will if necessary appoint commissioners in the native territories outside the eastern and western borders of the South African Republic to maintain order and prevent encroachments.' Immediately the Convention was signed, Lord Derby despatched the following cable to the Acting High Commissioner in Capetown: 'Convention signed to-day. New S.W. boundary as proposed to the east of trade road. British Protectorate over the country outside Transvaal established with Delegates' consent. They promise appointment of border commissioners inside the Transvaal co-operating with ours outside. Mackenzie British Resident. Debt reduced to quarter million. Same complete internal independence in the Transvaal as in Orange Free State. Conduct and control of intercourse with foreign Governments conceded; Queen's final approval to treaties reserved. Delegates appear well satisfied, and cordial feeling between the two Governments. You may make above known.'

Now there was not a word in the London Convention about a British Protectorate over Bechuanaland, or the appointment of a British Resident to reside in that country. By agreement with the Transvaal delegates all mention of a Protectorate had been omitted from the London Convention, and for a very good reason. The Imperial Government did not wish to declare a Protectorate over Bechuanaland. All it wanted at the moment was an option on the country, with an eye, possibly, to future occupation, and the withdrawal of the Dutch claim. And it succeeded in getting both. This was good policy, no doubt, so far as north Bechuanaland was concerned, but what was to be done with the south? Conditions in south Bechuanaland would no longer brook delay, and

the Imperial Government had no more desire to declare a Protectorate in the south than in the north; still less had it any desire to annex the south. It did not wish to create at this time a new Imperial interest in South Africa. If south Bechuanaland must become British territory, it must become British territory as part of a greater Cape Colony.

For who were the people who stood to gain most by the preservation of the trade routes to the north? The Cape colonists. Who were the people who would derive most benefit from the opening up of the interior? Again the Cape colonists. In that case Cape Colony should shoulder the burden of administering at least part of Bechuanaland. But Cape Colony had no desire to annex south Bechuanaland, partly because of the expense, and partly because it had already enough native troubles on its hands. It wished the Imperial Government to annex the country, and then proceed to govern it in accordance with colonial ideas. It was a typical South African attitude. While they were everlastingly complaining of the interference of the Imperial Government in South African affairs, the colonists always looked to the Imperial Government to extricate them from their difficulties. They thought it quite reasonable, for instance, to saddle the British taxpayer with costs of native wars fought in defence of their interests, but quite unreasonable for the British taxpayer to expect to have any say in the shaping of the policies which brought about those wars. They would not, or could not, understand that, if the Imperial Government was to be called on to defend the colonists from the natives, the Imperial Government must have a say in determining in what way the natives were to be governed.

South Africans are not famous for their logic, but men

like Scanlen and Rhodes were logical enough. They accepted responsible government for Cape Colony with all its implications. Mr. Rhodes did not look to the Imperial Government for defence against Hottentot or Bantu, but for defence against French or Germans. His maiden speech in the Capetown Assembly was a somewhat naïve protest against the foolish policy of attempting to disarm the Basutos. To a practical mind like his, it was simply ludicrous for a colony with a population about the size of a third-rate English town to attempt to adopt high-handed methods in its dealings with the natives. Sir Thomas Scanlen, then Premier of Cape Colony, was equally logical at the other extreme. After the pitiable exhibition of incompetence displayed in the Basuto war, he pressed the Imperial Government not only to assume control over Basutoland, but of all other purely native dependencies of the Colony. He felt that Cape Colony was too young, its inhabitants too few, too scattered, and too impecunious to shoulder any longer the burden of native administration. And the antithesis between these two points of view was well brought out in the case of Bechuanaland. For while Mr. Rhodes was urging him to buy 'the neck of the bottle' – the farms just beyond the Griqualand border which the native chiefs were willing to sell to the colony – Sir Thomas Scanlen appealed to the country in a General Election, which he lost, on the cession of the Transkei.

In 1884, indeed, Cape Colony was convulsed over the native question. Was the native problem an Imperial problem, or was it a South African problem? Sir Thomas Scanlen said it was an Imperial problem; Mr. Rhodes said it was a South African problem; Lord Derby thought it was both. It was an Imperial problem when it was concerned with frontiers; it was

a South African problem when it was concerned with administration. Obviously the republics of Stellaland and Goshen fell into the latter category, for here were no virgin territories peopled exclusively by native tribes, but territories in which large areas of land were already occupied by white settlers, who, in the event of transfer to the Imperial Government, would be sure to raise endless disputes over land and native rights. The colonists, both Dutch and British, detested the native policy of the Imperial Government, because they identified that policy more or less with the policy of equal rights for black and white advocated by some of the missionaries. Cape Colony, as a whole, favoured a policy of repression. Its instincts were the same as the Transvaal. Indeed, Cape Colony and the Transvaal understood one another very well on the native question, for whatever political rights the natives might enjoy in Cape Colony their economic subjection was absolute.

The omission, therefore, of any definite statement in the London Convention of a British Protectorate over Bechuanaland suited both parties to the agreement very well – the Dutch because they cherished the hope, however faint, that the dreaded Protectorate along their western frontier might never eventuate, or, if it did, would be confined to the north; and the British because once a Protectorate was declared they would have the whole of Bechuanaland, both north and south, definitely on their hands, whereas so long as the political future of Bechuanaland was obscure the Imperial Government was in a position to bring pressure to bear on Cape Colony by threatening to abandon Bechuanaland together with the trade routes to the north unless Cape Colony itself stepped into the breach and assumed responsibility for the government of that part of the

territory situated to the south. Meanwhile since the South African Republic was prohibited by treaty from annexing south Bechuanaland, and the Government of Cape Colony would give no undertaking to do so, the Imperial Government had to provide a makeshift Government pending a final decision as to what was to be done with the country. Accordingly, as a foretaste of what Imperial rule might mean, the Rev. John Mackenzie, whose powerful advocacy in London had contributed largely to the saving of the north, was appointed British Resident, and instructed to proceed to south Bechuanaland forthwith, with a view to setting up some sort of British administration in a country which had neither been annexed nor formally declared a Protectorate.

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The appointment of Mr. Mackenzie drove the settlers to frenzy. Left to themselves they would doubtless have voted sooner or later for annexation to the Transvaal; failing which they were perfectly prepared to be taken over by Cape Colony. The one form of administration which was not tolerable to them was Imperial administration; and when they heard that Mr. Mackenzie, the arch-missionary and the arch-Imperialist, had been appointed to rule over them, they raged with just indignation. In Mr. Mackenzie, Dr. Philip had come again. They all knew Mr. Mackenzie and his unsavoury reputation. He was pro-native, anti-Dutch, and even anti-colonial. He was perhaps the most hated and the most feared man in South Africa – hated because of his disposition to look on all frontier colonists as thieves and filibusters, and feared because even his worst enemies could not charge him with corruption. To be placed under the Imperial Government was bad enough, but

to be ruled by a man like Mackenzie of all persons was an intolerable outrage. In their distress the Stellanders besought Cape Colony to annex them, and so save them from Mackenzie and Downing Street. Why, they asked, should they be governed by a man who had slandered them so outrageously – probably, too, with a view to promoting his own welfare? Why should their country be divided into two parts by a line, the one part to be handed over to the South African Republic, and the other part to be placed under a British Protectorate? The new boundary line, they declared, was no more acceptable to the natives than to themselves. Where, then, was the sense in a partition which the whites did not want, and the native chiefs would not recognise? It was all in vain. The Speaker of the Cape House of Assembly rejected the petition on technical grounds, and in May, 1884, Mr. Mackenzie arrived in Stellaland.

If the Imperial Government was uncertain as to the future of south Bechuanaland, Mr. Mackenzie had no such misgivings. He had a cut-and-dried programme of his own. He knew exactly what he wanted, and was determined to get it. He wanted a British Protectorate *sans phrase*. If the Imperial Government would not proclaim a Protectorate over south Bechuanaland, he would proclaim one himself. He would confront the Imperial Government with an accomplished fact, and then what would it do? Lack of energy was no failing of John Mackenzie: as a hustler he was second only to Cecil Rhodes; and no sooner had he arrived in Stellaland than things began to move. In order to buy off the opposition of the Stellanders and create an appearance of submission to his authority, he appointed van Niekerk Her Majesty's Special Assistant Commissioner in Stellaland, without even consulting him

or imposing on him at once the oath of allegiance. As might have been expected, Mr. van Niekerk took the bait without swallowing the hook. With consummate audacity he warned Mr. Mackenzie against interfering with the republic of Stellaland, and refused to take the oath of allegiance under any circumstances. So after two months of delusion Mr. Mackenzie had to cancel the appointment.

Meanwhile he had made treaties with the native chiefs, and had then proceeded to act as if these treaties had been confirmed by Orders in Council. He had visited Rooigrond and proclaimed a Protectorate over Goshen; he had appointed Mr. J. M. Wright Assistant Commissioner in Goshen, and Mr. Bethell to the post of Inspector of Police. Van Pittius refused to recognise any Protectorate over Goshen, and retaliated by raiding native cattle. Serious fighting broke out between the Goshenites and the Baralong tribe. In open defiance of Mr. Mackenzie the native town of Mafeking was besieged by Rooigronders, who refused to recognise Mr. Wright's appointment on the ground that until the London Convention had been ratified by the Transvaal Volksraad, and the British Resident in Pretoria withdrawn, Mr. Mackenzie was not justified in proclaiming a protectorate in Bechuanaland. At the end of July, Mr. Bethell was killed, and, at the beginning of August, Mr. Wright was captured, under a flag of truce, and imprisoned. But undeterred by what was happening in Goshen, Mr. Mackenzie, on July 28th, hoisted the British flag at Vryburg, the seat of government in Stellaland, and drew up a proclamation declaring all Bechuanaland south of the Molopo river a British Protectorate. He had achieved his aim. By sheer force of character, and with no adequate police backing, he had added south Bechuanaland to

the British dominions in spite of all the hesitations of the Imperial Government. What would the Imperial Government do now? He was soon to find out. Two days later he was recalled to Capetown, his proclamation was withdrawn by the High Commissioner, and on August 19th he resigned. Simultaneously with his resignation the German eagle, which had long been hovering over South Africa, suddenly dropped to the ground, and, alighting on Damaraland, added south-west Africa to the German dominions.

It is difficult to resist the conclusion that Mr. Mackenzie was made the catspaw of the Imperial Government, and that his mission was never meant to succeed. His personal reputation compromised success from the start. His appearance in Stellaland had only aggravated discontent; his appearance in Goshen had brought about actual civil war. Precisely what the Imperial Government wished Mr. Mackenzie to do is not very clear. If annexation was wanted, annexation had been accomplished; but annexation was not wanted. The Imperial Government did not want south Bechuanaland, neither did Cape Colony; but each wished to prevent its acquisition by the Transvaal. By sending a man like Mackenzie to Stellaland and Goshen, the Imperial Government was perhaps trying to prove to the colonists how difficult Imperial rule would be, and, if Imperial rule, compromised by its own acts, was no longer possible, the only alternative was annexation to Cape Colony.

Imperialism had been tried and had failed, and now Colonialism was to be given a chance. Mr. Mackenzie was succeeded by Mr. Rhodes. It was a curious appointment, because Mr. Rhodes was a member of the Cape opposition, and Mr. Upington, now Premier of Cape Colony, at once disavowed all responsibility in

the matter. But Mr. Rhodes wanted the job and believed he could do it. Being a colonist himself, his sympathies were all with the settlers. Were they anti-Mackenzie? So was he. Did they object to Imperial rule in Bechuanaland? So did he. Did they want union with Cape Colony? He was the man to give it them.

In one important respect Rhodes had the advantage of Mackenzie in that he could count on co-operation from the Transvaal; for the London Convention was now part of the law of the Republic, having been ratified by the Volksraad early in August. Obviously the first thing to be done was to put an end to the war in Goshen, and, with this object in view, Mr. Rhodes arranged to meet General Joubert, the Transvaal Border Commissioner, and proceed together to Rooigrond to see what could be done to restore peace. He was not successful. The reception he met with simply astounded him. To his utter amazement he was treated as a mere nobody. True, he was not grossly insulted as was Captain Bower, his assistant in Stellaland, who had a loaded rifle pointed at his head, but he was treated with scant courtesy. On his refusal to recognise Mr. van Pittius's claim to the title of Administrator, the Dutchman retaliated by styling him 'Mr. C. J. Rhodes, calling himself Commissioner for Bechuanaland.' He was quite unable to stop the fighting round Mafeking, and was even forcibly prevented from going there. Van Pittius, fearful of a trap, refused to agree even to an armistice, except on conditions which Mr. Rhodes considered totally inadmissible. In vain did Mr. Rhodes point out that to wage war on a native chief under British protection, after the London Convention had been ratified by the Transvaal, was tantamount to a declaration of war on

Her Majesty the Queen. Van Pittius made no secret of his unmeasured contempt both for the Imperial Government and for the special colonial arrangement which Mr. Rhodes represented. So, throwing in his hand in disgust, Mr. Rhodes returned to Stellaland, leaving General Joubert to patch up matters in Goshen. And he did. On being told that Rhodes had been driven away, and that he would never see or hear anything of Mackenzie or England again, the Baralong chief bowed before the storm and surrendered unconditionally.

Mr. Rhodes had an uncomfortable habit of probing matters to the bottom, and when he got back to Stellaland he soon got down to ultimate issues. Why did the settlers feel that a Protectorate was such a menace? Why were they willing to accept Dutch or colonial rule and so determined in their opposition to Imperial rule? Why had Mr. Mackenzie's declaration of a Protectorate over Goshen been the signal for armed resistance? The answer was soon forthcoming. The settlers feared for their lands. Reduced to its simplest terms, the south Bechuanaland question was a land question. Many of the land titles acquired by the settlers would not bear inspection. Native lands had been largely expropriated, and it was felt that the Imperial Government would not recognise titles acquired in this way. Certainly if Mr. Mackenzie had a voice in the settlement the colonists would lose their lands, for he habitually referred to them as 'freebooters' and 'filibusters,' and with their lands went their livelihood. But once the land question was out of the way there would be no great objection to Imperial rule. As long as the settlers were allowed to keep the kernel, the Imperial Government could have the shell. Opposition to a Protectorate

would die down when there was nothing left for a Protectorate to protect.

These arguments did not fall on deaf ears. Mr. Rhodes himself had no scruples about appropriating African territories. Mr. Mackenzie's particular brand of moral indignation must have seemed to him sheer hypocrisy, not less exasperating because it was wholly unconscious. In what ways had the British Empire been built up? By scrupulously respecting the rights of its neighbours? Historians might say so, but men of affairs knew better. It had been built up by those very methods which were now deemed so opprobrious when undertaken by frontier colonists on their own responsibility and at their own risk. Exploitation was the law of life; and surely the men who took hazards in the wilderness were the men most worthy of encouragement and support. And mingled with these considerations there were more personal reasons. Rhodes wished to prove himself a good Afrikander. He was anxious to succeed where Mackenzie had failed; he did not relish the prospect of returning to Capetown empty-handed; he would make up in Stellaland for his failure in Goshen. If the question of land titles was all that stood in the way of a settlement, the Stellanders could keep their land titles provided they wrote them in English and not in Dutch.

An agreement was signed on September 8th; Stellaland was to become a British Protectorate under its own Government pending annexation to Cape Colony; the land titles issued by the Government of Stellaland were to be recognised by the Imperial authority, and the Protectorate was only to come into force three months after the agreement had been signed, so as to give the Stellanders time to wind up their affairs. The colonists had won a complete

victory. Even their flag was restored to them. Their independence had been guaranteed for another three months, and perhaps at the end of that time they might yet realise their dream of union with the Transvaal. And if in the end Stellaland was annexed to Cape Colony, or even became an Imperial Protectorate, what did it signify? They had saved their land titles, which were all that really mattered to them. Once in legal occupation of the soil, the spirit of colonialism would work in their favour.

Mr. Rhodes's idea of a settlement had consisted in giving the Stellanders everything they had asked for, and confirming their independence for another three months. And Sir Hercules Robinson, the High Commissioner, upheld the Rhodes settlement. Why? The answer is to be found in his despatch to Lord Derby, written later in the year. 'I think,' he wrote, 'it would be more politic to adhere for the present to the settlement of the 8th September than assume direct government of Stellaland, as we have at present no jurisdiction there, and could only obtain it by annexation to Empire, which had better be delayed until we can come to some arrangement with Colony as to taking over Bechuanaland. If we were to annex at once, Colony might leave country in our hands.'

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Meantime events were happening further north which were soon to precipitate a first-class South African crisis. After the departure of Mr. Rhodes from Goshen, and the occupation of the Baralong country by Mr. van Pittius and his volunteers, the future of Goshen had still to be determined. And here the Goshenites felt that they had burned their bridges. They had

waged war on Mackenzie and had seriously offended Rhodes; they had begun by quarrelling with the Imperial Agent and had ended by quarrelling with the Colonial Agent. What were they to do? In their extremity they appealed to the Transvaal. Would the Transvaal annex them? Certainly it would; provided Great Britain agreed. For by article 4 of the London Convention the South African Republic was debarred from extending its territories on its eastern and western borders without the express consent of the British Government. Unless, therefore, the consent of Great Britain was obtained the appeal of the Goshenites must fail. But would that consent be so difficult to obtain? President Kruger evidently thought not. From the outset he had been watching closely the development of the Bechuanaland situation, and apparently had come to the conclusion, when no counter-action was taken against the Goshenites, that the British Government did not intend to tackle the job. And he was justified in so thinking.

In July, Sir Hercules Robinson had made known to the Ministers of Cape Colony that 'Her Majesty's Government was not prepared to send Imperial troops to Bechuanaland,' and had subsequently improved on this announcement by recalling Mr. Mackenzie and withdrawing his proclamation of a Protectorate. On their side, the Ministers of Cape Colony had declined from the first to co-operate with the Imperial Government in south Bechuanaland, refusing to assist Mr. Mackenzie with one hundred police, though they were available, and declining to take any responsibility for the doings of Mr. Rhodes. They had their orders, and those orders were to abstain from intervention. Their policy was settled for them by their masters –

Mr. Hofmeyr and the Afrikander Bond. It was the Bond party which had brought about the resignation of Sir Thomas Scanlen's Ministry earlier in the year, and the Upington-Sprigg combination, known in Cape history as the Warming-pan Ministry, was wholly dependent on the votes of the Bond. And what was the policy of the Bond? Its policy was to abandon south Bechuanaland on the ground that the preference of van Niekerk and van Pittius was undoubtedly for union with the Transvaal. In order to effect this object the Bond deliberately magnified the risk of war with the Transvaal in the event of south Bechuanaland being annexed by Cape Colony, and deliberately minimised the loss to the Colony of the northern trade routes in the event of south Bechuanaland being annexed by the Transvaal.

Of course, single-handed, Cape Colony could hardly hope to annex south Bechuanaland, for the Transvaal did not think much of the military power of Cape Colony, and in any case Dutch interests were too strong in the Colony itself to make annexation possible without direct assistance from the Imperial Government. But to suggest that the Government of the Transvaal would deliberately imperil all the gains it had made at the London Convention, and go to war with the British Empire for the sake of south Bechuanaland, was altogether an absurdity. Again, the Bond believed, or professed to believe, that in the event of Dutch annexation it would be possible to come to some binding arrangement with the Transvaal by which that part of the trade road falling within the Republic could be neutralised, or that the Republic's right to establish tolls along the road could be restricted. In short, the views of Mr. Hofmeyr so nearly coincided with those of Mr.

Kruger that the President, doubtless calling to mind the old Dutch adage of two dogs fighting over a bone while the third runs away with it, felt that he need hesitate no longer.

On September 6th he cabled direct to Lord Derby, proposing to take over British responsibilities in Goshen, subject to Her Majesty's approval; stating, furthermore, that it was on this understanding that all parties in Goshen had laid down their arms. When no reply was received to this cable, Kruger decided to take unilateral action. He would chance his arm; the only thing that the world rewards is risk. On September 16th a proclamation was issued annexing Goshen, subject to article 4 of the London Convention, 'in the interests of humanity and for the protection of order and safety,' and, on the same day, the Rev. S. J. Du Toit, who had succeeded General Joubert as Transvaal Special Commissioner on the western border, without waiting for any authority from Pretoria, hoisted the flag of the Republic in the annexed territory.

For the storm that followed the Transvaal Government had only itself to blame. Apologists for the South African Republic have indeed pointed out that, inasmuch as the proclamation was only provisional, the Transvaal Government was acting within the limits laid down by the London Convention, and that all the trouble that ensued was caused by Press telegrams from Pretoria omitting to mention this fact. But this is special pleading. The spirit of the London Convention had been broken, if not the letter. The Government of the Republic had given an explicit undertaking not to extend its frontiers on the east or west without British sanction, and now it had sought to get round this undertaking by what was termed provisional annexation. What

interpretation the Boers were prepared to put on provisional annexation was only too clearly shown by the action of Mr. Du Toit; and the action of Mr. Du Toit was felt to be all the more reprehensible since he was one of the signatories to the London Convention.

In Cape Colony, Imperialism and Colonialism for once joined hands. President Kruger's proclamation was not only construed as an open and defiant violation of the provisions of the London Convention, but as a serious threat to the trade interests of the Colony. What would happen to the trade with the north if the Transvaal was allowed to annex Goshen? Where would the colonists discover other trade routes with the Germans in occupation of Damara and Namaqua lands? The expanding trade of Cape Colony with the north would be entirely at the mercy of Germans and Dutch. Not a moment was lost in sounding the alarm. Even Mr. Mackenzie became one of the heroes of the hour. A mass meeting was held in the Exchange at Capetown. Notwithstanding the heavy rain, the building was packed – men crowding at doors and open windows to hear what was said. As the Mayor and speakers appeared on the platform there was an outburst of cheering. Like one man the huge audience rose to its feet and sang 'Rule, Britannia.' Again they cheered. In a speech of great eloquence, Mr. J. W. Leonard moved: 'That this meeting is of opinion that any failure on the part of Her Majesty's Government to maintain its just rights under the Convention of London entered into with the Transvaal and to fulfil its obligations towards the native tribes in the Protectorate of Bechuanaland would be fatal to British supremacy in South Africa, and fraught with disastrous results to all loyal subjects of Her Majesty in this country.' A few days later,

under the inspiration of Mr. Leonard, the local leader of the Imperial diehards, an Empire League was formed. Majuba was to be avenged; the Imperial Government was called upon to intervene by force of arms. The High Commissioner agreed. 'It appeared to me clear,' he wrote, 'that the choice of Her Majesty's Government lay between the abandonment of the Protectorate and the Convention or an announcement that existing arrangements would be insisted on if necessary by force of arms.'

But the Imperial Government was not to be stampeded by mass demonstrations. It was all very well for the colonists to call on the Imperial Government to take active measures in defence of their trade interests, but did the Government of Cape Colony really want a military expedition, and, if it did, in what ways was it prepared to co-operate? Lord Derby appealed to the Cape Ministry for a clear expression of its views. The Ministers replied that, in view of German annexation on the west and other threatened encroachments calculated to cripple their trade in the north, 'decisive measures should be taken for the maintenance of British authority in South Africa.' Upon receipt of this advice the Imperial Government decided on military operations in Goshen; Colonel Sir Charles Warren was to be placed in command of a force sufficiently overwhelming to bring the Goshenites to their senses, and if the Transvaal interfered there would be war.

Disturbed by the agitation in Capetown, Kruger now despatched a further cable to Lord Derby, to which, on October 7th, he received the following laconic reply: 'Your telegrams received. You will receive a communication through the High Commissioner.' On October 10th the communication arrived, the High Commissioner

demanding the withdrawal of the proclamation with reference to Goshen. Kruger grasped at once that the game was up, and that he must now return from the far-off country of easy illusions. He had not only deeply incensed the Imperial Government by his casuistical interpretation of the London Convention, but had deeply offended Cape colonists of Dutch as well as British extraction by threatening their trade with the north. Obviously he must now climb down, but his opponents should not have it all their own way. He had still a card up his sleeve which was well worth playing. Replying to the High Commissioner's communication the same day, he announced his intention of withdrawing the provisional proclamation at once, subject to the approval of the Volksraad, 'whose decision would be sent speedily by telegraph and by letter also,' and three days later the offending proclamation was withdrawn.

As Kruger must have foreseen, the very completeness of his surrender had all the disintegrating effect of the explosion of a bombshell. His opponents became hopelessly divided. In place of unity, confusion and disunion appeared in their ranks. Now that Kruger had climbed down and the trade routes to the north were saved, what was the use of a military expedition? Against whom were military preparations being planned? Against the Transvaal? But the Transvaal had withdrawn from Goshen. Against the Goshenites? If a punitive expedition was to be sent against the Goshenites, it would receive little support from Afrikanders in Cape Colony. After all, the Goshenites were South Africans, bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. The Goshenites had only acted precisely as they themselves would have acted under similar circumstances. South Africa might be the paradise of bullies, but bullying was being carried altogether too

far when a handful of farmers was expected to stand up against the might and power of the strongest country in the world. And Mr. Upington, Premier of Cape Colony, shared these views. The necessity for armed intervention had passed away. Who wanted a military expedition? Whom would it benefit? Only those who made their living by fishing in troubled waters and had their own selfish interests to serve. Contractors, of course, would benefit, but the Government of Cape Colony was not particularly interested in making the fortunes of a host of greedy profiteers. Armed intervention was clearly immoral when the questions at issue could be settled by peaceable means. Mr. Upington declared his intention to go to Goshen himself; he would take Mr. Gordon Sprigg with him. What they proposed to do when they got there was not very clear. They were not prepared to take over the country on behalf of Cape Colony, and any arrangement they might make would have to be approved by the Imperial Government. Sir Hercules Robinson was sceptical of the success of their mission from the start, and declined to suspend military preparations while they were away. In the middle of November the two Ministers arrived in Goshen. They were given a great reception, for the Rooigronders now understood that the Imperial Government meant business. A settlement was soon reached. A provisional Government was to be formed in Goshen, on the Stellaland model, pending annexation to Cape Colony. A land commission was to be appointed consisting of Mr. van Niekerk and two assessors, one nominated by Cape Colony, and one by the Goshen volunteers. On November 28th these proposals were endorsed at a general meeting at Rooigrond, the Goshenites voting for union with Cape Colony. But this settlement had little chance of being approved

by the Imperial Government. As the High Commissioner pointed out, with some asperity, a settlement of this nature practically left the decision of lawful rights in the hands of freebooters. It was equivalent to recognition as a *de facto* Government of men who had made war on the British Protectorate, and to an acknowledgment of the *bona-fide* character of the claims of brigands to land in native territory. And the Imperial Government shared this view. 'Until Ministers are authorised by Parliament to take over the country, Her Majesty's Government must retain the administration of the Protectorate in their own hands; and Sir Charles Warren will be instructed to occupy the country with an adequate force.' On receipt of this advice, Mr. Upington proceeded to wash his hands of the affair, after advising van Pittius to keep the peace and 'meet General Warren in a friendly spirit.'

The Imperial Government was actuated by quite other considerations than Goshen when it determined to send an expeditionary force under Sir Charles Warren to South Africa. The dispute about Goshen was a trifle in comparison with the far more fundamental issues now at stake. Since the beginning of the Bechuanaland controversy the map of South Africa had undergone important changes, and changes, from the British point of view, considerably for the worse. On the east the Boers had begun to expand; a State calling itself the New Republic had been established, and the farmers of the New Republic threatened to occupy St. Lucia Bay; on the west the Germans had annexed Damara and Namaqua lands, and it was doubtful whether they would stop there. What would be the use of securing the northern trade routes as far as the Molopo river if beyond that river the South African Republic and Germany were to

join hands, barring any further British expansion to the north? The north might be lost for the all-sufficient reason that the north might be made ungetatable. Beyond Goshen the road to the north lay through Sechele's country and Khama's country, and if the British did not come to some agreement with Khama and Sechele the Germans undoubtedly would. British policy, in a nutshell, was to pounce before someone else pounced; to exercise their option before the Germans pegged a claim. North Bechuanaland was still no man's land, but how long would it remain so? The Germans might have another surprise in store. It was no time for half measures. Great Britain was the dominating power in South Africa, and it was high time that Boer and Teuton were made to realise the fact. They were now to learn the consequences of making changes on the map of South Africa without so much as a 'by your leave.' Mr. Mackenzie, the devoted friend of the Bechuana tribes, was in Capetown, and Sir Charles Warren was an intimate friend of Mr. Mackenzie. If the two between them could not fix matters, who could? It was an opportunity too good to be missed.

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On December 6th (1884), Sir Charles Warren arrived at the Cape with instructions 'to remove the filibusters from Bechuanaland, to restore order in the territory, to reinstate the natives on their lands, to take such measures as may be necessary to prevent further depredation, and finally to hold the country until its further destination is known.' In order to carry out these instructions Sir Charles Warren was invested, on his civil side, with the rank of Special Commissioner under the High Commissioner, and, on his military side, with the rank of

Major-General under the Secretary of State for War and the Officer Commanding Imperial troops in South Africa. Thus, so far as military operations and military duties were concerned, Sir Charles Warren was not accountable either to the High Commissioner or to the Government of Cape Colony, while with regard to his civil and political duties the High Commissioner was requested to leave him 'a very large discretion as regards all local matters.' The force at his disposal consisted of about 4,000 men composed of regulars and volunteers, to which was attached, much to the disgust and indignation of the colonists, a coloured contingent.

Sir Charles Warren's arrival in Capetown synchronised with the expiry of the three months' period allowed the Stellanders in which to settle their affairs prior to being taken over by the Imperial Government. On the advice of Sir Hercules Robinson, Sir Charles Warren sent a telegram to van Niekerk confirming the Rhodes agreement, and extending the period of self-government for another month, mainly with a view to preventing the Stellanders from making common cause with the Goshenites. At the same time he asked Mr. Rhodes, who had originally recommended the extension, to return to Stellaland with the object of keeping the country quiet while military operations were proceeding further north. Mr. Rhodes agreed to go; and, in his capacity as Deputy Commissioner, told the Stellanders that he was prepared on behalf of the High Commissioner to endorse the terms of the agreement of September 8th, whereupon the Stellaland Executive Council decided to dissolve their republic, and agreed not to oppose the Warren expedition, nor to cause trouble in the event of troops passing through Stellaland on their way to Goshen.

When Sir Charles Warren arrived at his temporary

headquarters at Barkly West, he discovered a pretty state of affairs. His instructions were to remove the filibusters from Bechuanaland, but under the Rhodes agreement the filibusters in Stellaland were installed in power; his instructions were to reinstate the natives on their lands, but native lands were occupied by Stellanders under an agreement which he himself had confirmed; and his difficulties were increased by the uncompromising attitude adopted by Mr. Rhodes on his expressing his intention to set the agreement aside. The agreement, Mr. Rhodes declared, had been made, and the agreement must stand. It had been approved by the High Commissioner, and confirmed by Sir Charles Warren himself. It was simply ridiculous for Sir Charles Warren to maintain that when he signed the telegram to van Niekerk confirming the agreement he did not know what he was signing. In any case it was too late to upset matters now. Since his return to Stellaland, at Sir Charles Warren's request, he had on two separate occasions given the Stellanders a solemn promise to ratify all land claims in the Stellaland register – once at the Hart river at the close of December, and again at Vryburg early in January, on the very day when the extended term of provisional Government had come to an end. Sir Charles Warren questioned his authority to make these promises. He asked to see his instructions. There was nothing in writing. Mr. Rhodes had simply been given verbal instructions to carry out the agreement of September 8th, and keep the peace pending Sir Charles Warren's arrival. And now Sir Charles Warren had arrived, under whose orders, then, was Mr. Rhodes? Who was his immediate chief? Was he the High Commissioner, or was he the Special Commissioner? Mr. Rhodes replied that he took his orders from the Governor of Cape Colony, and when Sir Charles

Warren tried to regularise the situation by suggesting that in future Mr. Rhodes should report to him, and take his orders from him, the High Commissioner dissented on the ground that Sir Charles Warren had no power under his commission to appoint a deputy, and offered to withdraw Mr. Rhodes altogether.

In this dilemma Sir Charles Warren bethought him of his friend in Capetown. He wired to Mackenzie to come to Barkly West at once, 'as he considered his presence there of great importance.' Mr. Mackenzie came. Had not Mr. Mackenzie made treaties with the natives confirming them in possession of their authorities and lands? He had; but unfortunately these treaties had not yet been confirmed by Orders in Council, and until this had been done they were inoperative. Furthermore, their confirmation, upsetting the Rhodes agreement, would be bound to lead to trouble, for the Stellanders were not likely to relinquish to natives lands assigned them under the Rhodes settlement. Sir Charles Warren now felt that his military dispositions might be none too secure. While his troops were engaged in Goshen, they might be attacked by Stellanders from the rear. Stellaland might rise, and, if Stellaland rose, his lines of communication might be cut and he might have to fight his way back.

At the beginning of the year 1885 Kruger took a heroic resolve. He would visit Rooigrond in person, explain to the volunteers the futility of armed resistance, and warn them beforehand that in the event of trouble they must expect no assistance from the Transvaal. Further, he made up his mind to seek an interview with Sir Charles Warren with the object of getting the expeditionary force to turn back, or, failing that, procure for the Goshenites as favourable terms as possible. On January 24th President Kruger and Sir Charles Warren

met at a place called Fourteen Streams, inside the Transvaal border, near Blignauts Pont. The conference lasted two days, and achieved nothing. Sir Charles Warren refused to call a halt, or to offer the Goshenites accommodating terms. In vain Kruger pointed out the futility of going on, and the enormous sums the expedition was costing. What was the expedition for? If it was intended to fight the Goshenites, he could assure Sir Charles Warren that there would be no fighting. The Goshenites were in no position to fight even if they had the inclination. And who were the Goshenites? Sir Charles Warren seemed to imagine that they were all Transvaalers, but this was far from being the case. The majority of the Goshenites belonged to the Free State and to Cape Colony. Even Gey van Pittius, though a Transvaaler by birth, was no longer a burgher of the Republic. Doubtless some of the Goshenites had wrongfully appropriated native lands, but there were many others with perfectly good titles. But Sir Charles Warren would not listen to these arguments. The Goshenites were rebels, and rebels had no rights. Until Goshen was cleared of rebels, no individual claims could be considered. 'To find people standing on the ground and insisting on their claims is to me,' he said, 'simply an act of rebellion'; and as for van Pittius, if he was neither a Dutchman nor an Englishman, what was he? 'He must be a robber.'

The northward march of 4,000 men, comprising some of the finest troops in the British army, to evict some 300 settlers from their farms afforded the outside world a good deal of malicious amusement. But to Sir Charles Warren the expedition was no laughing matter. He saw enemies everywhere. In vain van Niekerk assured him there would be no fighting in Stellaland; in vain

Paul Kruger assured him there would be no fighting in Goshen. He refused to be comforted. There might not be fighting in Stellaland or Goshen, but there would be fighting in plenty elsewhere. The Free State was about to attack him; Sir John Brand, President of the Free State, at once issued a formal disclaimer. The Transvaal was only waiting till the harvest had been gathered before it declared war. There was danger even from Cape Colony, where sedition was known to be rampant. Secret meetings were being held only a few miles from his lines of communication. It was a well-known fact that the Government of Cape Colony was displeased at the expedition, and was secretly favouring the insurgents. He called on Mr. Upington to increase the police force in the northern portion of the Colony, and to allow a volunteer force to be raised in Kimberley, and Mr. Upington, in asking for facts to justify the expenditure, ironically enquired 'whether it was true that the Rev. John Mackenzie, the late Deputy Commissioner of Bechuanaland, was then in the camp of Sir Charles Warren, and personally advising him.'

The meeting at Fourteen Streams was barely over when an Order in Council was gazetted confirming the treaties entered into between Mr. Mackenzie and the native chiefs, and providing for the establishment of civil and criminal jurisdiction in Bechuanaland on the lines of Cape Colony. The fat was now in the fire. The whole question of Stellaland was re-opened, for the Stellanders had taken up land in parts of Bechuanaland which could not fairly be considered as belonging to Stellaland. If Mr. Mackenzie's treaties held good, Mr. Rhodes's agreement would have to be considerably modified. If the Stellanders could only occupy farms

in that part of Bechuanaland which was strictly Stellaland, who would decide the precise boundaries of Stellaland? Obviously, Mr. Mackenzie. Both Rhodes and Mackenzie had accompanied Sir Charles Warren to Fourteen Streams, but Mr. Rhodes now felt that they had come to the parting of the ways. So, directly the expeditionary force moved out of Barkly West into Bechuanaland, Mr. Rhodes announced that either he or Mackenzie must go. As Mr. Mackenzie held no official position, his services were dispensed with, Mr. Mackenzie proceeding to Kuruman, at the request of the Special Commissioner, to report upon conditions in that part of the country.

Before Sir Charles Warren entered Vryburg he had sent ahead two officers, with instructions to seize all public documents in the Deeds Registry and other Government offices, 'in consequence of reports which had reached him.' Mr. Rhodes was furious at what he regarded as a distinct invasion of rights which ought to have been considered inviolable, and felt no scruple about saying so. Sir Charles Warren's next concern was to organise some sort of government for Stellaland. But what sort of government? Obviously van Niekerk and his associates would have to go, for apart from other considerations they were no longer Stellanders, being domiciled in that part of Stellaland which, under the provisions of the London Convention, had been allocated to the Transvaal. Fresh elections, it was thought, would only breed strife, and Mr. Rhodes's offer to run the Government himself with officers nominated by him as Deputy Commissioner was not acceptable to Sir Charles Warren. Under the circumstances the Special Commissioner decided to declare martial law 'to supplement the existing inadequate machinery of

government.[1] So on February 14th martial law was proclaimed, and on the same day Mr. van Niekerk was arrested on the charge of murdering a cattle thief, called Honey, two years before.

The proclamation of martial law gave Sir Charles Warren more or less a free hand, and he at once proceeded to put his own interpretation on the Rhodes agreement. Naturally, the size of Stellaland must qualify the promise of farms. But what exactly was the size of Stellaland? Where were the boundaries? Sir Charles Warren would say. He drew new boundary lines. Settlers inside the new boundaries could remain in undisturbed possession of their lands and titles, while a considerable number of settlers outside the new boundaries were deprived of both. Mr. Rhodes was beside himself with fury, and, never at any time a reticent man, gave free rein to his feelings. He accused Sir Charles Warren of a deliberate and unqualified breach of faith. The September agreement had been made, and the September agreement must be respected. It had been ratified by Sir Charles Warren himself. It was Sir Charles Warren who had asked van Niekerk to remain in office, and now he arrested him and called him a freebooter. Sir Charles Warren replied that his telegram of December 6th had been foisted on him by the High Commissioner and he refused to be bound by it, and that, so far as van Niekerk was concerned, even Mr. Rhodes had admitted that in face of the affidavits he had no option but to order his arrest. But Mr. Rhodes was not to be appeased. He sided openly with the malcontents, accusing Sir Charles Warren of plunging the country into anarchy, and scoffing at his army. What did Sir Charles Warren want an army for? He, Rhodes, was prepared to administer Stellaland with

only ten policemen and keep the country quiet, whatever happened in Goshen, provided he had entire control; and his opposition was so formidable that Sir Charles Warren pressed for his recall. 'Until he is removed,' he wrote, 'I do not consider it safe to move on.' And Mr. Rhodes resigned. 'Every promise which I had made to the Stellaland people,' he wrote, 'as regards their form of government, their land grants, and their losses from cattle thefts, had, although ratified by Sir Charles Warren, been repeatedly violated.'

With Rhodes gone and van Niekerk in jail, Sir Charles Warren was now free to recall Mr. Mackenzie from Kuruman. With Mr. Mackenzie's assistance he would now settle the Bechuanaland question. Divide and rule was the underlying principle of his policy, and it was working. The Stellanders left in possession of their farms remained quiet, lest they might be dispossessed, and the Stellanders likely to be dispossessed of their farms remained quiet on the understanding that the whole question of Bechuanaland land titles would be referred to a land commission. Sir Charles Warren at last felt free to tackle Goshen. He arrived in Goshen during March, 1885. The Goshenites offered no resistance, as everyone acquainted with the facts had foreseen. Indeed, the leaders of the Goshenites had disappeared into the Transvaal on learning of the approach of the expedition. After a good deal of difficulty Mr. Bethell's body was recovered. It was identified in the presence of Sir Charles Warren and his staff, who decided to give it an imposing military funeral. It was taken to Mafeking on a gun-carriage covered with a Union Jack. Mr. Mackenzie conducted the funeral service; Captain Pennefather was in charge of a firing party composed of two hundred Inniskilling Dragoons,

and six natives, headmen of Mafeking, lowered the coffin into the grave. In a sense the funeral was symbolical, and was intended to be so. It symbolised the end of Goshen and the Goshenites. On March 23rd, 1885, a British Protectorate was proclaimed over Bechuanaland and the Kalahari; military operations were at an end; and in April martial law was withdrawn.

As soon as the High Commissioner heard that Sir Charles Warren had reached Mafeking and Rooigrond, and that the military objective of the expedition had been attained, he cabled Lord Derby, suggesting that he should either go to Bechuanaland himself to relieve the Special Commissioner of his civil duties, or that Sir Charles Warren should be given a separate and independent commission, as he did not wish to be held in any way responsible for his proceedings, many of which he considered most injudicious, enumerating amongst others the employment of Mackenzie, the arrest and prosecution of van Niekerk, and the dismissal of Rhodes. The High Commissioner drew an alluring picture – if only Sir Charles Warren was withdrawn. 'In this case, I think that I can now undertake to settle Bechuanaland difficulty peaceably before meeting of Parliament here in May. . . . There will then be fair prospect of annexation, and failing that, I believe that Protectorate would be maintained by 200 police, at cost of not more than £50,000 per annum, of which Cape Colony would perhaps pay share.'

But the Imperial Government, realistic and cynical, was not given to pursuing will-o'-the-wisps. What expectation was there of Cape Colony annexing south Bechuanaland unless the Imperial Government was prepared to sacrifice the natives? The Rhodes settlement and the Upington settlement had shewn pretty clearly

what sort of annexation the colonists desired. British public opinion approved of Sir Charles Warren's proceedings, and, after all the publicity which had been given to the expedition, would never tolerate the supersession of Sir Charles Warren for carrying through the very policy for which he had been sent out. Besides, the Imperial Government had other reasons for wishing to retain the services of the Special Commissioner. Khama's country and Sechele's country were to be annexed. It was a policy which had already been decided on in London, and had already been announced in Berlin. And for the execution of this policy, what better instruments could be found than Sir Charles Warren and Mr. Mackenzie, both familiar with Bechuanaland and its history? So Lord Derby tried to pour oil on the troubled waters by cabling Sir Hercules Robinson that, inasmuch as Sir Charles Warren's appointment was civil and political as well as military, the High Commissioner would not 'of course' be held responsible for the Special Commissioner's local policy, and by cabling Sir Charles Warren instructions to obtain the sanction and concurrence of the High Commissioner on all questions whenever practicable. Sir Charles Warren knew nothing of the complaints made against him, and his first impulse on receiving his cable was to resign. What was the meaning of the cable? What had happened? Apparently he no longer enjoyed the confidence of the Imperial Government. But, before he could write out his resignation, another cable reached him, from a very influential source in London, which effectually turned the scale. 'Don't resign,' it ran, 'whatever you do.'

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But by this time Sir Charles Warren had found new worlds to conquer in the extension of the British Protectorate north to the 22nd degree of latitude, and west to the 20th degree of longitude. Sir Hercules Robinson suggested that copies of the *Capetown Gazette* containing the announcement of the Protectorate should be distributed among the various chiefs, accompanied by a reminder that they would be expected to pay hut tax. But Sir Charles Warren objected to this high-handed proceeding on the ground that it was likely to be resented by the natives, and proposed to conclude treaties with native chiefs north of the Molopo modelled on the treaties made by Mr. Mackenzie with native chiefs south of that river. And Sir Charles Warren was right. Bechuanaland was Mackenzie's country, but even the presence of the famous missionary did not reconcile the Bechuana chiefs to the idea of British protection. Why, they asked, should they become parts of a British Protectorate? What did they want British protection for? If they wanted protection, it was only protection over land the ownership of which was in dispute with some other chief. They were no more pro-British than they were pro-Boer when it came to parting with sovereign rights. All they wanted was to be let alone. They were inclined to look upon a Protectorate as simply a form of annexation in disguise. Doubtless at the slightest menace from outside the protecting power would come forward to defend them, but this protection would not for a moment diminish the hostility of their protectors towards their eagerness to regain their own independence. Moreover, in what way, precisely, did a Protectorate protect, and what was the use of a Protectorate if it did not protect? What

had British or Dutch protection ever done for native chiefdoms? What was meant by the word? Was protection simply another word for taxation? If it was money that was wanted, they were willing to hand over in place of money, which they did not possess, all the unoccupied lands belonging to the tribes.

Again, when a man took a shield he held it up against someone; but against whom were they being shielded? Against the Dutch? Against the Matabele? They had guns, and knew how to use them. For more than twenty years, said Khama, the Bamangwato had been free from Matabele raids, not because the Matabele had changed their nature, but because the Matabele had discovered that assegais and shields were no match for fire-arms. He himself had had the good fortune to wound Lobengula, and the Matabele king still bore the scar made by the bullet wound. And what did Sir Charles Warren mean by saying that the British Protectorate would be bounded by the 22nd degree of latitude? What was a degree of latitude? Degrees of latitude conveyed nothing to them. Among the Bechuanas boundaries were fixed by well-known geographical landmarks, such as rivers, lakes, and hills, which all men could recognise, and not by invisible lines. If this imaginary line called the 22nd degree of latitude was where Sir Charles Warren said it was, his country would be cut in two. Only a portion of his country would lie under British protection; what was to happen to the remaining portion?

Khama was not opposed to a Protectorate on principle, but he feared the application of the principle. Did a Protectorate mean that his country would be overrun by a swarm of drunken traders and settlers who would set his laws at defiance, and despise him and insult him simply because he was a black man? If a British

Protectorate meant that, he would rather be without it; and when Sir Charles mentioned the subject of expense, he jibbed again, making Sir Charles Warren the magnificent offer of 80,000 square miles of territory which could hardly be said to belong to him.

Out of these negotiations with native chiefs two facts emerged. One was that the chiefs only signed treaties because they felt under compulsion to do so; the other was that native chiefs had no belief in the efficacy of British protection. But Mr. Mackenzie was not a man to play with words. For him protection of native tribes had a very definite meaning. It actually meant protection. The chiefs had enquired how they would be protected from Boer raids after Warren's expedition had left the country? By the creation of a standing armed force specially designed to meet such contingencies. In what ways could they be safeguarded from insult and injury by Dutch colonists? By rigorously closing the country against Dutch immigrants and immigrants of Dutch extraction. How preserve themselves from drunken traders? By prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks, and by allowing none but total abstainers into the country. Here, indeed, was something worth calling protection, but this sort of protection could not be squared with any notion of subsequent annexation to Cape Colony. Under these conditions Bechuanaland would have to become a British Crown Colony, and Sir Charles Warren hoped that it would. He conjured up the vision of a future Bechuanaland with its Lieutenant Governor, its legislative Council, and its full complement of administrative and judicial officials, serving as a model to the whole British Empire. And never for a moment did he question the feasibility of the scheme. Had not the chiefs placed at the disposal of white settlers, without

asking any purchase fee, many thousands of square miles of unoccupied ground, stipulating only that the tribes should remain in perpetual possession of their own occupied lands? Dazzled by these offers, Sir Charles Warren saw in his dreams the Crown Colony that was to be, with its immense sweep of empty spaces colonised exclusively by immigrants from overcrowded Britain, who would receive from native chiefs and people in Bechuanaland the welcome which they certainly would not get in Cape Colony.

Having imposed a British Protectorate on Khama, Sechele, and the lesser chiefs, Sir Charles Warren sent a deputation, consisting of Major Sam Edwards and Lieutenants C. E. Haynes and E. A. Maund, to Bulawayo, the capital of Matabeleland, to notify Lobengula that all Bechuanaland and the Kalahari east of the 20th degree of longitude and south of the 22nd degree of latitude was now under British protection. The Matabele king was a little annoyed that a Protectorate should have been declared without consulting him. Who was Khama that he should draw a line? And who told Khama that Bechuanaland belonged to him? Khama was a mere nobody, and Bechuanaland was the happy hunting-ground of the Matabele. As for the Matabele, they wanted no protection. There was really no one to protect them against. In their own part of Africa they were supreme. They were in no danger from any native tribe. Their neighbours might go in fear of the Matabele, but the Matabele went in no fear of their neighbours. The only peoples against whom they might need protection were the British and the Dutch, but they were bound to the British and the Dutch by treaties of amity and friendship extending back over many years. They had a treaty with the British going back to 1836, and

treaties with the Dutch Republics going back to 1846 and 1853, and these treaties were all the more acceptable to them since they conferred no rights or privileges on either party.

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Sir Charles Warren's scheme for the settlement of Bechuanaland roused a storm of indignation in Cape Colony. So this was Imperial rule. Bechuanaland was to be a country in which no Dutchman need apply. It was to become an English preserve. It was high time that Englishmen learnt that South Africans had much more in common with each other than with their kinsmen from overseas. The Dutch were their neighbours, often their relatives. The scheme was a deliberate insult to the Colony; one more proof, if proof were needed, of the futility of trying to reconcile Colonial and Imperial ideas. The Imperial factor must go; it was simply an absurdity. Protectorates were all very well in countries like India, but South Africa was not India. South Africa was a white man's country, and the only policy for South Africa was the Cape policy which was logical, intelligible, and delightfully simple. It could be summed up in the neat little phrase: Colonial expansion under Imperial sanction – or, in other words, South Africa for the whites, backed up by English men and English gold, but without any of the inconveniences of Imperial advice or control.

In South Africa the white man conquered only in order to dispossess. The natives could remain on their lands so long as they did not rebel. But rebellions were easily manufactured; they could be provoked and then suppressed. An excuse would thus be furnished for depriving the natives of their lands and parcelling them out among white settlers. But the natives would return.

They would come back as servants, squatters, tenants, and so forth. Why, it was asked, should the natives in Bechuanaland be treated differently from the natives in other parts of South Africa? Sir Charles Warren's proposals were altogether too favourable to the black man. They would place him from the start on too safe and secure a position as to his rights and lands. And what sort of Government did Sir Charles Warren propose to set up in Bechuanaland? A British Crown Colony with a Lieutenant Governor, a Legislative Assembly, and all the rest of it. It was too ridiculous. Even Sir Hercules Robinson raised his eyebrows. The scheme, he reported, was based on financial considerations which were 'simply visionary.'

Once more the Cape Ministers were asked if they would annex part of the country. If Imperial rule was felt to be such a dreadful thing, would they take over Bechuanaland south of the Molopo river? And again the Ministers refused, alleging that Sir Charles Warren's proceedings had rendered immediate annexation out of the question, though annexation might be possible at some future date, subject to certain conditions. The nature of these conditions must have considerably startled the High Commissioner. He had told the Imperial Government in March, that the Protectorate would not cost above £50,000 a year, of which Cape Colony would perhaps pay share. And what was he obliged to report four months later? – that Cape Colony not only refused to contribute a single penny towards defraying the cost of the Warren expedition, or to the liquidation of public debt in Stellaland and Goshen, but even asked to be subsidised to the amount of £50,000 a year in the event of its one day taking over a country in which it insisted on having a free hand, as well as a

large say in the running of the Protectorate further north.

Under the circumstances Sir Hercules Robinson decided to propound a plan of his own. He had never had any belief in the Warren scheme. The idea of dividing Bechuanaland into black and white areas, making of the country a sort of political chessboard, had found no favour in his eyes. There was, he said, no suitable land available for white settlement, and the Warren scheme, if carried out, would inevitably lead to a native war. In his opinion, and in the opinion of the Imperial Government, the future of south Bechuanaland lay in union with Cape Colony. But as Cape Colony would have nothing to do with south Bechuanaland so long as Sir Charles Warren's arrangements were allowed to stand, and in any case had no intention of pushing its frontier beyond the Molopo river, he proposed, as a temporary measure, the division of the Protectorate into two parts bisected by the Molopo river. North of the river, Bechuanaland was to become a native Protectorate, closed to white settlement, in which the chiefs under the High Commissioner would be left to govern their own tribes in their own fashion, while south of the river, where white and black were already in joint occupation, the country was to be declared British soil and temporarily administered by the Governor of Cape Colony acting under a special commission.

In June 1885 Sir Charles Warren reported that he had pacified South Africa, allayed the seditious ferment among the Goshenites, removed the filibusters from Bechuanaland, restored order in the territory, and reinstated the natives on their lands, except in certain districts where he proposed to make full enquiries as

to the alleged claims of Europeans. He appointed a land committee, with Mr. Mackenzie as chairman, the labours of which were to include every part of Bechuanaland. The object of this committee was really confined to collecting information, but even with this limited objective the High Commissioner and the Special Commissioner were soon at loggerheads. Was the land clause in the Rhodes agreement to stand, or was it not? Sir Charles Warren said not, and favoured a radical enquiry. Sir Hercules Robinson was of opinion that it should stand. Again, were the recommendations of the committee to be submitted to the approval of the Government of Cape Colony, or were they not? Sir Hercules Robinson said yes, if south Bechuanaland was one day to be annexed to Cape Colony. Sir Charles Warren said no, and pointed triumphantly to the Goshen agreement as proof of what sort of settlement would satisfy Cape Colony. In the end the Colonial Secretary intervened, and a compromise was reached. It was decided that, except in cases of flagrant coercion or manifest injustice, the land clause in the Rhodes agreement should stand.

But Sir Charles Warren and Mr. Mackenzie were not destined to settle the Bechuanaland land question. In June there had been a change of Government in England. Mr. Gladstone had resigned, and the new administration under Lord Salisbury decided to recall Sir Charles Warren as well as the troops. The decision to recall the troops from Bechuanaland had been taken before the Liberals left office. Apart from other considerations, reasons of economy prompted their recall. Now that all danger of fighting was over, the maintenance of a considerable military force in a remote region was an unjustifiable imposition on the

British taxpayer. So far as the Imperial Government was concerned the real objects of the expedition had been accomplished. The trade routes to the north had been saved, and, by the extension of the Protectorate over the greater part of Bechuanaland and the Kalahari, German and Dutch designs in this part of South Africa had been effectively frustrated. True, the south Bechuanaland land question had not been settled, but that was a local question, which could be settled without the presence of an army. What Bechuanaland required was police and not soldiers, and preparations were made to disband the volunteers. But the recall of the troops did not necessarily imply the recall of Sir Charles Warren, for Sir Charles Warren's commission was civil and political as well as military. His instructions were to hold the country until its further destination was known.

Now, the future Government of Bechuanaland turned largely on the question of finance, and, looked at from London, Sir Charles Warren's proposals were no more admissible than those of Cape Ministers. Once, then, the Imperial Government had made up its mind to accept the temporary solution put forward by Sir Hercules Robinson, Sir Charles Warren's further presence in Bechuanaland, armed with civil and political powers, was a positive embarrassment. So in August he was advised that the presence of a military officer of his high rank in Bechuanaland for purposes of civil administration only was no longer desirable, and that he would receive instructions to return home when his force was dispersed. And Sir Charles Warren left South Africa towards the close of September.

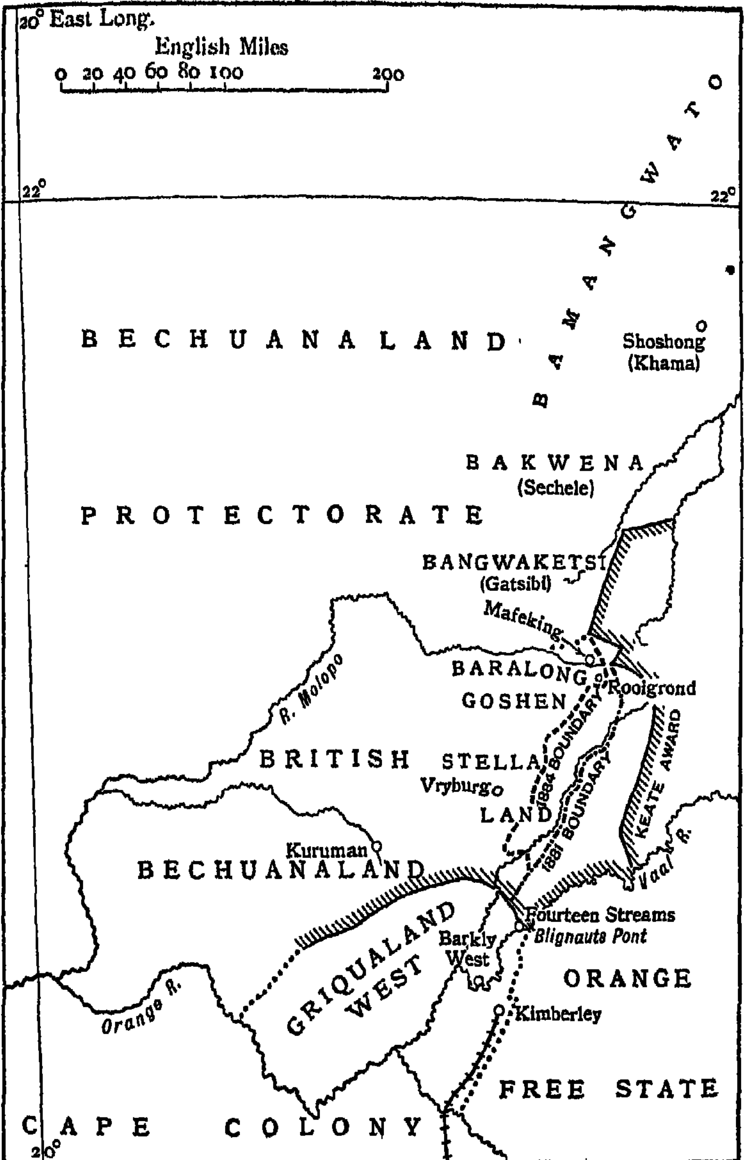
The disappearance of the Special Commissioner left the High Commissioner at last master of the situation,

and he proceeded at once to carry out his plan. On September 30th, 1885, Bechuanaland south of the Molopo river was declared British soil, to be governed henceforth by an Administrator or Chief Magistrate, appointed by the Governor of Cape Colony, who became *ex-officio* Governor of Bechuanaland under a special commission. In the Protectorate lying to the north of the Molopo river, the High Commissioner's authority was delegated to a Deputy Commissioner, who was at the same time to hold the position of Administrator and Chief Magistrate in British Bechuanaland. In order to preserve peace and order in the new territories, and, above all, to ensure respect on the part of the Transvaal for its western boundary, a corps of 500 men were enrolled, tactfully miscalled the Bechuanaland and Border Police, with headquarters at Mafeking, outside the Protectorate. It was an Imperial force commanded by two Imperial officers, Colonel Carrington and Major Goold Adams, and was directly under the orders of the High Commissioner of South Africa.

But the High Commissioner of South Africa was also Governor of Cape Colony, and the Governor of Cape Colony was only too often like wax in the hands of the Cape politicians. The two functions were clearly incompatible; for it was the business of the High Commissioner to defend native interests among other things, and the business of the Governor of Cape Colony to study colonial interests, and the interests of colonists and natives were believed to clash. Even in Natal the colonists did not feel that their commercial interests were any too secure in the hands of a High Commissioner residing in Capetown, and eventually succeeded in obtaining a separate High Commissioner for South-East Africa. If this was the case in Natal, it would

certainly be the case in south Bechuanaland. Native interests were likely to be overlooked when pressure was brought to bear on the High Commissioner from Capetown. The Bechuanaland appointment therefore became a subject of keen speculation, and when the appointment became known the settlers heaved a sigh of relief, though Mr. Mackenzie must have had misgivings. Judge Sidney Shippard had been appointed, the intimate friend of Cecil Rhodes.

The Bechuanaland land commission, under the presidency of Judge Shippard, commenced its operations shortly after the departure of Sir Charles Warren. The members of the commission made an exhaustive survey of the country, collecting information, examining title-deeds, and sometimes persuading settlers to give up their farms on the promise of receiving farms of equal value elsewhere. The public sittings of the commission began in January, 1886, and were concluded in May. Even Mr. Mackenzie was agreeably surprised at the findings of the commission. White settlement was encouraged by the grant of some forty or fifty farms to members of the newly enrolled Bechuanaland police, while native vested rights in land were apparently well safeguarded. A number of inalienable native reserves were beaconed off, the land outside these reserves being considered Crown land available for additional white settlement, and for those farmers whose approved claims fell in the areas reserved for native occupation. Nor was this all. In order to frustrate design and disappoint expectation, all regulations, decrees, and ordinances published prior to the assumption of British sovereignty were declared null and void, while the Dutch spoken language called the Taal was banished from the law courts and public offices. Those who


20° East Long.
English Miles
0 20 40 60 80 100 200
22°
22°
BAMANGWATO
Shoshong
(Khama)
BECHUANALAND
BAKWENA
(Sechele)
PROTECTORATE
BANGWAKETSI
(Gatsibi)
Mafeking
BARALONG
Rooigrond
GOSHEN
R. Molopo
BRITISH
STELLA
LAND
Vryburg
1884 BOUNDARY
1881 BOUNDARY
KEATE AWARD
Kuruman
BECHUANALAND
Vaal R.
Fourteen Streams
Blignauts Pont
Barkly West
GRIQUALAND WEST
ORANGE
Kimberley
Orange R.
FREE STATE
CAPE COLONY
20°
Emery Walker Ltd. sc.

could not reconcile themselves to these changes had to leave the country. Many did leave. The bulk of the Rooigronders left. Even in Stellaland where, thanks to the Rhodes agreement, the land question had been settled along liberal lines, there was much discontent.

In South Africa the man who braves the dust seldom wins the palm. Mr. Rhodes got all the glory for having saved, as he happily phrased it, 'the Suez canal of the trade of the interior,' but the part that Mr. Rhodes played in this affair was in truth a minor one. In 1884, outside South African circles his name was scarcely known, and in 1885 official circles in London were inclined to regard him as an English-speaking Dutch Boer, 'a very horrid man.' It is to Mr. Mackenzie that belongs the honour and the glory. After drawing the attention of the Imperial Government, in 1880, to the value of Bechuanaland to Britain and Cape Colony as the key to the interior, he undertook to educate British public opinion in a campaign extending over two years. And his untiring energy was amply rewarded. Largely as the result of his efforts, Bechuanaland, in 1885, became part of the British Empire, German expansion was halted on the west, and the gateways to the north passed into British hands. And Kruger never sought to minimise the importance of the part played by this famous missionary. 'If it had not been for Mr. Mackenzie,' he said, explaining his own failure in London, 'everything would have been right.' His collaboration in Bechuanaland with Sir Charles Warren, wrote the same high authority, 'was absolutely dangerous for the maintenance of peace.' Often discouraged, but never disillusioned, Mr. Mackenzie believed in the possibility of creating in South Africa a truly Christian State. He was a true devout –

Who rowing hard against the stream,
Saw the distant gate of Eden gleam
And did not dream it was a dream.

In South Africa to-day one hears little mention of Mackenzie, or of the great work which he accomplished in Bechuanaland. Not that he would care. Mr. Mackenzie never sought publicity, and he was never advertised; he never sought popularity, and he was never popular. In spite of his many years in South Africa he never became a South African. Imbued with a lofty conception of Imperialism, which on its racial side ran counter to traditional thought and feeling, he had little use for colonials and their ways, and colonials had little use for him. For such as he, the world has no reward.

CHAPTER II

THE GROBLER AND MOFFAT TREATIES

(1)

ACCORDING to President Kruger the Transvaal was now a sovereign State in the true Austinian sense. The Convention of London had given the South African Republic complete independence, subject to one disability in article 4. A fresh set of articles had been drawn up in which all reference to suzerainty had been omitted, and the obnoxious term 'Transvaal State' had been replaced by the expression 'South African Republic,' which had been used throughout. On his return to Pretoria from London, Kruger told the Raad that the hateful suzerainty had ceased to exist, and Sir Hercules Robinson evidently thought so too. 'Why should Her Majesty's Government,' he had asked, 'give up the debts, the suzerainty, the conduct of diplomatic intercourse, with all the other restrictions in the Pretoria Convention which the delegates desired to get rid of, if they on their part were not willing to make any concession whatever or any sacrifice in return?' And he was under the impression, equally shared by Chief Justice de Villiers, that real suzerainty had been abolished in return for a settlement of the Bechuanaland question in favour of the British.

From 1881 to 1889 Sir Hercules Robinson was High Commissioner of South Africa. He had assisted in making two conventions with the Transvaal, and was

present in London during the numerous discussions which took place before the London Convention was signed. If Sir Hercules Robinson did not know the truth about the London Convention, who did? The London Convention was actually signed by him on behalf of Her Majesty's Government, and he subsequently told Mr. Frank Harris, then editor of the *Saturday Review*, that there was no question but that the suzerainty had been abolished in 1884. Granted that the British Government had given no theoretical assent to its abolition, in that no new preamble had been substituted for the old preamble to the Pretoria Convention, none the less it was taken for granted that for all practical purposes the preamble of 1881 had lapsed, since Lord Derby had actually struck it out with his own hand. Moreover, if the suzerainty was not abolished, why was the British Residency in Pretoria abolished? Why were the powers of the British Agent in Pretoria strictly limited to those of a Consul? Why was the Republic left free to conduct its own diplomatic correspondence with foreign Governments, and to appoint its own agents at foreign Courts? Why was it given a free hand in all its domestic affairs, and complete control of the natives within its borders?

The only trace of British control was to be found in article 4, requiring the South African Republic to submit for approval ON COMPLETION all treaties and engagements entered into with any State or nation other than the Orange Free State, or with any native tribes to the east or west of the Republic. Conversely, if the suzerainty was abolished, why was the London Convention signed on behalf of the British Government by the High Commissioner of South Africa? Why was a Convention signed at all? Why not a treaty? Why did affairs concerning the Transvaal continue to be handled by

the Colonial Office working through the High Commissioner? Why was the British representative in Pretoria called an Agent and not a Consul? After all, the object of treaties and conventions should be to remove difficulties and not to provide further occasions for quarrelling. If the Transvaal was not a sovereign State, what was it? Obviously it was not a British colony, and equally obviously it was not a protectorate. Was it a mi-souverain State, a concept deriving from feudal times? Again, was sovereignty partible? And what was the test of perfect sovereignty? Was it not the power to negotiate and conclude arrangements with other States? But what if a State possessed one of these attributes and not the other? What, then, would be its status under international law? International law provided no clear answer to this question.

Sir Hercules Robinson thought that British suzerainty over the Transvaal had been so whittled down as to be merely nominal – a sentimental and honorary suzerainty; but many years later Mr. Joseph Chamberlain stoutly contested this view, and his argument deserves to be heard because he was a member of the British Cabinet which concluded the London Convention. His argument was that the fresh set of terms and conditions on which self-government had been granted to the Transvaal could not in itself impair the original grant of self-government. The original grant of self-government was to be found in the preamble to the Pretoria Convention of 1881, which contained a substantive concession. Consequently, if the preamble of 1881 was cancelled, as Kruger maintained, the grant of self-government contained in the preamble was likewise cancelled. Conversely, if the preamble remained, the grant of autonomy subject to suzerainty remained. But British

diplomacy loves to envelop itself in an atmosphere of mysticism. Temperamentally opportunist and intellectually hazy, British statesmen have a genius for the facile art of improvisation. The suzerainty was nominal, and the suzerainty was real; the Transvaal was a sovereign State, and the Transvaal was a half sovereign State. In short, it was anything which the Government of the day might choose to call it. The London Convention was a document into which extreme jingoes and the most rabid little Englanders could read what they pleased. Its general drift was clear enough, and it would work very well so long as there was no dispute about matters which it was careful to ignore.

Convinced that the Republic was at last a sovereign State, Kruger set about at once reorganising it on modern lines. The British had at any rate plucked some of the thorns from his path. The Boers had no longer anything to fear from native tribes. The Bapedi would never trouble them again, and the military power of the Zulus had been broken for ever at Ulundi. British blood and British treasure had been poured out like water that their frontiers might be safe, and the war of liberation had entrusted once again the safe keeping of those frontiers to the Boers themselves. Not that their victories at Laing's Nek and Majuba had puffed them up with overweening pride. The Boers were too sensible for that. They were always modest about their achievements on the battlefield, and took their triumphs in quite a religious spirit. They were well aware that they had no army as modern armies went; but an army, thank God, was no longer necessary now that no enemy was in sight. They had no money, and that was doubtless an inconvenience, but it was felt that even money could be purchased at too high a price. And for the

first time in their history they were a united people. Kruger was thus able to settle down, more or less comfortably, and take up the work of Burgers where Burgers had dropped it.

Obviously the first essential was an efficient civil service. The Republic could never hope to hold its own in the rough and tumble of South African politics unless it was served by a body of officials trained to affairs and versed in modern ways of thought. But where was Kruger to find these officials? They were certainly not to be found in the Transvaal. The farmers of the Transvaal were confirmed Bœotians. So far as the Boers were concerned the French Revolution and the Industrial Revolution might never have taken place. They had no use for modernism and the modern world, and the conquests of the scientific spirit left them cold. Only a short time back one of their own surveyors had been mobbed in Potchefstroom for using a theodolite, and it had been considered a crime to be found in possession of a sextant. Why, it was asked, had Burgers failed? Was it because he had levied taxes which no one paid, or enrolled troops who never marched? Nothing of the kind. He had failed, and deservedly failed, because his views on religion were unsound. Ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church dared not avow to their congregations their belief that the world was round. Even the proposal to establish post-boxes in Pretoria was strenuously opposed on the ground of 'effeminacy.'

When Kruger once again brought forward the proposal to build a railway to Delagoa Bay, he was overwhelmed with petitions against the scheme. The backveld Boers wanted no railways. They had the ox wagon, and was not the ox wagon good enough?

Besides, what future would there be for transport riders if railways came and absorbed all their profits? 'I defended my plan,' said Kruger, 'with all my might, pointing out the importance of possessing a railway of our own. The duties imposed by Cape Colony were excessive and prevented our finding a market there for our goods'; and the Raad only sanctioned the railway on being assured that its construction would not cost the country a single penny in fresh taxation. And this horror of innovation, confined to no one class or section, persisted, and still persists. It persisted when the golden city arose in all its glory and disfigurement out of the squalid confusion of a mining camp. Things had come to a pretty pass indeed when huge mountains of quartz could be dumped on ground which could be far better used as a market or an outspan; and when a Russian society, on the outbreak of war, in 1899, offered to equip an ambulance for the use of Boer forces in the field, the offer was politely but firmly declined. 'You see, my boy,' said General Joubert, the Commander-in-Chief, to young Deneys Reitz, 'we Boers don't hold with these new-fangled ideas; our herbal remedies are good enough.'

Kruger did not despair. If he could not get the men he wanted inside the country, he would get them outside. But from where? He tried getting them from Cape Colony, but the experiment was not a success. Well qualified in other respects, these young men could not write Dutch. Dutch, of course, was taught in the higher schools in Cape Colony, but only as an alternative to French and German. For more than half a century the sole medium of instruction in the Cape schools had been English, and it was not till 1886 that Dutch was made a compulsory subject for all candidates

for the Cape civil service. Now as English was the sole official language of the Colony, and Dutch was the sole official language of the Transvaal, candidates for the Transvaal civil service soon discovered that, however good their qualifications might be in other respects, they were not wanted in the Transvaal unless they could speak the Taal and write High Dutch.

Following the example of Burgers, Kruger decided to build up the civil service by importing Hollanders. Burgers had imported Dr. Jorrissen, and Kruger in 1884 imported Dr. Leyds, the forerunner of many others. The principal posts were reserved for foreigners. There was considerable opposition among the Boers to the Hollander clique. It was only natural. The political thought of the Transvaal was not progressive, and the political thought of Holland was alarmingly so. It was precisely because the Hollanders were progressive that they had been called in; and it was precisely because the Hollanders were progressive that the Boers detested them. Oil would mix with water before Boers and Hollanders would ever mingle. Kruger knew this, but it made no difference to his policy.

(2)

In 1884 there occurred in South Africa an event of overwhelming importance – the discovery of gold on the Witwatersrand. For some time past the existence of gold deposits in the Transvaal had been known. Gold had been found in paying quantities in the Barberton and Lydenburg districts. Outside the Transvaal it had been found at Tati, and explorers in Mashonaland had reported the existence of extensive ancient workings in the regions further north. But it was the geological formation in which the new fields occurred that rendered

their discovery so important in the history of gold-mining. The gold occurred in conglomerate beds known as banket, a Dutch word meaning almond rock, and the leading characteristic of the banket formation was its consistency both as regards thickness and the gold tenor of its ore-bearing reefs. Within six years of the discovery of the Rand goldfields, the Transvaal was third on the list of the gold-producing countries of the world. In 1886, in consequence of the gold rush, the Rand fields were proclaimed, and then, as if by a stroke of a magician's wand, a new town suddenly appeared on the high veld of South Africa. Many Boers were delighted at the prospect. At last they had a sure market for their produce, especially tobacco, fruit, and vegetables, for which they would now be able to charge extortionate prices. For the diggers, at any rate, would bring gold into the country, if they took none away, and the country would be the richer for what they had spent. And if the gold really existed, the State, too, would benefit from the sale of licences and in many other ways. The salaries of officials could then be paid, and the cost of small native wars. But there were others who viewed the future with unconcealed alarm. 'Instead of rejoicing,' said General Joubert to a burgher who came to tell him of the discovery of a new reef, 'you would do better to weep; for this gold will cause our country to be soaked in blood.'

(3)

The London Convention had stipulated that all treaties made by the South African Republic with native tribes on its eastern and western borders must first be submitted to the British Government for approval, and the Warren expedition had clearly shown that the

British Government was prepared to uphold the provisions of the Convention if necessary by force of arms. But no restriction had been placed on the Republic's right to make treaties with native tribes dwelling to the north. The Government of the South African Republic therefore not unnaturally assumed that the instinct for expansion among the Boers would find free play for many generations to come in the almost illimitable north. Barred from expanding on the south by the Orange Free State, and on the east and west without British sanction, the Dutch began more and more to look on Matabeleland and Mashonaland as their legitimate spheres of expansion. In 1884 the Transvaal deputation in London had frankly stated this view, and it had not been challenged. Certainly the north would be theirs if they could get it; but they were wrong in supposing that because Great Britain placed no obstacle in the way of Dutch expansion to the north, it had thereby relinquished its own ambitions in these regions. The British Government had already made substantial concessions to the Boers. It had vastly reduced the Transvaal debt; it had granted the Republic the same internal independence as was enjoyed by the Free State; it had abandoned the right to control its diplomatic intercourse with foreign States, and, apparently, had renounced all claim to suzerainty. Apart altogether, then, from the question of the north, the Transvaal delegates had every reason to be satisfied with the terms of the London Convention.

But in fixing the boundaries of the Republic to the east of all the trade routes, and then in despatching the Warren expedition to see that they were maintained there, Great Britain had clearly shown that it had no intention of abandoning the north and was determined

to retain the trade of the interior. While the Transvaal had been working for independence, Great Britain had been working for trade. The value of the London Convention from the British point of view lay precisely in this – that inasmuch as all the trade routes to the north lay outside the Republic, the Transvaal would have some difficulty in developing a profitable northern trade. But now a new factor had to be taken into account. A vast goldfield had been discovered on the Rand. If gold was to be found in large quantities south of the Limpopo, it might exist in large quantities north of the Limpopo. There was every indication that it did. To the lure of trade, therefore, was now added the all-consuming lust of gold.

Debarred under article 4 of the London Convention from expanding to the east and west without British sanction, Kruger turned his attention to the north, not because he believed personally in a policy of northern expansion, but because he wished vaguely, should the opportunity occur, to trade the Transvaal's rights to the north in exchange for Swaziland and a portion of Tongaland, including Kosi Bay. Political autonomy was felt to be of little value so long as the newly created South African State was land-locked. The Republic wanted a port. Although the Boers were a nation of farmers, the more intelligent among them understood well enough the importance of possessing a seaboard of their own, and the grave dangers inherent in isolating themselves from all contact with the rest of the world. At one time they had occupied Port Natal, but Port Natal had been taken from them in 1842; Lourenço Marques, the Constantinople of the Transvaal, had been awarded to Portugal in 1875; St. Lucia Bay had been formally annexed by Great Britain in 1885, to

prevent it falling into the hands of the New Republic or Germany; and early in 1887 the British had annexed the whole sea coast of Zululand. The only remaining harbour was Kosi Bay.

In order to achieve his object Kruger decided on a characteristically bold move. Alarmed at the extension of the Bechuanaland Protectorate up to their borders, and irritated by the influx of strangers looking everywhere for gold, the Matabele sought to offset this new menace by renewing the old treaties of friendship which they had made with the Dutch in bygone days. Kruger, at once seizing his opportunity, drafted a treaty with his own hand which was in fact nothing more or less than an offensive and defensive alliance. Lobengula, King of the Matabele, willingly gave his consent to the new treaty, apparently under the impression that the paper which Mr. Pieter Grobler, the Republic's representative, asked him to sign, was merely a copy of an old agreement which his father, Mziligazi, had made with the Dutch, professing friendship and amity, and nothing more. As often happens when a man can neither read nor write, Lobengula had signed one thing while thinking that he was signing another. For it is impossible to believe that Lobengula or his Indunas had the slightest comprehension of the nature of the engagements to which they were committing themselves – engagements which included the promise to put their fighting forces at the disposal of Boer commandants if called on, and to allow a Dutch Consul to be stationed permanently in Bulawayo exercising extra-territorial rights over all nationals of the South African Republic. Why! In Matabeleland even missionaries and traders, who from long residence had come to be looked on as almost Matabele themselves, were not allowed to travel

about the country without first obtaining the King's permission.

In South Africa there are no secrets, and news of the treaty soon spread with the rapidity of a bush fire. It was rumoured that the Transvaal had signed an offensive and defensive alliance with the Matabele, and that Mr. Grobler who had negotiated the alliance would shortly be appointed Dutch Consul in Bulawayo. Mr. Rhodes was greatly perturbed. If these rumours were true, and the treaty was allowed to stand, all his schemes for the acquisition of the northern goldfields would vanish in smoke. He went to the Governor of Cape Colony, who was then in Grahamstown, and told him the story. Sir Hercules Robinson said that he could do nothing, that the Dutch were acting well within their rights, and that Great Britain was not likely to increase its obligations by annexing more land in the north. 'Oh, but you must do something,' exclaimed Mr. Rhodes, and they talked the matter over. It was unnecessary, argued Rhodes, for Great Britain to take the north. It would be sufficient if a promise could be got from Lobengula giving Great Britain the right of reversion to the north in the event of the Matabele king ever desiring to part with it. All that he, Rhodes, wanted was the right of pre-emption in case of sale or cession. And there was a precedent for this. The Governor of Natal had recently concluded a treaty along these lines with Zambili, Queen of the Tongas. It was a purely negative arrangement. The Tongas had not been asked to give up anything. All the Tongas had done was to bind themselves not to enter into any correspondence or make treaties with any foreign Power without British consent.

Sir Hercules Robinson was willing enough to fall in with any plan that did not entail fresh obligations, especially

financial ones. There could be no objection, he thought, to a treaty of the kind proposed, especially if Mr. Rhodes was willing to pay the expense of sending someone to Bulawayo. The obvious person to send was Mr. Moffat, Sir Sidney Shippard's understudy in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, for Mr. Moffat was not only well liked by the Matabele, but prior to entering Government service had spent many years in Matabeleland as a missionary. Now it so happened that Mr. Moffat was then actually on his way to Bulawayo on a friendly visit to the Matabele. No time therefore was lost in sending a special messenger after him with instructions to ascertain the truth about the Grobler treaty, and to endeavour to come to some arrangement with the Matabele king on lines similar to the arrangement recently concluded with the Tongas.

Sir Hercules Robinson had a further plan by which he proposed to assist Mr. Rhodes – a plan, too, which had the singular merit of not costing a single penny. The geographical boundary of the Bechuanaland Protectorate on the north-east had been very vaguely defined, and ever since 1885 the Government of the Republic had repeatedly asked for some clear definition of it. Its definition was of enormous importance to the Transvaal; for if, as it had been officially informed, the boundary of the Protectorate extended eastward along the 22nd parallel of latitude as far as the territory of a civilised State – or, in other words, as far as the western frontier of Portuguese East Africa – the South African Republic would be permanently shut off from all expansion to the north by a narrow strip of British-controlled territory, comprising 'all the land lying between the Limpopo, the Transvaal's northern boundary, and the 22nd parallel of south latitude, the northern limit of the Bechuanaland Protectorate. For a long time this

boundary question had been under the consideration of the Colonial Office, and had been repeatedly shelved owing to lack of detailed surveys, but Sir Hercules Robinson was at last acquainted with the views of the British Government with reference to it, and these views were happily of such a nature as practically to cut off the Transvaal from all connection with Matabeleland. So two and a half years after the Protectorate had been proclaimed, but only two months after the Grobler treaty had been signed, the Republic was informed that although the British Government was not yet in a position to define the exact geographical boundary of the Protectorate, it was of opinion 'that it should start from the most northern point to which the territory of the Republic extends and be continued to the 22nd of south latitude, which would place it about 29 degrees 20 minutes east longitude from Greenwich.'

This ruling was highly objectionable to the Republic, for its effect would be to restrict its free access to the north within narrow limits, and by inserting a wedge between Matabeleland and the Transvaal, whose frontiers hitherto had been regarded as contiguous, deprive it of its one road to Bulawayo. Moreover, it conflicted with the verbal understanding arrived at in London by which the north had been virtually recognised as the hinterland of the Transvaal – an understanding which had little meaning if the beginning of the Transvaal's north-western frontier was to be pushed as far east as 29 degrees 20 minutes east longitude. In the view of the Government of the Republic the north-western boundary of the Transvaal began at the 27th degree of east longitude, or thereabouts, at the point where the Serorunne river flowed into the Limpopo, so, while the Republic had no objection to a British

Protectorate to the west of that line, and was prepared to use its influence with the Matabele, whose territories it believed were encroached on, to get them to accept it also, it had grave objection to any extension of the Protectorate further east. As Sir Hercules Robinson could not deny that at the time of the conclusion of the London Convention the Republic was not debarred from a northward extension, he replied that in the absence of surveys he did not consider Matabele territory encroached on, and that in any case it was for the Matabele to complain.

(4)

Mr. Moffat had no difficulty in proving to the Matabele that the treaty which they had signed with the Dutch was a palpable fraud, but he had enormous difficulty in persuading the King to sign another. Lobengula had little idea of the meaning of writing, and his all too recent unhappy experience turned him away from signing anything else – and no wonder! Nevertheless on February 11th, 1888, six months after the signing of the Grobler treaty, Mr. Moffat succeeded at last in getting him to put his mark to a new document, in which he agreed to refrain from entering into any correspondence or treaty with any foreign State or Power on any matter whatsoever relating to Matabeleland and its dependencies without the previous knowledge and sanction of Her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa. On the surface this treaty seemed harmless enough. Like the Tonga treaty, on which it was modelled, it was a purely negative arrangement, placing no additional responsibilities on anyone. Moreover, the Rev. J. S. Moffat, who negotiated the treaty, was the son of the pioneer missionary Robert Moffat. If Lobengula

could not trust him, whom could he trust? But in reality the Moffat treaty was a master-stroke; it was the thin end of the wedge, and Mr. Moffat knew it. 'The days of the Matabele,' he wrote, 'are now numbered.' For stripped of its phrases the Moffat treaty was a sort of option. It was a warning to all and sundry, especially to Dutch and Portuguese, that these lands were pre-empted. Scarcely five years passed and Lobengula's kingdom was torn to shreds.

Lobengula subsequently denied having signed any treaty with Mr. Moffat. His version of this event is as follows: 'As Moffat asked me to enter into a treaty, which I refused, Moffat thereupon said that I must at all events answer that I refused it. He then read a letter to me, in which I acquainted the High Commissioner that I did not wish to enter into any treaty.' How are we to reconcile these two versions – on the one hand Mr. Moffat maintaining that a treaty had been signed; on the other hand Lobengula alleging that no treaty had been signed? By the simple process of identifying the letter with the treaty. After the usual preface about peace and friendship which were to continue for evermore, the treaty, or letter, goes on to say: 'It is hereby further agreed by Lo Bengula, Chief in and over the Amandabele country with its dependencies as aforesaid, on behalf of himself and people, that he will refrain from entering into any correspondence or treaty with any foreign State or Power to sell, alienate, or cede, or permit or countenance any sale, alienation, or cession of the whole or any part of the said Amandabele country without the previous knowledge and sanction of Her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa.' As the Matabele had no wish to sell, alienate, or cede, any portion of their territories to foreigners, what possible

harm could there be in saying so?—especially as Lobengula had been expressly asked to say so. From the Matabele point of view the treaty, if such it must be called, was a full and complete expression of their wishes. Persons who read any hidden meaning into it must be either very stupid or very dishonest. But Lobengula was not long in discovering that agreements made between literate and illiterate races are in every respect like those which children might make with their elders, in that illiterate races are unable to foresee the hidden dangers to which they may be exposing themselves by use of the written word, so that their ignorance is often turned to their destruction.

Early in May 1888 a notice appeared in the *Staatscourant*, the official Transvaal gazette, appointing Mr. Pieter Grobler Dutch Consul in Bulawayo, and a fortnight later the British Agent in Pretoria brought the Moffat treaty officially to the notice of the South African Republic. While accepting a copy of the treaty, President Kruger announced his intention of replying in writing, inasmuch as the Moffat treaty appeared to clash with the treaty which he himself had made with the Matabele. Meantime Mr. Grobler proceeded to Bulawayo by the shortest and quickest route.

Now the shortest and quickest route from Pretoria to Bulawayo was along an old hunters' track, which, on leaving the Transvaal, passed through the British Protectorate south of latitude 22, and then, after traversing the country between the Macloutsie and Shashi rivers, the ownership of which was hotly disputed by Lobengula and Khama, joined up with the main road to Bulawayo. Khama had declared the track leading into the Transvaal closed, but Mr. Grobler, like all good Transvaalers, held that both strips of territory through which the

track passed after leaving the Transvaal belonged to the Matabele; the southern strip because the Transvaal did not recognise a British Protectorate in this region, and the northern strip because the Matabele did not recognise the Bamangwato claim.

Now there are few matters on which native chiefs are more touchy than on the subject of roads. They will allow no new roads to be made in their territories without their permission, and strangers entering or leaving the country are expected to follow the prescribed routes. Furthermore it is a serious breach of native etiquette for a stranger to pass through a native State without calling on its chief and obtaining the requisite permission to proceed. In return for this permission he is usually expected to give presents, and these presents correspond to customs dues in other lands.

Khama, therefore, was exceedingly annoyed on discovering that Mr. Grobler had been travelling backward and forward from Pretoria to Bulawayo without asking his permission – and travelling, too, along a road that he had declared closed. But Mr. Grobler had a perfectly good defence. He had followed the most direct route from Pretoria to Bulawayo, and had obtained Lobengula's permission before using that part of the road lying outside the Transvaal. It was in no sense a new road, the road having been in existence a considerable time, and having been freely used as such. The Government of the Transvaal had not been officially notified by Khama that the road was closed, and, even if it had been, it would have been unreasonable to expect peaceable travellers from the Transvaal to refrain from using a road granted them by a great chief like Lobengula merely because Khama, a much lesser chief, appropriated to himself land to which Lobengula, with just as good

title as he, laid claim. Why should Boers be expected to make a long detour through Shoshong, Khama's capital, when they could reach Bulawayo by a much shorter route? Why should they admit that the district in dispute belonged to Khama, whom they believed to be their enemy, when it was claimed by Lobengula, whom they believed to be their friend?

But Mr. Grobler's action was resented not only by Khama, but by Sir Sidney Shippard, Deputy Commissioner in Bechuanaland. Sir Sidney Shippard was deep in the counsels of Cecil Rhodes, and shared his dream of expansion to the north. In making the Grobler treaty the Dutch had stolen a march on the British, and now they had gone ahead again in appointing a Consul in Bulawayo. If the north was not to be lost, the British, too, must have an Agent in Bulawayo. Mr. Moffat would have to go back. He was the very man for the job. Every effort must be made to prevent officials of the Republic from obtaining any ascendancy over the Matabele king, or from acquiring any political or economic interest in Matabeleland. Clearly Khama had the right to make and enforce his own laws in his own territory, and the disputed territory was undoubtedly his now that he was a protégé of the British Empire. If, therefore, he chose to close the track leading into the Transvaal, he was perfectly justified in doing so; indeed he was more than justified, for once the Dutch had free access to Bulawayo it was only a question of time when some part of the trade of the interior would be diverted to the Transvaal and away from existing trade routes.

In July 1888 matters reached a crisis. Khama learnt that Mr. Grobler was returning to the Transvaal to fetch his wife. With the knowledge, and perhaps at

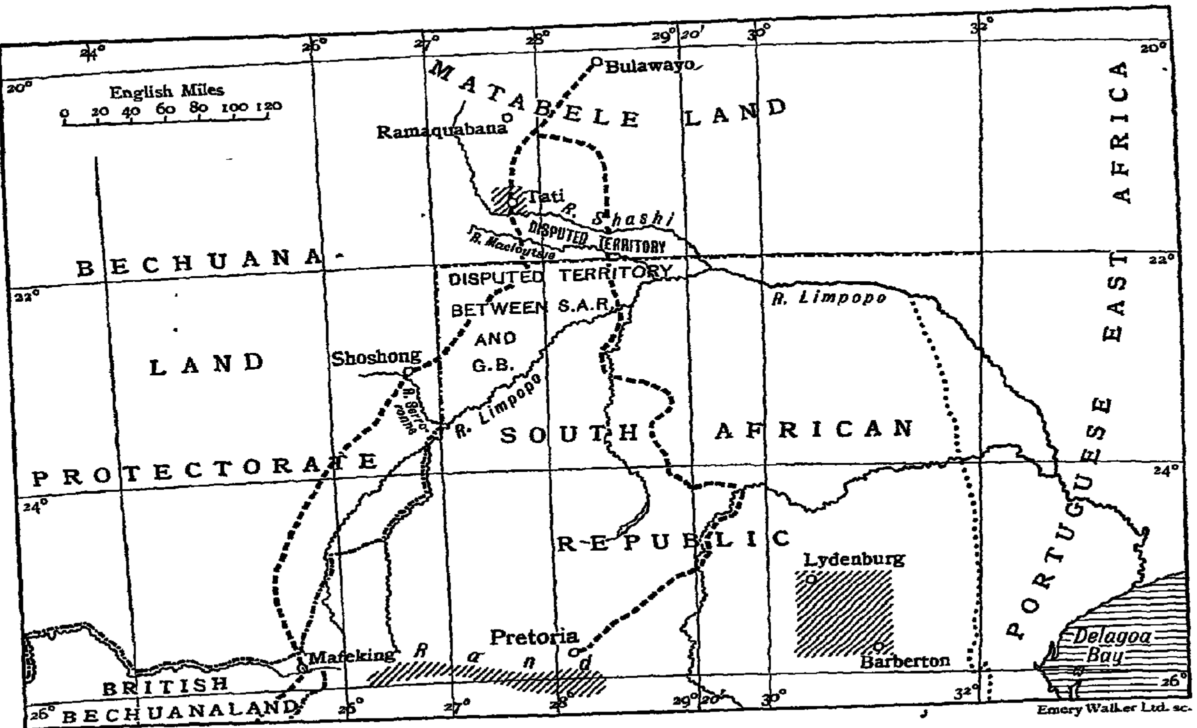
the instigation, of the Deputy Commissioner, he gave orders for his arrest. Mr. Grobler and his party were stopped on the wagon road between the Macloutsie and Shashi rivers. Several scrimmages followed, in one of which the Consul was shot in the leg, the bone being shattered above the ankle, with the result that he died of septic poisoning sixteen days later. The Boers at once clamoured for reprisals. They were not going to have their leaders shot down in quarrels with the blacks, especially by a man like Khama, whom they detested. General Joubert was instructed to go at once and enquire into the facts, while the Government of the Transvaal addressed a strong note to Khama, demanding compensation, only to be reminded by the High Commissioner that since Bechuanaland was now a British Protectorate all communications to Khama must pass through him. An attempt was made to draw Lobengula into the quarrel on the ground that the incident had occurred in the disputed territory, but Lobengula refused to be drawn. He ignored Mr. Frederick Grobler's request for an impi to avenge the death of his brother and to punish the detested Khama. What, asked Lobengula, had this affair to do with him? He had not asked Grobler to come to Bulawayo. He did not want him; still less did he want his wife. He no more wanted a Dutch Consul than he wanted a British Consul. He did not want anyone in Bulawayo who was likely to engross his power; he washed his hands of the affair; let Khama and Kruger settle it between them.

The Grobler incident made a great stir at the time because of the general conviction among the Dutch that Khama had not acted altogether on his own account, but had been incited by certain persons acting at the instigation of Cecil Rhodes and his clique. But Kruger

was not going to be drawn into a quarrel with the British Government over the Grobler affair. The Transvaal Republic had no money to waste on military adventures, and now that Bechuanaland was a British Protectorate, defended by British police, there was nothing but hard knocks to be got by raiding the Kalahari. The Grobler affair could easily be settled by a little goodwill, the only real difficulty being to assess the amount of damages; and after a good deal of correspondence lasting till 1890, Khama, who, in the view of Sir Sidney Shippard, President of the Court of Enquiry, was wholly in the right, agreed to pay an annuity of £200 to the widow of the man who was wholly in the wrong.

(5)

While the Transvaal was still reeling from the shock occasioned by the death of Grobler, the High Commissioner sent a telegram to Pretoria which threw the Government into consternation. 'Her Majesty's Government,' it ran, 'regard the territory north of the South African Republic and the Bechuanaland Protectorate, south of the Zambesi, east of the twentieth degree of longitude, and west of the Portuguese province of Sofala, as exclusively within the sphere of British influence.' There was no mistaking the meaning of this message. The Transvaal was to be hemmed in. It was to be cut off absolutely from all access to the north. It was not even to be allowed the limited access to the north provided by the previous arrangement. The Government of the Republic entered an emphatic protest, repeating once more its objection to the extension of the Bechuanaland Protectorate east of the 27th degree of longitude. It asked what was meant by the expression 'exclusively within the sphere of British


English Miles
0 20 40 60 80 100 120
MATABELE LAND
Bulawayo
Ramaquabana
Tati
R. Shashi
DISPUTED TERRITORY
R. Macloutsie
BECHUANA LAND PROTECTORATE
DISPUTED TERRITORY BETWEEN S.A.R. AND G.B.
Shoshong
R. Serrorome
R. Limpopo
SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC
Lydenburg
Barberton
Pretoria
Rand
Mafeking
BRITISH BECHUANALAND
PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA
Delagoa Bay
Emery Walker Ltd. sc.

influence.' It was an expression new to international law. Was it intended to convey the notion of a new form of dependency, or was it merely used to draw attention to an existing fact? If the former, an entirely new legal position would be created; if the latter, the fact itself was incorrect. Moreover, this declaration, taken in conjunction with similar actions to the east and west of the Republic, could have no other result than to enclose the Transvaal and make its growth, extension, and development henceforth impossible, thus violating the spirit of the London Convention. For it was expressly understood at the negotiations which led to the conclusion of the London Convention that the Republic should remain free to extend and develop to the north, and it was in view of this understanding that the tribes to the north had been deliberately excluded from the stipulation of article 4, by which treaties with native chiefs were made subject to British approval.

Nor was this all. A further despatch followed, dealing with the Moffat treaty. If the British claim to exclusive influence over the territory to the north of the Limpopo was based on the Moffat treaty, it was a well-known fact that Lobengula denied most emphatically ever having made such a treaty. He had denied it in conversation with the late Consul Grobler; he had denied it in an interview with Mr. Grobler's brother and Mr. de Jager and several others, and their sworn affidavit was enclosed. And not only this. As Lobengula himself had pointed out, no Matabele king had the power to enter into such an agreement on behalf of his people without the concurrence and support of his great council of Indunas. Even if Lobengula had signed the treaty, the treaty was worthless, for this support and concurrence had not been given, as appeared, not only from the

declarations of Grobler, de Jager, and others, but from the printed copy sent to Pretoria, which bore the mark of Lobengula only, unendorsed by any of his chiefs.

But the reasons of the stronger prevailed. The High Commissioner replied that the request of the Government of the Transvaal that the Bechuanaland Protectorate should be bounded to the east by the 27th meridian of east longitude could not be entertained 'looking to the interval that has elapsed, as well as to the fact that the Protectorate has been explained to the chiefs,' and that Her Majesty's Government, while accepting the *bona fides* of the South African Republic, was satisfied of the validity of Mr. Moffat's agreement of the 11th February, 1888, and did not consider it open to discussion. Although the High Commissioner offered no explanation of the meaning of the phrase 'sphere of exclusive influence,' he laid down the principle of the open door and equal opportunity, stating 'that Her Majesty's Government would not preclude the citizens of the South African Republic from receiving mining concessions or grazing rights or grants of land in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, on a similar footing to that on which British subjects might be placed in that territory.' At the time when Sir Hercules Robinson wrote these words, Mr. Cecil Rhodes had already obtained his mining monopoly.

CHAPTER III

THE RUDD CONCESSION

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IT is often assumed that without Cecil Rhodes the country now known as Southern Rhodesia would have been lost to Great Britain, but there is little justification for this belief; for as soon as Great Britain was satisfied that enormous mineral deposits lay locked up in Mashonaland and Matabeleland it had earmarked these two countries for itself. The conquests of Mashonaland and Matabeleland were only incidents in that gigantic scramble, called the partition of Africa, which, prompted by lust of gain, subjugated a continent (with some insignificant exceptions) three times the size of Europe to the will of the leading European Powers in the short space of fifteen years. But why was it that Africa, a continent so neglected through the centuries, became suddenly of such vital importance to the economic needs of the great military and naval European States? The answer lies in the Industrial Revolution and the Economic Imperialism to which the Industrial Revolution gave birth. At the close of the nineteenth century Economic Imperialism had become the dominant factor in world politics. The insatiable economic machine set in motion by the forces of the Industrial Revolution could not stand still. It required ever-expanding markets for the consumption of its manufactured products, and ever-new sources of food-stuffs and raw materials to keep its

factories at work. The two inevitable results of this situation were a growing intolerance and contempt for what were known as backward peoples, who, though somctimes culturally superior, were always economically inferior, and an intensification of the political and economic rivalries among the Great Powers themselves. In Africa, as in Asia, economically backward races were powerless to oppose any effective resistance to the terrific onslaught made on their independence by the massed forces of Economic Imperialism, operating in the name of civilisation and industrial progress, and justifying themselves to themselves by the new scientific doctrine of the survival of the fittest, since in Africa Marcus Græcus's thirty-second formula for the making of gunpowder was unknown, and in Asiatic countries it had largely been confined to the making of fireworks; but only a super-sufficiency of land in Africa and its unknown economic value prevented the partitioning Powers from waging war among themselves.

And how was the partition of Africa to be made effective? It was felt that the scramble for Africa would have to be abandoned if the home peoples were to be called upon to foot the bills. On the other hand the home peoples could be got to acquiesce in almost anything if they were shewn to be getting something for nothing. So all over Africa private individuals were made use of to accomplish the political designs of their European masters. It was a policy in harmony with the spirit of the times. The nineteenth century was an age of outstanding personalities. It was an age of personal responsibilities and personal risks; an age which believed passionately in human inequality; an age in which men cared nothing for the doctrine of safety first. It was private capital and private enterprise that had dragged Europe up from barbarism to civilisation, and the

Governments of those days recognised this fact by loading responsibilities on to the shoulders of individuals, thus giving them opportunities to show what they could do. The masters of Europe never fell into the vulgar error of supposing that certain types of men die out. Adventurers abounded then as freely as they did in the spacious days of the Renaissance, for, happily for the world, the gambling instinct in man will never die. The means by which Great Britain would acquire its share of the land and wealth of Africa was the old familiar one of a chartered company, and a chartered company was simply a taxpayer's agency for pulling the chestnuts out of the fire. It was a dodge on the part of old countries to get new countries on the cheap by exploiting the spirit of speculation and adventure in their subjects. Adam Smith, it is true, following Sir Francis Bacon, had denounced government by chartered companies as the worst of all forms of government, but Adam Smith was a theorist and must not be taken too seriously. Had not the Hudson Bay Company done a great deal for Canada? Did not India owe something to the East India Company? Were not chartered companies convenient warming-pans? So in 1886, in 1888, and in 1889 three great companies, deriving their charters from the British Crown, appeared in Africa – the Royal Niger Company, the Imperial British East Africa Company, and the British South Africa Company.

In South Africa the British Government had on the spot the very man for its purpose. Cecil Rhodes was a typical clergyman's son. Impossible in England, he was not only possible but indispensable in South Africa. In his early Kimberley days he had been looked upon as a harmless eccentric, holding low views of human nature and the victim of an amiable obsession. He was everlastingly

talking about expansion to the north. But there are no ugly princes. Money had done for him what no amount of brains could have done; and Mr. Rhodes knew it. He always attached great importance to money. It might be the root of all evil, it was certainly the root of all power; and mainly because of his money he had now become the ideal capitalist and the man with ideas. Ambitious and unscrupulous, but neither selfish nor short-sighted, he tried to bridge the ever-widening gulf in South Africa between capital and the land. When he said, 'Homes, more homes,' he was not mouthing. He refused to look upon South Africa as an estate to be exploited for the benefit of absentee landlords. If he took enormous wealth out of the soil, he saw to it that a good portion of this wealth went back into the country, in the shape of railways, telegraphs, and experimental farms. He knew that South Africa without its mineral wealth was one of the poorest countries in the world, and consequently shared to the full the Afrikanders' hate and scorn for those adventurers from beyond the seas who depended on South Africa for a living and on Europe for life, who had no interest whatever in the future of the country and only a commercial interest in its present. His enemies, pondering over the mystery which makes some men millionaires, might sneer at his vast wealth and attribute it to the vanity of woman, but his was the iron will which was to bring about the amalgamation of the diamond-fields.

Moreover he had a distinguished career of public service behind him. He had sat in the Cape Parliament for some years and had been Treasurer in the Scanlen administration without producing a Budget; as Deputy Commissioner in Bechuanaland he had championed the cause of Colonialism so magnificently as to steal successfully

Mr. Mackenzie's thunder and be given the credit for having saved the trade routes to the north; and now he was in the running for the Premiership. The Afrikander Bond would not oppose him, for he delighted the Dutch by his unassuming ways and his hatred of Imperial control. He was suspected of harbouring vast designs, of aspiring to dominate public opinion all over Cape Colony by an elaborate system of espionage and intimidation financed out of profits from the stores on the mines, and of using De Beers Company and the I.D.B. Act as stepping-stones to a sort of personal dictatorship.

It might have been supposed that, with the discovery of the Rand goldfields, Mr. Rhodes would have aspired to play the same part in Johannesburg which he had played in Kimberley in early days, but the truth is that Rhodes at first had no great belief in the future of the Rand, owing to the presence of a sulphide zone, and the lack of any adequate process at that time for the treatment of tailings. Experts had assured him that the difficulty of handling ore when it got into sulphide would prove so great as to make it unpayable, and, acting on their advice, he had turned down some splendid options. He had acquired, it is true, some valuable properties, but he had let the big thing pass him by. He could no longer hope to play the leading part on the Rand; but he might play the leading part elsewhere. Rhodes was the spoilt darling of Fortune, and he knew it. That fickle goddess might give him yet another chance. What he had lost in the Transvaal he might make up in Mashonaland. What could not be accomplished by bribery and intimidation combined!

In the Governor of Cape Colony, Mr. Rhodes had a staunch ally. Sir Hercules Robinson had been chosen to succeed Sir Bartle Frere because he was looked upon as

a safe man. It was felt that he would pursue a less adventurous and more conciliatory policy than his predecessor, and doubtless he would have done so if he had been left to himself. But no man occupying an important public position is ever left long to himself, and Sir Hercules Robinson was certainly no exception. He was always falling under the influence of some dominating personality; first it was John Mackenzie with his idea of black protectorates, and now it was Cecil Rhodes with his idea of white colonies. As a result of associating with Rhodes, Sir Hercules Robinson felt himself becoming an Afrikander more and more every day. After listening to Rhodes on the subject of Imperial control, he began to feel that Imperial control was 'simply an absurdity,' and was eventually indiscreet enough to say so. It was not long before Rhodes had the Governor in his pocket, for Rhodes took good care to have friends at Court, and knew how to make use of them. He was a past master in the art of lobbying, and infinitely preferred working behind the scenes to working in the open. He cultivated the acquaintance of Captain Bower, R.N., the Imperial Secretary, with whom he had worked in close co-operation both before and during the Warren expedition; the Governor's private secretary, Mr. Francis Newton, was another ally in the inner circle, for Mr. Newton, like Sir Sidney Shippard, had been a friend of Rhodes at Oxford. Thus equipped with a vast personal fortune, and with powerful official and popular backing, Rhodes was now in a position to step down into the arena and challenge the Matabele title to the lands and goldfields north of the Limpopo, and in Lobengula, King of the Matabele, he met an antagonist worthy of his steel.

Lobengula was a remarkable man. In spite of his obesity (he was said to weigh twenty-one stone) he carried

himself so well as to look every inch a king. His manners were royal, and his speech at times brutally frank. 'Some of his arguments were quaint,' observed Bishop Knight-Bruce, on the Matabele king objecting to the opening of a mission in Mashonaland – ' "I am the proper person to say if teachers are wanted," was one.' But he could unbend when he cared, for Lobengula loved a joke, especially at the expense of somebody else, and was quite devoid of frills in social intercourse. Like all African chiefs he was generous and open-handed to excess, and like all Zulus he had a wonderful eye for an ox, being indeed one of the largest cattle owners in the world. Intensely national at heart, his patriotism, like that of Rhodes, was not entirely above suspicion. If Rhodes was mistrusted because he cultivated the Dutch down to his house and furniture, Lobengula was equally mistrusted because of his policy of keeping in with the whites, in imitation of whom he had discarded the traditional Zulu hut and built himself a brick house, though he actually lived in a wagon.

After he became king he gave up wearing European clothes, and dressed and ate and drank like a Zulu. Sometimes, indeed, he might condescend to wear a pair of boots (size seventeen), but this was about as far as he would go. He was a martyr to gout, and seldom touched wines or spirits; it was his wives who drank the champagne. He took no exercise, and got through an enormous amount of work. When he was not touring the country in his ox-wagon on visits of inspection, he would spend his time listening to reports, hearing cases, holding conferences, and granting interviews. Unquestionably he was the hardest-worked man in his kingdom – as well he might be, seeing that in black States exile or assassination are the invariable wages of misrule. He was

not a cruel man; his rule, indeed, was somewhat lax considering the boisterous nature of the people with whom he had to deal, coupled with the fact that in Matabeleland there were no prisons. The atrocities usually associated with Bulawayo were largely the inventions of the whites whom he befriended. Among the Matabele, Bulawayo has no sinister connotation, but was so called by Lobengula after the military station which his father, Mziligazi, commanded in Zululand when, for a brief period, he was Commander-in-Chief of all Chaka's impis.

Lobengula never met Cecil Rhodes, and it seems a pity, for the two men had much in common. Both could play a very clever diplomatic game when it suited their fancy, but usually both Rhodes and Lobengula were resentful of opposition, and approved of nothing that did not originate with themselves. In intellectual honesty Lobengula, like Rhodes, towered head and shoulders above his contemporaries, including the missionaries. The missionaries, indeed, had a troublesome row to hoe. The new religion was not exactly encouraged in Matabeleland, though the missionaries themselves were treated very well. They were called sons of Mziligazi, and the young Thomas boys were made honorary members of the Imbezu mess. But the Kingdom of God did not come with observation. The Matabele seemed curiously indifferent to the truths of Christianity. They seemed to think them soft, and likely to spoil the tribe by making old women of them. 'What kind of report am I to give on my return to England?' complained Mr. Carnegie to the King. 'You will tell them what you have seen,' was the disconcerting reply. Lobengula could be equally outspoken on political topics. 'How can you say the English never give in?' he said, on one occasion, to

Mr. Moffat. 'They did not think of leaving the Boers in peace till they found they could bite.'

Although necessarily unfamiliar with European politics, Lobengula was conscious of the danger he was in, and played his cards astutely. 'Did you ever see a chameleon catch a fly?' he once said, to the missionary, Mr. Helm. 'The chameleon gets behind the fly, and remains motionless for some time, then he advances very slowly and gently, first putting forward one leg and then another. At last, when well within reach, he darts out his tongue and the fly disappears. England is the chameleon and I am that fly.' He was doubtless aware that a dead missionary or trader was worth an army corps to those who were bent on robbing him of his country, and accordingly took good care that no white man came to grief in Matabeleland. Besides, the whites had their uses. Their presence in Bulawayo flattered the vanity of the Matabele king and added greatly to his prestige. In times of want they would use their guns, and missionaries like Thomas, or latter-day adventurers like Jameson, won the King's confidence by their medical skill. Moreover, the whites were continually giving him presents, and Lobengula was as keen as Rhodes on exacting his pound of flesh. But while Lobengula tolerated the whites from motives of policy, he had no love of them. He used to say openly that all white men were liars, and that no one ever came to see him without wanting to get something. It might have been Rhodes talking. And he was wrong in supposing that by avoiding provocation he could ultimately avoid destruction. The Portuguese, the Dutch, even the Germans, were all nibbling at Mashonaland as well as the British.

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It was Karl Mauch, a German scientist, who first drew the attention of the civilised world to the goldfields of Mashonaland. With true Rhodesian optimism, he declared that the extent and beauty of the goldfields were such that he stood, as it were, transfixed, and was unable to use his hammer. His highly coloured descriptions attracted a host of adventurers from all parts of the world. Specimens of gold and quartz were on exhibition at the Royal Geographical Society's rooms in London and elsewhere. Experts declared that the auriferous nature of the country had not been exaggerated, and that the goldfields of Mashonaland were in all probability richer than those of California and Australia. Although it was known that these goldfields had been worked by the natives for centuries, it was believed that most of the old workings only went down to the water level, that the workers never prospected where there was no outcrop, and that in any case their primitive appliances would not have allowed them to mine beyond a certain depth or to treat refractory ore. Fabulous stories were told of the wealth of Mashonaland in alluvial deposits as well as quartz. It was said to be the largest and richest goldfield that the world had seen. Gold was to be found in every stream; it was not one, but fifty Rands. It was the great prize of the far interior. Sceptics were felt to be fit objects of ridicule. It was absurd to suggest that the country might not be so highly mineralised as was generally supposed, or that the mines would not quickly produce an output equal to the Rand. Mr. Selous knew Mashonaland better than anyone else, and often declared that the country itself was the real prize and not the goldfields, but even he shared the prevailing optimism.

'The future of the vast goldfields of Mashona and Manica,' he wrote, 'seems so absolutely assured, that it appears odd that doubts should ever have been entertained as to their value. From time immemorial, Mashonaland has been one of the goldfields of the world.' Precisely. As Mr. Rhodes once said: 'Every mine has a bottom.'

The road to Mashonaland was open, but the shadow of the Matabele lay across the path. The Matabele were not so much a nation as a military organisation composed for the most part of captives taken in war from the surrounding tribes, and trained to the profession of arms by a small aristocratic caste of Zulus, descendants of the men and women who had crossed the Drakensberg with Mziligazi, a chief of the Ama-Kumalo clan, when he fled from the wrath of Chaka. Once again the extraordinary adaptability of the Bantu race had been demonstrated to the world. It seems that Bantu peoples, like Russians, Japanese, and Italians, are capable, under strong leadership, of changing age-long characteristics in a single generation. In the hands of Zulus the unwarlike Bechuanas, gorged on beef and beer, became magnificent specimens of the savage warrior – bold, athletic, and disciplined. Even the timid Mashonas, who rarely shed blood in their inter-tribal quarrels, after a few months of intensive training became Matabele heart and soul.

But the Matabele were not a nation, and seemed incapable of becoming one. They had few arts or industries; they would not even take the trouble to manufacture their own weapons of war. They lived by plunder; and while the perfection of their military machine led their neighbours north and south to look outside for protection, the hard-headed Indunas who swayed the destinies of this heterogeneous group of

peoples were aware that their time was running out. They had felt all along that the opening up of the country to missionaries and traders was the beginning of the end. They were aware of what was happening in other parts of South Africa, and knew that they could not for ever avoid a collision with the whites; and the long-headed among them were under no illusion as to what the outcome of such a collision would be. They were not foolish enough to suppose that valour and discipline would be sufficient to carry the day, when that valour and discipline were matched by a valour and discipline at least equal to their own, and reinforced, too, with weapons of precision in comparison with which the stabbing assegai was about as useful as a walking-stick. The time had come for the Matabele to change their hunting-grounds once again. They must trek away from the British menace as they had previously trekked away from the Boer and Zulu menace. It was their only hope of salvation. Spies were sent out to examine the nature of the country westward of Lake Ngami; boats were built in anticipation of a possible trek across the Zambesi. They did what they could to prepare themselves against the approaching storm.

It was the general belief that Mashonaland belonged to the Matabele, and Lord Salisbury acquiesced in this belief. It would never do to admit that Mashonaland could possibly belong to the Mashonas. It might belong to the Portuguese, the Dutch, the British, or even the Germans. That was a question which the Powers would settle among themselves when the time came; but in 1888 Mashonaland belonged 'unquestionably' to the Matabele. Men like Mr. Selous who knew the country from end to end pooh-poohed this idea. Some

of the Mashona tribes, indeed, were subject to the Matabele king and lived peaceably under his protection, paying an annual tribute and having large herds of his cattle in their keeping (an ingenious precaution by the way, against the spread of contagious disease among cattle), but the greater part of Mashonaland was in possession of the Mashona tribes, who had been in occupation of the country for centuries, and had never paid tribute to the Matabele. Over great stretches of country a Matabele had never even been seen; and it was the independent tribes, and not the subject tribes, who were the victims of Matabele raids. The Matabele used to raid them, seizing their young women for wives and their young men for recruits; and the British annexationists, with one eye on Exeter Hall, made the most of these raids. They were often quite mild affairs, for the Mashonas, living like rock rabbits among the hills, could see the Matabele coming and take refuge on the hill-tops or in caves. Moreover, it is an error to suppose that Matabele raids were always successful. The Matabele often got as good as they gave. Thus in spite of raids, the Mashonas continued to increase in numbers and cattle.

But the horrifying fact that such things as raids could occur at all would give a plausible excuse for intervention when the time came. It would provide the necessary moral camouflage. For war, hateful and inhuman at all times, becomes doubly so when waged outside Europe. Besides, the Mashonas were a people who were well worth saving. They were a sturdy race, mercifully lacking in those fighting qualities which distinguished the Zulus. They possessed considerable quantities of small cattle, 'as pretty as paint and as fat as butter'; they had immense gardens in which they grew rice,

rapoko, sweet potatoes, ground-nuts, and cotton; they wove beautiful blankets, and knew something of dyes; they made mats out of split reeds, and hunting-nets out of bark; they were good workers in iron, and their assegais were superb; they were perhaps the most industrious and skilful of all the South African tribes. They were a likeable people, too, from all reports, and most travellers spoke well of them. Mr. Selous preferred the Mashonas to any other South African tribe with whom he had come in contact. The picture drawn by Mr. Montague Kerr of Mashonaland as it was in 1884 is a veritable Arcadia. He describes a people destitute alike of virtue and of vice, doing anything they pleased except what might injure their fellow-men; and as everyone who has lived in Africa knows, Rousseau's view of primitive society is fundamentally true. The child of nature carries on by instinct and good behaviour. Certainly the Mashonas were not progressive as progress is measured by modern standards, but what people ever is progressive unless adversity makes it so? The progress of a race is usually in inverse ratio to its happiness, and happiness is not begotten of civilisation, but is greatest where no civilisation exists. But the Mashonas had one fatal weakness. They had no paramount chief, and disintegration was their bane. It left them helpless in the face of any disciplined Power.

But while the Mashonas had no paramount chief, they were alone among South African tribes in possessing a religion with an organised priesthood. The headquarters of this strange organisation was in the Matopo hills, and the priests of the Matopos professed to have a knowledge of Mlimo or God. But so long as the military machine of the Matabele was composed for the most part of Zulus, this religious organisation hid

its face. 'I hear that there is one Mlimo,' said Mziligazi, 'talking in the land and prophesying strange things. I know all about him. Mr. Moffat, the missionary, has told me that he is Satan, and if I hear any more of him I will destroy him.' But as time went on, and the Zulu strain in the Matabele lessened, the religion of the Mashonas began to insinuate itself amongst their conquerors. Recruits drawn from surrounding tribes might change their political allegiance, but they kept their religious faith. The priests of the Mlimo began to acquire a growing importance in the State, and soon became too powerful to be ignored. At various times the Matabele king flattered them and abused them, punished them and made use of them, but he could not put them down. The old religion, secretly cherished while Mziligazi was alive, under Lobengula resumed its sway and flourished.

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In addition to the generally accepted belief that Mashonaland was one vast goldfield, speculators counted on finding there a second banket reef, only much richer; and the discovery of gold-bearing banket formation in Mashonaland would, it was believed, change the gold industry from a speculation into a business proposition, since the result of the field could be calculated in advance with no more risk than is usually attached to the mining of base metals. The discovery of banket, it was thought, would lead to a gold rush similar to the gold rushes in California or the eastern colonies of Australia; and the goldfields of Mashonaland would be successful from the start because, with some years of South African experience behind them, the gold workers would be able to avoid the mistakes made on the Rand. Cecil Rhodes and Alfred

Beit now resolved to send an agent to Bulawayo with a view to obtaining a concession, but Mr. Fry, although a fine Zulu linguist, was hardly the sort of man to obtain a concession from a Zulu king. Birth and breeding are what appeal to Zulus. Moreover, Mr. Fry was at this time a very sick man, so it is not surprising that his mission came to nothing. Rhodes at once resolved to fill the gap. 'Nature,' he kept endlessly repeating, 'abhors a vacuum.' It was a habit of Mr. Rhodes, when excited, to say the same thing over and over again, for he was a staunch believer in the fertility of repetition. He now looked round for some other party to take the place of Mr. Fry, and finally decided to replace him by three men of quite different stamp, two of whom had received their training at the ancient English universities and could be reckoned on to make themselves agreeable as well as useful. The choice fell on Mr. Charles Rudd, Mr. Rochfort Maguire, and Mr. Frank Thompson. Mr. Rudd was a Cambridge man, a partner of Rhodes's on the diamond-fields, and joint founder with him of the Gold Fields of South Africa Company; the versatile Mr. Maguire was an Irishman, a home ruler, and a Fellow of All Souls; while Mr. Thompson, a South African by birth, had acted as secretary to Mr. Rhodes at the time of the Bechuanaland controversy. As Mr. Maguire did not know a word of Sintebele, and Mr. Rudd very little, they relied on Mr. Thompson, who was supposed to have some knowledge of natives, to help them out with the language difficulty. The party were admirably equipped, as well they might be, seeing that they were to spend many weary months in Bulawayo with nothing to do but play at backgammon. 'That was a time,' said Mr. Thompson, 'I wouldn't go through again to be a millionaire twice over.'

All through the year 1888 concession-hunters of various nationalities swarmed about Lobengula's kraal 'like locusts,' grovelling on all fours before his sable Majesty, and willing to eat any amount of dirt if only they could get what they wanted. The most dangerous competitors of Mr. Rhodes and his friends were Mr. E. A. Maund and Mr. Renny-Tailyour, especially 'the mighty Maund,' whose acquaintance with Lobengula, dating back to the days of the Warren expedition, had blossomed into a friendship. Mr. Maund represented a British group of financiers known as the Exploring Company, while Mr. Renny-Tailyour's principal was a Mr. Lippert, a prospective banker of German origin. But the problem facing all the concession-hunters was how to induce Lobengula to commit himself to something definite. The Matabele king was quite ready to make promises, but these promises were too conditional and evasive. Besides, the concession-hunters wanted something more than words.

Eighteen years before, the artist explorer, Tom Baines, had obtained a verbal concession from the Matabele king, and the directors of the company for which he was working had turned it down. They must have the concession in writing, and when they had got it in writing it was still far from satisfactory, for Lobengula refused to receive any legal consideration in return. And in so doing the Matabele king was acting strictly in accordance with Bantu law; for Bantu law does not recognise concessions in the European sense. Under Bantu law there is no known method of granting leasehold or freehold rights in land or minerals. No concession could grant anything beyond usufructuary rights, because the idea of title and private ownership was quite foreign to the Bantu way of thinking. The utmost, therefore, that the concessionaires could obtain,

whatever payments they made, was permission to hunt, mine, trade or reside in the country during the pleasure of the King. And this permission died with the King. No Matabele king could bind his heirs and successors; but while the king lived the concession held good, unless it was declared forfeit for abuse. The Zulus, like the Chinese, prided themselves on keeping faith. 'There is a wall,' said Lobengula, 'built round the word of a chief.'

The object of the concession-hunters was to trick Lobengula out of land and minerals by a sort of pseudo-legal process. By fair means or foul he must be persuaded to put his mark to a paper which would have all the appearance of a legal contract, albeit the whole notion of contract was unknown to Bantu law. But among themselves the concession-hunters had to play the game according to European rules. It was thus immensely important for every one of them to be first in the field with a concession, for subsequent concessions could not annul those already granted. For months on end Bulawayo was given over to lickspittle, to puerile bluffs, and to shameless evasions. Whole days and nights were consumed in incessant quarrelling, bickering, and intrigue. In the hope of forestalling their rivals, some claimed to have already got concessions, while others claimed to represent their Governments. The concession-hunters sat like hungry dogs round a bone, and were quick to snarl if one of their number approached too near. It was obvious to Rhodes and his friends that, unless some pressure was brought to bear on Lobengula, Messrs. Rudd, Thompson, and Maguire might remain in Bulawayo for the rest of their lives. For the Matabele themselves had no interest in hastening matters. They were being smothered under a perfect avalanche of presents.

There were beads and limbo for the young men; horses and saddles for the Indunas; and money and firearms for the King. Why persons with so much money to throw away should come into his country looking for gold was a perpetual mystery to Lobengula. However, here they were, and he would continue to play off one party against another; and he liked doing it, too, for it amused him to hear the hard things they had to say about one another. It was a boring prospect, especially for an Oxford don.

But in October, 1888, it all came to an end, quite suddenly, following the arrival in Bulawayo of the Deputy Commissioner for Bechuanaland, accompanied by the Lord Bishop of Bloemfontein. In Mafeking, Sir Sidney Shippard represented the High Commissioner; in Bulawayo he represented the member for Barkly West. He had come to Bulawayo with the avowed object, among other things, of stopping the rush of concession-hunters – or rather of concession-hunters who were not of the right type; and the right type of concession-hunter was, of course, Cecil Rhodes and his friends. For Shippard and Rhodes had been at Oxford together; they knew each other intimately; over and over again they had discussed, in Christ Church meadows and elsewhere, plans for a British advance in South Africa. 'From my first arrival in Mafeking, in 1885,' said Sir Sidney Shippard, 'I was in correspondence with Lobengula, with a view to ultimately securing the territory for England in accordance with the plan decided on between Rhodes and myself in 1878.'

Sir Sidney Shippard's path to Bulawayo had not been strewn with roses. It was insults, insults, all the way. The Matabele took particular exception to his travelling by night, 'when only wolves and ghosts should be abroad,'

an innuendo which seems to have annoyed Sir Sidney Shippard intensely. But the little party officered by Major Goold Adams kept their heads and were probably in no physical danger. When at last they arrived outside Bulawayo, they were given a great reception, all the principal Indunas being sent to greet them. Sir Sidney Shippard, too, is deserving of praise, for he rose magnificently to the occasion. In spite of the terrific heat, he appeared at the royal goat kraal dressed in a frock-coat and sun helmet, and with the glittering star of St. Michael and St. George pinned on his side.

The history of these days reads like a novel or a play, for this meeting of old Oxford and Cambridge friends in the heart of Matabeleland has the quality of true drama. The actors themselves affected to treat it as pure coincidence – Sir Sidney Shippard confessing complete ignorance of the Rudd mission and its aims. But then Sir Sidney Shippard was a great actor and a born diplomat. In Bechuanaland his nickname among the natives was Marana Maka – the father of lies. Certainly the official purpose of the visit was not concerned with mining ventures, but with the Grobler affair and the ownership of the disputed territory between the Macloutsie and Shashi rivers, but unofficially he had made up his mind to do what he could to procure a mineral concession for his friend Rhodes.

Now, there is usually more than one way of achieving an object, and Sir Sidney Shippard was an adept at walking along slippery paths. 'I gave the King to understand,' he says, 'that the concession-seekers of whose importunity he complained were not in any way connected or authorised by Her Majesty's Government.' Then, in order to undermine the influence of Mr. Maund, whose syndicate was thought to have the

backing of the British Colonial Office, he was careful to impress on Lobengula 'that Great Britain was not in any way concerned with either mining schemes or trading ventures, and that he might be quite certain that any private concession-seeker who professed to represent the British Government was trying to deceive him by false representations.' To add point to his argument, he informed Lobengula, apparently somewhat to that monarch's surprise, that in a few days Mr. Moffat, his Assistant Commissioner, who had returned to Bulawayo as a sort of official observer shortly after the death of Grobler, would probably take leave of him for a time. After remaining about a week in Bulawayo, Sir Sidney Shippard took his departure 'more than satisfied' with the result of his interviews, and a few days later he was followed by Mr. Moffat. 'Shortly after I left,' exclaimed Sir Sidney Shippard, triumphantly, some years later, 'Lobengula granted the concession on which the British South Africa Company subsequently obtained its Charter.' But he made no such boast at the time. 'No Government officer or representative,' he wrote in 1888, 'had anything to do with the concession; and my knowledge of what took place is limited to hearsay and to the contents of the document itself.'

There can be little doubt but that Sir Sidney Shippard's timely intervention tipped the scales in favour of Rudd and his party. Lobengula had little desire to grant a concession; his Indunas were against it, and his people still more so. A concession could only serve as a rallying-cry to the disaffected, who were already clamouring for the death of the whites and for a stronger national lead. But Sir Sidney Shippard's visit seems to have reassured Lobengula, and, what is more, it seems to have reassured some of the Indunas. They began to feel that they had

made fools of themselves in believing absurd stories as to what the real object of that visit was.

'Spirit of our Fathers! Listen to this madness.' Such was the exclamation of the Indunas in Council when the concession of all the gold was first proposed to them. At last, one day the King said to Mr. Thompson 'for the hundredth time,' 'You are sure you are not coming after grass and ground?' Mr. Thompson replied: 'King. No. It's minerals we want. We are not Boers. We have no cattle to feed.' And so it came about that exactly a week after Sir Sidney Shippard's departure, Lobengula, after discussing the matter for two days with some of his Indunas at his private summer residence, the Umvutcha kraal, put his mark to what has become known as the Rudd concession. On the face of it, this concession, in return for certain considerations, gave the concessionaires the exclusive right to mine in all Lobengula's dominions, but it is impossible to believe that Lobengula actually intended to give Mr. Rudd and his friends anything more than exclusive permission to dig for gold. The two parties were using the same words to express two different meanings. Rudd was not interested so much in the number of prospectors as in the wealth which they would find, and the power which this wealth would bring. He was looking beyond the concession to the charter, and beyond the charter to the conquest of Mashonaland. Lobengula's object, apparently, was to limit the number of prospectors, seeing that he could not get rid of them altogether. By limiting their number to Rudd and his friends, he stood to lose little and to gain much. Instead of many small presents, he would receive one enormous present, consisting of 1,000 rifles and a quantity of ammunition, not to mention the further promise of a gunboat on the Zambesi. And rifles and ammunition

were just what he wanted. In comparison with rifles, assegais were poor weapons, as the Matabele were now well aware. Twice in succession his impis had met defeat at the hands of the Batwana, a very inferior tribe, simply because the Batwana had been armed with breech-loading rifles and flintlocks. His impis were beginning to murmur. They threatened to mutiny, saying they preferred death to fighting under such manifest disadvantages. It is not only white races that understand that success in war depends on superiority of armament. The short stabbing assegai was out of date, and the Matabele regiments must be re-armed; and now a unique opportunity had presented itself of re-arming the Matabele at the expense of the white man.

It is curious that the only witnesses to the concession were those who were wholly on the side of the concessionaires. Why were not the old traders and hunters who had been with Lobengula for years roped in? They were accessible. Fairbairn and Usher were resident traders near Bulawayo, and they were not John Dunns. Fairbairn was custodian of the King's great elephant seal, and Usher had the reputation of being the best native linguist in the country. Why was Usher not chosen to act the part of interpreter? When it comes to a knowledge of native languages, traders can usually give points to missionaries. But the King insisted on using the services of the Rev. C. D. Helm of the London Missionary Society. He felt that in a matter of such consequence the missionaries were his true friends, and that it was only on them that he could rely for perfect honesty and straight dealing. He knew that in signing the concession he was taking an enormous risk, but if the professions of friendship so lavishly bestowed on him meant anything at all, a perfectly legitimate risk. The concessionaires had definitely

stated that they were not after land, and land was the only thing that really mattered to the Matabele; and, even with regard to gold, the concessionaires had given their word not to mine in any spot where gold had been found without his permission, or come within 200 paces of any kraal. Thus the new workings would only be a repetition of Tati on perhaps a bigger scale. In any case he would be guided by Mr. Helm, and that good man would not deceive him, for Mr. Helm was not an official like Grobler or Moffat and had no axe to grind. So while Fairbairn and Usher were well liked by the Matabele, who treated them as themselves, neither had any say in the drawing-up of the concession, and none of the Indunas endorsed it, though one of them – Lotje by name – was enthusiastic in support of it.

How are we to explain the part played by Mr. Helm in this transaction? It was he who explained the meaning of the concession, sentence by sentence, to the King, and it was he who induced the King to sign. Was he by nature so naïve as to be incapable of foreseeing the inevitable consequences of the advice he gave, or did he share Mr. Moffat's opinion as to what was best for the Matabele? We do not know. Mr. Helm has left behind no record of these days; but Mr. Moffat's letters covering this period may serve to throw some light on what was in the minds of the missionaries with regard to the concession. Mr. Moffat was a frequent visitor at Hope Fountain, the headquarters of the London mission; the missionaries were his friends, and, in a sense, his colleagues, for as a young man Mr. Moffat himself had been a member of the Matabele mission. He had spent six years of his life at Inyati, proclaiming the message of the Gospel, and at the end of that time had been obliged to confess that his labours had been in vain.

And now, on his return to Matabeleland after an absence of twenty-two years, he saw few changes. He found the Matabele much as he had left them, and the life of the tribe still untouched by the Gospel. If the Matabele went to the mission at all, it was for medicine, or for something to eat or to wear. Beyond that they had little interest in the missionaries or their message. After twenty-eight years the Matabele mission could boast only two baptised converts. Moreover, the daily life of the missionaries was hard and deadly monotonous. Most of their time was spent in pottering around their houses and gardens; servants were difficult to get and hard to keep. And a spirit of opposition to the mission was beginning to manifest itself. Lobengula could see no real difference between the missionaries and the witch doctors; both appeared to him to live on the fat of the land and to make their living by fooling the people. Under existing conditions it hardly seemed worth while to continue the work; it were better for the mission to close down; what useful purpose was served by keeping it open? The missionaries would never make a Khama of Lobengula; the Gospel message was evidently not for him.

But an alternative solution presented itself. A change for the better would come if the military power of the Matabele could be broken. If the existing order of things was swept away, the missionaries could once again lift up their hearts. The tide of white enterprise was sweeping north, and the Matabele would soon have to choose between the British and the Dutch. It would be little short of a miracle if the problem worked itself out without war, but Mr. Moffat had much less desire than formerly to see the Matabele treated with any consideration. For his part, he said, he would not

be sorry when the crash came. And what was the alternative to supporting Rudd and his friends? Matabeleland would in all probability become a second Swaziland, where the number of concessions was limited only by the available number of boxes of champagne. Was that the sort of future a missionary could contemplate with any degree of equanimity? Mr. Rudd and his friends were honourable gentlemen, and their methods at any rate were above-board. Among the crowd of concession-hunters there were none more deserving than they. In a way, Mr. Moffat was sorry for the Matabele; it grieved him to think that he might be instrumental in breaking up the power of a people amongst whom he had laboured so many years; and, in order to overcome his scruples, he practised self-deception. However much he might desire the end, he would do nothing himself to bring it about, and luckily his instructions were specific on this point. His duties merely consisted in introducing Rudd and his friends to the King, with a favourable recommendation, and then leaving them to work out things for themselves. He neither sought nor wished to know their exact aims and plans; he was merely a disinterested spectator, and in no way identified with the concessionaires and their interests. Whether these arguments carried the day at Hope Fountain we do not know. The fact remains that the King signed the concession in October, on the advice of the missionary, Mr. Helm, just as he had signed the treaty in February, on the advice of the ex-missionary Mr. Moffat, and that these two instruments, taken together, sealed the doom of the Matabele.

Mr. Rudd lost no time in getting out of Bulawayo with his precious document. He was, indeed, in such a hurry to be gone that he forgot to leave a copy with

the King. On his way back to Kimberley he nearly perished of thirst. He was picked up, by some friendly Bechuanas, more dead than alive, and, having retrieved the concession from the hiding-place in which he had deposited it for safety, he overtook Sir Sidney Shippard's party near Palapye, to whom the news of the concession came as 'a surprise.'

CHAPTER IV

THE CHARTER

(1)

BY the end of November 1888 a copy of the Rudd concession was in the hands of the High Commissioner. His attention was especially drawn to the endorsement on the back by the Rev. C. D. Helm, senior member in Matabeleland of the London Missionary Society, and to the sentence authorising the exclusion of all white speculators from the country. The acquisition of Mr. Helm's endorsement was a master-stroke. It cleansed the concession of all taint of filibustering. It was bound to produce the most favourable impression on the British public, for the missionaries were known to be stout defenders of the natives. In fact the natives had few champions but the missionaries, and their foremost champions among the missionaries had always been drawn from the ranks of the London Society. Van der Kemp, Moffat, Philip, Livingstone, Mackenzie, were among the illustrious names on its roll of honour. In the face of Mr. Helm's approval, criticism of the concession would be disarmed. What would Exeter Hall have to say now?

But for the High Commissioner to exclude persons from entering Mashonaland was not so easy. Matabeleland and its dependencies were not a British Protectorate, and precisely what was meant by the expression 'sphere of exclusive influence' no one seemed to know. Notices,

indeed, could be inserted in the South African and British Press cautioning concession-hunters from entering the country, and warning them that all mining rights had already been disposed of, and notices to that effect appeared in the *Cape Times* and other papers. But if strangers were to be excluded from Matabeleland, Lobengula was obviously the proper person to exclude them. And he did. When Mr. Haggard, the managing director of the Austral African Company, arrived on the borders of Matabeleland towards the close of the year, he was turned back by Mr. Maguire and a Matabele impi. Mr. Haggard was most indignant, and lodged a strong protest with the High Commissioner. His party had been turned back, he declared, before even their application to enter the country could have reached the King, and, to make matters worse, the man who had turned them back was the partner of a leading Cape politician. Was this the sort of treatment British subjects were expected to put up with? It was an outrage. Why had Mr. Moffat been withdrawn from Bulawayo, leaving concession-hunters at the mercy of their commercial rivals?

It was one thing to turn back British subjects, and quite another to turn back men of other nationalities. Dutchmen and Germans might be disposed to flout the authority of the High Commissioner, and even to try conclusions with a Matabele impi. The only way to keep adventurers out of Matabeleland was to strengthen the Bechuanaland Border Police. Now that the concession was signed, a charter was already in the air. The road to Matabeleland, it was said, must be kept open for a party of pioneers; a strong military post must be established within striking distance of Bulawayo itself; but what reason could be assigned for this?

The British taxpayer already looked upon the Bechuanaland Protectorate as an expensive luxury, and was unlikely to consent to any increase in expenditure. But perhaps the Grobler incident would furnish an excuse. That was a lucky accident, if ever there was one.

In November (1888) Sir Hercules Robinson cabled home 'for an additional two hundred or three hundred men' to be added to the strength of the British Bechuanaland Police, in consequence of the disturbed condition of affairs arising out of the Grobler incident. Bechuanaland was said to be in danger from Dutch farmers living along the border, who, in defiance of their Government, might start raiding on their own. This addition to the police would give Khama a sense of security which he could no longer be said to enjoy. As was expected, the Colonial Secretary demurred on the score of economy. He knew nothing of the Rudd concession, and could not understand what all the trouble was about. The Grobler incident was four months old; the passions which it had excited had died down. However, Sir Hercules Robinson was the man on the spot and must have his reasons. Lord Knutsford, the Colonial Secretary, therefore suggested, as an alternative, the enlistment of fifty additional men, and, if need arose, the calling up of the reserves, who were settled on police farms in the territory. But these proposals did not satisfy Sir Hercules Robinson. He insisted on having at least two hundred additional men. Meantime news of the Rudd concession had filtered through to London, where it was all the talk on the Stock Exchange. Lord Knutsford began to see daylight; he must sanction the increase before news of the concession reached his office. If he delayed any longer, he would only invite awkward questions in Parliament. On December 14th he cabled

Capetown, authorising an increase of two hundred men; Colonel Carrington had been recalled from leave, and would sail for Africa as soon as possible.

(2)

The Rudd concession put weapons into the hands of the Matabele. Under this agreement the concessionaires undertook to provide the Matabele with 1,000 Martini-Henry breech-loading rifles and 100,000 rounds of suitable ball cartridge, together with a gunboat on the Zambesi, or £500 in lieu thereof. No wonder that the Colonial Office gasped when rumours of this transaction reached them. 'Is there any truth in report,' cabled Lord Knutsford, 'grant of mining concession over the whole of Matabeleland to Rudd in consideration of monthly payment of £100 and 1,000 Martini-Henry rifles?' And Sir Hercules Robinson was obliged to confess that there was. Lord Knutsford's alarm about the rifles was shared by a good many other persons, including Khama. What did the Matabele want arms and ammunition for, asked Khama, unless it was to raid the Bamangwato? But he was reassured. The Bamangwato also would be supplied with arms from the same liberal source from which the Matabele drew theirs; but, of course, these arms were only to be used for strictly defensive purposes; they were never to be used to interfere with their neighbours or to bully the weak.

Thus, in order to win the goldfields of Mashonaland, the concessionaires were prepared to arm the natives on quite a magnificent scale, and this policy was so completely at variance with the traditional Cape policy that even its authors felt that some explanation was called for. The Government of Cape Colony had always done its

best to prevent arms and ammunition from reaching the natives. In the everlasting feuds between black and white beyond its borders, it had consistently shown its neutrality by prohibiting the importation of firearms into troubled districts, except for the use of the settlers, thus rendering the natives defenceless. It had but recently engaged in an unsuccessful war with the Basutos in a vain attempt to disarm them. There was little talk at that time of allowing the Basutos arms wherewith to defend themselves against filibusters from the Orange Free State. But times had changed. The Matabele wanted arms and the concessionaires wanted gold, and the powers that were rose to the occasion in grand style.

They suddenly made the discovery that they had been all along on the wrong tack; that in refusing to supply the natives with firearms they had outraged both common sense and humanity; that the better the natives were armed the less harm they were likely to do one another, while, paradoxically, the possession of firearms would enable them to defend themselves against Portuguese and Dutch marauders. Khama's friend and adviser, the Rev. J. D. Hepburn, ventured to disagree with these conclusions. A combination of stabbing assegai and rifle, he thought, would go far to render the Matabele invincible, at least against other native tribes. But these notions were scouted. Was it not a well-known fact that the use of firearms in modern warfare had notoriously diminished the loss of life in action? Sir Sidney Shippard delivered himself of a weighty minute on the subject. 'The experience of all those who have fought in native wars in South Africa,' he wrote, 'proves that bloodshed is decreased in proportion as the native discards the stabbing assegai and takes to missiles and firearms; and experience elsewhere, to say nothing of the teachings of history,

confirms this view.' With such big issues at stake the Church of Christ was easily converted. The Rev. C. D. Helm, the principal witness to the concession, declared that the substitution of long-range rifles for the stabbing assegai would prove a distinct gain to the cause of humanity; Dr. Knight-Bruce, Bishop of Bloemfontein, felt compelled to withdraw his opposition to the terms of the concession on learning that the rifles were a necessary factor in the agreement; he had always been among those who were prepared to accept things as they were. 'I thought it but just,' he wrote, 'to give others credit for wishing as well to the Mashonas as myself.' Truly, the lessons of history had not been lost on the worthy bishop.

But the British Government did not agree with Sir Sidney Shippard's memorandum. It was inclined to agree with Mr. Hepburn. It was one thing to allow natives to spend their wages on purchasing flintlocks and old muzzle-loaders, as in Griqualand West, and quite another to arm a fighting tribe, such as the Matabele, on a large scale with approved modern weapons. Moreover, had the policy pursued in Griqualand West been such a success? So far as procuring labour on the mines was concerned, it undoubtedly had. There was no lack of labour in Kimberley when the natives understood that guns and cartridges were for sale. For the natives loved guns; guns to them were symbols of manhood. But how had the Southey policy, as it was called, affected South Africa as a whole? If the colonists were to be believed, all the recent native wars could be attributed to this very policy – the Bapedi war, the Kaffir war of 1877, the Basuto war, the Zulu war; and there was much to be said for this view. The policy of allowing natives to purchase firearms was a most dangerous one, for it was quite an illusion to imagine that the natives

regarded themselves as in any sense inferior beings. They attributed the white man's victories in South Africa solely to his possession of firearms. Give us your guns, they said, and take our assegais, and then let us see who wins.

When Mr. Rhodes heard that the British Government strongly disapproved of the terms of the concession, and would advise Lobengula to have them altered, he came to the same conclusion reached by Dr. Faustus in his interpretation of the Scriptures: 'In the beginning was not the word but the deed.' He knew that the secret of his success, apart from the official backing he had received, was simply due to his willingness to provide Lobengula with guns and cartridges. The Matabele king wanted firearms, and he wanted nothing else. If the British Government thought it possible to obtain a concession, either now or in the future, on any other terms, it was wrong. In any case, he would take a leaf out of Mr. Mackenzie's book and go ahead regardless of consequences.

(3)

Meantime, in Bulawayo things had been going none too smoothly. The disappointed concession-hunters, inflamed to a high pitch of resentment by the tirades of a Jewish trader, called Cohen, were making any amount of mischief. Who was Rhodes, they would like to know? A mere nobody. An impostor. Who was Maguire? Ah. They knew all about him. Had he not been seen taking out his teeth, and even his eye? He was a warlock, who poisoned the waters and rode about at night on a hyena. Who was Moffat? A wolf in sheep's clothing; a member of the Rudd group masquerading as a servant of the Queen. And who, pray, was the Queen? Was there such

a person? Was there anyone in Bulawayo who had seen her? Of course not. She was a myth. Once the Matabele let Rhodes and his gang into the country, everyone knew what would happen. They would seize the land, the cattle, the gold – everything that they could lay their hands on. They would make the Matabele pay taxes for their huts, and would not build their huts for them either. It was nonsense to talk of a few white men coming into their country; they would come in by thousands and would never be got rid of. And what a plight the Matabele would then be in! They would become foreigners in their own land, guests in their own homes; they would be robbed of their cattle and of their women, and their young men would be turned into serfs; they would be fined for poaching and for getting drunk; they would be given ground on which to live, and be compelled to stay there, and then be taxed in addition for staying there; they would not be allowed to stir abroad without a pass.

Lobengula was now thoroughly alarmed. This was an interpretation of the concession altogether different from that which he had put on it. He had merely given Rudd permission to come and dig some holes for gold, and Rudd, moreover, had given him a verbal promise that any white miners engaged by him would fight in defence of the country if called on. To his thinking, any other interpretation of the concession was preposterous. Was it likely that he, Lobengula, King of the Matabele, would make over his country to a white man? Because a man had been given exclusive permission to dig for gold, that did not entitle him to all the gold in the country, and he would have a notice published to that effect. Apparently the concessionaires imagined that they would have the right to come and dig even under his own kraal, if

they thought there was gold there. In that case, his authority was gone; he was no longer king in his own country; he would be as destitute of power as the meanest of his subjects. He sent for Mr. Helm. He was shewn a copy of the concession. There was an angry scene. The Matabele king accused the missionary to his face of fraud and double-dealing. 'You call yourself a man of God,' he exclaimed, 'and you are no better than a trader.' Khama was right. He had constantly advised him to put himself under the protection of the Great White Queen. But did the Great White Queen exist? He would find out. He would send two of his most trusted Indunas on an embassy to London, who should be his eyes, ears, and mouth. Mr. Maund should go with them. He was very fond of 'Maundy'; he might be a concession-hunter, but he was at any rate a gentleman, and perhaps his syndicate would defray the cost of the journey. Urged on by Renny-Tailyour, Maund agreed to go. Who could tell what the outcome of a trip to England might not be? Perhaps the concession might be quashed, and, if that was not possible, there were other pickings to be had. The mineral rights might have been disposed of, but trading rights and land rights remained. So in the spring of 1889 the two Indunas sailed for England on board the S.S. *Moor*, accompanied by Mr. E. A. Maund, with a letter from Lobengula to the Queen, and by Mr. Johann Colenbrander, of the Renny-Tailyour syndicate, to act as interpreter.

(4)

Although Rhodes was British born, he was thoroughly American both in ideas and methods. He knew exactly what he wanted, and knew how to get it. He had tremendous driving power, and left nothing to chance. He had got a concession, but a concession was only a scrap

of paper. There were powerful interests in the field working against him, some of them British, and one of them, the Exploring Company, was already negotiating for a charter on lines similar to what he himself proposed. He could not reckon on much support from home. The home people knew little about him, and what little they knew they did not like. They knew that he was an Afrikander and a disciple of Parnell; they also knew that he had made an enormous fortune in a very short time; and they approved of none of these things. He was not at all the sort of person to whom they would care to hand over immense responsibilities in Africa or anywhere else.

But what if he should confront them with an accomplished fact? That would put them in a pretty fix. If he could manage to do that, they would have to take the concession seriously. Although he might be a cypher at home, he was too powerful a man in South Africa to be quietly ignored. So, while Lobengula was wondering what he had signed, and Lord Knutsford was pondering over the text of the concession, Rhodes was already acting. He had definitely promised the Matabele king certain things, and he would see that he got them. It would not be so easy to disavow the concession when the pension was being paid regularly, and the arms and ammunition had reached their destination. But perhaps Lobengula would not accept them. There was every indication that he would not. The position at Bulawayo was getting desperate. Thompson was suffering from nerves, doubtless recalling his father's fate – who had been murdered by natives before his own eyes; Maguire hated the life, and was anxious to get away; and Rudd was ill and in any case unlikely to return. Whom could he send? Would his friend Dr. Jameson go? He hardly liked to ask him; perhaps it was carrying friendship a trifle too far. Was

it fair to ask a successful practitioner to abandon his practice, if only for a time? But if the little doctor could be induced to go, the problem was solved. His social tact and charm were irresistible. If the doctor could not get Lobengula to accept the firearms, no one could. But he could. It was impossible to believe that those fascinating manners which had proved so irresistible in Kimberley would prove less irresistible in Bulawayo. Moreover, Dr. Jim was perfectly fearless and brimming over with energy. Of course he might go himself, but his place was elsewhere. He must go to London and try and get a charter, and, above all, he must keep an eye on Mr. Maund. What had Mr. Maund taken the Indunas to London for? The Exploring Company, which Mr. Maund represented, was his most formidable rival.

Dr. Jameson behaved handsomely. He said that he would like a shooting trip, and agreed to go. And so in April 1889 Dr. Jameson arrived in Bulawayo, with Dr. Rutherfoord Harris, Mr. George Musson, and the first consignment of rifles and ammunition, Mr. Frederick Dreyer, another transport rider, following later with the balance. During his brief stay he made an excellent impression on the King, not only because he belonged to the revered class of medicine men, but because he was a personality into the bargain. His mission, however, was only a very qualified success. After much argument Lobengula agreed to allow the arms and ammunition to come into the country, but he refused to take delivery, nor would he look at them, nor allow any of his people to have anything to do with them. They were off-loaded at Mr. Maguire's camp at Mvutjwa, where a large framework was rigged up, stretched over with canvas, and under this the rifles were stacked in their tin-lined cases. Seeing that he could accomplish nothing more, Dr.

Jameson returned to Kimberley with Mr. Maguire, leaving Mr. Thompson in charge. Having got out of Bulawayo, to his infinite relief, Mr. Maguire set sail at once for England, in order to assist Mr. Rhodes, who was now in London, in sifting the claims of alleged concession-holders to compensation.

What was Lobengula's game? If he did not intend to take delivery of the arms, why did he allow them to come into the country? They were obviously of no use to anyone but the Matabele, and, if the Matabele were not to have them, they had better be returned. But this was not Lobengula's point of view. He wanted the firearms, but only on his own terms. His quarrel was not so much with the concession as with the interpretation put on the concession. In his view the concessionaires were claiming a great deal more than they had actually been given. As soon as they accepted his view of what they had been given, they would be at liberty to proceed with their gold-mining, and he would be free to take possession of the firearms, but until they did accept his interpretation the firearms would remain at Mvutjwa and he would have nothing to do with them. As for the monthly pension of £100, what was that to him? No one in his senses could imagine that a Matabele king was in need of money. He had everything he wanted. The pension was only a *pourboire* for his wives to spend on beads and champagne. But by accepting the money which he did not want, and by refusing the firearms which he did want, he meant the concessionaires to understand that, while he did not wish to repudiate the concession, the concession as it was could not possibly stand. No one who has studied Bantu mentality can have any doubt about this. So while he allowed the rifles and cartridges to come into the country, and continued to draw his monthly pension, he

stuck obstinately to his own interpretation of the concession, and, moreover, determined that the Great White Queen, if she really existed, should also know what that interpretation was. Accordingly, shortly after Dr. Jameson's departure, he wrote another letter to the Queen, giving his version of these events.

Some time ago, he wrote, a man called Rudd and his party asked for a place to dig for gold, and said that they would give him certain things for the right to do so. A document was presented to him for signature, and, when he asked what it contained, he was told 'that in it were his words and the words of these men.' He signed it; but later he heard from other sources that he had signed away all the minerals in his country. He had thereupon summoned a meeting of the Indunas and also of the white men, and demanded to see a copy of the document. It was proved to him that he had signed away the mineral rights. He had then held another meeting of the Indunas, and they had agreed not to recognise the document on the ground 'that it contained neither his words, nor the words of those who got it.' He had then demanded the return of the original document, and had ordered the concessionaires to remain in the country until it had been brought back. He had waited two months and had not got it back, and one of the men, Maguire, had left the country without his knowledge, and against his orders. This was the substance of the letter, dated April 23rd, 1889, written by Lobengula to the British queen.

(5)

Ever since his arrival in England, Rhodes had been busy laying the foundation of the British South Africa Company, and negotiating with the Colonial Office for a charter. His keen practical sense told him that he would

get nowhere by trying to ride roughshod over all other competitors, and that his one hope lay in amalgamating the various competing interests. It was to be Kimberley over again, and quite a pleasing prospect too; for no one knew better than Rhodes how to handle competing interests; no one could be more magnanimous than he when things were going his own way. The Central Search Association was formed with the double object of buying up concessions in Bechuanaland and the north and providing the necessary capital for floating the British South Africa Company. All holders of concessions, or supposed concessions, were treated with the utmost liberality. The concession which the explorer Baines had obtained for his company in 1871 was bought in; Sir John Swinburne had been granted a concession in the Tati district – the Tati district was expressly excluded from the new company's sphere of operations; the Austral African Company lived to bless the day when its representatives had been turned back from the Matabele frontier; the Bechuanaland Exploration Company, into which had now been absorbed the dreaded Exploring Company, founded by Mr. George Cawston, with the tepid approval of the Colonial Office, for the purpose of exploiting the new territories, was approached; an accommodation was reached, and Mr. Cawston and Lord Gifford were offered seats on the board of the proposed new company. Amalgamation and conciliation went hand in hand, and out of this amalgamation of various competing interests the British South Africa Company was born, with a capital of one million £1 shares, three fourths of which was heavily subscribed by the Gold Fields and De Beers Companies and their associated friends (Dr. Jameson going nap with 4,500 shares), while the unissued balance was held over for contingencies.

But Mr. Rhodes's practical ability did not stop short with the founding of the British South Africa Company. On a hint from Lord Salisbury, he sought to put himself right with that broad mass of Englishmen who were inclined to look upon South African financiers as very shady personages indeed. With this end in view, he persuaded the Duke of Abercorn, in the event of the charter being granted, to become chairman of the new company, and the Duke of Fife, son-in-law of the Prince of Wales, to serve on the board. He made friends of the Press through Mr. Stead, and friends of the Irish party through Mr. Parnell, into whose war-chest he had already poured (June 24th, 1888) the handsome sum of £10,000; he left nothing to chance. Silenced by the approval of Mr. Helm, the big guns of Exeter Hall ceased booming.

In April (1889), Lord Gifford and Mr. Cawston jointly applied with Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit to the Colonial Office for a charter. The inducements held out were dazzling: more railways and telegraphs, fresh openings for trade and commerce, a new field for emigration. In May the Colonial Office asked to see the draft of the proposed charter, with a view to laying it before the Cabinet. But Rhodes, knowing well the dilatory ways of Governments, and being anxious to return to South Africa as soon as possible, decided to accelerate negotiations by offering the Imperial Government, in consideration of a charter, the sum of £30,000 for the construction of a telephone line from Mafeking to Tati, a sum of £4,000 a year for the salary and expenses of an Imperial officer to reside in Bulawayo, and a contribution of £10,000 a year for several years towards the development and administration of Nyasaland, in the event of Nyasaland being declared a British Protectorate. The Cabinet were pleased; their misgivings about a charter vanished; they

had found their man at last. Rhodes was their man, and by working in with Rhodes they would acquire a new country on the cheap. But hardly had Rhodes been informed that the Government was prepared to consider his proposals favourably, subject to his ability to satisfy the claims of other concession-holders, than, as usually happens in anything appertaining to Africa, something quite unexpected occurred. A letter arrived, apparently from out of the blue, from the Matabele king, denouncing the concession.

Lobengula's letter, stamped with the great elephant seal, arrived in London in the middle of June, causing quite a flutter in the official dove-cots. It was shown to Mr. Rhodes. He consulted Mr. Maguire, who, by a rare stroke of good fortune, had just arrived in England. The letter had every appearance of being genuine. It was witnessed by the traders Fairbairn, Cohen, and Phillips, and interpreted by Usher; but every effort was made to discredit it. A statement was drawn up and forwarded to Lord Knutsford. It was suggested that the letter was a forgery, and that had it been genuine it would have been signed by one of the missionaries; that the elephant seal meant nothing, for Fairbairn kept the elephant seal in his store, and it was therefore practically at his disposal; that it was untrue to say that Mr. Maguire had left the country without permission, for he had got permission in the usual way. Moreover, if Lobengula intended to repudiate the concession, why did he accept regular monthly payments? Why did he accept the arms and ammunition? He knew perfectly well what disappointed concession-hunters had been saying; he knew from them, if from no one else, the precise nature of the concession, and yet he continued to accept money and arms. What better proof could there be that he intended to carry out his engagement?

Whether the British Cabinet swallowed this explanation it is difficult to say. At any rate they pretended to do so. By this time the Indunas had come and gone, and the Colonial Secretary had advised Lobengula not to concede all the mining rights in the country to a single individual. But now the Cabinet suddenly reversed this policy, deciding henceforth to back Rhodes, and to give the utmost latitude to him and his friends. And, on the information in their possession, they had a strong case. Before them lay the Rudd concession. In return for certain considerations, Lobengula had made certain definite commitments. To the best of their knowledge and belief, those considerations had been paid, and certainly there was nothing in the King's letter to suggest the contrary. If this was the case, Lord Knutsford's advice to the Matabele king, sent through the Indunas, not to concede all the minerals in his country to a single individual, could no longer apply. For the minerals had already been conceded and paid for. Apparently Lobengula wished to get everything and give nothing – an old African trick. But it would not work this time. A concession had been obtained; the concessionaires had fulfilled their part of the bargain, thus creating a wholly new situation in Matabeleland, as Mr. Rhodes had foreseen. And in Britain, too, the situation had changed; rival interests had been reconciled; the man whose patriotism and brains could rise to this high argument had been found; the hour of opportunity had struck; the time was ripe for a fresh British advance in South Africa. On July 10th, Lord Gifford was informed that the Cabinet was satisfied with his draft, and was prepared to advise Her Majesty to grant a charter. Meantime the Indunas were nearing Bulawayo, bringing with them important letters from the Queen

and the Colonial Secretary containing matter of a very different kind.

As soon as it was known that a charter would be granted, the personnel of the Central Search Association agreed among themselves to allow the Chartered Company the use of the Rudd and other concessions in return for half its net profits. Thus there would shortly be two bodies in existence, the Central Search Association, which held all the concessions, and its derivative, the British South Africa Company, known as the Chartered Company, which held none.

(6)

Ever since his return to Bulawayo in April (1889) Mr. Moffat had been fretting at the way events were shaping. The control of affairs seemed to be slipping from his hands. His influence was being steadily impaired, if not altogether undermined, by the concession-hunters and traders. Mr. Maund's embassy to the Queen had been bad enough, and had caused no end of trouble. And had Mr. Moffat been consulted about that? Had even Sir Sidney Shippard been consulted? They had not. On the contrary both the Deputy Commissioner for Bechuanaland and his Assistant Commissioner had been studiously passed over and ignored. And now the traders were getting out of hand. It might be possible to intimidate Messrs. Usher, Phillips, and Fairbairn, for, being British subjects, their livelihood could be said, in a sense, to depend to some extent on the goodwill of the British authorities. But what was to be done with Mr. Cohen? Mr. Cohen was not a British subject, and had no intention of leaving the country, since he claimed a monopoly of trading rights in Matabeleland. For a long time Mr. Cohen had been

a thorn in the side of the concessionaires, and Mr. Rhodes now determined to get rid of him by paying him a large sum of money to get out of Matabeleland and to stay out. Meantime Fairbairn and Usher (Phillips being away) were the recipients of an official reprimand – Mr. Moffat's advice to them being to abstain in future from entering into any controversy which might bring them into collision with powerful interests; there was quite enough respectable evidence to prove that Lobengula knew perfectly well what he was about when he signed the concession; it were better for them not to interfere.

In England the Indunas had been given a gorgeous time. They had done any amount of sightseeing during their short stay. Wherever they went the white swans crowded round the black pair. The Aborigines Protection Society gave them a breakfast; Sir John Swinburne made a speech; he had never experienced, so he said, greater kindness in his life than in Matabeleland. And when the envoys returned to Bulawayo, they never seemed to tire of telling of the wonderful things they had seen and heard, and the Indunas seemed never to tire of listening to their marvellous stories. And the Matabele king could believe what Babyaan told him, for Babyaan had a wonderful memory even for an African. And Babyaan told him that it was nonsense to say that the Great White Queen did not exist. She not only existed, but was a tremendous reality; their eyes had seen her, and their ears had heard her voice. They thought her the greatest woman they had ever met, though not the most beautiful, as would be seen from her picture, which they had brought back with them. As for London, it was like the ocean; a man might walk and walk and never get to the end of the houses. People, people everywhere, and all as busy as white ants.

They had been taken to the Bank of England, which they called the Queen's storehouse. It made their hearts sick, they said, to see so much gold which they could not put into their pockets. 'But why,' interrupted Lobengula, who had some difficulty in swallowing these tall stories, 'if the Queen has so great a store of gold, do her people want more?' And then the army. Such discipline among the men. Such immobility on parade that both the Indunas concluded that the soldiers were stuffed, until one of them saw their eyes moving. They had gone to a rifle-range and watched the men shooting at moving targets. 'Oh,' said they, 'is that the way you train your soldiers? Capital practice too.' They had been taken to a sham fight at Aldershot, winding up with a cavalry charge which had swept past them like a tornado; they had become so excited that they had stood upon their seats; and, when the display was over, Lieut.-General Sir Evelyn Wood had expressed his pleasure at seeing the two visitors, and earnestly expressed the hope that British troops would never be called upon to fight the Matabele; and the two envoys devoutly hoped so too. 'Never talk of fighting the white men,' said Babyaan, to the listening Indunas. 'They rise up line after line, always firing. Their little boys, the sons of headmen, all learn to fight like men. Their generals correct all faults. They won't pass a man who is out of time as they dance by in line coming from the fight.'

The appeal to the throne had failed. It usually does. Lobengula was told that he must go in future to Sir Hercules Robinson for advice; the High Commissioner was the Queen's officer; she placed full trust in him, and Lobengula should do likewise. The Colonial Secretary was more reassuring. 'The Queen advises

Lobengula,' he wrote, 'not to grant hastily concessions of land or leave to dig, but to consider all applications very carefully. It is not wise to put too much power in the hands of the men who come first, and to exclude other deserving men. A king gives a stranger an ox, not his whole herd of cattle, otherwise what would other strangers arriving have to eat?' Exactly. The Secretary of State had said it, and in the happiest phraseology; he, Lobengula, had never had the slightest intention of giving Rudd and his friends all the gold in the country, but only some holes to work, and here was the Great Queen advising him to act as he had always wanted to act, and as he had believed that he had acted. But he became thoughtful when the letter went on to enquire whether he would like to have an Imperial officer to stay with him permanently, and, if so, what provision he was prepared to make for the expenses and maintenance of such an officer. An Imperial officer to reside with him permanently! Where did that idea come from? He had never expressed any wish for an Imperial officer; he wanted no cuckoos fouling his nest; he had not wanted Grobler, and he did not want Moffat, and if Maund thought he wanted him, he was mistaken.

There was considerable alarm in certain circles in London, Kimberley, and Capetown when the purport of this letter became known, for it was not so much a broad hint as a deliberate invitation to Lobengula to repudiate the concession, and it was in this sense that it was understood by the Matabele king. He replied immediately (August 10th): 'The white people are troubling me much about gold. If the Queen hears that I have given away the whole country it is not so. I have no one in my country who knows how to write. I do not know where the dispute is as I have no knowledge of writing.' He thanked

the Queen for telling his envoys that he was not to let anyone dig for gold 'except as his servants,' and, as for an Imperial officer, he would ask for one when he felt himself pressed for want of one.

It had not been difficult to discredit the King's previous letter denouncing the concession, for that letter had reached the Colonial Office in a very informal way, and there may have been a genuine doubt as to its authenticity. But there could be no doubt about the authenticity of this letter. It was witnessed by Mr. Moffat and three of the Indunas, and was despatched through those official channels which the Matabele king had been especially instructed to use. It would be a serious blunder if this letter virtually repudiating the concession reached London before the charter was granted. It might upset the apple-cart. It would give enormous backing to Mr. Mackenzie, who was using all his influence to persuade the Government to have nothing to do with a charter. As it was, Mr. Colenbrander had been going about London saying that the whites in Bulawayo were armed at the King's own suggestion and went in hourly danger of their lives. It would be impossible for a British Government responsible to public opinion to grant a charter based on a concession officially repudiated by one of the contracting parties, if the immediate consequence of the grant was to be a massacre of all whites in Bulawayo, to be followed by a Matabele war in which the Matabele had been armed by the concessionaires themselves. But until the arrival of this letter advocates of the charter were in a position to maintain that Lobengula had not repudiated the concession, and that his acceptance of the monthly payments and firearms was visible proof that he had no intention of doing so. If he wished to repudiate the concession,

why had he not done so? There had been plenty of time.

The usual time for a letter to reach London from Bulawayo was about forty-seven days, an excellent postal service run by Mr. Burnett covering the distance between Palapye and Kimberley in less than a week. This letter from the Matabele king took one hundred and ten days to reach England, and the delay took place in South Africa, for it was not despatched from Capetown till October 25th, seventy-six days after it had been received by Mr. Moffat. Nor was this the only letter that went astray. A highly inconvenient despatch of Mr. Moffat's wandered around for eighty-two days before it found a final lodging at the Colonial Office. In this despatch Mr. Moffat confirmed the general accuracy of the King's letter sent through the traders, and tried to explain it away by alleging that repudiation was 'an afterthought.' But neither Lobengula's letter of August 10th, nor Mr. Moffat's despatch of August 28th, had any influence on events, for by the time they reached London they were valueless. The charter had been granted, and had received the royal assent.

A candid world is entitled to enquire who was tampering with Her Majesty's mails. Was it Mr. Rhodes, the first of the new dynasty of the money kings? At every point in South Africa through which this letter would have to pass, his agents were in control. Mr. Moffat, Sir Sidney Shippard, Captain Bower – they were all Rhodes's men, and would know what to do. Official letters could not be lost, but they could be mislaid or held up. Such things were not impossible, as Mr. Mackenzie knew, for a petition for his reinstatement, which his supporters in Stellaland had asked to be cabled to London, was held up in South Africa for four months after it had been received in

Capetown, mainly through the influence of Mr. Rhodes. Or was it that Sir Hercules Robinson, correctly interpreting the secret thought of his Government, deliberately withheld this letter so as to cause it no needless embarrassment? The use of such methods might not commend itself to justice and fairplay, but in Britain there are always two Governments functioning – the seen and the unseen.

In October 1889, amid much blowing of trumpets, the Chartered Company was launched on its eventful career. It had an excellent Press. Its promoters were given full credit for their honourable intentions towards the native races. Mashonaland must be occupied if only to save the Mashonas, and it was most necessary that the Mashonas should be saved, for they were the people who, according to the programme, were to supply the labour on the mines and on the farms. It was unthinkable that the Mashonas might prefer to grow crops for themselves when they had the chance of working for the white man for wages. His arrangements for them would certainly be superior to any arrangements that they might make for themselves. He would rescue them from their depraved conditions. Of course there was the risk of all this being misunderstood by evil-disposed and unscrupulous persons, but philanthropists must take that risk. They could hardly expect others to admire their good deeds as much as they admired them themselves. And not only were the Mashonas to be protected from the Matabele, but the game in Mashonaland were to be protected from the Mashonas. The quagga and the eland were to be broken to harness, and the elephant subdued to the service of man. A stop would be put to the indiscriminate slaughter of game for the sake of their skins. Even leopards had a future – under the erroneous

impression that they were useful scavengers – 'eating the carcases of dead horses that would otherwise have to be burnt.' No lustful inclinations could possibly lurk underneath such wise and benevolent intentions. Always the concessionaires spoke of the human good. Justice and Freedom were to figure on their postage-stamps, and the country was to be run like a New Jerusalem. But the *Spectator* was alone in hoping that the Company would use its vast powers to give South Africa the one thing it needed most – an efficient native army.

The Rudd concession from which the charter sprang appears a very small thing as compared with the enormous powers conferred by the charter itself. The charter, indeed, gave the British South Africa Company the implied right to annex any part of Lobengula's dominions that it could, and conferred on it sovereign rights with certain reservations. The hinterland of South Africa had passed into the control of seven persons, most of whom had never set foot in the country, and one of whom was a German subject. The Imperial Government decided to send a mission to Bulawayo to announce the astounding tidings to the Matabele king; otherwise he might have some difficulty in tracing any connection between the concession and the charter.

And now the time had come when Mr. Moffat's many excellent qualities were to receive official recognition. He was appointed Resident Commissioner in Bulawayo, under the High Commissioner, at a salary of £1,000 a year. He only accepted the job under a strong sense of duty. 'No one who knows anything about it,' he had written, when the appointment was first mooted, 'could look forward to occupying such a post with feelings of satisfaction.' 'I am at the same time,' he went on, 'perfectly at one with his Excellency as to the importance

of having a representative of the Government always in the country.' This letter can only have enhanced his reputation for truth and tact.

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Before the charter was granted, Rhodes was back in Kimberley, having left the direction of affairs in London in the competent hands of Mr. Alfred Beit. So far, Mr. Rhodes had been amazingly successful. In spite of the Matabele, he had got the concession; in spite of Mr. Mackenzie, he had got the charter; his genius for compromise had conciliated commercial rivals; a large body of opinion in Cape Colony was on his side, and he already knew how he would bring over the remainder. But concessions and charters in themselves were worthless. They gave him permission to do certain things, but they did not tell him how to do them, or provide him with ways and means. He had to do the planning himself, as well as find the men and the money. If he achieved his purpose in the end, it could only be as the result of his own gigantic exertions. The Rudd concession was nearly a year old, and not a hole had been dug; the concession must be got to operate. The Matabele were savagely hostile, and their hostility must somehow be suppressed. The Afrikander Bond was none too sympathetic; it must be squared. And then there was the formidable president of the Transvaal to reckon with. What would Mr. Kruger and his burghers do? Were they likely to recognise the concession or the charter? Still, it might be possible to do a deal with the Dutch; they were an eminently practical people. Foreign complications, too, were looming on the horizon, but, thank Heaven, Lord Salisbury would have to deal with the Portuguese. Mr. Rhodes had plenty to keep him busy, and while he was

maturing his plans, and making arrangements for the forthcoming expedition to Mashonaland, a telegram suddenly arrived from Mafeking which threatened to bring all his schemes to ruin.

Sir Hercules Robinson might hoodwink the Colonial Secretary but he could not hoodwink the Matabele. They understood the situation a good deal better than Lord Knutsford, and were not deceived by talk of problematical Boer raids. They had watched with growing suspicion and irritation the increase in the Bechuanaland Border Police, and when this force began to concentrate near the Matabele frontier, their indignation knew no bounds. So this was the meaning of all those fine professions of friendship! A curious way of showing friendship to come and take away the land from your friends! The King had been grossly deceived, and they had been right all the time. They clamoured for immediate war. Let them strike now before it was too late. The Matabele king was at a loss what to do. Evidently his young men were right; and he had had other warnings. The concession-hunters had warned him; the traders had warned him; a body of persons calling themselves the Aborigines Protection Society had written him a letter sounding the note of alarm. A victim must be found. The Induna Lotje must be held responsible. 'You are the man,' said the King, 'who has given away my country. Had it not been for you, the concession would never have been signed.' He was put to death, and all his family; his kraal was burned; his cattle were confiscated; everything else belonging to him was destroyed down to the cocks and hens. On learning of what had happened, Mr. Thompson, the remaining representative of the concessionaires in Bulawayo, fled for his life, and there was nothing heroic about the manner of his flight.

Rhodes at once grasped the situation and all its consequences. The concession was at an end; the charter was at an end; everything was at an end. The abhorred vacuum had been created. If he could not at once re-establish contact with Bulawayo, the reign of the Chartered Company was over before it had even begun. In desperation he turned once more to the doctor. Perhaps Dr. Jim would help him out. He handed him the ominous telegram without saying a word. After asking one or two questions, Dr. Jameson agreed to return to Bulawayo. 'But when can you start?' asked the impatient Rhodes. 'By the post-cart to-morrow morning at four,' was the reply. Mr. Rhodes was immensely relieved. The doctor must do what he could to remove the unfortunate impression which Mr. Thompson's panic-stricken flight had created, and, if successful in this, he must set a digging party to work. Let them dig in the Tati district, or anywhere, so long as it could be said that mining operations had begun; and he must take the concession with him and explain it to the King, and, above all, prepare him for the forthcoming trek to Mashonaland, and, if possible, obtain his consent. So, accompanied by Major Maxwell, an old frontiersman of the diamond-fields, and by Mr. Dennis Doyle, one of De Beers compound managers, to act as interpreter, Dr. Jameson once more took the road to Bulawayo. At Mafeking he fell in with Mr. Thompson, whom he compelled to go with him. But the King would have nothing to do with Mr. Thompson. 'I don't want to see that man,' he burst out. 'He has told me too many lies. I don't want to have anything to do with him.' And Mr. Thompson was only too glad to get away.

On this occasion Dr. Jameson stayed on and off in Bulawayo for about four months at great personal

sacrifice, for he was not a man of the veld – he was not really an outdoor man at all – but none knew better than he how to give the soft answer that turns away wrath, and he soon became friends with the Matabele king. He treated the King for gout and sore eyes, and gave him morphine injections, but Lobengula was a bad patient and could never be got to follow any prescribed regimen for long. But he was grateful after his fashion. In return for his medical services, Dr. Jameson was given the rank of Induna. 'What a pity,' said the King, 'that the doctor cannot speak my language; we should get on so well together.'

But while Dr. Jameson amused the King and attended him professionally, Lobengula showed little disposition to accept the new situation. He was shown the concession; it was translated into Sintebele for his benefit, but the Matabele king, while admitting his mark, still maintained that the text was wrong, and that it had never been his intention to give Rudd and his friends all the gold in the country, but only some holes to dig in. Dr. Jameson, seeing the immediate practical value of this admission, obtained the King's consent to start mining operations forthwith, and digging was commenced at Ramaquabana, near the Tati border, under the supervision of an old prospector called Maddox. But in spite of almost daily conversations Dr. Jameson could not persuade Lobengula to budge from his position. Even when messengers arrived with tidings that Portuguese forces had entered Mashonaland and were distributing flags among the tribes on the border, Lobengula did not allow his hand to be forced. On Mr. Moffat pointing out that under the charter Rhodes would have the right to raise troops for the protection of the Matabele, he replied tartly that the Matabele were quite capable of taking care of themselves without any assistance from Rhodes.

While these wearisome and ineffective negotiations were in progress, Surgeon-Major Melladew and Captain Ferguson of the Royal Horse Guards arrived in Bulawayo in a four-wheeled coach drawn by eight mules, gorgeously painted in red and yellow, with the royal monogram and crown in gold. The embassy was formally introduced to the King by Mr. Moffat, in order to emphasise the position which he now occupied as Her Majesty's representative in Bulawayo – a position so cruelly undermined in the past by Mr. Maund and the traders. The envoys brought presents from the Chartered Company, and a letter for the King from Her Majesty's Secretary of State announcing the granting of the charter. Dr. Jameson at once declared this letter to be 'unintelligible rubbish,' and promptly rewrote it; the revised version being read to the King by Mr. Moffat and interpreted by Doyle 'with excellent results.' The embassy, indeed, was an unqualified success, the guardsmen having a thoroughly good time and making themselves popular with the boisterous but good-natured Matabele. They made a great hit on appearing at the royal kraal dressed in full regimentals – blue coats, breast-plates, shining helmets, horsehair plumes, top-boots, and all the rest of it. The old Induna Babyaan was beside himself with delight, for here indeed was visible confirmation of his incredible stories. A race meeting was held in the pouring rain, and a Matabele lad, riding for the King's son, who had broken his arm, won one of the races – though, being unable to pull up at the winning-post, horse and rider 'disappeared into the far distance.' In addition to horse-racing, athletic sports were held, the genial Major Maxwell distributing the prizes. Nor were diversions wanting of a less exotic nature. It was the end of January, the time of the great annual dances, when from all over Matabeleland troops

were pouring into Bulawayo to hold high festival to the Ancestral Spirit, and strong-limbed warriors would dance with chant and stamp and swing of assegai before Lobengula, the great King. And these dances had a political as well as a religious significance, for on the conclusion of the second dance the King would fling his spear, and where the spear pointed there would be war. But the wondering guardsmen waited for a sign in vain. The King, alas! had gout. He was wheeled about in an armchair, with his legs rolled up in dirty flannel bandages, and he kept his secret locked within himself.

During his stay in Bulawayo, Captain Ferguson went to Mvutjwa, now known as Charter Camp, to inspect the rifles, which, since Mr. Thompson's ignominious flight, had become the charge of Mr. Cooper Chadwick. They were just as Mr. Thompson had left them; there were none missing; the Matabele had not been near. So, after remaining in Bulawayo three weeks, the envoys asked the King to give them the road, and a few days after their departure Mr. Moffat left for Kimberley. But Dr. Jameson's party lingered on; they had set men to work digging near the Tati goldfields, so that mining operations might be said to have begun. And Dr. Jameson now learnt of a change in the company's plans. The road to Mashonaland lay through Bulawayo, but if Lobengula would not allow this road to be used, he might agree to the construction of a new road to the east, skirting the Matabele border. It was Mr. Selous's suggestion. Would Dr. Jameson sound Lobengula on this point? He did repeatedly, but the answers he got were vague. Once, indeed, the King did drop a hint that if the column kept well to the east they might possibly get through without fighting; and Dr. Jameson, following up this hint, proceeded to paint the expedition in such glowing colours,

and, as he thought, so disarmed suspicion, that when he left Bulawayo, in February (1890), he was under the impression that the King would not only allow a new road to be made, but would even assist in its construction. It was incredible that Lobengula had not been deceived, as so many had been deceived, by that disarming frankness of manner, so charming to observe and so dangerous to believe in.

But the Matabele king had not been deceived. He had been beaten; and he knew it. He had not foreseen the dangers to which the Rudd concession might expose him, and he had now to pay the forfeit. It was too late now to stop the concession; it was too late now to stop the raid. If the Matabele were to survive as an independent people, all his energies must henceforth be directed towards preventing his young warriors from rushing into war.

CHAPTER V

THE RAILWAYS PUSH NORTH

(1)

RHODES had been exactly twenty years in Africa – he was thirty-six years of age. The last ten years of his life had been years of unbroken triumph. What must have been his thoughts as he cast his mind back to that distant day when he had landed in Durban a delicate and relatively impecunious youth? What a record of achievement – especially during the last ten years. In 1880 he had founded De Beers, and had been elected member for the Dutch constituency of Barkly West; in 1884 he was appointed Treasurer of Cape Colony; in 1885 he had taken a hand in the Bechuanaland settlement and had met President Kruger for the first time; in 1887 he had been instrumental in founding the Gold Fields of South Africa Company; in 1888 he had at last brought about the amalgamation of the diamond-fields; in 1889 he had got the charter for Matabeleland and its dependencies; and in 1890 he was to become Premier of Cape Colony. In ten years he had accumulated a vast fortune and had made a great personal reputation. And no one could say that he had not a moral and intellectual side. Had he not declared Sunday trains 'a real scandal'? Had he not found time amid all his labours to put in his terms at Oxford and taken a degree? What had he in common with the men round about him except the passion for making money in the shortest possible time? True, he had been

favoured with enormous luck. He had not come to South Africa with any expectation of becoming a millionaire. On the contrary, South Africa was the land of the ox-wagon, the land of the easy-going simple life. It was a country where few, if any, were rich. Until the discovery of gold and diamonds, it was the last place to which anyone would come who wanted to make money. But in 1870 the angel was troubling the waters, and South Africa was henceforth to be the land of great individual fortunes.

But luck alone offers no explanation of this extraordinary career. Kimberley and Johannesburg were not all romance, and those who had been working on the diggings with Rhodes could tell a different story. It was not by luck, still less was it by altruism or self-abnegation, that Rhodes had piled up his immense fortune, but by ceaseless labour, by minute attention to detail, by hard thrift, by pitiless exploitation backed by 'the fixed determination of an indomitable will.' Rhodes might not be the richest man in Kimberley, but he was a dictator, and did exactly as he pleased. It was Rhodes and his police who governed the town. It might have been thought that, with the example of Kimberley before them, the eyes of the Colonial Office would have been opened to the dangerous character of this extraordinary man, but officials at the Colonial Office knew little about Kimberley and still less about Rhodes. Once, indeed, Rhodes had given them a shock by declining to accept some small decoration, but they had merely thought him eccentric. How were they to know that underneath that quiet, dreamy, and altogether casual exterior blazed fierce and untamable fires? How could they be expected to detect traces of a harsh and ungovernable temper in that masterful and scornful expression of the mouth? What

ground had they for supposing that behind that sweet reasonableness and love of compromise which made him appear so easy to deal with lay carefully concealed an iron determination. They were not supermen.

Certainly they were not supermen, and Rhodes, who had been watching them for twenty years, was doubtful whether there was any place for them at all in the new South Africa that was rapidly taking shape. For the more he saw of the Colonial Office the less he liked it – its incompetence, its habitual bunglings, its inevitable ignorance, its narrow routine. All these things appalled him. It was time to scrap this aged and hoary system with its extraordinary overlapping of authority, and its incredible shifting of responsibility to and fro. The Imperial factor must go. It was a source of constant irritation to the Dutch, and of constant humiliation to the British. In future South African affairs must be settled along South African lines. South Africa must be governed by its own people and in its own way. As time went on, South Africans would come more and more to resent dictation from home, even on matters on which they agreed among themselves. Why had Lord Carnarvon's move in the direction of confederation come to nothing? Because it was Lord Carnarvon who proposed it, and Lord Carnarvon was not a South African, and because Lord Carnarvon believed that union could be accomplished by force. He was soon to learn that short cuts in South Africa lead nowhere. Shepstone's annexation of the Transvaal put back the cause of union for a generation. Well might Sir Bartle Frere, the amazed High Commissioner, exclaim, on learning of the annexation: 'My God. What a catastrophe! What will they say in England?' What will they say in Pretoria, Bloemfontein, and Capetown? would have been more to the point. Henceforth

there was no place any longer in South Africa for direct Imperial rule.

But if South Africa would not unite around the Empire, around what would South Africa unite? That was the real living question. In South Africa there were only two forces making for unity – Krugerism and the Afrikander Bond. But Krugerism, though a South African product, was in a sense even more exclusive than Imperialism. The South Africa of which Kruger dreamed was a purely Dutch South Africa, with one language, the Taal; one people, the Boers; and one flag, the Vierkleur. By virtue of an occupation dating back about fifty years, the Transvaal and the Free State were coming to be known as Ons-land, and there was no room in Ons-land for persons of British or any other nationality. All aliens must be absorbed, as the Huguenots had been absorbed, and as the German settlers had been absorbed in Cape Colony. It was the van der Stel policy over again. If Cape Colony and Natal were prepared to accept this programme, a united South Africa might arise under the leadership of the Transvaal. If not, the two northern republics, bound together by close political and economic ties, would enter into a federal union, and by means of the Delagoa Bay railway, and if possible a free port, would gradually detach themselves from the rest of South Africa. It was an alluring but narrow vision; and it failed. Englishmen were no more disposed to become Dutchmen than Dutchmen were to become Englishmen; a South African Republic would not be sufficiently strong to stand alone against the outside world; and Cape Colony would never consent to surrender to the Transvaal the hegemony in South African affairs.

Over against Krugerism stood the Afrikander Bond, with far more comprehensive ideals, for the bondsmen

understood far better than Kruger that racialism was the curse of South Africa. They stood for the elimination of racialism, an Africa for the Afrikanders, without any distinction between Dutch and British, and equal rights for both races, including the equal use of both languages. They saw that until racialism was eliminated a South African union could only be a pretence; and that if racialism was to be eliminated it must be eliminated by the South Africans themselves. The Imperial Government had obviously no interest in eliminating racialism. 'Divide and Rule' had been the guiding principle of every Empire in every age. Why were the British still masters of Ireland? Because Catholics and Orangemen could never agree among themselves. Why were the British still masters of India? Because of the unending controversies between Hindus and Mohammedans. Why were the British no longer masters of Canada? Because French and British settlers had agreed to sink their differences and combine for the common weal. And the British would continue to be masters of South Africa so long as British and Dutch settlers spent their time in quarrelling among themselves. Conciliation must precede any question of union. No South African State worthy of the name could possibly arise until Dutchmen ceased to be Dutch and Englishmen ceased to be English, and the two races became fused into a single Afrikander whole. Their mutual antagonism was purely political. They intermarried freely, and their social and economic interests were identical. And yet politically the two races kept apart. Why? Because they were so damnably alike. In South Africa two dominant strains had met, and they were parted from one another by the sin of pride.

But the Bond stood for something more than the somewhat remote ideal of an Afrikander nation based on an

equality of language and political rights. It had an immediate practical programme – complete colonial Home Rule. South African questions must be settled in South Africa by South Africans and in a South African way. No longer were they to be determined in terms of Imperial policies. Whether an empire could long survive in which the parts were in flagrant contradiction *with the whole the members of the Bond did not stop to* enquire.

In spite of its wider vision, British colonists looked on the Bond as a more or less seditious association blazing the trail for republicanism and independence. There were reasons for this. The idea of a bond had been originally mooted in Bloemfontein, and its founders were ardent republicans and secessionists. For a time the views of these men dominated the movement. It was only after Mr. Hofmeyr had captured the party machine that the extreme elements in the Bond began to disappear. Again, in politics, as in every other profession, there are vested interests, and the programme of the Bond, if carried out, would ruin the vested interests of the British politicians at the Cape. Ever since 1828 the English language had become the sole official language of Cape Colony, giving the British complete control over the Cape political machine, for, so long as English was the sole official language, comparatively few Dutchmen aspired to parliamentary honours. But with the success of the language movement an entirely new type of politician would emerge. In future the back-veld Boer might prefer to be represented by a back-velder, and as government everywhere is essentially the organisation of jobs, the spoils of office would no longer be the monopoly of a single party. So British colonists were never allowed to forget the early history of the Bond. The aims of the Bond were exposed

to continual misrepresentation. If it was not a republican organisation, why, it was asked, did branches of the Bond continue to flourish in the two Republics? What was the use of Mr. Hofmeyr declaring that he had never once given a thought to separation? Who would believe him? The Dutch were notorious for their slimness. Hofmeyr was the new Machiavelli, a traitor, a republican, the incarnation of the separatist idea.

Rhodes never looked upon the Afrikander Bond as a treasonable association or thought of Jan Hofmeyr as a traitor. Jan Hofmeyr a traitor! – when it was Jan Hofmeyr who had got rid of the extremists in the Bond when they were clamouring for the expulsion of the British from South Africa, leaving them only Simonstown as a naval and military base; Jan Hofmeyr a separatist! – when he refused to work with men who advocated any idea of separation; Jan Hofmeyr a republican! – never had he cherished a republican thought. He was no more a republican than Sir Isaac Butt or Rhodes himself. If it was disloyal to work for a united South Africa free from Imperial control, then Rhodes himself was disloyal. All pioneers in the political field are called rebels – pioneers of dominion status as well as of other sorts. Because a man was not prepared to become an Englishman, it was unreasonable to suggest that he could not be a loyal British subject. It might suit the London Pressmen to picture Hofmeyr as a nihilist and Red republican because his views about the future of South Africa differed from theirs, but the British Government knew better, and had actually offered him a knighthood in 1887.

Certainly Jan Hofmeyr was not an Englishman, but neither was he a Dutchman. He was an Afrikander, and his political creed was Africa for the Afrikanders, and by Afrikanders were meant men of all nationalities who had

made South Africa their home, and were prepared to co-operate for the good of the country. Hofmeyr detested racialism. It was no fault of his that the Bond had come to be identified with one section of the community. Often he had been heard to exclaim that he would prefer to have five Englishmen in the Bond to one hundred Dutchmen, because his idea of an Afrikander nation could never be realised so long as Dutchmen and Englishmen persisted in regarding themselves as members of different races. Of course dominion status, as it came subsequently to be called, must inevitably lead to separation, but what might happen a century hence was no concern of his. If an independent South Africa arose, it would arise in the natural sequence of events; but independence in his day was altogether outside the range of practical politics. French aggression in Madagascar, German aggression on the west coast, should have taught South Africans something. The Imperial tie must be kept, if only for self-defence. What other means of protection against external aggression had they but the British fleet? And they did not have to pay for that fleet either.

Rhodes never became a member of the Bond, though he accepted its programme and sometimes attended its dinners. In the Cape Parliament the members for Kimberley almost invariably voted with the Bond. But while Rhodes voted with the Bond and approved its principles, and thought that the Bond represented the feeling of the country as no other party did, he had no intention of placing his political fortunes entirely at the mercy of the Bond vote. He began to create his own political machine, and under his direction the powerful organisation of De Beers became transformed into one of the most formidable political instruments that South Africa has known.

At one with Hofmeyr in his detestation of Imperialism, as Imperialism was then understood, Rhodes looked forward to a federal union of all the South African States, based on the principles embodied in the American constitution, with himself as the instrument by means of which a federal system was to be brought about. To his way of thinking there was really nothing incompatible in the co-existence of republics within that federation. The Dutch republics could go on – they could even continue to fly their distinctive flags if they liked, but the federal flag would be the Union Jack. Rhodes was a federalist because he realised that under South African conditions a unitary State based on the party system would only serve to foster racialism. The tendency would be for the State to divide along racial lines, one party identifying itself with the English, and one party with the Dutch, so that whenever the English party was in power it would be accused by its opponents of trampling on the Dutch, and whenever the Dutch party was in power it would be accused by its opponents of trampling on the English, and the birth of an Afrikander nation would be indefinitely retarded. For at this period of his career Rhodes was a stout Afrikander; Cape Colony was his new country; he worked for the Cape first, and only secondly for the motherland, and scouted altogether the notion that a man could not become a good Afrikander because he happened to be born in England or had English blood running in his veins.

But Rhodes was not primarily a politician; he was essentially a big-business man, and like all big-business men he was out for big money. Even his philanthropy was tinged with commercialism; it was, as often as not, philanthropy at 5 per cent; and in politics it was the same. He tried to combine the imaginative with the practical – or, in other

words, politics with high finance. Whatever plausible reasons might be advanced for the annexation of Mashonaland, the real object of the expedition so far as Rhodes was concerned was to take possession of the goldfields. The British South Africa Company was a commercial speculation on an enormous scale, and that clear-sighted ruler, Khama, was never deceived by its imperial trappings. He always spoke of it as 'Rhodes's concern'; and 'Rhodes's concern' it was, but it was something more – it was a great South African venture. 'We have sent,' said Rhodes, in 1890, 'five hundred of our citizens to occupy a new country.' South African citizens; not British subjects. Rhodes, indeed, had distinct objections to founding a new British colony on the Zambesi apart from the influence and dictation of Cape Colony. If that was to be the policy, he for his part, he said, would have nothing to do with it. His policy was a South African policy; he was an Afrikander and a federalist; and he wanted to secure Matabeleland and Mashonaland for his new country, Cape Colony, because he believed that once the hinterland was his, and Cape Colony was firmly established at the back of the Transvaal, the Transvaal, with all its mineral wealth, would fall to him when he wanted it. Away in the distance lay Jameson's raid into the Transvaal, and with the failure of the raid his schemes for a South African federation tumbled into ruin.

(2)

Kruger saw as clearly as Rhodes that railways and tariffs would occupy positions of extraordinary significance in the evolution of South Africa. Railways and tariffs, indeed, were the twin keys to South African politics, for railway freights and customs dues were the two main sources of revenue. And in respect to

these two sources of revenue, how did the Transvaal stand? The Republic had no port and therefore no customs dues; the Republic had no railway and therefore no revenue from freight. It had, of course, an inland tariff, but this tariff had had, since 1884, a double edge. After the introduction of inter-State tariffs, and prior to the discovery of the Rand goldfields, the farmers of the Transvaal had no market for their tobacco and other produce owing to the high duties imposed by Cape Colony; and the farmers of Cape Colony had little market in the Transvaal for their brandies and other produce owing to the high duties imposed by the Republic. But if the Transvaal was to lower or abolish its tariff, from what source could it obtain revenue? It could obtain no revenue from customs, because the maritime States declined to share with the inland States the revenue on imported goods consumed by the latter. It could obtain no revenue from rail freights, because it had no railway. The burghers, willing enough to fight for freedom, objected strongly to contributing towards the cost of government. Indirect taxation was the only form of taxation of which they approved, and the money had to be got from somewhere.

The way President Kruger proposed to solve the problem was by the construction of a railway from Pretoria to Delagoa Bay. But who was going to build the railway? Obviously the Republic had no money for the purpose, and capital was shy of investing large sums of money in a railway scheme in which it could see no immediate profit. Before the discovery of the Rand goldfields, there was nothing to justify the expenditure of a large capital outlay on building a railway from the Transvaal to Delagoa Bay. In 1883, it is true, Colonel McMurdo, an American citizen, had acquired

a concession from the Portuguese Government for the construction of a railway from Lourenço Marques to the Transvaal border, and a group of Dutch and German capitalists, forming themselves into a company, known later as the Netherlands South Africa Railway Company, had agreed to extend the line from the Portuguese frontier to Pretoria in consideration of a monopoly of railway construction in the Transvaal. But in 1885 nothing had been done, and to all intents and purposes the scheme had died a natural death.

In 1885 Kruger made proposals to Cape Colony. As the Hollanders and Americans had apparently no real intention of building the line to Delagoa Bay, he now proposed a commercial and railway union with Cape Colony, even advocating the extension of the Kimberley railway into the Transvaal. Whether he was sincere in these proposals is beside the point, because Mr. Gordon Sprigg refused to consider them, or even to submit them to the Cape House of Assembly. Mr. Rhodes was almost alone in wishing to close at once with the offer, for he saw that if right steps were promptly taken there was a chance that the Delagoa Bay extension scheme would be quietly dropped, at any rate for a good many years. It would be no use complaining of the Delagoa Bay railway once it was built; the time for action was before any damage had been done. He proposed, therefore, to come to an agreement with the Transvaal respecting railway extension on the basis of giving the Republic a share in the Cape maritime customs. In giving up a portion of the maritime customs dues, Cape Colony, he argued, would really be losing nothing, for, once the Delagoa line was through, Cape Colony would lose its trade with the Transvaal, and with the trade went the takings on the railway and the

customs dues. Shippers were not likely to import goods into the Transvaal through Cape Colony ports, with their high revenue tariffs and long rail hauls, when goods could be shipped through Delagoa Bay at a through transit rate of 3 per cent over a much shorter rail haul.

But Mr. Sprigg and his colleagues, haunted by memories of the dismal sixties, when even the Standard Bank had failed to pay a dividend, would not heed these suggestions. The severe economic depression through which South Africa was then passing, due to the over-capitalisation of the diamond companies and the consequent shortening of credit by the banks, coupled to the enormous expense to which the Colony had been put by the Basuto war, did not, in their opinion, justify the Government of Cape Colony in parting with a single penny of revenue. Why should Cape Colony subsidise the Transvaal on account of a mythical railway, not a line of which had been laid or possibly ever would be laid? The idea was preposterous. Thus the opportunity of getting railway communication and free trade with the Transvaal, with the blessing of its President, was allowed to slip by.

The discovery of the Rand goldfields in 1886 completely changed the situation. Thousands of diggers, traders, financiers, and adventurers from all parts of the world flocked to the new fields. The severe economic depression out of which South Africa was now emerging was followed by a gold boom. Customs receipts began to look up, and railways which till then had been barely earning more than their working expenses became highly remunerative investments. Almost in a night a big new town sprang into existence, mockingly called Tin Town, and not only the Transvaal, but the whole

of South Africa began to look to the Rand gold industry for a living. Colonel McMurdo felt that his hour had struck. In 1887 he floated a company in London for the purpose of building a railway from Lourenço Marques to the border of the South African Republic under a fresh concession from the Portuguese Government, and construction work on the railway began at once. Seeing the way things were going, Kruger resumed negotiations with the Netherlands South Africa Railway Company for the extension of the line to Pretoria when it reached the Transvaal border. Meantime Cape Colony and Natal, enjoying a monopoly of all the import trade into the Transvaal, became keen competitors for the trade of the Rand, but the advantage in this struggle lay with Natal, owing to its shorter distance from the goldfields and to its low scale of customs dues. It was now clear that an extension of the Natal or Cape Colony railway systems to Johannesburg would be of little benefit to the Transvaal financially, and no benefit commercially: little benefit financially because a railway from Durban would only pass over 180 miles of Transvaal territory, and railways from Cape coast ports only over 50 miles; and no benefit commercially because with the growth of the mining industry the farmers of the Transvaal had now a market at their doors for their tobacco and other produce. Moreover, in the event of the Republic, or any railway company closely associated with the Republic, itself putting up the large amount of capital required for the extension of the Cape Colony or Natal railway systems into the Transvaal, it would want a guarantee from the other States against any one-sided alteration in tariff charges or rates, so as to preserve unimpaired the economic basis of the undertaking. On the other hand, if goods could be brought

by rail from Delagoa Bay to the Rand, not only would the route be shorter by 90 miles than the Durban route, but rates would be payable to two railway companies in which the Transvaal was interested over 400 miles of rail, and if the rates charged on goods railed from Delagoa Bay to Johannesburg could be made appreciably less per ton than rates on goods shipped from Durban, the Transvaal Republic would not only be freed from dependence on British colonial ports and railways, but would secure most of the traffic to the Rand. In that case the Transvaal Republic would soon become enormously wealthy and eventually supersede Cape Colony as the leading South African State.

Kruger therefore refused to allow any railway to come into the country from the south, and opposed any extension of the Cape or Natal railway systems in the direction of the Transvaal; he even tried to persuade President Brand not to allow any railway to be built in the Free State for ten years which would connect the Transvaal with any British colony, while at the same time he requested the Government of Natal not to extend its railway beyond Ladysmith, not because he was opposed to railways as such, but because he feared that the completion of the Delagoa Bay line would be indefinitely delayed if competing railways from the south or south-east got in first. It was emphatically a case of being first in the field. If Cape Colony, or Natal, once made good its railway grip on the Transvaal, it would not soon, or easily, let go. A through traffic would be opened up with the south or south-east, and the independent traffic of the Transvaal would be injured. Contracts would be fixed up extending over a period of years, and the Delagoa line for which he was responsible would be rendered

unproductive. So, when a conference of South African States met at Capetown, in 1888, to consider the question of railway extension and the practicability of establishing a general customs union, the Transvaal Republic did not even send delegates.

But it was not all plain sailing. There were difficulties – difficulties with the Free State as well as with Cape Colony and Natal, and difficulties even with the Delagoa Bay Company. The Free State wanted railways. It wanted a railway from Colesberg to Bloemfontein on the south, and a railway from Ladysmith to Harrismith on the east. President Brand understood as well as Kruger or Rhodes the importance of railways, and feared lest, on the Free State's refusal to build a railway, or allow others to build one in the country, the Cape railway might be extended from Kimberley northwards, and eventually be projected into the Transvaal from Warrenton or some other point, with the result that the Free State would be left without any railway at all. The Free State was a poor country given over to pasture and tillage; so far as was known, it was not a highly mineralised country like the Transvaal, and the only economic justification for building a railway at all was the through traffic to the Rand. But Warrenton was as near to the Rand as Bloemfontein, and if the extension to the Rand was carried from Warrenton, and the Bloemfontein railway, when built, failed to catch the trade of the goldfields, the expense of building the Bloemfontein line would prove an intolerable burden on the Free State, inasmuch as the railway could never be made to pay. Of course there was a strong minority in the Free State who cared nothing about the trade with the goldfields and did not want any railways at all. The back-veld Boers in the Free State, as in the

Transvaal, were quite prepared to go on for all time in the old sweet way, living easy and self-sufficient lives, and avoiding all contact with the outside world; and Kruger's opposition to any railway approaching the Transvaal border from the south enabled them to put a varnish of duty on their inclinations by labelling themselves 'the Transvaal party.'

But the majority of Free State burghers had little sympathy with 'the Transvaal party.' They wanted railways. While making every allowance for the point of view of their northern neighbour, they did not see why they should be expected to subordinate their own essential economic interests to Kruger's ambition to make the Transvaal the dominant South African State. After all, the Free State was an independent republic – as independent, at any rate, as the Transvaal, and a good deal more independent than Cape Colony. It was not the fault of the burghers that the Free State was a cinderella State and had no railways. They wanted railways; and now Cape Colony offered to build them a railway right through the country from south to north on condition that they gave up their claim to a share in the Cape customs dues levied on goods imported for consumption in their country. As against this, what did the Transvaal offer them in return for the right to dictate their railway policy? A federal union and an offensive and defensive alliance. Surely a federal union could be brought about without the sacrifice of vital economic interests; and what was the value of an offensive and defensive alliance between two farmer States against the British Empire? The offer simply was not good enough, and President Brand turned it down. On his advice the Free State Raad sanctioned the construction of railways from Norval's Pont on the Orange river to Bloemfontein, and from

Ladysmith to Harrismith, and expressed its readiness itself to build the line to Bloemfontein in return for a share in the Cape customs dues, estimated to yield £100,000 a year.

It was a statesmanlike arrangement, for a railway into the Free State had long been a pet scheme in Cape Colony, and it was obvious that once the railway reached Bloemfontein it would not stop there. Moreover, it was hoped that Cape Colony would now drop the Kimberley extension, a project equally disliked by the Free State and the Transvaal. Nor could a railway to Bloemfontein, some 200 miles from the Transvaal border, be said to menace the Transvaal, for without the sanction of the Free State the railway could not be prolonged beyond Bloemfontein, and if the Transvaal wished the extension of the line beyond Bloemfontein to be deferred until the Delagoa Bay railway had got through the mountainous and difficult Barberton district and on to the high veld, the Free State might be willing to agree to the suspension in return for free trade in the produce of either country.

These railway problems gave Kruger much food for anxious thought. If the proposed railway schemes were put through, three railways would be approaching the Transvaal from the south – two from Cape Colony and one from Natal; for, in spite of Kruger's request not to advance beyond Ladysmith, the Government of Natal was determined to push its railway further north – as far, at any rate, as the coalfields of Dundee. And now the Delagoa Bay Company began to place serious obstacles in his way. From the first, Colonel McMurdo had refused to be responsible for the whole line to Pretoria, while at the same time he turned down the suggestion to put the whole line under a single management. Interminable disputes arose over the future question of through

freights, tariffs, and other matters, and the Delagoa Bay Company strove to drive so hard a bargain that it hardly seemed worth while for the Netherlands Company to continue the line beyond the Portuguese border. Kruger, foreseeing difficulties of this nature, had already come to a secret understanding with the Portuguese by which, in the event of the Delagoa Bay Company proving altogether unreasonable or not completing the railway in the specified time, the Transvaal Government should have the right to build another line, euphemistically called a steam-tram line, running parallel to the Delagoa line, from the Portuguese frontier to the coast. It would be an expensive undertaking, but apparently the only alternative to the Portuguese themselves taking possession of the line. And Kruger wished they would. Personally he wanted to get rid of McMurdo's company. He did not want British capital in any railway in which he was interested.

The politicians at the Cape took no pains to conceal their delight at the awkward position in which Kruger had been placed by the obstructive tactics of the Delagoa Bay Company. Apparently Colonel McMurdo's railway had run into a *cul-de-sac*. It would never be continued, and unless it was continued its earnings would be practically nil. The concession to the Netherlands group was obviously useless, for, so long as the two companies failed to come to an agreement, any extension of the railway beyond the Portuguese border was unthinkable. Mr. Sprigg's policy had apparently been justified; the Delagoa line would never be completed; Cape Colony, along with Natal, would continue to monopolise the traffic to the goldfields, and profits on these lines could now be used for the construction of unpayable railways in other directions with the view of serving agricultural development.

Cape Colony was now in a position to carry out its own Rand railway policy, the only question being to decide in which direction to push, whether by way of Kimberley to Warrenton, the border town, or by way of Colesberg to Norval's Pont on the Orange river, with a view to linking up the Port Elizabeth line with the Free State's proposed railway to Bloemfontein. Warrenton and Bloemfontein were about equidistant from the goldfields, but from the Cape point of view there was a good deal more to be said for the Kimberley extension than for the Colesberg extension. In the case of the Colesberg extension, the railway would have to be laid over about twenty miles to the Orange river, whence it would be carried to Bloemfontein at the expense of the Free State; whereas in the case of the Kimberley extension, the railway would have to be carried over fifty miles of sandy veld to the frontier, and, apart altogether from the goldfields, the Kimberley extension would prove lucrative to Cape Colony, inasmuch as Cape Colony would not only retain customs dues, but would get the trade of both Bechuanalands, of Matabeleland right up to the Zambesi, and a good part of the trade of the western Transvaal. In neither case could the lines be carried through to the Rand without permission of the Transvaal, and, even if the Free State agreed to carry its railway as far north as it could go, it could be rendered useless by the imposition of high tariffs at the Transvaal border.

Rhodes, of course, was now all in favour of the Kimberley extension, because he favoured the idea of Cape Colony expansion. In his view British Bechuanaland must soon be annexed to Cape Colony, and, in the event of his obtaining a charter, other native territories to the north would be similarly annexed. But this had not always been his railway policy. At one time no one had urged with

more insistence than he the extension of the Port Elizabeth line to Bloemfontein, but the Moffat treaty, the Rudd concession, and the likelihood of a charter, now combined to turn the scales in favour of the Kimberley extension. Henceforward the Free State scheme was 'impossible,' 'mischievous,' 'disgraceful,' and 'hopeless.' 'I should be glad of any practical argument,' he said, 'to show that we are going to gain the trade of the Transvaal and to retain it permanently by running a line to the Vaal river in spite of the sentiments of the Transvaal people.' But in Cape Colony the Kimberley extension met with strong opposition. Its inevitable result, it was argued, would be to drive the Free State into a federal alliance with the Transvaal, whereas if the Colesberg railway was extended to Bloemfontein, the Free State as well as Cape Colony and Natal would have an interest in the traffic to the Rand, and this interlocking of commercial interests would hasten the day of a South African federation about which South Africans were always talking. Moreover if the feelings of the two Republics were to be taken into consideration, both Republics would infinitely prefer the Colesberg extension to the Kimberley extension: the Free State because it was afraid that if the Kimberley extension took place it might be left without a railway; and the Transvaal because it did not favour any extension of railways to the north, especially in the direction of Bechuanaland. In the end, after much debate, the Cape Parliament decided in favour of both railways; a line was to be run from Colesberg to the Orange river, and the Kimberley extension was to be pushed on immediately.

But President Kruger was determined to prevent the Kimberley extension at all costs. The prospect of a railway to the north was a good deal more terrifying than the Moffat treaty or the British claim to exclusive influence

over lands south of the Zambesi, for, so long as 600 miles of railless country separated Kimberley from the Matabele frontier, this claim provoked no special apprehension. But once the railway started moving north, where would it stop? Would it stop at Warrenton? It would not. It would creep from Warrenton to Vryburg; from Vryburg to Mafeking; and from Mafeking to Gaberones in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, and soon the Transvaal would be enclosed on its western border by an iron fence. Kruger now despatched a telegram to the Free State Raad withdrawing his opposition to the Bloemfontein line, thus incidentally taking the wind out of the sails of 'the Transvaal party,' while at the same time he promised the Government of Cape Colony to use his influence with the Volksraad to bring about free trade between Cape Colony and the Transvaal in the products of the soil of either country on condition that the Kimberley extension was abandoned, and that the terminus of the Colesberg extension remained at Bloemfontein until such time as the Delagoa line had reached a point within 200 miles of Pretoria. And he could afford to do this, for what with tariff receipts and the sale of licences the revenue of the Transvaal was mounting by leaps and bounds. In view of this offer, the Government of Cape Colony decided to postpone the Kimberley extension.

But President Kruger was leaving nothing to chance. He saw as clearly as Hofmeyr that once the railway did reach Bloemfontein the Free State burghers themselves would insist on its being put through to the Transvaal border. It was all very well to say that in that case the railway could be nullified by the imposition of prohibitive tariffs, but prohibitive tariffs would only make an enemy of the Free State and deprive the Transvaal of its only ally. In June 1888 Sir John Brand had died, full of

years, wisdom, and honour, and his successor, Mr. F. W. Reitz, was one of the founders of the Afrikander Bond. Kruger at once determined to do a deal with him. At his invitation the two presidents met at Potchefstroom in March, 1889. Kruger proposed a bargain. He offered the Free State an alliance and a limited form of free trade on condition that the extension northwards from Bloemfontein was made dependent on his consent. Obviously President Reitz had no authority to pledge the Free State in a matter of this kind. Free State railway policy was decided by the Free State Raad, and the decisions of the Raad could not be made dependent on the wishes of the President of the Transvaal; but an arrangement was come to by which each State agreed to consult the other concerning all railways other than those from Bloemfontein to the south and from Pretoria to the north and east. This was really all that Kruger wanted, and in exchange for this promise the two States agreed to give one another a reciprocal market for their produce, and bound themselves to stand together in case the independence of either was threatened.

In proposing to build a railway from the Orange river to Bloemfontein at its own expense, the Government of the Free State had perhaps overlooked the cost. It was estimated that a railway through the Free State would cost about £2,500,000, and on this basis the Orange river–Bloemfontein section would work out at something under £1,000,000. It was not practical railway politics for the Free State to undertake the task of financing and building one-third of the line if the remaining two-thirds were to be subsequently built and financed by some other State or by private enterprise. The Government of the Free State must either accept responsibility for the whole line or leave the building of the line to others. With the

exception of the Delagoa Bay extension all the main trunk railway systems in South Africa were State owned, and Kruger's troubles with the Delagoa Bay Company had shewn the difficulties that were likely to arise by leaving railway construction to private enterprise, or by allowing what was really a single line to be placed under dual management. Moreover, it was uncertain whether the Bloemfontein railway, when completed, would be a paying proposition. The gold on the Rand might peter out, or the ore be of such low grade as to render extraction by the expensive chlorine process unpayable, and in any case the Free State could only hope to share with Cape Colony the light goods and passenger traffic, it being a foregone conclusion that the heavy goods traffic to the Rand would be shipped eventually via Durban or Delagoa Bay. For a poor country like the Free State, the raising of a big railway loan would be an arduous undertaking; so, when at the Bloemfontein Conference of 1889 the Government of Cape Colony proposed in return for free trade in all South African products to surrender three-fourths of the Cape maritime customs dues collected on goods consumed by the Free State, and offered to build at its own charge and at its own risk a railway to Bloemfontein, and if possible beyond Bloemfontein to the Vaal, and, moreover, undertook to hand over to the Republic half the profits over and above the cost of working, maintenance, and interest on capital at 4 per cent until such time as the Free State was prepared to acquire the line by purchase at cost price, the Free State closed with the offer, and thus out of the controversy over the Bloemfontein railway a limited South African Customs Union was born, confined to Cape Colony and the Free State, and this Customs Union was to continue in operation till 1894.

In December, 1888, the Delagoa railway had reached a point about five miles from the Transvaal border. And there it stopped. Until outstanding questions were settled, the Netherlands Company saw no sense in continuing the line. The terms which the Delagoa Bay Company sought to impose for the use of its section were such as to render further construction useless. Apparently as far as the Transvaal was concerned the Delagoa extension had ended in a fiasco. But the directors of the Delagoa Bay Company had not accurately measured the obstinate and resourceful nature of the President of the Transvaal. Kruger was one of those men who never know when they are beaten. If one plan failed he would try another. His fertile brain now conceived the idea of checkmating the Delagoa Bay Company by extending the eastern boundaries of the Transvaal to the sea. By constructing a railway of his own from Pretoria through Swaziland to the coast, he would render the Delagoa Bay railway superfluous. The new railway was to be an all-Dutch route, running across the Lebombo mountains by the Umgovumo gorge, with its terminus in Tongaland, at Kosi Bay, and the gold of the Witwatersrand would provide the money. Once this railway was through, the Transvaal would not only be free from dependence on British ports and railways, but would reap a golden harvest from customs and railway receipts, while the possession of a port would place it on an equality with Cape Colony and Natal.

It was a grandiose scheme, and perhaps President Kruger himself did not altogether believe in it. Certainly he wanted Swaziland and Kosi Bay. But a railway? Perhaps a concession to build a railway would be more useful than a railway itself. He might brandish the concession over the heads of the Delagoa Bay syndicate,

and then if the company still proved intractable – well, was the Delagoa extension so necessary after all?

In view of article 4 of the London Convention, prohibiting the expansion of the Republic to the east or west without British consent, how did Kruger propose to carry out his plan? By the surrender of the north. In the view of the Transvaal, there was no disputing the right of the Republic to expand to the north, and there was no disputing the fact that the possession of the north had become almost a mania with Cecil Rhodes. In spite of immense difficulties, Mr. Rhodes had succeeded in getting a mining concession in Matabeleland, and was even then in London negotiating for a charter. And if he got his charter the annexation of Mashonaland would follow. In May (1889), therefore, Kruger telegraphed to Sir Hercules Robinson offering to withdraw all claims of the Republic to the north, and to use his influence to support British expansion in Bechuanaland and Matabeleland, subject to the renunciation by Great Britain of all claims to Swaziland, to the territories of Zambaan and Umbegeza, and to a portion of Tongaland including Kosi Bay. But Sir Hercules Robinson never received this telegram. On May 1st the High Commissioner had sailed for England, and his departure had been marked by an indiscretion so blazing as to preclude any possibility of an early return. There was no permanent place in the future of South Africa, he had declared at a public dinner in Capetown just prior to sailing, for direct Imperial rule on a large scale. So in the absence of a High Commissioner the Colonial Office preferred to temporise and, instead of falling in with Mr. Kruger's proposals, despatched a parliamentary commission to Swaziland to examine and report on the state of the country; and although the commission reported on the

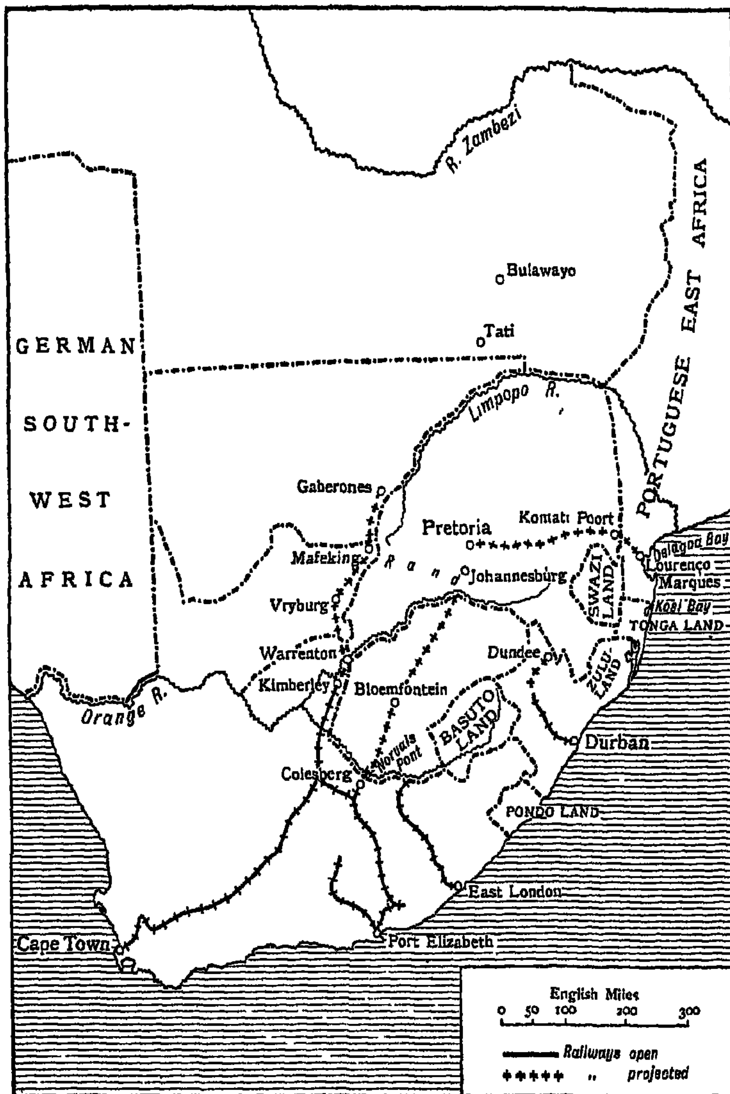
whole in favour of the Boers, Lord Knutsford was of opinion that the British nation would never allow its nationals in Swaziland to be governed exclusively by Dutchmen, but would insist on placing them under a joint Anglo-Dutch administration.

Foiled for the moment by the Fabian tactics of the British Government, Kruger now turned to the Portuguese. In June 1889, doubtless at the prompting of President Kruger, the Portuguese Government suddenly seized the Delagoa railway on the ground that the clause in the concession stating that the line must reach the frontier by a certain date had not been carried out. As was only to be expected, the seizure of the line led to a storm of angry protest. It was rank theft; it was highway robbery of the most impudent kind. What right had Dagos (Dago is a boss word in South Africa, and quite conclusive in any argument) to lay their hands on British capital? The company claimed that it had reached the frontier; that the Portuguese maps were wrong; that the boundary of Portuguese East Africa did not extend as far as Komati Poort, and that if it did it was perfectly able and willing to carry the line to that point, but the time allotted was too short on account of the rainy season, which rendered work impossible. In the end the company was compelled to submit the matter to the Berne Arbitration Court, with the result that Portugal retained possession of the line, the shareholders eventually receiving compensation to the tune of nearly £1,000,000. Meantime, with the railway in possession of the Portuguese, the Netherlands Company decided to go ahead, and at the end of October, 1889, construction work was commenced inside the Transvaal border.

But now a new factor appeared on the scene – the Chartered Company. In the same month as construction

work was begun on the Delagoa line inside Transvaal territory, the British South Africa Company had been granted a charter, and one of the conditions of the charter was that the British South Africa Company, or a subsidiary, should build a railway from Kimberley to Vryburg, in consideration whereof it had been granted 6,000 square miles of land in British Bechuanaland (subsequently increased to 12,000 square miles on Mr. Rhodes undertaking to extend the railway from Vryburg to Mafeking), including a share in the mineral rights. Mr. Rhodes already had the money for the line, and was prepared to start building immediately. But, as Kruger had foreseen, Mr. Rhodes's vision of a railway to the north was not limited to Vryburg, but extended beyond Vryburg to Mafeking, and beyond Mafeking to Gaberones. Obviously if a London syndicate was granted permission by the Imperial Government to build a railway in British Bechuanaland and/or in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, the Government of Cape Colony had no legal right to prevent it.

The railway, indeed, might be forced to begin some fifty miles away from the existing terminus of Kimberley, but a gap of fifty miles in a country where transport riding was a recognised and lucrative profession was not likely to deter a railway syndicate bent on reaping big profits. It was on this very ground that, some months before the charter was granted, the Transvaal Raad had rejected President Kruger's proposal to grant Cape Colony free trade on condition that the Kimberley extension was abandoned, because it realised that if Mr. Rhodes got his charter there was nothing to prevent him building railways outside Cape Colony, in Bechuanaland, or in the Bechuanaland Protectorate. And the Raad was right. The only limitation to Mr.



R. Zambezi
GERMAN
SOUTH-
WEST
AFRICA
Bulawayo
Tati
Limpopo R.
PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA
Gaberones
Pretoria
Komati Poort
Mafeking
Rand
Johannesburg
Delagoa Bay
Lourenço Marques
Vryburg
SWAZI LAND
Kosi Bay
TONGA LAND
Warrenton
Dundee
ZULU LAND
Kimberley
Bloemfontein
Orange R.
BASUTO LAND
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Colesberg
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0 50 100 200 300
Railways open
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Rhodes's railway programme was lack of capital, and he now proceeded to get round this difficulty in a thoroughly characteristic way. On the same day as the charter was granted he entered into a provisional agreement with the Government of Cape Colony, by which he engaged to build a railway from Kimberley to Vryburg at the expense of his syndicate, offering the Government of Cape Colony the option of purchase of the line when completed, and undertaking, if the purchase was made, to continue the railway from Vryburg to Mafeking on the same gauge, or as far as Gaberones on a lighter gauge. The Government of Cape Colony having already approved in principle the extension of the Kimberley railway to Warrenton, one-third of the distance to Vryburg, now promised to purchase the Kimberley–Vryburg extension when completed, thus setting free a large amount of Chartered capital for the extension of the line further north, and two months later the track was being laid north of Kimberley. But in promising to exercise its option the Government of Cape Colony was not animated with any special desire to assist Mr. Rhodes. Its motives were entirely self-interested. Hoping shortly to annex British Bechuanaland, it believed that a projection of the Cape railway system into Bechuanaland would promote annexation, while the extension of the line from Vryburg to Mafeking would tap new fields for trade and commerce, and be the means whereby the raw materials of Africa could be made available for use,

CHAPTER VI

PREPARATIONS FOR THE RAID

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NO one can live in South Africa for long without becoming a cynic. The character of Cecil Rhodes ceases to be complex when we remember that he graduated from two universities simultaneously – Oxford University and the diamond-fields. In one university he saw the world as it might be, in the other the world as it is. In the light of the knowledge gained by practical experience, all the fine-sounding phrases of Oxford, so charming to the ear, were meaningless. As he listened to the dons discoursing on the whole duty of man, he must have thought that a person famous at Oxford would cut but a poor figure in Kimberley. What had nobility of nature done for a Livingstone or a Gordon? Had their high endeavour brought them any substantial reward? It got them nowhere till they were dead. What sense of duty controlled the great industries or the great financial houses? Did their directors feel any responsibility towards the great mass of small and unknown investors, or to the mass of workmen and employees? They did not. The Factory Acts and trade unions born out of the intolerable stresses of the time were unimpeachable witnesses to the contrary. And life on the diamond-fields had driven the lesson home. The guileless and unworldly wisdom of Oxford bore scandalously little resemblance to local realities. The world had no religion but success, and the only real pariah was the bankrupt. In certain

circles, indeed, money might suffer a sort of discredit, but it was money, and the power of money, that after all counted and triumphed. There was no place so high that an ass laden with gold could not reach it. And how did the rich achieve power? By suborning the Press, by bribing officials and everyone else, by battening on contracts, by terrifying persons into submission, by the purchase of titles. These were the methods by which the great ones of the earth had fought their way to fame. But Rhodes, however base and unscrupulous in many of his transactions, never quite lost the vision of those Oxford days. He was something more than the incarnation of Mammon, the golden colossus with feet of clay; he was a soiled, struggling, unhappy human being, blundering from one half-solved problem to another, often thwarted and usually badly served, but clutching desperately at the vision which his creative energy enabled him to fashion into deeds. And because of this vision Rhodesia has now – as every land must have – its faith and its legend.

Having won the approval and support of the Imperial Government, and having got his railway to the north, Rhodes now turned his attention to winning over the South Africans. Unless South Africans would co-operate in his schemes, he was bound to fail; and, above all, he must win the approval of the Afrikander Bond. Rhodes was too old in the ways of the world to imagine that people would follow him blindly for sentimental reasons. His fame was spread throughout the land and he was already a sort of hero. But was there no latent grudging underneath all this hero-worship? For one who admired him and wished him well, were there not ten who feared him and would love to see him downed? Did not the whole atmosphere steam with invisible hate? – the hate of men whose schemes he had foiled, whose ambitions he had

frustrated, and the universal hate felt everywhere for the superior man. Everyone knew that he was no charlatan, but who would tamely admit that Rhodes was one of the clever ones so long as it was possible to explain away his success by superior luck or cunning? If he did possess exceptional qualities, they were not the qualities that anyone would wish to possess, still less admire. So spake Envy, the filthy slime of the soul.

Early in his career Rhodes had come to the conclusion that every man has his price. He was drawn to Mr. Stead, the famous editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, because the idea of an editor being willing to go to prison for his convictions seemed too fantastic to be true. At one time he even tried to bribe the venerable Coillard by offering him the Residency of Barotseland. 'O, my God,' exclaimed the saintly missionary, 'let not thy servant be the martyr of a political transaction.' But though there were exceptional men, like John Mackenzie or François Coillard, whom no man and no thing could bribe, Rhodes was right in the main. Most persons can be squared. It is far easier to do a deal with them than to fight them, provided you have the means. And Mr. Rhodes had the means. New-comers to South Africa in search of a fortune flocked to enrol under his banner. He had jobs for them and jobs for their pals. And Rhodes was a good friend to his young countrymen from overseas, for, however friendly may have been his feelings towards the Dutch, he never wavered in his determination to secure for Englishmen, who had come to South Africa to settle, the natural place in the affairs of the country to which their abilities entitled them. Young colonists were attracted to the Mashonaland adventure by lavish promises of farms and mining grants, and their elders were not forgotten. At Mr. Rhodes's request a large block of shares

in the British South Africa Company was specially reserved for colonial applicants, and it was believed that the bulk of these shares was allocated to members and friends of the Afrikander Bond. Chief Justice De Villiers and Mr. Hofmeyr were even offered seats on the proposed South African board of the Chartered Company, offers which these canny Dutchmen knew better than to accept. And now there was a change at Government House. His old friend and ally Sir Hercules Robinson was gone, and it was doubtful if the new occupant would prove equally amenable. Sir Henry Loch and his lady were winning golden opinions. The Dutch thought that Sir Henry looked quite the Boer with his fine physique and long beard.

The departure of Sir Hercules Robinson was a real blow to Rhodes. He was never quite able to manage Sir Henry Loch. The new High Commissioner had something suspiciously like an independent mind, and never seemed to be able to forget that he represented the Queen. And then there was Lady Loch. It was whispered that she was the real power behind the throne; and in society, especially the society of women, Rhodes was an admitted failure. He never shone at social functions and was never quite at ease in the gay world. He had a rooted horror of petticoat influence; he had no parlour tricks; he played cards abominably; he took no part in outdoor games; it is doubtful if he ever played a game of tennis in his life; and now he began to feel that he was being watched – that he could no longer do exactly as he pleased. Sir Henry Loch began to give him advice, to write letters to him, to curtail his freedom of action. He sighed for the good old days under Sir Hercules Robinson.

Rhodes had at least two friends worthy of the name, and each was in his appointed place. Mr. Alfred Beit

was now in London, occupying a suite of rooms in Ryder Street, and directing with immense ability the London end of the company. Beit was enormously wealthy; he was not only a diamond king, but part owner of the richest properties on the Rand. But Kimberley had left its mark on Beit – he never quite recovered from the fierce competition of those early days when no quarter was asked or given – he suffered from strange fits of melancholy and a nervousness that never left him.

Dr. Jameson was in Bulawayo, and Jameson was a blood brother. They had known one another intimately for twelve years; they had the same sort of background; both came from large middle-class families, and both had come to South Africa for their health; they shared the same iron-roofed shanty, and messed at the same little table at the Kimberley Club. And Jameson understood Rhodes, his foible for size, his love of the veld, the stars, Table Mountain, and even, in a casual way, people. Rhodes liked the casual people he came across, and they liked him. It was largely a bluff on his part. Still, he could get on well with strangers, they nearly always found him agreeable and obliging. 'That's Rhodes all over,' said Jameson, on one occasion, 'he can never say No.' But he could say No to his friends. It was his friends who suffered most from his inborn aloofness and arrogance, his quiet unyielding nature, his exacting and overbearing temper. But Rhodes had a real affection for Jameson. He was so different from the rest of the Kimberley crowd. True, he was a great gossip, and Rhodes hated gossip of all kinds, but he had the same sort of ethical creed as Rhodes himself; he stuck at nothing and seemed to regard sin as as vital a part of life as virtue; a fine whist-player, too, and a great gambler, and yet he had no particular hankering after money; his name was never

whispered in connection with any financial scandal. Moreover, he possessed just those qualities which were conspicuously lacking in Rhodes himself. He was a regular dare-devil and a great social lion. He allowed Rhodes to make use of him and did not haggle over the price. A canny Scot and a born filibuster; the sort of man to whom one could make out a power of attorney and then sleep soundly in one's bed.

But Beit and Jameson knew no more about Mashonaland than Rhodes. Mr. Selous was the great authority on that subject; he knew the ropes of that strange country better than anyone, and he was known to be interested in the scheme of occupation. If Selous could be got to place his services at the disposal of the Chartered Company, those services would be invaluable; and Mr. Selous was said to be in low water financially; a sum of two or three thousand pounds would be a nice little windfall for a man like Selous; it would put him on his feet. And Selous had another qualification, – like Beit and Jameson he was unmarried, and Mr. Rhodes had no use for married men when there was work to be done.

Selous was nearly forty years old when he stepped on to the stage of international events. Well over medium height, with fair pointed beard and massive thighs and legs, it was his fine blue eyes, which were extraordinarily clear and limpid, that most attracted attention. Physically he was always in training down to the bone; he neither smoked nor drank, for he had chosen the hardest career a man can chalk out for himself. And yet Selous was something more than a mighty elephant hunter and the Allan Quatermain of fiction. He was a keen field naturalist, a contributor to museums, a vivid writer, a rare linguist, and, above all, a very modest gentleman. His exciting stories, told in a soft musical voice, and his

charming manners ensured him a welcome everywhere. Moreover, he had a reputation, unique in Africa, of always speaking the truth.

Selous first came to Mashonaland in 1871, shortly after the coronation of the Matabele king. Lobengula at once took to him and gave him permission to hunt. 'Go where you will,' he said, 'you are only a boy,' and for the next twenty-five years the countries to the north of the Limpopo were his home. Wearing only a cotton shirt, a soft felt hat, and a pair of shoes, he rode over the countryside in search of elephant, exploring and mapping the land in every direction and gaining an intimate knowledge of its peoples. He saw the Falls on several occasions, paid two short visits to the Zimbabwe ruins, which he thought comparatively modern and the remains of native work; discovered the limestone caves at Sinoia and the tiny lake of cobalt blue; and, following the silly fashion of the times, christened two mountains after Darwin and Hampden. He had visited the French missionaries on the upper Zambesi, and the Portuguese traders at Zumbo and Tete, and once had narrowly escaped with his life from the Mashukulumbwe.

(2)

The Portuguese were no more disposed than the Dutch to recognise the countries south of the Zambesi as spheres of exclusive British influence, but the grounds of their objection were not the same, for whereas the Dutch objected to the British acquiring land which they wanted for themselves, the Portuguese maintained that the land was already theirs. According to the Portuguese, their African colonies stretched in an unbroken block across the African continent from east to west. They claimed Matabeleland and Mashonaland by deeds of cession dating

far back into the seventeenth century, and were now preparing to make good their claim by the production of fresh treaties signed with the natives. Selous was in eastern Mashonaland during 1889, conducting a party of prospectors to the headwaters of the Mazoe river. He discovered that two Portuguese military expeditions had been there before him, interviewing the chiefs, signing treaties, and hoisting the Portuguese flag in the kraals. This was the classical way of appropriating African territories. It was the method pursued by Stanley and De Brazza in the Congo; by Binger in Senegal; by Peters and Lugard in Uganda; by Sharpe in northern Zambesia. But though France and Germany were prepared to admit Portuguese claims, Great Britain was not. Lord Salisbury had not forgotten President McMahon's award and the loss of Delagoa Bay. The award had been given against Britain for failing to maintain effective occupation. What was sauce for the goose would now be sauce for the gander. Sheltering himself behind the Act of Berlin, Lord Salisbury refused to recognise Portuguese claims to Mashonaland on the ground that the Portuguese could not show effective occupation. But this was a very strained interpretation to put on the Act, for the occupation clause of the Act of Berlin referred only to coastal territory. Why should there be one law for Portugal and another law for the rest of Europe? Had England, Germany, France, or the Free State of the Congo effectively occupied the vast regions placed under their respective spheres of influence? Moreover, if the Portuguese could not show effective occupation in Mashonaland, neither could the British. At the close of 1889 there was not a single British subject living in Mashonaland.

It was during this trip that Selous wrote a memorable

letter to his syndicate in Capetown. This letter, written from Tete, dated 28th October, 1889, says in part: 'Should Mr. Cecil Rhodes have got the Charter then this is his true policy, to open up a southern route from the British Protectorate to Mashonaland (which only requires to be made and which will be quite as good a road as the north one passing through Matabeleland), and then first to develop the eastern slopes of Mashonaland, and not only to exploit and work the gold there but to send in emigrants and settle up and occupy the country.' On reaching Capetown, Selous entrained at once for Kimberley to interview Rhodes. He placed his scheme before him, but it was only after much discussion that Rhodes accepted it. Half-measures were never palatable with him. Rhodes apparently was still anxious to try conclusions with the Matabele. He had, it appears, at one time entertained the idea of raiding the country and overthrowing the Matabele power by a sudden *coup de main*, but this scheme had to be abandoned when one of the conspirators got drunk and gave the show away. But Rhodes was still unconvinced. It was all very well to say that the Matabele might be prepared to accept white settlement in Mashonaland so long as their own country was left in peace, but was it possible for the whites themselves to live in peace in Mashonaland so long as the military power of the Matabele remained unbroken? That was the crux of the question. Why had the military despotism of the Zulus been overthrown? In itself it was a fine thing, and there was no glory to be won in any war against blacks. It was overthrown because the presence of a great black population which the British Government could neither tax nor force to work was felt to be an ever-present danger to the colonists of Natal and the Transvaal. How could British and Dutch settlers be

expected to carry on their lawful avocations with an assegai constantly dangling over their heads? And history would repeat itself in the case of Mashonaland. Some time or other the settlers would have to fight the Matabele, why not now? A small force of 500 men would be sufficient. They would enter Mashonaland by the old missionary road passing through Tati, Bulawayo and Inyati to the Mashona hills. If the Matabele tried to stop them, they would fight.

Selous was of opinion that the conquest of Matabeleland from a military point of view was a far more serious affair than Rhodes seemed to imagine. It was possible, of course, that a well-equipped force of 500 men, entering the country in small parties and suddenly converging, might make a successful surprise attack on Bulawayo, and in the confusion even capture the King before the Matabele knew what was happening and had had time to organise resistance. But if Sir Henry Loch would not agree to this plan, a far larger force would be required. The invasion of Matabeleland could be undertaken with an adequate or an inadequate force. If the force was adequate, it could not be paid and equipped by the Chartered Company; if the force was inadequate, those who sent it would incur a fearful responsibility. Moreover, if the expedition met with failure and disaster at the start, the Chartered Company itself would be compromised. It was to the interest of the Company to avoid a collision with the Matabele – at any rate for the present. Of course the Matabele might fight by whichever road the column came, but if the pioneers entered Mashonaland through Bulawayo fighting was inevitable, whereas if they entered by a new road there was a chance that they might get through without fighting.

Selous, indeed, was under no illusions as to how the

Matabele would react in either case. He was only too well aware of the bitter feeling entertained towards the white men by the mass of the Matabele, whose fears had been excited to the highest pitch by the continual search for gold and stones. Had they had their way, not a white man would have been left alive in the country. They attributed (and not without cause) lung sickness and red-water among their cattle to the whites, and were quite sure that the real object of the concession-hunters was to deprive them of their lands. As it was, in spite of the King, white men often met with unpleasant experiences in Bulawayo and had to pocket any amount of pride. The King only kept his soldiers quiet on the declared understanding that when the whites started killing the Matabele he would give them permission to kill the whites. Selous's plan was to enter Mashonaland from the south and to cut a new road over 460 miles of trackless wilderness to Mount Hampden, which was to be the headquarters of the new administration, avoiding the territories of any tribes who owed allegiance or paid tribute to the Matabele king. It was of far more importance, he urged, in view of Portuguese activities, to occupy Mashonaland on the east than on the west, for if white settlements were once established on the east the Matabele question would in time settle itself, whereas if the eastern border was neglected the rich gold fields of Manica would be lost irretrievably. This was a practical point unlikely to be lost on a man like Rhodes. Moreover Rhodes's hand was being forced from other directions. Mr. Rudd was of opinion that the times were not propitious for starting mining operations, and advised delay; Colonel Carrington refused to undertake the military occupation of Mashonaland with less than 2,500 men at colonial rates of pay. This would have

swallowed up the greater part of the capital of the Chartered Company, which was only £1,000,000, and a large part of that earmarked for railways. In the end Selous's scheme was accepted, because it minimised the risk of collision with the Matabele, and proffered, in addition, the golden bait of Manica.

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Rhodes had given way on the question of the road. What else could he do with all the experts against him? He believed they were wrong. They usually were. But if they should happen to be right . . . He had better be careful. The world was a cold place, and the people in it had no use for unusual folk. They would take any excuse to destroy him because he was not one of them. But he was not going to play up to Carrington. He had made up his mind on that. He knew these military gentlemen and their never-ending wars; he had not obtained the charter that Colonel Carrington might become a brigadier; he had no intention of allowing Mashonaland to be used as a training-ground for Imperial troops. But what could he do? He might be forced to accept Colonel Carrington's terms, outrageous as he believed them to be. He had seldom been so bothered in his life, and then, quite unexpectedly, as he came into the Kimberley Club to breakfast one morning, he saw a strange face that he seemed to recognise. It was Frank Johnson, on his way down country. They had breakfast together. Rhodes unburdened himself of his discontents; he stormed against Carrington – almost screaming with fury – and he found Mr. Johnson exceedingly sympathetic. On the spur of the moment his youthful companion offered to undertake the job himself. He would organise an expedition to Mount Hampden that would be satisfactory both to Sir Henry

Loch and to the directors of the Chartered Company. He would take the entire responsibility, and would carry out the occupation with one-tenth of the men required by the War Office, and at one-tenth of the cost. Rhodes closed at once with the offer, and gave him till midday to name his price.

Mr. Frank Johnson, thick set, dark-eyed, short, was only twenty-three years of age, but this engaging adventurer and concession hunter had more than his fair share of African bluster, and lungs like a bull of Basan. Moreover, he had a bone to pick with the Matabele on his own account. He had travelled in Matabeleland, and his experiences there had been far from pleasant. He had been arraigned before Lobengula and his Indunas on various high crimes and misdemeanours, and had been ingloriously expelled from the country. He contracted with Rhodes to organise and lead an expedition to Mount Hampden for a large, but by no means extravagant sum (about £94,000), out of which he was to pay, feed, and equip a pioneer force of about 200 men, and provide bullocks, wagons, stores, and implements for the journey. But Mr. Frank Johnson, unlike Mr. Selous, never became a Company man. So long as Lord Gifford and Mr. Cawston continued to serve on the board of directors he flatly declined to take service with the Company, for both these gentlemen had served on the London board of the Bechuanaland Exploration Company when Mr. Johnson was their local Bechuanaland agent, and Mr. Johnson was of opinion that they had treated both him and their shareholders very badly indeed.

Sir Henry Loch did not quite approve of this arrangement. He had seen a good deal of fighting in his time in out-of-the-way places, and had had experiences in China which he could not recall without a shudder. He thought

200 men insufficient for the purpose, and insisted on the Company raising a police force not only to protect the pioneers on their journey, but to remain in the country as a standing force in case of emergency. Under no circumstances, he said, would he allow the pioneer force to advance beyond Macloutsie unless its lines of communication were protected. But Rhodes did not want a police force, or, rather, he did not want to have to pay for one. The Company's capital was limited; the directors had obligations towards their shareholders; and there was no money to throw away on unproductive expenditure. What was the good of a police force, anyway? The men would lead lazy lives, roaming all over the country with nothing to do but get into mischief, and costing the Company annually enormous sums which it could ill afford to pay. There was the British Bechuanaland Border Police. The Company would willingly provide funds for an increase in this force if it was given a peripatetic mission to patrol Mashonaland as well as Bechuanaland. But this suggestion was not approved. Rhodes had again to give way, but he gave way with a very bad grace, and only after Sir Henry Loch had actually dictated a telegram in his presence recommending the cancellation of the charter if his advice was not followed. In this way the British South Africa Company Police came into existence – a corps of 500 men under the command of Lieut.-Colonel E. G. Pennefather, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, who had seen service in the Boer and Zulu wars.

The approval of Sir Henry Loch having been obtained at last, Mr. Johnson proceeded to organise his pioneers. As far as possible the pioneers were recruited from every walk in life, and drawn from all parts of South Africa, including the two Republics. Many were picked purposely

from the best South African families, to make sure of a mighty uproar if the column came to grief. There was no lack of volunteers, for the men were offered high rates of pay, together with a farm of 3,000 acres and the right to peg 15 mining claims, a block of 10 claims being the unit. Moreover just about this time the gold boom in Johannesburg had collapsed. The Rand goldfields were condemned on account of their low-grade ore; the mining industry, so it was said, had seen its best days; the gold would never pay for the milling, owing to the presence of sulphide. Many were out of work and penniless, and to these the Mashonaland expedition came as a godsend. The pioneers were excellently equipped by Frank Johnson, who was placed in command of them with the local rank of major, and when the little force was finally made up it was composed of nearly 200 of the finest men in South Africa. They were all adventurers, all bent on making their fortunes in a couple of years. They were to be disbanded on reaching Mount Hampden, but Mashonaland was one vast gold reef and contained the sweetest pasture south of the Zambesi. It was an Eldorado and Goshen rolled into one. Success was immediate and assured; and as they talked together of the golden future, and dreamed dreams of the power of money, they made arrangements to meet one another again at the Chicago Exhibition of 1893.

(5)

Meanwhile Dr. Jameson had returned to Kimberley. According to his account his mission had been completely successful; mining could begin at once – in fact it had already started; and there would be no opposition to the trek; if the pioneers kept well to the east the Matabele would not interfere; the King had given permission for

the new road, and was even prepared to help; he was sending Colenbrander, the African scout, who was then in Bulawayo, with a working-party of 100 men to assist in its construction. Mr. Selous could hardly believe his ears. Could it indeed be true that the Matabele were prepared to co-operate with the very men who were bent on undermining their power? He would soon find out. He had a party composed of Khama's people building a road to Macloutsie, and, when he got to Palapye and the contingent from Matabeleland did not turn up, he drove to Bulawayo with old Sam Edwards to ascertain the cause. He soon learnt it. The Matabele king denied having given permission for a road, and said that he would not allow a new road to be made. And as the King sat and talked with Selous the scales fell from his eyes. He suddenly became aware of imminent deadly peril. The whites were coming up, and would remain in the country for ever. They were going to seize the land as well as the gold. And what could he do? His soul was torn with doubts and fears. The Matabele were no match for the whites if it came to war. What chance had they against the white man's weapons? Had not the Zulus gone down in a tempest of flame and fire in spite of all their heroism? It was only the young bloods who talked of washing their spears in the blood of the whites. If they wanted to fight, let them go to the gold- and diamond-fields and fight there. They would soon discover that they had bitten off more than they could chew.

But was the position so desperate after all? Was not the Great White Queen his friend? Had she not sent him her picture? Had she not reminded him, through her Secretary of State, that, while she approved of the Chartered Company, he alone was king over his country, and no one could exercise jurisdiction in it without his

permission? What was there then to fear? The Matabele and the English had always been good friends, and this friendship had been commemorated on public occasions and in their national war-songs. How malicious, then, to compare them with apes with their hands full of pumpkin-seeds. How absurd to suggest that they would never let go unless they were beaten to death. And yet . . . Perhaps there might still be time to stop the raid. He would make one more effort. He would send Boyle on a flying visit to Capetown to protest to the High Commissioner against any violation of his territories, and, above all things, he must see Rhodes himself. He had been constantly asking for Rhodes. Why did he not come? He urged Selous to bring Rhodes to Bulawayo immediately, and Selous thought that had Rhodes gone to the Matabele capital Lobengula would have returned him all the money and presents which he had received from him, and would have refused to have anything more to do with him.

Selous hurried back to Kimberley with the King's message. He would try and persuade Mr. Rhodes to go to Bulawayo himself and arrange matters. But Rhodes had no intention of going to Bulawayo; he had lived too long in Africa to risk venturing into a kraal to break a verbal lance with a chief. The die had been cast. The occupation of Mashonaland was going forward whether the Matabele liked it or not, and whether they took over the rifles or not. But Mr. Rhodes was seriously upset by Selous's report. Had Jameson, then, deceived him, or had Jameson been deceived? One of the two things must have happened, and for a few days the relations between the two friends were very strained. Finally Dr. Jameson undertook to return to Bulawayo and explain matters to the King. Selous accompanied him as

far as Tati, where they found everyone in a panic. From Tati onwards Dr. Jameson preferred to go alone, despite the most dismal warnings. Selous was of no use to him on an errand of this kind, being sadly handicapped by his inability to be two-faced. Moreover he might have been held prisoner by the Matabele, and the success of the expedition depended on Selous.

Dr. Jameson spent two days in Bulawayo, only to discover that the King knew everything. His spies sent him daily reports concerning the movements of the white men; they told him of the preparations that were being made; that a large armed force was gathering on the frontier and was preparing to cross the border. And the whole Matabele nation knew it. Bulawayo was seething with excitement, and peace and war hung in the balance. Every day different impis came pouring in to Bulawayo, demanding war and leave to attack the army which was coming up 'to eat them.' As it was useless to try and bluff any longer, Dr. Jameson put all his cards on the table. 'Had not the King,' he asked, 'given permission for the new road?' 'No,' was the answer, 'he had not.' 'But Mr. Doyle had said that he had.' 'All white men are liars,' replied the King, 'and Doyle is the father of liars. And why are soldiers coming up?' enquired Lobengula. 'The whites have been working for years on the Tati goldfields without military protection. In what respect does Mashonaland differ from Tati?' 'Mashonaland,' replied the doctor, 'is much further away than Tati, and the Queen's Government will not allow men to be taken so far unless they are protected.' 'Against whom,' queried the King, 'are the workers to be protected?' 'Against Boers,' was the answer, 'or Portuguese or anybody else who might molest them.' Then, as Dr. Jameson explained once more the route that the pioneer

column would follow: 'Why choose that route?' interrupted the King. 'Why not come through Matabeleland?' 'Because the Queen's letters said that the Matabele were not to be interfered with and therefore they must go outside,' was the sagacious reply.

But negotiations made no progress, and the deadlock was complete. 'Well, King,' said Dr. Jameson, as he prepared to take his departure, 'as you will not confirm your promise to grant me the road, I shall bring my white impi and if necessary we shall fight.' 'I never refused the road to you and your impi,' countered Lobengula. 'Very well,' replied the doctor, 'then you acknowledge that you have promised to grant me the road, and unless you refuse it now your promise holds good.' But the King said nothing, for he knew that the future would be decided by the past. It mattered little what he might do now, the thing that mattered was what he had already done. And so Dr. Jameson turned his back on the royal kraal, having looked on Lobengula for the last time.

Shortly after Dr. Jameson left, two pure-bred white bulls arrived in Bulawayo, presents from the Chartered Company. When Jameson heard that Lobengula had accepted them, he remarked: 'That's all right. That will save us a lot of trouble.' Among the Matabele white was an emblem of peace.

CHAPTER VII

THE TRANSVAAL INTERVENES

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MEANWHILE events were taking place in the Transvaal which were destined to exercise a profound influence not only on the fortunes of the Chartered Company, but on the whole of South Africa. In the middle of January, 1890, a certain Mr. Bowler, apparently an Englishman, forwarded to the British, Dutch, and Portuguese Governments a copy of a Mashonaland colonisation scheme based on a concession said to have been obtained in north-east Mashonaland. Apparently it was the intention of Mr. Bowler and his friends to anticipate the action of the Chartered Company by organising a Boer trek into Mashonaland at the very time when the Chartered Company's pioneers were marching in. Mr. Bowler's scheme was not taken very seriously, for this was not the first occasion on which the Boers had talked of trekking to the north. A trek had been spoken of in 1885, and again in 1886, but on each occasion it had fizzled out. There would be a vast amount of chatter, and in the end nothing would be done. The Chartered Company's pioneers had nothing to fear from Mr. Bowler.

But this time there was to be a rude awakening. Selous had gone on a flying visit to the Zoutpansberg district to consult an old hunter about certain features of the country over which the pioneers would have to pass, and he came back with alarming tidings. The

Boers were about to trek to Mashonaland, and to trek, too, on an enormous scale; 1,500 men were actually on the roll, which he had himself seen, and 500 additional recruits were being raised in Cape Colony. This information, coming from a man like Selous, renowned for his accuracy and perfectly familiar with the Boers and their language, had a very disturbing effect on Mr. Rhodes. He wasted no time in verifying the information, but got into touch with Sir Henry Loch at once.

It was obvious that a crisis had arisen. By article 4 of the London Convention the Government of the Transvaal was debarred from expanding to the east and west without British sanction, but had been left a perfectly free hand in the north. Even Sir Hercules Robinson had admitted this. True, in 1888 Matabeleland and Mashonaland had been declared exclusively within the sphere of British influence, but while Sir Hercules Robinson had declined to define what was exactly meant by this expression, he had assured the Government of the Republic that citizens of the Transvaal would be placed on an equal footing with British subjects in those territories as regards concessions, grazing rights, and grants of land. Thus there was apparently nothing to prevent the Boers from trekking into Mashonaland if they wished, and were prepared to take the usual risks, provided that no arrangements which they might make with the natives led to an alteration of existing boundaries. It was therefore not unlikely that when the pioneers reached Mount Hampden, if they ever did, they would find a large part of Mashonaland already occupied by some 2,000 Boers and their families.

Kruger had no use for this trek except as a means of bringing pressure to bear on the High Commissioner. Expansion to the north had never really been part of his

programme. Like President Pretorius he had dreamed of a Transvaal stretching from sea to sea, and, now that the way to the west was closed by the British Protectorate over Bechuanaland and the German annexation of South-West Africa, his policy was to annex Swaziland on the east, and the territories beyond Swaziland as far as the coast, and procure for the Republic a free port of its own. What did it matter to the Dutch if the British did occupy Mashonaland? They had only to wait and Mashonaland would be theirs in the end. The British did not come to South Africa to farm, but to loot. They would loot Mashonaland as they had looted India and were then looting the Transvaal. How many real settlers would be found among the pioneers? Precious few. They would treat the country like a harlot, ravish it, and then clear out. The British had become too civilised for colonisation; they were too urban; they had too many wants, and too many social ambitions. They would work to make money, and then go home or somewhere else. They were hunters, explorers, miners, traders, artisans – anything but farmers. And the Dutch would remain. For the Dutch were the real pioneers, with their passion for sun and open spaces, their swarms of children, their skill in the use of rifle and axe, their low standards of comfort, their hardy self-reliance and great powers of endurance. And they would use the British. They would use them to destroy the Matabele as they had used them to destroy the Zulus. Major Johnson and his pioneers were of no importance. The future could be left to take care of itself. The needs of the moment were far more pressing. What were those needs? A railway and a port.

So while President Kruger professed to disapprove of the Bowler trek, and even issued a proclamation warning

the burghers against having anything to do with it, he was far too shrewd a diplomat not to realise the use to which it might be put. By holding the threat of a trek over Sir Henry Loch, he believed that he could now force an issue on the Swaziland question in his favour. Ever since the London Convention the Boers had looked to the north as their legitimate field of expansion, and, if the British were now about to occupy the north, they felt it to be only fair that they should receive territorial compensation elsewhere. Sir Hercules Robinson, indeed, had laid down the principle of the open door in Mashonaland, but Sir Henry Loch soon let it be known that the door was not open. He protested in the most peremptory fashion against the 'Mashonaland Colonisation Scheme,' declaring it a 'violation of territory,' and 'an infringement of the right of Her Majesty's Government' for which the Government of the Transvaal would be held responsible. But in what way was the Mashonaland colonisation scheme a 'violation of territory' and an 'infringement of the right of Her Majesty's Government'? Mashonaland was not British territory; it was not even a British Protectorate. It had simply been declared a region in which British influence was supreme. True, the British South Africa Company had been granted a charter over Mashonaland, but the charter itself was based on the fact that sovereignty over Mashonaland belonged to the Matabele, from whose King the Chartered Company had obtained its concession. Moreover, the Chartered Company had acquired no vested interests in Mashonaland apart from the exclusive right to mine. The Rudd concession conferred no rights in land. In spite, therefore, of the President's proclamation, preparations for the trek went quietly on. And now in the scare occasioned by the trek President Kruger saw his opportunity. What a

lucky chance that Rhodes should have heard of the trek from a man like Selous. Selous was no politician. He was a child in these matters; he was so simple that he would believe anything he was told, and so honest that no one would question anything he said.

Although Kruger was inclined to think the High Commissioner unreasonable, judging him by his correspondence, he had no wish to magnify their differences into a serious quarrel. Both parties doubtless had their point of view, and, if they could arrange to meet and discuss matters, he felt sure that as between sensible men they would soon be able to come to some working agreement. Kruger had never met Sir Henry Loch, but he had proved in the case of Sir Hercules Robinson that personal contact, followed by a frank interchange of opinion, was a far more effective way of doing business so far as the Transvaal was concerned than writing endless despatches. He therefore proposed a meeting at Blignauts Pont, and suggested that Sir Henry Loch should bring Mr. Rhodes with him, for, though at this time Rhodes held no official position in the Government of Cape Colony, he was such a tremendous force in South African politics that it was felt that any arrangement come to about the north which left him out of account would prove unworkable. In this view Sir Henry Loch concurred.

On his way down to Blignauts Pont, Kruger stopped over in Johannesburg. While he was there he was grossly insulted by a mob who refused him a hearing, sang 'God save the Queen' and 'Rule, Britannia!' and ended, while the President was at dinner, by hauling down the Transvaal flag, which was flying in front of the Landdrost's residence, and tearing it into pieces. What was the explanation of this singular incident? Was it the first ominous sign of the rising hurricane? Some thought so,

for the question of the franchise had been raised. Others, President Kruger among them, sought a simpler explanation – mixed drinks. Both explanations were wrong. The true explanation lay in the slump following on the gold boom. In South Africa there is a tendency, even stronger perhaps than in most countries, to blame the Government in times of economic distress. South Africa was then passing through one of the worst trade depressions in its history – a depression, indeed, which only came to an end in 1895 with the use of the cyanide process for working low-grade ore and the proving of the deep levels. The discovery of the cyanide process not only led to a revival of trade and mining on the Rand, but so cheapened the gold output as to revolutionise monetary values on an international scale. It was the principal cause of the failure of the Jameson Raid (1895), for in times of prosperity men's minds are not easily diverted to revolutionary politics. All revolutions come from the stomach.

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The meeting at Blignauts Pont was not a success. Sir Henry Loch was apparently as ignorant of the Transvàal constitution as most European statesmen at the Congress of Versailles were of the American constitution. At any rate he appeared on the scene with a draft proposal in his pocket, apparently under the impression that President Kruger had full powers to negotiate a treaty. He was considerably surprised to learn that under the Transvaal constitution neither the President nor the Secretary of State had the power to come to any binding arrangement. It was carefully explained to him that under the laws of the Republic treaties could only be made by the Executive Council, and were not even effective then until they had

been ratified by the Volksraad. The utmost that the President could do was to promise to submit the proposals of the High Commissioner to the Executive Council and recommend their adoption if he thought fit, but neither the President nor the Secretary of State could pledge beforehand the consent of the Executive Council or the Raad, both these bodies being perfectly free and independent in their deliberations and decisions. Nor was this all. The Boers believe as firmly as the Chinese in the sacred right of insurrection. 'I never came across one man,' says Colonel Deneys Reitz, writing of the 1914 rebellion, 'who thought that he had committed an offence in taking up arms against the government of his country.' And it has always been so. Behind President, Council, and Raad lay the Het Volk, and in the eyes of the Het Volk a Government that had lost the confidence of the governed was simply no Government at all. Rebellion was as the sin of witchcraft, a figment of the imagination. 'If we were to accept this draft,' said Kruger, to the astonished Loch, 'all that would happen would be that I should lose my position as President. Do you want that?' Under the circumstances Sir Henry Loch would have been justified in thinking that he had walked straight into a trap, and that President Kruger's object in decoying him to Blignauts Pont was merely to gain time under cover of becoming personally acquainted. There would be time enough in the future to make the acquaintance of President Kruger and to indulge in 'open-hearted discussions,' but what the High Commissioner desired at the moment was action and not talk. It was now the middle of March (1890), and preparations for the occupation of Mashonaland were far advanced. The one remaining obstacle was the Dutch and their claims to the country, and their preparations to enforce

those claims. And now, after having come to Blignauts Pont at President Kruger's invitation, to settle matters as he thought, Sir Henry Loch was told that the President had no power to settle anything.

But if President Kruger had no power to settle anything, he was willing to make proposals. He proposed an exchange of rights. The President was prepared to recommend the Executive Council to abandon all claims to the north, to withdraw all opposition to the charter, to discourage the trek by distributing pamphlets among the burghers, and to recall Hans Bezuidenhout and the other leaders, in return for Swaziland, the country beyond Swaziland ruled by two petty chieftains, Zambaan and Umbegeza, and a portion of Tongaland, including Kosi Bay, with a view to the construction of a railway from Pretoria to the coast; and he backed up his demand by producing the treaty which Mr. Grobler had signed with the Matabele king. Sir Henry Loch at once disabused the President's mind of any idea of Great Britain consenting to the annexation of Swaziland by the Transvaal, except perhaps that small portion called the Little Free State which was practically a part of the Transvaal already. Indeed, before coming to the conference he had received specific cable instructions from London to the effect that the British Government would not consent to the annexation of Swaziland by the Dutch, but would prefer to see the life of the provisional governing committee, which by an arrangement between the Swazis and the De Winton Commission had been appointed in December 1889 for four months, extended indefinitely.

This announcement was a severe blow to President Kruger, who had set his heart on annexing Swaziland, because geographically Swaziland already belonged to

the Transvaal, being bounded on three sides by the Republic; because historically it had been under the suzerainty of the Republic prior to the Shepstone Raid of 1877; because the majority of white settlers in the country were burghers of the South African Republic, and burghers and sympathisers together represented three to one as to other nationalities; and because through Swaziland lay the road to the sea. If the British Government would not allow the Transvaal to annex Swaziland, and did not make or hold out any promise for the future, the Executive Council would hardly be prepared even to discuss Sir Henry Loch's draft convention.

But on the question of Swaziland, Sir Henry Loch was adamant. He was not prepared even to discuss it; but concerning a railway to the coast he was more accommodating, holding out to the Transvaal the prospect of obtaining the sovereignty over some territory on the sea coast in Tongaland, and sovereign rights from there over a railway strip to the eastern frontier of Swaziland and perhaps beyond. But for this concession Sir Henry Loch asked a stiff price. The Government of the Republic was not only to abandon its claim to the north, and support the policy of Her Majesty's Government in those regions, thus satisfying the Chartered Company, but it was to allow the immediate extension of the Cape Colony and Natal railway systems into the Transvaal, to allow free entry to all South African goods and produce, and to enter a general Customs Union, thus satisfying the fiscal and commercial ambitions of Cape Colony and Natal.

But President Kruger would not listen to any proposal for a general Customs Union, or for the free entry of South African goods and produce into the Transvaal – not because he was opposed on principle to a Customs Union

or free trade, but because the experience of the Transvaal equally with that of the Free State had convinced him that without a port with which to bargain it would be futile to expect to get an equitable share of the customs dues, and because free trade would in reality only benefit the rest of South Africa at the expense of the Transvaal by allowing Cape Colony and Natal to cut in on the Rand market. His programme was a port first, and a Customs Union and free trade afterwards. When the South African Republic had obtained unabridged sovereignty over a tract of land connecting the Republic with the sea, then, and only then, would it be in a position to join a Customs Union, and to admit the goods and produce of South African States and colonies into the Transvaal duty free.

Although highly dissatisfied with the High Commissioner's draft proposals, Kruger agreed to lay them before the Transvaal Executive Council, though, as he told Sir Henry Loch, they stood little chance of being accepted without considerable modifications. The real issue was Swaziland. If the burghers were to abandon their territorial prospects in the north, they would expect to receive adequate territorial compensation elsewhere. Historically and geographically they looked on Swaziland as their own. They had been the first to obtain a land concession in the country, and the first to acquire grants of winter grazing for their cattle. For some time past Swaziland had been overrun with concession-hunters whose continual intrigues had rapidly brought about a state of chronic disorder. So far as the whites were concerned there was no government in Swaziland, nor any pretence of government, and everyone did that which was lawful and right in his own eyes. In order to procure money, greyhounds,

and drink, the King of the Swazis had given away everything there was to give away, sometimes giving away the same thing several times over. Concessions had been granted for every conceivable purpose both present and to come, and among the monopolies were included such things as pawnbroking, photography, lotteries, and sweepstakes.

It was patent to everyone that neither the British nor Dutch Governments were able to exercise any control over their nationals when once they had got outside the bounds of their jurisdictions. It was equally obvious that Swaziland could not be allowed to remain in a state of anarchy indefinitely. Great Britain proposed as a way out of the difficulty the creation of a joint Anglo-Dutch administration in the country to supervise the conduct of the whites while leaving the blacks to govern themselves. But the Dutch felt that a system of dual control would soon prove unworkable, and that the real choice lay between governing the country from Downing Street and incorporating it in the Transvaal. Swaziland was of no value to Great Britain but of immense value to the Boers for its grazing lands. As things were, it would be almost impossible for the British to take over the country owing to its inaccessibility, and, even if Swaziland had been as accessible as Basutoland, a Downing Street government was the last sort of government that the settlers wanted.

In the Dutch view the only practical solution of the problem was for the British to give the Boers a free hand in Swaziland in return for a free hand in Mashonaland. The Dutch were prepared to waive all claims to Mashonaland, a country about the size of Great Britain, in exchange for Swaziland, a country about the size of Wales. But they were now told that

Sir Henry Loch had even refused to discuss the offer. The political difficulties, he said, were too great. But from what quarter did these political difficulties emanate? Not from Natal, where Sir Arthur Havelock was all in favour of Dutch annexation, and even of Dutch expansion to the coast; not from Cape Colony, where Sir Gordon Sprigg and Mr. Merriman had spoken manfully to the same effect; not from Sir Hercules Robinson, for the late High Commissioner had advocated, both publicly and privately, making over Swaziland to the Boers, together with an outlet to the sea; not from Sir Francis De Winton, for the British Parliamentary Commissioner's report had amounted to a recommendation on similar lines. The opposition came from the rank and file of the Conservative Party in Britain, whose memories rankled at the very mention of Majuba, and from Exeter Hall and the missionaries. Public opinion, it was said, would never tolerate the betrayal of Swaziland; Conservative opinion because it was unthinkable that Englishmen would ever submit to be governed by Dutchmen, and Liberal opinion because, if the country was handed over to the Boers, Liberalism or the spirit of humanism in politics would at once resume its traditional rôle of protector of weak peoples.

From the point of view of the British Government, the Aborigines Protection Society undoubtedly had its uses. It was the only efficient agency in existence for the protection of native races, and the one court of appeal to which natives could turn with some hope of redress. If this arrangement by which natives were encouraged to look for protection beyond the constituted authorities to an outside body was illogical, it worked well. Repressionists were, and are, far more frightened of Exeter Hall than of their own Governments. But

Exeter Hall sometimes served another purpose. It sometimes served as a convenient screen behind which the British Government quietly pursued its own realistic policies. In the last analysis it would be found that the foreign policy of the British Government did not depend on the unguarded virtues of Exeter Hall, but on a convenient regard for its own interests. In Britain, missionaries and philanthropists were always the servants, and never the masters, of the State, and all this was perfectly understood by the Dutch.

It was obvious to them that British policy was neither actuated by any sentimental concern over the fate of the *Swazis, nor swayed by the negrophilist sympathies* of Exeter Hall. If Dutch control over native races was felt to be such a fearful thing, why was that control restored to them by the London Convention of 1884? Why did Mr. Grant, the self-styled representative and adviser of the Zulu nation, and actually the representative in Natal of the Aborigines Protection Society, wholeheartedly co-operate with the Boers in founding the New Republic in Zululand in 1884? And why was the New Republic not recognised by Great Britain till towards the close of 1886? Public opinion in the Republic understood the reason very well by merely glancing at a map. The Government of the New Republic was not recognised because it claimed to exercise a Protectorate over parts of Zululand other than those it had been given in return for services rendered to Dinizulu, the Zulu chief. In other words, it claimed to exercise a Protectorate over St. Lucia Bay. In 1885 Sir Henry Bulwer, Governor of Natal, had warned Lord Derby that the real object of the Boers was to reach the sea, and it was a cardinal principle of British policy that the Boers must be kept from the

sea. It would never do for the Boers to acquire a port of their own, and so step beyond the reach of British interference and control. So the New Republic was only recognised on condition that its burghers renounced this dangerous dream; and no sooner had they done so than Great Britain itself proceeded to annex the rest of Zululand together with the whole of the sea coast; and when the New Republic entered into union with the Transvaal, in 1887, this arrangement was only confirmed by Great Britain, in 1888, on the understanding that the South African Republic recognised the new British possession called Zululand.

In 1888, therefore, the way to the sea through Zululand had been definitely closed, but there still remained another way – through Swaziland and Tongaland to Kosi Bay. Obviously the first hurdle which the Republic would have to take on its way to the sea was Swaziland. If the Boers were allowed to annex Swaziland, they would be within easy reach of Kosi Bay and almost beyond the reach of Natal. Between Tongaland and Natal lay the little-known country of Zululand, peopled by the most warlike of all the South African tribes. The British annexation of Zululand had not been popular among the Zulus. Indeed, on the day appointed for the ceremony of taking over, not a single chief had put in an appearance, and Dinizulu himself had taken refuge with the Boers. As for Tongaland, although it had been brought, in 1887, within the exclusive sphere of British influence, it had been neither occupied nor annexed. If the Boers, therefore, were to acquire Swaziland, it was felt that in a very short time they would be in effective occupation of Kosi Bay.

Under the circumstances it is easy to understand why the negotiations begun at Blignauts Pont hung fire.

April passed and no progress had been made, and now May was nearly over. The High Commissioner grew impatient. There is nothing so unpleasant as being kept dawdling when one is in a hurry. And Sir Henry Loch was in a hurry. The Chartered Company's pioneers were ready to march, but the Government of the Transvaal still refused to recognise the charter or to abandon its territorial claims to the north. The High Commissioner decided on drastic action. On May 29th he forwarded to Pretoria a signed draft of a convention drawn up by himself, with the date filled in on or before which the Volksraad would be required to ratify it, coupled with a veiled threat that if the convention was not signed force of arms would be used. But this draft was no more acceptable to the Republic than the original draft, and the Executive Council refused to lay it before the Raad on the ground that the Raad would in any case refuse to ratify it unamended. Sir Henry Loch replied that in that case the British Government would avail itself of its rights under article 2 of the London Convention and appoint a commissioner, backed by an armed force, to maintain order in Swaziland and to prevent encroachments; and steps were at once taken in Natal to organise a police force with a view to occupying the country if the convention was rejected. In other words if the Government of the Republic was not prepared to surrender the north, to become a party to the Customs Union recently concluded between the Free State and Cape Colony, to grant reciprocal free trade in South African goods and produce, and to withdraw its opposition to the extension of railways into its territory, it was to forfeit all claim to Swaziland, already fully recognised by the British Government, and a British force would be sent up to seize and occupy the country. And what had the

Republic been offered in exchange for these concessions? A small portion of Swaziland, called the Little Free State, consisting of about 50,000 acres already owned and occupied exclusively by Dutch farmers, and the right to build a railway to the sea, to which were attached conditions too severe to make it worth while. The Republic, indeed, might acquire by treaties, subsequently to be approved by Great Britain, the ownership of a strip of land three miles wide running through Swaziland, thence over the territories of Zambaan, Umbegeza, and Zambili to Kosi Bay, but it could obtain no sovereign rights over any portion of the road running through Swaziland, while with regard to the remainder of the road and Kosi Bay itself its sovereign rights were so hedged about with limitations as practically to constitute a British Protectorate over that portion of the road and over Kosi Bay as well. From the Dutch point of view, Sir Henry Loch's draft had nothing to recommend it, and his threat to employ force, coming on top of the Johannesburg outrage, only exasperated the burghers. At Johannesburg an English mob had grossly and wantonly insulted their President, and now Sir Henry Loch was dictating to the highest officials in the land in a manner that he would hardly dare to use towards his own clerks. The emotional response was immediate and overwhelming. A wave of public indignation swept over the Transvaal. It was felt that the British occupation of Swaziland must be prevented at all costs, even by force of arms if necessary; that if their Government failed them the burghers must throw over Mr. Kruger and take matters into their own hands; that the convention, with its impossible clauses, must be rejected, no matter at what price. Never, never would they submit to be bullied by the English in this fashion. Apparently they were expected to give up

everything and get nothing. So far from getting Swaziland, as they had hoped, in exchange for Mashonaland, the independence of the Swazis, as recognised by the Pretoria and London Conventions, was to be reaffirmed, and the whites in the country were to be governed by a joint administration composed of British and Dutch. Surely if a little magnanimity and chivalry was ever due from the strong to the weak, it was due to this new-born republic that had suffered so much in the past. But what right had the Dutch to expect magnanimity or chivalry? When had the Dutch displayed magnanimity or chivalry in their relations with their weaker neighbours? In their dealings with the natives they had always been stern realists. Their methods had been the methods of the wolf. The blacks were weak, and therefore they were wrong; the whites were strong, and therefore they were right. And the law of the jungle was the law of life. It had always determined the relations between States. Magnanimity! Chivalry! Magnanimity was the argument of the weak, and chivalry a glaze of colour put on to conceal the facts.

It was now suggested that, as General Joubert was about to visit Europe, he should be empowered to discuss the Swaziland question with the Colonial Secretary in London. But Sir Henry Loch promptly vetoed this suggestion for obvious reasons. The pioneer column was moving, and the Transvaal Government must renounce all claims to the north before the occupation of Mashonaland took place, so as to give the Chartered Company some sort of territorial standing in a region in which the Rudd concession had given it no territorial standing at all. In order to put an end to the deadlock, Mr. Hofmeyr, the brain as well as the heart of the Afrikander Bond, consented to go to Pretoria and offer his services as mediator.

He gave the Republic some strange advice. He advised the Government to sign the convention first and then discuss it afterwards. Sir Henry Loch would be quite willing to discuss the convention when once it was signed and ratified. When the unacceptable conditions had been accepted, Sir Henry Loch would do his best to render them acceptable. The time to discuss the convention *was after it had been signed and not before.*

This novel way of doing business did not commend itself to the Transvaal Executive Council, though it was prepared to accept Sir Henry Loch's draft as a temporary measure, provided that the Republic acquired unabridged sovereignty over a strip of ground connecting the existing territory of the Republic with the sea, and that a promise in writing was given by the High Commissioner, and inserted in the draft, undertaking to revise the convention at an early date. On July 17th Sir Henry Loch gave a written guarantee that as soon as the dual Government had been established in Swaziland, and a concession court had established the legality or otherwise of the various concessions, the British Government would re-open the Swaziland question with a view to meeting the wishes of the South African Republic as far as possible. But Sir Henry Loch would not allow his promise to be incorporated in the text of the convention. The promise itself was a sufficient guarantee that the obligation would be fulfilled.

But still President Kruger delayed, shuffled, postponed, and raised endless difficulties. Above all things a stubborn fighter, he was determined not to yield an inch unless compelled. A promise ! But what were promises worth ? Was it only great ladies who thought themselves at liberty to change their minds ? It was absurd to suppose that the Volksraad would ever allow the Transvaal to be

overrun with railways; besides, the interests of Portugal and the Netherlands Company had to be considered. Again, free trade and a Customs Union were practically impossible, owing to the Transvaal's trade agreement with Belgium, which prevented it giving any preference to Cape Colony and Natal. Mr. Hofmeyr was accused of being the tool of British diplomats, of entering into a vile conspiracy with the Imperialists to prevent the Republic from expanding to the sea. 'You are a traitor,' roared Kruger, 'a traitor to the Afrikander cause.' In this he was wrong. Mr. Hofmeyr was no traitor to the Afrikander cause. After all, facts are stubborn things, and no amount of roaring and shuffling will get away from them. And what were the facts? A British sphere of influence had been established north of the Limpopo; a Royal Charter had been granted to the British South Africa Company; the British South Africa Company was about to take possession of Mashonaland at great expense, and the Republic was in no position to prevent it. From the Dutch point of view there were worse possibilities than the occupation of Mashonaland by Mr. Rhodes and his Chartered Company. Mr. Rhodes at any rate had the colonial outlook, and could hardly be called an Imperialist. Although he might not be prepared to go out from under the British flag, he would brook no interference by the Imperial authorities in South African affairs. On this point he was a South African Parnell. And whoever thought of Parnell as an Imperialist?

But it was clear that a climax was approaching. The High Commissioner wired Mr. Hofmeyr that he had obtained authority from London to appoint Colonel Martin as British Commissioner for Swaziland, under article 2 of the London Convention, if negotiations broke down; that he had been in communication with the

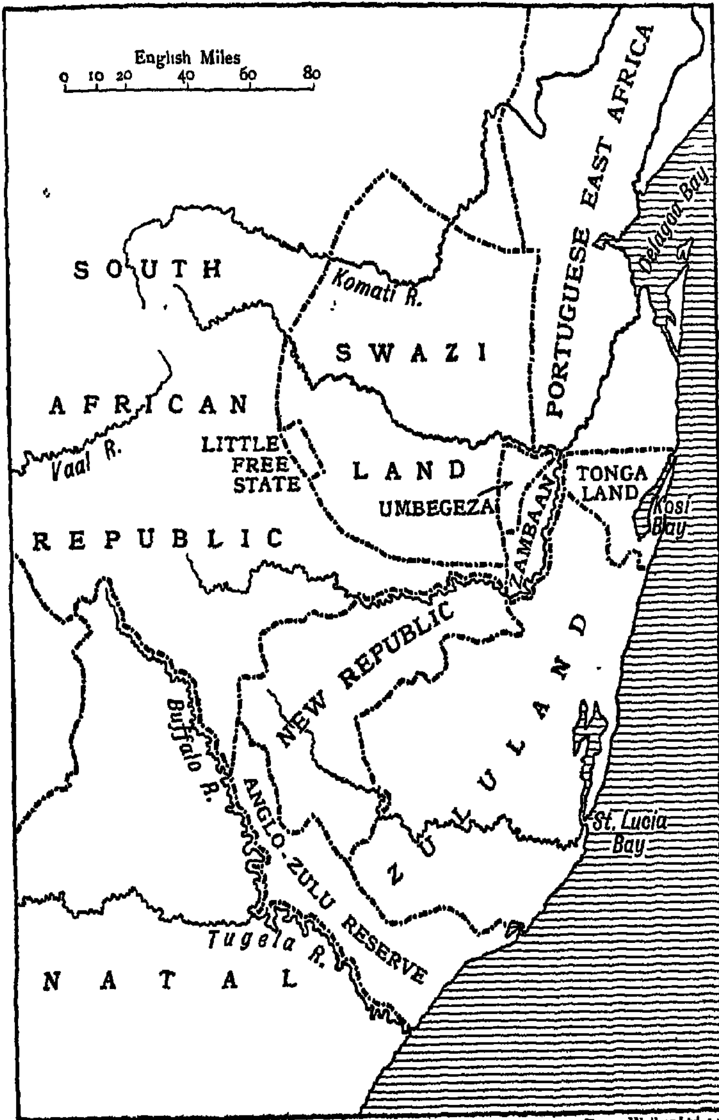
General Officer commanding in Cape Colony respecting the despatch of troops; that the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards and the 11th Hussars were under orders to proceed to Natal ostensibly to relieve the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons; and that Major Sapte, his military secretary, was leaving for Pretoria immediately, with instructions, should negotiations fail, to deliver to the President a letter announcing Colonel Martin's appointment, and requesting the Government of the South African Republic to act in accordance with the spirit of the London Convention. But why this uncompromising and intractable spirit? Had anything happened in Capetown? It had. Sir Gordon Sprigg's Cabinet had resigned, and the first Rhodes Ministry had been sworn in.

Sir Henry Loch was able to play a strong game because, as representative of the mighty British Empire, he held nearly all the winning cards. Nearly all, but not quite all. President Kruger and Mr. Hofmeyr each held a winning trump. The Transvaal Republic had no arms or money to justify an appeal to force, but it still had the power to make matters extremely unpleasant for the Chartered Company. The entry of Natal police into Swaziland might well be the signal for the overrunning of Mashonaland by the Boers, and this was the very contingency which Mr. Rhodes was anxious to avoid. We cannot allow, he said, a single Boer to settle across the Limpopo until our position in the north is secure, and his idea was to use Kruger as a sort of policeman to prevent the Dutch from entering the country.

Again, the Rhodes Ministry was only kept in office by the votes of the Afrikander Bond, and these votes were likely to be withdrawn in the event of a British military occupation of Swaziland, and would certainly be withdrawn if the occupation led to war. In the event of war,

Rhodes would cease to be Premier, and all his schemes for the north would be hung up indefinitely. It was therefore to the interests of all parties that negotiations should not break down. Mr. Hofmeyr was authorised to make concessions. Free trade was only to come into operation after the South African Republic had entered the Customs Union, and the Republic's entry into the Customs Union was made conditional on its acquiring Kosi Bay. If the Republic failed to acquire Kosi Bay, it was neither pledged to enter the Customs Union nor to admit South African goods and produce into the Transvaal duty free. A compromise was also arrived at on the subject of railways, the Republic undertaking to withdraw all opposition to the extension of railways towards its boundaries, while refraining from making any specific promise to allow these railways to come into the Transvaal. Finally there was the written promise of Sir Henry Loch to reconsider the Swaziland question at an early date with a view to meeting the legitimate aspirations of the Dutch.

With these minor concessions President Kruger had to be content. The arrival of Major Sapte in Pretoria with an ultimatum in his pocket convinced him that any further resistance could not possibly be justified, and at five o'clock on the afternoon of August 2nd he signed the first Swaziland Convention, which was ratified by the Volksraad five days later. 'It was,' so President Kruger told the Raad, 'a bitter pill to swallow'; and the Convention was only ratified subject to the reservation that ratification must not be construed as relinquishing any rights or claims which the Transvaal Government might have over territories situated beyond its eastern frontier. The South African Republic received little benefit under the agreement, but it consoled itself with the promise that as soon as the joint government in Swaziland had


English Miles
0 10 20 40 60 80
SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC
PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA
Delagoa Bay
Komati R.
SWAZI LAND
Vaal R.
LITTLE FREE STATE
UMBEGEZA
ZAMBAAN
TONGA LAND
Kosi Bay
NEW REPUBLIC
ZULULAND
Buffalo R.
ANGLO-ZULU RESERVE
St. Lucia Bay
Tugela R.
NATAL
Emery Walker Ltd. sc.

been established, and the innumerable claims of the concession-holders had been disposed of, the Convention would come up for revision.

Meantime the Republic had entered into an arrangement by which it bound itself not to extend its frontier north of the Limpopo, and to assist the Chartered Company to the best of its ability in a region which hitherto it had vaguely thought of as its own. In exchange for the north the Republic was allowed to annex the Little Free State, and had been given the right to build a railway to the sea, to which were attached impossible conditions. For of what use was ownership of a railway strip unless unabridged sovereign rights went along with ownership? Moreover, in the event of the Transvaal acquiring Kosi Bay, even on the stiff conditions laid down in the Convention, the Republic was pledged to enter the South African Customs Union within six months, and to grant reciprocal free trade in South African manufactures and produce. What State would wish to acquire Kosi Bay on such conditions as these? What was the use of negotiating with native chiefs for limited sovereign rights east of Swaziland when no sovereign rights had been conceded in Swaziland itself? Until the Swaziland question was settled, it would be foolish to start building a railway, and still more foolish to acquire Kosi Bay. As it stood, the railway concession was worthless. Perhaps it was as well, for Kosi Bay was useless as a port. There were only two feet of water at the bar. It would take years of labour and an enormous expenditure of money to make anything of it. But even so, five years later, on May 30th, 1895, within six months of the signing of the third Swaziland Convention, by which Swaziland was at last made over to the Dutch, though without formal incorporation in the territory of

the Republic, a British Protectorate was proclaimed over Tongaland, and all the ports on the east coast were now British with the exception of Delagoa Bay.

On his return to Capetown, Mr. Hofmeyr was warmly congratulated on the skilful manner in which he had handled these delicate negotiations, and, in so far as he had assisted in finding a formula that the President could accept without too great a loss of face, the praise is deserved. Lord Knutsford especially was immensely relieved when he heard that the Convention had been signed. He got the news on his birthday – 'a most welcome present.' But it was not the persuasive influence of Mr. Hofmeyr that had carried the day. None of Mr. Hofmeyr's arguments had shaken the convictions of a single Dutchman in the justice of his cause. The explanation of President Kruger's surrender is far simpler: reality had intervened in the person of Major Sapte.

(3)

Rhodes could look back with considerable satisfaction on the work of the last few months. He had had many obstacles to surmount, and he had successfully surmounted them all. He had had substantial backing from the British Government, and always at the right time. President Kruger's opposition had been overborne; the objections of the Matabele had been met in so far as they were deemed consistent with the end in view, and Mr. Moffat, now a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, was back at his post in Bulawayo; by judicious management the support of Cape colonists and of the Afrikander Bond was now assured; work on the Vryburg section of the railway was being pushed on at the rate of three miles a week; the telegraph system, which had terminated at Mafeking, was being rapidly

extended to the north – in June it reached Ramoutsa, in August, Palla Road, and it was hoped to link up with Palapye early in October; Khama was friendly, and even prepared to co-operate against his old enemy; Sir Henry Loch had given detailed approval of the plan of occupation; the Bechuanaland Border Police were at their stations on the frontier; the pioneers and B.S.A. Company police were mobilised and ready to march; the trek to the north could begin at last.

In July 1890 Rhodes had become Premier of Cape Colony. He had reached the pinnacle of his ambition. Above parties, and above race, he embodied in his soul the Afrikander ideal – the new South Africa which is to be. What was there to hinder him from being Premier for life? He knew his strength, his greatness, and his destiny – everything, indeed, but his limitations. A kind of frenzy seemed to urge him forward to new fields of action. Barotseland, the Congo, Gazaland, Nyasaland, were all swept into his vision. The railway should be his hand, and the telegraph his voice. He would show his strength to this generation, and his power to all them that were yet to come. Life Governor of De Beers, Life Governor of the Gold Fields, Managing Director of the Chartered Company, Premier of Cape Colony – what strange secrets might possibly lie hidden behind this bright blaze of splendour? Had the wings of glory no dark side?

CHAPTER VIII

THE RAID

(1)

IN the middle of May (1890) the pioneers – a civil population in embryo, or so it was hoped – left Mafeking for the north. Their base was Camp Cecil, near the Limpopo, and here Major Johnson and his officers (all holding temporary commissions for the duration of the trek) put them through a course of intensive military training. They were eager to be taught (especially the mounted work) and the more tosses they took, the better they seemed to like it. In three weeks they had thoroughly mastered the drill, and had acquired a sound knowledge of work in the field.

Meanwhile the Company's Police – presumably the future guardians of this embryo civil community – lay encamped at Macloutsie alongside an advance post of the Bechuanaland Border Police. Their training, no less intensive than that of the pioneers, was taken in hand by regular officers, seconded from their regiments for service with the Chartered Company. With such instructors, they rapidly became efficient, and soon, Major-General, the Hon. Paul Methuen, arrived in the area for the express purpose of inspecting both police and pioneers. Some sham fights were arranged which were 'especially realistic,' and the General was agreeably impressed. So far as training went the men were obviously fit to start at once, and he gave Colonel Pennefather a certificate in writing to that effect.

From the outset, the High Commissioner had emphasised the importance of having one officer only in supreme command, and this composite force of mounted police and mounted pioneers was now taken over by Colonel Pennefather, assisted by Major Willoughby, his Chief of Staff. But the Chartered Company was equally represented along with the Imperial factor, for accompanying the column were two distinguished civilians – Dr. Jameson, holding Mr. Rhodes's power of attorney, and Mr. Archibald Colquhoun, the Company's choice for Administrator, who would supersede Colonel Pennefather in supreme authority, immediately the column arrived at its destination.

But the one outstanding, because indispensable, personality was the African hunter, Captain Selous – or Mr. Selous as he preferred to be called. With the full approval of Sir Henry Loch and Mr. Rhodes, Selous had been selected to guide the column on its way up, and to advise its Commander. He was appointed Intelligence Officer, and had to plan out and arrange, as he tells us himself, all the far-out scouting. And never was a column, setting forth on so dark and perilous an adventure, more happy in its choice of guide. For Selous was a first-rate mixer, and equally at home with whites or blacks. An inborn horror of red tape and officialism made him the idol of the pioneers, and his happy manner was often an effective means of securing for the column the services of friendly natives. And he knew his job. 'The only piece of the route,' he wrote, 'about which I had any misgivings was the section beyond Chibi's where I knew there would be a sharp ascent to the plateau. Once on the table land I had no further fears, as I was familiar with the whole country along the line we would have to take.'

Thus, with Colonel Pennefather in command, and Mr. Selous as guide, pioneers and a portion of the police now struck camp, effecting a junction near the Shashi river, and at the end of June the column set out on that memorable trek which was to end some ten weeks later by the banks of the Makabusi. Meantime the Imperial Government had not been idle. Just before the expedition started a strong force of Bechuanaland Border Police had been moved forward, and had taken up new positions on the western border of Matabeleland.

All this time Khama had been watching with quiet satisfaction the preparations that were on foot to overthrow the Matabele. He was friendly to the expedition, and was willing to take part in it, but was a little anxious lest his services might hereafter be requited 'with witchcraft and deception.' Unless he was careful, there might be some misunderstanding in the future over the question of boundaries. In 1889 he had suddenly moved his capital to Palapye, seventy miles to the north-east, giving as an excuse the inadequacy of the water supply at Shoshong, and had sent men to help Selous to build the road to the Shashi river – not perhaps so much with a view to rendering assistance as to show the Company where his boundaries lay. When it came to a question of boundaries, one could not be too careful, especially now that invisible lines of latitude were being substituted for well-known physical landmarks.

The pioneers experienced no difficulty in reaching the Matabele frontier, for the wagon road to the Shashi river had already been cut by Selous and the Bamangwato; and it was near the Shashi that the column met its first check. A party of Matabele appeared, with a letter from the King demanding to know why a white impi was

collecting on his borders, and what it was that they were looking for. Mr. Boyle of the Renny-Tailyour syndicate was with them, and the news he brought from Bulawayo was not reassuring. The King would not allow a new road to be made; there was only one road into Mashonaland, and that road lay through Bulawayo; the white men must turn back and not cross the Shashi. Dr. Jameson replied that the impi about which the King complained was only a working-party, protected by some soldiers, and that it was going along the road already arranged with the King and authorised by him; and, in order that the Matabele might be under no misapprehension as to his intentions, Colonel Pennefather sent Selous across the river with orders to start cutting the road forthwith. Just then Mr. Doyle arrived on his way back from the south. His opinion was eagerly canvassed. What was the precise significance of this warning? Was the column in danger of immediate attack? Mr. Doyle thought not. Lobengula was probably bluffing. Boyle and the Matabele envoys were on their way to Capetown to interview Sir Henry Loch, and there was not likely to be any fighting before they returned. By that time the column would in all probability have reached Mount Hampden without firing a shot. At any rate he was not frightened himself, and was returning to Bulawayo immediately.

But the matter did not end there. Dr. Jameson and Colonel Pennefather might be prepared to go on, but there were others who were not so eager. The 'coloured boys,' whose job it was to look after the horses, oxen, and wagons, began to desert in large numbers. They, at any rate, were not going to trek, in defiance of the Matabele, across 200 miles of unknown low veld, with the enemy probably lying in ambush for them in the dense bush. If the white men chose to proceed, they could proceed

alone. But how were the whites to proceed without the usual swarm of native servants? What sort of figures were they likely to cut when it came to inspanning the oxen of more than eighty wagons, and every ox in every span having its appointed place? How did they fancy themselves cast for the rôle of principals in the usual daily comedy which would be no laughing matter now? How were they to proceed without drivers, horse-boys, leaders, and cattle herds, cut off as they were from all contact with civilisation, with Matabele impis threatening them in flank and rear, with the telegraph not much further than Ramoutsa, and the railway no nearer than Kimberley, over six hundred miles away? It would be sheer madness to go on. The expedition was brought to a standstill, and the situation only began to clear up when Khama's brother, Radi-Kladi, arrived on the scene with a reinforcement of two hundred men.

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the services rendered by Khama at this critical juncture. Without the arrival of these useful auxiliaries it is doubtful whether any of the 'coloured boys' would have crossed the river. But now they began to feel safe. They were no longer among strangers, but among people who understood them and knew their ways. They did not altogether trust the whites. The life or death of a nigger, what did it matter to them? The white people would fight, of course, if attacked, if only to save their skins; and they would probably be victorious, because they had firearms and knew how to use them. But the Bamangwato also had firearms – excellent rifles which they had learnt to use with deadly effect on their hunting trips in the Kalahari.

The new arrivals were soon posted. Some took the place of 'boys' who had disappeared without leaving a trace; others were detailed to assist the pioneers in making

the wagon road; and the mounted men were organised by Selous into a body of scouts under the command of picked leaders. So, after building a fort at Tuli, and leaving a small garrison in charge, the expedition crossed the Shashi into Matabeleland on July 11th nearly one thousand strong.

The column had now entered on the dangerous part of its journey, and the danger zone extended from the Shashi river on the south to the Tokwe river on the north-east, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. Selous's object throughout the march was to keep the column moving on the circumference of a circle with a radius of at least 150 miles from its centre, Bulawayo, thus lessening the chances of a Matabele attack. If the Matabele attacked, they would attack the column before it reached the high veld. Once the column had gained the protection of the open plateau of Mashonaland it was safe. What chance would an impi, or any number of impis, have in open country against an expeditionary force equipped with machine guns, field guns, rockets, and a searchlight? Meantime there were serious obstacles to be overcome. There was a wagon road to be cut through two hundred miles of thick, and sometimes dense, bush; there were rivers to cross, some with steep banks and sandy beds, and others with rocky bottoms which made it difficult for oxen and wagons to cross; there were drifts to be made, banks to be cut, bridges to be built, beds to be corduroyed. The nature of the country and the tasks of the pioneers seemed to combine to favour an attack.

The real danger was not by night. By night the column could always hope to make itself reasonably secure by burning the bush around the laager, by turning on the searchlight, and, in the event of an attack, by using the oxen to serve as a screen against a foe who delighted in

fighting at close quarters. If the Matabele attacked the laager, they would suffer fearful loss. The real danger was by day, when the pioneers were scattered in little groups engaged in various occupations, or when the column was slowly moving forward, thus making rapid concentration impossible. It was at times like these that Selous felt the weight of responsibility to be well-nigh overwhelming; and when the pioneers were nearing the Umshabetsi river, and he had climbed a kopje to scan the way ahead, the appalling actuality of the danger suddenly burst into view. He saw below him the column, advancing like an enormous serpent coiled along over a length of two miles of road. A sudden onslaught by the Matabele, and the column would be cut to pieces. It would have no time to laager. The pioneers would require at least two hours' notice of the presence of enemy forces if they were to be in a position to repel an attack. But would they get two hours? Everything depended on the accuracy of the information supplied by the scouts. Every morning Selous flung out five native mounted patrols, who scoured the country in all directions, seldom coming in till after dark. But could he rely implicitly on the accuracy of their information? What did the picked frontiersmen who were in charge of these patrols really know beyond what the natives chose to tell them? They could be so easily deceived. Again, a patrol might be cut up and nothing known about it until it was too late. And were the Bamangwato to be wholly trusted? What sort of love had Khama for the Chartered Company? In expectation of what reward did the Bamangwato place their invaluable knowledge of veld-craft at the disposal of the pioneers? As soldiers, too, the Bamangwato had none too good a reputation. They were reputed to be lazy and timid – fearful vices in a scout. A slight

slackening off in effort, a disinclination to take a risk, a bit of faulty information, and all might well be over. He consulted Captain Heany (for it was A troop's turn to make the road). What did Captain Heany think? Was he satisfied with existing arrangements? And the quiet and thoughtful American had to confess that he was not. A system of double tracks would be better, even if it involved twice the labour. The column could then advance by parallel roads in two divisions, and would be less vulnerable against sudden attack. The plan was tried; it was found to work well; a double road was cut from the Umshabetsi river onwards, and the Bamangwato, working alongside the pioneers, rendered such valuable assistance that the road was always opened up faster than the column could travel.

Many of the pioneers were not aware that any outside scouting was going on, and those who knew were inclined to minimise the excellent work that was being done. Gratitude is not an African virtue, and the pioneers could not quite forgive the Bamangwato for having come to the rescue of the column at Tuli. The fact was obvious, and the conclusion no less so. If the expedition was successful, and the truth about it ever known, a large share – perhaps the larger share – of the credit would have to go to these blacks. And such blacks too. Bible-reading, hymn-singing hypocrites! How the pioneers detested them. Moreover, now that things were going well, they began to feel that the participation of the Bamangwato had been a mistake from the beginning. They could have done perfectly well without them. They were dirty and verminous, lazy and inefficient, and quite unamenable to discipline. Instead of regarding themselves as inferior beings, they swaggered about as if their presence was indispensable. It was too humiliating. At last matters

reached a crisis. The pioneers refused to work alongside the blacks any longer on account of their offensive smell. The Bamangwato angrily retorted that if their smell was bad it was nothing to the language of the pioneers; that for their part they wished to return home, now that they had seen the column safely through, for they had their ploughing to do. It was decided to dismiss them at the Lundi river, for the dangerous part of the journey would then be over.

The Bamangwato took a curious revenge. On the day following their dismissal, and when it was believed that they had already started on their homeward way, they suddenly reappeared, exhibiting acute symptoms of abject fear. They declared that they had seen an impi of two thousand Matabele, and that an attack might be expected any moment. The column was then encamped on the south bank of the Tokwe river, on a spot 'horribly suitable' for an ambuscade. The narrow roadway, the thick bush, the stony ridges – all would favour the attackers and render defence, even with modern weapons, extremely difficult. The pioneers, now thoroughly alarmed, set to work on their defences with an energy that perhaps they had never shown before. The scrub was cut, mines were laid around the laager, the men stood to arms all night, the searchlight never ceased to play upon the bush. But it was a false alarm. When daylight broke there was no sign of the enemy, and no trace of the enemy having been in the neighbourhood; and the Bamangwato, having played their little joke, started on the long trek back to Palapye.

Once across the Tokwe river the main body of the pioneers had nothing more to fear. Away in the distance they could see the promised land standing out clearly against the sky. Selous, who was scouting ahead, had

sent back word that he had discovered an easy pass from the low to the high veld, a long valley between two low ranges of hills. The pioneers could afford now to snap their fingers at Lobengula and all his impis; a day or two more and they would be encamped on the open plains, with all their perils and anxieties behind them.

But Major Willoughby, who was bringing up the rear column, did not feel so happy. Colenbrander had ridden by with an ultimatum from the King to Colonel Pennefather: 'Who are you,' it ran, 'and where are you going and by whose orders, and what do you want? Where are you leading all these young men like a lot of sheep to; or do they think that they will get safely back to their homes? Go back at once, and take your young men, or I will not be answerable for the consequences. Do you not think white blood can flow as well as black?' In Colenbrander's opinion the state of affairs in Bulawayo was not at all as Doyle had depicted it. War was certain and the Company knew it. Doyle himself had been stopped from returning to Bulawayo; all white men had been warned to leave the country or to remain on at their own risk, and those who still remained were practically prisoners, as all the paths were guarded; the missionaries had fled; everyone in Tati had cleared out with the exception of Farley and Sam Edwards, and they, too, were preparing to make a bolt for it; Lobengula knew everything but was very secretive and would let nothing out; he (Colenbrander) had come away with Chadwick and four Indunas, thinking that the column was still at Tuli; before setting off he had told the King that they would not be coming back, and the King had agreed; he had left Chadwick and the Indunas at Tuli, as the Indunas had no horses and his message was urgent; there was not a moment to be lost; the Matabele impis would be on top of them in a week.

This was cheerful news indeed, when 150 miles of bush had still to be traversed before the high veld was reached. But the Matabele never came; and when the men of the rear column joined the main body at the camp called Victoria, on the far side of Providential pass, they found cricket and football in full swing and all fear of the Matabele gone.

(2)

The romantic side of the trek was over. The column had only to march due north and it would eventually strike Mount Hampden. The pioneers now had time to look around them. So this was the promised land. This was the wealthy and fertile Mashonaland about which they had heard so much. And, as they gazed about them, they began to have misgivings. The country might be an Eldorado; it probably was. The tradition of centuries, confirmed by the unanimous reports of recent travellers, could not be wholly illusion; but the country could hardly be described as a land of Goshen. The soil seemed singularly barren and worthless, even allowing for the fact that the time was the end of winter. The oxen began to grow thin; they seemed to derive no nourishment from the grasses on which they fed; they refused work; their strength gave out; the pioneers were obliged to take their place and haul the wagons, by means of drag ropes, over drifts and sandy river-beds. And the further on they went, the more hopeless the land appeared. They entered on a region of sand-veld interspersed with heavy black earth, which the knowing ones among them said was useless except after heavy rains. Doubtless there were patches of good red soil, but these were already occupied by natives. So far from being an Arcadia, the highland of Mashonaland was to all appearance a country

in which it would be difficult, if not impossible, for a novice to make a living. There was no hope here of cheap and easy production; there was no possibility in a country such as this of raising abundant crops for export. If this was Mashonaland, and Mashonaland had to rely on agriculture for its prosperity, it was a country without a future.

And now the pioneers were told that this was the very portion of country that had been specially reserved for them, and that engineers were already in the field surveying and mapping out pioneer farms. But the Chartered Company had reckoned without the pioneers. They were not the sort of men on whom a confidence trick could be played with impunity. They claimed the right to stake their farms in whatever part of Mashonaland they chose, and refused to accept any other interpretation of their contracts. After the hardships that they had endured, after the immense risks that they had run, they were not going to be fobbed off with 3,000 acres of more or less worthless sand-veld as their reward. In the end the Company gave way. The scheme for settling the pioneers in the country between the Umfuli and the Hunyani rivers was abandoned, and the pioneers were left free to select their own farms anywhere they chose outside the known gold belts. But the seeds of a bitter controversy had been sown. The long historic debate between the settlers and the Chartered Company had now opened.

While the column was still encamped on the Ngezi river, some sixty miles south of its destination, Dr. Jameson decided that the time had come when the Chartered Company must proceed to the execution of the second part of its programme – the occupation of Manica. This decision had no sooner been taken than it became evident that in view of the possibility of Portuguese

opposition the operation might be a difficult, and perhaps a hazardous one, unless the party took with them someone possessed of special qualifications to assist in carrying it out. The obvious person to select was Mr. Selous, inasmuch as he was the only man who knew anything about the country to the east, and his knowledge of the natives and their languages would prove indispensable. Although naturally disappointed at leaving the column before it had reached Mount Hampden, Selous was easily persuaded to go. The occupation of Manica was part of the original plan of occupation which he had himself submitted to Rhodes, and now it was to be his good fortune to see his plan accepted in its entirety, and the practical execution of that plan left largely to him.

At Fort Charter, therefore, Selous left the column, setting out with Dr. Jameson and Mr. Archibald Colquhoun, and a small troop of police, on the journey to Manica. Before leaving he handed over his sketch maps to Nicholson and (Edward) Burnett, two leading scouts, with instructions how to proceed. At first, the pioneers without Selous were like a swarm of bees that had lost their queen, but they soon found the way and proceeded onwards to their destination. The column was now out of danger. Its communications were protected by a system of mud forts at Tuli, Victoria, and Charter, garrisoned by the B.S.A. Company police, and connected with each other by a string of blockhouses. The Mashonas were friendly, for they believed that now the white men had come they would escape the Matabele press-gangs, and would no longer have to pay Matabele taxes, which consisted of levies on their cattle and crops. A trade in barter sprang up, the natives supplying excellent tobacco, beans, rapoko, and honey, in exchange for salt, beads, limbo, matches, and empty cartridge-cases. But while

the natives were friendly they were singularly undemonstrative. They seemed curiously shy in the presence of their saviours, and this shyness seemed to extend even to the animals. When patrols passed through their villages, the Mashonas hid their women. At the approach of white men, the dogs showed symptoms of fear, and the cows would jump away and snort. But the Mashonas willingly offered their services as guides, and were ready to act in any small menial capacity. Sad to say, they displayed a tendency to appropriate without asking any little articles that took their fancy – a habit, no doubt, that they had acquired from the Matabele. But they would learn better now; the whites would set them an example.

But the column never reached its destination. It stopped short at the Makabusi river, some ten miles south of Mount Hampden, on a spot where the sand-veld gave place to good red soil such as had been encountered previously in the Victoria district. On September 12th there was a full-dress parade; a salute of twenty-one guns was fired; three lusty cheers were given for the Queen as Lieutenant Tyndale Biscoe, R.N., hoisted the Union Jack after Canon Balfour, one of the two chaplains accompanying the expedition, had said a short prayer. A few days later the pioneers took a significant step, declaring themselves burghers of the British Empire and nominating Selous their commandant. The rest of the month was spent in building a fort, which was named after Lord Salisbury, and then on September 30th, in accordance with the terms of their contract, the pioneer force was disbanded, the men immediately scattering in all directions in an eager hunt for gold. But scarcely had the rifle been exchanged for the pick, when down came the rains, tumbling in torrents on the humble dwellings that are called homes by those who dig for gold.

(3)

The occupation of Mashonaland had been accomplished without the firing of a single shot or the loss of a single life. Nowhere along the route had the column encountered any resistance. It had been literally a walk-over. Lobengula and his principal Indunas, it is true, had never wanted to fight, but the same could not be said of the mass of the Matabele. And Lobengula was not an autocrat like Chaka. Even Chaka, the mightiest of the Zulu despots, had lived in constant terror of assassination, and was aware his reign would terminate the day he opposed the popular will. How was it possible, then, for Lobengula, a much lesser man than Chaka, to override public opinion and to pursue a policy so fatally opposed to all the traditions of his race? Are we to believe that the Matabele reposed such confidence in the wisdom and foresight of their King as submissively to acquiesce in a policy of drift which they firmly believed must involve them all sooner or later in a common ruin? Was royalty among the Matabele such a sacred and venerable institution that they would render it blind obedience whatever it decreed? That may be so; yet there are indications that another and more powerful influence was at work. The priests of the Mlimo, from their fastnesses in the Matopos, had issued instructions that the column was to be allowed to pass in peace, and when the priests of the Mlimo spoke, the Matabele listened.

Only the aristocracy among the Matabele were now of pure Zulu blood, the greater part of the fighting men being of mixed stock drawn from the surrounding tribes. And these men had to obey their wise men and witch doctors even while they served the Zulu king. They might, at a pinch, defy Lobengula, for he was after all

something of a foreigner, but they were not prepared to defy their own medicine men. And why did the medicine men tender this advice? Was it because they feared the destruction of the Matabele at the hands of the whites? Was it because they foresaw that a war with the whites would involve a war with Khama, and perhaps bring about an extension of Christian influences? Or was it because they felt that the position of the whites would be a little ambiguous when they discovered the true nature of the country? The future was obscure. How long were the pioneers likely to remain in Mashonaland when they discovered that most of the gold had been taken away and the land was not all that it had been cracked up to be? Or were the medicine men actuated by more sinister motives? Was Rhodes, who so loved to use others, himself a tool in the hands of this ambitious coterie? Were the witch doctors seeking to encompass Lobengula's ruin in order to avenge personal wrongs, or did they think that the time had come to strike a blow on behalf of the Mashona tribes? Once the white men were in occupation of Mashonaland, war between the Chartered Company and the Matabele would only be a question of time.

We are in the region of speculation. There is no native literature, and without a native literature we cannot hope to understand in all its ramifications the politics of a black State. South African histories are usually apologetics for the treatment of native races, and native versions of the same events usually differ widely from our own. But two things at least seem obvious – that Lobengula believed that if there was war the Matabele would be beaten, and that the medicine men believed that if the Matabele were beaten the whites would never evacuate the country. Selous can

scarcely be right in attributing the safety of the column to the advance of a strong force of Bechuanaland Border Police to the south-west frontier of Matabeleland with the object of containing the Matabele impis, for there is no evidence to show that any responsible leader among the Matabele thought of attacking the column; and he is certainly wrong when he says that from the time when the column crossed the Shashi till the time when it reached the high veld near Victoria, neither Lobengula nor any of his people knew where it was. There was nothing wrong with the intelligence service of the Matabele; it was certainly superior to his own. As a matter of fact the King was kept well informed by spies of the movements of the column. Day by day scouts came into Bulawayo reporting that a great white army was advancing like a cloud and turning night into day, and the rigid censorship imposed on all news by the Matabele king must have deceived Selous.

Lobengula had an extremely difficult part to play, and he played it with wonderful skill. When he ordered a general mobilisation, and sent the cattle away to the north on the edge of the fly country, he may have only been taking the usual military precautions, but it is far more probable that he was playing up to his young soldiers, who were getting out of hand. In the intense excitement that prevailed throughout Matabeleland it was diplomatic on the part of the King to feign ignorance of the whereabouts of the column, and to send Colenbrander and the Indunas to Tuli with an ultimatum to Colonel Pennefather not to cross the Lundi when he knew that Tuli had been left far behind. Lobengula did not want war, and, unless there was an incident of some kind, he believed that he could avoid it. After all, he had given Rudd and his friends

permission to mine in his territories, and although he had not been led to expect when the grant was made that the mining party would come up equipped with machine guns, the actual territory in which the Matabele lived had not been invaded and no loss of life had taken place.

He liked Jameson, and he trusted Selous; and he had obtained assurances from both that the activities of the Chartered Company would be confined to Mashonaland. Doubtless these assurances had made a deep impression on the King, but what were they really worth? Grim spectres of the past were continually rising up to trouble him. Had Jameson and Selous the right to speak on behalf of Rhodes? Was it not likely that they were merely expressing their own personal opinions? Why had not Rhodes come to Bulawayo when he had been invited? Was it not a common practice among statesmen to announce one course of action while deliberately pursuing another, and then, when they were found out and felt themselves to be too deeply in the wrong to argue any further, to protest their innocence before High Heaven and solemnly declare war? The history of South Africa was one grim record of betrayal. From time everlasting might had been the only right.

But if the Matabele did not trust the Chartered Company, neither the Chartered Company nor anyone else trusted the Matabele. Everyone from President Kruger downwards said that the pioneers would be murdered. Rhodes, in particular, was racked with anxiety as, accompanied by two members of the Afrikander Bond, he made his way with Sir Henry Loch's party to Macloutsie to learn the fate of the pioneers. And he got small comfort on the way. He met a prospector on his way down country. 'What do you think of the north?' Rhodes asked him eagerly. 'Well, if you ask my opinion,' the

fellow replied, 'it's a bloody fyasco.' Mr. Viljoen, the venerable grey-haired Boer, under whose hospitable roof on the Transvaal border Rhodes and his Dutch friends slept, was full of gloomy forebodings. And then the dubious news from Bulawayo: the Matabele were arming; the King had ordered a larg enumber of new shields to be made; the whole nation, men and women, had been ordered to make new sandals. This was not mobilisation; it was war.

And what grounds for confidence had Rhodes on a calm surveyal of the past? Had not Lobengula put to death the old Induna Lotje and all his family because he had advised the King to sign the Rudd concession? Had he not officially repudiated the concession in two letters to the English queen declaring that it represented 'neither his words nor the words of those who got it'? Had he not in July declined to accept his monthly subsidy of £100? Had he not refused from the first to take possession of the rifles, and had he taken possession of them now? Ah! those thousand rifles. What use might not be made of them. What would happen if the 'long-range rifles' were to be used at short range? Was it quite certain that the stabbing assegai was so superior to the Martini-Henry? Might not Sir Sidney Shippard and the missionaries be wrong after all? Again, had not Joni (the Matabele nickname for the Rev. J. S. Moffat) always prophesied from his 'ghastly exile' in Bulawayo that a massacre of all white persons in Matabeleland was certain to take place sooner or later, and had he not stipulated before returning to Bulawayo that the Chartered Company should make provision for his widow in the event of his death? And when he thought on these things, the anxiety and mental strain became intolerable. The risks had been too great; a catastrophe

was imminent; he must recall the column; and he was on the point of doing so when news reached him of its safe arrival on the high veld.

Sir Henry Loch and Sir Sidney Shippard arrived at Macloutsie shortly before Rhodes, the High Commissioner being officially on a tour of inspection in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, settling disputes among the various chiefs over boundaries, and intending, if Lobengula wished, to go on to Bulawayo. But the Matabele king made no sign. At Macloutsie the Capetown party were given a warm welcome by the police, who provided them with everything they wanted except drinks. Sir Henry Loch held an inspection, and delivered a speech which was a perfect model of its kind. The men whom he had the honour of addressing, he said, were 'one of the finest bodies of men it had ever been his good fortune to see.' Although they were not at the front, they had ample cause for satisfaction in the knowledge that they were assisting in holding one of the most important positions in the country, and that if there was any trouble up in Mashonaland 'there was no part of the country where there would be greater difficulties than where they were now stationed.'

A dinner was held, followed by a smoking-concert, to celebrate the success of the pioneers. Rhodes made a speech which made a big impression on his listeners. He held out dazzling prospects of golden harvests; and as he spoke his dull and expressionless face seemed to radiate animation. He was, as it were, transformed. He was no longer the curious dreamy and somewhat sleepy looking personage, but the man of action and a prince among men. Everyone felt that he was in the presence of a great leader – a sort of superman about whom there is nothing to be said or done. Suddenly Rhodes announced his intention to follow up the pioneers. Sir Sidney Shippard, Colonel

Carrington, and Captain Bower joined in dissuading him on account of the risk. Urgent warnings had been received from Bulawayo, and it would be folly to disregard these warnings. He must be careful not to tempt Fate too high or too often. Sir Henry Loch wrote Rhodes a formal note, reminding him that a man in his position had no right to go wandering about in an unknown country. What would happen if Mr. Rhodes was to be taken prisoner? All the armed forces in Cape Colony would have to be mobilised to rescue the Premier. And Rhodes and his Afrikander friends went no further than Tuli. There they gazed across the frontier at the new country which Rhodes's vision and energy had won, and then the little party turned south. After drinking coffee with President Kruger in Pretoria, Rhodes arrived back in Kimberley in November and at once immersed himself in the affairs of the Chartered Company, the offices of which occupied a couple of rooms in De Beers buildings.

It was obvious that the Matabele king was not prepared to risk his crown over the Mashona goldfields. Sir Henry Loch had snubbed his envoys badly on their arrival in Capetown, and had taken Mr. Boyle severely to task for aiding and abetting opposition to the charter. Lobengula, indeed, soon developed an interest in mining on his own account, and sent Dawson, a Matabele trader, to Fort Salisbury to prospect and peg claims and generally look after his interests. The Matabele scare was over. Colonel Pennefather could go on leave, and Major Willoughby could go to England to float companies. With his social position and financial advantages, Sir John Willoughby's presence in England at this juncture, hot from Mashonaland, would be a fine advertisement for the Chartered Company. The British public would take anything from a man whose horse had tied for first place in Derby honours.

CHAPTER IX

THE RAID ON MANICA

(1)

THE occupation of Mashonaland had been almost devoid of incident, but if the Matabele were not prepared to dispute the right of way to the pioneers the Portuguese were. Whatever happened to Mashonaland the Portuguese were not going to let Manica slip through their fingers if they could help it. In Manica, indeed, the Chartered Company had a serious rival in the newly formed Moçambique Company, in which a considerable amount of British capital had been invested, and the Moçambique Company claimed the right to work the Manica goldfields under a concession from the Portuguese Government dating back to 1878. Early in 1890, the Portuguese Ambassador in London had drawn the attention of the British Foreign Office to the activities which were on foot for the occupation of Mashonaland. But Lord Salisbury knew nothing. No expedition had been sent to Mashonaland so far as he was aware, nor had any been organised for that purpose. But he was quite willing to come to some arrangement with the Portuguese. In August, 1890, three weeks before the pioneers arrived at their journey's end, an Anglo-Portuguese Convention had been signed delimiting the respective spheres of each country in East Africa. The Convention was signed over the heads of Rhodes and his friends, and while it was satisfactory to Great Britain, especially in regard to Nyasaland, it was extremely

unsatisfactory to the directors of the Chartered Company. Rhodes discovered, much to his indignation, that most of Barotseland in the west and the whole of Manicaland in the east had been ceded to Portugal, while the course of the Sabi river from north to south was taken as the eastern boundary of Mashonaland. Lord Salisbury at a later date defined with cynical frankness the general principles underlying this arrangement. The British were to occupy the highlands where the white men could work, while the Portuguese were to occupy the lowlands where the work must be done by natives. It never seems to have occurred to him that the whites were as little inclined to manual labour in South Africa as the blacks themselves. But if Lord Salisbury did not know his Africa he knew his Europe. He knew that Portuguese pride was even greater than Portuguese poverty, and that no convention, however liberal, was likely to prove acceptable to the Portuguese people which entailed any sacrifice of their ancient claims. Besides, unlike Rhodes, the range of whose vision was limited to Africa, Lord Salisbury looked at questions from a world standpoint. If the Portuguese were pressed too hard, events might occur in Lisbon which would shake still further the European social order, and the old Conservative statesman shrank from taking any measures which might precipitate a republic by the banks of the Tagus. Diplomatically, too, he had a weak case. Granted that the Portuguese had little or no claim to Manica, what claim whatever had the Chartered Company? Was the Chartered Company in occupation of Manica? Did the Chartered Company intend to occupy Manica? Let the pioneers first occupy Manica, and then it would be time to talk. And it all happened as Lord Salisbury may have possibly foreseen. In October 1890 the Cortes

flung back the Convention in his face, and, amid the howls of the patriotic Press, the Portuguese Ministry resigned. Meanwhile Mr. Colquhoun had signed a treaty with Umtasa, chief of Manica, which, if upheld, would practically transform Manica into a British Protectorate. At last Lord Salisbury had something on which to bite; so, while the Portuguese and the Chartered Company were squabbling in Africa over the possession of Manica, Lord Salisbury concluded on November 14th, 1890, a provisional *modus vivendi* with the new Portuguese Ministry on the basis of the *status quo*, pending conclusion of a new treaty which was to settle once and for all the respective differences between Portugal and Great Britain in East Africa.

Mr. Archibald Colquhoun was a new-comer to South Africa. Most of his life had been passed in Asia, mainly in the middle east. He had refused a job under Stanley in the Congo, and had accepted a job under Rhodes in Mashonaland. He was to be the first Administrator of the new country, and it was on that understanding that he had joined the column. At Fort Charter he had left the column, setting out with Jameson and Selous for Manica, but the party had not got far when Jameson had a nasty fall from his horse and had to be left behind. Without the assistance of Mr. Selous, it is doubtful whether Mr. Colquhoun would have accomplished very much, but with that assistance so freely given difficulties soon disappeared. No trouble was experienced in reaching Umtasa's kraal, which was situated in mountain fastnesses over 4,000 feet above sea-level, in a spot impregnable against native attack. The status of Umtasa, or, as he preferred to call himself, Mafamba Busuko (he who walks by night), had first to be determined. Did the chief of Manica consider himself the vassal of the King of Portugal or the

vassal of Gungunyana the Shangaan king of Gazaland? He replied that Manica was an independent State, and that he owed allegiance neither to the Portuguese nor Shangaan kings, although he was not prepared to conceal the fact that the Portuguese 'held an assegai at his heart.' After a lengthy discussion he was persuaded, in return for the promise of British protection and an annual subsidy of £100, or the equivalent thereof in trading goods, to make over his country to the Chartered Company. The treaty was signed on September 14th, and was a most comprehensive document. Under the terms of the treaty, Umtasa not only ceded the right to all the minerals in his country, but gave the Chartered Company authority to appoint a British Resident, to establish a police force, to construct public works of all kinds, to maintain schools, trading stations, and banks, and promised in addition to grant no territorial concession without the consent of the Company in writing. Of course Umtasa had no real intention of thus disposing of his country for a mere song. In signing the treaty he had quite another object in view. His object was to make trouble between the British and the Portuguese. He hoped to preserve his independence by playing off one party against the other; so at the very time when he was carrying on negotiations with the agents of the Chartered Company he was sending messages to Baron de Rezende, who was only a few miles away, keeping him fully informed of all that was happening, and explaining that he had been obliged to sign a treaty under *force majeure.*

On conclusion of the treaty, Selous rode over to Maçequeçe to interview Baron de Rezende, the managing director of the Moçambique Company in Manica. The baron gave him a somewhat frigid reception, politely informing him that Umtasa was a vassal of the King of Portugal,

that Manica and Mashonaland were Portuguese territories, appearing as such on Portuguese official maps, and that all mining rights in these territories belonged to the Portuguese by virtue of an ancient treaty, the original of which was still to be seen in the archives at Goa. By no means impressed by this information, Mr. Colquhoun, whose presence was now urgently required elsewhere, left immediately for Fort Salisbury with the treaty, leaving behind a trooper called Trevor, and a sharp-witted native called Jonas, to watch events, while Selous, with a small escort, visited the various little native States on the eastern border of Mashonaland, signing treaties of friendship with the chiefs and promising them protection.

The Portuguese did not willingly abandon their claim to Manica. Ever since Livingstone's day they had been talking about re-occupying the country, and by means of a Goanese half-caste, Manuel Antonio de Sousa, alias Capitao Mor Gouveia, they still hoped to do so. Gouveia, as the natives called him, had made for himself quite a reputation among the blacks, and had established his headquarters in the Gorongoza district among a particularly fine upstanding tribe. He had a reputation for ferocity which his placid and mild demeanour seemed hardly to bear out. By adopting the African custom of marrying into the various tribes, he had gained many allies, and had become the most powerful as well as the most influential of all the *prazo* holders. In his own territory he was practically king, making peace and war, leading his troops in person, and himself dictating the conditions of peace. As a reward for his services to the Portuguese State he had been given the rank of Colonel in the Portuguese army. When, therefore, Colonel Paiva d'Andrada, the leading spirit behind the Moçambique Company, learnt of the treaty

concluded by Umtasa with the agents of the Chartered Company, he got into touch with Gouveia, who had large native levies at his disposal, and arranged with him to occupy Umtasa's kraal with a view to upsetting the treaty and proving to the good folk of Manica that they had been backing the wrong horse.

Towards the end of October reports reached Fort Salisbury that large enemy forces were advancing on Manica. Mr. Archibald Colquhoun, now Administrator of Mashonaland, at once took measures to counteract the Portuguese menace. Apart from the pioneers, who were scattered all over the country searching for gold, the total armed forces at his disposal consisted of three companies of police, doing garrison and patrol duty at Victoria, Charter, and Salisbury. Sergeant-Major Montgomery and ten men were ordered to Manica from Salisbury, while at the same time instructions were sent to Captain Heyman, who was in charge of the police at Charter, to send reinforcements to them as soon as possible. But if a crisis arose in Manica, as seemed more than likely, who was to take the supreme command? The services of Colonel Pennefather and Major Willoughby were no longer available, as both had gone on leave, and certainly Colonel Pennefather would not relish being recalled, for he had disapproved of the Manica business from the start. 'It was too late in the year,' he had said. Dr. Jameson would have been the man to send, but then Dr. Jameson had not a military notion in his head. Someone else must be found, and someone, too, with military experience. The choice fell on Captain P. W. Forbes – a brave and energetic soldier who had been seconded from his regiment, the Inniskilling Dragoons, for service with the Chartered Company. Captain Forbes was a typical British bulldog, having (as his critics said) about as much

sense, and could be trusted to render a good account of himself and his men if it came to a scrap. Captain Forbes was therefore appointed to represent the interests of the Chartered Company in Manica, and to assume control over any military operations that might become necessary.

Early in November, Captain Forbes arrived in Manica, and at once assumed the offensive. On learning that Colonel Paiva d'Andrada was at Maçequeçe with a body of armed natives, he sent him an ultimatum in writing ordering him to withdraw from Manica, and warning him that any attempt to upset the treaty of September 14th would inevitably lead to serious and grave repercussions. Colonel d'Andrada's reply to this ultimatum was not quite what Captain Forbes had anticipated. On November 8th Gouveia occupied Umtasa's kraal with some 70 men, and on the following day the Portuguese flag was seen to be flying from the hill-top. Captain Forbes sent a further letter of protest, this time to the Capitao Mor. His orders, he said, were to prevent any outside interference with the chief Umtasa, and he was prepared to carry out these orders if necessary by force. Gouveia retorted that he should go where he liked and that 'no Englishman should stop him.' Captain Forbes was now in a dilemma. He had bluffed twice, and on each occasion his bluff had been called. What was he to do? His total force, including all ranks, was about 15 men. How could he hope with 15 men, unsupported by artillery, to storm a mountain? What chance of success would he have even against a mob of east-coast natives? And if he had to wait for reinforcements, how long would he have to wait? The reinforcements might never come; they might lose their way; they were operating in an unknown country where there were no roads. Messengers were despatched in the direction of Charter, with urgent

orders to the officer in charge of the reinforcements to leave any wagons he had with him behind, and to ride in at once with as many men as possible.

Meantime the Portuguese were behaving exactly as they pleased. On November 14th Colonel d'Andrada and Baron Rezende entered the kraal with their followers, and immediately issued a notice summoning all white settlers in Manica to appear at the kraal and learn from the chief's own lips to whom the country really belonged. Strong pressure was being put on Umtasa to repudiate the treaty with the Chartered Company. He was now to declare that Manica had been ceded to Gouveia some years previously, in token whereof he had sent the Capitao Mor at the time an elephant's tusk full of earth.

On the afternoon of November 15th, about 2 p.m., the long-awaited reinforcements arrived. Lieutenant Fiennes appeared on the scene with 20 troopers. The men were tired with forced marches, but Captain Forbes decided to strike at once, and to stake everything on a single throw. A handful of bold and determined men could capture the kraal without difficulty, provided that the information given them was correct, and that the operation was undertaken with the greatest secrecy and despatch. The native interpreter, Jonas, supplied the necessary information on which the plan of attack was based. According to Jonas the kraal was not so impregnable as was commonly supposed, for there was a back entrance which the Portuguese apparently knew nothing about, since it was left unguarded. He professed to know the dispositions of the black forces, and the actual huts in which Colonel d'Andrada and his officers had taken up their quarters. Gouveia's followers, he affirmed, were not inside the kraal, but were encamped outside. It would thus be an easy matter to rush and disarm them. As for

Umtasa's people, they would do nothing, for, like all blacks, they were extremely sensitive to any transfer of power. Portuguese or British! What did it matter to them? Their sole interest lay in being on the side of the stronger. Captain Forbes laid his plans accordingly. He divided his force into two parties; the larger party under Lieutenant Fiennes was to rush and disarm Gouveia's men, who, in the absence of their leader, were unlikely to put up a fight, while the smaller party led by Forbes himself would scale the steep ascent to the kraal by the back way, and endeavour to arrest the Portuguese leaders. The operation went according to plan. Gouveia's men, taken completely by surprise and stricken with panic, fled in all directions, and those who were captured gave up their arms without any resistance. The storming party were no less successful. Baron de Rezende was arrested at the entrance to the kraal, and the capture of Colonel d'Andrada and the Capitao Mor Gouveia followed a few minutes later, the former being arrested while still in his hut. Colonel d'Andrada protested vehemently against this outrageous action on the part of the police. It was impossible, he said, for a British officer to arrest a Portuguese official while that official was under the protection of the Portuguese flag. And then he stared as though he could not believe his eyes. Where was the Portuguese flag? To his intense disgust and mortification the Portuguese flag had disappeared.

During the whole of these proceedings Umtasa had remained quietly ruminating in his hut, doubtless congratulating himself on the success of his diplomacy which had set the British and the Portuguese by the ears, while his followers, perched on the enormous boulders that lay scattered around, watched with fascinated absorption the discomfiture of the Portuguese.

Captain Forbes had now to decide what to do with his prisoners, and he was not long in making up his mind. Colonel d'Andrada and the Capitao Mor Gouveia were sent under escort to Salisbury, where they had a long interview with the Administrator, as a result of which they were sent down country to Capetown, while Baron Rezende was released on parole and permitted to return to Maçequeçe, the headquarters of the Moçambique Company in Manica. Apart from the activities of the Moçambique Company in this region there was little to indicate Portuguese occupation, and, in order to emphasise this fact and liquidate the remains of Portuguese political influence in the province, patrols were sent out in the direction of Beira, while Maçequeçe was occupied by Chartered Company troopers, who remained in possession with Umtali as their base till the end of the following April.

The first phase of the struggle was over. The Chartered Company had acquired Manica, as it had acquired Mashonaland, without the loss of a single life or the expenditure of a single cartridge, and with but one exciting incident. But on the day prior to this incident the British and Portuguese Governments had signed the provisional agreement based partly on the abortive convention of 1890 and partly on the *status quo*. But what exactly was the *status quo*? On November 14th, when the *modus vivendi* was signed, the Portuguese flag was flying over Manica; on November 15th, before news of the *modus vivendi* could have reached Manica, Manica was occupied by the Chartered Company. In view of the *modus vivendi*, would the Chartered Company be able to retain Manica? Would the Portuguese tamely submit to the arrest of their officials by the agents of a commercial company? Would the Moçambique Company, in which

so much British capital was invested, consent to be deprived of valuable mineral rights on grounds that were hardly less flimsy than their own? It seemed very unlikely that they would. Colonel d'Andrada and Baron de Rezende commenced proceedings against the Chartered Company in the Court of Queen's Bench, claiming damages for assault, and requesting an injunction from the court to prevent a repetition of similar annoyances. The Portuguese Government protested against the arrest of its officials through the usual diplomatic channels. Popular sentiment in Portugal was deeply stirred; the students, backed by the Lisbon Press, clamoured for war to avenge the insult to the national flag, and an expedition was fitted out for despatch to the east African coast. An indignation meeting was held at Lourenço Marques, the Governor calling for volunteers for a possible war with England, 'who wants to deprive us of our African colonies.' And was the Manica question such a simple question after all? Was Umtasa the vassal of Gungunyana, or was he not? Was Gungunyana the vassal of the King of Portugal, or was he not? Might there not be something in the Portuguese contention that while the Chartered Company had the vassal in its pocket they had the suzerain?

(2)

The first Jameson raid was over, and Dr. Jameson had already set out on his return journey to Kimberley, when a singular incident occurred which was destined to exercise a profound influence on his fortunes. Dr. Jameson had decided to make the return journey by way of the east coast, taking with him Major Johnson, who was thoroughly at home on the veld and an ideal travelling companion for a trip of this kind. But pleasure was not the object of Dr. Jameson's trip. His object was to discover a

suitable road from Mashonaland to the coast. On his way up with the column, he had been struck by the fact that if Mashonaland was to be opened up within a reasonable period of time some other road than the Selous road would have to be found. For practical purposes the Selous road was far too long, far too uncertain, and far too expensive. In the dry season it was bad enough, and what would it be like in the rains, with the rivers swollen into torrents and possibly all communication with Bechuanaland cut off by floods? Moreover, prospectors and farmers are not usually millionaires, and even if the railway was pushed on to Mafeking, and beyond Mafeking to Palapye, there still remained the long tedious stretch of wagon road between Palapye and Salisbury. The cost of transport would be absolutely prohibitive, and the pioneers were not Boers who were accustomed to live on mealie pap and biltong. A new and cheaper way into the country must be found, and the new and cheaper way into the country was obviously Beira. Beira was the natural port of Mashonaland, and Beira was the shortest and cheapest way to the sea. The proper course, therefore, for the Chartered Company to pursue was to acquire if possible a corridor to the coast with a view to constructing a railway from the mouth of the Pungwe river, where the harbourage was said to be excellent, to the highlands of Mashonaland. But was the project a feasible one? As Mr. Rhodes's representative, Dr. Jameson would go and see.

Mr. Colquhoun, who had now assumed the duties of Administrator, by no means approved this plan. He had quite enough trouble on his hands with the Portuguese already without asking for more. Captain Forbes had not then occupied Manica, and, while the strength of the Portuguese was unknown, the weakness of the Chartered

Company was only too apparent. Moreover, in view of the Anglo-Portuguese Convention, and the strained relations existing between the Chartered Company and the Portuguese, what was the use of thinking about Beira? He therefore forbade Dr. Jameson to go to Beira. But the doctor when he had once made up his mind was not easily deterred. In spite of orders to the contrary he set out. A trooper was sent to arrest him and bring him to Salisbury 'on instructions from the Administrator.' 'Damn the fellow,' exclaimed the astonished doctor, 'I got him his job.' And there spoke the true South African. Who was Colquhoun that he should stop him? The Administrator forsooth. But who cared what the Administrator said? How long had Colquhoun been in South Africa? What did he know of South Africa and South African ways? Apparently nothing. He seemed to imagine that he was in England or in Burma, where people loved to govern and be governed, and where law and order had some sort of meaning. South Africa was a very different place. South Africans were not governed by laws, but by personalities. Personal loyalties and personal hatreds – these were the dominating factors. Mere office was nothing. If Mr. Colquhoun had other ideas, the sooner he got rid of them or left South Africa the better. And if Rhodes should support Colquhoun? Well, the doctor had still his profession to fall back on. He was still the best surgeon in Kimberley. The Chartered Company was nothing to him. So, undismayed by threats and undeterred by expostulations, Dr. Jameson and Major Johnson proceeded on their way to the coast, which they eventually reached after undergoing many strange and exciting adventures.

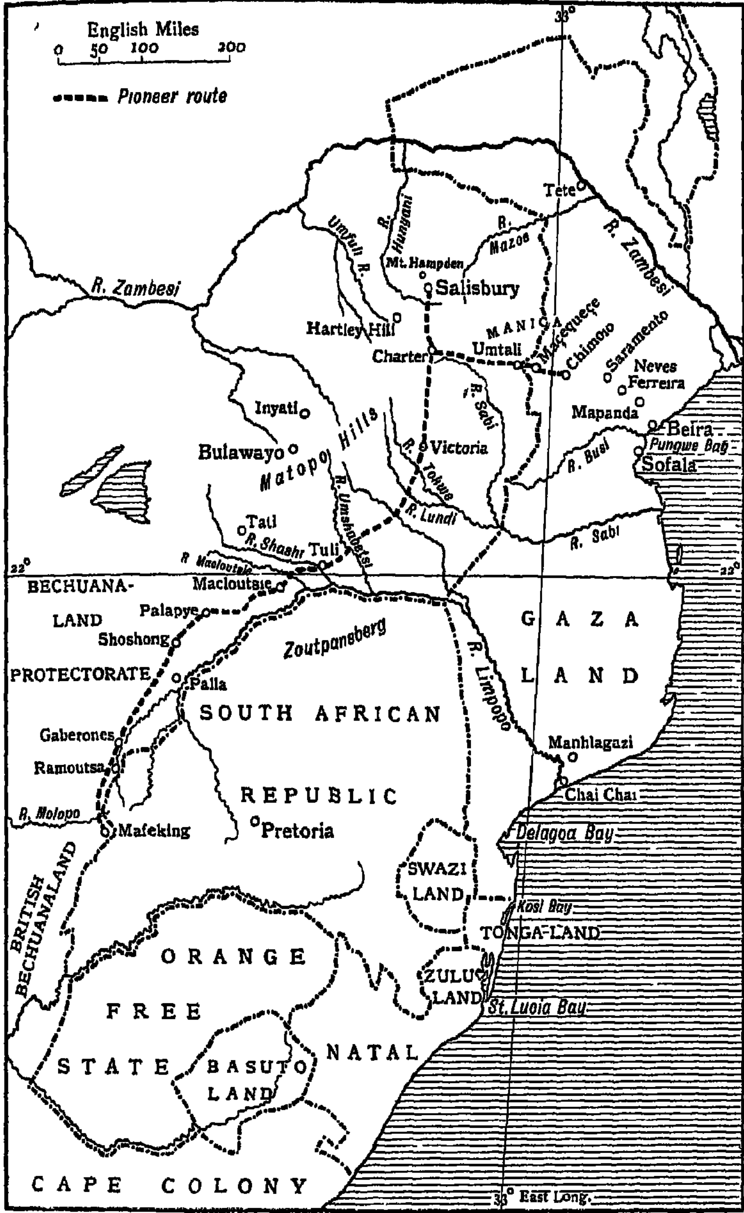
But Dr. Jameson was a trifle uneasy. Writing from Seapoint, Capetown, in November, to his brother Sam,

he says: 'Re billets *entre nous* I have had rather a tiff with Colquhoun, who is an ass; but it makes me still more uncertain of my movements till I have seen Rhodes.' But he had nothing to fear from Rhodes. However devoid of gratitude in business, Rhodes had *all the South African's loyalty towards his personal* friends. He could sympathise with Jameson. Imperial control, or any other sort of control, was a farce where he was concerned. Disobedience in some degree or other to recognised constituted authority was responsible for much of the world's progress. Besides, Rhodes believed in giving a free rein to his subordinates so long as they knew what he was after. He always encouraged independence of action; what he could not tolerate was anything in the nature of an independent mind. Not, indeed, that anyone could accuse Dr. Jameson of lacking an independent mind, but luckily for Rhodes that mind worked along the same groove as his own.

Was the Chartered Company, then, to lose the services of so single-minded a man as the doctor, because out of devotion to himself he had shewn his willingness to run personal risks which had involved him in a quarrel with Mr. Colquhoun? Quite the contrary. Colquhoun no doubt was not a bad sort of fellow, but apparently he was one of those men who just cannot bring things to pass, as witness his peremptory recall of Forbes when only a few days' ride from Beira. True, Mr. Rhodes had himself issued instructions that the *modus vivendi* was to be strictly observed, but he had not imagined that Mr. Colquhoun would be unable to distinguish between what he had ordered and what he had meant. Evidently Colquhoun was not cut out for his part. His attitude to life was too official, too hidebound. Whereas Jameson now. . . . Yes! The time had come when Dr. Jameson

should receive some signal recognition for those splendid services so liberally offered, and up till now so pitifully recompensed; the time had come when this great unpaid adviser should be given one of the highest appointments that the Chartered Company had it in its power to bestow. In November, Mr. Rhodes offered the doctor 'a very swagger billet' in Zambesia, 'really entire control.' Dr. Jameson was to be appointed managing director of the Chartered Company in Mashonaland, 'with absolute control over everybody,' including the Administrator. As for Mr. Colquhoun, with his official training and official traditions he was obviously unfitted to fill the bill, and would have to go. Dr. Jameson could have his job at once, or, if he liked, could wait until Mr. Colquhoun's year of office had expired, and meanwhile he could take entire control of all outside political work in Mashonaland. Dr. Jameson jumped at the offer, but with commendable Scottish prudence preferred to wait until the end of Mr. Colquhoun's term of office before taking over the administratorship. Outside political work, he thought, would absorb all his time. And now the doctor began to see visions and to dream dreams. The Portuguese were to be swept clean out of East Africa; Gazaland was to be acquired as well as Manica; the old Kimberley days were gone for ever; he had definitely broken with his past, and had entered now on that strange career which was to lead through an English prison to the post of Premier of Cape Colony.

And what of Khama and of Selous? Were Khama's services to go unrequited? Was there no place in the Chartered Company for Selous? Both were to be handsomely paid – in words. The first telegram to arrive in Palapye was from Rhodes, thanking Khama for his


English Miles
0 50 100 200
Pioneer route
R. Zambesi
R. Hungani
Umfuli R.
Mt. Hampden
Salisbury
Hartley Hill
Charter
Umtali
MANICA
Maçequeçe
Chimoio
Sarameato
Neves Ferreira
Mapanda
Beira
Pungwe Bay
Sofala
R. Busi
R. Sabi
Tete
R. Mazoe
Inyati
Bulawayo
Matopo Hills
Victoria
R. Tokwe
R. Lundi
R. Umshabetsi
Tati
R. Shashi
Tuli
R. Macloutsie
Macloutsie
22°
BECHUANA-LAND PROTECTORATE
Palapye
Shoshong
Palla
Zoutpansberg
GAZA LAND
R. Limpopo
SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC
Gaberones
Ramoutsa
R. Molopo
Mafeking
Pretoria
Manhlagazi
Chai Chai
Delagoa Bay
SWAZI LAND
Kosi Bay
TONGA-LAND
BRITISH BECHUANALAND
ORANGE FREE STATE
ZULU LAND
St. Lucia Bay
BASUTO LAND
NATAL
CAPE COLONY
33° East Long.
Emery Walker Ltd. sc.

splendid co-operation, and in 1891 Rhodes paid a visit to Palapye to thank the chief in person. The Chartered Company would never forget what it owed to Khama and the Bamangwato. Pleasant words were spoken, but perhaps the unspoken thoughts were not so pleasant. Bechuanaland was reputed to be rich in minerals, and a scrupulous realism might force Mr. Rhodes to the conclusion that Khama after all was no more than 'a canting hypocrite.' It would be better for the Bamangwato if they, too, were placed under the beneficent sway of the Chartered Company. They might object, but how could raw savages be expected to know what was good for them? One day they would be grateful – when the stuffing had been knocked out of them. They might not be so happy, but no sentimental regard for the happiness of a black tribe must be allowed to stay for one moment the triumphant march of material progress.

'Let me introduce you,' said Rhodes, 'to Mr. Selous, the one man above all others to whom we owe Rhodesia to the British Crown.' This was a handsome tribute, but none too handsome for the splendid services rendered by this distinguished man. While Rhodes had dreamed in far-off Kimberley of the Mashona goldfields, Mr. Frederick Courtney Selous had opened up the country. The plan of occupation was his, and the practical execution of that plan was left largely in his hands. And when that work was done Rhodes had no further use for him or his services. He ignored him entirely, and could not find time even to see him. And in this Rhodes was not so ungenerous as Mr. Selous's friends seem to imagine. True, he had used Selous, but he had paid him very handsomely for the use. No one ever served Cecil Rhodes for nothing. He always paid tiptop prices. Even Sir Hercules Robinson and Sir Sidney Shippard, on passing out of

official life, became recipients of his bounty. In the Chartered Company, Mr. Selous would probably have been a misfit, for he combined independence of mind with an awkward habit of blurting out the truth. So the only employment that the Chartered Company had to offer the man to whom above all others it owed the country was road-making, and Selous continued to make roads till 1892, when, realising at last that there there was no future for him with the B.S.A. Company, he left its service and turned his back on Africa. It was not for long. He had booked his passage to America when news arrived in England of trouble with the Matabele, and Selous, cancelling all his engagements, took the first steamer back.

CHAPTER X

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE EASTERN GATEWAY

(1)

THE position which Dr. Jameson occupied in Chartered Company affairs at the beginning of 1891 was vastly different from the position which he had occupied when the column was marching into Mashonaland. He had gambled for high stakes, and had won. He had asked that his position should be regularised, failing which, he said, he would consider himself free to resume his medical practice or take a trip to England. In order not to lose his services, Rhodes had offered him practically anything he wanted, and they had fixed up matters between them very nicely for the doctor. Mr. Colquhoun was to retire or accept a subordinate position, and Dr. Jameson was to have in the near future supreme authority over everybody and everything in Mashonaland so long as Mr. Rhodes's duties as Premier of Cape Colony prevented him from taking an active part in the administration of the country.

On Christmas Day (1890) Dr. Jameson arrived in Salisbury, and at once informed Mr. Colquhoun of the new arrangement. The Administrator learnt, much to his astonishment, that the doctor whose arrest he had ordered three months previously was now his official superior, and had been appointed, with the London board's cabled approval, managing director of the Chartered Company in Mashonaland, with full powers in

place of Mr. Rhodes. It was a bitter pill for the Administrator to swallow. So this was his Christmas present from the Chartered Company – this the reward for adding Manica to its possessions. After holding office only three months he was to be stripped of all real power and reduced to the position of an office-boy. Instead of administering the country, as he had been led to believe, under the general direction of Mr. Rhodes, whose headquarters would be in Kimberley or in Capetown, he was now to be placed under the control of a managing director who was determined to remove the headquarters of the company from Kimberley to Salisbury. And what sort of qualification for the job had this new managing director who was appointed to supersede him in everything but in name? Apparently he had no qualifications whatever. He was a member of the medical profession – a doctor of all persons! – a man who had never held an official or administrative appointment in his life. This was too much. Mr. Colquhoun offered to resign at once, but Dr. Jameson declined to accept his resignation, partly because of the bad impression it would create, partly because of his own ignorance and dislike of administrative detail, partly because he desired to avail himself of Mr. Colquhoun's previous experience to set the new administration on its feet, but more especially because he believed that, if he was freed from the burden of office routine for the next few months, he would be able to extend the Chartered Company's possessions eastwards to the coast, driving the Portuguese out of Gazaland, or, failing that, make Beira a free port for the Chartered Company. So Mr. Colquhoun was persuaded to continue in office for the remainder of his term, on the understanding that Dr. Jameson, who was leaving immediately for Manica, would be too pre-occupied with outside

affairs to interfere with the Administrator and his duties.

The uppermost thought in the mind of Mr. Rhodes at this time was the Portuguese question, and he decided to go at once to London and lay his views on the matter before Lord Salisbury. He was especially anxious about Manica. If Lord Salisbury declined to recognise Mr. Colquhoun's concession, the Maniça goldfields would be lost. And then there was the question of Gazaland. Unless the Chartered Company acquired some part of the East African coast, Mashonaland would become an inland State like the Transvaal, and Beira was even more necessary to Mashonaland than Lourenço Marques was to the South African Republic. The Anglo-Portuguese Convention of 1890 had seriously upset him. Why should the British Government dictate to the Chartered Company the extent of its territories? The charter itself was deliberately vague on the point. It recognised that the Portuguese held the coast, or a strip of land along the coast, but the limits of this had never been defined, and clause 16 of the charter clearly looked to the acquisition of a port. The Chartered Company, therefore, was entitled to take all it could get and to go as far as it could.

For the best part of his political life Rhodes had constantly opposed any dictation from home. South Africa was to be governed by South Africans. They did everything themselves; they took possession of these countries without any assistance from the Imperial Government, and all they asked of the Imperial Government was to recognise accomplished facts and afford them protection, if it was wanted, against French or Germans. And what title, anyway, had the Portuguese to Gazaland? Did the Portuguese claim Gazaland by right of conquest, by right of effective occupation, or by right of commercial

enterprise? If they did, such claims were fantastic. What knowledge did the Portuguese possess of these immense territories? Was there a single Portuguese who had added one iota to the sum of human knowledge of these regions? The August Convention had been far too favourable to the Portuguese, and yet they had rejected it; and now they had been given another chance in this wretched *modus vivendi* which was to last six months. The Portuguese might recognise the *modus vivendi*, but the Chartered Company never would, or, rather, it would only recognise those clauses which suited its convenience. It was quite determined, for instance, to uphold its right to make use of the Zambesi, Limpopo, and Pungwe rivers, which, under the agreement, were thrown open to British commerce and navigation, and to make use of the landways where the rivers were not navigable, since it was essential that Mashonaland should have an outlet to the sea, and Major Johnson, moreover, had undertaken to build a road from the Pungwe to Mashonaland over one of the most unhealthy stretches of country in the world. But the Chartered Company absolutely refused to be debarred from making treaties with native tribes outside the limits laid down by the abortive Convention of 1890, and for a very good reason. For some time past negotiations had been in progress with Gungunyana, overlord of Gazaland, and perhaps overlord of Manica as well, and just when a concession was on the point of being signed the Chartered Company was apparently to be robbed of the fruit of all its labours. Not if Mr. Rhodes could help it. On the contrary, when the *modus vivendi* expired on May 14th, 1891, the British Government would discover that the Chartered Company had obtained a written concession of all mineral and trading rights in Gazaland, and that this concession was

every bit as good as the concession by which the Chartered Company had acquired Manica. The Chartered Company's title to Manica was not derived from the August Convention, which, in point of fact, had given Manica to the Portuguese, but from Mr. Colquhoun's concession of September 14th, which had been acquired between the end of August, when the Cortes had thrown out the August Convention, and November 14th, the date when the *modus vivendi* was signed. And the Gazaland concession likewise would be found to be based on an agreement, verbally reached on October 4th, between Dr. Schulz, the Chartered Company's agent in Gazaland, and Gungunyana, King of the Shangaans. If, therefore, the retention of Manica could be justified on the ground that it had been acquired during the time when the Chartered Company might be said to have had a free hand in East Africa, the same fatal argument would hold good in the case of Gazaland. The Gazaland concession was only waiting ratification. It would be ratified immediately the guns and cartridges and the annual subsidy of £500 (an instalment of which had already been sent overland) had reached Manhlagazi.

The difficulty, of course, was to smuggle rifles and cartridges into Gazaland under the nose of the Portuguese. It was impossible to send them by the Tuli route, for the rivers were in flood, and, even had they not been, it would have been a heart-breaking task to drag rifles and ammunition over an immense stretch of roadless country on bullock-wagons. The only way was to ship them by sea up the Limpopo river. But the Portuguese had a custom-house at the mouth of the Limpopo, and were unlikely to allow free passage for rifles and ammunition which would certainly be used against them sooner or later. Moreover, the Portuguese had already got wind

of the concession. Senhor Almeida had appeared at Gungunyana's kraal with a considerable armed following, including several Portuguese officers and forty white marines, and had infuriated the King by declaring that no understanding arrived at between Gungunyana and Dr. Schulz could really affect the issue, since it would be decided in the end by the two Governments of Portugal and Great Britain. The Chartered Company was, of course, aware that, both under the August Convention and the *modus vivendi* signed in November, Gazaland had been assigned to the Portuguese, and that gun-running in South Africa was a serious offence. But if no more money and above all no guns arrived at Manhlagazi the Gazaland concession was lost, and possibly Manica as well. Under the circumstances, that master of melodrama, Dr. Rutherfoord Harris, the South African secretary of the Chartered Company, decided to take the risk.

A small screw steamer, the *Countess of Carnarvon*, was purchased at Port Elizabeth and placed under the command of Captain Buckingham, a sailor familiar with the navigation of East African waterways, with orders to run a shipment of arms up the Limpopo, drop arms and passengers at a certain destination, and return in a week's time to pick them up. As soon as the money, rifles, and cartridges had been safely stowed on board, Captain Buckingham set sail with Mr. J. A. Stevens of the Chartered Company, together with Captain Pawley and a small picked detachment of the Company's police, calling *en route* at Durban, where, to his immense relief, he saw the *Maréchal MacMahon*, the small gunboat employed by the Portuguese customs service, go up on the slips for repairs. On February 17th, the *Countess of Carnarvon* crossed the bar of the Limpopo, and, disregarding the signals of the Portuguese customs authorities

to stop, steamed up river flying the British ensign. Eventually Captain Buckingham dropped anchor at a village called Chai Chai, where there was a small landing-stage, and, on being assured by the local headman that that was the spot, began at once to discharge his cargo, storing the rifles and other goods in a hut near by. Messengers were sent to Manhlagazi, some forty-five miles away, notifying Dr. Schulz of the arrival of the cargo and asking for carriers; and next morning Mr. Stevens went off to the kraal with the money, leaving Captain Pawley in charge of the rifles. He was no sooner gone than some Portuguese officials and native soldiers appeared, and, seeing what was going on, took possession of the landing-stage, thus cutting off all communication between the steamer and the shore, and then proceeded to impound the rifles and ammunition, while Captain Buckingham, having first ascertained that the shore party were all right, hove anchor and proceeded down stream according to instructions. Meantime Captain Pawley was informed that he would have to pay a fine of £2,000 for gun-running, but the Portuguese official, Senhor Rapozo, subsequently spoiled a good case by accepting Captain Pawley's personal bond for that amount, and ordering the rifles and cartidges to be released, apparently under the impression that they were old and worthless. Arrangements were at once made for their transfer to Manhlagazi, and delivery was still being taken at Gungunyana's kraal when Jameson, Doyle, and Moodie arrived at Manhlagazi utterly worn out with privations and fever, having made the long overland journey from Umtali in the very worst time of a very bad year.

Apparently it was not Dr. Jameson's original intention to go to Manhlagazi, but his conversations with Captain

H. M. Heyman, who had relieved Captain Forbes in command of the Manica district, had convinced him that it was the proper course to pursue. The general situation was none too good. Apart from difficulties in Gazaland, of which Dr. Jameson was aware before he left Kimberley, Umtasa, chief of Manica, was dissatisfied with the bargain he had struck with the Chartered Company, and wanted to know why he was treated differently from Lobengula and Gungunyana and supplied with limbo and old caps instead of rifles and cartridges. It was quite on the cards that he might repudiate the concession on the ground that as a vassal of Gungunyana he had no authority to sign it. Dr. Jameson therefore decided to go to Gungunyana's kraal with a view to clearing up the Manica mystery, taking with him about twenty carriers, and the indefatigable Doyle, who only consented to go as interpreter on condition that the Chartered Company agreed to pay £10,000 to his widow in the event of his dying on the journey – as he very nearly did. At the last moment Mr. Dunbar Moodie, a mining prospector, joined the party.

Gungunyana, like all African chiefs, had an excellent intelligence service, and was thoroughly aware of all that had been happening in Mashonaland and Manica. He was in constant touch with Lobengula, to whom he was related by marriage, and was fully conscious that the Portuguese had no armed force capable of resisting the Chartered Company's police. On the arrival of Dr. Jameson, therefore, he decided, in true African fashion, to cast in his lot with the stronger party, to send two of his Indunas to London to plead his cause with the English Queen, and, now that the money, rifles, and cartridges had come, to confirm in writing the concession which he had promised verbally on October 4th, a concession

which, according to himself, covered an immense area of territory extending from the Limpopo to the Zambesi, including Manica. The concession was duly signed after it had been explained to the King by a German trader called Fels, who had lived at the kraal for a long time and was generally regarded as the King's adviser on all matters appertaining to foreigners.

Hearing that the *Countess of Carnarvon* was back on the Limpopo, Dr. Jameson decided to return to civilisation by boat, thus saving himself and his companions the long overland journey to Delagoa Bay. So, leaving Dr. Schulz behind to come on with the Indunas, he made his way to the river, accompanied by Moodie, Doyle, and Stevens. There, indeed, lay the *Countess of Carnarvon*, but with her flag struck, and evidently a prize, for about twenty yards astern lay the small Portuguese gunboat, the *Maréchal MacMahon*, who had been carefully watching the movements of the *Countess* on her return trip, and had followed her up the river. Without waiting to learn any details Dr. Jameson at once handed over the concession, with a couple of horses, to one of his men, with instructions to make his way overland to Delagoa Bay and wait for him there. He then went on board the *Countess*, where he learnt that he was a prisoner and must submit to be searched. On the following evening Captain Buckingham was ordered to transfer passengers and crew to the gunboat, with the exception of Doyle, who was too ill to be moved, and Dr. Jameson, who was left to take care of him. An armed guard was then placed on board the *Countess*, and next morning the *Maréchal MacMahon* steamed down river with the *Countess* in tow, 'Captain Buckingham not being allowed to have anything to do with the navigation.' On arrival at Delagoa Bay, passengers and crew were set free, but the *Countess of*

Carnarvon was detained. Six weeks later, after a good deal of diplomatic correspondence, the *Maréchal MacMahon* returned to Chai Chai to fetch Captain Pawley and his picked police, one of whom had died of fever.

(2)

The Portuguese were now thoroughly angry. If this was the way the Chartered Company intended to carry out its obligations under the *modus vivendi*, it was high time that the *modus vivendi* came to an end. If there must be war, let there be war, and war open and above-board. While the Portuguese, on their side, had been honourably observing the terms of the *modus vivendi*, what had the Chartered Company been doing? It had invaded Gaza-land with a force of picked police; it had extorted a concession from Gungunyana conferring extensive mining and trading rights over the whole territory; it had smuggled arms into the country to the tune of 1,000 rifles and 20,000 rounds of ammunition with the deliberate intention of inciting the natives to revolt; it had not even evacuated Maçequeçe, but on the specious pretext of guarding stores had continued to maintain its illegal occupation.

In the opinion of Colonel Maçhado, Governor of the Moçambique Company, a state of war existed between Portugal and the Chartered Company, and it was absurd to pretend that it did not. On March 18th, 1891, therefore, he issued a decree proclaiming martial law throughout the districts of Sofala and Manica, and closed the port of Beira and the Pungwe waterway to everyone connected with the British South Africa Company. Meanwhile the Lisbon expeditionary force, composed for the most part of raw students, had arrived in Beira, and Colonel Maçhado hoped by means of this force, assisted by a

contingent from Lourenço Marques and some native auxiliaries, to regain possession of Manica.

By the end of March (1891) Rhodes was back in Africa, having paid his hurried visit to England in the company of Sir Henry Loch. While in London he had had a conversation with Lord Salisbury on the Portuguese question, and now understood the British statesman's point of view. The August Convention had not been arranged with any idea of sparing the Portuguese. Probably Lord Salisbury was inclined to agree with Mr. Rhodes that Gazaland would be better off administered by the Chartered Company than by a Portuguese Governor-General, and he had certainly given the Portuguese Minister in London to understand that the British Government was not prepared to offer quite such liberal terms to Portugal as had been offered by the Convention of 1890, which the Cortes had rejected with scorn. But the real point was how much territory could be taken from the Portuguese without causing a revolution in Portugal and bringing about the downfall of the Portuguese monarchy. Feeling in Lisbon was running very high over the East African question, and in a delicate matter of this kind Lord Salisbury preferred to trust his own judgment. 'Take all you can get,' he had said, to Mr. Rhodes, 'and ask me afterwards.'

Mr. Rhodes would certainly take all he could get, and would not even scruple to go to war to get it. The indignation of the Portuguese seemed to him a trifle out of place in a world of practical hard-thinking men. These mock heroics would be all very well in a novel or a play, but they were living in a world of realities. Portugal possessed one million square miles of African territory and many millions of natives. The affairs of a nation fast tumbling into decay had an interest for others as well

as for themselves. The injustice about which Portugal complained was a product of inequality, a law of nature which it was folly to ignore. Mr. Rhodes was a disciple of Darwin, and believed he had found in the Darwinian theories of natural selection and the survival of the fittest the master keys wherewith to unlock the secrets of politics as well as of biology.

The closing of the Pungwe river was a serious matter to the Chartered Company, for the Pungwe was at that time the only way into Mashonaland, all other roads being rendered impassable by floods. Moreover, arrangements had been made with Major Johnson to run a series of launches up the river as far as they could go, whence coaches and wagons were to be provided to convey passengers and goods to Mashonaland by road. The closing of the Pungwe was also a clear breach of article 2 of the *modus vivendi*, under which the Government of Portugal had engaged to permit and facilitate transit over the waterways, and also over the landways where the rivers were not navigable.

Mr. Rhodes resolved to provoke an incident which he hoped would lead to the British occupation of Beira. The hero, and perhaps the victim, was carefully chosen. The choice fell on Sir John Willoughby, for Sir John Willoughby was an aristocrat, and the English as a nation are aristocratic to their fingertips. Eton, Cambridge, the Blues, Egyptian war service, Derby honours – if anything happened to Sir John Willoughby all England would be in an uproar. Sir John Willoughby, too, had another qualification. He had a peculiarly irritating manner. At Fort Victoria, when Colonel Pennefather went out shooting, he had to take Willoughby with him because Forbes and Heyman refused to serve under him. Such a character was not likely to submit tamely to any

insults from the Portuguese. When someone suggested to Rhodes that Willoughby might be killed, 'Not a bit,' replied Rhodes, in his high falsetto. 'They will only hit him in the leg.' And he went on repeating, 'They will only hit him in the leg.'

And now a mysterious rumour began to spread. No one knew exactly where it came from, or what amount of truth there was in it, but it was whispered that a body of 400 men was gathering in Durban, and that a raid was about to be made on Beira. And for once rumour appeared to be correct when at 9 a.m. on April 13th the S.S. *Norseman*, attended by the tug *Agnes* and some lighters, and the launch *Shark* were seen to be approaching Beira, escorted by the Portuguese gunboat *Auxiliar*. The port authorities were greatly agitated. Evidently the invasion of Beira had begun and the place would soon be full of excited pioneers. The invading army consisted of Sir John Willoughby and five white men, together with one hundred natives in the employ of the road contractors, and the cargo consisted of large quantities of stores and road-building materials, some galvanised iron, and a mail coach. The object of the expedition was to test the Chartered Company's right of way up the Pungwe.

On landing, Sir John Willoughby stated his intention to proceed up the Pungwe with the *Agnes* and the *Shark*, but was promptly informed that the river was closed. Disregarding this injunction, he went to the customs office to clear the cargo by payment of the 3 per cent transit duty, but the customs authorities refused to accept the money and would not allow him to clear. The Governor then sent word that the vessels would not be allowed to proceed up river owing to the unsettled state of the country, and that if any attempt was made force would be used to stop them – no empty threat

when a Portuguese corvette and several Portuguese gunboats were lying off the harbour. After wasting two days in trying to get clearance papers, Sir John Willoughby informed the Governor that he intended to proceed in spite of threats, and that he had deposited a sum of money with an agent to cover the duties.

On the afternoon of April 15th the tug *Agnes*, with two lighters in tow, preceded by the launch *Shark*, began to ascend the Pungwe, but they had only steamed a few hundred yards when a Portuguese gunboat lying ahead of them opened fire with a blank shot, and other gunboats began to close in on them, whereupon Sir John Willoughby, feeling that he had made his protest and that honour was now satisfied, and having no wish to be shot in the leg, as might easily have happened since he occupied a commanding position on the bridge of the *Agnes*, ordered the little flotilla to stop. The Portuguese commandant then advised him to see the Governor, pointing out, as they made their way through a jeering and contemptuous mob, that it was lucky for him that he had not been allowed to go on, as there were many angry and excited soldiers up the river who would probably have shot at him.

The Governor was courteous but firm. He was carrying out, he said, the orders of his superior, and could not alter his decision. On Sir John Willoughby pointing out that his action was a breach of articles 2 and 3 of the *modus vivendi*, the Governor replied that, inasmuch as the Chartered Company had already broken the *modus vivendi*, he could not see how the *modus vivendi* could be said to apply. Sir John Willoughby then protested against the violence and gross insults to which he had been subjected, especially the firing on the British flag, and gave the Governor to understand that on his

return to Durban he would make a full report to the High Commissioner.

And he did. The Beira outrage, as it was called, created an immense sensation. The British South African Press, and part of the London Press, clamoured for war. But Lord Salisbury was not easily swayed by the Press. He addressed a strong note of remonstrance to Portugal, and instructed Sir Charles Petre, the British Minister in Lisbon, to enquire of the Portuguese Government whether the *modus vivendi* was at an end; and then he set himself to untangle the knot. What grievances had the Portuguese? The case of the *Countess of Carnarvon* was one. But that was a matter that could easily be settled, as the Chartered Company had agreed to pay any fine which the two Governments might agree on. The Gazaland concession was a second. But the British Government had not recognised the Gazaland concession, and was it certain that it would? The continued occupation of Maçequeçe by Chartered Company troopers was a third. Lord Salisbury would see to that. All the B.S.A. Company's police should be withdrawn west of Maçequeçe, and the Portuguese could then occupy the place if they wished. The perpetual disputes in Beira between British and Portuguese was a fourth. On this point Lord Salisbury agreed with the Portuguese Minister that a British Consul should be stationed in Beira, not only for the purpose of settling disputes, but for obtaining authentic information. It was a step that should have been taken long ago. Taking a broad view of the situation, there was no good reason why the Portuguese should not immediately reopen the Pungwe river to traffic. If the *modus vivendi* was allowed to lapse, admittedly Portugal had the right to forbid the Chartered Company to make roads through its territory,

but, in view of the fact that the *modus vivendi* had only a few weeks to run, it would hardly be wise to press this. It would only make the drawing up of a new treaty more difficult.

The Lisbon Government gave way, and ordered the Governor to throw open the port of Beira and the Pungwe river to traffic, and to remove every obstacle and afford every facility to the passage of peaceable travellers up the river and thence to Mashonaland. But Lord Salisbury knew that a display of real strength is the best means of securing peace, so in order to ensure that the orders of the Portuguese Government were not disregarded by local officials on the spot, as sometimes happened, a British cruiser and two gunboats slipped into Beira bay, and Captain Pipon, of H.M.S. *Magicienne*, was appointed to act as Consul.

The Portuguese had reopened Beira and the Pungwe waterway, released the *Agnes*, and allowed stores and road material to go forward on the explicit understanding that the Chartered Company's police would be withdrawn west of Maçequeçe. The High Commissioner knew this, and in order to avoid any misunderstanding, which occasionally happened where Mr. Rhodes was concerned, sent his military secretary, Major Sapte, to Manica to see that the troops were actually withdrawn. Meanwhile Captain Heyman had received an order from Rhodes (sent by a messenger whom everyone felt certain was bound to lose his way) to evacuate Maçequeçe, but, as Mr. Rhodes had previously told him 'to take all he could and ask him afterwards,' Captain Heyman, by one of those misunderstandings which are clearer than any understanding, cleared out of Maçequeçe and took up another, and better, position on the Chua hills commanding the approaches to Umtali.

Early in May Maçequeçe was occupied by Colonel Ferreira and the overland contingent from Lourenço Marques, these troops apparently forming the advance guard of the main Portuguese army which, ill-equipped with transport and lacking medical supplies, lay encamped at Neves Ferreira unable to advance and a prey to fever. Under a flag of truce Captain Heyman went to Maçequeçe in order to discover the real intentions of the Portuguese. Colonel Ferreira was obligingly frank. The *modus vivendi*, he said, had only a few days to run and had not been extended; no new convention had been agreed on, and martial law had been proclaimed. The object of the Portuguese was to drive the Chartered Company's troops out of Manica, but if the troops withdrew of their own accord to the west of the Sabi river, the boundary fixed by the August Convention, he would do what he could to assist in opening up a road to the coast.

As Captain Heyman showed no disposition to comply with these conditions, on the afternoon of May 11th the Portuguese attacked his position in force, but, after driving in his outposts, were repulsed with some loss. The following day Captain Heyman discovered, much to his surprise, that the Portuguese, abandoned by their native auxiliaries, had evacuated Maçequeçe and were in full retreat. He at once took possession of the fort, capturing several Hotchkiss and Maxim guns, a quantity of ammunition, considerable stores of food, and forty demijohns of good Portuguese wine. But he was unable to follow up his advantage, owing to the desertion of his native carriers, his ignorance of the country, and the half-starved condition of his men, many of whom were without boots and their clothing in rags. He managed, however, to get together a small patrol under Lieutenant Fiennes, whom he sent in pursuit of the

fugitives with the intention of occupying Chimoio on the road to Beira. At Chimoio Lieutenant Fiennes fell in with Bishop Knight-Bruce coming up from the coast, who told him that Major Sapte was behind with orders to the police to withdraw west of Maçequeçe, and, as Captain Heyman was no more disposed than Mr. Colquhoun to flout the Imperial Government, he abandoned any idea he may have had of marching on Beira.

Mr. Rhodes now flung off the mask. Twice he had tried to get Beira, and twice Beira had escaped him. The Chartered Company had come up against something stronger than itself. The British Foreign Office still controlled the situation, and Beira still belonged to Portugal, whose clever diplomats were handling their case with skill and moderation. But why should skill and moderation avail them? The day of Portugal, so splendid in its pride, was over, and under the glamour of its diplomatic achievements lay vast futility. Beira was not necessary to Portugal. For 300 years Portugal had possessed Beira, and Beira was still nothing but a mud flat. But Beira and a corridor to the sea were necessities to the Chartered Company. The overland route from Capetown to Salisbury was four times the distance from Salisbury to Beira. The development of Mashonaland would be definitely retarded by the difficulty of getting in and out of the country. Mr. Rhodes pressed the British Government to allow him to occupy Beira, and to seize a strip of land from Mashonaland to the coast in spite of convention and *modus vivendi*. His pioneers would do the job; Captain Pipon had only to speak the word.

But that word was never spoken. Lord Salisbury was a scholar as well as a statesman. Unlike Mr. Rhodes, he did attach some importance to historical claims,

and had some sympathy with the Portuguese. After all, it was the Portuguese who were the pioneers among the white peoples of the modern world. When Shakespeare was a baby they were three hundred miles up the Zambesi; when Japan was barely discovered, Macao was a Portuguese outpost, and the only spot in their once vast Empire where the Portuguese flag has never been hauled down. Some recognition, surely, was due to the glory that once was Portugal's. Moreover, the future of the British South Africa Company was obscure. How long would the Company last? The British East Africa Company had only had its charter three years, and was already in difficulties and withdrawing from Uganda. The position of the Niger Company was none too happy, owing to continuous outside pressure. Perhaps Mr. Rhodes had not sufficiently calculated the enormous strains and stresses incidental to a forward policy. Even among statesmen there should be such a thing as restraint. Deep down in his heart Lord Salisbury may have felt that it would be a good deal easier to deal with Governor Maçhado than with Governor Rhodes. The extreme weakness of Portugal was a tremendous asset to Great Britain. The interests of the Chartered Company would be well safeguarded in any new treaty; and a corridor to the coast could be acquired without annexing territory. So far, then, from sanctioning the occupation of Beira, Lord Salisbury extended the *modus vivendi* on its expiry, and requested the Chartered Company to withdraw its troops west of Maçequece, and to establish a neutral zone five miles in width pending the signing of an Anglo-Portuguese treaty. On June 11th, 1891, an Anglo-Portuguese treaty was signed in Lisbon, and on July 3rd ratifications were exchanged in London.

The Chartered Company had no reason to be dissatisfied with the Treaty of Lisbon. It left the pioneers in occupation of the healthy highlands, while the unhealthy lowlands passed into the possession of the Portuguese. If the treaty did not give the Company everything it wanted, it gave it a great deal more than the August Convention of 1890. The eastern frontier was pushed forward from the Sabi river to the 33rd degree of east longitude, so as to include the entire plateau of Manica and that small portion of Gazaland which lay on the high veld. As a set-off against the loss of Manica, the Portuguese took over a large tract of country north of the Zambesi between Zumbo and Tete, while Maçequeçe, that bone of contention, was restored to them. The efforts of the Chartered Company in Gazaland came to nothing, Lord Salisbury declining to recognise the Gazaland concession; and, though every effort was made by the Chartered Company to rouse public interest in Gazaland during the visit of the two Indunas to London, this immense territory remained within the Portuguese sphere of influence with the exception of the small strip lying on the plateau.

In other respects, too, the treaty was favourable to the Chartered Company. Freedom of passage was guaranteed for merchandise of every description between Mashonaland and Pungwe Bay, the transit duty on goods shipped across Portuguese territory, whether by river, road, or railway being limited to 3 per cent for imports and exports for the next twenty-five years; all material for the construction of roads, railways, bridges, and telegraph-lines was to be admitted duty free, including labour; and not only was the Pungwe thrown open to traffic, but every river in Gazaland, the Limpopo, the Sabi, the Busi, and their tributaries, the Portuguese

engaging to permit transport of persons and goods over the waterways and over the landways where the rivers were not navigable. Further, a very important clause provided for an immediate survey with a view to the speedy construction of a railway by the Portuguese from Umtali to Beira; the survey was to be completed within six months, and the two Governments were to agree as to the time in which the railway should be begun and completed. Failing agreement, the contract for the railway was to be given to a competent company selected by a neutral Power. In addition to the railway, piers, wharves, and landing-stages were to be erected in Beira. Beira, in fact, was to become the port of entry into Mashonaland.

One hundred years before the British South Africa Company occupied Mashonaland and Manica, Dr. Laçerda, a professor of mathematics in the University of Coimbra, had foreseen the eventual separation of the two Portuguese provinces of Angola and Moçambique through the gradual expansion of British power northwards from Cape Colony. This remarkable prophecy was now fulfilled. The long struggle against the Moors and sixty years of servitude to Spain, with their constant drain on the manhood of the nation, had exhausted the last reserves of Portuguese strength. The old Portuguese dream of a vast transcontinental African Empire gradually faded away, and in 1891 suddenly vanished.

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By the treaty of Lisbon, Mr. Rhodes had got the two things that he really wanted – the Manica goldfields and a railway to the coast. In the end he had to build the railway himself, the contract being given to Mr. George Pauling. The difficulties of construction were

enormously increased by the prevalence of the tsetse fly and the anopheles mosquito. It was hoped at first to have the railway through the fly belt by the end of 1892, but it was not till the middle of 1893 that the railway reached its seventy-fifth milestone. Meantime, of course, there was the road. In 1890 Major Johnson had undertaken to build a road from the coast to Mashonaland. How had Major Johnson fared? The road was expected to be open in April 1891.

It was not so much Sir Henry Loch who had persuaded Mr. Rhodes to abandon his intention of following the pioneers as some Dutch farmers whom he had met at Tuli. When he asked them whether he would be able to get to Mount Hampden and back by the end of November (1890), they were astonished at his question, and assured him that it would be quite impossible. It was not the Matabele he had to fear so much as the rains and fever. The Lundi river was already rising, and would be wholly impassable by the time he wished to return. They told him of a farmer who had been stranded at the Lundi from December till May, waiting for the waters to subside; and the Lundi was not the only river – the Tokwe, the Shashi, the Lotsani, would all soon be in flood. He might be back in Kimberley by the end of March, with luck, but it was quite out of the question to be back by the end of November.

This was very disquieting information, for there were only two known routes into Mashonaland from the south, the one taken by the pioneers from Kimberley through Mafeking, thence over a terrible stretch of sun-scourged country known as 'thirst land,' a route which no one could recommend owing to its bad road and scanty water supply; and the other from Pretoria through Pietersburg which, though plentifully stocked with wood,

water, and grazing, had the disadvantage of passing through the Transvaal. Both routes converged on Tuli, and the real difficulties of the journey began there. Even the pioneers with all the labour at their command had found the task of getting the wagons over the drifts and new cut road none too easy. For single parties, or any but large concerns, the difficulties would be almost insurmountable. There was, of course, the east-coast route through Beira or Sofala which Dr. Jameson and Major Johnson had explored, and both had come to the conclusion that the construction of a railway from Mashonaland to the sea was a perfectly feasible proposition. Meantime, pending the building of a railway, Major Johnson had proposed to open up a coach road from Beira to Mashonaland, promising, if he was given the contract, to land goods at Fort Salisbury from Capetown for under £11 per ton, as against £72 per ton from Capetown via Kimberley.

Having got the contract, Major Johnson proceeded to order steamers for the Pungwe, and to establish a base camp at Mapanda, seventy miles from Beira, from which point persons and goods would be shipped up country to Mashonaland by coach and wagon. He took into partnership with him Heany and Borrow, his business associates in the pioneer contract, the trio forming a remarkable combination of all the talents. It was said that Johnson did the talking, Heany did the thinking, and Borrow did the work. Between the three of them, therefore, they were pretty sure to pull something off.

Johnson and his partners fully expected to make a fortune out of the road company, for they already had in Mashonaland all the oxen and wagons they would require. By a previous arrangement with the Chartered Company the wagons and trek oxen used by the pioneers

on their way up became the joint property of Messrs. Johnson, Heany, and Borrow on the arrival of the column at its destination, and though a number of wagons and spans had been loaned to pioneers for use on gold-hunting expeditions, some of which were now called in, there still remained a sufficient number to make an imposing convoy as they now proceeded down country to *Saramento. But Major Johnson had undertaken a task* that neither he nor anyone was competent to perform. He was now about to meet an enemy more deadly than the Portuguese. No amount of talk, thought, or work, would be of any avail against the tsetse fly.

It was soon announced that the road to Mashonaland was open, and that the first coach had already left Mapanda for a place called Umtali on the far side of Manica. On the strength of this announcement, large numbers of people, fired with exaggerated descriptions of the fortunes that the pioneers were making, began to flock into Mashonaland by the eastern gate, only to discover on arrival that there was no coach service and no prospect of one. An extraordinary sight met their eyes. On every side lay the rotting carcases of oxen, horses, and mules. The tsetse fly had done its foul work only too well. The veld was strewn with abandoned carriages and wagons, with stores and materials of all descriptions. The waste and profusion were terrible to see. The road-making, of course, had consisted for the most part in setting fire to the bush and tall grass, but instead of travelling along some sort of wagon road, those who were resolved to push on at all hazards had to go along native paths for the best part of 200 miles, exposed to attack from fever and lions. No attempt had been made to organise a system of porters, and, indeed, in the present temper of the Portuguese, it would have been

impossible to have done so. The road company naturally came in for much harsh criticism, from which arose the hurried departure of Mr. R. S. Fairbridge for the purpose of placing the grievances of the immigrants before Major Johnson, who was then in Capetown. Under ordinary circumstances, Messrs. Johnson, Heany, and Borrow could have counted on a good deal of sympathy in their undeserved misfortune, for much of the money that they had made on the pioneer contract they had now dropped on this fatal Beira venture. But traders who had brought up provisions in the fond persuasion that they could sell them at Umtali, and artizans who had invested their all on tools and outfits, had little sympathy to spare for others. They complained bitterly of the incorrigible optimism which had brought them to Beira, and could not understand why the advertisements had not been withdrawn. Why did the road company continue to advertise the new route to Mashonaland as 'the shortest, quickest, and cheapest route'? Even after Consul Pipon had inserted notices in the Natal and Cape papers warning persons against coming to Beira, people were still streaming in, still believing in the mythical coach service, long after the whole project had petered out.

And among those who came was Mr. Rhodes. After interviewing Mr. Fairbridge, Mr. Rhodes decided to go himself to Mashonaland via the east coast, and so see with his own eyes what was really happening. In September 1891 he set out accompanied by Mr. de Waal and Major Johnson, the latter having assured him before starting that there was a passably good wagon road between Mapanda and Umtali. But even Mr. Rhodes's strong practical optimism was damped, when having travelled about fifty miles beyond Mapanda, his little party were forced to abandon their recently bought cart, and to

proceed with their horses only, along a path, at first so wretched that in some parts of it even a horse could not be ridden. One thing was obvious – the absolute necessity of a railway. It was absurd to expect men to continue reef mining in a country 1,700 miles from Capetown with their food costing them £70 a ton. Mr. Rhodes decided then and there to go to London himself and see about the railway; otherwise the British Foreign Office would be sure to slip into the pleasant pastime of exchanging polite notes with the Portuguese and nothing would be done. As things were, the pioneers up in Mashonaland not only lacked essential supplies, but were in danger of losing all contact with the outside world. Apparently Mashonaland was a country which was only accessible during the winter months. In summer the roads from the south were barred by floods and horse sickness, and the roads from the east by fever and the tsetse fly. Without a railway, as Dr. Jameson said, the Chartered Company 'might as well shut up shop.'

CHAPTER XI

THE DUTCH GET A FOOTING IN MASHONALAND

ONE of the peculiarities of South Africa is the lack of finality about anything. A problem is no sooner settled, apparently for good, than it immediately crops up again in another form. This peculiarity can be explained partly by the obstinate character of the colonists, an obstinacy embittered by racial antagonisms, and partly by the fact that among South Africans government has always been something of an abstraction. Thus it might have been supposed that the Dutch claim to Mashonaland had been settled for good and all by the Swaziland Convention of 1890. But the Dutch, like the Chinese, while honouring and respecting their rulers are by no means disposed to obey them if they think them in the wrong. Pretoria, like Peking, was a long way off, and back-veld Boers, like the Chinese in the provinces, knew little, and cared less, about any conventions or treaties that touched local interests. Everyone knew in a general sort of way that the Transvaal had been given some sort of right to build a railway to Kosi Bay, but the farmers of the Zoutpansberg and Waterberg districts failed to see in what respect a railway to Kosi Bay would benefit them. Apparently the people who stood to win or lose most by the Chartered Company's occupation of Mashonaland had gained nothing whatever by the Convention. In the northern districts of the Transvaal, Uitlander

syndicates, on rumours of gold finds, were buying up Boer farms, and, without land and cheap labour, what was to happen to the farmers and their numerous offspring? What other conceivable life was there for themselves and their children but farming? A farm was the birthright of every Afrikander – preferably two farms, one for summer and one for winter grazing. Luckily there was plenty of good land in Mashonaland only waiting occupation, and why should they not occupy it? Was it not written in the book of Joshua, 'There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed'? – a text singularly appropriate to their present needs. The Chartered Company's rights to land in Mashonaland would be no whit more tenable than their own. All that the Chartered Company had acquired under the Rudd concession was the right to mine. It had acquired no land rights. As they understood it, the north had been purposely left open to Boer expansion by the London Convention of 1884, and the Swaziland Convention of 1890 had merely precluded the Government of the Republic from extending its boundaries to the north. If this was the case, there was nothing to hinder them as individuals from crossing the Limpopo and creating one of those little independent republics which had been spectacular features in the history of their race from the time of the great trek, and even before. So, while the pioneer column was marching into Mashonaland, Mr. Adendorff and some adventurous spirits slipped across the border into Matabeleland, and obtained from two chiefs of the Banyai tribes a land concession authorising them to come into the country with the object of forming a bulwark between the Banyai tribes and their Matabele neighbours.

On his way back from Tuli, in 1890, Rhodes met Mr. Adendorff in the company of Mr. Barend Vorster, a noted

Transvaal company promoter. Mr. Adendorff offered to sell him the concession on payment of a considerable sum of money, but Mr. Rhodes refused to buy it on the ground that the Banya chiefs, being subject to Lobengula, had no power to grant a concession. Mr. Adendorff and his friends then conceived the idea of attempting to put pressure on Mr. Rhodes by organising a trek on a national scale, with the object of taking possession of the Banyai country by force. A prospectus was issued inviting settlers from every State in South Africa to join an expedition which was to assemble after the rains on the bank of the Limpopo, and cross over into Matabeleland at the beginning of June (1891), under the leadership of that picturesque soldier of fortune, Colonel Ignatius Ferreira, who had been decorated by the British Queen for bravery in the Zulu war. 'The Republic of the North' was then to be proclaimed, and a constitution was to be drawn up on the lines of the old Transvaal Grondwet of 1858.

The leaders of this movement understood from the beginning that their sole chance of success lay in appealing to race prejudice, thereby winning the support of the Afrikander Bond. But to their astonishment and dismay the Afrikander Bond would have nothing to do with them, and even passed a vote of confidence in the Chartered Company. Mr. Hofmeyr, President of the Capetown Bond, issued a manifesto on behalf of the bondsmen as a sort of counterblast to the Adendorff prospectus. Rhodes was their man, not Barend Vorster or Adendorff. It was the bondsmen who had hoisted 'the young burgher' into power, and it was the bondsmen who kept him there. He had voted and worked with them for years. His ideas were the same as theirs. He was their Premier and the incarnation of Afrikanderism. They had never before had a Premier who on most questions had been more of

one heart and soul with them than Mr. Rhodes, and they now waged a vigorous campaign on his behalf. The trekkers, it was said, were quite wrong in looking on Rhodes as an Englishman, or in imagining that he had gone into Mashonaland with any intention of founding a new British colony on the banks of the Zambesi. Nothing was further from his thoughts. Mr. Rhodes was a Cape colonist, and had undertaken the northern development entirely in the interests of Cape Colony. If anyone disbelieved this, let him write to the man direct and find out. He would then be told that the Chartered Company was only another name for Cape Colony, and that Rhodes himself drew no distinction between the two; that Mashonaland would be governed by Cape laws and Cape customs, and that the occupation of Mashonaland was only the first move in a game which in due course would absorb into the Cape system Matabeleland, British Bechuanaland, and eventually Khama's Protectorate. In trying to force their way into Matabeleland, therefore, the trekkers were beating against an open door, for Rhodes was no Mackenzie, and so long as Rhodes had anything to do with the Chartered Company Mashonaland would never be a country in which no Afrikander need apply.

On the contrary, Mashonaland had been taken possession of by an armed force composed principally of young Afrikanders. Indeed it was Mr. Rhodes's deliberate policy always to employ South Africans for South African work; he would take his officials from Stellenbosch, and not from London or The Hague. So far from attempting to bar the entrance of Dutch settlers into the country, they had it from Mr. Rhodes's own lips that he was anxious to encourage them by all the means in his power. He had even invited the Bond to send a deputation to Mashonaland, at his expense, for the purpose of

inspecting and reporting on the country. For Mr. Rhodes was a great admirer of the Dutch. He admired especially their big families, though careful himself not to marry. He came of a big family, and his ancestors had been farmers. He was really one of them. For was he not also a producer? Diamonds or potatoes, what did it signify? They had both to be dug out of the ground. And with Rhodes every dog would get his bone, even that parasite the storekeeper. Did the farmer want land? The hinterland was his. Did the miner want gold? What a romance lay hidden in the word Zimbabwe. Did the merchant want trade? There would be no troublesome tariffs between Cape Colony and Mashonaland.

No. There was nothing narrow about Mr. Rhodes. Dutch or English – they were all one to him. He did not care in the least from what States in South Africa his settlers came. Settlers from all States were equally welcome provided they accepted the Chartered Company's laws and respected the Chartered Company's flag; but Mr. Rhodes would never tolerate for a single moment the setting up of an independent republic within the territories to be occupied by the Chartered Company. And the Afrikander Bond felt that Mr. Rhodes was right. If the Adendorff trek was to result in a second Warren expedition, the trekkers would have no one to blame but themselves.

President Kruger was on the horns of a dilemma. Should he denounce the trek or should he not? In accordance with the terms of the Swaziland Convention it was his plain duty to denounce it. But the Swaziland Convention had only been signed on the promise that the Convention should come up for revision as soon as the joint Anglo-Dutch Government had been set up in

Swaziland and the Concession Court had completed its task. In September 1890 the joint Government had been established, and by February 1891 the Concession Court, from whose decisions there was no appeal, had finished its work. The time for revising the Convention had therefore come, and there was no reasonable ground for postponing it.

As Kruger had foreseen, the joint government in Swaziland had not proved a success. It was both unsatisfactory and expensive. Even Sir Henry Loch was of opinion that it could not be 'indefinitely successfully continued,' and that it was full of 'practical inconveniences.' Then why did not Sir Henry Loch fulfil his promise and make arrangements to revise the Swaziland Convention as the Government of the Republic was pressing him to do? He had refused to allow his promise to be inserted in the bond, but the word of a gentleman had been given, and surely that was enough. The Raad had accepted that word, and on the strength of that word the Bowler trek had been suppressed.

But now, for some mysterious reason, revision was unaccountably delayed. If Sir Henry Loch's promise, sanctioned by Lord Knutsford and conveyed to the Government of the Republic through Mr. Hofmeyr, was no longer binding on the British Government, was the unpopular Swaziland Convention any longer binding on the Government of the Transvaal? Kruger's rival for the presidency, General Joubert, evidently thought not. All his life long Joubert had been a strong northerner and opposed to Kruger and the eastern party, and the northerners were prepared to forgo Swaziland if they could acquire the rich lands lying north of the Limpopo. And now the eastern policy, hitherto successful, had apparently broken down. The

Government had been humiliated, and its President deceived. Obviously Joubert had been right and Kruger had been wrong. So General Joubert now threw in his lot with the trekkers heart and soul, and his son-in-law, Mr. Malan, became one of their leaders.

But however disgusted he may have felt at the turn of events, President Kruger saw that to abandon his eastern policy at this stage in favour of a northern policy was to embark on a course that could only end in sheer disaster. It was simply not practical politics. The situation in 1891 was vastly different from what it had been in 1890. In 1890 the way to the north was still open; the Chartered Company was not in occupation of Mashonaland, and in view of the hostility of the Matabele it was not certain that the pioneers would succeed in occupying it. In 1891 the Chartered Company had been successful beyond its wildest anticipations, and was in actual occupation of the country. A trek now could not possibly be undertaken without recourse to arms, and, if blood was once spilt, it was impossible to foretell the consequences. The whole of South Africa might become involved in war, and in the event of war the Transvaal would certainly lose Swaziland as well as the north, and might lose its independence.

Besides, was it so certain that Kruger's eastern policy had failed? The High Commissioner's promise still held good. Sir Henry Loch had not repudiated it, and doubtless it would be honoured in due course. Obviously Sir Henry Loch would not think of reopening the Swaziland question so long as the Adendorff trek 'gave promise of trouble.' But if Sir Henry Loch was looking for an excuse to break an irksome and embarrassing promise, then General Joubert and his party were simply playing straight into his hands. How could

the Government of the Republic be said to be aiding and supporting the establishment of order and government in the northern territory, as it had undertaken to do by the terms of the Swaziland Convention, if it gave open or covert support and encouragement to a movement which was a direct challenge to that order and government? If the Republic itself could be shewn to have torn up the Convention, what, then, became of Sir Henry Loch's promise? The promise would perish with the Convention. It was far more to the interests of the Dutch than the British that the Swaziland Convention should be scrupulously observed, for having now gained their object – the north – it might suit the British Government very well to relegate the Convention to the scrap-heap.

Certainly Sir Henry Loch had nothing to fear from the trekkers. He had more than enough force at his disposal to disperse any body of raiders seeking to impinge on the preserves of the Chartered Company. But once the Swaziland Convention came up for revision, and the fact had been definitely established that a joint government in Swaziland, however pleasing in theory, was unworkable in practice, the only possible solution of the Swaziland question was to turn over the country to the Boers. It might be a bitter pill for the British Government to swallow, but there was no getting away from it. Swaziland could not continue as it was. It would have to be annexed either by the British or the Dutch, and it was difficult for the British to annex it. British troops could only enter the country through the territory of the Republic, and then the expense – would the British taxpayer be willing to put his hand in his pocket to pay for the annexation and administration of a country in which he had so remote an interest? Assuredly he would not. And if this was the case, a British Tory Government,

provided it could get an excuse, would infinitely prefer the continuation even of existing anarchic conditions to surrendering the country to the Dutch. The Tory Party had always set its face against making any concessions to the Boers. 'Majuba must be avenged' was one of its pet slogans.

Unknown to Kruger, Lord Knutsford had already made the suggestion that the new régime in Swaziland should be given a trial for three years. But why three years? – when Lord Knutsford himself had authorised Sir Henry Loch to promise revision at a much earlier date. The reason was not to be found in South Africa. In Britain a General Election was approaching, and it would suit the Tories very well to postpone consideration of the Swaziland question until the election was over. If Mr. Gladstone was returned to power, the responsibility for the surrender of Swaziland would rest on him. Nay, more. The Grand Old Man would once again appear in the old familiar rôle in which the Tories delighted to depict him – as the betrayer of Imperial interests in Africa. First, the Transvaal; then, the Sudan; and now, Swaziland. The temptation was irresistible.

It was clear to President Kruger that the Transvaal's real interest lay in preserving the integrity of the Swaziland Convention. The Boers had only to exercise a little tact, scrupulously observe the conditions of the Convention, abide their time, and Swaziland would be theirs in the end. The suggestion that President Kruger was behind the trek was too manifestly absurd to merit serious consideration. The Adendorff trek was far more embarrassing to Kruger than to the Chartered Company. It threatened to ruin all his schemes of expansion to the east – schemes to which he clung with almost fanatical tenacity.

So when Sir Henry Loch pressed him, in accordance with the terms of the Swaziland Convention, to forbid the Adendorff trekkers to carry out their project, Kruger needed no further prompting. He promised Sir Henry Loch to do what he could to discourage his own burghers, though, as he pointed out, it was manifestly unreasonable to hold him responsible for the acts of Free State, Natal, or Cape colonists who might have joined the raiders. A proclamation was accordingly published forbidding the burghers to take any part in the trek, and legislation was passed by the Raad subjecting participants to dire penalties including confiscation of their lands. This proclamation had the desired effect of 'damping' the trek, and all but the most desperate spirits now abandoned the venture.

But by this time the Imperial Government had begun to take a hand in the game, a trifle alarmed by the new doctrine that agreements made between statesmen are not binding on their peoples. It was obvious that the Dutch were once again at their old game – the formation of independent little republics outside the boundaries of the Transvaal, to be followed later by union. This had been their policy ever since 1881. On their western frontier they had established the independent little republics of Stellaland and Goshen, and the trade routes to the north had only been saved by the despatch of an armed expedition under Sir Charles Warren. On their eastern frontier they had been conspicuously successful, annexing the New Republic in 1886, and the Little Free State in 1890. And now the same policy was to be applied in the north. The independent Republic of the North was to be proclaimed, and everyone knew what that meant. Within a few years, possibly within a few months, the independent Republic of the North would cease to exist and become part of a greater Transvaal.

It was high time for the British Government to act, and it acted. In May 1891 Matabeleland and Mashonaland were declared British Protectorates by Order in Council, and the High Commissioner issued a proclamation warning the raiders that any attempt to enter territories under Her Majesty's protection would be repelled by force. It was no empty threat. Steps were at once taken to coördinate the activities of the Bechuanaland Border Police and the B.S.A. Company's police, and the combined force was placed under the command of that energetic Imperial officer, Colonel Carrington. Small posses of police were sent to occupy the principal drifts on the Limpopo, and the raiders were given to understand that they would be fired on if they attempted to cross the river.

But although Kruger was using the whole weight of his personal authority for the purpose of breaking up the trek, and had made himself extremely unpopular by introducting coercive legislation which was bitterly contested in the Volksraad, the Chartered Company seems to have been obsessed with the idea that either Kruger himself was behind the trek, or that his influence over the back-veld Boers was not sufficient to restrain them. Sir John Willoughby and Dr. Jameson went to Pretoria to interview the President. Sir John Willoughby was the first to obtain an interview, and told Kruger bluntly that war with England would follow any attempt by the Boers to cross the river. Kruger, who was now seventy years of age, was not the sort of man to be bounced in this fashion by a young man of thirty-two, and immediately the interview was over he sent Dr. Leyds, now secretary of State, to enquire of Sir Jacobus de Wet, the British Agent in Pretoria, by what right Sir John Willoughby threatened the Republic. De Wet telegraphed to the High

Commissioner at once, and received the following reply: 'Disown Willoughby and say Her Majesty's Government disown him altogether.' As usual where Dr. Jameson was concerned, the interview passed off pleasantly enough, the doctor indulging in much good-natured banter. The President explained that he had done all that he could to stop 'these people,' and had incurred a good deal of hostility in doing so, but that his position was difficult, as General Joubert was working against him. However, he pooh-poohed the idea of any trek. He had seen as many of the burghers as he could, and had personally dissuaded them from taking any part in it. It would all fizzle out and end up in a hunting expedition or something of the kind. And Colonel Carrington evidently thought so, too, for Colonel Carrington was essentially a fighter, and the fact that he never appeared at the drifts was thought by many to be a sure indication that he at any rate did not anticipate any fighting.

So far as the trekkers were concerned the game was indeed up. The British Government was against them; the Government of the Republic was against them; the Chartered Company was against them; and the Afrikander Bond was against them. Even the Rev. S. J. Du Toit, the editor of *Die Patriot*, one of the founders of the Afrikander Bond, a republican of republicans, who had once declared for a united South Africa outside the British Empire, and on his own initiative had hoisted the flag of the Transvaal in the little Republic of Goshen, thus starting the agitation which led to the Warren expedition, now came forward as a staunch supporter of Mr. Rhodes and a strong opponent of the trekkers. Dissensions broke out among the trekkers themselves, and agents of the Chartered Company were busily at work among them fomenting these dissensions. Under the circumstances

there was only one thing to be done. They must make a demonstration on the Limpopo river, in order to save face, and then return home. On June 24th the demonstration took place. Colonel Ferreira and several others crossed Main Drift, and were promptly put under arrest. Messengers were despatched post-haste to Dr. Jameson, who had just left the drift on a tour of inspection, to return at once, and he returned that evening. He rode across the river to the Boer camp and, 'with water dripping from his boots and leggings,' harangued the burghers. At first the sullen and angry Boers refused to listen to him, and it was only after Colonel Ferreira had been sent for that Dr. Jameson could obtain a hearing. After reminding them of President Kruger's proclamation, which disowned them, and of the High Commissioner's proclamation, which threatened to fight them, he assured them that they were as free as anyone else to come into the country and settle, provided they signed an agreement promising to abide by the Company's regulations. Other Boers had already been admitted into the country on these terms, and why should they object? So long as they came as peaceable settlers, they would be given all the land they required, but, should they attempt to force a passage, they could take it from him that they would be treated as enemies. He left Colonel Ferreira behind to pass the night with the Boers and talk matters over, promising to receive a deputation next morning. On the following day the Boers sent a deputation across the river to argue the point. But it was all over. The Chartered Company's police had been reinforced by a detachment of the Bechuanaland Border Police armed with a Maxim gun. After much going to and fro, the trek began to disperse. A few agreed to come into the country on the Chartered Company's terms, but most of

the Boers refused point-blank to sign any declaration and went away. Colonel Ferreira and his secretary, Mr. Jerome, were sent to Fort Tuli under open arrest, where they soon became popular in the mess, even persuading its members to join in a speculation called 'The Mashonaland Agricultural and Supply Syndicate,' which, with Ferreira as manager and Jerome as secretary, was to make rapid fortunes for its lucky shareholders. Soon afterwards they were both released on giving undertakings to keep the peace and obey the Chartered Company's laws.

Mr. Rhodes was as good as his word. A large tract of country was eventually thrown open to Dutch settlement on the eastern border of Mashonaland, and the Chartered Company, having no money at the moment to spend on further warlike adventures, was only too glad to avail itself of the genius of the Dutch in taming a new country. In 1893 Dutch settlers began to arrive, with a sprinkling of British colonists among them. Each family was given a farm of 6,000 acres, and within a few years the Dutch had spread themselves over an extensive area, which came to be known as the Melsetter district, forming a compact Dutch-speaking community within the borders of Mashonaland.

CHAPTER XII

THE BURSTING OF THE MASHONALAND GOLD BUBBLE

(1)

WHILE these events were taking place in the south and east, the pioneers were busy discovering Mashonaland. Their first impression of the country had been somewhat discouraging. From the point of view of agriculture, the soil (or what they had seen of it) would hardly pay for the working, but for the most part they were not farmers, and few among them had come into the country with any real intention of settling. What was the good of land in a country where there were no railways and no markets? It was gold they were looking for, and then a rapid fortune and a quick getaway. Many were handicapped by lack of capital, and, in order to make good this deficiency, disposed of their farm rights for £100 or even less. Land speculators made enormous bargains, and pioneer farms of 3,000 acres, carrying an annual quit rent of £1, changed hands at 8*d.* and 6*d.* an acre, and sometimes did not even fetch that. But the enthusiastic pioneers still believed that they had the better of the bargain. Any suggestion that they might not find gold, or that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, was laughed to scorn. They knew better, and were not so silly as to lock up capital in land when a little ready money would purchase a fortune overnight. Of course a small percentage of the pioneers were born farmers, and it was sheer waste of time saying anything

to them. Farmers were a peculiar people, and would go their own ways in spite of everything. Besides, farming folk all the world over were notoriously 'slow,' and never made any money, although they produced the food of the world. It was just like them to stake out farms when they might be staking out gold properties. And the existence of huge quantities of gold in Mashonaland was not open to question. All historians, ancient and modern, agreed on that, if they agreed on nothing else, and historians were not given to practical joking. Mashonaland was the land of Ophir. King Solomon's mines lay somewhere close by, and every prospector felt that he must be quick to locate them or some other prospector most certainly would. So the farmers might farm, and the land-grabbers might grab, but the pioneers would follow Mr. Rhodes. He was one of the knowing ones, and had unbounded confidence in the goldfields of Mashonaland. 'I believe,' he had said, in 1888, 'that if I succeed in the object of my political ambition – that is the expansion of Cape Colony to the Zambesi – I shall provide for you in the future success in the prospecting for and the production of gold far beyond that which has occurred to you in the development of your property on the river.'

On demobilisation the pioneers were suffering from a bad attack of gold fever. Most of them had syndicates on the brain. They talked of gold by day, and dreamt of gold by night. They even gave appropriate names to their dogs, calling them Concession, Syndicate, and so on. Men who had never seen a gold mine in their lives spoke learnedly of dips and strikes, of hanging walls and foot walls, and 'the metallic lustre of quartz.' They slapped one another on the back, exclaiming triumphantly, 'We are made men.' True, they would be obliged to surrender 50 per cent of their finds to the Chartered Company,

but they made light of that, so confident were they of the vast wealth awaiting them. And no sooner were they disbanded than, breaking up into small parties, they hastened away from Salisbury with wagons, donkeys, and pack oxen, assuming mysterious airs concerning their destination, though everyone knew perfectly well that they were bound either for the Mazoe valley or Hartley Hill. Old workings in particular took their fancy, for they were convinced that the richness of the reefs continued far below the depths reached by the ancients, whose lack of pumping facilities rendered all working below water level impracticable; and the natives encouraged them in this belief, looking on them as harmless lunatics. What sort of gold-seekers were these who gave them blankets for showing them holes in the ground from which the gold had already been extracted? But the pioneers knew quite well what they were about, and it was not long before excellent reports on the gold prospects of the country began to come in. The country, it was said, was full of gold reefs, some of them very rich indeed, and the reefs would improve on depth. New finds were occurring daily, and panning was everywhere successful. Mazoe was a splendid mining district, but not, of course, to be compared with Hartley Hill.

Within a few weeks the rainy season set in, and the rains that year were unusually severe. Between October 1890 and March 1891 more than 50 inches of rain fell – a most unusual rainfall for Mashonaland. The rivers were swollen into flood, and all communication with the south abruptly broken. The pioneers were soon in a desperate way, for this was a contingency that they had not foreseen. It had never entered their heads that in coming to Mashonaland they ran the risk of being marooned, and cut off even from all postal communication with the

outside world. They were hard-working, hard-living men, but apt to be careless about their health and their future. And now they began to run short of food-stuffs. They were reduced to living on the country, and once again Mashonaland disappointed their expectations. The country was supposed to be teeming with game. It was not. The quantity of game in Mashonaland had been greatly exaggerated, and in the districts occupied by the pioneers the game soon became shy and moved away. In default of shooting for the pot, the pioneers were obliged to subsist for months on millet, pumpkins, and rice, varied by an occasional meal off beef or buck when they could get it. Poor living, and the want of the little luxuries to which they had grown accustomed, contributed to undermine their constitutions. Many went down with malaria. Quinine was scarce and fetched fabulous prices; and, to make matters worse, the medical arrangements were scandalously defective. In desperation some gave up washing, for washing was said to bring on fever. Many abandoned the search for gold and took to transport-riding. Provisions were scarce, and no organisation existed for the distribution of what provisions there were. Trading would be a far more profitable speculation than gold-mining, for it was not only food that the pioneers lacked, but shirts, and trousers, and boots, and many other necessary things. Before they had been in the country six months, the pioneers were walking about in rags.

By the beginning of April (1891) the rains were over, and a constant stream of people of all nationalities began to pour into Mashonaland from the south. Fortune-hunters, panting with anxiety lest they might be arriving too late, flocked to the new Eldorado with their families and belongings packed into every conceivable conveyance

from an ox-wagon to a Scotch cart. Many died from malaria on the way up, for malaria wages with peculiar force at this season of the year, with the country drying up after the heavy rains. The majority of the new-comers were prospectors, but there were traders among them with goods; and for the traders, at any rate, the millennium seemed to have dawned. They got rid of their stocks at famine prices. Sugar was sold at 4*s*. 6*d*. a pound; candles at 10*s*. a packet of six; a bar of soap sold for 5*s*., and a bottle of whiskey for 30*s*.; calico, which could be got for 3*d*. a yard at the Cape, fetched 2*s*. a yard in Salisbury, and everything else was correspondingly dear. There was little actual money in circulation, the traders being content to accept cheques drawn on the Chartered Company, and these were the recognised form of currency in these early days.

(2)

During the African winter of 1891 two eminent mining experts, reputed to be among the cleverest in the world, arrived in Mashonaland to report on the gold prospects of the country. Mr. Rolker was the mining expert of the Chartered Company, whose directors were anxious to obtain as soon as possible the fullest and most complete information available of the probable wealth of their newly acquired properties, while Mr. Perkins, travelling with Lord Randolph Churchill, the correspondent of the *Daily Graphic*, might be said to represent that portion of the British investing public who would be asked to subscribe their savings to Mashonaland mining propositions. If these two eminent experts could be said to have any bias at all, that bias was in favour of Mashonaland. In London and New York, as in Kimberley and Capetown, the gold of Mashonaland was thought to be a fact about

which there could be neither doubt nor question, and yet, after an examination of the gold reefs in the Mazoe and Hartley districts, the conclusion to which both these experts came was much the same, and, on the whole, unfavourable to Mashonaland.

So far as they could discover from an examination of the Mazoe and Hartley districts, there was nothing either in the formation of the country itself, or in the quality of the gold found, to justify at that time any large expenditure of capital or the flotation of big London companies. There were no indications anywhere of the existence of a continuous strike of reef which would support a gold community like the Rand. The reefs throughout were of comparatively limited extent and presented the same uniform character, extending longitudinally for considerable distances, sometimes showing a fair quantity of visible gold, at other times the gold running through the quartz, but invariably pinching out and losing their gold at depth. The best mines in the Mazoe district, such as Yellow Jacket and Golden Quarry, were shown to be merely rich pockets which would be rapidly worked out, while the specimens of quartz brought to Mr. Perkins for examination at Hartley Hill were among the poorest that he had ever seen.

The conclusion, therefore, to which the experts came was that it was impossible at this stage to express any opinion as to the gold possibilities of Mashonaland as a whole. Mining in Mashonaland was still in its infancy, and so long as the greater part of the country was still unprospected it was too early to say whether the goldfield would prove fabulously rich, medium, or valueless. Eventually, no doubt, the country would be shown to contain some valuable deposits, after it had been carefully and systematically gone over, but the process of opening

it up would be far slower than most persons imagined.

South Africa is a country where the bull is seldom taken by the horns, and the pronouncements of the experts reverberated like a thunderclap. The discovery that the Mazoe reefs were of little value had been borne with fortitude, because it was believed that Hartley Hill would more than compensate for the deficiencies of Mazoe. But now Hartley Hill was condemned, and the experts were not alone in condemning it. Their views were shared by some prospectors of Australian and American experience, who were obliged to confess that, after doing a great deal of digging in the district, they had found nothing of any real value, and were preparing to leave the country. It seemed that the position of Mashonaland in the mining world would have to be restated. A lively controversy broke out among the pioneers. Was Mashonaland a gold country, or was it not? High professional opinion seemed inclined to think that it was not. But was high professional opinion infallible? Had not high professional opinion condemned the Rand? Had not high professional opinion condemned Kimberley, declaring that once blue ground was reached no more diamonds would be discovered? Was it not absurd to suggest that, because no big discoveries had been made, no big discoveries would be made? Were these experts so gifted with the power of vision that they could see what lay beneath the ground without the necessity for digging? The experts were blamed for expressing any opinion at all. If they thought the country no good, they should have kept that opinion to themselves. But was there anything to justify their own high hopes? Was it not as silly to say that there were hundreds of miles of gold reefs as to say that there were none at all? It was true that

Mashonaland had only been occupied for a year, and that less than six months of that time had been available for prospecting. But the fact remained that no great gold mine had yet been discovered by any of the numerous prospecting parties at work in the field, and that there was no solid ground for supposing that any such gold mine existed.

And then a fearful thought flashed through their minds. The ancients had been there before them, and perhaps knew more about mining than they were credited with knowing. And who were these ancients? Were they Arabs or Persians or Indians or Chinese, or were they the Mashonas themselves? It was certain that the Mashona tribes had been settled in the country for centuries, though anthropologists might differ as to the time of their arrival. And what had the pioneers to teach the Mashonas about their own country which they did not know already, or could not have known long ago if they had been interested in the matter? Who were the real discoverers of the goldfields of the Witwatersrand? The Struben brothers? Perhaps. Or were they the natives? Had not one of the wise men among the natives told a small party of unbelieving prospectors, in 1883, where the real gold deposits of the Transvaal were to be found? 'It is not here, my masters; it is not here, it is pambele pambele – high up over the white rand where they go on the way to Natal. There are the yellow cows, the yellow milk which you hunger for – maninge maninge, plenty plenty.' And in all likelihood it was the same in Mashonaland.

The explorer Baines had long known of the existence of a goldfield in Mashonaland worked by the natives. He had seen their goldsmiths making exquisite rings and chains. He had been shown places where quartz had

was threatened with an action for criminal libel for repeating these criticisms in the primitive cyclostyle Press. When Mr. Rhodes arrived in Salisbury, towards the close of 1891, on his first visit to Mashonaland, he found the pioneers in a singularly discontented frame of mind. The lack of any adequate medical or transport services, the high cost of living, the failure to discover any rich reefs, the approaching rainy season, all combined to produce a feeling of profound gloom. He was besieged by dissatisfied prospectors clamouring for some modification of section 10 of the mining regulations. But Mr. Rhodes would not entertain the idea. This was not the time to make concessions. The Chartered Company was already short of cash and had not sufficient money to develop its resources. Retrenchment was the order of the day. The failure to find gold in any paying quantities, coupled with the enormous cost of administering the country, was having a serious effect on the Company's credit, and in those days it was the business of industry to deliver the goods. The mineral rights were the Chartered Company's one great asset. It was out of the mineral rights that it had hoped to reap enormous profits and to pay handsome dividends to its shareholders. The pioneers must pay 50 per cent or leave the country. And many did leave, either then or later, though the full 50 per cent was seldom taken. Out of the little band of 188 pioneers, nearly 60 per cent, worn out by fever and disappointment, disappeared. The Mashonaland gold bubble had burst.

Three hundred years before the pioneers marched into Mashonaland, the flower of Lusitanian youth had twice set out from Portugal in search of the goldmines of Monomotapa, expecting to find gold in the ground 'like ginger and like yams,' but all that they had found

was the mosquito and the tsetse fly, some naked blacks toiling laboriously for a few grains of gold, and some holes in the ground. Was history about to repeat itself? Was this cruel practical joke about to be played again on a still more gigantic scale?

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And what did the Mashonas think of their deliverers? At first they thought the white men amusing, and were exceedingly curious about them and their habits. Their simplicity astonished them, for, whatever else the Mashonas were, they were not simple. No peasant peoples ever are simple. Ignorance and rusticity are not conducive to simplicity; and never before had the Mashonas come across such simple folk as the pioneers. They talked of nothing but gold. And what, thought the Mashonas, did they want to do with the gold when they had got it, and how soon would they have got enough of it and return to their own country?

But it was the womenfolk on arrival, dressed in true Parisian fashion, wearing long skirts and leg-of-mutton sleeves, who most struck their fancy. It was impossible, they said, for the white women to eat, since their waists left no room for the food to go down. They might have some curious customs of their own, but they had seen nothing to compare with this. The whites were a huge joke and evidently a pleasant sporting people. Unfortunately they were not likely to be of much practical use in the event of a Matabele raid, for they were too few and too widely scattered. What could a handful of whites do against the pride and might of the Matabele?

But as time wore on their point of view began to change. The whites showed little signs of going away, and continual fresh swarms kept coming in. For every

one who left, ten came. The Mashonas began to draw invidious comparisons. Matabele raids were bad enough, but this was something far worse. Besides, Matabele raids had not been such desperate affairs after all. Unless they were punitive expeditions, they were seldom accompanied by much loss of life. The Matabele were far too shrewd to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs. And even punitive expeditions depended for success largely on surprise, and if surprise failed and the Mashonas had been given time to take refuge on the hill-tops or in caves, there was little chance of the raiders obtaining much in the way of loot, for these wild goblinesque caverns and well-nigh inaccessible mountain fastnesses were true fortresses, often situated by the banks of streams and kept well stocked with provisions. The Matabele soon tired of laying siege to them and decamped. What is the use, they would say, of fighting an enemy whom you cannot see?

The Mashonas apparently did not think that they were treated particularly badly by the Matabele. The subject tribes, indeed, had little to complain of so long as they remained in favour. The Matabele naturally took what they could get, and the Mashonas naturally kept what they could keep. It was Nature's way. For long periods they were left in peace, but now that the white man had come their troubles came with each day's rising sun.

Apparently the white men were under the impression that the natives ought to leave their kraals and work for them. They were everlastingly pestering them to dig in the fields, to work in mines, to build huts, or to herd cattle. But why should the Mashonas work? There was nothing beautiful or admirable in work. Work was only a means to leisure. They were free men, and loved ease and sunshine. Personal freedom and the right to go

where he pleases are precious things to the African mind. They were not beetles, feverishly rolling balls of dirt, feverishly making them bigger. Besides, they had their own work to do. Nature on the African highlands was not specially bountiful, and the food supplies were a constant source of anxiety. If they did not see to them, they would starve; for there was no class in Mashonaland living on the labour of another class. Every man, woman, and child worked, and they all worked with an object. But what object would there be in working for the white man, since they already had sufficient cattle and grain? They had no ground for complaint in the wages offered them. Perhaps they would even be overpaid in proportion to the work they would do in return. The fact was, that they had no particular desire to work for any wage.

From motives of self-interest the pioneers could not accept this point of view. They were not in Mashonaland for their health, but to make their fortunes. The country could never be developed along the white man's lines if the labour-power of the blacks was to be withheld. There was something almost indecent in the idea of the inhabitants of the country continuing to live a life of glorious ease while all the efforts of the pioneers were being frustrated from lack of labour. And the labour shortage was acute. For what other purpose were the blacks created than to serve as outdoor labourers for the whites? Certainly they were children, and must be treated as such, even if they had to do the work of men. If the Mashonas did not wish to work for the white men, it could only be because they were lazy, and some scheme would have to be devised to turn these lazy peasants into industrious wage-earners.

The natives soon began to feel that the white man's concern for their welfare was largely poppycock. On coming

into the country the pioneers had posed as saviours. The Mashonas were told that Matabele raids were at an end, and that they could now come down from the hill-tops on which they lived and live in safety on the open plains. But who wanted to live on the open plains? The Mashonas did not build their kraals on the tops of kopjes only from fear of the Matabele, but for reasons of health. They lived on the hill-tops in parts of the country where the Matabele had never raided. And if one spoke of raiding – when were the white people going to return to the land from whence they came?

Slowly the truth began to dawn on them. The white men never would return. They looked on Mashonaland as belonging to themselves, and on the Mashonas as a conquered people. They would make of them a servile race, and bring them all down to one common level. It was incredible to the Mashonas that persons posing as their champions should come into their country, and then proceed to dig holes all over the ground, stake out farms, and drive roads right across their cultivated lands. Already a new disease had made its appearance among their cattle, and this new disease had been imported by the strangers. Soon a pioneer was murdered in the Mazoe valley, and, when the natives refused to surrender the criminal, they were given a bitter taste of white man's power. The grinning mask was being dropped, and the white beast was beginning to show its fangs. Ugly stories were in circulation about the way in which the people of the country were being ill-treated and cheated by some of the white men. The whites complained of lack of labour, but what else could they expect? They cursed the natives for not understanding orders given them in English or the Taal. They picked quarrels with them a few days before their pay was due, so as to cheat them of

their wages. They flogged them mercilessly. 'The brutality of some of the white men seems to be very great,' observed Bishop Knight-Bruce, who was touring Mashonaland in 1891. It hindered the spread of the Gospel and the work of his mission. A chieftainess refused to allow Christian teaching on the ground that the white men beat her people. The lessons of everyday life sank more deeply into her mind than all the exhortations of the bishop. And soon the Mashonas began to shun the whites. They avoided contact with them as much as possible. At their approach the little children would run away, screaming. In the Mazoe valley the archæologist, Mr. Theodore Bent, was received with stony silence and undisguised contempt; at Zimbabwe the natives came to see Mr. Rhodes, carrying weapons in their hands. But the Mashonas rarely retaliated. When life became unbearable, they would vanish silently into the night; and, because they did not retaliate, they were called 'worms.' The seeds of a terrible harvest were being sown.

CHAPTER XIII

THE LIPPERT CONCESSION

SHORTLY after the occupation of Mashonaland the Chartered Company made 'an immense effort to boom the country' with the object of attracting settlers and investors, and interesting that large class of seekers after romance who love a country with a sense of mystery about it. The Press was full of glowing accounts of 'the new Eldorado, whose gold mines were to rival the Rand,' and of the new Goshen, whose broad and fertile plains were 'to teem with flocks and herds' on a scale that would make other parts of the world look small. And Mashonaland was not only the land of promise, it was also the land of mystery. It was a country full of character and many surprises. It was a country where Bushmen and perhaps Bantu had left splendid pictures of themselves and their pursuits in the form of paintings on the rocks. It was a region of architectural decrepitude upon whose numerous ruins, quaint evidences of a former grandeur had settled down 'a long sabbath of decay.' It was a country which deeply impressed itself on the imagination. The mysterious ruins at Zimbabwe, stubbornly defying time while their origin and purpose remain unsolved, the terraces and pits at Inyanga, with a system of drainage that would be passed by a modern expert, all pointed to the presence in these lands at some remote epoch of an Imperial race. What years of effort, of trial and error, of failure and achievement, had gone to the building of these

strange witnesses to the past? And then, apparently, something had happened, or so it was said. What had happened no one knew. Some mysterious force had arisen that had struck suddenly and for ever the sceptre from their hands, and a curtain of darkness had descended on the land.

But Mashonaland could never become a field for emigration so long as the Chartered Company had no title to the land. Every new country is dependent on the farming class for its prosperity, inasmuch as farmers are the only class who come into a new country with the fixed intention to remain. The mining class there to-day may be gone by to-morrow. But it was unreasonable to expect settlers scarcely out of their teens to come to a far-distant country and sink their small capital in farms to which they could obtain no title. 'The Chartered Company,' wrote Rhodes, 'had but an imperfect right, if any right at all, to grant land titles.' This was putting the matter very mildly. The Rudd concession had conferred no rights in land, and Mr. Rhodes both knew and admitted it. 'You must remember,' he had said to a questioner, in 1890, 'I have only the right to dig for gold.' And in 1891, had the Chartered Company, as the British South Africa Company was now called, even the right to dig for gold? Apparently it had not. By a secret understanding arrived at before the charter was granted, the Rudd concession, as we have seen, had become the property of a body affiliated to, but not identical with, the British South Africa Company, known first as the Central Search Association, and afterwards as the United Concessions Company. This made no practical difference so long as the shares of none of these companies were available to the general public, but it made a big difference when, shortly after the occupation of Mashonaland, the shares

of the Chartered Company were placed on the open market. Under the impression that Mashonaland was a second Rand, and that the Chartered Company owned the mineral rights, Chartered shares rocketed skywards.

There was considerable astonishment, and even some talk of prosecution, when indignant shareholders learnt that the Rudd concession did not belong to them. If they had not been buying the Rudd concession, what had they been buying? But apparently the Rudd concession was the private property of their directors, who would only consent to part with it in return for a million new Chartered shares, thus doubling the original capital of the Chartered Company and halving any dividends that might become payable. The end of the story may be given at once. In view of the agitation, capitalisation was postponed till the end of 1892, and then postponed again. In 1893 the Chartered Company suddenly seized Matabeleland, and the Rudd concession immediately became operative over another immense area. The shareholders felt that they must now face their destiny. Any further delay might irretrievably injure their prospects. Perhaps the new Rand would now be discovered. The suspense was intolerable. They quickly agreed to buy out the United Concessions Company lock, stock, and barrel, even at the price of doubling their own capital. Alas! for the vanity of human hopes. Matabeleland turned out to be a second Mashonaland so far as gold-mining on the grand scale was concerned. But Chartered shareholders, or those at any rate who sold their holdings, did not do so badly after all. True, they had to wait till 1924 for their first dividend, but at the height of the 1895 boom Charters touched £9½.

But whatever mineral rights the Chartered Company might or might not eventually possess in Mashonaland,

it clearly had no land rights. The Rudd concession had given the concessionaires the mineral rights and nothing more. Under the terms of the concession, indeed, Lobengula had promised not to alienate any land without their consent, but this undertaking conferred no rights in land on the concession-holders. Perhaps it was secretly hoped that the Matabele would attack the column on its way into Mashonaland, for in that event the title to the land would have been settled by right of conquest. But the Matabele king had carefully abstained from giving any provocation. Apparently, therefore, the land continued legally to belong to the Mashona tribes who were already in possession.

Shortly before the column entered Mashonaland, Mr. Renny-Tailyour had left Bulawayo, remarking, as he went, that so far as he was concerned 'the game was up and that his opposition to the charter was over.' But his Johannesburg principal, Mr. Lippert, only accepted this conclusion in an ironical sense. In his opinion, if the game was up for anyone, it was up for Mr. Rhodes. So far as he was concerned the game was only beginning, for he had discerned the weak spot in the Rudd concession, and was determined to take full advantage of it. He saw that while Lobengula had been unable to prevent the forcible occupation of Mashonaland, he still had it in his power to make things extremely awkward for Rhodes and his Chartered Company, if only he could be persuaded to take his stand on the Rudd concession. His true policy was to give the concessionaires everything to which they were entitled in the bond, and nothing more. And to what precisely were the concessionaires entitled? What had they actually been given? They had been given the exclusive right 'to win and procure minerals,' and nothing else. They had not been given a yard of territory

or the shadow of governmental control. Renny-Tailyour must therefore return to Bulawayo, and, playing off Lippert against Rhodes, endeavour to obtain from the Matabele king a concession covering just those rights and interests which the Rudd concession had omitted, and for want of which it could be rendered unworkable.

It was a pretty scheme, and there was money in it. If Renny-Tailyour was successful, Mr. Rhodes would be in a nice fix. He would either have to buy the new concession or else give up trying to work his old one. Lobengula at once fell in with a scheme so congenial to the African temperament. The Chartered Company was constantly appealing to the Rudd concession. Very well; he would take his stand on the Rudd concession. The concessionaires had been given the right to mine. They had been given no other rights, and no other rights were implied. And in taking this line Lobengula had precedent, too, on his side. When he had allowed mining operations to be undertaken in the Tati district, he had never abandoned, nor was he thought by anyone to have abandoned, any territorial rights over that region. He had appointed Major Sam Edwards to supervise the conduct of the whites and to act as a sort of bailiff, and this arrangement had been found to work well. And he would do the same thing again. He would appoint a bailiff to supervise the operations of Rhodes and his friends. For a long time Renny-Tailyour had been pestering him for a concession, and he had not imagined that the day would come when he would have any use for Renny-Tailyour. But Renny-Tailyour was now the very man he wanted, for Renny-Tailyour and his group had always been bitterly opposed to Rhodes and his group. Renny-Tailyour would be a far bigger thorn in the side of the Mashonaland concession-holders than Sam Edwards had ever been at Tati, for

Renny-Tailyour's boss, the Transvaal financier, Lippert, was said to be connected with big financial interests in Hamburg. Everyone knew that the white tribes could never agree among themselves for long, and were perpetually fighting. Well, he would give them something to fight about. Mashonaland a white man's country? Never! He would so arrange matters that before long the pack would be seizing each other by the throat.

So in April 1891 Renny-Tailyour obtained from Lobengula a concession giving Mr. Lippert the exclusive right to grant land titles in the Chartered Company's field of operations, and to levy rates and taxes on the lands thus assigned. When Mr. Rhodes got to hear of this agreement, he immediately gave orders to have Renny-Tailyour arrested, but Mr. Renny-Tailyour had influential friends, and Mr. Rhodes was soon forced to release him. It was clear, however, that matters could not be allowed to rest there. For the effect of the Lippert concession would be to cancel the Rudd concession, since it established in Mashonaland a sort of dual control. In every district where mining operations might be attempted, Mr. Lippert would be found in possession of the land and invested further with powers of taxation. Under such conditions the Rudd concession would prove unworkable. No group of business men would be found anywhere in the world to operate a concession in an uncivilised country on such terms as these.

When Mr. Lippert first announced that he was in possession of a concession from the Matabele king covering all those land and governmental rights in Mashonaland which the Chartered Company was anxious to acquire, Rhodes at first contested the validity of the concession on the ground that it contravened that clause in the Rudd concession which stipulated that no grant or concession

of land could be made without the consent of the concessionaires. It was obvious that if the Rudd concession held good in law, the Lippert concession was worthless, and Mr. Rhodes told Lippert that his concession 'would not bear inspection.' But if the Lippert concession would not bear inspection, would the Rudd concession bear inspection? Had not Lobengula denounced the Rudd concession in writing on two separate occasions – first, in the letter written on his behalf by the traders, the authenticity of which was really not open to question, though it had been convenient at the time to deny it, and, secondly, in his letter to the British queen, forwarded through Mr. Moffat, the arrival of which in England had been mysteriously delayed until the charter had been granted. Had not Lobengula continually and consistently affirmed in every conversation on the subject that it had never been his intention to hand over all the gold in the country to Rudd and his friends? Again, how was it possible to denounce the Lippert concession as a breach of the Rudd concession when the Matabele king had steadily refused to avail himself of the benefits which he enjoyed under that contract? The rifles and cartridges were the principal benefits accruing to him. The secret of Rhodes's success, as everyone knew, was his willingness to pay Lobengula in rifles. And what had been the history of these rifles? From the time of their arrival in Matabeleland down to the time when the pioneer column marched into Mashonaland, they had been stored at the Company's camp at Mvutjwa, first in the care of Mr. Thompson, and, after he had fled, in the care of Mr. Cooper Chadwick, a paid agent of the Company. Not for a single moment had they been out of the Company's possession. The King had never even seen them, and rarely referred to them. They were known to be intact,

for Captain Ferguson had gone to Mvutjwa to inspect them at the time of his visit to Bulawayo. And Lobengula had had no intention of taking them over. He had told the missionaries, when they had come to bid him farewell, that before leaving they were to go and see the rifles, and be sure to tell Rhodes that they were all there, and in the same place where he had left them.

In face of such evidence what importance would be attached in a British court of law to the mark of a man who could neither read nor write, attached to a document written in a language which he could not understand, and witnessed exclusively by those who had an interest in procuring his signature, and who, when they had procured his signature, had not even supplied him with a copy of a document of such importance? If the Rudd concession was dragged into the courts, was it certain that the United Concessions Company would win its case? The very fact of the Lippert concession could be used as an argument against it. And if the United Concessions Company did obtain a legal decision in its favour, in what respect would it be better off? It would be precisely where it was before the action began. It would still have no land rights. A legal decision could only affirm its title to the minerals, a title which Mr. Lippert was not prepared to dispute. Moreover, Mr. Rhodes was not likely to obtain any further concession from the Matabele, and if this was the case it would be more profitable to purchase the Lippert concession outright than to squander vast sums of money in expensive legal proceedings defending such a dubious document as the Rudd concession; and, as Mr. Lippert was first cousin to Mr. Alfred Beit, it should not be impossible to come to some arrangement mutually profitable to both parties.

This line of reasoning appealed powerfully to Mr.

Rhodes, partly because of his congenital dislike of lawyers, partly because of his incurable love of a deal, partly because of the trouble he had had over the Bowler and Adendorff treks, but more especially because there was no gainsaying the fact that whatever happened to the Lippert concession the rights of the Chartered Company in respect to land would remain precisely where they were. Every pioneer had been given the right to stake out a farm of 3,000 acres, but any scheme of land settlement was bound to fail so long as the settlers could obtain no title to their lands. But while Mr. Rhodes was prepared to buy the Lippert concession as the only means whereby the Chartered Company could become possessed of those rights in land which were indispensable for the development of Mashonaland as a farming proposition, he was not prepared to spend a large sum of money in purchasing the Lippert concession, only to be told immediately afterwards that Lobengula had denounced the concession as fraudulent, that other persons had acquired similar concessions, that the British Government was not prepared to recognise the concession as it stood, or, if it was prepared to recognise it, would not recognise it until the claims of other concession-holders had been satisfied. He had experienced difficulties enough of that kind in connection with the Rudd concession, in squaring the innumerable demands made on his purse by voracious, and often fraudulent, concession-holders, and in vainly attempting to reconcile Lobengula's interpretation of the concession with the plain meaning of the text. If the Chartered Company was to acquire the Lippert concession, it must be a concession about the authenticity and interpretation of which there could be neither doubt nor question.

He therefore proposed conditions. Mr. Lippert must

acquire a fresh concession – a concession which should meet with the approval of Lobengula, Her Majesty's Secretary of State, and himself; and guaranteed as to its authenticity not by one of the missionaries, who, after all, were without official standing, but by the British Resident in Bulawayo, who would be in a position to speak authoritatively and positively as to its accuracy and ratification by the King. When these three conditions had been complied with, he would be willing to purchase the concession.

To effect this object it would be necessary, of course, to practise deceit. The Lippert crowd, consisting of Renny-Tailyour, Boyle, and Riley, were to be allowed to return to Bulawayo on signing bonds not to disturb the peace of the country, and then, nominally on behalf of themselves, but really on behalf of Mr. Rhodes, they were to obtain from Lobengula, in the presence of Mr. Moffat, now Assistant Commissioner for Matabeleland, a ratification of the concession which they claimed to have acquired. The plan was perfectly feasible, and, under the circumstances, almost certain to succeed, provided that Lobengula had no inkling as to the ultimate destination of the concession. If he knew that the concession was being bought only to be sold to his enemies, he would most certainly refuse to ratify it. It was obvious that the Matabele king would only grant a concession under the impression that he was dividing the white men among themselves, and was strengthening the hands of a group hostile to Rhodes and the Chartered Company. It was equally obvious that the greater the powers conferred on the concessionaires under the concession, the greater would be the powers accruing to the Chartered Company when it had acquired the concession. Mr. Moffat, therefore, was instructed by the High Commissioner not to change too abruptly from his former attitude of hostility

towards the Renny-Tailyour group, to conceal from Lobengula the fact of any agreement having been arrived at between Mr. Lippert and Mr. Rhodes, and, if the Matabele king sought his advice, to profess indifference on the matter.

Mr. Moffat thought his instructions detestable, and made no scruple about saying so either to Sir Henry Loch or to Mr. Rhodes. So this was the meaning of statecraft. This was the slippery path along which he would have to walk if he was to make a career. He was to betray the King. He, the Rev. John Smith Moffat, the ex-missionary, the son of Mshete, the trusted and life-long friend of Lobengula, was to stand by, a silent witness and accessary before the fact, to a deliberate fraud perpetrated on the Matabele king. Lobengula was bound to ask his advice. The Queen had told him to do so, and always to listen to, and believe, what he said. And what sort of advice was he to give? He would either have to tell him downright falsehoods or else tell him the truth, and if he told him the truth Lippert would never get his concession. When Lobengula found it all out, as he was bound to do sooner or later, what further faith would he have in him? How would he ever have the courage to look the Matabele king in the eyes again? The King would turn away from him with loathing. It was the very essence of Matabele policy, and always had been, to play off the white men against one another. If the King granted Lippert a concession, it was only because he was counting on the antagonism between Lippert and Rhodes. What use had he for either of these two men except to use them to fight each other?

But after a little reflection Mr. Moffat was inclined to the opinion that perhaps he had been allowing his natural feelings of indignation to get the better of his maturer

judgment. After all, he was a paid and honoured servant of the State, and it was not for him to question his instructions. If these instructions were palpably immoral, he could always resign, and, if he was not prepared to resign, his protests must have something of the appearance of having been made for effect. Besides, his instructions did not require him personally to take any part in negotiating the concession, but were limited to satisfying himself, for the information of his Government, as to what the concessionaires really obtained, and to witness the concession with his signature. It should be quite possible for him to carry out his instructions without any loss of self-respect, if only Renny-Tailyour and his friends were tactful and did not harp too much in his presence on their antagonism to Mr. Rhodes.

On October 21st, 1891, Mr. Lippert himself arrived in Bulawayo, and after several meetings, at some of which Mr. Moffat was present, Lobengula, on November 17th, signed the concession, and sealed it with the great elephant seal. Among the witnesses to the concession was Mr. James Fairbairn, who had been advised on a previous occasion by Mr. Moffat to abstain from interfering with powerful interests and to take a new departure.

This remarkable concession deserves quoting at length:

'Whereas I (Lobengula) have granted a concession in respect of mineral rights, and the rights incidental to mining only, and whereas my absolute power as paramount King to allow persons to occupy land in my kingdom, and to levy taxes thereon, has been successfully established, and whereas, seeing that large numbers of white people are coming into my territories, and it is desirable that I should assign land to them, and whereas it is desirable that I should once and for all appoint some person to act for me in these respects:

'Now, therefore, and in consideration of the payment of one thousand pounds (£1,000) having been made to me to-day, I do hereby grant to Edward Amandus Lippert, and to his heirs, executors, assigns, and substitutes, absolutely, subject only to the annual sum of £500 being paid to me or to my successors in office, in quarterly instalments, in lieu of rates, rents, and taxes, the following rights and privileges, namely:

'The sole exclusive right, power, and privilege for the full term of one hundred (100) years to lay out, grant or lease, for such period or periods as he may think fit, farms, townships, building plots, and grazing areas, to impose and levy rents, licences, and taxes thereon, and to get in, collect, and receive the same for his own benefit, to give and grant certificates in my name for the occupation of any farms, townships, building plots, and grazing areas; to commence and prosecute, and also to defend in any competent court, in Africa or elsewhere, either in my name or in his own name, all such actions, suits, and other proceedings, as he may deem necessary for establishing, maintaining, or defending the said rights, powers, and privileges hereby conferred: provided always that the said rights and privileges shall only extend and apply to all such territories as now are, or may hereafter be, occupied by, or be made the sphere of operations of, the British South Africa Company, their successors, or any person or persons, holding from or under them, and provided that from the rights granted by these presents are excluded only the grazing of such cattle, the enclosing of such land, and the erection of such buildings and machinery as are strictly required for the exercise of the mineral rights now held by the British South Africa Company, under the said concession.'

Before signing this paper, the King asked Mr. Moffat

for his advice, but Mr. Moffat refused to give any advice one way or the other. But he added a rider to the concession which ran as follows: 'I certify that this document is a full and exact expression of the wishes of the chief Lo Bengula and his principal Indunas and that I sign this in accordance with the wish of the chief.' 'A full and exact expression' of the chief's wishes! – when Lippert and Renny-Tailyour were the secret agents of the Chartered Company, and Mr. Moffat knew it all the time.

But if this document was not 'a full and exact expression' of the wishes of the Matabele, it was 'a full and exact expression' of the wishes of Mr. Lippert and Mr. Rhodes. Mr. Lippert in particular was extremely satisfied. He had fought Rhodes with his own weapons, and he had won. He, too, had undermined, bribed, and intrigued. He had not lost sight of the Chartered Company's interests, nor of his own interest in the Chartered Company; and he left Bulawayo more than ever convinced of his shrewdness in the realms of high finance.

As soon as Rhodes was assured that Lord Knutsford was satisfied as to the genuineness of the concession and approved the terms, he offered to buy it. He purchased the concession from Lippert for a large consideration in cash and land, and by this deal Rhodes practically absorbed Mashonaland, having now acquired land, mineral, and governmental rights. But Mr. Moffat had to drink the cup of humiliation to the dregs. In May 1892 it was his painful duty to inform Lobengula of the 'full and exact expression' that had been given to his wishes by the purchase of the Lippert concession by the managing director of the Chartered Company. It must have been the bitterest moment of his life. But the Zulu kings were great gentlemen, and great character-readers, and Lobengula saw and understood.

He appeared to take the matter very casually, keeping up an animated conversation with a number of persons who came in immediately afterwards. But behind this display of self-mastery flamed passionate resentment. Once again he had been deceived by the white people with their everlasting lies and their everlasting bribes, and this time he had been wounded in the house of a friend. All his schemes to upset the Chartered Company had tumbled into ruin and were recoiling on himself. He had forged a weapon that would now be used against him. Of course he would not recognise the transfer. It was unprecedented and contrary to Bantu law. No rights granted by the king could be transferred to a third party without his permission, nor would he accept tribute from the Chartered Company in respect of land rights which it did not possess. The pioneers had come into the country claiming the right to dig for gold, but now it was abundantly clear that they were bent on robbing him of his people and country as well. The minerals might be gone, and the land might be gone, but Lobengula and his people remained.

By this time the Imperial Government had begun to display an unusual inquisitiveness into the doings of the Chartered Company. To whom did the Lippert concession really belong? To Mr. Rhodes? To the British South Africa Company? Or to the United Concessions Company? There was to be no more verneukery. Lord Knutsford, and after him Lord Ripon, insisted that the Lippert concession should really belong to the British South Africa Company. Only on this understanding did Her Majesty's Government acknowledge the concession.

CHAPTER XIV

CONCLUSION

(1)

WHAT was to be done with the country? How was it to be governed? How was practice to be squared with theory? In theory Mashonaland was a native territory under British protection. Lobengula was still the reigning sovereign. The Mashonas, who had been his vassals before the occupation, remained his vassals after the occupation. Consequently the Mashona tribes could neither be ruled nor taxed by the Chartered Company. The authority of the Chartered Company extended only over its own settlers, and these settlers were only allowed in the country by permission of the Matabele king. Such was the theory; and it was so demonstrably false to all the facts that Sir Henry Loch took alarm. It was all very well for the Imperial Government to assume an attitude of studied vagueness in its political relations with other States, but an attitude of studied vagueness became a potent source of danger when passed on to a commercial company. As everyone knew, white settlements in black countries were bound to create insoluble problems, and in Mashonaland the situation would be doubly aggravated by the incessant demand for native labour, and by the fact that no one really knew where Matabeleland ended and Mashonaland began. True, a line had been sketched a few miles west of Victoria beyond which white men were not supposed to go without the consent of the Matabele king,

but few would pay any attention to this, while Lobengula himself knew nothing about it. There was quite enough inflammable material lying about in Mashonaland to set the veld on fire, and Sir Henry Loch was of opinion that unless the country was placed under the administration of the Crown the Imperial Government might wake up one fine morning to find itself at war with the Matabele without its knowledge or consent. Personally he had no great belief in the capacity of the Chartered Company to govern, and he was frankly frightened of Mr. Rhodes. If Mr. Rhodes's dream came true, the Chartered Company would become a gigantic gold-trust drawing a vast revenue from subsidiary companies. Already Mr. Rhodes was inclined to look on Mashonaland as his own private estate. He had confessed as much at Macloutsie. 'I am standing,' so he had told the High Commissioner, 'on the borders of the British Protectorate, but I want to cross over to my own Protectorate.' Doubtless Mr. Rhodes in making this remark was merely giving elbow room to his vanity, for Cecil Rhodes was not of the timber of which Cæsars are made. He could never have been impersonal enough to be really dangerous to the State. He was too vain, and had too great a capacity for personal resentment. But how was Sir Henry Loch to know this? All he knew was that he was dealing with a man avowedly hostile to the extension of Imperial rule in South Africa; a man, too, who in pursuit of his designs allowed few moral and no legal scruples to stand in his way. In the view of Sir Henry Loch there was only one way to govern Mashonaland if the peace was to be kept. The country must be governed by Imperial officials paid by the Chartered Company and debarred *ex officio* from taking part in trading and mining ventures; Cape Law must be introduced,

so far as was practicable, to cover the cases of settlers, with the Supreme Court at Capetown acting as a final Court of Appeal; and to the High Commissioner, and to the High Commissioner alone, must be reserved the power to legislate by proclamation and the power to impose taxation.

Mr. Rhodes would have none of this, for if there were two things against which he had resolutely set his face they were the expansion of the Imperial factor in South Africa, and the founding of a new British colony on the banks of the Zambesi. Originally his idea had been to govern the country by means of a sort of permanent Executive Council composed of South Africans, but, when Chief Justice de Villiers and Mr. Hofmeyr declined to serve on the board, he abandoned the idea, and himself accepted the Chartered Company's power of attorney. Henceforth in South Africa Rhodes was the Chartered Company.

And the Imperial Government, too, by no means approved the views of Sir Henry Loch. It had no desire to add Mashonaland to its other irksome liabilities in South Africa. The whole idea at the back of a chartered company was precisely to throw responsibility on others. A chartered company was a dodge to get a new country on the cheap. If the venture proved a success, the new country would in due course be annexed to the Crown; if the venture proved a failure, the responsibility for that failure would lie solely with the chartered company. Meantime a formula must be discovered which, while meeting the objections of Sir Henry Loch, would confer the substance of power on the Chartered Company. The formula was soon found. In June 1891 Mr. Colquhoun had been gazetted Resident Commissioner for Mashonaland, and in the same month Cape Law had been extended over

all white men in Mashonaland by Order in Council. But a few weeks later Mr. Colquhoun's appointment was cancelled, and he was gazetted 'Magistrate for Mashonaland,' as was Dr. Jameson likewise ('Chief Magistrate' for the Territory) in the following September. Such a change of title could only be construed as a face-saving device unless the authority of the High Commissioner was to be paramount. But the authority of the High Commissioner was not to be paramount. His authority was to be shared with the Chartered Company. Henceforth there were to be two heads under one hat.

Concurrently with the High Commissioner the directors of the British South Africa Company were permitted to legislate by means of ordinances, and as all officials in Mashonaland were in the pay of the Chartered Company, this decision was tantamount to declaring the Chartered Company the real ruling power in the land. At Whitehall, indeed, officials might continue to talk of Mr. Colquhoun and Dr. Jameson as Chief Magistrates, but the Chartered Company itself very properly called its representative in Mashonaland His Honour the Administrator (a title officially recognised in 1894), for His Honour the Administrator was the real Governor of the territory, appointed by the Chartered Company, and taking his orders from its London Board. Thus the Imperial factor gradually disappeared from Mashonaland, leaving Mr. Rhodes and his lieutenants supreme.

Mr. Rhodes had scored a great personal triumph. Henceforth he would be able to govern the country much in his own fashion. The Chartered Company would make its own laws and regulations, and enforce them by means of its own magistrates and police; and by dint of frequent reiteration, uncontradicted by the Crown, the

Chartered Company soon came to believe that it did actually own all the land and minerals in Mashonaland by virtue of concessions granted by the Matabele king.

(2)

The era of illusion was at an end and actualities began to emerge. 'I found,' said Rhodes, speaking of his visit to Mashonaland in 1891, 'a discontented population of about 1,500 people, and an expenditure of £250,000 a year on 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 1,700 miles from the coast.' With a capital of only £1,000,000 and an expenditure of £250,000 on police, and practically no revenue, it looked as if 'the dream of the lunatic' would end in a hideous nightmare. The Chartered Company was rapidly sinking into debt; its cash was almost exhausted; its reserve of shares had been taken up; it was impossible to raise new money, owing to the trouble which shareholders were making in London over the demands of the United Concessions Company, nor could it levy a hut-tax on the natives, for it had no jurisdiction over the natives. To keep going at all, it would be compelled to borrow from the De Beers Company and other friends, especially from the De Beers Company, which already had a huge holding in the B.S.A. Company in return for the exclusive right to work any diamond-mines that might be discovered.

And expenses were mounting up. There was seemingly no end to them. The railway had reached Vryburg, and the Chartered Company had undertaken to continue the line to Mafeking. And then there was the telegraph. By the end of 1891 the telegraph laid by Khama's people had reached Victoria and the line would have to be

continued to Salisbury, with the object, so the Matabele said, of tying up their King, or, as the pioneers uncharitably put it, of minimising the Company's wastage in horses. And for these, and other necessary projects, where was the money to come from? Again the only possible answer was De Beers, since there was no money to be got out of Mashonaland.

For the settlers the cost of living was prohibitive, and until the cost of living had come down no serious attempt could be made to develop the country. No big gold reefs had been discovered, and if any were discovered the cost of importing machinery into the country was excessive. As a farming proposition, too, Mashonaland disappointed expectations. The geological formation of the country seemed to be largely granite interspersed with patches of good soil, and most of the land apart from the Mazoe valley seemed useless except for grazing. Every insect pest known in other parts of the world, and some peculiar to South Africa, seemed to flourish here. There was even a sort of malicious vegetation. Not all the propaganda of interested parties could prevent the true facts from becoming known. The letters of settlers to their relatives and friends overseas told their own story. Mashonaland was neither an Eldorado nor a land of Goshen, and Chartered £1 shares, which had stood at £3¾ in 1890, now dropped below par. Obviously the Chartered Company must now get down to fundamentals, ruthlessly cut down the huge expenditure on police, abandon all idea of developing the country itself, confining its activities exclusively to administration, and by floating subsidiary companies, and by making special concessions to land and mining syndicates, 'draw from the pockets of investors overseas the revenue which the country itself seemed incapable of returning.'

Dr. Jameson had offered to run the country on £40,000 a year by cutting down the police to a mere skeleton force, and substituting in its place a mounted corps, composed of volunteers, estimated to cost the Company annually about £4 per head. Rhodes at once jumped at the idea, because from the first he had never wanted any police, whom he classed with writers as mere loafers, and because he credited others with having the sense to see that just and good treatment of the natives, of which De Beers organisation was an outstanding example, was the only policy that paid. Nothing was to be gained by a community waging war on itself, even if that community was composed, as in Mashonaland, of two different races. And Rhodes was never foolish enough to suppose that two races and two cultures could be developed alongside one another in the same country and under the same government. Education, not colour, is the sole difference between barbarism and civilisation, and Mr. Rhodes knew it. 'When the missionaries,' said Rhodes, in 1887, 'turn out men who are capable of administering the telegraph and postal system, and of doing carpentering and managing machinery, these are the men who will get the franchise without difficulty.' And again, in the same speech: 'Any useful citizen has the right to the franchise.'

Whether the pioneers liked it or not, the two races henceforth were partners, and their destiny was one. So the strength of the police was reduced first to one hundred, and then to forty ranks, while simultaneously the Bechuanaland Border Police was strengthened, thus virtually throwing on the Imperial Government the ultimate responsibility for maintaining order – a policy which Mr. Rhodes had recommended from the beginning. For local defence a volunteer force, called the Mashonaland Horse, was raised, made up of about 500 burghers, which,

in the opinion of Rhodes, was all that was really necessary, and 'quite as good a force as we ever had in the days of the police.' It is said that the police, angry at their dismissal, and knowing Mashonaland for the country it was, showed their resentment by hauling down the Chartered Company's flag at all the forts from Tuli to Salisbury, and hoisting the Union Jack in its place. But police were luxuries which the Chartered Company could no longer afford. The pioneers were not living in the days of the Romans, even if they thought they were. Modern industrial and capitalist civilisation is essentially international in character, and in an international world militarism is as much an anachronism as the sovereign State, and should be scrapped with other vestiges of an out-moded conception of society if civilisation as we know it is to survive.

But how was this policy of disarmament to be harmonised with the deliberate policy of supplying the natives with firearms, a policy pursued so consistently by Cecil Rhodes, first on the diamond-fields, and afterwards in Matabeleland and Gazaland? Was the traffic in firearms to be suddenly prohibited under severe penalties, when the experience of all those who had fought in native wars in South Africa had proved that bloodshed was decreased in proportion as the natives discarded the stabbing assegai for the rifle? It was. And strangely enough the reason now given was the preservation of the African peoples themselves, 'the experience of all nations' having shown 'the pernicious and preponderating part' played by firearms in the slave trade as well as in inter-tribal wars. So much for Chartered Company Ordinance No. 2 of 1891. Evidently much water had passed under the bridges since the famous Shippard Memorandum of 1888.

It is difficult to reconcile the land policy pursued by

the Chartered Company with Mr. Rhodes's altruistic professions. 'Homes, more homes, that is what I work for,' he once said, in later years, to the graceful and gifted George Wyndham, circling his hands as he spoke above the horizon, as they surveyed together the new country from the Matopo hills, and there is no reason to suppose that he was play-acting. He offered General Booth of the Salvation Army all the land he wanted, on condition that he brought settlers into the country. He told the Afrikander Bond what his idea of land settlement was. 'My idea is,' he said, 'that farms should be given out subject to a reasonable annual quit rent, and that none of the farmers should be handicapped at the outset by being called upon to pay a capital amount upon their land, so that whatever funds they may possess should be available for the stocking and development of their properties.' It was the land policy which had made the United States; it was the land policy which in South Africa had reconciled the Huguenots and the 1820 settlers to their hard fate; it was identical with the land policy of the Bantu themselves. Unoccupied land obviously had no value. The only way to make immigration attractive was to grant the settlers free farms on condition that they occupied their farms over a period of years, built homesteads, and improved the soil, thus enabling them, if they wished, to sell their properties at their enhanced value.

But, owing to its financial difficulties, a very different policy was pursued by the Chartered Company. Mashonaland became a country of land-grabbers. Land, subject to a small annual quit rent, was given away wholesale to speculators, at ridiculous valuations, without any obligation to occupy it beneficially, on condition that a certain sum of money was spent in the country, which was often

used to buy building stands and to erect business offices. Thus syndicates thousands of miles away, bought for a mere trifle, without stirring from their desks, lands taken from the natives, and, by refusing to sell except on their own terms, not only closed large areas to beneficial occupation, but depreciated, so it was thought, land values in the areas occupied by the settlers themselves owing to the near-by presence of large numbers of native squatters holding their lands from the Company by a form of tenant tenure. Eventually, of course, some of this land found a market, the buyers henceforth superintending the labours of those from whom it had been seized. Thus through this fatal but perhaps inevitable land policy the future of Mashonaland was mortgaged from the start. For the early settlers soon saw that unless they got good as well as free or cheap land, there was nothing to be made out of farming.

For what were the facts? None of the land on the gold belt was available for settlement, and the best land outside the gold belt was tied up by these land companies, who drove up the price of land to a point which when purchased wiped out the profit which should have been theirs as the reward of initiative. Why, they asked, should land be treated differently from minerals? If anyone pegged a gold claim, he either had to work his claim or forfeit it; and it should be the same with land. How could anything be said to have a selling price which has no cost of production? And who created land values? The farmer who improved the land, and the community, provided of course that it was white, who lived in the neighbourhood of the farm. But to sell at ridiculously low valuations enormous blocks of land without any commensurate payments in goods and services only created huge undeserved fortunes. It enabled men to garner where they had not sown, and to wax fat on

the industry of others. Not that the pioneers were Henry Georges. Quite the contrary. They were as fully infected as Rhodes with the superstition of money. But Mashonaland was their land of promise, and their land of promise was fleeing before them like a mirage. The remedy lay in the imposition of a land-tax, which would compel owners either to develop their properties beneficially, or, failing that, restore them to the public domain.

And it was a mistake to imagine that even a peace-loving folk like the Mashonas, free men born of free men, would consent to remain for ever dispossessed of their lands by a handful of whites, or allow for ever their lives and liberties to be subject to the arbitrary will of commercial and political nobodies. They were only biding their time, living for the day when Mashonaland should be the home of the black peoples once more. Meantime they had the consolations of the Christian religion. In 1891 the diocese of Mashonaland was created, and Mr. Rhodes, maintaining, as always, an *entente cordiale* with the higher powers, contributed £500 to start a Mashonaland mission. 'One can see,' says Bishop Knight-Bruce, 'how educatory to the character of the Israelites the training and punishment of the wilderness must have been; but these were inflicted with infinite wisdom and love.' Perhaps he was nearer the mark when he wrote: 'The more one knows of the natives, the more one finds how consistently they keep on concealing from strangers what they really think.'

The raid on Mashonaland was over, and the principal actors soon quitted the scene. Mr. Colquhoun, invalided home – some said as a *malade imaginaire* – was soon to find in his ready pen a lasting solace from more distracting cares; Colonel Pennefather, poor in health, and heartily sick of the whole business, was only too glad to rejoin his

regiment; in 1892 Mr. Selous, tired of road-making, threw in his hand, and the same year saw Mr. Moffat withdrawn from Bulawayo, leaving Lobengula 'without a guiding friendly hand to rush to his doom.' So far as the British public was concerned the raid had been a glorious success. They had acquired a new country without having had to pay a single shilling; they had found a new field for the investment of their surplus capital, and a new outlet for their surplus population. It was a time of congratulation and mutual good feeling. No longer was Cecil Rhodes that 'most horrid person' 'an English-speaking Dutch Boer," but, under the all-conquering influence of his stupendous success, the lion of London society, and the honoured guest of the Queen at Windsor. He was one of the representative men of his age, one of the major prophets of capitalistic Imperialism, perhaps the last great Englishman of the vulgar type. But in Africa there was less cause for jubilation. The anger of the Matabele was smouldering like a volcano; there were whisperings among the Mashonas; even the settlers had begun to think with Adam Smith – that of all forms of government a Chartered Company is the worst; and over all hung, unknown and unsuspected, a new menace – the rinderpest. In 1890 rinderpest had broken out in Abyssinia, and was slowly creeping south.

In order to understand what a country is, it is of vital importance to know how it came to be. For all States are dynamic, and all their future lies hidden in the present. History is not biography, and can have no sad or happy endings; for history is endless causation, and the study of any part of it as a page torn from a book. In 1891

it was common talk in Mashonaland that the Matabele must be crushed. If no considerable quantities of gold were to be found in Mashonaland, where was the gold? In Matabeleland, of course. Matabeleland was now said to be full of gold reefs running through Bulawayo to Hartley Hill. Another raid would have to be engineered – this time on Lobengula.

APPENDICES

THE LONDON CONVENTION

A convention between Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the South African Republic.

February, 1884.

Whereas the Government of the Transvaal State, through its Delegates, consisting of Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, President of the said State, Stephanus Jacobus Du Toit, Superintendent of Education, and Nicholas Jacobus Smit, a member of the Volksraad, have represented that the Convention signed at Pretoria on the 3rd day of August, 1881, and ratified by the Volksraad of the said State on the 25th October, 1881, contains certain provisions which are inconvenient, and imposes burdens and obligations from which the said State is desirous to be relieved, and that the south-western boundaries fixed by the said Convention should be amended, with a view to promote the peace and good order of the said State, and of the countries adjacent thereto; and whereas Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, has been pleased to take the said representations into consideration: Now, therefore, Her Majesty has been pleased to direct, and it is hereby declared, that the following articles of a new Convention, signed on behalf of Her Majesty by Her Majesty's High Commissioner in South Africa, the Right Honourable Sir Hercules George Robert Robinson, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, Governor of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and on behalf of the Transvaal State (which shall hereinafter be called the South African Republic) by the above-named Delegates, Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, Stephanus Jacobus Du Toit, and Nicholas Jacobus

Smit, shall, when ratified by the Volksraad of the South African Republic, be substituted for the articles embodied in the Convention of 3rd August, 1881; which latter, pending such ratification, shall continue in full force and effect.

ARTICLES

Article I

The Territory of the South African Republic will embrace the land lying between the following boundaries, to wit:

Beginning from the point where the north-eastern boundary line of Griqualand West meets the Vaal River, up the course of the Vaal River to the point of junction with it of the Klip River; thence up the course of the Klip River to the point of junction with it of the stream called Gansvlei; thence up the Gansvlei stream to its source in the Drakensberg; thence to a beacon in the boundary of Natal, situated immediately opposite and close to the source of the Gansvlei stream; thence in a north-easterly direction along the ridge of the Drakensberg, dividing the waters flowing into the Gansvlei stream from the waters flowing into the sources of the Buffalo, to a beacon on a point where this mountain ceases to be a continuous chain; thence to a beacon on a plain to the north-east of the last described beacon; thence to the nearest source of a small stream called 'Division Stream'; thence down this division stream, which forms the southern boundary of the farm Sandfontein, the property of Messrs. Meek, to its junction with the Coldstream; thence down the Coldstream to its junction with the Buffalo or Umzinyati River; thence down the course of the Buffalo River to the junction with it of the Blood River; thence up the course of the Blood River to the junction with it of Lyn Spruit or Dudusi; thence up the Dudusi to its source; thence 80 yards to Bea. I., situated on a spur of the N'Qaba-Ka-hawana Mountains; thence 80 yards to the N'Sonto River; thence down the N'Sonto River to its junction with the White Umvulozi River; thence up the White Umvulozi River to a white rock where it rises; thence 800 yards to Kambula Hill (Bea. II.); thence to the source of the Pemvana River, where the road from Kambula Camp to Burgers' Lager crosses; thence down the Pemvana River to its junction with the

Bivana River; thence down the Bivana River to its junction with the Pongolo River; thence down the Pongolo River to where it passes through the Libombo Range; thence along the summits of the Libombo Range to the northern point of the N'Yawos Hill in that range (Bea. XVI.); thence to the northern peak of the Inkwakweni Hills (Bea. XV.); thence to Sefunda, a rocky knoll detached from and to the north-east end of the White Koppies, and to the south of the Musana River (Bea. XIX.); thence to a point on the slope near the crest of Matanjeni, which is the name given to the south-eastern portion of the Mahamba Hills (Bea. XIII.); thence to the N'gwangwana, a double-pointed hill (one point is bare, the other wooded, the beacon being on the former) on the left bank of the Assegai River and upstream of the Dadusa Spruit (Bea. XII.); thence to the southern point of Bendita, a rocky knoll in a plain between the Little Hlozane and Assegai Rivers (Bea. XI.); thence to the highest point of Suluka Hill, round the eastern slopes of which flows the Little Hlozane, also called Ludaka or Mudspruit (Bea. X.); thence to the beacon known as 'Viljoen's,' or N'Duko Hill; thence to a point north-east of Derby House, known as Magwazidili's Beacon; thence to the Igaba, a small knoll on the Ungwempisi River, also called 'Joubert's Beacon,' and known to the natives as 'Piet's Beacon' (Bea. IX.); thence to the highest point of the N'Dhlovudwalili or Houtbosch, a hill on the northern bank of the Umqwempisi River (Bea. VIII.); thence to a beacon on the only flat-topped rock, about 10 feet high and about 30 yards in circumference at its base, situated on the south side of the Lamsamane range of hills, and overlooking the valley of the great Usuto River; this rock being 45 yards north of the road from Camden and Lake Banagher to the forests on the Usuto River (sometimes called Sandhlanas Beacon) (Bea. VII.); thence to the Gulungwana or Ibubulundi, four smooth bare hills, the highest in that neighbourhood, situated to the south of the Umtuli River (Bea. VI.), thence to a flat-topped rock, 8 feet high, on the crest of the Busuku, a low rocky range south-west of the Impulazi River (Bea. V.); thence to a low bare hill on the north-east of, and overlooking the Impulazi River, to the south of it being a tributary of the Impulazi, with a considerable waterfall, and the road from the river

passing 200 yards to the north-west of the beacon (Bea. IV.); thence to the highest point of the Mapumula range, the watershed of the Little Usuto River on the north, and the Umpulazi River on the south, the hill, the top of which is a bare rock, falling abruptly towards the Little Usuto (Bea. III.); thence to the western point of a double-pointed rocky hill, precipitous on all sides, called Makwana, its top being a bare rock (Bea. II.); thence to the top of a rugged hill of considerable height falling abruptly to the Komati River, this hill being the northern extremity of the Isilotwani range, and separated from the highest peak of the range Inkomokazi (a sharp cone) by a deep neck (Bea. I.). (On a ridge in the straight line between Beacons I. and II. is an intermediate beacon.) From Beacon I. the boundary runs to a hill across the Komati River, and thence along the crest of the range of hills known as the Makongwa, which runs north-east and south-west, to Kamhlubana Peak; thence in a straight line to Mananga, a point in the Libombo range; and thence to the nearest point in the Portuguese frontier on the Libombo range; thence along the summits of the Libombo range to the middle of the poort where the Komati River passes through it, called the lowest Komati Poort; thence in a north by easterly direction to Pokioens Kop, situated on the north side of the Olifant's River, where it passes through the ridges; thence about north-north-west to the nearest point of Serra di Chicundo; and thence to the junction of the Pafori River with the Limpopo or Crocodile River; thence up the course of the Limpopo River to the point where the Marique River falls into it. Thence up the course of the Marique River to 'Derde Poort,' where it passes through a low range of hills, called Sikwane, a beacon (No. 10) being erected on the spur of said range near to, and westward of, the banks of the river; thence, in a straight line, through this beacon to a beacon (No. 9), erected on the top of the same range, about 1,700 yards distant from beacon No. 10; thence, in a straight line, to a beacon (No. 8) erected on the highest point of an isolated hill, called Dikgagong, or 'Wildebeest Kop,' situated south-eastward of, and about 3⅛ miles distant from a high hill, called Moripe; thence, in a straight line, to a beacon (No. 7) erected on the summit of an isolated hill or 'koppie'

forming the eastern extremity of the range of hills called Moshweu, situated to the northward of, and about two miles distant from, a large isolated hill called Chukudu-Chochwa; thence, in a straight line, to a beacon (No. 6) erected on the summit of a hill forming part of the same range, Moshweu; thence, in a straight line, to a beacon (No. 5) erected on the summit of a pointed hill in the same range; thence, in a straight line, to a beacon (No. 4) erected on the summit of the western extremity of the same range; thence, in a straight line, to a beacon (No. 3) erected on the summit of the northern extremity of a low, bushy hill, or 'koppie,' near to and eastward of the Notwane River; thence, in a straight line, to the junction of the stream called Metsi-Mashware with the Notwane River (No. 2); thence up the course of the Notwane River to Sengoma, being the poort where the river passes through the Dwarsberg range; thence, as described in the Award given by Lieutenant-Governor Keate, dated October 17, 1871, by Pitlanganyane (narrow place), Deboaganka or Schaapkuil, Sibatoul (bare place), and Maclase, to Ramatlabama, a pool on a spruit *north* of the Molopo River. From Ramatlabama the boundary shall run to the summit of an isolated hill called Leganka; thence, in a straight line, passing north-east of a Native Station, near 'Buurman's Drift,' on the Molopo River, to that point on the road from Mosiega to the old drift, where a road turns out through the Native Station to the new drift below; thence to 'Buurman's Old Drift'; thence, in a straight line, to a marked and isolated clump of trees near to and north-west of the dwelling-house of C. Austin, a tenant on the farm 'Vleifontein,' No. 117; thence, in a straight line, to the north-western corner beacon of the farm 'Mooimeisjesfontein,' No. 30; thence, along the western line of the said farm 'Mooimeisjesfontein,' and in prolongation thereof, as far as the road leading from 'Ludik's Drift,' on the Molopo River, past the homestead of 'Mooimeisjesfontein,' towards the Salt Pans near Harts River; thence, along the said road, crossing the direct road from Polfontein to Sehuba, and until the direct road from Polfontein to Lotlakane or Pietfontein is reached; thence, along the southern edge of the last-named road toward Lotlakane, until the first garden ground of that station is reached; thence, in a south-westerly

direction, skirting Lotlakane, so as to leave it and all its garden ground in native territory, until the road from Lotlakane to Kunana is reached; thence along the east side, and clear of that road towards Kunana, until the garden grounds of that station are reached; thence, skirting Kunana, so as to include it and all its garden ground, but no more, in the Transvaal, until the road from Kunana to Mamusa is reached; thence, along the eastern side and clear of the road towards Mamusa, until a road turns out towards Taungs; thence, along the eastern side and clear of the road towards Taungs, till the line of the district known as 'Stellaland' is reached, about 11 miles from Taungs; thence, along the line of the district Stellaland, to the Harts River, about 24 miles below Mamusa; thence, across Harts River, to the junction of the roads from Monthe and Phokwane; thence, along the western side and clear of the nearest road towards 'Koppie Enkel,' an isolated hill about 36 miles from Mamusa, and about 18 miles north of Christiana, and to the summit of the said hill; thence, in a straight line, to that point on the north-east boundary of Griqualand West as beaconed by Mr. Surveyor Ford, where two farms, registered as Nos. 72 and 75, do meet, about midway between the Vaal and Harts Rivers, measured along the said boundary of Griqualand West; thence to the first point where the north-east boundary of Griqualand West meets the Vaal River.

Article II

The Government of the South African Republic will strictly adhere to the boundaries defined in the first Article of this Convention, and will do its utmost to prevent any of its inhabitants from making any encroachments upon lands beyond the said boundaries. The Government of the South African Republic will appoint Commissioners upon the eastern and western borders, whose duty it will be strictly to guard against irregularities and all trespassing over the boundaries. Her Majesty's Government will if necessary appoint Commissioners in the native territories outside the eastern and western borders of the South African Republic to maintain order and prevent encroachments.

Her Majesty's Government and the Government of the

South African Republic will each appoint a person to proceed together to beacon off the amended south-west boundary as described in Article I of this Convention; and the President of the Orange Free State shall be requested to appoint a referee to whom the said persons shall refer any questions on which they may disagree respecting the interpretation of the said Article, and the decision of such referee thereon shall be final. The arrangement already made, under the terms of Article 19 of the Convention of Pretoria, of the 3rd August, 1881, between the owners of the farms Grootfontein and Valleifontein on the one hand, and the Baralong authorities on the other, by which a fair share of the water supply of the said farms shall be allowed to flow undisturbed to the said Baralongs, shall continue in force.

Article III

If a British officer is appointed to reside at Pretoria or elsewhere within the South African Republic to discharge functions analogous to those of a Consular officer, he will receive the protection and assistance of the Republic.

Article IV

The South African Republic will conclude no treaty or engagement with any State or nation other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the Republic, until the same has been approved by Her Majesty the Queen.

Such approval shall be considered to have been granted if Her Majesty's Government shall not, within six months after receiving a copy of such treaty (which shall be delivered to them immediately upon its completion), have notified that the conclusion of such treaty is in conflict with the interests of Great Britain or of any of Her Majesty's possessions in South Africa.

Article V

The South African Republic will be liable for any balance which may still remain due of the debts for which it was liable at the date of Annexation—to wit, the Cape Commercial Bank Loan, the Railway Loan, and the Orphan Chamber

Debt—which debts will be a first charge upon the revenues of the Republic. The South African Republic will moreover be liable to Her Majesty's Government for £250,000, which will be a second charge upon the revenues of the Republic.

Article VI

The debt due as aforesaid by the South African Republic to Her Majesty's Government will bear interest at the rate of three and a half per cent from the date of the ratification of this Convention, and shall be repayable by a payment for interest and Sinking Fund of six pounds and ninepence per £100 per annum, which will extinguish the debt in twenty-five years. The said payment of six pounds and ninepence per £100 shall be payable half-yearly in British currency at the close of each half-year from the date of such ratification; Provided always that the South African Republic shall be at liberty at the close of any half-year to pay off the whole or any portion of the outstanding debt.

Interest at the rate of three and a half per cent on the debt as standing under the Convention of Pretoria shall as heretofore be paid to the date of the ratification of this Convention.

Article VII

All persons who held property in the Transvaal on the 8th day of August 1881 and still hold the same, will continue to enjoy the rights of property which they have enjoyed since the 12th April, 1877. No person who has remained loyal to Her Majesty during the late hostilities shall suffer any molestation by reason of his loyalty; or be liable to any criminal prosecution or civil action for any part taken in connection with such hostilities; and all such persons will have full liberty to reside in the country, with enjoyment of all civil rights, and protection for their persons and property.

Article VIII

The South African Republic renews the declaration made in the Sand River Convention, and in the Convention of Pretoria, that no slavery or apprenticeship partaking of slavery will be tolerated by the Government of the said Republic.

Article IX

There will continue to be complete freedom of religion and protection from molestation for all denominations, provided the same be not inconsistent with morality and good order; and no disability shall attach to any person in regard to rights of property by reason of the religious opinions which he holds.

Article X

The British Officer appointed to reside in the South African Republic will receive every assistance from the Government of the said Republic in making due provision for the proper care and preservation of the graves of such of Her Majesty's forces as have died in the Transvaal; and, if need be, for the appropriation of land for the purpose.

Article XI

All grants or titles issued at any time by the Transvaal Government in respect of land outside the boundary of the South African Republic, as defined in Article I, shall be considered invalid and of no effect, except in so far as any such grant or title relates to land that falls within the boundary of the South African Republic; and all persons holding any such grant so considered invalid and of no effect will receive from the Government of the South African Republic such compensation, either in land or in money, as the Volksraad shall determine. In all cases in which any Native Chiefs or other authorities outside the said boundaries have received any adequate consideration from the Government of the South African Republic for land excluded from the Transvaal by the first Article of this Convention, or where permanent improvements have been made on the land, the High Commissioner will recover from the native authorities fair compensation for the loss of land thus excluded, or of the permanent improvements thereon.

Article XII

The independence of the Swazis, within the boundary line of Swaziland, as indicated in the first Article of this Convention, will be fully recognised.

Article XIII

Except in pursuance of any treaty or engagement made as provided in Article 4 of this Convention, no other or higher duties shall be imposed on the importation into the South African Republic of any article coming from any part of Her Majesty's dominions than are or may be imposed on the like article coming from any other place or country; nor will any prohibition be maintained or imposed on the importation into the South African Republic of any article coming from any part of Her Majesty's dominions which shall not equally extend to the like article coming from any other place or country. And in like manner the same treatment shall be given to any article coming to Great Britain from the South African Republic as to the like article coming from any other place or country.

These provisions do not preclude the consideration of special arrangements as to import duties and commercial relations between the South African Republic and any of Her Majesty's colonies or possessions.

Article XIV

All persons, other than natives, conforming themselves to the laws of the South African Republic (*a*) will have full liberty, with their families, to enter, travel, or reside in any part of the South African Republic; (*b*) they will be entitled to hire or possess houses, manufactories, warehouses, shops and premises; (*c*) they may carry on their commerce either in person or by any agents whom they may think fit to employ; (*d*) they will not be subject, in respect of their persons or property, or in respect of their commerce or industry, to any taxes, whether general or local, other than those which are or may be imposed upon citizens of the said Republic.

Article XV

All persons, other than natives, who established their domicile in the Transvaal between the 12th day of April, 1877, and the 8th August, 1881, and who within twelve months after such last-mentioned date have had their names registered by the British Resident, shall be exempt from all compulsory military service whatever.

Article XVI

Provision shall hereafter be made by a separate instrument for the mutual extradition of criminals, and also for the surrender of deserters from Her Majesty's Forces.

Article XVII

All debts contracted between the 12th April, 1877, and the 8th August, 1881, will be payable in the same currency in which they may have been contracted.

Article XVIII

No grants of land which may have been made, and no transfers or mortgages which may have been passed between the 12th April, 1877, and the 8th August, 1881, will be invalidated by reason merely of their having been made or passed between such dates.

All transfers to the British Secretary for Native Affairs in trust for natives will remain in force, an officer of the South African Republic taking the place of such Secretary for Native Affairs.

Article XIX

The Government of the South African Republic will engage faithfully to fulfil the assurances given, in accordance with the laws of the South African Republic, to the natives of the Pretoria Pitso by the Royal Commission in the presence of the Triumvirate and with their entire assent, (1) as to the freedom of the natives to buy or otherwise acquire land under certain conditions, (2) as to the appointment of a commission to mark out native locations, (3) as to the access of the natives to the courts of law, and (4) as to their being allowed to move freely within the country, or to leave it for any legal purpose, under a pass system.

Article XX

This Convention will be ratified by a Volksraad of the South African Republic within the period of six months after its execution, and in default of such ratification this Convention shall be null and void.

Signed in duplicate in London this 27th day of February, 1884.

HERCULES ROBINSON.
S. J. P. KRUGER.
S. J. DU TOIT.
N. J. SMIT.

THE RHODES AGREEMENT

Article 1. That all transactions entered into between Mr. John Mackenzie with the Volks Committee and the proclamations issued by him be cancelled.

2. Pending the annexation to the Cape Colony, Stellaland shall continue its own government, recognising, however, Her Majesty's Protectorate, and subject to the conditions that all executive acts must be taken in concert and with the consent of the Commissioner of Bechuanaland.

3. That the land titles issued by the Government of Stellaland be recognised.

4. That in accordance with the proposal offered by Messieurs P. J. Joubert, Superintendent of Native Affairs, and H. Schoeman, Member of the Native Location Commission of the South African Republic, on the one side, and Mr. C. J. Rhodes Commissioner of Bechuanaland, on the other, the proposal contained in copy of letter A shall be adopted, and copy of letter marked B to the administration of Stellaland.

Copies A and B attached

This article so undefined had reference to past cattle thefts and was explained by Mr. Rhodes thus: Note: The suggestion is, we shall each collect a list of claims for stock thefts. Niekerk agrees that in case of non-agreement we refer the matter for arbitration.

5. That with the object of Stellaland Government completing its affairs, the period of three months shall be reserved before article 2 will come in force with its protectorate, and during which time the public shall maintain their rights, and have them fulfilled in accordance with article 4.

We, the undersigned Committee, members chosen by the people on the 6th inst., hereby declare to have accepted the terms and conditions on this 8th day of the month of September 1884.

Signed: A. J. E. DE LA REY, President; L. E. L. MUSMANN, Secretary.

Members of the Committee: W. J. PRETORIUS, P. J. BODENSTEIN, THEODOR DOMS, A. P. VAN ZYL, J. S. KOTZE.

I the undersigned, Commissioner of Bechuanaland, hereby declare to have read the above-mentioned terms, and to accept and ratify them on this 8th day of September 1884.

C. J. RHODES,
Commissioner of Bechuanaland.

F. R. THOMPSON,
Secretary of Commission of Bechuanaland.

THE GROBLER TREATY

His honour Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, State President of the South African Republic, represented in this by Pieter Johannes Grobler by virtue of a power furnished him under date June 6, 1887, in the name and on behalf of the people and State of the South African Republic and Lo Bengula, paramount Chief of Matabeleland, assisted by his council and captains, represented in this by Moluchelu, Nowcho, Postochan, and Omownd, in name and on behalf of the people and tribe of Moselekatse, wishing to confirm, ratify,

and renew the formerly concluded treaties, have hereby agreed as follows :

Article 1. There shall be between both parties a perpetual peace and friendship. No violation of territory on either side shall take place.

Article 2. The Chief Lo Bengula is acknowledged as an independent Chief. He shall be an ally of the South African Republic.

Article 3. The said Chief Lo Bengula binds himself at all times, whenever he is called upon by the Government or by an officer of the South African Republic, to grant any assistance, either with troops or otherwise, to furnish such assistance; and his people shall then have to stand under the authority and command of the commanding officer, or of a subordinate officer under him, without shewing the least disobedience to him or one of them.

Article 4. The Chief Lo Bengula shall cause all offenders who fly from the South African Republic into his country to be caught and extradited if it shall be asked.

Article 5. The said Chief Lo Bengula shall without charge, allow each person who comes from this Republic, and who is provided with a pass from His Honour the State President, freely to hunt or to trade in his country, and he shall afford, or cause to be afforded, to such a hunter, traveller, or trader, all protection and assistance; such hunters or travellers shall, however, have to conduct themselves quietly and properly, use no violence, and also not remove anything arbitrarily.

Article 6. If the President shall appoint a person to live in the territory of the Chief Lo Bengula, and to have charge there as consul of the subjects of the South African Republic, there shall be granted to such a person all necessary protection, as well for his person as for his property. He shall have civil and criminal jurisdiction over all subjects of the

South African Republic. If there is a civil question between a subject of the South African Republic and a subject of the said Chief Lo Bengula or another person, then this Consul may also jointly have jurisdiction.

Article 7. In proof that the State President of the South African Republic and the Chief approve this treaty, they shall respectively send each other as soon as possible the following presents, viz: – The State President of the South African Republic shall send . . . and the Chief shall send . . .

I Lo Bengula hereby acknowledge with my council to fully approve and to have signed this document.

CHIEF LO BENGULA, X his mark,
P. J. GROBLER.

The undersigned Indunas:

MOLUCHELU. X NOWCHO. X
POSTOCHAN. X OMOWND. X

As witness: – F. A. GROBLER.

Signed at Omchamnien, Matabeleland, on this 30th July, 1887.

THE MOFFAT TREATY

The Chief Lo Bengula, ruler of the tribe known as the Amandabele, together with the Mashuna and Makalaka tributaries of the same, hereby agrees to the following articles and conditions: –

That peace and amity shall continue for ever between Her Britannic Majesty, her subjects, and the Amandabele people; and the contracting Chief Lo Bengula engages to use his utmost endeavours, to prevent any rupture of the same, to cause the strict observance of his treaty, and so to carry out the spirit of the treaty of friendship which was entered into

between his late father, the Chief Umsiligaas, with the then Governor of the Cape of Good Hope in the year of our Lord, 1836.

It is hereby further agreed by Lo Bengula, Chief in and over the Amandabele country with its dependencies as aforesaid, on behalf of himself and people, that he will refrain from entering into any correspondence or treaty with any foreign State or Power to sell, alienate, or cede, or permit or countenance any sale, alienation, or cession of the whole or any part of the said Amandabele country under his chieftainship, or upon any other subject, without the previous knowledge and sanction of Her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa.

In faith of which I, Lo Bengula, on my part have hereunto set my hand at Gubulawayo, Amandabeleland, this 11th day of February, and of Her Majesty's reign the 51st.

LO BENGULA, X his mark.

Witnesses:

W. GRAHAM,
G. B. VAN WYK.

Before me, J. S. MOFFAT, Assistant Commissioner.

THE RUDD CONCESSION

Know all men by these presents that whereas Charles Dunell Rudd, of Kimberley, Rochfort Maguire, of London, and Francis Robert Thompson, of Kimberley, hereinafter called the grantees, have covenanted and agreed, and do hereby covenant and agree to pay to me my heirs and successors the sum of one hundred pounds sterling British currency on the first day of every lunar month, and further to deliver at my Royal Kraal one thousand Martini-Henry breech-loading rifles, together with one hundred thousand rounds of suitable ball cartridge, five hundred of the said rifles, and fifty

thousand of the said cartridges to be ordered from England forthwith and delivered with reasonable despatch, and the remainder of the said rifles and cartridges to be delivered as soon as the said grantees shall have commenced to work mining machinery within my territory, and further to deliver on the Zambesi river a steamboat with guns suitable for defensive purposes upon the said river, or in lieu of the same steamboat, should I so elect, to pay me the sum of five hundred pounds sterling British currency on the execution of the presents, I, Lo Bengula, King of Matabeleland, Mashonaland, and other adjoining territories, in the exercise of my sovereign powers, and in the presence and with the consent of my Council of Indunas, do hereby grant and assign unto the said grantees, their heirs, representatives, and assigns, jointly and severally, the complete and exclusive charge over all metals and minerals situated and contained in my kingdoms, principalities, and dominions, together with full power to do all things they may deem necessary to win and procure the same, and to hold, collect, and enjoy the profits and revenues, if any, derived from the said metals and minerals subject to the aforesaid payment, and whereas I have been much molested of late by diverse persons, seeking and desiring to obtain grants and concessions of land and mining rights in my territories, I do hereby authorise the said grantees, their heirs, representatives, and assigns, to take all necessary and lawful steps to exclude from my kingdoms, principalities, and dominions, all persons seeking land, metals, or mining rights therein, and I do hereby undertake to render them such needful assistance as they may from time to time require for the exclusion of such persons and to grant no concession of land or mining rights from or after this date without their consent and concurrence, provided that if at any time the said monthly payment of one hundred pounds shall be in arrear for a period of three months then this grant shall cease and determine from the date of the last made payment, and further provided that nothing contained in these presents shall extend to or affect a grant made by me of certain mining rights in a portion of my territory south of the Ramokaban river, which grant is commonly known as the Tati Concession.

This given under my hand this thirtieth day of October

in the Year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and eighty eight at my Royal Kraal.

C. D. Rudd.
Lo Bengula, X his mark. Rochfort Maguire.
F. R. Thompson.

Witnesses:

Chas. D. Helm.
J. G. Dreyer.

Copy of endorsement on the original agreement:

I hereby certify that the accompanying document had been fully interpreted and explained by me to the Chief Lo Bengula and his full Council of Indunas, and that all the constitutional usages of the Matabele nation had been complied with prior to his executing the same.

Dated at Umgusa river this thirtieth day of October 1888.

Chas. D. Helm.

The Charter

At the Court at Balmoral the 15th day of October, 1889,
Present –
The Queen's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

Whereas there was this day read at the Board a Report of a Committee of the Lords of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, dated the 14th day of October 1889, in the words following, viz.: –

'Your Majesty having been pleased by your Order of the 23rd day of July 1889, to refer unto this committee a Petition of the Most Noble the Duke of Abercorn and others, praying for the grant of a Charter of Incorporation by the name or title of the "British South Africa Company." The Lords of the Committee, in obedience to Your Majesty's said Order of Reference, have this day taken the said Petition into consideration, and do agree humbly to report, as their opinion to Your Majesty, that a Charter may be granted by Your Majesty in terms of the Draft hereunto annexed.'

Her Majesty having taken into consideration the said Report and the Draft Charter accompanying it, was pleased, by and with the advice of her Privy Council, to approve thereof, and to order, as it is hereby ordered, that the Right Honourable Henry Matthews, one of Her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, do cause a warrant to be prepared for Her Majesty's Royal Signature for passing under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom a Charter in conformity with the said Draft which is hereunto annexed.

C. L. PEEL.

Draft Charter referred to in foregoing Order.

Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith,

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

Whereas a Humble Petition has been presented to Us in Our Council by the Most Noble James Duke of Abercorn, Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath; the Most Noble Alexander William George, Duke of Fife, Knight of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle, Privy Councillor; the Right Honourable Edric Frederick Lord Gifford, V.C.; Cecil John Rhodes, of Kimberley, in the Cape Colony, Member of the Executive Council and of the House of Assembly of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope; Albert Beit, of 29 Holborn Viaduct, London, Merchant; Albert Henry George Gray, of Howick, Northumberland, Esquire; and George Cawston, of 18 Lennox Gardens, London, Esquire, Barrister-at-law.

And whereas the said Petition states amongst other things –

That the Petitioners and others are associated, for the purpose of forming a Company or Association, to be incorporated, if to Us should seem fit, for the objects in the said Petition set forth under the corporate name of the British South Africa Company.

That the existence of a powerful British Company, controlled by those of Our subjects in whom We have confidence, and having its principal field of operations in that region of

South Africa lying to the north of Bechuanaland and to the west of Portuguese East Africa, would be advantageous to the commercial and other interests of Our subjects in the United Kingdom and in Our Colonies.

That the Petitioners desire to carry into effect divers concessions and agreements which have been made by certain of the chiefs and tribes inhabiting the said region, and such other concessions, agreements, grants and treaties as the Petitioners may hereafter obtain within the said region or elsewhere in Africa, with the view of promoting trade, commerce, and good government (including the regulation of liquor traffic with the Natives) in the territories which are or may be comprised or referred to in such concessions, agreements, grants and treaties as aforesaid. That the Petitioners believe that if the said concessions, agreements, grants and treaties can be carried into effect, the condition of the Natives inhabiting the said territories will be materially improved and their civilisation advanced, and an organisation established which will tend to the suppression of the slave trade in the said territories, and to the opening up of the said territories to the immigration of Europeans, and to the lawful trade and commerce of Our subjects and of other nations.

That the success of the enterprise in which the Petitioners are engaged would be greatly advanced if it should seem fit to us to grant them Our Royal Charter of incorporation as a British Company under the said name or title, or such other name or title, and with such powers, as to Us may seem fit for the purpose of more effectually carrying into effect the objects aforesaid. That large sums of money have been subscribed for the purposes of the intended Company by the Petitioners and others, who are prepared also to subscribe or to procure such further sums as may hereafter be found requisite for the development of the said enterprise, in the event of our being pleased to grant to them Our Royal Charter of incorporation as aforesaid.

Now, therefore, we having taken the said Petition into Our Royal consideration in Our Council, and being satisfied that the intentions of the petitioners are praiseworthy and deserve encouragement, and that the enterprise in the petition described may be productive of the benefits set forth therein, by

Our Prerogative Royal and of our especial grace, certain knowledge and mere motion, have constituted, erected and incorporated, and by this Our Charter for Us and Our heirs and Royal Successors, do constitute, erect, and incorporate into our body politic and corporate by the name of the British South Africa Company, the said James Duke of Abercorn, Alexander William George Duke of Fife, Edric Frederick Lord Gifford, Cecil Rhodes, Alfred Beit, Albert Henry George Gray and George Cawston, and such other persons and such bodies as from time to time become and are members of the body politic and corporate by these presents constituted, erected, and incorporated, with perpetual succession and a common seal, with power to break, alter, or renew the same at discretion, and with the further authorities, powers, and privileges conferred, and subject to the conditions imposed by this Our Charter: And We do hereby accordingly will, ordain, give, grant, constitute, appoint and declare as follows (that is to say) –

(1) The principal field of the operations of The British South Africa Company (in this Our Charter referred to as 'the Company') shall be the region of South Africa lying immediately to the north of British Bechuanaland, and to the north and west of the South African Republic, and to the west of the Portuguese Dominions.

(2) The Company is hereby authorised and empowered to hold, use, and retain for the purposes of the Company and on the terms of this Our Charter the full benefit of the concessions and agreements made as aforesaid, so far as they are valid, or any of them, and all interests, authorities and powers comprised or referred to in the said concessions and agreements: Provided always that nothing herein contained shall prejudice or effect any other Valid and Subsisting Concessions or agreements which may have been made by any of the chiefs or tribes aforesaid, and in particular nothing herein contained shall prejudice or affect certain concessions granted in and subsequent to the year 1880 relating to the territory usually known as the district of the Tati; nor shall anything herein contained be construed as giving any jurisdiction, administrative or otherwise, within the said district of the Tati, the limits of which district are as follows: – viz. from the place

where the Shashi river rises to its junction with the Tati and Ramaquaban rivers, thence along the Ramaquaban river where it rises and thence along the watershed of those rivers.

(3) The Company is hereby further authorised and empowered, subject to the approval of one of Our Principal Secretaries of State ('herein referred to as Our Secretary of State') from time to time to acquire by any concession, agreement, grant or treaty, all or any rights, interests, authorities, jurisdictions, and powers of any kind or nature whatever, including powers necessary for the purposes of government, and the preservation of public order in or for the protection of territories, lands, or property, comprised or referred to in the concessions and agreements made as aforesaid or affecting other territories, lands, or property in Africa, or the inhabitants thereof, and to hold, use, and exercise such territories, lands, property, rights, interests, authorities, jurisdictions, and powers respectively for the purposes of the Company, and on the terms of this Our Charter:

(4) Provided that no powers of government or administration shall be exercised under or in relation to any such last-mentioned concessions, agreement, grant, or treaty until a copy of such concession, agreement, grant or treaty, in such form and with such maps or particulars as Our Secretary of State approves, verified as he requires, has been transmitted to him, and he has signified his approval thereof either absolutely or subject to any conditions or reservations; and provided also that no rights, interests, authorities, jurisdictions or powers of any description shall be acquired by the Company within the said district of the Tati as hereinbefore described, without the previous consent in writing of the owners for the time being of the concessions above referred to relating to the said district, and the approval of Our Secretary of State.

(5) The Company shall be bound by and shall fulfil all and singular stipulations on its part contained in any such concession, agreement, grant or treaty as aforesaid, subject to any subsequent agreement affecting those stipulations approved by Our Secretary of State.

(6) The Company shall be and remain British in character and domicile, and shall have its principal office in Great Britain, and the Company's principal representative in South

Africa and the Directors shall always be natural-born British subjects, or persons who have been naturalised as British subjects by or under an Act of Parliament of Our United Kingdom, but the Article shall not disqualify any person nominated a Director by this Our Charter, or any persons whose election as a Director shall have been approved by Our Secretary of State, from acting in that capacity.

(7) In case at any time any difference arises between any chief or tribe inhabiting any of the territories aforesaid and the Company, that difference shall, if Our Secretary of State so require, be submitted by the Company to him for his decision, and the Company shall act in accordance with such decision.

(8) If at any time Our Secretary of State thinks fit to dissent from, or object to, any of the dealings of the Company with any foreign power, and to make known to the Company any suggestion founded on that dissent or objection, the Company shall act in accordance with such suggestion.

(9) If at any time Our Secretary of State thinks fit to object to the exercise by the Company of any authority, power, or right, within any part of the territories aforesaid, on the ground of there being an adverse claim to or in respect of that part, the Company shall defer to that objection until such time as any such claim has been withdrawn or finally dealt with or settled by Our Secretary of State.

(10) The Company shall to the best of its ability preserve peace and order in such ways and manners as it shall consider necessary, and may with that object make ordinance (to be approved by Our Secretary of State), and may establish and maintain a force of police.

(11) The Company shall to the best of its ability discourage and, so far as may be practicable, abolish by degrees, any system of slave trade or domestic servitude in the territories aforesaid.

(12) The Company shall regulate the traffic in spirits and other intoxicating liquors within the territories aforesaid, so as, as far as practicable, to prevent the sale of any spirits or other intoxicating liquor to any Natives.

(13) The Company as such, or its officers as such, shall not in any way interfere with the religion of any class or tribe of

the peoples of its territories aforesaid, or of any of the inhabitants thereof, except so far as may be necessary in the interests of humanity, and all forms of religious worship or religious ordinances may be exercised within the said territories, and no hindrance shall be offered thereto except as aforesaid.

(14) In the administration of Justice to the said peoples or inhabitants, careful regard shall always be to the customs and laws of the class or tribe or nation to which the parties respectively belong, especially with respect to the holding, possession, transfer and disposition of lands and goods, and testate or intestate succession thereto, and marriage, divorce, and legitimacy and other rights of property and personal rights, but subject to any British laws which may be in force in any of the territories aforesaid, and applicable to the peoples or inhabitants thereof.

(15) If at any time Our Secretary of State thinks fit to dissent from or object to any part of the proceedings or system of the Company relative to the people of the territories aforesaid or to any of the inhabitants thereof, in respect of slavery or religion or the administration of justice or any other matter, he shall make known to the Company his dissent or objection, and the Company shall act in accordance with his directions duly signified.

(16) In the event of the Company acquiring any harbour or harbours, the Company shall freely afford all facilities for or to Our Ships therein without payment except reasonable charges for work done, or services rendered or materials or things supplied.

(17) The Company shall furnish annually to Our Secretary of State, as soon as conveniently may be after the close of the financial year, accounts of its expenditure for administrative purposes, and of all sums received by it by way of public revenue, as distinguished from its commercial profits during the financial year, together with a report as to its public proceedings and the conditions of the territories within the sphere of its operations. The Company shall also, on or before the commencement of each financial year, furnish to Our Secretary of State an estimate of its expenditure for administrative purposes, and of its public revenue (as above defined)

for the ensuing year. The Company shall in addition from time to time furnish to Our Secretary of State any reports, accounts, or information with which he may require to be furnished.

(18) The several officers of the Company shall, subject to the rules of official subordination and to any regulations that may be agreed upon, communicate freely with Our High Commissioner in South Africa, and any others Our officers who may be stationed within any of the territories aforesaid, and shall pay due regard to any requirements, suggestions, or requests, which the High Commissioner or other officers shall make to them or any of them, and the Company shall be bound to enforce the observance of this Article.

(19) The Company may hoist and use on its buildings and elsewhere in the territories aforesaid, and on its vessels, such distinctive flag indicating the British Character of the Company as Our Secretary of State and the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty shall from time to time approve.

(20) Nothing in this Our Charter shall be deemed to authorise the Company to set up or grant any monopoly of trade: provided that the establishment of or the grant of concessions, for banks, railways, tramways, docks, telegraphs, waterworks, or other similar undertakings, or the establishment of any system of patent or copyright approved by Our Secretary of State, shall not be deemed monopolies for this purpose. The Company shall not, either directly or indirectly, hinder any Company or persons who now are, or hereafter may be, lawfully and peacefully carrying on any business, concern, or venture within the said District of the Tati hereinbefore decribed, but shall, by permitting and facilitating transit by every lawful means to and from the District of Tati, across its own territories or where it has jurisdiction in that behalf, and by all other reasonable and lawful means, encourage, assist and protect all British subjects who now are, or hereafter may be, lawfully and peacefully engaged in the prosecution of a lawful enterprise within the said District of the Tati.

(21) For the preservation of elephants and other game, the Company may make such regulations and (notwithstanding anything hereinbefore contained) may impose such license duties on the killing or taking of elephants or other game as

they may see fit: Provided that nothing in such regulations shall extend to diminish or interfere with any hunting rights which may have been or may hereafter be reserved to any native chiefs or tribes by treaty, save so far as any such regulations may relate to the establishment and enforcement of a close season.

(22) The Company shall be subject to and shall perform and undertake all the obligations contained between Ourselves and any other State or Power whether already made or hereinafter to be made, in all matters relating to the observance of this Article, or to exercise within the Company's territories for the time being, of any jurisdiction exercisable by Us under the Foreign Jurisdiction Acts, the Company shall conform to and observe and carry out all such directions as may from time to time be given in that behalf by Our Secretary of State, and the Company shall appoint all necessary Officers to perform such duties, and shall provide such Courts and other requisites as may from time to time be necessary for the administration of justice.

(23) The original share capital of the Company shall be £1,000,000, divided into 1,000,000 shares of £1 each.

(24) The Company is hereby further especially authorised, and empowered for the purpose of this Our Charter from time to time –

(i) To issue shares of different classes or descriptions to increase the share capital of the Company, and to borrow moneys by debentures or other obligations.

(ii) To acquire and hold, and to charter or otherwise deal with, steam vessels and other vessels.

(iii) To establish or authorise banking companies and other companies, and undertakings or associations of every description, for purposes consistent with the provisions of this Our Charter.

(iv) To make and maintain roads, railways, telegraphs, harbours, and any other works which may tend to the development or improvement of the territories of the Company.

(v) To carry on mining or other industries, and to make concessions of mining, forestal, or other rights.

(vi) To improve, develop, clear, plant, irrigate, and

cultivate any lands included within the territories of the Company.

(vii) To settle any such territories and lands aforesaid, and to aid and promote immigration.

(viii) To grant land in terms of years or in perpetuity, and either absolutely or by way of mortgage or otherwise.

(ix) To make loans or contributions of money or money's worth, for promoting any of the objects of the Company.

(x) To acquire and hold personal property.

(xi) To acquire and hold (without license in mortmain or other authority than this Our Charter) lands in the United Kingdom, not exceeding five acres in all at any one time, for the purposes of the offices and business of the Company, and (subject to any local law) lands in any of Our Colonies or Possessions and elsewhere, convenient for carrying on management of the affairs of the Company, and to dispose from time to time of any such lands when not required for that purpose.

(xii) To carry on any lawful commerce, trade, pursuit, business, operations, or dealing whatsoever in connection with the objects of the Company.

(xiii) To establish and maintain agencies in Our Colonies and Possessions and elsewhere.

(xiv) To sue and be sued by the Company's name of incorporation, as well in Our Courts in Our United Kingdom, or in Our Courts in Our Colonies or Possessions, or in Our Courts in foreign countries or elsewhere.

(xv) To do all lawful things incidental or conducive to the exercise or enjoyment of the rights, interests, authorities and powers of the Company in this Our Charter expressed or referred to, or any of them.

(25) Within one year after the date of this Our Charter, or such extended period as may be certified by Our Secretary of State, there shall be executed by the Members of the Company for the time being a Deed of Settlement, providing so far as necessary for –

(i) The further definition of the objects and purposes of the Company.

(ii) The classes or descriptions of shares into which the capital of the Company is divided and the calls to be

made in respect thereof, and the terms and conditions of membership of the Company.

(iii) The division and distribution of profits.

(iv) General meetings of the Company; the appointment by Our Secretary of State (if so required by him) of an Official Director, and the number, qualification, appointment, remuneration, rotation, removal, and powers of Directors of the Company, and of other officers of the Company.

(v) The registration of Members of the Company, and the transfer of Shares in the capital of the Company.

(vi) The preparation of annual accounts to be submitted to the Members at a General Meeting.

(vii) The audit of those accounts by independent auditors.

(viii) The making of bye-laws.

(ix) The making and using of Official Seals of the Company.

(x) The constitution and regulation of Committees or Local Board of Management.

(xi) The making and execution of supplementary deeds of settlement.

(xii) The winding-up (in case of need) of the Company's affairs.

(xiii) The government and regulation of the Company and of its affairs.

(xiv) Any matters usual or proper for or in respect of a Chartered Company.

(26) The Deed of Settlement shall, before the execution thereof, be submitted to and approved by the Lords of Our Council, and a certificate of their approval thereof signed by the Clerk of Our Council shall be endorsed on this Our Charter and be conclusive evidence of such approval, and on the Deed of Settlement, and such Deed of Settlement shall take effect from the date of such approval, and shall be binding upon the Company, its members, officers, and servants, and for all other purposes whatsoever.

(27) The provisions of the Deed of Settlement or of any Supplementary Deed for the time being in force, may be from time to time repealed, varied, or added to by a Supplementary Deed, made and executed in such manner as the Deed of Settlement prescribes: Provided that the provisions

of such Deed relative to the official Director shall not be repealed, varied, or added to without the express approval of Our Secretary of State.

(28) The Members of the Company shall be individually liable for the debts, contracts, engagements, and liabilities of the Company to the extent only of the amount, if any, for the time being unpaid, on the shares held by them respectively.

(29) Until such Deed of Settlement as aforesaid takes effect, the said James Duke of Abercorn shall be the President, the said Alexander William George Duke of Fife shall be Vice-President, and the said Edric Frederick Lord Gifford, Cecil John Rhodes, Alfred Beit, Albert Henry George Gray, and George Cawston, shall be the Directors of the Company, and may on behalf of the Company do all things necessary or proper to be done under this Our Charter by or on behalf of the Company: Provided always, the said James Duke of Abercorn, Alexander William George Duke of Fife, and Albert Henry George Gray, shall not be subject to retire from office in accordance with its provisions, but shall be and remain Directors of the Company until death, incapacity to act, or resignation, as the case may be.

(30) And We do further will, ordain, and declare that this Our Charter shall be acknowledged by Our Governors and Our naval and military officers and Our Consuls and Our other officers in Our Colonies and Possessions, and on the high seas, and shall recognise and be in all things aiding to the Company and its officers.

(31) And we do further will, ordain, and declare that this Our Charter shall be taken, construed, and adjudged in the most favourable and beneficial sense for, and the best advantage of, the Company as well as in Our Courts in Our United Kingdom, and in Our Courts in Our Colonies or Possessions, and in Our Courts in Foreign Countries or elsewhere, notwithstanding that there may appear to be in this Our Charter any non-recital, mis-recital, uncertainty or imperfection.

(32) And We do further will, ordain, and declare that this Our Charter shall subsist and continue valid, notwithstanding any lawful change in the name of the Company or in the Deed of Settlement thereof, such change being made with

the previous approval of Our Secretary of State signified under his hand.

(33) And We do further will, ordain, and declare that it shall be lawful for Us, Our heirs and successors, and We do hereby expressly reserve to Ourselves, Our heirs and successors, the right and power by writing under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom at the end of twenty-five years from date of this Charter, and at the end of every succeeding period of ten years, to add to, alter, or repeal any of the provisions of this Our Charter, or to enact other provisions in substitution for or in addition to any of its existing provisions: Provided that the right of power thus reserved shall be exercised only in relation to so much of this Our Charter as relates to administrative and public matters. And We do further expressly reserve to Ourselves, Our heirs and successors, the right to take over any buildings or works belonging to the Company, and used exclusively or mainly for administrative or public purposes on payment to the Company of such reasonable compensation as may be agreed, or as, failing agreement, may be settled by the Commissioners of Our Treasury. And We do further appoint, direct, and declare that any such writing under the said Great Seal shall have full effect and be binding on the Company, its members, officers, and servants, and all other persons, and shall be of the same force, effect, and validity as if its provisions had been part of and contained in these presents:

(34) Provided always, and We do further declare, that nothing in this Our Charter shall be deemed or taken in anywise to limit or restrict the exercise of any of Our rights or powers with reference to the protection of any territories, or with reference to the government thereof, should we see fit to include the same within our dominions.

(35) And We do, lastly, will and ordain and declare, without prejudice to any power to repeal this Our Charter by law belonging to Us, Our heirs and successors, or to any of Our Courts, ministers, or officers independently of this present declaration or reservation, that in case at any time it is made to appear to Us in Our Council that the Company has substantially failed to observe and conform to the provisions of this Our Charter, or that the Company is not exercising its

powers under the concessions, agreements, grants and treaties aforesaid so as to advance the interests which the Petitioners have represented to Us to be likely to be advanced by the grant of this Our Charter, it shall be lawful for Us, Our heirs and successors, and We do hereby expressly reserve and take to Ourselves, Our heirs and successors, the right and power by writing under the Great Seal of Our United Kingdom to revoke this Our Charter, and to revoke and annul the privileges, powers, and rights hereby granted to the Company. – In Witness whereof We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent.

Witness Ourself at Westminster the (29th) day of (October) in the fifty (third) year of our reign.

By warrant under the Queen's Sign Manual.

(The Charter was passed by the Queen on the day indicated within brackets, and published in the *London Gazette* of the 19th December 1889.)

The Colquhoun Treaty

Know all men to whom it may concern, that a full meeting of the Council of the Manica nation was held at Mafamba Busuko's on the fourteenth day of September, and it was then agreed that I, Umtasa, Mafamba Busuko, paramount king or chief of the said nation, should enter into this solemn agreement, and for the consideration hereinafter mentioned should, for myself and my heirs and my successors, and on behalf of my said nation, give and grant unto Archibald Rose Colquhoun, in his capacity of representative of the British South Africa Company, hereinafter called the Company, the sole, absolute, and entire perpetual right and power to do the following acts over the whole or any portion of the territory of the said nation, or any future extension thereof, including all subject and dependent territories:

(*a*) To search, prospect, dig for, and keep all metals and minerals.

(*b*) To construct, improve, equip, work, manage, and

control public works and conveniences of all kinds, including railways, tramways, docks, harbours, roads, bridges, piers, wharves, canals, reservoirs, waterworks, embankments, viaducts, irrigations, reclamation, improvement, sewage, drainage, water gas, electric, or any other mode of light, telephonic, telegraphic power supply, and all other works of general and public utility.

(*c*) To carry on the business of miners, quarry owners, metallurgists, mechanical engineers, iron founders, builders and contractors, ship owners, ship builders, brick makers, warehousemen, merchants, importers, exporters, and to buy, sell, deal in goods and property of all kinds.

(*d*) To carry on the business of banking in all its branches.

(*e*) To buy, sell, refine, manipulate, mint, and deal in bullion, specie, coin, and precious metals.

(*f*) To manufacture and import arms and ammunition of all kinds.

(*g*) To do all such things as are incidental and conducive to the exercise, attainment, and protection of all or any of the rights, powers, and concessions hereby granted.

And I hereby agree to bind myself and my successors and nation not to enter into any treaty or alliance with any other person, company, or State, or to grant any concessions of land without the consent of the Company in writing, it being understood that this covenant shall be considered in the light of a Treaty or alliance made between the said nation and the Government of Her Britannic Majesty Queen Victoria: and in consideration thereof, I, Archibald Ross Colquhoun, on behalf of the Company, hereby undertake and agree to protect the said king and nation from all outside interference and attacks, and to support and maintain the said chief and his lawful successors in the constitutional maintenance and exercise over his subjects of his powers and authority: And the Company hereby undertakes, in token of the amicable and friendly relations subsisting between the king and the Company, to appoint and maintain in the said territory a British Resident, with a suitable retinue and a suite of British subjects, and an escort of British police, for the due maintenance of law and order within the said territory.

The Company hereby further agrees that it will, under the

king's supervision and authority, aid and assist in the establishment and propagation of Christian religion and the education and civilisation of the native subjects of the king by the establishment, maintenance, and endowment of such churches, schools, and trading stations as may be from time to time mutally agreed upon by the king and the Resident hereinbefore mentioned, and by the extension and equipment of telegraphs and regular services of postal and transport communications.

And the Company lastly undertakes and agrees to pay to said chief or king and his successor in perpetuity an annual sum of £100, or the equivalent thereof in trading goods as on overleaf at the option of the king.

Signed: UMTASA, MAFAMBA BUSUKO,
king of Manica.
ARCHIBALD ROSS COLQUHOUN,
Representative of the British South Africa Company.
F. C. SELOUS.
C. F. HARRISON.
ADAIR CAMPBELL.

Witnesses:
SEBANGI.
MUSAIBI.

THE ANGLO-PORTUGUESE TREATY

[Preamble omitted.]

Article I

Great Britain agrees to recognise as within the dominion of Portugal in East Africa the territories bounded –

(1) To the north by a line which follows the course of the River Rovuma from its mouth up to the confluence of the River M'Sinje, and thence westerly along the parallel of latitude of the confluence of these rivers to the shore of Lake Nyassa.

(2) To the west by a line which, from the above-mentioned frontier on Lake Nyassa, follows the eastern shore of the lake southwards as far as the parallel of latitude 13° 30′ south; thence it runs in a south-easterly direction to the eastern shore of Lake Chiuta, which it follows; thence it runs in a direct line to the eastern shore of Lake Chilwa of Shirwa, which it follows to its south-easternmost point; thence in a direct line to the easternmost affluent of the River Ruo, and thence follows that affluent, and, subsequently, the centre of the channel of the Ruo to its confluence with the River Shiré.

From the confluence of the Ruo and Shiré the boundary will follow the centre of the channel of the latter river to a point just below Chiwanga, thence it runs due westward until it reaches the watershed between the Zambesi and Shiré, and follows the watershed between those rivers, and afterwards between the former river and Lake Nyassa until it reaches parallel 14° of South Latitude.

From thence it runs in a south-westerly direction to the point where South Latitude 15° meets the River Aroangwa or Loangwa, and follows the mid channel of that river to its junction with the Zambesi.

Article II

To the south of the Zambesi, the territories within the Portuguese sphere of influence are bounded by a line which, starting from a point opposite the mouth of the River Aroangwa or Loangwa, runs directly southwards as far as the 16th parallel of South Latitude, follow that parallel to its intersection with the 31st degree of Longitude east of Greenwich, thence running eastward direct to the point where the River Mazoe is intersected by the 33rd degree of Longitude east of Greenwich; it follows that degree southward to its intersection by the 18° 30′ parallel of South Latitude; thence it follows the upper part of the eastern slope of the Manica plateau southwards to the centre of the main channel of the Sabi, follows that channel to its confluence with the Lunte,[1] whence it strikes direct to the north-eastern point of the frontier of the South African Republic, and the frontier of Swaziland to the River Maputo. It is understood that in

[1] *Lundi.*

tracing the frontier along the slope of the plateau, no territory west of Longitude 32° 30′ east of Greenwich shall be comprised in the Portuguese sphere, and no territory east of Longitude 33° east of Greenwich shall be comprised in the British sphere. The line shall, however, if necessary, be deflected so as to leave Mutassa in the British spheres, and Massi Kessi[1] in the Portuguese.

Article III

Great Britain engages not to make any objection to the extension of the sphere of influence of Portugal south of Delagoa Bay, as far as a line following the parallel of the confluence of the River Pongolo with the River Maputo to the sea-coast.

Article IV

It is agreed that the western line of division separating the British from the Portuguese sphere of influence in Central Africa shall follow the centre of the channel of the Upper Zambesi, starting from the Katima Rapids up to the point where it reaches the territory of the Barotse Kingdom. That territory shall remain within the British sphere; its limits to the westward, which will constitute the boundary between the British and Portuguese spheres of influence, being decided by a joint Anglo-Portuguese Commission, which shall have power, in case of difference of opinion, to appoint an Umpire.

It is understood on both sides that nothing in the Articles shall affect the existing rights of any other States. Subject to this reservation, Great Britain will not oppose the extension of Portuguese administration outside of the limits of the Barotse country.

Article V

Portugal agrees to recognise, as within the sphere of influence of Great Britain on the north of the Zambesi, the territories extending from the line to be settled by the Joint Commission mentioned in the preceding Article to Lake Nyassa, including the islands in that Lake south of parallel 11° 30′ South Latitude, and to the territories reserved to Portugal by the line described in Article I.

[1] *Maçequeçe.*

Article VI

Portugal agrees to recognise as within the sphere of influence of Great Britain to the south of the Zambesi, the territories bounded on the east and north-east by the line described in Article II.

Article VII

All the lines of demarcation traced in Articles I to VI shall be subject to rectification by agreement between the two Powers, in accordance with local requirements.

The two Powers agree that in the event of one of them proposing to part with any of the territories to the south of the Zambesi, assigned by these Articles to their respective spheres of influence, the other shall be recognised as possessing a preferential right to the territories in question, or any portion of them, upon terms similar to those proposed.

Article VIII

The two Powers engage that neither will interfere with any sphere of influence assigned to the other by Articles I to VI. One Power will not, in the sphere of the other, make acquisitions, conclude Treaties, or accept sovereign rights or Protectorates. It is understood that no Companies nor individuals subject to one Power can exercise sovereign rights in a sphere assigned to the other except with the assent of the latter.

Article IX

Commercial or mineral Concessions and rights to real property possessed by Companies or individuals belonging to either Power shall, if their validity is duly proved, be recognised in the sphere of the other Power. For deciding on the validity of mineral Concessions given by the legitimate authority within thirty miles of either side of the frontier south of the Zambesi, a Tribunal of Arbitration is to be named by common agreement. It is understood that such Concessions must be worked according to local Regulations and Law.

Article X

In all territories in East and Central Africa belonging to or under the influence of either Power, missionaries of both

countries shall have full protection. Religious toleration and freedom for all forms of Divine worship and religious teaching are guaranteed.

Article XI

The transit of goods across Portuguese territories situated between the East Coast and the British sphere shall not, for a period of twenty-five years from the ratification of this Convention, be subjected to duties in excess of 3 per cent for imports or for exports. These dues shall in no case have a differential character, and shall not exceed the Customs dues levied on the same goods in the above-mentioned territories.

Her Majesty's Government shall have the option, within five years from the date of the signature of this Agreement, to claim freedom of transit for the remainder of the period of twenty-five years on payment of a sum capitalising the annual duties for that period at the rate of £30,000 a year.

Coin and precious metals of all descriptions shall be imported and exported to and from the British sphere free of transit duty.

It is understood that there shall be freedom for the passage of subjects and goods of both Powers across the Zambesi, and through the districts adjoining the left bank of the river situated above the confluence of the Shiré, and those adjoining the right bank of the Zambesi situated above the confluence of the River Luenha (Ruenga), without hindrance of any description and without payment of transit dues.

It is further understood that in the above-named districts each Power shall have the right, so far as it may be reasonably required for the purpose of communication between territories under the influence of the same Power, to construct roads, railways, bridges, and telegraph lines across the district reserved to the other. The two Powers shall have the right of acquiring in these districts on reasonable conditions the land necessary for such subjects, and shall receive all other requisite facilities. Portugal shall have the same rights in the British territory on the banks of the Shiré and in the British territory on the banks of Lake Nyassa.

Any railway so constructed by one Power on the territory of the other shall be subject to local Regulations and Laws

agreed upon between the two Governments, and, in case of differences of opinion, subject to arbitration as hereinafter mentioned.

The two Powers shall also be allowed facilities for constructing on the rivers within the above districts, piers and landing-places for the purpose of trade and navigation. Differences of opinion between the two Governments as to the execution of their respective obligations, incurred in accordance with the provisions of the preceding paragraph, shall be referred to the arbitration of two experts, one of whom shall be chosen on behalf of each Power. These experts shall select an Umpire, whose decision, in case of difference between Arbitrators, shall be final. If the two experts cannot agree upon the choice of an Umpire, the Umpire shall be selected by a Neutral Power to be named by the two Governments.

All material for the construction of roads, railways, bridges, and telegraph lines shall be admitted free of charge.

Article XII

The navigation of the Zambesi and Shiré, without excepting any of their branches and outlets, shall be entirely free for the ships of all nations.

The Portuguese Government engages to permit and to facilitate transit for all persons and goods of every description over the water-ways of the Zambesi, the Shiré, the Pungwe, the Busi, the Limpopo, the Sabi, and their tributaries, and also over the land-ways which supply means of communication where these rivers are not navigable.

Article XIII

Merchants ships of the two Powers shall in the Zambesi, its branches and outlets, have equal freedom of navigation, whether with cargo or ballast, for the transportation of goods and passengers. In the exercise of this navigation the subjects and flags of both Powers shall be treated, in all circumstances, on a footing of perfect equality, not only for the direct navigation from the open sea to the inland ports of the Zambesi, and *vice versa*, but for the great and small coasting trade, and for the boat trade on the course of the river. Consequently, on all the course and mouths of the Zambesi, there will be no

differential treatment of the subjects of the two Powers; and no exclusive privilege of navigation will be conceded by either to companies, corporations, or private persons.

The navigation of the Zambesi shall not be subject to any restriction or obligation based merely on the fact of navigation, in regard to landing-station or depot, or for breaking bulk, or for compulsory entry into port. In all the extent of the Zambesi the ships and goods in process of transit shall be submitted to no transit dues, whatever their starting-places or destination. No maritime or river toll shall be levied based on the sole fact of navigation, nor any tax on goods on board of ships. There shall only be collected taxes or duties which shall be an equivalent for services rendered to navigation itself. The tariff of these taxes or duties shall not warrant any differential treatment. The affluents of the Zambesi shall be in all respects subject to the same rules as the river of which they are tributaries.

The roads, paths, railways, or lateral canals, which may be constructed with the special object of correcting the imperfections of the river route on certain sections of the course of the Zambesi, its affluents, branches, and outlets, shall be considered, in their quality of means of communication, as dependencies of this river, and as equally open to the traffic of both Powers. And, as on the river itself, so there shall be collected on these roads, railways, and canals only tolls calculated on the cost of construction, maintenance, and management, and on the profits due to the promoters.

As regards the tariff of these tolls, strangers and the natives of the respective territories shall be treated on a footing of perfect equality.

Portugal undertakes to apply the principles of freedom of navigation enunciated in this Article on so much of the waters of the Zambesi, its affluents, branches, and outlets as are or may be under her sovereignty, protection, or influence. The rules which she may establish for the safety and control of navigation shall be drawn up in a way to facilitate, as far as possible, the circulation of merchant ships.

Great Britain accepts, under the same reservations, and in identical terms, the obligations undertaken in the preceding Articles in respect of so much of the waters of the Zambesi,

its affluents, branches, outlets, as are or may be under her sovereignty, protection, or influence. Any question arising out of the provisions of this Article shall be referred to a Joint Commission, and, in case of disagreement, to arbitration. Another system for the administration and control of the Zambesi may be substituted for the above arrangements by common consent of the Riverain Powers.

Article XIV

In the interest of both Powers, Portugal agrees to grant absolute freedom of passage between the British sphere of influence and Pungwe Bay for all merchandise of every description, and to give the necessary facilities for the improvement of the means of communication.

The Portuguese Government agrees to construct a railway between Pungwe and the British sphere. The survey of this line shall be completed within six months, and the two Governments shall agree as to the time within which the railway shall be commenced and completed. If an agreement is not arrived at, the Portuguese Government will give the construction of the railways to a Company which shall be designated by a Neutral Power, to be selected by two Governments, as being in its judgment competent to undertake the work immediately. The said Company shall have all requisite facilities for the acquisition of land, cutting timber, and free importation and supply of materials and labour. The Portuguese Government shall either itself construct or shall procure the construction of a road from the highest navigable point of the Pungwe, or other river which may be agreed upon as more suitable for traffic, to the British sphere, and shall construct or procure the construction in Pungwe Bay and on the river of the necessary landing-places. It is understood that no dues shall be levied on goods in transit by the river, the road, or the railway exceeding the maximum of 3 per cent under the conditions stipulated in Article XI.

Article XV

Great Britain and Portugal engage to facilitate telegraphic communication in their respective spheres. The stipulations contained in Article XIV, as regards the construction of a

railway from Pungwe Bay to the interior, shall be applicable in all respects to the construction of a telegraph line for communication between the coast and the British sphere south of the Zambesi.

Questions as to the points of departure and termination of the line, and as to other details, if not arranged by common consent, shall be submitted to the arbitration of experts under the conditions prescribed in Article XI.

Portugal engages to maintain telegraphic service between the coast and the River Ruo, which service shall be open to the use of the subjects of the two Powers without any differential treatment.

Great Britain and Portugal engage to give every facility for the connection of telegraphic lines constructed in their respective spheres.

Details in respect of such connection, and in respect to questions relating to the settlement of through tariff and other charges, shall, if not settled by common consent, be referred to the arbitration of experts under the conditions prescribed in Article XI.

Article XVI

The present Convention shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged, at Lisbon or London as soon as possible.

In witness whereof the respective Plenipotentiaries have signed the present Convention, and have affixed thereto the seal of their arms: Done in duplicate at Lisbon, the eleventh day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

(L.S.) George G. Petre.

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