HOW I BECAME A GOVERNOR

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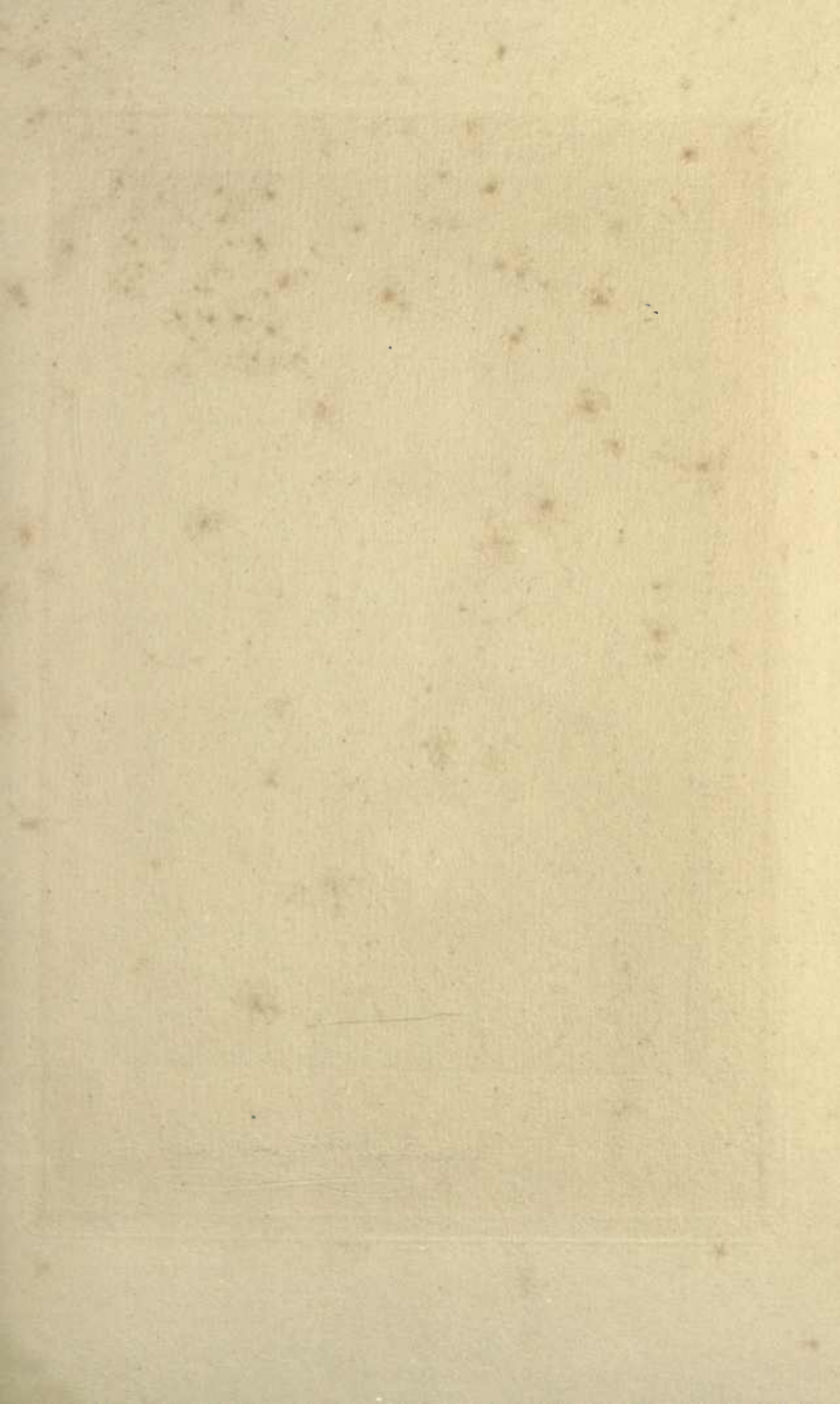

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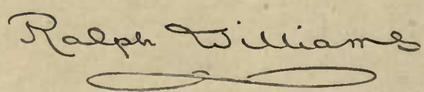

HOW I BECAME A GOVERNOR

BY SIR RALPH WILLIAMS, K.C.M.G.

LATE GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND; FORMERLY BRITISH AGENT IN THE TRANSVAAL; RESIDENT COMMISSIONER OF THE BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE; AND GOVERNOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE WINDWARD ISLANDS

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1913

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TO HER
WHO HAS SHARED MY WANDERINGS
FOR THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS, AND
WHO GAVE HER ALL THAT
I MIGHT PROSPER

MY WIFE

PREFACE

It is a simple matter to write a book if you have plenty of material as I have had, but the preface puzzles me. It should be, I think, like Sam Weller's love letter, just enough to make you wish for more.

I have dealt with many lands, many peoples, many personalities and many personages. I have ventured, with all humility, even to criticise some of the systems of government of our Empire, both at home and abroad.

I have tried to be courteous in my references to others and to avoid hard words, knowing full well that I myself am as open to criticism as are those upon whose doings I have commented.

I have endeavoured as far as possible to eliminate the personal element, and to write of matters which are of general interest in connection with the countries in which I have served.

I have told many stories, having, I trust, avoided the pitfall of chestnuts, and I could have told a great many more had I not exercised considerable restraint.

Those who have read my manuscript protest to me that it is interesting throughout, but they look upon it with the kindly eye of personal friendship.

The reading public is often elusive and hyper-

critical, and it takes very little to bore it to extinction.

The book has been a labour of love to me, and my hope is that there is at least something which may commend it to all, and may serve to pass away an hour or two pleasantly on a dull day.

It is in this hope that I submit myself to the reviewers and to those who pay me the courtesy of reading the story of my life.

RALPH WILLIAMS.

ST JAMES' CLUB,
LONDON, *April* 1913.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I am indebted to the courtesy of Messrs Elliott & Fry of London, Messrs Barnett of Johannesburg, Mr Pedrotti of Bulawayo, and Mr Holloway of Newfoundland, for permission to reproduce some of these illustrations.

RALPH WILLIAMS.

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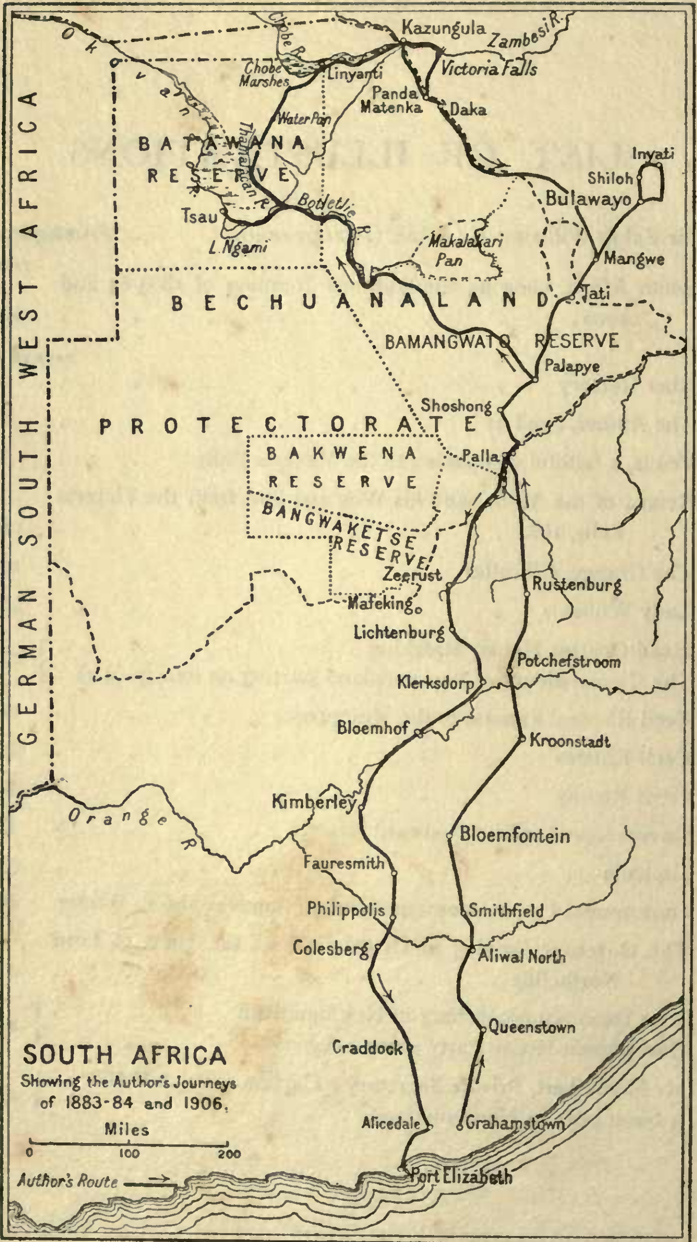
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SOUTH AFRICA
Showing the Author's Journeys of 1883-84 and 1906.
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Author's Route

HOW I BECAME A GOVERNOR

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY AND BOYHOOD

WHAT an interesting life yours must have been. Why don't you write something about it? So say one's friends; but has it been interesting? That is the question.

Life is made up of trifles so light that it would almost seem idle waste to jot them down. I have never been prosaic enough to keep a diary. Except as a record that is sometimes convenient for reference, a diary has always seemed to me but a dreary tale of lost opportunities serving to remind us of our half-wasted days. But, despite this lack and of long strings of useful facts, memories come back now and again, and from those memories I will try and tell the story of my life, and how I passed from the old country rectory in Wales to the Government Houses of the Protectorates and Colonies, in which it has been my lot to serve and ultimately to govern.

Every self-respecting Welshman has a pedigree. Most of us remember the story of our countryman who, finding the Ark over full and Noah unable to carry him, called out, "If you can't take me, for heaven's sake take my pedigree."

The Welsh Princes Llywarch ap Bran and Hedd Molwynog may both claim me as their descendant, and family records show that this claim is founded upon a good and reasonable basis.

The family of Williams of Treffos in Anglesey to which I belong cannot go farther back than a certain John ap Rhys, whose son William John ap Rhys was a substantial yeoman of the parish of Pentraeth in Anglesey. I remember many years ago hunting for some papers in the diocesan registry at Bangor and accidentally coming across the original note of a "faculty" for his pew in the parish church of Pentraeth being granted to William John ap Rhys, yeoman, my great, great, great, great-grandfather, a faculty being a possession which in old days indicated a considerable amount of importance in the holder.

His son was Humphrey Williams, the prefix "ap" for the first time dropping out. Old Humphrey was a large yeoman farmer and lived to the age of ninety-four. We have his family Bible still, and the quaint marginal notes made by him about the time of the famous (or infamous) Oates and Bedloe plot indicate his intense Protestantism, for page after page contains the assertion, "The Church of Roum is not the trew Church."

He had a son Owen, who married Jane Lloyd, the heiress of Treffos, which place and property ultimately became my father's.

These two, Owen and Jane Williams, were the common ancestors of the Williamses of Temple House (General Owen Williams and his well-known brother Hwfa and their equally well-known sisters) and ourselves.

Old Owen had two sons, Tom and John, both remarkable men in their way—the elder a solicitor, the younger a parson.

Tom, known far and wide throughout Wales as "Twm chware teg—" Anglice "Fair Play Tom—" from whom come the Williamses of Temple House, amassed very great wealth, and the accident of his doing so was curious. He owned a piece of land near Amlwch in Anglesey which constituted a part of a small hill

known as "Parys Mountain," and on that land he found copper of what he believed to be extraordinary richness. The adjacent land was owned partly by the Pagets (now Marquises of Anglesey) and by a parson named Hughes. Old Tom succeeded in getting these two owners to join him, and started the Parys Mine, he being the largest owner and the working partner.

So rich was the mine that I have heard my grandfather say that in one year the partners shared a profit of half a million sterling, a truly vast sum in those days.

Old Tom started smelting-works in Swansea and a bank (long known as the old Bank of Messrs Williams & Company) in Chester and some of the Welsh towns.

It is interesting to remember that the well-known family of Hughes of Kinmel come from this Welsh parson.

A former squire of Kinmel was created Lord Dinorben, an honour which local gossip used to say was given to him in return for the privilege accorded to the old Duke of Sussex of spitting on the drawing-room carpet at Kinmel. This peerage died out in the second generation.

Old Tom bought very large properties in Wales and in Berkshire and went into Parliament, and my grandfather has told me that at one time he controlled eight seats in the House of Commons. He had a son Owen, and ultimately a grandson Tom, Colonel Williams, who was for many years "Father of the House of Commons." Colonel Williams himself was a remarkable man, with many peculiarities, one of which was to keep his clocks at sun time, and it is stated that when railways were first started he always arrived at the station a quarter of an hour late, and then damned the station-master for his Radical innovations in keeping Greenwich time.

To return for a moment to the other brother

John. He succeeded as younger son to his mother's property of Treffos. After the usual university career he took orders, and, on the 25th of October 1763, was appointed private chaplain to the Princess (Frederick) of Wales, the mother of George the Third, who was Princess-Mother at the time. We still have Lord Boston's letter apprising him of the appointment. Later on he was appointed to a living in the diocese of Bangor with the unpronounceable name Llanfair yng hornwy, which was then the richest living in the diocese. There is rather an amusing story as to his holding of this living. In the fulness of time he wanted to retire in favour of his younger son James, and asked the then Bishop of Bangor, Bishop Majendie, to make the appointment. But the bishop wanted the living for his own son and declined to hear of it.

It happened shortly afterwards that George the Fourth, the grandson of Princess Frederick, went to Holyhead, and was there met by all the magnates of the neighbourhood, including Bishop Majendie and old John, my great-grandfather.

The king recognised the old man when he was presented, and talked of bygone days to him, finally saying, "And is there anything that I can do for you, Mr Williams?" The reply is said to have been, "I am an old man, Your Majesty, and I should be glad to retire in favour of my son, if the bishop will appoint him," on which the king, turning to the bishop, said: "Your Lordship will oblige me in this," the old courtier bishop bowing to the ground, with war in his heart.

But the appointment had to be made, and was made, and my great-uncle, the well-known Chancellor Williams, held the living for very many years; and it is pleasant to think that his son, now a very old man, holds the honoured position of Chancellor of the diocese to-day.

My grandfather, John Williams of Treffos, was

the eldest son of the old parson squire of Treffos, and the nephew of old Tom.

Of my grandfather I have heard it said, that if a letter had been addressed "John Williams, Wales," it would have gone straight to him. Be that as it may, he was a man of singular ability and prominence.

As a boy it chanced that, for the earlier years of his life, he was the heir to all old Tom's vast wealth, and he was sent to Eton at a very early age. In due course he left Eton, and before going to Oxford was sent to St Andrews (of all things in the world) to learn French. St Andrews was full of French refugees at the time, and hence its reputation as a seat of French learning.

A direct heir was born later, which put my grandfather out of the succession, and made it necessary to do something else for him.

And something very substantial was done, for while at St Andrews, as a boy of eighteen, he was surprised by a visit from his uncle, who had posted all the way from London to see him, and who, after talking to him about his lost succession, and after gauging his capacity, told him that he had got him the appointment of Receiver-General of North Wales, a post worth close upon £2000 per annum, the duties of which simply consisted of four circuits a year, each of which circuit occupied a period of only three weeks—twelve weeks' work in the year! Verily those of us who work hard and long for our salaries may sigh for "the good old times" and the luck of the boy of eighteen.

My grandfather held this post for very many years, I think over forty. He went to Oxford, went to the Bar and practised to a certain extent, was master of the Anglesey Harriers, and was ultimately known as "the Father of the Hunt"; was chairman of the County Magistrates of Anglesey for over fifty years; was a magistrate

and deputy-lieutenant for three counties; was a banker, a director of the Great Western Railway, and chairman of other railway companies. I myself have seen him ride his cob seven miles to make a long political speech after he was ninety, and I have heard him charge the grand jury at quarter sessions and try cases as lucidly as ever at the same age. His old yellow gig and groom with a multitude of capes were as well known in the county of Anglesey as the sun at midday.

When I was a young boy my grandfather used to send for me to stay with him at Treffos, and from him I got more of the history of the county and its old stories than I believe are known to many now surviving. Most of them are only of local interest, but one I think merits repetition. It is the story of the famous Skerries Rock, the lighthouse on which now forms the principal guide for ships entering the port of Liverpool. I had the details in writing, and I think they still exist among some papers which I have in a box in Australia, which I left there some forty years ago, and which is there awaiting my return.

The rock was a part of the farm Monachddu, in Anglesey, owned at that time by someone whose name I forget. The owner decided to sell Monachddu, and the conveyance was prepared and made out to the well-known squire of Nanhoron in Carnarvonshire, who was to be the purchaser. When the day for signature came it was found that the lawyers had omitted from the conveyance the Skerries Rock, which was leased to the tenant farmer, one Morgan Jones, at a rent of four shillings per annum.

So little was thought of it that the conveyance was actually signed without it, with the result that Monachddu farm passed to the new purchaser, while the Skerries Rock remained in the hands of its old owner, and was still leased by him to Morgan Jones for four shillings per annum.

This Morgan Jones used to go over to the rock on fine days and gather seaweed for his farm on the mainland. I forget how, or why, but it occurred to him that a lighthouse would be valuable there, and he succeeded in entering into an arrangement with the port of Liverpool, authorising him to build a lighthouse, and to make a small charge upon ships entering the port.

He managed to build his lighthouse, Liverpool grew, the light dues increased and he became rich. He then, later, built a more substantial lighthouse and drew his income from it, amounting to a good deal over £20,000 per annum, until, by Act of Parliament, the Trinity Board were empowered to take over the whole lighting of the coast.

A court to assess the sum to be paid by the Trinity Board was then held at Beaumaris. I wish I could recollect the names of all the great lawyers who were engaged in the case, but I do remember that Mr Erle, afterwards Sir William Erle, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, was the assessor, and that the famous Sir William Follett, Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, and one of the Vaughan Williamses, were of the number, while there were others who afterwards rose to great distinction.

My grandfather was one of the special jury, and the sum awarded for this barren Skerries Rock, leased at four shillings a year, was £445,000 (there were some odd shillings and pence), of which I think I remember that two-thirds went to Morgan Jones the lessee, or his heirs, and one-third to the owner of the property, whose name I unluckily forget.

I think I am right in saying that the heirs of Morgan Jones are to be found in the well-known family of the Saurins of Orielton in Pembrokeshire, and that the old name of "Morgan Jones" still exists among the members of that family.

There is another and more tragic story of this farm Monachddu in the days when it was a country gentleman's house. A party was gathered there and drank heartily after their early dinner, when someone suddenly suggested taking a boat and going off to the Skerries Rock. One of the party who remained sober protested that the day was stormy and the adventure risky. However, they insisted, and the objector jumped up and out of the window, the whole party hunting him in full cry. Getting out of their sight for a moment, he ran up some steps into a hayloft and buried himself under the hay. His pursuers followed him, and one of them seizing a hay-fork drove it through the truss, the prongs actually grazing his skin. He, however, lay quiet and they left without discovering him. The whole party then embarked for the Skerries, from which not one returned, all being drowned in the heavy storm which caught them.

My mother was a Howard of Wygfair, descended, as we believe, from Lord William Howard (Belted Will), a son of Thomas, 4th Duke of Norfolk. My mother was also of the Clough family and also of the Lloyds of Hafod Dinas, a Welsh family of very great antiquity.

My maternal grandfather, old Dr Howard, was well known throughout Wales. He was of immense height, six feet five, and a most dignified cleric. He was a man, too, who liked having his own way, and generally got it. On the occasion of the birth of a daughter he wished her to be called Phoebe Susanna, while his wife wished for Margaret Barbara, to which he gave way. The christening came on, my grandfather officiating. With the child in his arms he said, "Name this child." "Margaret Barbara," said the godmother. "Phoebe Susanna I baptize thee," said the old man, and Phoebe Susanna she remained. However, another daughter was born, who was duly christened Margaret Barbara, who

died in, I think, 1909 at a great age, a dear old lady, the last of her generation.

I had two great-great-aunts, two old Miss Lloyds, whom I remember, and used to stay with when I was a boy of five and six. Two charmingly picturesque old ladies, whose miniatures are exact representations of them as I recollect them. They were respectively ninety-one and eighty-nine when I remember them. They lived at Soughton House in Flintshire, not very far from Hawarden. They had never been in a train, and always went out for their daily drive with a postilion. Indeed, we went to church with a postilion, and I used to sit in the dickey behind with an old servant decked with large black epaulettes, of the fitting and characteristic name of Andrew.

We must have gone very slowly, because I recollect slipping down from my perch while going up the hills and knocking at the window of the coach to startle the old ladies till they pulled the check string, by which time I was back in my place, my old ally Andrew never giving me away.

They solemnly drove into Chester once every year and did their shopping, as did others of their kind when London was still almost a *terra incognita* to old-fashioned country people.

At this house there was a wonderful old doll's house with which we never tired of playing. I have seen it of later years, but it is now lost, and it is a thousand pities that it has not been preserved. The ladies and gentlemen and the servants of this mimic house were in delightful costumes of a bygone age, and the whole of the breakfast, dinner, and tea services were of Crown Derby. But it is now gone.

These two old ladies are the oldest things I remember, and carry me back to the manners of a period far before my own time.

Railways were very different then. When I was a small boy all luggage was carried on the top of the railway coaches, and men of my years will remember

the delight and awe with which they watched the guard climb up and undo the tarpaulin and slide down the portmanteaus on a board, which was provided at every roadside station for the purpose.

They will remember how he always signalled the train away before he had finished strapping up his tarpaulin, and then had hastily to climb down and jump into his little box at the rear of the train, only just big enough to hold him. No van existed in those days. The third-class carriages were open to the elements, the second were dreary coffin-boxes, and the first (to which I never aspired) were alone the ones in which some small modicum of comfort could be obtained.

I know nothing which brings before me better the dresses and many of the ways of the days of my boyhood than Frith's clever picture of the "Railway Station." The dreadful fashions (then so much admired) of the worst period of the Victorian era stand out there in all their hideousness, the pretty face of the bride being the only attractive feature of the picture.

Despite the fact that I belonged to an Anglesey family, and that my brothers and sisters were born in Anglesey, I was born in Carnarvonshire, in the little village of Llanddeiniolen, of which my father was then rector, having been appointed thereto by the famous Mr Thomas Assheton Smith. My father was perhaps the best known parson in North Wales. Few men did not know "handsome Tom Williams," as he was called. He was almost, if not quite, the best shot in the two counties, one of the best judges of a horse, and an excellent fisherman, making his own rods and tying his own flies. With all this he was loved by his parishioners, whether squire, farmer, or labourer, and not one nonconformist, no matter how bitter his animus against the Church, but had a kind word for my father, and always a kind and cheery word from him. He built

three churches, and did not, I think, miss a Sunday in his own church for many years. His charity was unbounded within the limits of his means. I recollect so well how he would stop and blow up some village drunkard for a previous Saturday's misdemeanour, the lecture always ending with a shilling to buy tobacco, which he himself detested.

When I was a child and was asked what I would like to be, I am credited with having said, "I'll be a clergyman and shoot snipe, like papa."

My father reminds me of the delightful old story of the famous Archbishop Beresford of Armagh.

A long-visaged parson appointed to a new living made his call on the archbishop, who said, "Ah, Mr X., you are going to a capital part of the country. Plenty of hunting and shooting." To which the reply was, "My Lord Archbishop the Apostles didn't hunt and shoot." At which His Grace retorted, "No! no! of course not, I remember; they fished."

Whether old ways are better than new ways, or new than old, I do not know; but for goodness and real Christian charity commend me to the old times; and I cannot help thinking, too, that the old type of manly parson visiting the sick, feeding the hungry, and cheering the downhearted, even though he did those offices in a grey suit and a clean shirt, had points over the sombrely garbed and linenless cleric of to-day with his portentous list of Church activities recited each Sunday in a breathless singsong, as being the duties of the coming week.

My mother died very young, when I was only a little more than two years old. She was, I am told, a beautiful woman. The only picture existing of her gives her a lovely face. She was not well when I was born, so they postponed my christening in the hope that she would be well enough to be present.

She never was well enough, poor soul, and I

was ultimately christened when I was two years and eight days old. Some of my friends have unkindly suggested that my lack of orthodoxy in my earlier years is due to this delay; but I fancy not, as I was, I believe, baptised beforehand, so that I really had a double share of the Church's care.

After my mother's death we children were brought up by our nurse, surely the best, kindest, and wisest nurse that ever lived. I, as the youngest, was her pet. She lives now, dear old woman, not far short of ninety, but happy, and healthy, and prosperous. As a lady, a relative of mine, with whom she is, said to me not long ago, "Dear old Polly, she dreams of you still nightly in her sleep, I do believe."

In those days my father used to go over to an uncle of mine very constantly to shoot or for some other reason, and used to take us children with him. As he always stayed to dinner we came home very late. We had an old carriage called a "Pluribus," and we children used to lie at the bottom of it fast asleep.

My uncle was a typical squire of the old sort, kept the hounds, shot and yachted, and lived in general very much above his means. He was very kind to us in his way, but we were all frightened of him.

I recollect the hounds came to an end a good deal later by hydrophobia breaking out in the kennels. Not only were all the hounds killed, but every dog (and they were numberless) about the place, pointers, setters, retrievers, terriers, spaniels, and every pet dog. There was, as will be well believed, general mourning.

The parson of the parish of which my uncle was the squire was of the old school, and it is recorded that one day on my uncle reproaching him after the service with having forgotten to read the Gospel, he replied, "Yes, indeed, Mr Griffith, I did forget it; but the fact is, Sir, that I was so overcome by the beauty of the Epistle!"

We migrated when I was between four and five to the beautiful rectory of Aber, to which living my father was appointed by Sir Richard Bulkeley. It was a source of great pleasure to him that he never received a living from a bishop, but was always appointed by one of his old friends.

I recollect an incident indicating the friendship which existed between my father and that splendid old squire, the Sir Richard Bulkeley of old days. My father loved his owls (white owls), which lived unharmed in our rectory trees. One evening at dinner, which was at six, we heard a gunshot in the grounds. My father went out and found an owl shot by one of Sir Richard's keepers, the offender being caught red-handed. My father shook him as a terrier would a rat. I had never heard him swear before, and never heard him afterwards, except once, when I stupidly ran a fish hook into his finger. He wrote in great indignation to Sir Richard, detailing the iniquity and, as he averred, stupid ignorance of the keeper, and quoted his friend Charles Waterton, the naturalist, as proving that owls were no danger to game, but rather a benefit. He received a delightfully laconic reply, every word of which I remember, which ran as follows :—

"My dear Tom,—Your old friend Waterton is a humbug, but I have discharged my keeper.—Yours,
R. W. B."

My father was a very zealous magistrate and never missed the weekly petty sessions at Bangor, where his colleagues on the bench were his cousin the Dean of Bangor and his brother Colonel Vincent Williams. Never were three honester or more straightforward justices, but their methods were not modern. The story was current that the three, who were James and Tom and John to one another, would turn and discuss the case, the Dean beginning: "I know all about this case ; I heard it all before I came

into court," for which sin he was promptly suppressed by his colleagues. My father would say, "The case certainly seems strong against the defendant, but I'll tell you what, James, she's a monstrous pretty woman, and I wouldn't be too hard upon her." While my uncle was the Draco who demanded his pound of judicial flesh. Between the three, the litigants got better justice than from the small tradesmen who now, for the most part, form the petty sessional bench in our provincial towns. I remember sitting on the bench when a man was brought up for assault, the Welsh policeman recounting how "He was very drunk and riotous, Your Worships (and then turning to my father), and, Your Reverence, he did curse and swear horrible"; at which my father bent down to me and murmured, "Drawing the parson, Ralph."

ABER RECTORY.

[*To face p.* 14

CHAPTER II

EARLY REMINISCENCES

THANKS to our good nurse no children ever lived more happily than did we at the old rectory of Aber: my brothers when home for their holidays from Rossall, my sister and I still at home.

Until I was seven I learned mostly from my nurse, a little rudimentary Latin from my father, and writing from the old village schoolmaster. This schoolmaster was even then very old and a great character. He had formerly been captain of a small brig, and had, I believe, been taken prisoner by the French, which gave him infinite importance in our eyes. He spent a good deal of our lesson time in telling us stories, mostly about France, which grew as he got older. After we had mastered the rudiments of writing, he used to set us copies in French, of which he had picked up a very sketchy and villainous smattering. I remember even now the ill-spelt French in which he wrote. He used to tell me, "The great secret of writing, Master Ralph, is to make plenty of quavers" (which he called "quorvers"), and quavers I suppose I must have made, resulting in the abominable writing which has been my burden through life and an abiding sorrow to my secretaries and clerks.

This old man and his wife ultimately lived to a great age, and on the occasion of their diamond wedding they received a kind letter written by command of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

There are not many such left as they, and they and their kind are a picturesque though necessary loss.

They taught their school children but little of learning, but they strove to make them honest men and women, and they taught them that respect for their elders which is now known only among the classes, but is well nigh dead in the masses, where courtesy is deemed to be a badge of inferiority and respect a token of subordination.

We have all got our certificates and degrees now, and we almost weary of their recitation. We have learnt to play the piano and to be dissatisfied with our lot in life, which latter appears to be the true road to advancement, but we have lost something all the same.

My father, despite his love of sport, was imbued with old-fashioned views as to the observance of Sunday, and we heard three sermons every Sunday in church (two being in Welsh), and had a fourth read to us on Sunday evening. Luckily we had a very high old pew in church, at the bottom of which we children used to sit on hassocks; and whenever the wary and kindly eye of our nurse was averted, my sister and I used to amuse ourselves by scratching designs with a pin on the woodwork, which designs were still there until my father got the funds and built another church, this church being, I believe, one of the last designed by Pugin.

I learnt to fish when a boy at Aber, and have loved it all my life. My father taught me many other things: to bind his rods, tie his flies, prune fruit trees, bud roses, all of which I am afraid I have almost forgotten.

At the age of seven it was decided that I must go to school, and I was sent to the King's school at Chester, then held in the old refectory in the cloisters of the cathedral.

The headmaster had been a private tutor in the

household of some friend of my father's, and it was considered that he would give me special care. That expectation was disappointed, for during the year and a quarter that I was there I ran wild about Chester, under as little discipline out of school hours as it was possible for a child to be. When I chance to pass through the wonderful old town of Chester I always go to the grand cathedral, which, thanks to Dean Howson's restoration, stands as such a fine example of our English cathedrals; and I never forget to look at the little seat in the choir where I used to sit with my college cap between my feet. Until the last year or two the senior verger, Smith, was still alive there doing his duties. I remember him as Dean Anson's butler, and a magnate of great importance in the eyes of us boys. On my very infrequent visits to Chester I never failed to have a talk with the old man, who had lived his life in the shadow of the cathedral and who loved to discuss old days.

The famous Randolph Caldecott was a King's School boy, but after my time. He was, I think, the most distinguished alumnus of the old school. His father had a shop in what was then called Royal Hotel Row.

As I walk down the Chester rows and streets to-day there are few names that I do not seem to remember as old associates at the King's school, some of the older ones no doubt companions of my own.

It chanced in after years that Cecil Rhodes and I stayed at the Queen Hotel in Chester together for several days. We met there as a quiet place to work out a good deal of the early scheme of advance into what is now known as Rhodesia, and to write our case in a political battle which was then raging, as was not unusual, in connection with South Africa. All so different from those early days, but of that later.

My father sent me, for one term, to Beaumaris School, and from thence, in 1857, I went to Rossall, where my brothers were both big boys.

At this time my father married again. My stepmother was a Miss Bethell of the well-known family of Rise in the East Riding of Yorkshire. Her brother was the squire of Rise. She lived mainly with her uncle the well-known Bishop Bethell of Bangor, a grand and dignified prelate of the old school, who, I have always heard it said, tendered his whole hand to his equals, reducing it by a finger as those whom he greeted fell in the social or intellectual scale, until at last it reached one finger only.

My first recollections of my stepmother were as a rather great lady arriving with the bishop to call in a very big carriage with a fat coachman and two footmen in the dickey behind, and I was very frightened when I heard of the lot in store for us. She lived to the age of eighty-eight, and I grew to know her as one of the best of women. There was a love between us rarely felt between stepmother and stepson.

She was the daughter of the famous old Vice-Provost Bethell of Eton, of whom so many good stories are told in Montagu Williams's delightful Reminiscences; some perhaps hardly kind to him, for he was, I am told, extremely pompous and didactic.

I had a good deal of difficulty in dissuading my stepmother from reading these reminiscences, and only succeeded by the reiteration of many white lies to the effect that the book was so stupid that it was not worth reading, thus traducing the best book of reminiscences I have ever read.

In her earlier days my mother lived at Eton, and knew the Eton world and a good deal of the gossip of Windsor. She told me many good stories, one of which I may perhaps repeat. It was of the late Empress Frederick of Germany, then Princess Royal of England. She was rather a naughty child,

and for some reason insisted on addressing her music-master with the greeting, "Good-morning, Brown," docking him of his prefix. This she continued to do despite the Prince Consort's explicit orders, being at last told that for a further offence she would be sent to bed, a favourite punishment of our youthful days. On Mr Brown's arrival on the following day he was greeted by the determined little princess with "Good-morning, Brown, and good-night, Brown, for I'm going to bed, Brown," and to bed she went. My mother told me, too, of her coming-out ball, and how a much jewelled and flowered gentleman was introduced to her, protesting that he had "longed to dance with so charming a young lady," and she did dance with him, to her great annoyance at the time.

But times changed, and, to use her own words in telling the story when Disraeli was at his zenith, "It is not every old woman who can say that she danced with Lord Beaconsfield at her coming-out ball."

She lived until 1901, and during all that time she spent her income unsparingly on her stepchildren, although we as children thought her hard, which in a sense she then was, and ungraciously denied her that affection which she afterwards earned from us in full measure.

I think that it was just about this time that my father came to me and said that it was a pity I showed no taste for the Navy, as his old friend Admiral Eden had offered me a nomination, which he had declined. I was in despair, and implored him to try and get it if not too late, so he wrote to Admiral Eden, but the nomination was already given away, so my naval aspirations ended. Why on earth my father, having no career for me, had made up his mind to refuse so good a chance I have never understood to this day.

Boys went to public schools at a very early age. I was only nine when I went to Rossall. I was put into a room in a miserable little place then known as

"The Cottages" with a boy as tiny and shy and miserable as myself; but it interests me now to think that in the year 1901 the same little boy, in his capacity of Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University, proclaimed the accession of King Edward at Cambridge, while I did the same at Barbados in full state as Acting Governor of that colony. Another boy with whom I was early associated at Rossall was Lord Stamfordham, who was one of Queen Victoria's pall-bearers, if I remember right.

I learnt my early mathematics from Sir John Gorst, who was then a master there, and I recollect his impressing upon me the difference between an obtuse angle and an acute angle by hitting my head with two pieces of slate and saying, "Which gives you the more acute pain, you very obtuse little boy?"

Walter Besant was also a master there when I first went there, and the afterwards well-known vicar of All Saints, Margaret Street, William Allen Whitworth, also taught me mathematics.

I think Rossall almost established a record in its most famous alumnus, Meyrick Beebee, who was the cleverest and idlest boy I ever remember. At Cambridge he obtained the very distinguished honours of fourth classic and eighteenth wrangler; and he also rowed in the Cambridge eight. I think I have heard that he was also in his college eleven, but of that I am not sure.

He was a close ally of my eldest brother, so I saw a good deal of him, and I never recollect seeing him do any work. He seemed to pick up things intuitively, and was the despair alike of classical and mathematical tutors, who each deemed they had the most brilliant man of his day in their respective lines if he would only work. With all his brilliancy he died early and before making any great mark in the world. Through an unaccountable error the brass memorial to him in Rossall Chapel quotes him as being "5th classic," but as a matter of fact he was

fourth, being bracketed with the late Master of the Rolls, Lord Collins.

When I go to my old school now how different it all seems. The approach now through pretty flower gardens, but then through dreary brick-fields. All was then so rough and hard, while now the path of the boys seems made so easy.

Rossall was, prior to its becoming a school, the home of old Sir Peter Hesketh Fleetwood, who ruined himself in the attempt to make Fleetwood the equal of Liverpool as a port.

We boys always associated the place with smuggling and wrecks, and many were the weird stories we had, all no doubt hatched in fancy.

Immense changes took place in my time, and even greater changes have occurred since, so that now Rossall takes its place worthily among the great schools of England. I spent eight and a half years there—going there in August 1857 and leaving at Christmas 1865—reaching the sixth form during that period, so I suppose I learnt as much as my neighbours, as I was generally much nearer the top of the class than the bottom.

I thought myself a bit of a poet and was always glad if we had to write original verses, whether in English, Latin, or Greek. Once we had "the Gracchi" as a subject for English verse, and we boys soared into the realms of fancy over this patriot family and wrote many lines of enthusiastic eulogy. The effusion of one boy remains in my memory now. He had no poesy, no imagination, and was purely practical and prosaic. He sought to introduce the whole family and to deal with them as briefly as possible, and he succeeded. His poem ran—

"Tiberius was of noble birth,
Cornelia was his mother,
Sempronius was his father's name,
And Caius was his brother."

and so it began and ended.

There was an epigrammatic terseness about this poem which should have gained him glory, but a dull master failed to appreciate it. In later life when listening to wearisome speeches I have often wished that my old school-fellow's powers of simple concentration of his subject were more widely imitated.

Our news in the country used to come to us in a copy of *The Times* which found its way slowly down the line. How well I remember the Indian Mutiny and the story of the Well of Cawnpore and all the horrors of the time, and how my father, with the tears rolling down his face, used to read to us and say, "Oh, remember Cawnpore! Oh, God, remember Cawnpore!" Those horrors are forgotten to-day, and even then there existed those emasculate persons whose love seemed concentrated on the enemies of their country and the violators of their women. They exist in greater numbers now. Alas!

The question of what I was to do now became a burning one. I was ambitious, felt equal to anything, and thought it a hard world because all the glories of property and money were denied me, and I was only the youngest son of a country parson without any money to spare or any prospect of success before me.

Why my father decided that I was made for a lawyer I cannot think. He hated the profession of the law himself, and all his instincts were opposed to it; but a lawyer I was to be, and my grandfather concurred in it. I passed a trifling examination and was sent to Beaumaris to be articled to a namesake and connection of mine.

He was quite one of the most cultured and versatile men I have ever met in my life, and a man of good birth and connections. He was a clever lawyer when he chose to do any law, which was but seldom; the best and most daring sailor in the neighbourhood; while his music, painting, etching, and engraving would have won him a livelihood anywhere. Altogether he was a delightful personality for a young

man to be thrown with, and with him I stayed for about three years, during which period the principal subject which I cannot remember tackling was the study of law. Like all youngsters, I was always short of money, but I often replenished my treasury in a way that modern banking principles would not permit.

We were participants in the well-known "old Bank" of Williams & Co. of North Wales and Chester, and I used to go to the old chief clerk at Bangor, who had spent his life at his work, and say, "I'm so awfully hard up, Mr Hall. Mayn't I draw for some money," at which he would look at me benevolently from behind the counter and hand me over two or three pounds, taking my written acknowledgment on a slip of paper.

Of course he had my grandfather's orders to charge the sums to his account, but I did not guess it, and regarded it as a sort of family arrangement, until one day my grandfather good-naturedly said, "One of the first principles of banking, Ralph, is that before drawing cheques you should have a balance available to draw upon. I commend this to your notice," so that my simple methods for raising the wind could no longer be put into practice.

I did positively nothing in law except accompanying my chief for trips round the country from time to time and occasionally taking his place in the Under Sheriff's box at the old Anglesey Assize Court, in the hall of which were kept two sedan chairs in which the old ladies of the town still went to card parties, being carried thereto by the village tailor and his assistant. From that coign of vantage I listened at the Assizes and Quarter Sessions (at which latter my grandfather presided as Chairman of the County Magistrates) to many interesting cases.

Old Baron Channell was particularly fond of the North Wales Circuit and came there as often as he could. I knew him and he impressed me very much.

I remember a case tried before him of an Irishman for stealing a coil of rope and other things at Holyhead. There was no case, and the judge directed the jury to find the prisoner not guilty. They put their heads together in the box, until the foreman looked sheepishly and slyly over and said, "Guilty, my Lord, if you please." At which the old judge thundered forth: "Turn that jury out of the box," denounced the finding, and sentenced the prisoner to be imprisoned until the rising of the court. I asked the foreman afterwards why they found a verdict of guilty, and his reply was, "Well, Sir, indeed we were not sure that he was guilty, but we knew he was one of them Irish blackguards that hangs round Holyhead."

Of such was the justice of a Welsh petty jury in those days. I wonder if it is better now. I heard the sheriff's chaplain in preaching an assize sermon say, "The law must flow through just and recognised channels," the only time I have ever heard a pun purposely made from the pulpit.

All the evidence was then interpreted, and in one rather delicate case the old judge got it into his head that it was not correctly interpreted, and said, "I insist, Mr Interpreter, on every word being accurately given." On which the interpreter showered forth such a volley of unmentionable expressions that the judge first looked on in horror and then fairly burst out laughing.

Another case I recollect, tried before my grandfather at Quarter Sessions, where, after the abominable details of the crime had been made clear and the prisoner was asked why sentence should not be passed upon him, he prayed for mercy on the grounds that he had attended a wedding on the morning of the crime. My grandfather looked up, saying, in his old-world courteous voice, "A poor compliment to the bride, I fear," and gave the offender seven years.

While at Beaumaris I spent most of my time at

cricket, or yachting with my chief, as well as in boating and fishing. I was utterly reckless as to the weather, and on very many occasions I found it hard work to get anyone to go out with me. I had a capital time, but it at last dawned upon my father that I was not on the road to make my fortune as a lawyer.

My work had been impeded not only by pleasure but by sickness, for in 1867 I got scarlet fever for the second time, having had it previously at the age of nine, and in the following year I got typhoid fever. By a most curious chance I developed both these illnesses while staying as a guest at the Palace at Bangor with Bishop Campbell, on both occasions being driven home in the bishop's carriage to take to my bed for many weeks.

The typhoid was a serious matter and was within measurable distance of carrying me to the great beyond, but I pulled through it. We had a marble yard near my old home at Aber, whither, as children, we loved to go with our nurse and polish small bits of marble. On my first walk after my illness I met the manager, who cheered me by saying quite disappointedly, "Indeed, Mr Ralph, I thought we should have had the pleasure of making a tombstone for you this time."

A comic election episode at Beaumaris comes back to my mind. We had three candidates for the Anglesey Boroughs, the Conservative being Colonel Hampton, the Liberal Captain (afterwards Sir Edmund) Verney, and the Radical Mr Morgan Lloyd, Q.C. Old Admiral Ogle, who was as deaf as a post and an ultra-Tory, promised his vote to the Tory candidate, but Captain Verney urged him to second his nomination, saying, "A brother salt, Admiral, a brother salt! you surely won't go back upon me, and you know you need not vote for me," to which the Admiral gave way. After the election he was tackled by the Tory candidate, who said,

"Surely, Admiral, it was not playing the game to promise to vote for me and then to second Verney"; to which the Admiral replied, "Oh, damn it, I know that just as well as you do, and I'm sorry he persuaded me to do it, but at all events I put my cross against that damned Radical fellow Morgan Lloyd!"

My father decided to send me to London, and there by ill luck from his point of view, but good luck from mine, he sent me to a legal firm whose prosperous days were past, who did little really good work, and who let me do exactly as I liked.

I came of age just then, and came into a little money, which I unwisely regarded as enough for pleasure, but not enough for the nucleus of an income, so I set to work to spend it. I spent many unprofitable months at this, until my father chanced to come to London, and discovered that my career was not progressing as he had hoped. I had learnt many things during that time, but had not acquired any further knowledge of law, so he at last decided that the legal profession was not my line.

It was while in London then that I, for the first and last time, was present at a battle between Mr Gladstone and Mr Disraeli in the House of Commons. I have not the least recollection of the subject of it, but the attitude of the two men struck me greatly. Gladstone, I remember, made an eloquent and stinging attack upon Disraeli's policy, seeking to wither him up with the magnitude of his anger. During the whole speech Disraeli never moved, but sat looking down with his arms folded and his hat tilted over his eyes. He might have been the Sphinx. Mr Gladstone finished, and in an instant Disraeli was on his feet. He remembered everything, not a point escaped him. He passed over biting criticisms with a laugh, and turned profound diatribes into infinite ridicule.

Unlike his great rival, Mr Gladstone fidgeted in his seat, took up his pen and put it down again,

made notes and crumpled them up, and showed every sign of extreme irritation. I never heard either of them speak again, but that one experience indicated to me the character of the two men more clearly than acres of newspaper description.

I have often heard it discussed whether Irving and Toole ever played together in the same piece. It seems extraordinary how few remember that they did so in 1869, at the old Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, in a piece called "Not Guilty."

It was the first play I ever saw in London. Irving was an unjustly condemned convict and Toole was the mischievous spirit of the convict gang, always breaking the regulations and always managing to transfer the blame to Irving, who accepted the situation with gloomy and uncomplaining rectitude. Miss Henrietta Hodson, afterwards Mrs Labouchere, then a tall, slight, fair girl and singularly attractive, played the heroine in this piece. One is very apt to associate Toole only with fun, and but few remember how he could draw tears, as, for example, in Caleb Plummer in "The Cricket on the Hearth."

The beautiful Adelaide Neilson was the rage of London in that year. We magnify events as they recede into distance, but I am still sure that I never heard such enthusiasm as she evoked in many of her parts, and I never saw so entirely charming a "Rosalind." I think it was at the Adelphi that I recollect her being nearly half an hour on the stage, returning again and again, only to be smothered with bouquets. And she died so young, to the great grief of all who knew and admired her.

A little society incident of that year recurs to my mind and will be remembered by many of my own age, in which a lady of high social distinction living in St James' Square turned a now living Scottish marquis out of her house at a party, to which she believed he was an uninvited guest, because she failed to understand the correct pronunciation of his name. It was

much talked of at the time and caused infinite amusement.

It was then, too, that Grenville Murray started his little pamphlet paper, "The Queen's Messenger," and raised it to notoriety by his article "Coachington Lord Jarvey," a skit on a previous Lord Carrington, for which he was horsewhipped by Lord Carrington's son, the present Lord Lincolnshire. Legal proceedings arose, which resulted in a charge of perjury being brought against Grenville Murray, who was released on bail, and then left the country, never, I believe, returning.

There was an article on Lord Conyngham too, which was very scurrilous, entitled, "The Marquis of Slybacon."

Old Paddy Green was still the presiding genius at Evans'. Many will remember his cheery smile and greeting of "Ah, dear boy" at the entrance, with his snuff-box for those whom he deemed worthy of it. John Hollingshead built the Gaiety in that year, the old theatre now pulled down, but then regarded as a huge advance in luxury and comfort. Old Ben Webster was still "author, manager and actor too" at the Adelphi, and Buckstone and Sothern were at the Haymarket.

Many odd corners of London survived then which would not be tolerated now, but I do not fancy the world was any wickeder, and it was certainly more pleasant.

During all this time I had but one real wish, and that was to emigrate.

I went home for a bit to think of it, and for a good many months I had a capital time in my own county; falling in love for one thing, only to be obliged to fall out again for lack of means. But that is an old story, though it was a hard experience at the time.

I used to search the newspapers for ships sailing for the colonies, and so little did I know about it that I cared not whither they went. At last it was decided

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definitely that I should emigrate, so the village carpenter was set to build me an unwieldy seaman's chest. That chest is still in existence, and on it hangs a story which I will tell later. With it I started for London, without the least idea of where I was going.

I remember dining at the Reform Club with the kindest old friend that ever man had, who is dead and gone now, and he sent for a paper to the smoking-room. I remember that evening especially well for another reason. There was an eccentric old gentleman, a member of the club, Mr Rigby Wason, who had been in parliament. He was sitting not far from us, and he suddenly called to the waiter in masterful tones to come and take his boots off. And there he sat bootless, his feet spread out on a chair, not a single member protesting. Why, I have often wondered.

In the paper when it came we discovered the name of the *Peter Stuart*, a sailing ship of Devitt & Moore's line bound for Melbourne, and then and there I decided to sail in her. I positively did not know to what colony Melbourne belonged, and we had to send for a map to find out. The colonies were not then so well known, and the old story of the new Secretary of State for the Colonies invoking the aid of the Clerk of the Council and a map, exclaiming, "Here, Helps, come and show me where these places are," was more real than it would be now, although I have seen some strange errors in high places in very recent years.

CHAPTER III

LIFE IN AUSTRALIA

I TOOK my passage next day in the *Peter Stuart* as the only passenger, paying the modest sum of £30 for it. The ship was delayed for a month, and during that time I succeeded in spending too large a portion of my remaining money, finally embarking with only £20 in my pocket.

I have never throughout my life regretted that voyage, for it taught me much. Being the only passenger, I had nothing to do but read and notice what was going on around me, and so effectively did I notice it, that when, in later years, I was appointed to the post of "Captain of the Port" of Gibraltar, I was saved from many pitfalls by what I had learnt on the old *Peter Stuart* and in other sailing ships. We never saw land from the day we left until we sighted Cape Leeuwin in Australia, unless it was the island of Tristan d'Acunha. The captain promised a reward to anyone who did sight it, and two of the crew claimed to do so, but the captain declined to pay the reward because he could not see it himself; nor could I.

After eighty-four days, a quick passage then, we picked up our pilot off Port Philip Heads.

The Melbourne pilots of that time were said to make large incomes, and had a curious cult of their own of avoiding all semblance of a sailor. I found the pilot when I went on deck in the morning walking with mincing steps and speaking in a

finnikin voice. He was dressed in a grey frock-coat, light trousers, a white macintosh, and a white tall hat, and in his hand he carried a neatly rolled silk umbrella. How anyone in such a kit found his way on board in a fresh breeze of wind has always puzzled me. However, he knew his business, and we beat through the somewhat tricky entrance of Port Philip, and ere long found our way to Sandridge, lying off that night and going alongside the pier in the morning.

Melbourne, even in 1870, was a charming place. After long years of wandering in the colonies and of experience of its great towns, my memory always goes back to it as my old love. Even then it had fine buildings, bright and broad streets and shops, where more things and better things could be bought than can be bought to-day at such great towns as Johannesburg and Cape Town. Even then its hotels were good, its theatres fine, its actors far above the average, and, above all, its society delightful. Even then, forty years ago, it was in advance of most of the great colonial towns of to-day in almost everything.

Lord Canterbury was the governor, and lived out at the old Government House at Toorak, the most fashionable suburb of Melbourne. The well-known George Coppin was the great theatrical manager, and I recall a lively literary passage of arms between him and the governor, as to the governor's liability to pay for his box when the performances were under His Excellency's patronage, in which Coppin scored, as he generally did.

Perhaps at this distance of time I may be forgiven if I give my impressions of the "classes" as they then were. Nothing struck me more in general society than the difference, as it seemed to me, between the men and the women. I was little more than a boy, so I suppose my area may be considered as limited to the younger of both sexes. The charm

of the women, their pretty dresses, their cultured manners, and their entirely English ways remain a pleasant memory still. And in the same household you would often find brothers who were unrealisable as of the same family, whose pride was to seem as rough as their sisters were refined. Money was in plenty, and the squatters were princes in the land. I remember the parrot cry of "How many sheep has your father got?" "What did you get for your wool?" "My father sheared so many," and so on into unending boastfulness of money. But even then money was not everything, and some of the chosen of the society flock had but modest incomes.

Jock Moffat was alive then, and the terrible scandal which ended in, I think, eight members of the Victorian House of Assembly, including the Mayor of Melbourne, having to leave the House, had only recently happened. The inquiry into their conduct disclosed much that was interesting, and incidentally a telegram, said to have been sent to the member for Ballarat, "Is the lamb ready for the slaughter?" to which the reply was, "Yes, but where is the mint sauce?" They had not been paid.

Some of these gentlemen migrated to Fiji, and became the principal advisers of Thakombau, King of Fiji, one of them becoming his Prime Minister, from which a rather good story arises. Some years later this Prime Minister visited Sydney and held a conference with Mr (afterwards Sir Henry) Parkes, the famous premier of New South Wales. Mr Parkes disliked his visitor's assumption of equality of office, and told him so. To which Mr W.'s answer is said to have been: "I fully recognise the inequality. I am Prime Minister to a King, you are merely Chief Secretary to a dependency, but I am willing to waive that."

In those days Melbourne had its music halls and cafés, with methods of management which could not now exist. There were two famous cafés where

the waitresses wore gold-braided zouave jackets, tights, and little jaunty braided forage caps. I think some of them must have been pretty, and I have heard it said that after serving their guests they were not averse from sitting down upon their customer's knee and chatting; but that is another story, and perhaps my memory plays me false.

Melbourne had just about that time lost its Imperial garrison, and I have a sort of recollection that the last of the Imperial troops left the colony in a sailing ship called the *Corona*, in the early part of 1870.

My first proceeding on landing was to go to Scott's Hotel, the best of those days, and very good it was. I could not afford to go there, but I had a few resources left which had turned up by mail since I left England, and Melbourne was very pleasant.

I had one great letter of introduction on which I relied, from my old friend Mr Murray Gladstone, a friend of my early days, whose genial kindness I shall never forget, to Mr Neil Black of Glenormiston (the Honourable Neil Black, as he was always called), whose name bristled with importance and whose wealth was great. I sent him my letter, and he asked me to luncheon with him at Brighton Beach, from which I augured much good. I went, and even at first got but a cold reception; and then, after luncheon, he turned to me and, in a hard, creaky Scotch voice, said, "I have sent for ye, young man, to tell ye that this is no place for ye. The time is past for young gentlemen without capital or knowledge of the country. I can do nothing for ye, and my advice to ye is to leave by the next ship for England," and he turned from me as though he had done with me.

Never surely was a bitterer speech made by a solitary man of enormous wealth to one starting on his career in the world, to one bringing him an

earnest letter from his old friend. I felt it in its full intensity, and I turned to him and said, "Mr Black, I want nothing from you. I will take nothing from you, not even your advice. I would sooner starve in the streets of Melbourne than do as you tell me, and I will succeed in spite of you." I never even shook his hand, but got up and walked out of the house. I am grateful to providence that I never set eyes on him again. The advice he gave me was not only unkind but untrue, as there has been no time in the history of the country which offered a better opportunity to a young man seeking his fortune than the time that I went out.

I had many letters of introduction, each almost as useless as the other, and things looked rather black until I took up one given me by my sister, written by a friend of hers, who had never seen me, to Mrs Ryan, the wife of Mr Charles Ryan of the old firm of Messrs Ryan & Hammond. I wrote a note enclosing my letter and expecting nothing, but an answer came next day from Mr Ryan telling me to call at his office, and from that day my luck changed. No one, I think, has ever found a better or a kinder friend in need than I found in old Charles Ryan. I told him exactly how I was placed, that I wanted work, and would do anything. I told him, too, what Mr Black had said to me, and I well remember his reply: "Oh, to the divil with Neil Black, the old curmudgeon! pack your portmanteau and come up to us and I'll find something for you all right, and in the meantime it will cost you nothing." I went, and it was the beginning of a friendship with a family whose name I always regard with affection when I think of old days. Mr Ryan had several daughters, the elder, now Mrs Rowan, so well known as the famous painter of Australian flowers; and the second, now Lady Charles Scott, the wife of Admiral Lord Charles Scott, who, after my time, commanded on the Australian station, having formerly commanded

the *Bacchante* when out there with the late Duke of Clarence and our present King.

I remember Mrs Rowan telling me a story of a noble lord, a singularly unpopular member of the Duke of Edinburgh's staff, who, when dancing with her, said, "I suppose, Miss Ryan, you have never danced with a lord before"; to which she replied, "No, I generally dance with a gentleman," and left him standing. It is by such speeches as these that the few among Englishmen sometimes make the name of many an offence to colonists. Mrs Rowan I met in after years travelling in the West Indies, her little fragile person looking to me almost as young and as *piquante* as ever. Lady Charles Scott I have never met since, and have only the cheery recollection of her in her tomboy days when once out walking she threatened to climb up a tree in the Fitzroy Gardens and stay there if I did not stop lecturing her on her frivolity.

One of Mr Ryan's sons was then a medical student, and later attained to a good deal of fame by his work with the Turkish troops during the great siege of Plevna. I have lately heard that he is now one of the most distinguished surgeons in Melbourne.

Just at that time Power, the famous bushranger, had been taken single-handed by that splendid specimen of a police officer Superintendent Hare after a ride of ninety miles, both Power and Hare being alone, if I recollect right. We walked over on Sunday to see Mr Hare, and there we saw, too, the horse on which he had made his great ride. I think Mr Hare was afterwards successful in the capture of the Kelly gang, who so long held the colony of Victoria in terror. He was a man of immense height and great physique, the finest police officer I have ever seen.

On the Sundays after luncheon those two well-known journalists, Mr Haddon, the then editor of the *Argus*, and Mr Gowan Evans, the then editor

of the *Australian*, used to come over and smoke and chat. I remember Mr Ryan saying, "Now, what am I to do with young Williams?" to which Mr Haddon replied, "Send him to Fiji and marry him to Thakombau's daughter." Fortunately, perhaps, the plot failed, and Mr Ryan induced his old friend Mr Baillie, who lived at Toorak, but owned Benerembah, a large sheep station in New South Wales on the Murrumbidgee River, to take me as his storekeeper and overseer. Mr Baillie was the younger brother of Sir William Baillie of Polkemmet, in Linlithgow, and his two sons, first Sir George and afterwards Sir Robert, succeeded their uncle in the baronetcy, it being now held by the latter's son, Sir Gawaine Baillie. There were two daughters, Mrs Price, whom I afterwards taught to ride, the wife of Colonel Price so well known in Victoria, and Mrs W. G. Cavendish, the wife of Colonel "Bill" Cavendish of the Grenadier Guards, whom I have been fortunate in seeing occasionally in later years, always meeting with the kindliest recollection of old days.

My journey up country was by train to Echuca, then the terminus of the railway, and thence by stern-wheel steamer down the river Murray and up the Murrumbidgee. It was a delightful river journey, and to this day I remember with pleasure the glades through which the winding river passed, and my first introduction to the bush of Australia, which I still love far better than any country to which my fortunes have carried me.

In due course we arrived at Hay, and there I found Mr Baillie, who had taken a quicker route. There were still over sixty miles of road to travel before I could reach Benerembah, and having heard that the floods were out and the road route nearly impassable, Mr Baillie decided to take my berth on the steamer and leave me to find my way by road with his horses. So next day I started, a veritable

new chum, riding one horse and leading another which would not lead, to find my way through the floods, which in places extended miles away from the river bank, no road or even track being visible. I had to find my way, to swim creeks, to hobble and then re-saddle my horses as best I could, and after two and a half days of weary journeying I reached Benerembah. I was greeted by Mr Macdonald, the Scotch manager, Mr Baillie not having yet arrived, and found the home which was to be mine for three years.

Of all the stations which I saw during my life in Australia, Benerembah was, I think, the most attractive, beautifully situated in a bend of the Murrumbidgee, its pretty bungalow house and neat sheds and buildings making it the ideal of what a lad would picture as an Australian bush home. Every time I read that most perfect Australian book *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, which alone of all books pictures something of the best side of old bush life, I see Benerembah and the neighbouring stations on the river before me as they then were. What they are now that railways and free selectors (or whatever their modern name be) have intruded upon them I cannot say, but I am very sure that much of their old sylvan charm has gone.

Looking back I am satisfied that no life could be happier or healthier for a youngster than that on a first-rate station in a first-rate district of the Australian bush. Much depended on one's surroundings, but these combined sheep and cattle stations of Riverina, owned for the most part by rich, sometimes very rich, men, gave one of the best.

Benerembah was on the very banks of the famous Murrumbidgee River, and as we were a bachelor party we used to walk down the garden path each morning and evening, our only garment a bath towel, and dive in from the high banks for a glorious swim.

And the life there, how delightful it was. We had sixty thousand sheep and fifteen hundred head of cattle; not a large station for such a district, but perfect in its details. When I was there the station was fenced and the old picturesque but unsatisfactory days of shepherding were over.

I arrived just as the shearing season was to begin. The great sheep wash and wool-shed and drafting yards were all new to me, but I found everyone good to me, and my experience was that if you began by confessing your ignorance you would find no kinder helper than the young Australian, whether overseer or boundary rider; but if you put on side and assumed a knowledge which you had not got, assuredly then the worst buckjumper was your mount some fine morning, and the most difficult paddock was yours to muster the sheep in.

Even in those days shearers were thoroughly independent, and were quite ready to put down their shears on the smallest provocation; but they were good fellows, young farmers with small holdings for the most part, and generally steady men who saved their money and drank but little. The sheep-washers were quite a different class, chance men from anywhere, who toiled laboriously through the many weeks of shearing, only far more often than not to "knock down" their cheques in a few days at their favourite grog-shop, the proprietor of which had robbed them many times before and would rob them many times again. The practice of paying all wages by cheque was at the bottom of the trouble. Bush-ranging had led to an entire absence of money on all stations. I think I may safely say that I can never recollect as much as five pounds in cash being on the station during all the time I was there. The man left with his cheque and the first place he found was a villainous roadside grog-shop. If he wanted a bottle of beer or a piece of bread he had his cheque only, and almost certainly if he changed it his fate was

sealed. A hocussed drink and then about four days of horrible drunkenness, generally carried out in very limited clothing, finished him, and he was kicked out, shaken, broken and wretched, with a bottle of brandy, charged with bluestone and vitriol, to carry him on his way, even more penniless than when the shearing season began.

I gained a good deal of credit with the men shortly after my arrival, which I never lost. For some reason the entire lot of shearers walked out on the trifling grounds that their meat and stores were not carried down to them, and that they had to send their own man for them. The squatter, Mr Baillie, was equally obstinate, and positively refused to meet them in any way by detailing a man for the work. The situation became so strained that it bid fair to end in disaster, when I stepped in and asked to be allowed to carry the things down myself, with the result that I wheeled my barrow down two or three times daily to their huts, and handed over the things with a laugh. This went on for several days until the shearers, in the inconsequential way so dear to them, suddenly rounded on their cook, reviled him for not doing the work himself, and beat him out of the hut to take charge of the barrow. This ended the trouble, but I was lucky enough to win the great goodwill of all in the matter.

Benerembah had been but a short time before my arrival the scene of a visit from a then well-known bushranger, "Blue Cap" and his gang. They treated the owner of the next station, Mr Waller, with great contumely, but it proved to be the beginning of the end. He was an old Marlborough boy, a hard man of iron will, and he devoted himself to raising the country for their capture so strenuously that in a very few weeks he, with the aid of the police, succeeded in shooting, drowning, or capturing every single one of them.

Bushranging was still very near to squatters at

that time. Our manager had not long before been caught by Morgan, the most bloodthirsty ruffian of them all, and tied to a tree, escaping by the merest chance with his life.

I suppose that the most picturesque, the best known and the least violent in his measures was Gardiner, whom I saw and spoke to in Darlinghurst prison in Sydney. I have always supposed that he was the original of the hero of the splendid story *Robbery under Arms.* A strong feeling existed that he ought to be released, and many petitions were made for it, but gossip alleged that the Chief Justice of New South Wales, Sir Alfred Stephen, stood in the way. At all events Gardiner remained in prison until the Chief Justice's death, and obtained his release very shortly afterwards.

Our station was on the Murrumbidgee between Wagga Wagga and Hay, and the mail was carried on packhorses between the two places. The fact is interesting, as not very long previously one of the mailmen was Thomas Castro, shortly afterwards the famous Tichborne Claimant. A curious point in reference to this case which was never referred to by either side has always struck me. Those who remember the case will recollect the reiteration by counsel opposed to the claimant of the manifest absurdity of supposing that the slight and slim Roger Tichborne could have developed into a man of the enormous bulk of the claimant. His counsel never once, as far as I can remember, brought forward the undoubted fact that the claimant, as Thomas Castro, was actually a man of about nine stone in weight when he rode the mails, and that he did actually develop into his great size to the certain knowledge of many living on the river. A fairly good proof of it, had it only been surmise, was that the mailman had to ride a distance of 214 miles from Wagga Wagga to a point on the Murrumbidgee below Benerembah, and after about three hours' rest,

if he kept time, and no rest if he was late, had to ride the same distance back again; 428 miles between Sunday and Wednesday, done at a hard canter the whole way, with the additional labour of catching his change of horses and unpacking and repacking his mails at each station. This was no argument that he was Roger Tichborne, but it indicates that even that exhaustive trial did not bring out quite all the facts.

I recollect a narrow escape of Jimmy Donovan, a later mailman, on the same road. He was riding at night, and wanting a light for his pipe he cantered off the track towards a fire which he saw in the bush near. Then, thinking he was late, he swerved back into the road. We heard next day that the fire was caused by the burning of the bodies of two Jew peddlers, murdered there at that very moment for the trifles in their packs by some ruffians who were afterwards, fortunately, hanged. I rode out next day and saw the remains before the police arrived, and I recollect that I put a piece of one of their bones in my waistcoat pocket, where the horrid reminiscence remained for years until it crumbled away into dust.

Our life was for the most part one of constant and very happy work; always either on horseback or among the stock, and always well. The station had a frontage to the river of 8½ miles and ran 32 miles back. It was divided into eight paddocks. I once made a ride of 77 miles in eight hours over it, riding from point to point when a bush fire was threatening us; and once, during my time, I rode 105 miles in one day, from Deniliquin to Benerembah across country, the last 90 miles being covered with one horse, which finally swam the Murrumbidgee River into the station at half-past ten at night; a big ride, and one which my seventeen stone would shudder at now, though the year 1907, at that weight, did see me in a rather notable ride, to which I will refer later.

We used to have the oddest kind of people come

round to see us as missionaries, and it was an unfailing rule that all missionaries should be offered hospitality and given a fair field. We had a regular Scotch minister with whom I came to journalistic argument in a local paper, because he refused to marry a young couple without his fee of five pounds, which they had not got; with the result that they dispensed with the ceremony altogether, to the great scandal of the neighbourhood. In my youthful ardour I denounced him in the *Pastoral Times*, a local newspaper, and compared him to the sons of Eli, who said, "Put me in one of the priest's offices that I may eat a piece of bread," after which he disliked me, and I fear I did not profit by his ministrations. One so-called missionary, a man named Peter Campbell, arrived and roused the ire of all of us by standing on the threshold raising his hands to heaven and saying, "Peace be upon this 'ouse and all that dwell therein," afterwards trying to sell me a book, called *The Burning Sea of Fire*, for seven and sixpence. I fear he was a humbug, but we bore with him and his like, as hospitality was a sacred thing in the bush.

That very remarkable multi-millionaire Mr James Tyson was well known to me. He had risen from nothing to vast wealth. His brother, Mr Peter Tyson, used to be known as "the poor brother," though we credited even him with an income of about £30,000 a year. There was a story current of the two brothers when "over-landing" cattle and passing through the swamps about Gundagai above Wagga Wagga. Many of the cattle were bogged, and in the midst of the trouble one of the stock-riders galloped up shouting, "Oh, Mr James, Mr Peter is drowning," to which the answer is said to have been: "Damn Peter; go and look after the cattle." Surely this deserved success. Another example of his economy I know to be true. He arrived at the Royal Hotel at Deniliquin in the evening to go on by a coach which left at 2.30 A.M.

the following morning. He approached the management for a bedroom, and sought to bargain for a cheaper rate as his occupation would terminate at that hour. The manager pointed out the fallacy of his reasoning with no avail, and he finally said, "Very well, I'll just take a sleep in a chair in the coffee-room." He once asked me in the coach going south to what hotel I was going in Melbourne, to which I replied, "Scott's." "Ah, young man," he said, "ye are richer than I am, I can only manage a boarding-house in Carlton." I heard him on the same occasion denounce a young fellow in the coach because, having lit his pipe, he threw two or three unused matches out of the window, telling him he would never succeed in life, an assurance which in that case carried a certain amount of truth in it, I think.

I could wander over many pages of my happy life in the Australian bush, not only in Riverina, but in many other parts which I visited, but it would, I fear, be vastly uninteresting to others.

I paid a delightful visit to the coast, making Melbourne my headquarters, and receiving much hospitality. I have often wondered why, as I had no money and no position. After some weeks in Melbourne, I thought of going to New Zealand for a short run, but on the way to the steamer office I met an overseer friend from the bush who suggested Tasmania. I went straight to the Tasmanian steamer office and took my passage. That alteration in my plans, though I little guessed it, was of infinite moment to me, for it entirely changed the course of my life and led me indirectly to my wife, with whom I have since wandered over the world for thirty-eight years.

Anthony Trollope was a passenger on the steamer, and during my time in Tasmania I saw a good deal of him. Of all charming books his have been to me, saving only those of Charles Dickens, the most

charming. His delightfully realistic pictures of the best class of English country society, his marvellously correct interpretations of the old-fashioned clerical life of our cathedral towns, and his sweetest of all sweet heroines, have given me many pleasant hours of reading. But I do not think that it will be controverted that his personality stood out in quaint contradiction to his books. Probably I only saw the outside edge of him, the crusty side, but the side that I did see was of the crustiest. He complained of everything, found fault with everything, and hectored everybody unmercifully. It would have been hard to find a greater contrast than existed between Anthony Trollope himself and Mary Thorne, Lily Dale, or delightfully inconsequential and indiscreet Lady Glencora Palliser, the heroines of his books.

The famous mail coaches known as Page's coaches ran between Launceston and Hobart Town, as it was then called, a distance of about 120 miles. The road was perfect, made by generations of convicts, while the coaches were run on the lines of the best old-fashioned English stage-coaches, coachman and guard with their red coats and all in like degree. About half-way between the two places we arrived at Campbelltown, a full coach load, and found two young travelling Englishmen there, a Harrow boy and his elder brother, waiting to find seats. The guard positively refused to take them until I interceded, when he gave way, and thus began a friendship which has lasted until to-day: for, three years later, I married their sister, Jessie Dean.

What a gem of the world Tasmania is; its climate perfect, and its beauty and charm as a home almost unrivalled. I write of it as it was over forty years ago, a thoroughly English country with its villages, its old-world life, its delightfully old-fashioned gardens, with every English fruit, and

to be matched nowhere but in England. It is one of the few places of which I have longed to be governor, but it has never come my way.

While in Hobart Town a small party of us chartered a schooner called the *King Billy* and went shooting on the peninsula of Port Arthur, the former famous convict station. One of our party was the late well-known Sir Daniel Cooper. Our trip nearly ended in a catastrophe, as one of my future brothers-in-law got lost in the bush, and we had a terrible time of it, ultimately finding him in a very exhausted state.

Before returning to Benerembah I paid a visit to Sydney, and stayed at the Australian Club there, which then was far the best. Perhaps it is now. Lord Belmore was the governor, and there are many stories anent his term of office which those of that day will recollect, but it is too soon to tell them now.

I left Sydney for Benerembah with my finances nearly exhausted, and at the hotel at Wagga Wagga I changed my last sovereign to pay my bill, having only four shillings left, and being still nearly two hundred miles from my destination. It nearly came to walking, but I tried my old friend Jimmy Donovan the mailman, and he lent me horses to go through. I managed to buy a saddle on credit, and so got back to my work after as good a holiday as ever a youngster had. I settled down to my work, and the old routine from before daylight to dark went on to my infinite contentment.

I think that in some respects I was born under a lucky star, because just then I got the news that I had been left a little money, one of those unfortunate legacies which are enough to enjoy, but not (or at all events young idiots think so) enough to save. I stuck to my work, but it made life much pleasanter.

And now I come to an event in my life which most people will regard as chimerical, but which

gave me some of the best experiences I have ever gathered.

No matter how, I became filled with the dream of buried treasure in South America. It is as fresh to me now as it was then, and I still have the details and marks with me, and occasionally, when I have nothing better to do, look over them and dream about them. I left Benerembah and went down to Melbourne, going on from there to South Australia to stay with my old friend Mr Henry L'Estrange, from whence I went to Sydney.

While in South Australia I went to some races at Mount Gambier, where one of the riders whom I knew broke his collar-bone, sat out the rest of the races, and died of lockjaw in three days. Curiously enough, at the next race meeting I went to, at Randwick near Sydney, a young fellow met with exactly the same accident, also sat out the races, and also died of lockjaw in a few days. Surely unusual.

Before leaving Melbourne in 1873, I took the big sea-chest, of which I have previously spoken, to my old friend Mr Ryan, at the office of Messrs Ryan & Hammond, which still exists, and asked him to take care of it. He said, "How long shall I keep it?" I said, "Until I come to fetch it." He replied, "When will that be?" and I laughingly said, "Oh, I'll come out to fetch it as governor of the colony." "All right, my boy," he replied, "I'll keep it until then."

A few years ago I met his daughter, Mrs Rowan, in the West Indies, and one of the first things she said was, "When are you coming to fetch your chest?" "Surely," said I, "it's not there still." "Oh yes, it is," she replied; "still waiting for you in Harry's office."

The great expense of the Victorian governorship precluded my ever aspiring to that dignity; but it is quaint that I should have come within measurable distance of fulfilling my prophecy, and that I may yet

go to Melbourne, not as governor of the colony, but at least as a colonial governor, and unearth the contents of the old chest left there all those long years ago. The story serves to show that even then I was not without ambition, and that a goal determined on in early days is not quite so impossible of attainment as it may seem.

During my second visit to Sydney, Sir Hercules Robinson was the governor. It was my lot to serve under him for a long period in later years. He was an ideal governor in the dignity of his surroundings and in his adherence to constitutional precedent. He could hold what he had, but lacked the creative power which makes a great governor. Sir Hercules was a curious instance of a colonial official who was, if not actually a governor, at all events the administrator of his colony for a period extending over, I think, thirty-five years; beginning in the tiny island of Montserrat, and ending as Governor of Cape Town and High Commissioner of South Africa. He never held a subordinate post during his whole colonial career.

He was the one racing governor I have known, and he loved it. It was at the Randwick Race Meeting that I saw his first horse "Fitz Yattenden" start on the Australian Turf, and I recollect his trainer Tait leading the horse out and calling for "Three cheers for the Governor's colt." I was able to remind Sir Hercules of it in later years. That particular meeting was a lucky one for me, as I won enough through backing an outsider in a steeplechase to pay my expenses during a six weeks' stay in Sydney.

In Australia it was, and I believe still is, essential that a governor should take, or seem to take, a keen interest in racing. A delightful story was told me some time ago of her husband's successor by the well-known wife of a former Australian governor. The new governor was of pronounced Puritanical

principles, and to him racing was a sealed book. His Excellency, as in duty bound, went to the races, and was received with all honour, a special steward being told off in attendance upon him. A race card was handed to him, which cryptic document he diligently studied, at last looking up and saying, "And pray, Mr A., can you inform me what the letters 'B.G.,' which I see after the names of some of the horses, signify?" The steward, incapable of realising such lack of knowledge in his Governor, replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "Oh, Sir, you are pulling my leg."

Colonies are subject to strange variations of climate in their governors. Another of the Australian colonies had for some years a cheery representative of Her Majesty, who had the reputation of admiring beauty wherever he found it. His successor was differently constituted, owning a wife of excellent piety. A former private secretary visiting the old place under its new regime was addressed by the lady, "Ah, Mr W., I hope you realise the difference here from the impure atmosphere to which you were accustomed."

I was strolling in Chester Station, waiting for a train, one night in 1885, with Cecil Rhodes, when he told me a story of Sir Hercules Robinson, very indicative of the conditions at Government House, Cape Town, at the time, which he stated he had heard from Sir Hercules himself.

It was popularly, and I think rightly, supposed that a certain subordinate officer of the High Commissioner ruled the policy of the office, sometimes to the exclusion of His Excellency. When the great Bechuanaland dispute took place with Sir Charles Warren this officer held the guiding reins. One day in the plenitude of his power he forgot the dignity of the High Commissioner. Turning to Sir Hercules he said, "Upon my word, Sir, if the Secretary of State supports Sir Charles Warren I

hardly know what course to take." "What do you mean?" was the reply. "Well, Sir, as far as I can see, my only course would be to resign, and what would the Colonial Office do then?" "Do! do!" said Sir Hercules, roused at last to exasperation. "Why, damn it all, send out another clerk to be sure."

I don't think I ever saw Rhodes laugh so heartily as when telling this story, and those who knew him well will recollect the laugh I speak of.

CHAPTER IV

LIFE IN PATAGONIA

A SMALL party of four of us clubbed our resources and left Sydney, as treasure seekers, for London in the *Alexander Duthie*, sailing round Cape Horn, thus closing that period of my career. By this passage I completed my voyage round the world in a sailing ship, which was not uncommon then, but is unusual now. I played chess during the whole voyage of ninety-six days, and solved every problem in some books we had on board.

For reasons it is unnecessary to go into the syndicate split up in London, two of our party returning to Australia. My dear old friend Doctor Gordon, now long since dead, and I held together and determined to try and go through with it, and our first step was to take our passages for South America, which we did in the *Flamsteed* of the Lamport and Holt Line. We stayed at the North Western Hotel in Liverpool, and we so enjoyed ourselves the night before leaving that we failed to wake the next morning, and the *Flamsteed* sailed without us. When staying in great dignity in later years at the same hotel, waiting to embark for my Governorship of Newfoundland, my former visit came back to me as a vivid contrast. It was lucky, however, that we did miss our ship, for she was a few days later run down and sunk by *H.M.S. Bellerophon*. Such are the chances of life.

We then changed to the Pacific Steam Navigation

Company's steamer *Garonne*, calling at Bordeaux and Lisbon. The ship arrived at Lisbon late in the evening, and the authorities refused pratique, and forbade anyone to land except the second officer with the mails, he remaining on shore all night with a couple of hands. Gordon and I induced him to take us, subject to the captain's permission. As I played chess with the captain and he liked me, he contented himself with saying we were asses and would be locked up, and consented to look the other way. It was luckily a rainy, stormy night, and as the last sacks were carried up from the mail-room we, clad in heavy oilskins and sou'westers, shouldered a couple of mail-bags and walked down the gangway into the boat, taking our places as two of the crew. It was a risky business, as those who know foreign ports will recognise, but it succeeded, and we got through.

It was my first experience in Lisbon, and I won more silver in milreis at a gambling-house that night than I have ever had in my possession either before or since. The next day we re-embarked, having considerably enlarged our experiences in the interval.

We called at St Vincent, Cape Verde, on our voyage, at that time the most God-forsaken place on earth. As far as I recollect, one of the principal sources of revenue to its inhabitants was the exhibition of a scientifically interesting freak of nature whom many may remember, which proved an unfailing attraction to the masculine passengers of the mail steamers at a charge of a shilling a head.

We called at Pernambuco, the most wonderful natural harbour in the world for small ships, and at Bahia and Rio Janeiro. One is often asked the question, which is the most beautiful harbour, Port Jackson (Sydney) or Rio? Undoubtedly Rio, I should say, because of its extraordinary variety of scenery and colouring. The grandeur of the mighty Corcovado and the almost, but not quite, inaccessible "Sugar Loaf" are extraordinarily impressive. The

Sugar Loaf was once the scene of a rather ridiculous episode which nearly led to trouble. Two English midshipmen succeeded in scaling it and there planting the British flag, where it proudly waved next morning over the very portals of Brazilian territory. I do not know the story of my own knowledge, but I have heard that one of the heroes of it was Captain George Chaworth Musters, who later wrote *At Home among the Patagonians*, and who died when holding the post of British Consul at Mozambique.

The Brazilian authorities demanded the instant removal of the flag, in reply to which the British admiral is said to have politely concurred in its removal by them at the earliest possible moment. The authorities, who of course could not get at it, then declared their intention of firing at it, to which the admiral equally politely objected. Finally it was left to blow down, which it soon did, amidst mingled laughter and indignation.

Dom Pedro was Emperor of Brazil when I was there, and I saw him and his extremely plain wife (the daughter, if I remember right, of the King of Naples) several times. He was a grand old man, too good, I thought, for the Brazilians. They got rid of him not very long afterwards. He was always studiedly courteous to Englishmen, even though they were of no particular social or official importance.

After touching at, and staying a day at, Monte Video, to which we later on returned, we went on to Punta Arenas in the Straits of Magellan, then a Chilian convict-station, and surely one of the oddest little world-end places at that time in existence. Its inhabitants consisted first of the commandant (or governor, as he liked to be called), Don Oscar Viel, a lieutenant in the Chilian Navy. This officer was long afterwards the right-hand man of President Balmaceda in the civil war in Chile. There was a convict guard, only one degree less villainous than

the convicts themselves, and there were one or two stores with their owners.

We landed amidst many cheers from the passengers, who regarded us with much the same interest as that taken by the fellow-passengers of Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley when they left for the joys of Mr Scadder's city of Eden. We found sanctuary in a little store on the beach, kept by an Englishman (one of only two in the place) and an American, bearing the sylvan names of Greenwood and Forrest.

Greenwood was the son of a former headmaster of Christ's Hospital, and Forrest the son of the famous Confederate cavalry general. Both were men of education and good fellows, who, for their own reasons, had thus buried themselves. I afterwards went down to Bognor to see Greenwood's mother, a picturesque old lady, whose delight was pathetic at meeting someone who had seen her far-away son, whom she regarded as almost lost to her. We slept on the floor of the little store on a bundle of goat skins, and matters were about as rough as anything I have come across in a life tinged with hardish incidents. Our stay here was enlivened by the arrival of a shipwrecked crew from the Welsh ship *Ocean Empress* of Carnarvon, lost in the Pacific, near the entrance to the Straits. They were all countrymen of mine, two of the officers coming from within a few miles of my own home in Anglesey. They had undergone many hardships, which had apparently not softened their peppery tempers, for the next day at the crude meal which we dignified with the name of dinner, the first and second officers fell out over the unimportant question of whether they had seen either two or three cheeses on the counter of a neighbouring store. One said two, the other insisted three, until finally they got up from the table, and set to and had as pretty a rough-and-tumble fight as ever I wish to see.

Punta Arenas is the one place where I have found the fact that I was a Freemason of real practical service to me. For some reason the governor made up his mind that we were spies, and sent for us, being more than rude in his manner at our interview, and next day he intimated his intention of arresting us.

The colony, though occupied by Chilians, was claimed by the Argentines, and there was staying in the place a certain Don Luiz Piedra Buena, who asserted himself to be a captain in the Argentine Navy, and at all events he had a uniform. Being an enthusiastic mason, he determined to protect us, and putting on his uniform and hoisting his flag over the little store, he boldly announced to the governor that we were under his protection and that of the Argentine Republic. The governor swore and fumed, but thinking, I suppose, that the game was not worth the candle, he let us alone. The withdrawal of this governor's strong personality led to a catastrophe not a very great while afterwards, for the convicts rose and were joined by the troops. A general massacre ensued, which bid fair to blot out the little colony altogether.

Our intention in visiting the place was to hire a small sealing vessel and get away up the coast to our destination, but there was nothing available, so we decided to go for a hunting trip in the interior in the meanwhile.

We got ponies and engaged two men, Pedro Dufour, an Argentine, and Daniel Cole. The former was by way of being a gentleman and was a pleasant companion. Daniel Cole was an English sailor and quite one of the cheeriest and pluckiest little fellows I have ever met, but he would stick to nothing for long. He had been in the English Navy and had deserted from that, in the United States Army and deserted from that, and in the United States Navy, from which he also deserted. How he drifted to this

forlorn spot I forget, but wherever he was he carried with him a fund of jokes, inexhaustible energy and unfailing good-humour.

We left for the Pampas with probably as rudimentary a kit as ever a hunting-party started with, and only one little tent of, at most, four feet high. The Pampas of Southern Patagonia are as wild and bleak as anything in existence, vast rolling plains interspersed with small hills and almost devoid of wood. Fuel is always the greatest desideratum and its lack creates great hardship.

The only real traveller in early days in this country was Captain Chaworth Musters, of whom I have already spoken, who wrote *At Home among the Patagonians*, and whom I knew intimately. Many probably have since travelled there, and doubtless nowadays it is as well known as Piccadilly, but at that time it was a veritable *terra incognita*. Lady Florence Dixie went there in later years and wrote a book about it, but she was a lady fond of vivid journalism, and I have found it hard to recognise familiar scenes under her descriptive imagery.

The guanaco was the only real game to be found in abundance in the country. Vast herds of them roamed everywhere, and the hunting of them on horseback with dogs and with the Spanish "bolas," which we were soon able to use, gave capital sport. It involved really hard riding, and, fresh as I was from Australia, where I had spent nearly my whole time on horseback, it was delightful to me. We also had the South American ostrich or "rhea" to hunt, a smaller bird than that of South Africa, but giving good sport. These we also hunted with the bolas. Sometimes these hunting days were bitterly hard. I recollect being sixteen hours out, the last six of which were in a terrible pampero, or blizzard, which bid fair to cost me my life. How we got back to camp I hardly know, for it was pitch dark, the cold intense, and the rain driving with pitiless cruelty. The horses

and ourselves all exhausted, we staggered on, and finally reached the camp at about midnight utterly done up. I had some vague idea that Gordon, who had remained in camp, got my wet clothes off me, and dragging me into the tent, rolled me up in guanaco mantles, but I knew no more for many hours, sleeping almost the sleep of the dead.

After some weeks in the interior and when a long distance from Punta Arenas, near the spurs of the Cordilleras, we met a large body of Indians, with whom we remained some time. Some description of them is due, as the country and its people as they then were, in 1874, are but little known. Patagonia was (and I suppose is) peopled very sparsely by two races of Indians; the northern part by the Araucanians, and the southern by the Tehuelches. The Araucanians were a more or less handsome people of the ordinary Indian type, but I have only met one or two of them. It is the Tehuelche whose great height is the subject of every legend and of our childhood's imagination; and there is much truth in the old stories, for they were without doubt the biggest race that I have ever seen in my life. I stand six foot two and a quarter honest measurement without my boots, and a good deal more if (as so many do) I invoke the aid of my bootmaker. I think I can say that among those whom I met I was about the average height. They were as big as they were tall, and they had, to some extent, the curious almond eye of the Eastern races. They were horse Indians, never moving on foot, and they were entirely nomad, not a village, so far as I know, existing anywhere. They put up their tents of horse skins in any chance hunting-place, and stayed there just as long as it was convenient. They had a species of devil-worship; they believed in a deity, or, more correctly, in two spirits, the Manitou, the good spirit, and the Gualichu, the bad spirit. With a certain amount of argument in their favour, they prayed to the Gualichu,

whom they described as "a little fellow always running about to do mischief." They urged that it was useless to pray to the good god, who was there only to do good, and much wiser to pray to the Gualichu not to do harm. When they died they believed that they rode on horseback to the world beyond, and for that purpose it was the duty of the surviving relatives to kill all their horses. The Patagonian never rode mares in this world, but the relatives had imbibed the idea that mares were good enough to carry the departed to the next, so the mares alone were killed and not the horses. I am not quite sure that when we think it likely to be profitable to ourselves we, with all our civilisation, do not salve over our consciences in much the same way in respect to many duties which we regard as part of our religion.

We were fortunate in coming into contact with a very representative community of these nomad Patagonian Indians under their chief, Chaloupe, a man of much importance in the tribe, and were especially lucky in being able to take part in one of their great hunting "circles," which, as far as I know, are unique.

We had a glorious run with them, and though our bolas had but poor effect, we managed to keep level with them by using our revolvers while galloping alongside the game.

We also visited their camp and stayed with them some time. On this occasion only did we have any native trouble. For some reason, I have never known why, they did not want us to go. We got our horses up and Dan held them, we arguing the point as best we could, until suddenly we made a rush, swung on to our horses and cleared out. It is more than probable that they meant nothing really serious, as they did not get on their horses and follow us; although they did for several nights hang about our camp, keeping our dogs extremely uneasy.

It should be remembered that in 1873 and 1874 we were not dealing with such as probably exist now, but with a strong and vigorous people untouched by civilisation and still undebased by the filthy spirits which are invariably one of the primary causes of native degradation. What they knew of an outer world other than Chile was by seeing the steamers which passed through the Straits of Magellan, all of which belonged, as they believed, to the "Great White Queen." It has been astonishing to me through life to find the absolute universality of the prestige of Queen Victoria. The most far-away native, the wildest bushman, the most neglected and poorest fish-eating tribes of the swamps of Central Africa, the aboriginal of Australia, or no matter who, all knew and all in their own way reverenced her whom we loved and honoured, and whose memory we still love and honour as our Great White Queen.

To return for a moment to the Araucanians, I suppose that it is almost forgotten, if indeed it was ever generally known, that a good many years before my visit an eccentric Frenchman from Bordeaux wandered to the northern part of Patagonia, lived among the Indians, and there founded a monarchy, calling himself "Orelie Antoine the First, Emperor of Patagonia." He did not last long, and finally returned to Bordeaux, dying in great poverty.

This reminds me that later on in London a charming lady, who used to write magazine stories, said to me, "You have been to Patagonia." I admitted it, and she said, "I am interested because I am going to write a story about it. I am going to write the history of Orelie Antoine." I said, "That will be delightful, as I know very little about him, and I want to hear more"; to which she replied, "Nor do I, but I am relying entirely upon you." This was embarrassing, but finally, as she was personally

attractive (and I suppose one is influenced by these things, although it is quite illogical), I agreed to try and help her. I hunted the whole of Soho almost without avail, until at last I found a bookseller who said he believed something had been published in Paris, which was now out of print. In a few days he was successful, and he got the little book for me. It was appalling in its descriptive iniquities and its general immorality, but there was nothing else for it, so I sent it to the lady without comment, leaving it to her to winnow the wheat from the chaff. She wrote an excellent story and wrote me a capital letter, first commending me for my ability in finding her the details for her story, and later scolding me for daring to put before her the abominable pages of so scandalous a brochure. She, however, did not return me the book. Possibly she burnt it, though I doubt it.

After many weeks' hunting we returned to Punta Arenas to wait for the schooner which we expected, and while there occupied our time with sailing in a little seven-ton cutter over to the shores of Tierra del Fuego. The schooner never came, and there was nothing for it but to go back to Monte Video, which we did in the Pacific Company's vessel *Cordillera*.

At Monte Video we stayed at the Hotel Oriental, and made many friends of Englishmen who were down from their estancias in "camp" (as the up-country districts were called), a cheery lot of men who did not hide their holiday joy under a bushel. I recollect going out with them one night, and in the Plaza Constitution upsetting a sentry in his box (box and all), only to be chased by the guard and fired at; and those who know what Uruguayan soldiers were, would know that our lot would have been hard if we had been caught.

The lotteries were a great solace to those of a speculative turn, and very likely are so now. They

were honestly conducted—perhaps one of the few honest transactions of a then singularly corrupt country. I was one morning sitting in the rooms of Mr Weldon, the manager of the London and River Plate Bank, with my friend Gordon and several others. A Mr Reid left the room, and then turning back he put his head into the doorway and called out to a friend, Mr Lerard: "I say, Jack, I've got a ticket in the lottery to-day, and I suppose you have too; are we halves?" and the reply was, "All right, halves." Ten minutes later a street boy ran into the big hall of the hotel calling out in Spanish, "The Englishman with the big beard has won the great prize" (£3000). Both Gordon and Lerard, each gifted with a luxuriant beard, jumped up, and the boy pointed to Lerard. The casual word spoken just before had won for Mr Reid £1500, and the same year I met them both at Ascot having a good time on the proceeds.

Gordon and I then decided to separate, he going into Paraguay and I up-country with Mr Lerard to stay at his estancia. We could not go to Buenos Ayres owing to the cholera, and those who recollect the sixty days' quarantine under horrible conditions which the government of that day enforced will realise that we would not voluntarily undergo it. I had a capital time with Mr Lerard, and saw much of the up-country life of that time and the lawless character of the gauchos or cattleherds of the country, men ever ready with either knife or revolver to avenge real or imaginary insults, and to pick a quarrel without provocation for sheer devilment or brutality. Talking of gauchos reminds me of an Englishman, a public school man, a brother of one whose name was almost better known in English racing circles than anyone of his own or any later time, who was known as "The English gaucho," and who was credited with even greater atrocities than the Uruguayans themselves. I heard afterwards

that he met his fate in a tavern brawl in a quarrel which he himself had causelessly provoked.

An incident happened to me in riding back from the estancia to Florida (the most advanced post of Waring's engineers at that time), which I have always regarded as one of the great escapes of my life. A chance gaucho, a half-breed rascal with some negro blood in him, offered himself as a guide, and I accepted him. I had on me a belt containing £200 in gold, which fact, I need not say, I did not advertise, but which may probably have become known to some. We rode for most of the day and I liked the conduct of my guide less and less. At last, towards evening, he said, "There is a short cut we can take here." I doubted it, as I could see Florida in the far distance, but simply said, "Very good, go on." We rode on until we came to a huge swamp with reeds high over our heads even when mounted, a dreary place with an indistinct riding path through it, just wide enough for one to ride. He said, "Go on, I will follow." I replied, "I will follow you." He looked at me with as ugly a look as ever I saw on a man's face, on which I slipped out my revolver which was at my hand, held it just across my saddle, and looking him straight in the face said, "The game is up, my lad; go quick." Without a word he rode in front of me all through the horrid place. We arrived at Florida and went straight to the bungalow of some English engineers who were building the railway. I there found that I had been right, and that the man had purposely led me far out of my way to take me to the swamp, without a shadow of a doubt intending to murder me. I gave him my views in pure Saxon and told him to clear out, which he incontinently did, without fee or reward.

After a cheery time with the engineers I left for Monte Video. On arrival there I found that Gordon had returned and sailed for England. I took the

next Pacific steamer, the *Lusitania*, for England, where I arrived without event, except the unfortunate running down of a French fishing-boat, when, I think, seven fishermen were drowned. And so ended our expedition to South America.

CHAPTER V

HERE AND THERE

It was then the spring of 1874, and it was my intention to go back to Australia as soon as possible; but I lingered on, with the result that in March 1875 I married Jessie Dean, the sister of my old friends whom I had formerly met in Tasmania. Surely it seemed as though my wanderings were over, for I had fallen upon very good days, and if I had wished I had nothing to do but to vegetate in moderate luxury for the rest of my life. But it has not so turned out. I got my chance, and in some fashion or another I took it, and made the most of it, thanks to my wife who gave me all, and not only that, but whose charm and bright ability have been my best aid and greatest asset from that day to this. A rather quaint incident happened on the day of my wedding. We were married from my brother-in-law's house, and after the formal going-away in my wife's carriage we drove to her house for a moment, to give her a chance of changing from the peacock robes which formed the going away kit of a bride of those days into a more serviceable dress. While there one of the servants came to me and told me that one of her boxes had been left behind, so I bid him call a four-wheeler to take the box to Waterloo. A cab drove up, the driver an old-fashioned man in capes. I told him he must hurry, and said, "How much shall I give you." He, looking at the servants on the carriage box with their wedding favours,

replied, "Well, Sir, a good fare, for it's a better journey for you than the last one I took you on. The last time I drove you was five years ago, when I drove you with your boxes from Carlton Chambers, Waterloo Place, to the Blackwall Docks, when you was agoing out to Australia in the *Peter Stuart* to seek your fortune." Needless to say that I rose to the occasion, and sent the old man away very happy.

We settled in Anglesey for a time until my son was born, but when he was but nine months old, in October 1876, we started off again, taking him and his nurse, and went out to Quebec, where we took a house for the winter months. My brother-in-law was engaged to a Miss Hamilton (whom he later married), the daughter of a very rich Canadian, whose name stood for all that was solid and staunch in the Canadian commercial and social world of the time. She was, without doubt, the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and I have over and over again seen people nudge one another in the park in London, calling attention to her. She was as simple and good as she was beautiful, but alas! as is so often the case, she some years later developed consumption, and lies buried on the sunny slopes of Southern California.

We had a capital time in Quebec, enjoying all the pleasures of a real Canadian winter. There was not then, and I fancy is not now, a single place where a Canadian winter was so thorough as in Quebec. Everyone who was anybody called upon us and vied with each other in making our time pleasant to us. Perhaps the most delightful days were those dedicated to the old Tandem Club, which had its weekly drives, beginning with about an hour of "follow my leader" through the narrow Quebec lanes, followed by a drive out into the country to some farmhouse, where, probably, a little dancing took place, and ending with a cheery drive home in

the crisp and still evening, the sleigh bells ringing, and the picturesque tin roofs of Quebec glittering in the moonlight. One of the best things about these drives was the total absence of the snobbery of wealth. The rigid rule was always carried out of mulled claret and sandwiches, and nothing else. These were got at the Citadel, paid for by the president of the day, and carried by the vice-president, the claret being always in a great stone jar. The old cheery "Good-night, ladies and gentlemen, we meet again on Wednesday next," called out by the president as we gathered in the Place d'Armes after our drive, still rings in my ears. I remember with pleasure that I was twice president of those delightful drives. We remained over six months in Quebec, leaving in April.

In April 1877 we left for Montreal, and after a short stay there we went on to Kingston, on Lake Ontario, where we stayed for many pleasant weeks. While there I met the famous Sir John Macdonald, whose extraordinary likeness to Mr Disraeli many will remember. I also met the then Premier, Mr Mackenzie, the working-man Premier, who succeeded and in turn was succeeded by Sir John Macdonald. He was very kind to me during his stay, and I was once photographed in a group with him while on a visit to the old "A" battery quartered at Kingston, the picture being still, I believe, in the anteroom at the Tête du Pont barracks.

The colonel told me a story of what happened that day, and I can only repeat it to the best of my recollection as it was told to me. While inspecting Fort Henry, Mr Mackenzie asked to see some small building, a magazine, I think, which then formed a part of Fort Henry. The colonel could not quite make out what he referred to, and said, "I don't think any building like that is here, Sir"; on which the Premier replied, "Oh, but there is, Colonel, for I was the mason who built it."

A story of Mr Mackenzie's term of office was told me by the Honourable John Hamilton of Montreal, a Senator of Canada, bearing upon Lord Dufferin's relations with Mr Mackenzie. Some heavy expenses had to be met, which the Premier thought ought to be paid by the Governor-General, while the latter thought otherwise. The Premier was adamant, and Lord Dufferin had to give way. The Premier, whose administration was tottering, had planned a great tour for the Governor-General, accompanied by himself, through the North-West, in the hope that it would popularise and strengthen his government. At the last moment the Governor-General is stated to have said, "I am so sorry that the worry over those money matters will prevent my accompanying you to the North-West; you will have to go alone," to the infinite dismay of the Premier, who had no resource but to reconsider his previous decision, and to admit that the charges properly belonged to the government, and would be forthwith paid, and so all went merry as a marriage-bell, and the tour was carried out.

Lord Dufferin was without doubt the most popular proconsul of any period of English colonial administration. He was brilliant in intellect and charming in social qualities. I remember once when he had just left Canada and was going to India, I was walking with my beautiful sister-in-law in Piccadilly. A hansom was passing, when up went an umbrella to stop it, and out jumped Lord Dufferin, who came up to her with both hands outstretched in welcome. After he had gone she said, "I do like Lord Dufferin, he is always the same, and always remembers me"; at which I said, "He would be dull indeed to fail to remember the prettiest girl in Canada."

While at Kingston we took a trip to Toronto and visited Niagara. Very lovely it then was, and not much spoiled, as it has been in later years.

After leaving Kingston we went to Ottawa, and from thence to Hawkesbury, the great lumbering station of the Hamilton Brothers, where we had the delightful experience of running the rapids on a "crib" of timber. The management of these cribs and rafts by the Canadian voyageurs is marvellous. Disaster seems absolutely certain, when a brief order decisively given takes you into temporary safety; and this again and again until you glide out into the clear water beyond, only to meet with another rapid, when the same experience is repeated.

In 1876 and 1877 the commercial prosperity of Canada was at very low water. As far as I can remember, the prospect of annexation to the United States was freely discussed in Upper Canada as the only solution of the difficulty, and I thought, possibly wrongly, that loyalty to the British Empire was politically and commercially at rather a low ebb among those geographically nearest to the States. How changed it all is now as I write in 1913.

Society as "society" was then very restricted, and I call to mind names which I have heard of in recent years as at the top of the social tree which were socially unknown then. Lord Dufferin made occasional visits, and his staff were naturally without accurate knowledge of local conditions. History relates that a well-known old lady, whom I knew very well, and who claimed descent from Highland chieftains, being told off by an A.D.C. to go down to dinner with a certain Mayor of Quebec (a decent tradesman who had earned the confidence of his fellows), on his approach with a proffered arm stalked off by herself to the banquet, leaving His Worship to follow in slighted solitude.

After a stay of some time at Cacouna on the lower St Lawrence, we left for the United States in September 1877, making a short stay in Boston, which struck me as being the cleanest town I had ever seen. The old-world look of the University of

Harvard was an immense surprise to me. One is so used to associate everything in the States with brand newness that antiquity comes as a shock. Harvard is a delightful place and might well be an old English university. They had, however, just built what struck me as a very ugly building totally out of keeping with the rest. It may have been architecturally correct in itself, I cannot say, but it flaunted its incongruity in one's face. It was, I think, to the memory of those who had fallen in the war.

Our stay in New York was to us as though in a city of the dead; we had no introductions, and even if we had any they would have been useless, as all the world was away, so that though I have spent at least a clear fortnight in New York I know nothing about it. It was at that time a singularly dirty place, neglect apparent everywhere. It was just after the "Boss Tweed" scandals, that celebrity being at the time in prison, and New York bore the mark of his rogueries.

I was present at the Rifle Competition at Creedmoor against Sir Henry Halford's team. Feeling was extremely strong, and from what I saw and heard I am not surprised that no English team visited America again for so many years. As things then were it would have been useless.

My wife and I went up the Hudson River, which, as all the world knows, is very beautiful. We wandered up the Katskill Mountains to the scene of old Heinrich Hudson's revels and Rip Van Winkle's experiences. It was all charming, but even then they had desecrated the Kauterskill Falls with a dreadful advertisement of somebody's pill. I am not sure that the very stone on which Rip went to sleep was free from these advertising brigands, who, alas! now flourish, though not to such a devastating extent, even in our English landscapes. I had seen Joe Jefferson play his famous part of Rip Van

Winkle in London, and had joined in the tears which his marvellous acting drew forth, and the desecration seemed doubly criminal.

We sailed for England in the National Liner *Erin*, and arrived in London on the first day of November 1877. I have been on many ships, but never on such an one as the *Erin*. Not only did she roll to a perilous extent, but she hung on the end of her roll in a manner that, to those who knew something about ships as I did, was positively terrifying. I thanked God the day we left her. I think I am right in saying that two years later, when carrying cattle, she disappeared, and has never been heard of since. It was her natural fate.

We then made England our headquarters, travelling about from thence, going to Switzerland and other places. In 1878 we took passage in a Cunard steamer to the Mediterranean, visiting Gibraltar and many ports in Spain and Italy, including Venice. The guide-books told us that it never snowed more than one day in the year at Pisa. We were there on that day, and toiled about up to our knees in snow. Palermo was delightful, but the activity of the brigands at that moment was unpleasant, and one could hardly go anywhere. Taormina, now a fashionable resort, but then a tiny village, was far from safe, and we were told we went there at our own risk, but it was worth going to.

My wife and I had a delightful three or four months in Jersey, a charming place then, and I suppose it is so now. Nowhere else in the world have I seen such a wealth of primroses and violets. I fancy motor-cars must have done much to ruin its beautiful lanes and perfect roads. The unutterable tripper, always the bane of a Jersey summer, was the only drawback to a life of peace in that restful land.

In the latter part of 1878 I took a shooting in Sussex, and in 1879 I took a flat in Victoria Street, which I held until 1882.

I cannot recollect the exact dates, but it is about that time that I took an active part in the fight in Hyde Park when Mr Bradlaugh made his first demonstration there. I was quite close to the platform when he began to speak, and we rushed him and his followers off it, and after a free hand-to-hand fight cleared them out of the ground. The late Duke of Teck was said to have been on the ground looking on that day, and rumour stated it was only the intervention of some privates of the Guards which saved him from unpleasant hustling.

I happened to be in Palace Yard, Westminster, almost alone, when Mr Bradlaugh was ejected from the House of Commons into Palace Yard, after trying to insist upon his right to enter the House of Commons. A very powerful man, he struggled with a number of police, who had to use all their force. His long black broadcloth coat was ripped right up from the tails to the collar. As he passed into the yard outside the precincts he suddenly ceased fighting. I was very much struck by the conduct of the old inspector of police (I forget his name, but knew him as a church official at St Margaret's), who came at once to a salute and said, "Is there anything I can get for you, Sir." "Only a glass of water, please," said Mr Bradlaugh; and so these two who had been but a moment before in violent collision stood chatting and talking in the cheeriest way.

I was in Palace Yard when Keir Hardie first came down to take his seat. He drove up, if I remember right, in a brake with his friends and a brass band, and had a workman's cloth cap on. He made great efforts to get the brake admitted into Palace Yard, but the police were adamant.

I was one day strolling in the lobby of the House of Commons and found myself next to a fine-looking old man dressed entirely in black broadcloth with a black satin stock. On my other hand was an extremely smart young foreigner. The late Sir

Mountstuart Grant Duff came out and greeted them both and took them in to seats under the gallery. The first was no less a personage than Jefferson Davis, the former President of the Confederate States, and the other the son of Marshal Prim, the Dictator of Spain, who bid fair at that time to be himself the king of Spain. An interesting pair and both connected with momentous events in history. I was then a member of the St Stephen's Club, and used to pass into the yard by the underground passage whenever anything interesting was going.

I knew most of the celebrities of London by sight and used to think myself as good a cicerone as anyone. Now, after all my wanderings, I hardly know a soul except such as I meet in relation to my official work, but I think I could still qualify as a cabman even in some of the least known parts of London, and I have wandered alone through some very criminal haunts.

In 1879 I had a charming run through Spain, starting at Gibraltar. Bull-fights I had seen before in South America, and here again I saw them. They are marvellous exhibitions of skill and coolness, but the massacre of horses makes it an unfit sight for an Englishman. It is so causelessly brutal.

I have always liked the Spaniards, of whom I saw much in after years. They are so courteous, so free from bustle and flurry. To see the conductor of a train, already two hours late, chatting with the station-master, and then politely begging for a light for his cigarette, which is equally politely proffered, is a charming study of how to pass through the world with the least possible worry. Nowhere would you then find contrasts so strong as on the two sides of the Bidassoa, the Spanish and French frontier. On the one side all courtesy and ease, and on the other fussy and tiresome officialism forced upon you in the least pleasant way.

Spain is too well known to write about, but one unusual incident did occur to me. I was fortunate enough to see Charles the Fifth. When I tell my friends this, they wonder, and, for a moment, disbelieve, but it is true. I happened to be at that eighth wonder of the world, the Escurial Palace, on the very day after the visit of King Alfonso and Queen Mercedes. Those who know the Escurial will remember the burial chamber that holds the remains of former kings and queens. There, in his coffin on trestles, lay Charles the Fifth: he had been taken down for the king and queen to see, and not put back. A pane of glass in the coffin showed the Emperor clearly, dressed in a blue and gold uniform, the face almost entirely unblemished; except for its paleness almost as of yesterday. There was the slightest sign of decay of one of the nostrils, and that was all. He seemed to me a short man, as height is now reckoned, and of extremely good features. It struck me at the time as almost incredible that I should be looking so far back into history, and it was a great stroke of luck for me. I tried hard to bribe the man in charge to let me climb up and see Philip the Second, of Armada fame, but nothing would tempt him.

In the Escurial they used to show you the dreary little chamber in which Philip the Second, diseased and dying, used to sit gazing upon the High Altar, surrounded by ambassadors and ministers. The very stools were still there. Despite its great fame, the Escurial is a dreary and miserable place to live in, and any Englishman would a thousand times rather have a modest country rectory for his home than this dreadful half-palace half-tomb of Spanish Kings.

CHAPTER VI

FIRST JOURNEY TO SOUTH AFRICA

AND now I come to the turning-point of my life, which directed it into channels from which it has never since deviated. One day in 1882, when living in our flat in Victoria Street, my wife told me she had just been reading a delightful book, *A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa*. This was the first book written by that famous hunter Mr F. C. Selous. I asked for the book, but it had been returned to the library. By an inspiration of good luck I walked down then and there and brought it back with me. I was so delighted with it that I went straight off to Mr Rowland Ward to find Selous' address. He was in Africa, but I got the address of his old companion Mr H. C. Collison. He came to luncheon with me, and, without further ado, I decided to leave for South Africa, and to see something of its very far interior.

Now, I have much to tell about South and South Central Africa, but I would not have it thought that I pose as a great hunter. I have shot from time to time, as others have, and I have travelled in almost the best hunting districts in South Central Africa, but my travelling has in no sense been one of hunting tours, and I have never been greatly interested in what possesses such an overpowering charm for so many of my friends.

I did not dream of my wife accompanying me, still less of my boy, then six years old, being one of the party.

I left Southampton in August 1882 in the Union Company's steamer *Moor* for Cape Town, and arrived there to find a severe outbreak of smallpox, and to learn that my ship was probably the last ship touching at Cape Town which would escape quarantine at Port Elizabeth and the other ports. As I had no wish to be blocked indefinitely in Cape Town, I decided to go on with the ship, which sailed in a few days. I got my first lesson here of South African hotels and the manners of their proprietors. I had invited a party of six to dine with me at Coghill's Hotel at Wynberg at eight o'clock, and thither I went. I walked in and asked for the proprietor, and was directed to a man lolling in the verandah, with his legs upon another chair. I asked for a room, but he abstained from reply, merely waving his hand towards the entrance door. I then said with much politeness, "I want a good dinner, please, for seven, at eight o'clock." He looked me up and down, and said, "I suppose you have just arrived from England, but you have made a great mistake if you think I am going to give you dinner at eight o'clock. The dinner here is at seven, and you can take it or leave it, for you will get no other." My experiences of the worst hotels in the world, and those experiences had been great, have never before or since brought me such a greeting. I was no new chum, but a colonist of at least some years standing, and even I was taken aback. I could not quarrel with him, or my friends would have gone dinnerless, so after a casual word I went in, interviewed the head waiter, and even intruded on the domain of the cook. Good cooks were not plentiful in South Africa, and are not even now, so the cook was an ally not to be despised. I was promised a dinner despite the proprietor, and in the end I got it, the principal factor in my success, I fancy, being the fact that an orderly from Sir Hercules Robinson, the High Commissioner for South Africa, rode up to the

hotel door in the interval with a note for me, lifting me to a dignity which even the churlish hotel-keeper did not think fit quite to overlook.

As I had letters of introduction from Lord Carnarvon, I received a good deal of kindness during the day or two I was in Cape Town. I was the guest at a luncheon at the Civil Service Club of Mr Upington (who was afterwards Sir Thomas Upington, Prime Minister of the Colony), Mr J. W. Leonard, the then Attorney-General, and Mr Lawrence Twentyman. All three have since died, and the luncheon would not have been worth recording had not Mr Leonard (always to the last day of his life an optimistic speculator) produced from his waistcoat pocket a small bottle of gold dust, which had been sent to him by a hunter in what was then known as "Lobengula's country," now as "Rhodesia." I well remember Mr Upington's caustic comments and Mr Leonard's hopeful enthusiasm. This was, I verily believe, the first sample of Rhodesian gold which ever found its way to Cape Town.

Sir Thomas Scanlan was Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, and Mr Rhodes, then only twenty-seven, was his Treasurer-General.

I left Cape Town for Port Elizabeth by the same steamer by which I had arrived, and it was lucky I did so, as Cape Town remained in quarantine for a period of five or six months, and had I remained I should have been a prisoner. My first view of Port Elizabeth was discouraging, but during a stay of several months I found it a delightful place. In all my experience I have never come across any place where I have been treated with greater kindness and hospitality. I was younger then, and perhaps saw the world through roseate spectacles, but I thought, and I think still, that Port Elizabeth contained the prettiest and nicest girls, and the best dancers of any town of its size in the world. It positively whirled

with parties of all kinds: picnics, rides, dances, shooting parties, tournaments, and all such kindred amusements. Everyone was good to me, and everyone welcomed me. It had an excellent club, at which I had a bedroom, and it comes back to me that I once took part there in making an apple-pie bed, and constructing a booby trap with a footpan for a genial member, who has since blossomed out into the general manager of one of the great banks of South Africa, and by whom such frivolities are now probably either forgotten or rebuked.

The good old family of the Christians then reigned in Port Elizabeth, Mr Henry Christian, its head, looking much more like one's pictorial conception of a duke, or at all events of what a duke ought to be, than of a plain Port Elizabeth merchant. His sons were educated at Eton, and one, alas! was later on killed in the Boer War in 1900. One of his daughters, who was typical of all that was best in the womanhood of the colony, is now Lady Solomon, still our intimate friend, the wife of Sir William Solomon, a distinguished Judge of the Supreme Court of South Africa, and a brother of Sir Richard Solomon, the well-known High Commissioner,

In the midst of my gaiety I did not lose sight of my real errand, and I found that Grahamstown must be my starting-point for the interior. It should be remembered that in 1882 railways did not go very far from the coast, as they do now, Beaufort West being the terminus on the Cape line, and I think Alicedale on the eastern lines. Lines much further on were in course of construction, but were unfinished. Grahamstown was then the recognised depôt for the interior, and Mr Wedderburn, the wagon-maker, had the reputation of being the king of his business. He is, I believe, long since dead, and I do not suppose his name exists; but to this day the reputation of a Wedderburn wagon is

known in connection with the equipment of the earlier travellers. I went up to Grahamstown and stayed there a few days, planning everything out and giving all instructions. Though I was a new chum in South Africa, I was not new to the needs of a traveller, and I think that my wagon, as turned out complete, was about the best and most practical of its kind that ever went to the interior.

During one of my several visits to Grahamstown an incident occurred which entirely transformed my subsequent journey. I was strolling in the Botanical Gardens one Sunday morning with Captain Borton, a retired artillery officer, a delightful man whom many will remember, and was deploring to him my long separation from my wife by the journey which I was undertaking, when he suddenly said, "Why not take her?" I said, "But there is a six-year-old boy." He replied, "Take him too," and it flashed upon me, "Why not?" Hitherto I had not thought of it as possible, but my wife's cheery pluck and spirit of adventure brought it home to me that it could be done. I went straight back to my hotel, and then and there wrote out a telegram, which I recollect cost me £26, suggesting that they should both come and giving full directions. To this telegram I got the laconic reply, "Sailing *Trojan*," which indicated, firstly, that a woman does not take long to make up her mind; and secondly, that she is, like John Gilpin's wife, of a more frugal mind than her husband. And so it came about that my wife and son accompanied me on my memorable journey.

During this period I paid a short visit to Natal, and received considerable courtesy from the governor, Sir Henry Bulwer.

Just after Christmas in 1882, in the first week of January 1883, my wife and boy arrived in South Africa, and we went almost immediately to Grahamstown. We lost no time, and on one eventful day in

January 1883 our wagon, just finished and wholly untried, arrived at the door of Zarnikow's hotel in Grahamstown, accompanied by all the idle people of the town, to see the fun and the start of the deluded Englishman and his wife and boy, who thought they were going to the Victoria Falls, but who would never get there. We were helped in our packing by three Englishmen—Mr Plunkett, afterwards Lord Dunsany (and long since dead); Lieutenant M'Crea of the navy, also dead, and at whose funeral I was afterwards present in Gibraltar; and Mr Philip Wrey, now so well known in Rhodesia, whom I have often since met. We had about double the amount of material that we could possibly stow with convenience; but at last, by heaping everything in up to the very roof of the tilt of the wagon, we got it in, and, seating ourselves on the wagon-box, we left Grahamstown. Never did so strange a party start on so eventful a journey. I had paid an unusually large sum for an exactly even span of sixteen oxen, all pure black, and I had no sooner bought them than I was told that they would be useless to me in the country to which I was going, for in South Africa oxen are used to sweet veldt grass or sour veldt grass, and those bred on one will not thrive on the other. However, in the end it turned out that they served my purpose well, and although they did not go with me to the very far interior, they brought me back again during all the latter part of my journey.

Our first stopping place was at a charming farm named Grasslands, the property of the Messrs Mosenthal, the manager of which was very kind to us, and here we entirely restowed and reconstituted our wagon, starting a day or two later in good working order, having already, by lack of experience, lost and regained our one and only pony. I chanced later in life to meet my host of hospitable Grasslands under very different circumstances, first as on the high road to wealth on the Johannesburg gold-

fields, and later, as the result of an unlucky lawsuit, by which he lost everything, as one of my own troopers of the Protectorate Police when I was Commissioner of Bechuanaland: a curious instance of the ups and downs of life.

Our route lay through a considerable part of the eastern province of the Cape Colony and through the entire length of the Orange Free State, and thence into the western side of the Transvaal and so northwards. Day by day we grew wiser and more experienced. Mishap after mishap pursued us at first, mainly due to our own lack of knowledge and the thoroughly incompetent servants whom we had engaged as best we could. From one of my boys I learnt a lesson by which I profited. He was sent to me by an old trader who had, to use a common phrase, "found religion." His *protégé* had found religion too, but it was a religion of his own, which found utterance in continued attendance at all the Methodist chapels on the way, and in stealing my goods, which were in his charge, to an alarming extent. I would not have it thought that I belittle religion, but the cheap and convenient veneer of piety with which many civilised natives are prone to humbug earnest missionaries is the dangerous and mischievous cause of almost all employers of labour avoiding, as far as possible, Christianised boys in responsible work. I have met and have honoured, and still honour, missionaries who recognise this to the full and try to combat it, but the trouble is still a prominent feature in the religious education, not only of the natives of South Africa, but of many other Colonies in which I have lived.

I met hospitable and cordial people all through the Colony—notably Captain Hunt, the Civil Commissioner at Aliwal North, who had formerly been an officer in the Austrian service, a thorough old soldier. At Aliwal, too, I met with much kindness from a family, one of whom I recently had as my

guest in Newfoundland; in those days a little boy, but now Mr Popham Lobb, the Colonial Secretary of Bermuda. One day strolling along at Aliwal, I met a man who stopped and spoke to me, and told me that he had just been looking at my wagon. To my surprise he said, "Are you Mr Ralph Williams of Treffos" (our old home in Anglesey). I said, "Yes; how on earth do you know?" "Oh," he said, "I come from Amlwch in Anglesey and I saw your crest, the Cornish chough, with your motto, 'Duw a ddarpar i'r brain' on the panels, and I knew you would be from Treffos." While in Aliwal, too, I bought a chance horse on the market, which was sold by auction at seven o'clock one morning for £13. I rode him back to camp, and had not been there ten minutes when a man rode up and said, "You bought a horse just now which I intended to buy, what will you take on your bargain?" I said, "I like the horse and I won't sell." Finally he ended by offering me £50, an enormous price at that time, which, of course, judging of his value by the offer made, I declined. He would not tell me anything of the history of the horse, and I never learnt it. I only know that I bought the best horse I ever had, which carried me to the farthest point of my journey to which I could take animals, and brought me well on my way home again, ultimately dying of horse sickness near what is now known as Palapye Road Railway Station, in the Bechuanaland Protectorate.

One incident in crossing the Caledon River, which is just within the Free State boundary, threatened to terminate our journey. My wagon with its contents and the oxen stood at a total value of something like £1600, the loss of which I could not at the moment have replaced. The African rivers are extremely dangerous when in flood, and the Caledon was running strongly with a rising river. I asked some Boers on the bank if it was safe, and they replied,

"quite safe." That they gave me wrong information purposely there is no doubt. It was not long after the first Boer War, and they hated the English with an unholy hatred. Just about the middle of the river we got into deep water, where my oxen could only just keep their feet, and the water became flush with the bed of the wagon. The oxen got unmanageable, and the situation seemed hopeless. I instantly jumped into the river, directed my wife to jump out and hold on to me, and took my son on my shoulder. With the help of our servants we got to the opposite bank. Dripping as I was, I got on my horse and galloped off for assistance. I saw a Boer farmer with a team of oxen about four hundred yards away mending a brush fence. I lost no time in going to him and asking his help. "No," he said, "I won't help you. Get out how you can." In an instant I pulled out a £5 note and held it before him. "That is yours if you get me out," I said. Without a word he whipped up his oxen, took them at a swing trot down to the river, and the oxen, being well used to the river at all times, were hooked on to my leading oxen. By that time the wagon was half on its side, and the oxen, though still in their yokes, were all huddled up. The only question was the pole or disselboom. That held, and in three minutes all was safe on the bank. I paid the Boer his £5, and had the additional pleasure of telling him what I thought of him, and of also reminding him that I was to meet President Brand on the following morning, when I would take the opportunity of telling him the whole affair, which I did not fail to do. The Boer went off without a word. The action of these people on both sides of the Caledon River is the one case in which I found the Boers anxious to do me a malicious injury. As a rule, they will always help one without reward on an occasion of that kind. It is an unwritten law, because to all in turn comes a disaster of like nature, sooner or

later, and it is a case of "Do as you would be done by."

Just about the same time my wife and I had an amusing experience of the Boer feeling against the English. We outspanned not far from a Boer farm one morning, and walked up to the house to try and buy some milk. The old woman met us at the door with her husband, and she, without preface, treated us to such a shower of abuse in "Taal," for daring to come near the house, that we incontinently fled. We hadn't gone very far when from the bushes came out the old Boer himself, who said, half in "Taal" and half in broken English: "Don't mind my wife, she is a very cross old woman, very cross indeed. I'll bring you the milk." He did, and we asked him to breakfast, and found him a cheery and kindly old fellow, who made us very welcome to his place. But we took care to give his old woman a wide berth.

At Smithfield, in the Orange Free State, we first met that distinguished South African statesman President John Brand. There is now a statue of the old President outside the public buildings in Bloemfontein, and it always annoys me when I look at it. It in no way conveys to you his look of distinction and ability, which was very marked. We met him on Sunday morning, we in our rough camp kit, he in full broadcloth, waiting for the elders to call and take him off to church. Nothing could exceed his kindness and cordiality. My letter to him from Lord Carnarvon was no doubt a help, but I really believe that the main factor in our kindly reception was his own goodwill towards the English. So many modern statesmen and soldiers have sprung up in recent years from among the Dutch of South Africa that the real greatness of John Brand is apt to be forgotten. But few recollect how for many years his wise guidance strove to hold the balance of peace, not only in his own country but throughout South Africa. He, a Cape

Colonist by birth, knew the history of the Free State: how the old "Sovereignty," as it was formerly called, was handed back by the British to the Boers after a victorious British campaign, purely in the cause of peace and goodwill, and he believed that by gradual advancement in trade, in education and in peaceful progress, the British and Boers could work side by side to effect the ultimate greatness of South Africa. His broad statesmanlike mind revolted at the narrow doctrines of the Dopper Boers, and his eyes first saw the two peoples working in amity as one nation for the welfare of their joint heritage. He loved South Africa and its people, but he saw that such love was not inconsistent with goodwill towards the great British nation which was planted side by side with his own in the country of his birth. He ever utilised the commanding position which he held for so long, not to the advantage of race, not to the glorification of himself, but as a strong and earnest lever for the future of South Africa and its people. Many of those in the Free State disliked his acceptance of the K.C.M.G., and I am always inclined to think that it was a mistake. Just as Cecil Rhodes was pre-eminent as plain Mr Rhodes, so was John Brand more distinguished as President Brand. I remember that many of the people flatly declined to address his wife as "Lady" Brand. She was a charming old lady. I have both their photographs near me as I write. She was very downright, and her husband was her oracle. She once took me out for a drive, and I asked her to let me stop and return the call of the then Chief Justice, Mr Reitz, whom she could not bear. I went in and saw Mr Reitz, who after a moment or two came out with me and shook hands with her. As we drove away she turned to me with a little shrug and said, "Ach, that Reitz." I said, "Why? What's the matter with him?" "Ach, that Reitz," she replied, "he

wants my husband's place, and will ruin the country if he gets it; but he never will get it while my John is alive"; and he never did. But on the death of President Brand, Mr Reitz did become president. What use he made of his position is a matter of contemporary history.

Our stay in Bloemfontein was made very pleasant to us. The Brands gave a large party for us, our first experience of a purely Dutch party. On our entrance we found all the men sitting on one side of the room and all the women on the other, and I was taken by the President and marched down the line to be introduced to the men, while my wife was taken down the other side to greet the ladies. It was not a cheerful party as a social entertainment, but it was full of goodwill towards us.

Lady Brand was especially kind to my little boy, and one day drove out to the wagon to give him a present of a chicken and a pigeon. The chicken we ate, and the pigeon became our charming pet, some six months afterwards, alas! meeting with a tragic death near the Victoria Falls, to our great sorrow. My boy used to play with Lady Brand's little boy, and there still exists in the possession of the Brand family a child's book which my wife gave to him, and which has inscribed in it, "From Geoffrey to dear Georgie." The "dear Georgie" of those days blossomed forth into Commandant George Brand, whom many soldiers will remember as not the mildest of our inveterate foes in the long Boer War. I have met the old President's daughters later in life, and it pains me to have to say that these gentle ladies did not meet with the ample courtesy which was their due at one period of the military occupation of Bloemfontein.

We entirely recast our arrangements in Bloemfontein, and there we were lucky enough to get a head servant, a coloured man named John, who proved invaluable, and to whose efforts I always think our

successful journey was largely due. His only fault was drink. He joined us drunk and left us, some thirteen months afterwards, alas! drunk, but never once in the intervening time did he for one instant transgress, though the seductions of kaffir beer were always at his command. Before leaving Bloemfontein I went to the club, and there had a couple of farewell whiskies and sodas, amidst the hearty good wishes of many kind friends. I got on my pony and galloped after my wagon, from that moment never touching beer, wine, or spirits until the day on which I returned to civilisation, over a year later.

CHAPTER VII

TO THE VICTORIA FALLS

THROUGHOUT the Cape Colony and Free State in 1883 game was far more plentiful than it is now, and was not so strictly preserved by the farmers. I was not troubled in shooting spring-buck here and there, although even then the farmers were a trifle jealous of their rights. Blesbuck, now so rare, were then to be found on many of the plains; to-day they are practically extinct, except in the few places where they are directly preserved.

It is curious to think that lions, which then and now were as great a rarity in the Free State as in Hyde Park, should at one time have been so plentiful in that part of Africa as they undoubtedly were. But not so plentiful as was described to me by a delightful old retired army doctor whom I met in Bloemfontein, an Irishman, who regaled me with his former hunting feats in that very country, and who told me how he had a bet with his colonel as to who would get most lions in a month's trip, and how he himself got forty-eight within the month. "But," he said, "the Colonel beat me, for he got fifty-two." There was a delightful impressionism of truth sought to be conveyed by the admission of his defeat. I did not wrong him by casting a doubt upon his story, and I daresay all the thanks I got for my politeness was the remark, "I've roasted another young greenhorn."

Potchefstroom, the old capital of the Transvaal,

was an interesting place to visit, as the little fort outside it had so lately sustained the extraordinarily long siege of, I think, ninety days, burdened, too, as the defenders were, by women and children. It was only ultimately surrendered by the wrongful withholding by General Cronje of the news that an armistice had been declared between the British and the Dutch. For this act of deception the British troops marched to Potchefstroom just after the war, and formally rehoisted the British flag, and then hauled it down at sunset, as was then thought for ever. It was a childish piece of business, which made the slim Boers laugh heartily, but it was on a par with most of our doings about that time.

The story of the famous burial of the British flag at Pretoria by a number of Englishmen is perhaps almost forgotten, but it happens that I remember the epitaph that was cut over it, which was as follows :—

IN MEMORY OF

THE BRITISH FLAG

WHICH DEPARTED THIS LIFE

AUGUST 2ND, 1881

AGED 4 YEARS

In other climes none knew
thee but to love thee.

Resurgam.

When the newly created Boer Government heard of it they tried to seize it, but it was saved by someone, though I forget now by whom. I hope the very flag is still in existence. At all events the pious ejaculation of the funeral party was fulfilled to them, for the flag has risen and its fellow now flies over Pretoria.

At Potchefstroom we were very hospitably entertained by an English officer, Captain Baillie, who, though he never sought society and lived almost a

hermit, became by his recluse mode of life extremely well known throughout Africa. He was loved and trusted by the Boers to a remarkable extent. The story of his going out and by chance settling there was not well known, and I doubt if many know it to this day. It was caused, I have always heard, partly perhaps by his health, but mainly by the defeat of the Marquis of Hastings' famous mare "Lady Elizabeth" by Mr Chaplin's "Hermit" in the Derby. I think that special catastrophe was the plunging on Lady Elizabeth of some officers of a distinguished cavalry regiment, known as "the three B's." This Captain Baillie was a brother of one of the three B's, and was in a hussar regiment, and from that time lived a retired life, finally leaving a good deal of money behind him. He always told me that he would never return to England. I asked him if he had cut adrift from his clubs, and he looked up and said with a little laugh, "Not quite; I can't bring myself to take my name off Boodles'." He was always as smart as if he were just going on parade. I do not know if he ever did visit England; I think not. He is dead now, and my wife and I owe his memory warm thanks for many acts of hospitality and kindness.

Our party was added to at Potchefstroom by the advent of a charming dog which came to us in a rather singular way. She was a great brindled lurcher, very much of the character of a Scotch deer-hound, and belonged to a Boer who was camped near to us. She frequented our wagon every day, and every day was fetched back by her owner. At last he left, taking her with him, but in an hour or two she was back again with us. The Boer returned and led her away, and we thought we had seen the last of her, but next day she returned again, having broken her cord. Her owner never came back for her, and three days later we left, the dog following us. We christened her "Venus," and she

VENUS—A FAITHFUL COMPANION TO THE VICTORIA FALLS.

[*To face p.* 88.

travelled with us to the Victoria Falls, was the bravest dog I ever saw, and loving and faithful to a degree. Eventually she accompanied us to England, and was for many years the cherished companion of my mother at our old home in Anglesey, where she now lies buried, a memorial stone being erected over her.

We passed northward to Rustenberg, then the very last place of civilisation on the journey to the interior. Here we had to buy salted horses and lay in other stores for our journey.

I am not writing a book of travel, and though to us each day brought new experiences, new incidents, new mishaps, or new pleasures, they would be wearisome in detail, so that much of an eventful journey that lives in my memory will not be recorded here.

In due course we came to the Limpopo or Crocodile River, and one beautiful morning while camped on its banks I turned to my wife and said, "Shall we really go to the Victoria Falls," and she replied, "Yes." Never once since leaving Grahamstown had we spoken to anyone of the true object of our journey, because we always felt that so much might happen to prevent it. Even to ourselves we had hardly mentioned it. And now we had decided and the great journey was before us.

In due course we arrived at Shoshong, then called "Mangwato," the capital of the Bamangwato people under their famous chief Khama. Khama was away with a number of his followers protecting his frontiers in the north from a Matabele impi which was raiding the territory of the Batawana near Lake N'gami, of which I have something to say later. The acting chief, his brother Khamane, was very courteous to us, but it afterwards transpired that at that moment he was conspiring against the power of Khama, and he was later on relegated to obscurity.

There was one white trader, Mr Benyon, living at Shoshong, and he initiated us in interior ways. We there became, as it were, free of the guild of the interior; for Shoshong was considered then as the first *bona-fide* place where a traveller might consider that he had actually reached the interior itself. From thence there was no recognised communication with the outside of any kind, and the few hunters and traders had organised a kind of post among themselves to which we subscribed. It was not of much use to us, as we had received our last letters from home at Potchefstroom in March 1883, and did not get any more, nor have any communication with the outside world until January of the following year, 1884, on our return from the Zambesi River to Bulawayo, an interval of ten months.

On leaving Shoshong Mr Benyon made us a present of three very large goats; I forget the breed, but they were remarkable. We ate one a few days later, and then the other two got so friendly and so impudent that they became like dogs about the wagon, and although in the coming year illness overtook us all and we at one time found ourselves very pressed for food, we kept them on as pets. We named them Tobias and Biancas. When we left our wagons later with carriers they followed us, lived with us at Victoria Falls, and finally returned with us over a year later to Blignauts Pont, a ferry on the borders of Cape Colony, near Kimberley, where I gave them away to the ferryman, with whom their lives were safe, as they were of great value to him to lead the large flocks of sheep which passed through his hands on to the pont for conveyance to the other side.

After a journey of about 170 miles we arrived at Tati (now called Francistown), a mining place of great antiquity. One of its few inhabitants was Sam Edwards, known as "Far Interior Sam," who looked after the affairs of a small syndicate started

by Sir John Swinburne. It was the fashion to say that Tati was one of the places governed by the Queen of Sheba, from whence she got much of her gold; and it was also included as a seat of the mythical Empire of Monamatapa. It had been, no doubt, a mining centre of the Portuguese or Arabs, who very long before had visited the country, mined in it, and later left it to its original savagery. There were many old workings still in the condition in which they had been left by old explorers. The miners of old had simply followed the reef or leader downwards in any sort of zig-zag course, had lit fires to render the quartz brittle, and had then hammered it off with round stones. Several of these stones, obviously used for years as hammers, were lying about. I had one or two for a long time, but, like so many of my curiosities, they have been either lost or absorbed by my friends. At Tati, too, were some remains on the same lines as the famous ruins of Zimbabwe, which lie further north. Very poor specimens, but obviously originally built by the same people. Here, too, was a Jesuit priest, Father Prestage, formerly a master at Stonyhurst, a pleasant and cultured man, whose life seemed to me sadly wasted, as there were but few natives about, and even those took no interest in his work.

At Tati we met the famous hunter Van Rooyen, whose services I, many years afterwards, engaged as a hunter to Lord Selborne, the High Commissioner, when he was with me in the Bechuanaland Protectorate.

We passed on to Mangwe, where lived a patriarchal old man, Mr Lee, with many sons, who fought against us afterwards in the war. Old Lee was, I believe, at one time a sergeant in the British army, but he spoke very little except Dutch, and his sons spoke no English at all. These Lees were afterwards Lord Randolph Churchill's guides on his hunting expedition. This family was a thorough exemplifica-

tion of the fallacy so earnestly and mistakenly propagated after the Boer war, that by marrying young Englishmen to Dutch girls families would be raised on the soil who would be the backbone of a future British Colonial race. A hopeless error, as almost invariably the progeny of such a union in Africa turns to the people of their mother.

Here I decided to go on to Bulawayo to see Lobengula, to obtain his leave to go to the Victoria Falls, and I left my wife and son in charge of the younger Lees. My wife afterwards told me that it was almost pathetic to see the earnestness with which these great rough men carried out their responsibility. Each day one or other of them would come over and solemnly sit with her in her tent for nearly an hour drinking coffee and hardly speaking, except to ask if everything was all right with her. They were ready at sight to sjambok any native whom she wished, or do her any service.

Van Rooyen from Tati accompanied me to Bulawayo. We walked all the way with only a small open Scotch cart, and drove a bull, a present from himself to Lobengula. It was a tiresome and unamiable beast, but we somehow got him there. After a few days we arrived at Bulawayo. The place was known as Gubulawayo then, and consisted of the very large native town only. It was built on the hill where Mr Rhodes' house now stands. The only store, which belonged to Mr Fairbairn, still stood when I revisited Bulawayo in 1902. With Mr Fairbairn was Mr Phillips, a great character known as "Elephant Phillips," of whom the stories told are endless.

The day following my arrival I went to see Lobengula. The chief was, of course, a pure Zulu, the younger son of Mosilikatz, or more correctly Umziligazi, one of the greatest chiefs of the famous Chaka, king of Zululand. The history of Mosilikatz's wanderings thither is interesting. With an impi of

some ten thousand men and his two sons, Kuruman and Lobengula, he fled from his master Chaka, who had an unpleasant habit of "eating up" his greatest sub-chiefs or indunas when they were at the height of their power. Mosilikatz wandered across the country which is now the Transvaal, devastating and exterminating everything in his track. For some reason, which I cannot remember, prior to reaching what was afterwards Matabeleland, he divided his forces, going himself towards the Victoria Falls with Lobengula, then a boy, his son Kuruman going with the others to a hill about 12 miles from Bulawayo, where they settled. Time went on and Kuruman's party thought Mosilikatz was dead and proclaimed Kuruman as their chief. But they reckoned without their host, for old Mosilikatz suddenly turned up and fell upon them, slaughtering a great number and killing every single one of Kuruman's indunas. The hill is to-day known as "Thabas Induna." Kuruman was spared, but was deprived of his rights of succession, and later was sent down, I think by old Dr Moffatt the missionary, Livingstone's father-in-law, to Natal, where he lived some time in charge of the Shepstone family. In due course Mosilikatz died and was succeeded by Lobengula. Lobengula, when I went to visit him, was a pure native entirely without clothes except a single monkey skin ; and, if walking, sometimes having a leopard skin robe hung over his shoulder. He was a man of singular dignity of manner, a gentleman to the tips of his fingers. I have never seen a native like him. Khama is in every instinct a gentleman, but his personality is entirely different from that of Lobengula. Lobengula's power was immense and absolute, his punishments prompt and brutal. As far as possible he made the "punishment fit the crime." Evil speakers had their tongues dragged out, incautious listeners were deprived of their ears, too curious eavesdroppers lost their eyes, while villages were wiped off the face

of the earth if they gave trouble. It was all brutal, but it was a necessity of his existence. His people were as himself, lovers of blood-shedding, wild, turbulent fellows, who knew no power but a stern unbending will, and no punishment but mutilation or death.

It must be remembered to Lobengula's credit that he always treated white men with consideration and generally with kindness. His people were composed of the families of the Zulus who had invaded the country, and of the many tribes of Makalakas, Mashonas, and others, who were the original inhabitants, the offspring of the Zulus being known as "the people of the real nation," who clearly showed their birth in their appearance and carriage, and who exercised paramount authority. He knew well who came for sport and travel and who for gain, and to the latter his word was a short "no." I saw an example of this in his refusal to permit a Kimberley digger named Crawley to prospect in his country. I asked him why he had refused when he allowed me to go. His reply was couched in the language which a native chief loves to use. He said, "You know my people, which are of the real nation, and which are slaves. Look at their hands and their feet. You belong to the real nation. You come, like Dawnay, to hunt and to see the water boil (the Victoria Falls). I know why you come. But this man is common, he comes for what he can get, and to give me trouble: I will have none of him." In fact he sized up the situation exactly. He often spoke to me of Guy Dawnay (afterwards killed by a buffalo in Masailand) with great affection. I think he liked him better than any Englishman who ever visited him. When in later years I have heard certain hybrid gentlemen who have wended their way into Rhodesia, under the guise of "old pioneers" (pioneers from the diamond market of Kimberley or the Stock Exchange of Johannesburg to the club at

Bulawayo), speaking scornfully (as Mulvany would put it) of Lobengula, I have wondered whether the old régime was not more picturesque than the new, and whether Lobengula and his indunas would not, in some matters, have compared favourably with those who have replaced them.

I got the freedom of the road from him, and returned to my wife's camp at Mangwe. I was accompanied by Mr Phillips, of whom I have spoken, "Elephant Phillips," and he travelled with us up to Pandamatenka, a Jesuit mission-station some seventy miles from the Victoria Falls. On our journey to the falls an incident occurred, interesting to look back upon, but dangerous at the time. Near the Nata River we met a large impi of Matabeles, some three thousand men, returning from Lake N'gami, whither they had been on one of their biennial raids; this time against the Batawana tribe. It was to watch the doings of this impi that Khama had been away with his men at the time that I visited Shoshong. They had just completed a historical massacre which still lives as a terrible memory among the Batawana people, and had completely wiped out all who had not fled to the marshes of the Okovango. Anyone who knows what a Matabele used to be "with blood on his assegai," will realise the temper of these men, and the danger in which we were. They came clamouring around us, and we at once demanded that their chief should come to us. We explained to him Lobengula's words, which were literally, "I have given you the road, and who shall harm you," and the chief gave us his protection. But we had not done with them. While I was away for a few minutes with the chief, my Grahamstown boy, Christian, picked up an assegai with blood on it and began skylarking. The owner and all the other Matabeles near at hand rushed at him, he flying to the wagon and hiding himself behind my wife, she sitting in front of him.

She did not budge an inch, and held her ground, the men yelling that their assegai had been defiled and that they would kill him. And indeed the situation was very critical, and had it not been for my wife's infinite coolness and pluck anything might have happened. Fear of Lobengula debarred them for the moment from attacking her, but a second might alter things, and the boy crouched behind her, his face almost grown white with terror, and believing that his last hour had come. Hearing the noise I ran up with the chief, and by authority and by argument, and finally by a present of knives, I at last got the storm quelled, but it was a narrow shave of what might have resulted in the wiping out of us all. Twenty-three years later, when in the Batawana country beyond Lake N'gani, I found the story of the doings of this terrible impi as fresh in the minds of the people as though it had happened yesterday. We had a good deal of trouble on our journey from outlying stragglers of this force, in knots of twenties and thirties, whom we met, generally half-starved and worn out with privation, but turbulent and insolent to an almost intolerable degree.

On this journey, too, we had to run a troublesome "thirst" of four days over a deep sandy country, where it was only with difficulty that we could force the wagons through. During the latter part of the time we had to tie up the oxen without daring to let them graze, or we should have never seen them again. It was painful to hear them groaning in their agony of thirst and not being able to relieve them. The horses came to us twice a day to take their little drink out of enamelled soup plates, and thoroughly understood the necessity of carefully sucking up every drop without spilling it. They stood with their heads nestling up against us while we filled their plates from our small store of water. On the evening of the fourth day we came to a pan well known now as the "Baobab Tree," and, after

filling up all our water-barrels, allowed the horses and oxen to go in and drink and roll about. We had an interesting experience here. While we were having supper by the light of our fire, a large herd of elephants came crashing through the bush right into the pan, and there they trumpeted and rolled about, making an amazing noise. They were not fifty yards from us, and the situation was not entirely pleasant, as it was doubtful which way they might take as they came out. We could not see them as it was pitch dark. Suddenly they seemed to realise our camp-fire, for with a furious rush and a storm of trumpetings they all bolted, crashing through the bushes not many yards from us. I followed them next day for about fifteen miles, but without coming up with them.

We had some risky experiences in going through tsetse-fly belts hereabouts. Such belts are very clearly defined, and may not be entered before dark and must be travelled at night.

We were now not very far from Pandamatenka, the last place to which we could take our oxen and horses on account of the tsetse fly. When about twelve miles from the mission-station my wife and I left the wagons and rode on, using the faint track which alone was visible. Evening was fast approaching, and at last I said, "If we don't see the place from the next rise we must gallop back to the wagons." But there, sure enough, we saw in front of us the group of huts which constituted for many years the most distant and isolated of all Jesuit missions. We galloped on, doing the last half mile at a great pace. The priests and brothers, hearing the barking of the dogs, came out and stood looking at us, and as my wife and I dismounted, and walked towards them with outstretched hands, we were met by the greeting from their senior father—"Oh welcome, welcome, whoever you are!"

We arrived there on about the 25th of July 1883,

and they had not had any communication with the outside world for a year. A kinder greeting I never received, and before we finally left Pandamatenka, on the 1st of December of the same year, we had reason to bless the fate which had brought these good priests and brothers into this far-off land. I have heard many hard things said of the Jesuits in my time, and I do not propose to discuss the abstract or concrete merits of any of them. I will only say this, that in pain and trouble, in sickness and in suffering, neither my wife nor I will ever hope, or care, to find our fellow-men more kindly, more gentle, more self-denying, or more simply and genuinely helpful than were those who constituted this Jesuit mission in far-away Africa.

CHAPTER VIII

LIFE IN THE FAR INTERIOR

After a few days' rest I started off on horseback to Leshuma to see Mr Westbeech, the only trader in that district, a distance of about 80 miles, the greater part of which I had to walk. On the way, at Gashuma, I came across an old man originally a "bastard" Cape Colonist named "Africa." I asked him how he was getting on, and his answer was: "My oxen are dead, my horses are dead, my wife is dead, and very soon I shall be dead too." Not a cheery condition of things. This place, Gashuma, is stated by Selous to be the only place south of the Zambesi where the graceful little buck, the oribi, is to be found, and I am nearly sure that I saw one there.

George Westbeech was, I suppose, by far the best known of all interior traders of bygone days. A man of excellent manner, well educated, and of many cultured qualities. Why or how he came to be there I do not know. He but seldom journeyed to the outside world, remaining thus far away, living the oddest sort of life. At one time he must have made a good deal of money, as he had a practical monopoly of all the ivory trade north of the Zambesi in his hands. Elephants were extraordinarily plentiful in the Barotse country, and nearly all the ivory that was traded, except such as found its way to St Paul de Loanda on the West Coast, passed through his hands. From Leshuma I walked to the great confluence of the rivers Chobe and Zambesi, a place

called Kazingula, now well known, but then outside the utmost limits of the known country. Years afterwards, at the time of the treaty with Germany which adjusted so many boundaries in dispute, the late Lord Currie (then Sir Philip Currie) sent for me and made me go carefully over existing maps with him and looked at my sketch maps. He put his finger on this very confluence and said, "That is the spot I want to be certain about. Describe it to me." I did, and he turned and said, "How do you know all this?" I replied, "Because I have been there, and know it as well as you do this room"; to which he answered, "Thank you, that is good enough for me," and the spot became an important one in the subsequent treaty, and is so to-day. In the same year I had the pleasant task of collaborating with Sir Harry Johnston on some articles written by us for the *New Review* on "The operation of the German Treaty in Africa," he taking the northern part and I the southern. I visited Kazingula later, in 1906, but of that journey I have a good deal to say later on.

I rejoined my wife at Pandamatenka, and getting together about thirty natives as carriers we started to walk to the Victoria Falls, a distance of 75 miles. We borrowed a donkey from the priests to carry my son, then seven years old, a donkey being believed to be immune to the tsetse fly. On the last night of our journey we were all lying on the ground inside our little camp in the midst of the almost tangible stillness of a lovely Central African night, when I heard a distant deep roar. My wife heard it at the same moment and touched me, saying, "What is it." We waited a moment and it continued its deep booming. I said, "It is the Victoria Falls." Even at this distance of time the whole scene comes back to me, how all our anticipations were being realised, all our long journey being crowned with success, for there within our hearing rolled and boomed the vast Victoria Falls, one of the greatest

wonders of the world. And yet we were about 12 miles away! It is the fashion to extol the past at the expense of the present. There are no philosophers, no artists, no players, no singers to-day as of yore. So say we all. But whatever truth or fancy there may be in much of this, one thing is certain, that the volume of water now passing over these falls is as nothing in comparison with that of thirty years ago. The drying up of the interior of that part of Africa is largely a matter of administrative fact, with which I had much to do when I was, later on, Commissioner of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, and the natural result is the far lesser volume of water passing over these great Falls.

Very early we left our camp, and at about nine o'clock on the morning of the 14th of August 1883 we reached our goal. Leaving our carriers, my wife and son and I crashed through the slush and crawled through the paths made in the dense scrub by the hippopotami until we reached the very head of the Falls; so rugged, impenetrable and wild then, so cared for and easy now as to be to-day almost unrecognisable. The Falls were at their best, the water rolling over in vast masses, the roar so overwhelming that not one word could be heard as we staggered along, making our way as best we could, each moment more wonderful than the last. At the great Fall we crawled to the very edge, and lying flat down looked into the chasm below, or into as much of it as we could see, for the vast masses of spray rising to a great height in the air obscured much. While thus wondering we were amazed to see two white men coming towards us, who proved to be Mr Edmund Selous, a brother of the famous hunter, and Mr Arnot, a missionary among the Barotse, and later on, I think, a gold medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. It was a strange place in which to forgather.

I do not intend to attempt a description of the

Victoria Falls, as they are now the object of a journey by the everyday tourist, but surely, as we saw them then, they formed one of the most amazing sights in all this world of ours.

We made our way back and found our camp about a mile above, where we took our well-earned rest. Here we built a grass house and stayed there for some weeks wandering about, again and again visiting the Falls and exploring every part of them. The marvellous rainbow, created each day at about three or four o'clock in the afternoon by the glint of the sun on the mass of spray, is brilliant, while the perfect lunar rainbow which may be seen during a certain period of each moon is almost unique.

The Barotse natives from the other side now got troublesome, and I was anxious for my wife, so early one morning we packed up our traps and started back for Pandamatenka, which we safely reached in a few days.

It is always a pleasure to me that my wife figures in the Geographical Society's proceedings as the first Englishwoman who ever reached the Victoria Falls. I am not quite sure that she was not the first white woman.

Mrs William Francis of Grahamstown, the wife of an interior trader, visited Pandamatenka the year before we did, and from her I learnt of her visit, but she never told me that she actually reached the Falls. The matter, however, being in doubt I, in later years asked the framers of the official guide-book to insert her name before that of my wife, who up to that had stood first in the book. Mrs Francis had been a kind friend to us, and my wife and I both disliked the idea of snatching an honour which may have been hers. A Dutch girl, Mrs George Wood, the wife of the famous elephant hunter, had reached Pandamatenka with her husband and baby several years previously, but they never got further, as all three died at Pandamatenka of fever, their graves being within 50 yards of my camp there.

Mr Arnot the missionary was a remarkable man. I met him some weeks later and had many talks with him. He was the simplest and most earnest of men. He lived a life of great hardship under the care of Wanawenna, then king of the Barotse, and taught his children. I remember his telling me with some pride that his pupils had mastered the alphabet. I have seen many missionaries under varied circumstances, but such an absolutely forlorn man, existing on from day to day, almost homeless, with hardly any of the appliances which make life bearable, I have never seen.

He was imbued with one desire, and that was to do God service. Whether it could best be done in that way I will not here question, but he looked neither to the right nor left, caring nothing for himself if he could but get one to believe; at least so he struck me, and I have honoured the recollection of him ever since as being as near his Master as anyone I ever saw.

Wanawenna, the then king of the Barotse, had deposed a king named Leboshi, the latter having fled to the marshes of the Okovango and taken refuge with the Batawana tribe. It is interesting in the light of later events to know that this Leboshi returned later, drove out Wanawenna and reassumed the chieftainship of the Barotse, and that he still reigns under another name, being now known as the famous chief Lewanika, who visited England a good many years back and astonished all those who met him by his European ways and his strong common-sense.

While at Pandamatenka we received a visit from two other white men, who walked into the country, the Count de la Panouse and Mr MacIntyre. The former had been Aide-de-Camp to Marshal Macmahon, the President of the French Republic, and had married the famous singer Heilbron. Why he had drifted thither I do not know. He was a cheery

little Frenchman and full of fun. He got into great disgrace with my wife, who discovered him making his cigarettes out of the leaves of an English Bible which he had somehow annexed, and he got well scolded for it. Mr MacIntyre was the brother of the well-known prima donna Miss Marguerite MacIntyre.

And now I come to the great trial of all our journey, the fever which so nearly cost me my life. I went away for some days from my camp to shoot, when one evening I felt very ill, aching in every limb. Next morning I started to walk back, a distance of 20 miles, an experience I never wish to repeat. I trudged on, setting my teeth with a determination to get to the end of it, and at last got into camp in a state of absolute exhaustion. I just said, "I'm rather ill, I'll lie down," and fell upon the little wire-wove cot which stood in my tent. And there I lay for many weeks, at times hovering between life and death. To make matters worse my son got fever, though of a milder type, and both my Cape servants. My wife was left alone to do all. And well and bravely she did it. No words of mine can adequately describe the amazing pluck with which she not only nursed us all through, but looked to the camp affairs, fed the horses, drove the Kaffir boys into doing a little work, even picked flowers to put on my sick-bed. She was heartily helped by the priests and brothers, who from their small store gave us what they had, including all the little milk that they could muster. We had practically no drugs except quinine, laudanum, and ipecacuanha, and the Jesuits had nothing left, so from these Mr Phillips, who was at his camp near, used to prepare large doses measured out in the liberal fashion common to interior men. There was not even a clinical thermometer amongst us. They were not so much used in those days. Now we all carry one and try our temperature whenever we get a cold. One night the crisis came. I was fearfully

ill and delirious, and they all thought the end was coming. One of the Jesuit brothers shared the night's watching with my wife, they sitting on opposite sides of the cot. Then I dozed and breathed more steadily, and the brother took out his watch. At the end of five minutes he smiled at my wife and nodded, and did so at the end of each five minutes, until half an hour was reached and I still slept. Then leaning gently over me he reached across to my wife and without a word warmly shook hands with her, for the crisis was past. And so they sat watching me.

I was terribly weak, but recovered little by little until I was able to crawl about, a broken-down invalid for the time, having lost, slight as I then was, over three stone in weight. Oh! how we used to watch the great flocks of birds flighting far away overhead, indicating the coming of the rains. And then at last the rains came, and on the 1st of December 1883 we left for Bulawayo, glad indeed to leave without suffering the loss of any of our party, but heartily sorry to part with the members of the mission to whom we owed so much and who laughingly protested at the thanks we sought to pour upon them. Fever with them was common, and one by one, both previous to our visit and after it, they passed away, until at last this abominable death-trap was abandoned and the mission withdrawn.

One incident occurred during my illness which cast upon my wife additional responsibility. The lions became very troublesome and got hold of one of my native boys. The others got him away, but he had seven dreadful wounds, mostly on his back. He lay under my wagon on his face groaning. My wife nursed him and washed his wounds, dressing them daily with a compound of yellow soap and brown sugar, a remedy we had heard of as effective. Whether it was because of or in spite of the remedy,

the boy recovered, and was another triumph of her untiring energy and boundless care for all except herself. I do not think that either my wife or I realised until long afterwards the oddity of our taking our boy, then hardly seven years old, on such a journey, or the natural way in which he accepted the situation, and enjoyed it. He used to do his lessons with my wife when opportunity offered, and his copies were always touched with local colour, such as "Lions leap lightly," "Hyenas howl horribly," "Elephants eat eggs," and so forth. We have some of the copybooks still. For many years he was known at the Geographical Society's offices in London as "The Zambesi baby." He is now a planter in British East Africa, and is President of the Planter's Convention in that colony.

On the way out we were very short of provisions, and all our party were too weak to shoot. My head man, John, brought in a dish one morning with great glee, which he described as a "cheese omelette"—a mixture of mealie meal and something which tasted like cheese. We asked him where on earth he had got it, and he reminded us of a Dutch cheese we had bought about ten months previously in the Orange Free State. The rind, for there was nothing else left, had been tossed into a box and had there lain for all that time amongst pots and pans, as black as the pots themselves. He had discovered it, scraped it clean and shredded it. To such makeshifts were we reduced, and his cheery comment, "I knew the mistress would be pleased, so I kept it quite secret," was a delightful indication of his kindly care for us.

On arrival at Bulawayo a native boy arrived with a letter for me from that well-known missionary Mr Thomas. He welcomed me back as his countryman, bidding me come, and saying, "And we shall be proud, too, to receive the brave lady who has so

fearlessly accompanied you through the wilds." He sent me a small present of coffee. On my asking the boy for it, he handed me the torn empty bag tied to a stick, saying laconically, "The bushes have got the rest." I did visit Mr Thomas some weeks later under the saddest possible auspices. Our wagon stopped near his house and my wife and I walked to the door and heard a hammering going on. We knocked, and a lady came to the door. I asked for Mr Thomas, and she said, "My husband died this morning." The hammering which we heard was the making of his coffin. In the afternoon he was buried, our wagon (in default of anything else) being cleared out for the purpose, and drawing him to his grave. He was the oldest missionary of the interior and was far more in the confidence of the Matabele than any missionary since Dr Moffatt.

From Bulawayo we went to old Bulawayo, where lived a missionary named Helm, his wife being a charming lady, formerly the Baroness Erica von Putkamer, a relative of the wife of Prince Bismarck; she had many accomplishments, singing charmingly, and had an overflowing fund of happy good humour, besides being still a pretty woman. From her and her husband we received much kindness.

There I first met Fred Selous the famous hunter, who arrived on a few hours' visit. I shall not be controverted by a single interior hunter, trader, or missionary when I place Selous as far and away the greatest hunter of whom we in modern times have any direct cognisance. Nimrod we only know by reputation, so I will leave him out of the comparison. Selous was, and is, as modest and brave as he was thorough, and his personal friendship, which we still enjoy, is always a valued possession to my wife, my son, and myself. In later years I found myself in hot controversy with him in the pages of *The Times* over the Boer War, but even that fruitful source of bitterness did not disturb the kindly feeling which

we, in common with all interior travellers, felt for our old friend.

Our journey northwards to Inyati, the mission-station of Mr Elliott of the London Missionary Society, was the first occasion on which we suffered actual wrong and robbery from the natives. We had to pass through a disturbed district known as "the rebel towns," and here Pullinzella, a younger brother of Lobengula, openly robbed us of much of what we had left, even to taking our last pot of jam, which so incensed my wife that she lost her temper, and said, "Oh, you brute! you brute!" Our oxen, too, broke down a little further on, and I had no course but to leave my wife with the wagon and ride on for help, which I got and returned as quickly as I could, to find her and my son all safe and well.

While in camp here we saw most completely and thoroughly that wonderful development of the intelligence of ants of which we had read, but which not many have seen, *i.e.*, the attacking and storming of a hostile colony by an ant army. It is absolutely true as I describe it, and we saw it all. The army marched along with an advanced guard and scouts and rearguard, all complete, until it reached the nest it sought. It at once surrounded the outlets, and one band dived down the holes. Instantly a number of ants rushed out and were all in turn fallen upon and killed. In due course the attacking party emerged from the inside, carrying with them the grub ants, which I have always been told they take away with them to grow up into slaves. The army then returned back, carrying their slaves with them, and whither they went we had not time to watch. A notable point was that the ants of the invading army were all of a much smaller kind than those of the invaded colony.

We spent Christmas at Inyati with the Elliotts, Mr Elliott being a minister of the London Missionary Society, and with Mr Selous, who joined us

there. I recollect that Christmas dinner of 1883 so well, because our hosts had acquired a sucking pig and a turkey to feed us with. The turkey developed disease and had to be thrown away, and the pig ran off into the bush. However, we had our pudding, all joining Mrs Elliott in stoning the raisins and in the general preparations.

And now we had an anxious time, for there was trouble in the land, of which Mr Selous has given a detailed account in his second book. It was called "The great hippopotamus case." Briefly it was this: Mr Selous had employed some hunters to kill hippopotami for him during the past season. One of them, a German, poached on the special preserve of Lobengula. There was no rain that year, and the witch doctors ascribed it to the killing of these sacred hippopotami. The feeling against the few whites in the country became very strong, and it is possible that at one moment our lives were not entirely safe. Certainly Mr Elliott thought so, for I remember that one Sunday he prayed for protection for the small congregation of about a dozen who were assembled, and, rather unwisely as I thought, spoke of how it might be that we should not be spared to meet on another Sunday. The matter, however, ended with a general fining of nearly all the whites of the country, mostly in kind or in gunpowder, several of the fines of whom I myself paid.

The Matabele were during all that time both tiresome and insolent. As an instance, one day a sub-chief from one of the rebel towns came to see me, and demurred to my being in the country at all. At last he stood up and took his assegai, levelling it at me, and touched my chest with the point of it, saying, "Why do I not kill you?" I turned to my head man John, my interpreter, and said, "Tell him it is because he is afraid. Tell him that his words are big but his heart is small." I suppose it impressed him, because he immediately told me

I was a man and a friend, and was extremely civil. Of course it was only bluff, but these things were not pleasant. It is curious to think that at the very spot where we met on the Sunday of which I have spoken a massacre took place in the second Matabele war of almost every white, I think, in the settlement.

In due time we returned to Bulawayo, where things were gradually calming down. Lobengula was very civil to us and most courteous, but very outspoken to my wife. She was rather slight, which he did not admire, and he told her so. He told her that she ought not to buckle her belt, as it pinched her in. He said, "If you take it off, you will go out like that," spreading out his hands. She laughed, and did unbuckle it, not with the result he anticipated. "Ou," he said, "you should take plenty of beef and beer."

Lobengula had many wives, but his greatest and most successful matrimonial effort was when he married the whole thirteen daughters of Umzila, a well-known eastern chief, a feat which, while forming a pleasant picture of domestic bliss, should commend him to the hearts of all match-making mothers in their weary crusade.

Our journey down country was full of minor events of interest which, at this distance of time, are not worth telling, but all went well, and we reached Kimberley in April 1884. At Kimberley, accompanied by my wife, I descended the great mine, then an open working, in one of the ordinary open buckets, a depth of about five hundred feet. I was laughed at by my friends, who said, "As you didn't succeed in killing your wife in the interior, you tried your last chance to-day, and even in that you have failed." From Kimberley we drove to Colesburg, where we took the train for Port Elizabeth, and from thence returned to England in May 1884, so ending one of the most memorable journeys of our lives.

RETURN OF THE AUTHOR AND HIS WIFE AND SON FROM THE VICTORIA FALLS, 1884.

[*To face p.* 110.

CHAPTER IX

THE BECHUANALAND EXPEDITION

I HAVE often been asked why I did not write a book of my journey, but there is such a dreary sameness about such books, and I am glad I avoided the pitfall. We soon dropped back into the ordinary routine of London life as though we had never left it.

At that time I became associated to some extent with the Working Men's College, and played cricket with them on the old Middlesex ground in company with Sir Frank Swettenham, Sir Charles Lucas and others, then young men. The College paid me the compliment of asking me to lecture to them, and I have always been proud that I was preceded by Mr Gladstone and succeeded by Mr William Morris. The men of the College were capital listeners and made me go on speaking far beyond my allotted time, but they were extremely critical, and the subsequent questioning to which the lecturer was put by the audience was not always easy. One man got up, put his hands in his pockets, and said, "I should like to ask you, Sir, whether these races of whom you have told us celebrate the year of Jubilee." For a moment I was posed, but the point he was driving at suddenly occurred to me. "Ah," I said, "what you want to get at is whether all land which has been alienated reverts to the people after fifty years." "Yes, Sir," he said, "that is exactly what I want to know." I replied, "I am sorry to disappoint you, but the land belongs to the King, is apportioned

by him and the chiefs under him each year, and the people have to take neither more nor less than he allots them." There was a hearty laugh, in which my socialistic friend joined with much good humour. I had a pleasant outing with the College to Oxford, where we were entertained by Hertford College, All Souls and Christchurch, and where we also played a cricket match. On the journey back I found myself in a compartment with a dozen or more of the most stalwart Radicals I ever met, and we settled the affairs of the nation with great vigour. I stood alone as a Conservative, with one exception, the dullest man in the company, who kept peacefully silent, except every now and then breaking in with, "You 'ad 'im there, Sir!"

And now I pass from the story of my private life to the many incidents which have led up to and formed my period of public service, for at the close of this year, 1884, I accompanied Sir Charles Warren to Bechuanaland as head of the Civil Intelligence Department of the Bechuanaland Expedition. I was connected with him by the tie that our stepmothers were sisters and he had taken a great interest in my recent travels.

This expedition, which was in 1884 and 1885, is ancient history now, but, insignificant as it may seem, it was the turning-point in the history of our expansion in South Central Africa. We had given back the Transvaal to the Boers under the Convention of 1881, and we had given them still greater powers by the Convention of 1884, and it seemed as though our expansion to the north was for ever closed. Germany had been allowed to take over all the country on the west coast, now known as German South-West Africa, without any definite boundary to the eastward, while the Transvaal boundary to the westward was very loosely considered by us. There was imminent danger of the Boers and the Germans shaking hands over a frontier in the delimitation of which we had no part, thus closing for ever

the route to the north. One party of Boers under Van Niekerk crossed over the Transvaal border into native territory, over which we had the vaguest possible hold, entered into a treaty with a drunken native chief named Mankoroane, and established themselves under the title of "The Republic of Stellaland," with its capital at Vryburg. Another party to the north under Nicholas Gey Van Pittius attacked the Baralong natives under their chief Montsioa at their native town of Mafeking and finally overcame them, establishing "The Republic of Goshenland" near Mafeking, just outside the Transvaal border. Montsioa had with him an Englishman, Mr Christopher Bethell, a connection of my own, a younger son of Mr Bethell of Rise, in Yorkshire, who during the whole of the fighting had organised the Baralong forces, and had made a stubborn defence. In the final battle Mr Bethell was wounded with a bullet in his leg, and, without a shadow of doubt, was, while lying wounded, murdered by the Boers. The murderers were well known to us, but we never could get hold of them. Public feeling was aroused, and it became apparent that if England was not to be a cipher in the future partition of Africa something definite must be done.

The murder of Mr Bethell was of singular brutality, and was wholly without excuse, and Sir Charles Warren was directed to organise an expedition to proceed to the Cape, and to confer with Sir Hercules Robinson, the High Commissioner. The Bechuanaland Expedition was the occasion of a new departure in the uniform of the British army, and, so far as I know, this was entirely due to Sir Charles Warren. Laings Nek and Majuba Hill in the previous Boer War had demonstrated the fatal effect with which our red coats could be seen in the clear atmosphere of South Africa, and Sir Charles Warren decided upon trying a sort of mud-coloured corduroy instead of the old uniform.

I was fortunate enough to be one of the very first of those engaged in the organisation of the expedition. We took possession of a small room in the Colonial Office, the first occupants being Sir Charles, his private secretary Lieutenant Haynes, R.E., afterwards killed in a small affair in Rhodesia, and myself. We were soon reinforced by Colonel (afterwards General Sir Frederick) Forestier-Walker as Chief of the Staff, Major (afterwards Colonel) Montagu Forestier-Walker as Assistant Military Secretary, and Sir Bartle Frere as A.D.C. We, under Sir Charles, did the first work of the expedition.

The next arrival in the little room was Colonel (now Field Marshal Lord) Methuen, who came to organise what was known as Methuen's Horse, which was the first departure in the formation of a regiment of young untrained volunteers for active service. The staff was filled up by degrees, and in November of 1884 we all, with some details of a military force, left in the *Grantully Castle* for South Africa.

Anyone who has served under Sir Charles Warren well knows his thoroughness and his untiring personal energy, but to have seen him leaving Paddington Station would have but little prepared a looker-on to realise this. He wore a frock-coat, low shoes, tall hat, and white cotton socks, and looked as little like a general leaving for active service as it is possible to conceive. We were allowed no time for idleness on board ship, but were formed into committees of attack, defence, supply, laagering, and all sorts of matters which were likely to crop up on an expedition of this sort. We called at St Helena, and there with Major (now General) Jim Babington of the 16th Lancers, Major (afterwards General) Hugh Gough, Major (afterwards General) Molyneux, I, for the second time, visited Napoleon's grave. Just as we were leaving the ship a very advanced high church cleric of the

English Church, Father Barrington Simeon, asked if he might accompany us, to which we acceded. He was dressed in a cassock and biretta, wore a long flowing beard, and had a pair of field-glasses slung on his back. We got the first five ponies and started. Anyone who has visited Longwood will remember that there is about a mile of grassland before you reach the house, and that custom has decreed (as well as the ponies themselves) that on reaching this you start at full gallop and race in. I shall never forget that race and the sight of his reverence lying down on his horse, his cassock and beard streaming in the wind, his field-glasses banging hither and thither, his biretta jammed down on his head, riding with the best. We laughed so that with difficulty we could sit on our horses, but the result was that the parson rose high in our estimation and was ever after dubbed as one of the best of good fellows. While crossing the Bay of Biscay on this voyage there was a lump of a sea, but, despite that, service for the troops was held on deck. The cleric on duty was enamoured of his own eloquence when preaching. He got more eloquent, his hearers more seasick, until at last the officer in command, with a boldness which in church I have often since envied, walked up to him and said, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but if you cannot bring your sermon to a close I must march my men off." The sermon came to an abrupt end. What a pity that home truths such as this do not oftener find their way to our pulpits.

Sir Charles Warren's arrival and the object of it were both very popular in Cape Town, and we were greeted by an enthusiastic crowd which I have never seen equalled in South Africa; but we were not popular with the ministers, headed by Messrs Sprigg and Upington, who had been arranging a little settlement of the affair on their own account which was in anything but imperial interests.

Sir Hercules Robinson, who was living at his

country house, lent us the dining-room at Government House for staff purposes, and there we sat each morning ("Dame Europa's School," as I christened it) working up details. Sir Charles was a trifle hasty in temper, while his secretary, Mr Haynes, was absolutely imperturbable. I recollect one day the secretary taking a bundle of papers to the general, who, in a moment of temper, crumpled them up and then flung them hither and thither on to the ground. The secretary quietly walked back to his seat, on which the general thundered, "Why don't you pick them up?" to which the reply was, "Only the other day, Sir, you told me not to move any papers you put down." The general looked fiercely at him and then burst out into a hearty fit of laughing, and peace was restored.

The strained relations which existed between Sir Hercules Robinson, the High Commissioner (who was also Governor of the Cape) and Sir Charles Warren are a matter of the open history of that time. The duties of the High Commissioner as an independent imperial officer were very apt to clash with his duties as the constitutional governor of a self-governing colony; and Sir Hercules was in a difficult position. Sir Charles Warren's position was also an incongruous one in relation to his senior officer, General Sir Leicester Smyth, commanding in South Africa. Sir Charles was sent out with a free hand, and his nominal military chief had practically no authority over him. Those who recollect that fine old soldier Sir Leicester Smyth (formerly better known as Leicester Curzon) will readily believe that he had no personal axe to grind, but nevertheless the situation was, to say the least of it, strained for a time, with the High Commissioner opposed to us in policy and the General officer commanding apart from us in military operations. Small matters often dominate great ones, and I recollect that one of the principal fads of Sir Leicester

was the wearing of pot hats when in mufti by every officer within his command. The sight of us, not one of whom owned a pot hat, in the oddest and most varied headgear, was gall and wormwood to him, and was an hourly reminder of his minimised position.

I was appointed a captain at this time, and I also held a written appointment as special correspondent of the *Standard* as well as of the *Cape Argus.* I afterwards, to my great sorrow, lost my commission as special correspondent by having my pocket picked at Ascot, a loss that troubled me more than that of the bank notes which were with it. I was made head of the civil branch of the Intelligence Department, and found myself in close association with the military officers of that department, two of whom are now distinguished generals of the R.E. and R.A. respectively. I remember Sir Charles laughing heartily over a mistake of mine in that connection. I telegraphed from the front in cipher to him, commenting adversely on the intelligence reported to him by one of these officers, now General Sir George Barker, whom I dubbed as "quite wrong in his facts." I then took a long and weary ride to visit him, arriving on foot very exhausted, carrying my saddle, my horse having broken down. I was received by Major Barker with the utmost kindness, and, after resting and refreshing in his tent, went in to the general and told him my story, to which he listened with interest and then laughingly said, "And the best of the joke is that Barker (my hospitable host) deciphered your telegram." But despite all this the soldiers were very good to me and never made me feel an outsider.

While on this expedition I, with the A.D.C. Sir Bartle Frere, went carefully over the ground between Orange River and Modder River, the scene afterwards of Lord Methuen's march in the Boer War, which made the operations and fighting which ended with the disaster of Magersfontein very familiar to

me. Our expedition, as far as regular soldiers went, consisted of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, the Royal Scots, some companies of Engineers and some batteries of Artillery, with all the other necessary details of service. In addition we had Methuen's Horse under Colonel Methuen, Carrington's Horse under Colonel (afterwards Sir Frederick) Carrington, Gough's Horse under Colonel Gough, and a strange and hybrid regiment under Colonel Kempster, which was, I think, dubbed "The Pioneers." Altogether it was the oddest small army which I should imagine had ever up to that time taken the field.

The Bechuanaland Expedition did, to the sorrow of those in it, no fighting, but, as I have already said, its work has left a lasting mark on the history of Africa, and without it there would have been no Bechuanaland, no Rhodesia, no advance to the north, all of which have been such prominent factors in our African policy from that day to this. I do not propose to give a detailed history of its doings, which are largely uninteresting and quite out of date, but there are many matters in connection with it which still have an interest to those who have watched later history.

Up to this time Mr Rhodes' career had not attracted exceptional attention. He had been Treasurer-General of the Cape Colony at the age of twenty-seven and shown marked ability, he had already made a large fortune in the Kimberley diamond fields, and he was accepted as a prominent man, but no idea of his commanding ability existed. He was keenly interested in the expedition, he had already taken part in the political side of the question, and he was at that moment in Bechuanaland engaged in negotiations with the filibusters on behalf of the High Commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson. Mr Rhodes now for the first time came publicly into the field as a leader in the extension policy of South Africa. When the expedition was at Barkly West,

which became its base on its march to the north, Mr Rhodes rode down from Vryburg to visit Sir Charles Warren. We were in a little house in Barkly with most rudimentary surroundings, and it happened that I met him at the door. I have always tried to be courteous to all, and I thought I was so on that occasion, but he has often told me since, "You put on a damned lot of side, though you didn't know it." I can see him now with his big slouch bush hat, the shabbiest and most ragged of coats, and a very dirty pair of white flannel trousers, with old tennis shoes as his footgear. I cannot remember why, but he fancied that he would not be received favourably by the general, and he gruffly said, "I want to see the General," without giving his name. I replied that he was busy, and politely asked if I could do anything, and asked him his name; to which he bluntly replied, "Rhodes." Even then his name was known to some extent, and it of course altered matters a good deal as to his reception. On the following morning at 4 A.M. with an escort (Warren dearly loved abnormally early hours) we left for Blignauts Pont on the Vaal River to meet President Kruger in conference, it having been arranged that a meeting between Warren and Kruger should take place. Rhodes accompanied us, and on the following day we reached Fourteen Streams, a spot just short of the Transvaal border. Warren had a way of camping anywhere quite regardless of his own comfort or that of his staff, although he was a general singularly solicitous for the well-being of the rank and file under his command. I was riding alongside of him and suddenly he stopped, got off his horse and said, "We will camp here"; and there on the bare ground we lay as we dismounted, he taking his pencil and writing as though in his office. I remember the place because he borrowed my whisky flask as he said he was unwell. I handed it to him and he said, "Don't you know that I have issued orders forbidding anyone to carry spirits on

this expedition?" He kept the flask that night, and in the morning he was much better and the flask was empty, the intermediate details being unknown to me. Perhaps it upset in the night.

At this point a dispute arose, as Kruger wanted Warren to make the first visit to him in Transvaal territory. Warren refused, and Kruger gave way and visited us in our camp within the Cape Colony. I have the notes of that visit, but they are too much in detail to be interesting now, and all I remember was that I stayed up till 2 A.M. writing my reports for my newspapers and then went outside to the back of the staff tent and hid myself for a sound sleep; but I counted without my host, for at dawn my blankets were switched off me by the general, who said, "I have been looking for you everywhere," and there was an end of my night's rest.

Again on this day another difficulty arose. We were to return Mr Kruger's visit, and he demanded that no British troops should enter the Transvaal. This the general refused, and we went to the place of meeting, Blignauts Pont, with a full escort of the Inniskilling Dragoons, the first troops that had entered the Transvaal since the war. The conference was not very amicable. Kruger was at first almost discourteous; Warren was firm and unyielding, and demanded that an entire abandonment of the so-called Republics of Stellaland and Goshenland, which had been accepted by the Boer Government at Pretoria, should at once take place. He would accept no compromise. I recollect Kruger saying, "I may tell my burghers, but I do not know whether they will do as I tell them," which Warren brushed away. The thing had to be done, and must be done. Afterwards, when British Agent in the Transvaal, I was told that this interview was one of Kruger's very bitter recollections; but there is no doubt that General Warren's firm attitude saved an outbreak of hostilities later. Mr Rhodes was present and took

part in both of these interviews. He was afterwards present, as Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, close to the same spot at an interview between Lord Loch and President Kruger on a memorable occasion to which I will allude later.

The expedition then moved up to Taungs, the capital of the chief Mankoroane, where a British magistrate, Major Lowe, had been appointed, with a small police force known as "Lowe's Police." I recollect that one of these police had been (a strange transformation) the master of ceremonies on the dancing platform in the old "Argyll Rooms," which are a cheery recollection of some of my contemporaries, though they may think it discreet to have forgotten them.

Nothing brings me back more to the penny wise and pound foolish Colonial administration of those days than the history of the formation of Lowe's police. The purchase of a bugle and saddles was, if I recollect right, grudgingly accorded by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Derby, and other trifles were dealt with in the same parsimonious spirit. The details of these transactions were published in a blue book. Apropos of this spirit which then governed our Colonial administration, I am reminded of a short despatch written long ago by Sir Hercules Robinson to the Secretary of State and published in a blue book, in which the taking over of Swaziland was deprecated on the ground that it would cost the imperial government £7000 a year. To those who, as I do, recollect the years of trouble and the endless expense of the Swaziland question this kind of thing remains as a grotesque memory.

While at Taungs I became associated with the Inniskilling Dragoons, so much so that they called me the civil officer of their regiment, and years afterwards, when I was the guest of the governor, Sir Arthur Havelock, at Pietermaritzburg, the regiment

gave a dinner in my honour at which the governor and many of the notabilities were present.

It was at Taungs that General Warren sent for me and ordered me to take with me one civil officer, Mr C. B. Scholtz, and two police troopers, and proceed to Vryburg to meet Mr Niekerk and to take possession of all the documents of the Republic pending his own arrival. He also told me to ask Mr Niekerk to await his arrival at Vryburg, where matters could be discussed. Two days later I rode into Vryburg, riding straight up to the Kantoor or House of Assembly, a sordid room with a mud floor, where Niekerk, the so-called president, was actually sitting with his colleagues. I walked in and up to him in his presidential chair, and said, "Mr Niekerk, on behalf of General Warren, I require you to hand over to me all the government papers of this country pending his arrival, which will shortly take place." Mr Niekerk, who was always a peace-loving man, differing in this from some of his colleagues, temporised. A discussion took place, and I agreed to retire for twenty minutes, leaving them to discuss the situation. I returned in due course, and Mr Niekerk said to me privately in a low voice, "Captain, we will give you over everything, but Adrian de la Rey has sworn he will shoot you. What am I to do?" I replied, "Hand me over the keys of the safe." I put my seal on the safe, and formally took possession of everything, De la Rey in the meantime standing in the window with his back to me. I then said, "And now, gentlemen, come and have a glass of whisky with me." De la Rey never moved and the situation was unpleasant, so I walked straight up to him, slapped him on the back and said, "Come along, De la Rey, and have a glass of whisky." He turned short round and replied, "Allemachtig Ja Mynheer," and all was right. Those who remember the huge and ruthless De la Rey, known as "Groot

Adrian," will realise that the situation was a critical one, and that I was fortunate in getting so well out of it. Later on, when I was British Agent in the Transvaal, De la Rey always used to call upon me at my house, and one day he said to my wife in Dutch, "The Resident is the only man who was never afraid of me."

On the next day Mr Rhodes, who was in some sense a sort of unofficial representative of the High Commissioner, returned to Vryburg, and he and I lodged together in a tiny hut consisting of only one room, which we dubbed "Government House," and which was so small that in the day we had to put the mattresses outside to make room for the table, and at night the table outside to make room for the mattresses. The only other occupant of the hut was his secretary, Harry Currey, who in after years became a member of the Government in the Cape Colony in the last Cabinet of Mr Merriman.

For over a week we awaited the arrival of the expedition, and I think I may say without exceeding the facts, that during that week Rhodes' scheme for expansion to the north was hatched and planned. He knew nothing of the country and I knew a great deal. We talked it over morning, noon, and night, from every point of view. There was no thought then of "Rhodesia," and very little idea of any substantial colonisation of either the countries of Khama or Lobengula. It was the lake country of Tanganyika and the lakes to the north of it which Rhodes then wished for, and his primary object was to keep the road thither open. I have that in his own handwriting. He was fully alive to the growing spirit of German colonisation, and I say without hesitation that to Rhodes alone are our thanks due that Germany to-day is hemmed in within the narrow borders of South-West Africa and has not spread from west to east across the whole continent.

And now I must pass to matters which led to a rift between Sir Charles Warren and myself, and which a little later caused me to resign my post on his staff. Briefly the matter was as follows: George Honey was murdered by the filibusters, the evidence pointing to Adrian de la Rey. All the evidence tended to indicate that Niekerk knew nothing about it, and had nothing to do with it. Prior to the general's arrival Niekerk came to me and said, "Captain, I hear from private information that the general is going to arrest me for the murder of Honey, with which I had nothing on earth to do; is it true, as I have my cart inspanned, and can be over the Transvaal border in two hours? I will take your word as a British officer. You have told me to remain, and I will still do so on your word as a British officer."

Now, I had several times spoken to the general on the subject, and I thought (it may be wrongly, for we are all fallible) that the general held Niekerk absolutely blameless, and had given me so to understand, and I also knew that I had been told to persuade Niekerk to remain. So I replied, "He doesn't intend anything of the kind." Niekerk said, "Very well, on that I will stay, as I know nothing about it. I was extremely unhappy when I heard of it, and I do not wish anyone to think that I was connected with it." He stayed, and next day the general arrived with the troops and met Niekerk in the friendliest way, shaking hands with him. On the following morning Rhodes came into the hut and said, "Warren has arrested Niekerk for the murder of Honey." At first I could not believe it, but it was true, and I went straight to the headquarter tent and told the general what I had heard. He replied, "Yes, I have arrested him." I am afraid I was very undisciplined in soldiering matters, and I said it was a breach of faith to me, and that he had told me to ask Niekerk to await his arrival, and that I had been

made a catspaw to enable him to make the arrest. He was temperate enough with me, but held to his point, and I left the tent smarting terribly under what I conceived to be a grave blot upon my honour. I went to the gaol and saw Niekerk, and told him what had happened. He imputed no blame to me and simply said, "You see, Captain, my information was truer than yours after all." He was put upon his trial under martial law, but as there was practically no evidence the case failed. General Warren's views were briefly, I think, that he had not told me to delay Niekerk, that even if he had, subsequent matter had come to his knowledge which made the arrest necessary, and that I had exceeded my authority in telling Niekerk that he would not be arrested. He also, I think, thought that I had been to a certain extent "got at" by Rhodes, whom in those days he cordially distrusted and greatly disliked.

It is curious to remember how thoroughly Warren misconceived the character of Rhodes, deeming him a paltry landgrabber, working locally for his own monetary interests. What he may have thought of him later I do not know. Rhodes considered that his own honour, too, had been touched by the arrest, and on the following morning left Vryburg and returned to Cape Town, telegraphing to the High Commissioner that he was doing so. From this point General Warren's policy (as I thought and still think) entirely changed, and in subsequent political matters he took the opinion of men who I venture to think were quite unworthy of his confidence. So far as I was concerned, matters were patched up, but there was an end to the confidence which the general had given me and the service which I had given him, and it was the beginning of the end of my association with him. Who was right and who was wrong matters not now one whit; it gave rise to an angry feeling on General Warren's part, which I have

deeply regretted, for I both liked and admired him, and when later, in the Boer War at Spion Kop, he was pilloried by the public for a failure not his own, few felt the injustice done to him more than I did.

From Vryburg we wended our way to Mafeking—a bloodless march. The present town of Mafeking was non-existent, but the old native town was then much the same as it is now. Old Montsioa was the chief, and General Warren initiated him into the ways of modern civilisation by taking him up in a balloon—the first and last native chief, I fancy, who has ever had that experience. With a force of some fifteen hundred men, we marched to Rooigronde, the seat of the Goshenland Republic on the Transvaal border. The leaders had bolted, and wisely so, as the deeds of some of them were infinitely more villainous than those of the burghers of Vryburg. The object of the Rooigronde march was partly to meet General Joubert on the border, and partly to exhume the body of Christopher Bethell who was buried there. The Boers denied the story of the Baralong chief Molemma that Bethell had been first wounded in the leg, and then shot through the head as he lay. The scene of the exhumation is worth describing. A small collection of some twenty-five graves lay out on the open veldt, and among them was Bethell's. Warren questioned the Boers as to which the grave was, but could get no satisfactory reply. "Very well then," he said, "dig them all up." And so grave after grave was opened and each coffin uncovered and examined. At one grave a Boer stepped forward and said, "The girl there died of smallpox." Warren was adamant and said, "Open it," and it was opened like the others. At last a Boer said, "General, I will show you Bethell's grave," and he did. There lay Christopher Bethell in his ordinary bush kit, six months buried, but as untouched at first sight as though he had been buried the day before, and

there was the wound in the leg and the dastardly shot in the head, exactly as had been described to us by the natives. The body was put on a gun-carriage and taken to Mafeking, receiving a full military funeral.

I met with a curious reminder of this many years afterwards, when in Barbados as acting governor of the colony. I was going over the old military cemetery there with the commanding Royal Engineer to settle a boundary question. A heavy storm came on, and we took shelter in the grave-digger's hut, and watched the land-crabs going in and out of their holes in the graves. I said, "Look at those horrible resurrectionists. I've been a bit of a resurrectionist myself in my time," and I told the story of Rooigronde, and continued, "I believe we opened a dozen graves that day"; at which the old grave-digger broke in: "I beg Your Excellency's pardon, fourteen," and then he told me that he, an old "Royal Scots" man, was one of Warren's exhumation party—an odd coincidence.

When at Rooigronde, Warren sent me round with an escort of Inniskilling Dragoons to arrest every Boer I could find in the settlement, and bring them in as prisoners, which I did. The little town was full of low stone walls, and I took my horse over every wall, followed by the Dragoons, who enjoyed it as much as I did.

Finding myself in a difficult position as an officer of the force with a semi-military status, and holding views of policy directly contrary to my chief, I asked permission to retire, which General Warren gave me; and with Commander Bethell (shortly afterwords M.P. for the Holderness Division of Yorkshire), a brother of Christopher Bethell, I left for Cape Town.

I am reminded here of a little story of Captain Bethell's first going into Parliament. On our arrival at home he went to the Admiralty, saw Lord Alcester,

and asked for a ship, receiving a polite intimation that there was none available. Four days afterwards I met him in Piccadilly, and he told me that he had been asked to stand for Parliament in the Tory interest. I think it was on the same day that he received a message from Lord Alcester (a Liberal) saying he could have a ship at once, only to reply that he was a candidate for Parliament and did not want one. He was a strong candidate, as was proved by his getting in, but it indicated how quick the Liberal managers were to try to avoid the loss of a seat.

On the voyage to England I wrote my pamphlet, *The British Lion in Bechuanaland*, a small brochure which created a considerable stir at the time, and which very many years afterwards I saw alluded to in the Cape papers as "the famous pamphlet which had such an effect on the Bechuanaland question." It was a criticism of Sir Charles Warren's policy, which he deemed to be strongly imperial, but which I regarded as calculated to antagonise the Colonial party and perpetuate a feeling of soreness in the Colony against the Imperial Government. It is a pleasant recollection to me that my little book received a very favourable review from Mr (now Lord) Milner, then sub-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* (of which Mr Stead was the editor), who wrote of it *inter alia* as follows: "This pamphlet, which from a literary point of view has no fault but that of being too short, not only contains a criticism of Sir Charles Warren's operations, but a very clear and useful sketch of the antecedent events which made the expedition necessary." I became a good deal associated with Lord Milner at that time, writing some articles for his paper, but his connection and mine with the *Pall Mall Gazette* came to an end very shortly afterwards by the publication of Mr Stead's amazing production, *The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon*, the original numbers of which I still

have. Apropos of this it will be remembered that Mr Stead issued a notice that he had some matter for his paper on the following day which some might not care to read, and his readers were therefore warned accordingly. The next day was an Australian cricket match day, and I was sitting in the pavilion at Lords when the boys ran on to the ground with the newspapers, which were seized on all sides, and in a moment the pavilion and the rest of the ground was fluttering with newspapers, the cricket being forgotten. The papers stopped the play, the cricketers looked round in wonder, and then the situation struck everyone, and there was a shout of laughter over the whole ground. I had an article for the following day, so I sent a telegram to Lord Milner from Lords : "Stop my article" ; to which an hour later I received a reply from Milner: "Have stopped your article, but am no longer sub-editor of the *Pall Mall.*" Years afterwards I asked Lord Milner, then my chief in South Africa, whether he was still on terms with Stead ; and he replied, "Well, hang it, you can't be on the best of terms with a man who has described you as having waded through blood to a peerage."

CHAPTER X

WITH CECIL RHODES

FROM the spring of 1885 to February 1887 I remained in England taking a considerable part in the Bechuanaland discussion which waxed warm at the time. In May 1885 I received a very long letter from Rhodes containing seven sheets written from Cape Town. This letter appears to me of great importance historically as bearing on the development of British power in South Africa, and also as throwing a strong light on the motives and aims of Mr Rhodes' action in the matter, but as the permission to reprint it *in extenso* has been withheld by Mr Rhodes' trustees without assigning any reason, I can only bow to their decision and content myself with giving as much of the views expressed as I am entitled to do.

In this letter Rhodes, beginning with an expression of satisfaction at the publication of my recently issued pamphlet, *The British Lion in Bechuanaland*, goes on to detail at considerable length the circumstances of his quarrel with Sir Charles Warren and his agent, the Rev. John Mackenzie, and the action which he himself was taking in the Cape Parliament on the question. He deplores the fact that Warren's policy was in opposition to the views of the Cape Colony, although Sir Charles was, he states, sent out to carry out a policy of annexation to the Cape Colony. He deplores the acceptance from the Chief Khama by Warren of the country forming the Tati

district, which was, he states, a part of the Matabele country, and he censures the whole procedure which formed the policy of Sir Charles Warren in the arrangement for the future of the country. All this is ancient history, but it was very important at the time, and would have been of interest now to many of those who remember the circumstances. His criticisms are perhaps written in somewhat petulant language, which those who did not know Rhodes personally would wonder at, but which those who did know him were not unused to in connection with him.

But by far the most interesting part of the letter is that which deals with the country to the north, which now forms Rhodesia and the Bechuanaland Protectorate.

He speaks of the country between Khama's and the Zambesi as a fever-stricken country unfit for white settlers, and of any settlement of it as a mad scheme. He describes how he feels sure that a railway system extended along the healthy ridge of the centre of Africa will defeat any attempt at German colonisation and will tap the lake system of Central Africa; which results he describes as the object of all his endeavours, and he expresses the view that all this must be worked out with the help of the Cape politicians.

There are points in the latter part of Rhodes' letter which are of extreme interest. It would seem to those who do not know the country as well as I do that Rhodes was condemning that very country which he afterwards annexed to the empire, but that was not his intention. The fever-stricken country to which he alluded was without doubt that now included in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, to which he hardly accords fair measure, but it did not comprise that part of the country now known as Rhodesia. His idea at the time, rightly or wrongly, was that it was a part of Sir Charles Warren's scheme to colonise the present Protectorate.

As a matter of fact, I am perfectly certain that at that time he was not fully alive to the resources of Matabeleland and Mashonaland. He knew that through them lay the healthy ridge along which in the future he designed that a railway should run, and he realised that the healthier it was the better chance there was for his railway; but he had but two main objects—the first being the tapping of the lake system from the south; the second, the cutting in two of Africa, so as to bar the Germans from drawing a line across it. Of the tapping of the lake system he spoke to me again and again. In those days the lakes were the goal of every explorer and the talk of every learned society, and the country between what we were at the time in the habit of calling South Africa and the country known as the Lakes was thought but little of, except as a sportsman's paradise. On the subject of the newly developed German ambitions he was extremely earnest, and rightly so, for it was a very real danger. The ill-will borne towards us by the Boers, coupled with the blind policy of the British Government in limiting our "sphere of influence" to the countries south of the 22nd parallel of south latitude, required the most definite and drastic action, and Rhodes knew it and was determined that such action should be taken, and he took it.

His views as then expressed to me also disclose another interesting point, which is that while then deeming the co-operation of the Cape politicians essential, he later on changed his mind, for his expedition to the north with his field force in 1890 was undertaken, to the best of my belief, without the open co-operation of the Cape, though I have always believed that Mr Hofmeyer, the wirepuller of the Bond party, secretly approved of it. The letter also indicates, although I have not referred to that portion of it, how at one period of his life he had to suffer censure and misconstruction, and how he,

who was afterwards the idol of South Africa, was unappreciated by those around him.

One point in Rhodes' letter struck me very forcibly, and that was the constant use of the words "English" and "Home." Nowadays we must say "British," lest we offend Scotland and Ireland; but Rhodes was of a sturdier sort; England was England to him, and was deemed inclusive of all within the empire, and as it was then, so it always was with him; "England" and "Home" were the centres round which he wove his great work, and no more loyal Englishman, more true to the best traditions of England, has ever lived than Cecil Rhodes.

Until I submitted this letter to the Rhodes trustees it had been read by hardly anyone with the exception of Sir Robert Herbert, Colonel Stanley (afterwards Lord Derby) when Secretary of State, Lord Milner, and Lord Selborne.

It is but just to myself that I should say that in May 1902, subsequent to Rhodes' death, Lord Milner wrote to me expressing his high sense of the importance of the letter, and his opinion that for any serious attempt to write the history of Rhodes it would be invaluable.

Throughout my life I have loved and honoured the personality of Rhodes. I have viewed him as one of the greatest of Englishmen. I have spoken of him to large audiences in many parts of the world, and have detailed his work and the results which it has had throughout the empire. I have spoken of him to almost every gathering of schoolboys and schoolgirls whom I have addressed in many lands, and have striven to make them loyal and useful citizens on the lines laid down by Cecil Rhodes. For several years I was in close personal friendship with him, hearing from his own lips much of his hopes and wishes. In the letter (my own, be it remembered) which I sought to publish there is nothing

ignoble of Rhodes and not one word to his discredit, or I should have been the last to desire to make it public. It simply expressed his views at the time, and indicates to the reader how, later on, many of those views were modified and recast. That is the simple story of the Rhodes letter, which his trustees, relying on the technicalities of the copyright law, without one word of explanation consign to oblivion.

In October 1885 Rhodes came to England with a view to an amalgamation of the diamond interests of Kimberley, in which he on that occasion failed, although he was afterwards successful. Apropos of the later success for which he strove so long, it is recorded that a Kimberley man, on being told that he would never get to heaven, declared that he didn't want to go there if Rhodes got in, "For," he said, "the very first thing he'll do when he gets there is to amalgamate it with the other place."

During his stay in England I was closely associated with him. Several letters appear over his name in the *Times*, the first being published on the 11th of November 1885. It occupied four columns of the *Times*, and was honoured with a long and exhaustive leading article in the same number. That letter was written at the Queen Hotel at Chester, where Rhodes and I met for the purpose, and the writing of it was interesting. As a matter of fact, I personally wrote every word of it, partly, perhaps, because I knew the details best, and partly because I wrote with considerable ease. The manner of its composition was as follows:—I wrote several sheets and then stopped and read them to Rhodes. He leaned against the chimney-piece and criticised. He said, "Now I am going to be Warren and take the other side, and am going to cut your arguments to pieces," and so we argued. Then another time he would say, "There's too much *Daily Telegraph* about that; we don't want that."

Those who knew him well will understand how, when warmed up to his subject, he would ruffle his hair, take off his coat and shy it on the ground, and, walking about the room, would pour out arguments against his own views so as thoroughly to sift the points for which he was contending. I recollect once being in his bedroom at Kimberley with Dr Jameson. Rhodes was lying on his bed saying but little and growling at our keeping him awake. All at once he became interested, burst into the argument, got more and more energetic, dragged his bedclothes into a heap, pounded his pillows, and laid down the law vigorously, and then just as suddenly drew the draggled bedclothes around him, curled himself up, and incontinently went to sleep without another word.

Later on we wrote to the *Times* again from a lodging in Cork Street, and our letters, before insertion, were revised and criticised by Rhodes' old friend, the well-known Mr Rochfort Maguire, then a Fellow of All Souls without any money, and known as Tommy Maguire. Warren wrote strenuous replies to the *Times* of almost equal length, and so the battle went on.

I remained for over a year in England after this, taking life easily, but towards the end of 1886 I received a letter from Sir Hercules Robinson, saying that he proposed to recommend me for the post of British representative in the South African Republic (to use the proper name of the Transvaal at that time), and as I was very anxious to get into harness and turn my experiences to some account, I at once accepted his offer if it could be accomplished. Somehow the intention gained publicity, and Sir Robert Herbert, then Under Secretary of State, wrote me a private note telling me that he believed a question would shortly be asked in the House of Commons as to whether it was the intention to appoint a representative in the Transvaal who could not speak Dutch.

The matter was urgent, so I took that night's boat to Rotterdam, and the next day I wrote from Amsterdam to Sir Robert Herbert, making no allusion to his letter, but saying that as I had some hope of being sent to Africa, I was in Holland brushing up my knowledge of the language. The intimation was sufficient, and however the information was conveyed to my critics, the question was never asked. I played the game, and spent two weary months in Amsterdam, working for seven hours a day at Dutch with an old master, who never could get over his astonishment at my correct pronunciation of his gutturals, until I told him that I was a Welshman and that gutturals were a part of my native language.

The post to which I expected to be appointed was an anomalous one. No one knew what it was or anything about it. Prior to the Convention of 1884 there had been a Resident, and for a short time later the Resident's secretary acted with some kind of official authority; but he had ceased to hold office, having fallen into grave trouble, and no one else had been appointed. It is difficult to conceive the utter neglect with which British interests had been treated in the country since it had been constituted a republic. It is almost safe to say that after the great surrender of Majuba no one knew and no one cared a straw about them. The surrender had been complete, military and civil, and England stood at its lowest ebb in the minds of the Transvaal Boers. It is probably half-forgotten, and many never knew it, that the Commissioners who negotiated the matter were Sir Hercules Robinson the High Commissioner, Sir Henry de Villiers, and Sir Evelyn Wood. They were appointed by Mr Gladstone, and, so far as was generally known, were unanimous in their recommendations, and Sir Evelyn Wood was bitterly censured by British public opinion. Years afterwards, in Gibraltar, Sir Evelyn Wood was my guest at dinner one night, and when we were alone he said to me, "I

suppose you think that I gave up the Transvaal?" "Yes," I replied, "I certainly think so, but that is an old story." "Well," he replied, "I did not. I sent in a minority report which was not issued." I was amazed, and replied, "Then why on earth didn't you say so?" He shrugged his shoulders and went on into details which I hardly feel justified in making public, but that much I think I may fairly say, as those who remember the circumstances have never forgiven him from that day to this for a supposed action which at the time it was the fashion to ascribe to personal motives.

At last it dawned upon the British Government that something should be done, and in February 1887 I received my letter of appointment as "British Consular Officer," those being the words used in the Convention. To my dismay the letter informed me that my pay would be £400 per annum with £100 a year office allowance—a grotesque sum, which indicated the utter lack of knowledge of those who were sending me, the Transvaal at that moment being one of the most expensive places in the world, with rents very high, and the necessaries of life exorbitant. Butter was at three shillings and sixpence a pound, eggs at four shillings a dozen, cauliflowers at from half-a-crown to seven and sixpence each, beer four shillings a bottle, and other things in like proportion. However, I had private means, and I wanted employment, so I accepted the post, during my tenure of which, extending to three and a half years, I necessarily spent nearly five thousand pounds of my own money, which has never received the faintest recognition. I asked the Colonial Office for instructions as to my post, and the reply was: "You will get all that from Sir Hercules Robinson," and on those slight instructions I left for the most difficult post it has been my lot to hold. A notable lack of knowledge of local conditions was shown by the Colonial Office

in the question of my travelling expenses from Cape Town to Pretoria. The wisdom of the departmental officers decided that the sum of £8 should be paid to me to carry myself, my wife and family and servants a distance of 750 miles by train, and 320 miles by road, altogether 1070 miles. The actual out-of-pocket sum which that portion of the journey did cost me was £145. I believe that the Colonial Office arrived at the £8 by discovering from the Cape Agent-General that a single emigrant could be carried for that amount. At all events the fact is absolutely true as I tell it, and it required some little argument to persuade the Office that a mistake had been made.

CHAPTER XI

BRITISH AGENT AT PRETORIA

On arrival at Cape Town I was received with great kindness by Sir Hercules Robinson, but when we went into official matters he had as little idea as the Colonial Office of the duties and position of my post. "What is a British Consular Officer?" I asked. "Is he a Consul General or a Consular Agent, or what?" and no answer could I get, except that I was to be deemed for the purposes of rank in our own service as on a par with the Commissioners of Protectorates, and was to correspond directly with the High Commissioner. That at least was something so far as our own service went, but left me at the mercy of fortune in the Transvaal. No house, no status, no definite duties were assigned to me, but I was told, "Oh, you will get on all right somehow." On arrival at Pretoria we found that the bank manager had kindly taken a house for us for three months, so that we had a shelter to go to with our baggage. But oh, such a house—mud floors, broken walls, no kitchen of any sort, and furniture so beggarly that one would hesitate to put a general servant in the best of the rooms. And this was to be the home of my wife, my son, and myself, and, most comic of all, my wife's exceptionally smart English maid. To make it worse, the place was tenanted by legions of rats, which ran all over us and around us. We bore it all for two days, at the end of which time I suddenly said to my wife, while we were sitting on our beds in the midst of chaos in

the only fairly decent room, "Are you ready to go out to-day, now, this moment, if we can get a shelter?" "Yes," she said, "now and to anywhere." I went straight off, found one room in a boarding-house for ourselves to do as bedroom, dressing-room, and sitting-room, and two little rooms for my boy and the maid, and in those limited quarters we remained for three months, putting up a tiny little tent in an adjacent field as our only sitting-room, and there we received our guests; not a very dignified or luxurious surrounding for the representative of England's power. At the end of that time we got into a house, by no means large, for which we paid the sum of £420 a year, being £20 in excess of my total salary.

I found President Kruger and the State Secretary, Mr Bok, very helpful to me, but neither of them knew what status to accord me, both of them asking me that very question. To make it worse, the consuls of other nations, such as they were, determined that I was to be regarded as the junior of every one of them, and told me so. But in this they reckoned without me, and I made it clear to them that as the representative of England, the suzerain power, I was, and intended to be, the senior representative in the country. The battle raged quite prettily, and I always remember with gratitude that President Kruger stood by me in this. He entirely declined to accept my view of the suzerainty, holding that it had been abolished by the Convention of 1884, but he did hold that the representative of England was entitled to the first place, although he did not give a definite ruling. He said, "I will accept you as anything they will nominate you except under the title of Resident." That he would never do, as it implied a quasi-control; but, oddly enough, from the first day to the last of my stay in the Transvaal I was never called anything else but "The Resident" by the Boer farmers of the country and by the mining population. President Kruger most generously said, "I will gazette you as

a 'Consul-General *ad interim*' pending the decision of the British Government, and that will at all events place you above all the Consuls," and he did so.

On the second night of my arrival a fiasco occurred which did not help me in my efforts for recognition. The Anglican Church Synod was sitting, and a sort of conversazione was held on that night, at which almost every leading British subject and many Dutch were present. The bishop took occasion to make an eloquent speech, applauding the action of the Imperial Government in at last sending out a representative, and said pleasant things about myself, bidding me a formal welcome on behalf of the community. I went on to the platform and began, "My Lord Bishop, Ladies and Gentlemen," and then stopped, and if my life had depended on it I could not have uttered another word. I turned scarlet, left the platform and prayed for the ground to open under my feet. I am not afraid to tell this story, as I venture to think that those who know me will admit that if I have made any failure in my life it has not been in the matter of public speaking, which is singularly easy to me and in respect to which I have had many compliments paid me. During my whole life I have never seriously prepared a single speech or held a single note. My next occasion for speaking was at the Queen's Jubilee, which took place very shortly afterwards, and there I made a long speech with absolute ease, the bishop turning to me, saying, "I was never more amazed in my life; what on earth could have happened to you on that unfortunate night?" this being the first word he had spoken to me of my disastrous failure. Why I broke down I cannot tell, as even then I had spoken a good deal, had lectured to the Working Men's College, and on several public platforms, and had never felt a moment's uneasiness.

But to return to my position. The basis of the difficulty was the suzerainty. Was there a suzerainty or was there not? It was expressly provided in the

Preamble of the Convention of 1881, and the Convention of 1884 did not revoke it, but tacitly allowed it to stand, merely saying: "The articles of this Convention (the Convention of 1884) shall replace the articles of the Convention of 1881." President Kruger held that the revocation of the articles was a practical revocation of the Preamble, and that he so understood it, and that the failure to revoke the Preamble was simply an omission. I have heard it said that Lord Derby realised the point at the time and purposely worded the Convention so as to leave the Suzerainty standing, without specifically providing for it, because he well knew that the Boer Commissioners, Messrs Kruger, Joubert, Smit, and Esselen, would fight the question. But apart from the Preamble, whether it existed or not, article 4 of the new Convention of 1884 contained an implied suzerainty, as it provided for the control by the British Government of all the foreign relations of the Transvaal, and it is a generally accepted maxim in international law that such control implies a suzerainty. The Secretary of State, Sir Henry Holland, never dealt definitely with it, and I first got a private note from Cape Town saying, 'The Colonial Office will not thank you for raising the question"; and later on an official snub from Sir Henry Holland on the same lines. But, nevertheless, I was right; and I think I am correct in saying that, on a later occasion, after I had left, Mr Chamberlain himself did definitely declare that the suzerainty had never been abolished. I believe he thought so at that time, though he was not in office, as I recollect getting a personal letter from a friend in the Colonial Office, who afterwards rose very high in it, saying: "You are carrying out the views of Chamberlain and Arnold Forster and not the views of this office." Perhaps I was, and perhaps I was quite wrong, but it must be remembered that I had gone out without a single

word of instruction and had been put into a most difficult post, the circumstances of which I was left to create. It amuses me to think how my candid friend afterwards became the most pious and almost bigoted disciple of Mr Chamberlain throughout the whole of his Colonial policy.

I will not dwell on all my troubles in establishing myself; it is enough to say that the High Commissioner supported me, the title of my post was changed; I was appointed "British Agent in the South African Republic," receiving a properly constituted "Letter of Credence" from Lord Salisbury, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and was able to take up my duties in a fitting and definite way. My pay was raised from £400 a year to £800 a year, and my office allowance from £100 to £200, so that, although I was still quite inadequately paid, I did not any longer suffer the degradation of receiving the emoluments of a post-office clerk.

Mr Kruger's attitude towards the British Government has never been clearly realised. He, of course, detested British domination. He had fought against it and opposed it all his life; he had gone north, and again farther north, to get away from it, and here he found it still harassing him. But, nevertheless, he respected it, and in a thousand ways he showed that he did so; and more than all, he respected and honoured Queen Victoria. A sad error was made in England and bitter vituperation was showered on Mr Kruger because, once in a speech when in England, he used the words "De oude vrouw" (the old woman) when speaking of the Queen; even the *Times* denouncing him for it. No one knew that of all kindly terms that perhaps was the kindliest. The position of "De oude vrouw," the old woman, the mother of the household, is (or was) one of singular honour in a Boer household. It is

delightfully illustrated in Rider Haggard's book *Jess* in the character of Tanta Koetze, who stood up so gallantly for the captured British officers. The old wife was limited to her duties, but within those duties she was loved and was supreme, and Mr Kruger, in so speaking of the Queen, could not have used a more courteous term. In another way the old President showed that he could not get away from the supremacy of the Queen. He always, without exception, referred to her, either in public or in private, as "Hare Majesteit," always as "Her Majesty" and never as "Hare Britannische Majesteit." Of other rulers he would speak as of their several countries, but the Queen to him was ever "the Queen."

The constitution and surroundings of the Boer Government were homely to a degree. The old Executive Council Office, the workroom of a government strong enough to defy the power of England, was a dirty, tumble-down old place, containing a rough deal table and eight or ten common chairs. Whenever I had need to put any matters officially forward I was asked to attend the council. At the head of the table sat the State Secretary, with on one side of him the famous General Joubert, the Commandant General, and on the other the Vice-President, General Smit, our conqueror at Majuba Hill. The other members sat around the table. The President sat in an easy chair away from the table, smoking continually an old Dutch pipe, and opposite him was another easy chair in which I sat. There was no spittoon in the room, though there was sad necessity for it, and it was the invariable habit of Mr Kruger to put his leg under the table near the State Secretary's chair and drag out the waste-paper basket to serve as a spittoon for himself (and for me had I needed it) during the interview. He used it copiously, and I was constrained to draw in my legs lest he should exceed its limits and trench within my

domain. I recollect taking in the late Lord Dunsandle (formerly Jim Daly, one of Lord Beaconsfield's private secretaries) and the late Colonel Cuthbert Larking of the Royal Household, and introducing them with great ceremony there, we four sitting round the flowing waste-paper basket, an official reception which somewhat surprised these well-known habitués of Buckingham Palace and Piccadilly, giving them food for reflection upon the difference between the Court of the Transvaal and St James's. In that little room many plans were hatched, many schemes evolved, which resulted later in an expenditure of two hundred and fifty millions, and the loss of countless lives to England; and in one way and another many of those schemes became known to me, and were communicated by me to the High Commissioner, only, alas! to be pigeonholed. One notable instance I am able to quote, as the whole matter was later on published in the *Times*. A deputation from the Orange Free State arrived and held secret discussions with the Transvaal Government, the gist of which was the overthrow of the entire power of England in South Africa. President Brand (who was, of course, not present) was opposed to it, but he could not prevent the conference. At that meeting Mr Wolmarans, a member of the Transvaal Executive Council, proposed a motion which included the entire elimination of the British power, "with the Boer flag at Cape Town." I reported it to the High Commissioner, and I still somewhere hold the personal letter, not from himself, which I received requesting me to refrain from reporting "such village tales." Years afterwards, two or three days subsequent to Lord Roberts' entry into Pretoria, the papers of this conference were found in a house in Pretoria, and the *Times* gave three or four columns to them, quoting them *in extenso*, and giving the very words which I had used in my report, thus

proving the truth of "the village tales" with which I had furnished my chiefs, and which had been so mistakenly rejected.

During all this time the famous gold-fields of Witwatersrand were being developed, they having been formally opened in September 1886 by President Kruger, shortly before my arrival. Johannesburg was growing into an important town, and an enormous amount of capital was flowing into the Transvaal with a correspondingly large population, who were subsequently spoken of in general terms as "Uitlanders." Mr Kruger was a dopper Boer of the old sort, with an implicit belief in every single word of the Bible literally (though he was far from carrying out its principles in his administration), and with views which were a curious medley of those of the children of Israel in the wilderness and their descendants in Houndsditch. He was a good man in many ways, but he was cunning to a singular degree in others, the Dutch word "slim" entirely describing him. But, clever as he was, he was never clever enough to see that this new population cared for money and money only, and that it mattered not to them what government reigned, so long as they could make money either out of the mines direct, or out of the British and foreign investors who supplied it. Had he realised the true position there would have been no Transvaal war and no British flag at Pretoria to-day; of that I am certain. Instead, therefore, of working with them and gaining their support, he sought to drive back the sea and to oppress them as the Egyptians oppressed the Israelites. They were subjected to every kind of petty disability and annoyance in the carrying on of their work, and the seed was sown which resulted in the fall of Mr Kruger and his government, and the restoration of the British flag. There was a notable gathering at Johannesburg in 1887, to which Sir Percy Fitzpatrick has alluded in his book, and the details of

it are interesting. The Boer Government had capped their many foolish acts by appointing that same "Groot Adrian de la Rey," to whom I have previously alluded, Field Cornet of Johannesburg. This was too much. The man was loathed by the whole British community, and was in every respect an undesirable appointment. Trouble arose, and Mr Kruger went to Johannesburg to hear the grievances of the diggers. Matters were temporarily patched up, and a dinner was given one evening to the President by the diggers, at which both my wife and I were present. Mr Rhodes was, I am almost sure, present on that occasion, though not in any prominent position. Before dinner the President was asked to take my wife into dinner, a request that rather staggered him, and he flatly declined. Feeling that he might be deemed rude, he said, "I have never taken any woman into dinner except my wife, and I hope that Mrs Williams will understand; but I will propose the health of the Queen if you will let me": a rather remarkable offer on his part. So the chairman took in my wife, whom he put on his left with the President on his right. In due course the President, Mr Kruger, proposed the health of "Hare Majesteit," saying many polite things of her in his own gruff way, finally turning to me and bowing to me—a courtesy to which I, quite contrary to regulation when the Queen's health was proposed, was obliged to respond by standing up and bowing low to him in return. But while these courtesies were being exchanged the very large crowd which had gathered outside were in quite a different temper, and news came to us that they were going to break the windows. The chairman went outside and tried to pacify them, but they would not listen, and at last I was asked to go. I went out, and stood on the steps of the old "Height's Hotel," and as I appeared, the whole crowd cheered me again and again, and broke out into "Rule Britannia."

At last I got a hearing, and in some sort of fashion managed to persuade them to be orderly. No further trouble happened, but the President was very sulky for the rest of the evening and soon went away, escorted by his burghers. This was not the only occasion in which I found myself present with the President at a turbulent gathering. I was sometime later travelling down in my bullock wagon leisurely to Kimberley, on one of my holidays, when, about ten miles from Klerksdorp, I was met by a Cape cart and four horses, and a letter was handed to me to the effect that the President was in Klerksdorp, that there was to be a banquet that evening, and that the populace, mainly Uitlanders, had threatened to create a serious disturbance. I was earnestly asked to hurry in, in the hope that my presence would avert the trouble. I got into the cart, drove to Klerksdorp, and arrived in time for the dinner. The room was prettily draped, the President sitting on the right of the chairman with the Boer flag behind him, and I on the left with the British flag behind me. There was a very large crowd outside, but as I had given them to understand that I deprecated disturbance as adverse to British interests, there was no overt act of riot, although we had an uneasy feeling that it was in the air. The evening passed off peaceably, the President left, and I, anxious to avoid an inconvenient ovation, slipped away by a back door. I walked out some little distance and found my wagon outspanned, my wife asleep inside it and a little tent pitched for me, into which I turned and settled down to sleep. But sleep was not to be mine, for the populace had discovered my flight and determined to follow me. I woke with the feeling that people were around me, and then without warning there burst out "God Save the Queen," sung by a large crowd of ardent Britons who had found me out. They had, many of them, supped unwisely, and were determined that I should not go to bed, for they sang patriotic airs and "Home

Sweet Home," proposed toasts, the health of Her Majesty, of the Resident, of his wife, and of themselves, finally leaving me in the small hours of the morning. And so ended what might have been a tiresome episode. Even this affair was misrepresented to Cape Town by the Cape emissaries as an effort on my part to create an anti-Dutch feeling, but luckily the President thought differently. He thoroughly understood the matter, and told me so.

It is marvellous to think how the Johannesburg mines have developed. I recollect driving out one Sunday with Harry Currey (Mr Rhodes' Secretary) and standing on a little knoll, when he said, "Do you know that J. B. Robinson gave Jaape Filgee (De Villiers) £20,000 for this bit of land the other day"; to which I replied, "What a fool J. B. Robinson must be." But it is I who was the fool, for that bit of land is now the great "Robinson Mine" which has poured forth such vast stores of gold to those who own it. With all Mr Rhodes' cleverness he made a huge mistake over these gold-fields. Early in the day he sent up Mr Gardner Williams, the great American engineer who was for so long connected with the Kimberley diamond mines. It is always stated (but I am only quoting public report) that Mr Williams flatly refused to believe the results which he was shown, and thought they were a fake, and that he so reported to Mr Rhodes, who accepted his judgment. Whether this is true or not, there is no question as to the fact that Mr Rhodes let all the best properties go, and only later on saw the reality of the gold-fields, then securing several properties in the poorest part of Witwatersrand; but it is impossible to estimate what his wealth would have been had he shown as much foresight in this as in his other ventures.

Besides the gold industry a great boom in land companies took place in the Transvaal; some good, some bad. Flowing prospectuses were issued in

every case, and each company was capitalised at a huge sum, generally far in excess of its value. No attempt was made to work these areas, and the shareholders were content that their directors should exploit them in the share market. Areas were sub-divided, refloatations of sections of the properties took place, and money flowed in without one farthing being spent on development except a little desultory prospecting. At this time I received a private letter from the Secretary of State, who in 1888 had been created Lord Knutsford, saying that he had gained a great deal of valuable information from my reports on the mines, and asking me for my private views for himself as to the land companies. While gathering this information I one day met Mr David Benjamin, whom old South Africans will well remember as a pioneer of gold-mining in South Africa long before Johannesburg was thought of. Knowing that at the moment he was deeply interested in the land companies, I got into conversation with him and proceeded warily. I spoke of the gold and its great future, carefully avoiding the land, when, as I expected, he said, "Yes, yes, the gold is all very well, but it is the land to which you must look for the future of this country." "Ah," I said, "you mean the land as exemplified by the present activity in land companies?" "Yes," he said, "I do." "But," I said, "I don't quite see what you are doing; you are issuing prospectuses to the effect that you can grow anything under the sun, you are floating and refloating, you are manipulating the shares and bulling and bearing the market, but what I want to know is what you can produce from all this?" He looked at me and the real man flashed out in his reply: "Why, God bless my soul, Sir, you don't expect us to till the bloody soil, do you?" No volume ever written could have more clearly shown the true spirit of the land speculation of the time, and I gave the conversation *verbatim* to

Lord Knutsford, who replied to me that he now thoroughly understood the situation.

Lord Knutsford was, and is, a charming personality, but he was too much of an English gentleman of the old school to cope with the South African problem as it then was, and I do not think he ever grasped the trend of affairs. Indeed, I question if any statesman of that time did, unless it was Mr Chamberlain, and he was only then on his upward career. Lord Knutsford's private secretary was Mr (now Sir William) Baillie Hamilton, whom all the world knows as "Wab," and who has been a good friend to me through my official career. He retired in 1909, and the Colonial Office is poorer by his loss. He was one of the last of that type of official which has now been crowded out by the efforts of the competition wallah; a good sportsman and a first-rate cricketer, a clever artist and a well-bred gentleman. He, like other private secretaries, used to be worried to death by influential friends seeking promotion for their relatives, and I remember a story of his of a lady, very well known in society, who made many visits to him on behalf of her son, a capital cricketer and most popular man. One day the lady was unusually urgent and said, "Oh, Mr Hamilton, I do hope Lord Knutsford will do something for dear Dickie. He is such a charming boy;" only to receive the polite and temporising reply, "Yes, Lady A., he's a capital fellow, one of the very best, but you know these things are so difficult to manage, and we have so many applications, but I will do what I can." To which the lady replied, "Please do, Mr Hamilton, and Dickie would do wonderfully well, because he is so very clever. Do you know that only the other day his banjo master said he was the aptest pupil he has ever had." However, his ability was never tested, as the only part he ever took in colonial affairs was as a member of the now half-forgotten Jameson Raid.

The Queen's Jubilee of 1887 was, as I have said, celebrated in Pretoria, and the Boers behaved very well about it, giving us every assistance and firing a salute. Among other positions which I held while in the Transvaal was that of president of the Racing Club, and I had a curious example of how, with all their political hatred of us as a government, the Boers respected a British official. We had a special meeting one night to settle the many disputes which had arisen in racing matters between the English and Dutch, the principal one being the appointment of a judge, each side alleging that the decisions of the representative of the other side were unfair. At last we came to a deadlock, and it seemed as though the race meetings would fall through, when some Englishman called out, "Why won't the Resident judge for us?" General Smit, the Vice-President, who was sitting by me, said, "Yes, the Resident," and General Joubert, who was on my other side, said, "Allemachtig! ja, if the Resident will judge, we shall all be satisfied," and I did judge until friction ceased, when I managed to transfer my responsibilities. Although not popular with the wire-pullers of politics either in the Transvaal or Cape Town, I venture to think that I won the goodwill of the older class of Boer to a singular extent, and years afterwards the Agent-General of the Transvaal in England said to me, "You may care to know that Mr Kruger has told me that he liked you best of any Englishman that he ever met," and I really believe he did. And yet I told him many home truths to which he gave gruff replies in his own quaint way. Alas, the views of the wire-pullers ever prevailed with the authorities at home. Lord Milner not many years ago wrote me, "You were the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and were ten years before your time." I recollect writing home about the political conditions of the Uitlanders at the time, and saying something in this wise: The position is very critical. The diggers are men of

intelligence who have great interests and a vast amount of capital in the country. They will not for long bear with the injustice which is being done them. They will, without doubt, rise; but they are black-coated diggers and are not of the stuff of whom successful rebels are made; but be assured that they will create a condition of things extremely embarrassing to Her Majesty's Government. My words were unheeded, but it was pleasant to me not long ago to hear from a friend of mine now high in the Colonial Office: "You should look up the papers on the Transvaal and read your old warning; it was absolutely prophetic." I, of course, heard many stories of the previous British administration and of the Boer War in 1881 which succeeded it, not often to the credit of England, although they came from English sympathisers. To begin with, there was surely never a more foolish appointment than that of the Administrator, Sir Owen Lanyon. He was ill-adapted to deal with a body of peasants every one of whom deemed himself a gentleman and his equal; for be it known that no Boer, however rough, understands the slightest differentiation in class. His somewhat dictatorial methods gave rise to constant ill-feeling, to which the Boers lost no opportunity of giving expression on every possible occasion. The officer commanding the troops was Colonel (afterwards Sir William) Bellairs, locally known as "old Molly," who understood even less of the situation than the administrator. It is a fact that the intention of the Boers to attack our men at Bronkhorst Spruit on the march from Middleburg to Pretoria was reported to both these officers by a loyalist gentleman of high standing in Pretoria. The administrator declined to believe it, and the reply of Colonel Bellairs was: "Don't tell me such nonsense, Sir; are you aware that two companies of the 94th are marching to Pretoria; our big drum will frighten your Boers away." Major Anstruther,

who was in command of the troops, a gallant soldier, was equally unbelieving, and so unheeding was he of the danger that his men were actually sitting on the wagons with their arms stowed away inside, and a concertina was being played when the attack was made. The news was brought to Pretoria by a conductor, Mr Egerton, who, I think (but am not sure), saved the colours, and who was awarded a commission. I met him in after life as Colonel Egerton, commanding a West India regiment, a most polished and well-read officer, and it was ever a source of wonder to me, not how he became a colonel, but why he had ever been a conductor.

I had some experience of official ways in connection with Bronkhorst Spruit which were characteristic of officialdom run rampant. On one of my visits there I found that the graves were in a terrible state of desecration, and I succeeded in meeting a number of Boers on the spot to discuss it. I put the matter before them, told them I would myself restore the graves, and earnestly begged them, from time to time to give a little work and care to them. This they readily agreed to. I incurred some expense, not much, and putting the whole matter forward to my masters at home, asked for repayment. The reply I got was that an inter-departmental commission was sitting on the whole subject, and that the matter would be considered after their report was received. A further application met with the same answer, and for aught I know the inter-departmental commission (or those of them who still survive) may be sitting now, for I have never received a penny from that day to this.

There was a popular saying in Pretoria in my time: "Gentlemen, I think we had better retire," which was said to be a frequent remark of Colonel Bellairs when, with his staff, he took his daily rides to the top of Signal Hill to view the Boer troops who were investing the town. Alas! alas! what a tale

it is to hear the sad story of our many failures at that period in South Africa.

The famous Dr Leyds came out to Pretoria to take up first the post of State Attorney and afterwards that of State Secretary while I was there. There is no doubt that he was a remarkable personality. A Dutch schoolmaster of no particular standing, he was a well-bred and courteous gentlemen. He had an extraordinary influence over Mr Kruger which nothing could shake, yet two men more widely different it would be impossible to meet. It is stated, and I believe it is true, that on one occasion Dr Leyds wrote a letter home to a friend in Holland commenting on the President and his colleagues, and holding them all up to infinite ridicule. This letter was sent in some manner to President Kruger, and was read by the other members of the Council, who were furious, and all wished to censure Leyds. But the President, it is said, laughed it all away, and certainly Dr Leyds continued in his post. I presided at a big dinner given to him on the occasion of his assuming office as State Secretary, and we said many charming things of one another officially, which were, I imagine, purely diplomatic utterances on both sides. Shortly after his arrival in the place my wife went to call on Mrs Leyds, and at the door met a Kaffir nurse girl with the small Leyds baby in her arms. My wife asked if Mrs Leyds was at home, on which the girl said, "Hold the baby and I'll see," plumped it into my wife's arms and fled. I think that I have heard of this story being told as happening to another lady, but it most unquestionably happened to my wife. Apropos of the characteristics of Mr Kruger and Dr Leyds, I was once asked by Sir William Conyngham Greene, now British Ambassador to Japan, but then just leaving England to take up his post as British Agent in the Transvaal, what these two were like, and it amused

me to see how current report had misled him. My reply was, "You will find Kruger rough, almost rude, and bearish in his outward manner, but behind it there is something you will like and can get on with, if you can only hit it off with him. You will find Dr Leyds a courteous, good-looking, well-bred gentleman, who will welcome you with both hands and assure you of his cordial co-operation in all things. Yet he will be your most determined political opponent." But for all that I liked Dr Leyds, and I have never had cause for quarrel with either him or the President, because they did exactly what we should have done ourselves, and strove to keep the country which they had got from our envious hands.

CHAPTER XII

PRETORIA

An occurrence took place during my term of office the details of which deserve to be given, as on it, as it happened, hung the success or failure of England's advance to the north in Africa. It was in connection with what was known as the Grobler Mission, many of the details of which were afterwards published in a blue-book. As it may still be interesting, I will tell it.

I was one day, in either 1887 or 1888, I forget which, playing in a cricket match, fielding point I remember, when a note was brought to me from a merchant of Pretoria, long since dead, that he wished to see me on most urgent business. I made some excuse to leave the field, and went straight off to Mr X.'s store, and strolled into his private office, saying as I closed the door, "What is it?" He replied, "Look out of the window. Do you see that man out there loading his wagon? That man is Mr Grobler. He is starting to-morrow on a mission from the President to Lobengula, King of the Matabeles. His mission is to try and revive an old half-promise alleged by the Boers to have been made many years ago to General Joubert, to the effect that if any rights were in future granted to any white man over Matabele territory, they

should be granted to the Boers and not to the English. If that mission succeeds there is an end of British expansion to the north."

I will not speak of the part which I took officially on this, but it ended in my despatching a private and personal telegram to Mr Rhodes, which for safety I caused to be carried across the Transvaal border into the Cape Colony by hand, and telegraphed from thence to him, earnestly impressing upon him the importance of very urgent action. How that action was then taken, how despatch riders rode night and day to Mr Moffat, the Imperial representative in Bulawayo, how the message reached Bulawayo forty-eight hours before Grobler's arrival, and how Grobler found the ground cut from under his feet and his mission a failure, is all part of a well-known story, which many never read and which most have forgotten. Some months afterwards the London papers dealt with the subject, and in my drawing-room I read aloud to my wife a leading article from the *Times* detailing the importance of what had happened, and saying, "England may well congratulate herself that in Sir Hercules Robinson she has a great Proconsul who can be safely relied upon to guard the vast interests which are so fittingly entrusted to him." My wife absolutely cried and broke out, "Oh! the shame of it, and not one word of you and of all you did." It was only the old story of the credit going to the wrong man. This same Grobler was, on his way back, killed by some of Khama's people, and his wife was allowed a pension by the British Government, which, for aught I know, she may still be receiving.

In these jottings I have alluded very often to Mr Rhodes, and it may be that in some matters my recollections may not be in agreement with what has been written about him, but I can truthfully say that I have not read a single word of any book giving the

history of his life, and I simply set down what is known personally to myself. Rhodes made several visits to Pretoria during my time, and was always my guest, one being a very notable occasion, alluded to in Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's book, which I have read. I have not the book by me, but I think I recollect that he did not give quite all the circumstances, which are as follows :—Rhodes came over to see the President on some matter which he regarded as very important. The President hated him both then and ever afterwards with a detestation he accorded to few. Rhodes asked Mr Ewald Esselen to arrange a meeting, and messages were exchanged, the President again and again postponing the interview. Rhodes then said to Mr Esselen, "Tell him I am leaving by the coach to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock." At about midday of the next day Mr Esselen arrived and said, "The President will see you at five o'clock." This was too much for Rhodes, and he, standing in my verandah, broke out with, "Go back and tell that old man that I will not see him until the day when I force him to come and see me." The sequel to this story I will tell, though I cannot personally vouch for it, as the circumstances happened when Lord Loch was High Commissioner and Mr Rhodes Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, after I had left the country. For some reason, I forget what, it became desirable that Mr Kruger should meet the High Commissioner, and a meeting was arranged at Blignaut's Pont, the scene of the President's former meeting with Sir Charles Warren. It was stipulated that the President was to cross over to the Cape Colony side of the Vaal River, and Mr Rhodes as Prime Minister was, of course, to be present. In his customary way Mr Kruger, at the last moment, put obstacles in the way, and urged that as his burghers did not approve of his leaving Transvaal territory he could not go, unless Lord Loch would cross the river into Transvaal territory.

Lord Loch was stated to have decided to give way, and to have so informed Mr Rhodes, who replied, "I hope Your Excellency will have a successful visit." "But you will be there, Mr Rhodes, of course." "Oh no, Sir, not outside the limits of my Colony." Mr Rhodes was at that time all-powerful, and a meeting without him would have been useless. Mr Kruger was informed and, in the issue, did cross the river, and the interview took place within the Cape Colony, Mr Rhodes' words, "I will not see him until the day that I force him to come and see me" thus coming literally true.

The Swaziland question was very much to the fore at that time. Umbandine, the chief of the Swazies, was a drunken ne'er-do-well, who played fast and loose with both sides in politics, and gave away concessions for anything and everything in his country, which became the happy hunting-ground of some of the greatest undesirables in that part of South Africa. From a political point of view it was essential to us to control Swaziland, and even more so to the Boers, as its control would give them a practical outlet to the sea at Kosi Bay. A seaboard was the great aim and object of the Boer Government, not so much because it would give them a commercial port, as because it would enable them to rank as a power having definite maritime interests, and entitled to give an opinion upon maritime questions in the councils of the world, thus more and more getting rid of British domination. It would be weary work and for the most part uninteresting to-day to write of all that passed in that interminable controversy, of the check and countercheck constantly given by both countries in respect to a territory which years before we could have had as our own for, as I have already told, the trifling expenditure of £7000 a year. It was, however, at last decided that a special commissioner should come out, first to discuss the

matter with the Boer Government, and later to visit Swaziland, and the late Sir Francis de Winton was appointed Commissioner. He accordingly came to Pretoria and held many secret interviews with the Government, of not a word of which I was informed, although Sir Francis was in daily association with me. Perhaps the most comic side of the matter was that, while thus kept in ignorance by my own Government of what it was doing in the country to which I was accredited, I learnt from other sources most of what was being said and done at the interviews. Sir Francis had as his secretary Colonel (afterwards Sir Richard) Martin, and as his legal adviser Mr Schreiner, afterwards Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, to whose action his critics say that we owed some of our difficulties at the beginning of the great Boer War in 1899. Colonel Martin was a plain soldier without guile, while Mr Schreiner was one of the shrewdest men in South Africa and carried his commissioner in the hollow of his hand. Notwithstanding that I was kept in ignorance of the negotiations, I was, oddly enough, directed to furnish a full report giving my views on the Swaziland question, and I think I am right in saying that similar reports were required from the High Commissioner for South Africa, the Governor of Natal, and Sir Sidney Shippard, the Commissioner of Bechuanaland. Years afterwards I was in Sir Philip Currie's room in the Foreign Office, and the conversation got upon Swaziland. To my astonishment he said, "That was a wonderfully good report of yours." I said, "Surely you never saw it;" and he replied, "Oh yes, I did, and so did the Prime Minister, who was much interested in it and who largely acted upon it." So that my efforts, which at the time I thought so futile, were not without usefulness after all. The result of Sir Francis de Winton's mission and of our reports was that Colonel Martin was appointed Resident Commissioner of the country,

and in some fashion Swaziland fell under quasi British control.

The thirst for gold had led diggers to many other places than Johannesburg, and Barberton was at one time expected to outshine its great neighbour. I was invited there, and paid the place a visit of several days. It lies to the eastward, near the Portuguese border, and was a long coach journey from Pretoria. Never was a population more bent on showing courtesy to the British representative than was that of Barberton. At the Devil's Kantoor, some twenty miles short of the mining town, I was met by a deputation and a carriage with six grey horses, the equipage being accompanied by a bugler, who blew triumphant blasts on the way. Six miles short of the town the main deputation arrived, accompanied by a crowd of citizens. Sir Percy Fitzpatrick has since told me that he was a member of the deputation, though I cannot remember him. Speeches were exchanged, much champagne was drunk, and my welcome was a hearty one. Of course we were photographed, and I have the picture with me still. A good many years later, I found in the London illustrated papers that very picture, purporting to be the reception of Sir William Conyngham Greene, on the occasion of a visit made by him to the same place. I wonder who pulled the leg of the papers by grafting the old picture on to the new story. We then drove to Barberton, where a platform had been erected in the market-place, and there I addressed a very large crowd of the diggers in the neighbourhood, after which I drove to the club, where they put me up, and treated me in lordly fashion. Dinner followed dinner, every section of the people joining in honouring me, so much so that a paragraph appeared in a local paper, offering a prize to any citizen who could, the morning after any of these banquets, correctly give

utterance three times in succession to the words "British Resident," which, indeed, might cause a slight stumbling to those who had enjoyed themselves not wisely but too well. I went on a two days' tour through the neighbouring mines, and on the way was delighted with a charming little Scotswoman, who came out of her house, saying, "Where is the Resident? I want to see the Resident." When I replied, "Here I am, madam," she looked at me and said, "What, Sir, you the Resident! but oh, Sir, you are much too nice-looking a young gentleman to be the Resident." The lady had expected a portly old gentleman of austere demeanour and sober temperament, but I was conceited enough to think that she liked me better as I was, and I felt it to be one of the greatest compliments ever paid me.

Amongst the mines that I visited was one which had recently been floated with an enormous capital, and at which while there we floated in champagne. I saw through it thoroughly at the time and reckoned it up, discreetly holding my tongue. Later on, while it was being boomed to the skies, I wrote most unfavourably to the Secretary of State of it, and my views proved true, for in the fulness of time the crash came, burying in its ruins a former Lord Mayor of London who was one of its directors. They gave me a large gold medal for my wife, which she still has, and I have never been able to make up my mind how much of the gold in it came out of the mine. From what I saw in the district I judged that there was little at that time to justify any great hope of large results, and that Barberton was being boomed far above its value, and I so reported to the Colonial Office. But there was one thing about Barberton, and that was that the diggers generally were more English and more loyal to the old country than in any other part of the Transvaal. They rose with the place and

fell with the place, many of them later finding their way to Johannesburg. Barberton and its neighbourhood has now, I suppose, reached a normal condition of gold production in moderate quantity, but it has never approximated to the future which was hoped for it in its early days.

I am reminded of a story of a Kimberley syndicate of young seekers after fortune who clubbed their money and sent one of their number thither to "acquire interests," as was the favourite expression of the time. They heard nothing of their man for three months, until a letter arrived asking for more of the syndicate's money to enable him to follow out his investigations, and saying that they would no doubt be glad to hear that he had been successful in winning the open billiard handicap at the club! After as bright and merry a week as ever an official had, I returned to Pretoria, a good deal enlightened as to the mining prospects of the eastern Transvaal.

In the meantime the gold-fields of Witwatersrand, of which Johannesburg was the centre, grew and grew, and a great town was gradually rising, while other smaller towns were springing up all along the Rand. But good as the properties were, as is proved by their later success, they were in danger of a temporary eclipse from the reckless and unscrupulous misrepresentation which was taking place in respect to some of them. Every bit of land was taken up and floatations on a huge scale were made of properties from which there was no hope of results, and a big crash might at any moment happen. A curious condition of mind arose among the Boers who owned land in the neighbourhood, consequent upon the rush to buy their properties. They lost (if they had ever had it) all sense of proportion, and asked incredible sums for areas on which there was no proved prospect of finding anything. A story was current of a Jew who offered £10,000 to a

Boer for his small farm, to be met with the reply: "No, no, I must have £100,000." It is said that the Jew went to the bank and drew ten thousand sovereigns in gold and drove with them to the farmhouse, there emptying them on to the mud floor and offering them, as they lay, for the farm. The old Boer and his wife looked on in amazement until the old woman said, "Piet, it is a lot of money, let us take it." And so the deal was made, and the Jew once more justified the Gentile belief in the acuteness of his race.

While this mad speculation was going on I received a letter asking for a further full report on the mines, and I went over on a formal visit to Johannesburg to look into it thoroughly, as far as my knowledge permitted me. There were no "deep levels" then, and I remember digging my stick into the ground at one mine and saying, "How much land have you pegged out to the south of the reef? And if you have not got the surface-ground, to whom will the gold belong when the dip takes it outside the area of your holding?" It was the first time the matter had struck me, and at that time I don't think it had occurred to many other people. Since then the deep-level mines have settled the question. I visited all the principal mines and went thoroughly over them, and I also made myself generally acquainted with what was being done in the district. The result of my enquiry amounted to this, that the *bonâ fide* mines were of enormous value, but that the reckless manner in which bogus concerns were being put upon the market and exploited, coupled with the apathy of the Chamber of Mines on the subject, bade fair to bring about a very acute crisis and to withdraw the support of London and the Continent. I therefore asked the Chamber of Mines for a report, with which, in due course, they furnished me, but it begged the whole question at issue, so I wrote to the president of the chamber a letter giving my views on the situa-

tion. That letter was scribbled off quite quickly (I have the draft before me and there is hardly a single erasure), and I sent it without further consideration and without watering it down in the slightest degree. I mention this because it is an example of the fact that first (not second) thoughts are sometimes best. One is so apt to obscure the truth or to minimise the evil by reconsideration, and letters re-read and revised and re-revised are very apt to end in being utterly emasculate. Emasculation of one's subject is a method very dear to the permanent officers of our great departments, and the highest posts are generally reached by officials both at home and abroad who have reduced that process to an art in their despatches and actions; but it has never been my way, and if I have erred it has been in over-accentuation of the "shovel" and undue suppression of the "spade." However, I sent off my letter and immediately all the fat was in the fire. Every newspaper in South Africa had leading articles upon it, and the London financial papers took it up and extolled it. By one side I was hailed as a prophet, and by the other as either an insolent intruder or an ignorant scribbler. But the letter did its work, and never, I venture to think, before or since in the history of the mines, has one letter had a more salutary effect. It deals with several matters outside of direct mining speculation, but I give it in full as, though the day is long past, it is interesting in view of the general history of Johannesburg. It was published in dozens of South African and London papers at the time, so I may properly quote it.

BRITISH AGENCY,
PRETORIA, S.A.R.,
19*th December* 1889.

Sir,—I have the honour to return you my hearty thanks for your very comprehensive reply to my enquiries conveyed to the Chamber of Mines through your Secretary. I have caused my

views as to the general question to be telegraphed to the Secretary of State, but I have thought it best to embody your report and the views of some of your leading men in a despatch, which will more fully describe the condition of things now existing in the Transvaal. Although wages are at present high and good mechanics can doubtless obtain remunerative employment, I confess to some doubt as to a continuance of the existing condition of the labour market. The prices of building materials and collateral cost of building cause tenders to be put in at a rate which must discourage those intending to build, and a very slight cession of operations on the part of the public and contractors will have a serious effect on the labour market. Were the production of gold to increase in anything like the ratio of population and money expended the present crisis might be viewed lightly, but it is not so. Month after month passes and no sign is given that the mines are contributing anything approaching to their fair share of the cost entailed in supporting the great mining, trading, and agricultural population. Many companies are so overloaded with capital that, even in the event of a greater production, little hope can be entertained of their paying a dividend, while vast sums are subscribed for the ostensible development of properties on which there is no reasonable prospect of finding a single shilling's worth of gold. Your report states that railways are sorely needed and that until you have cheaper means of transport your low-grade mines cannot be made to pay. In a great mining industry such as yours it is only by a reasonably profitable working of low-grade ores that you can hope to bring about that average of profit which will eventually tend towards general success. The newly founded organisation of the Chamber of Mines has, I believe, the genuine welfare of the country at heart, and I venture to think that straightforward reports dealing with the root of the matter, and issued by it from time to time, will do more towards establishing the industry than will greater or lesser booms, which bring only an evanescent prosperity.

Up to the present your valuable mines have existed in great part on speculative hopes, on promotion schemes, and on the bulling and bearing of mining properties, with the result that public expectation has not been fulfilled. A legitimate statement of the actual resources of the great companies and a wholesome exposure of the gross frauds so plausibly imposed upon the public, whether in mining or in land schemes, a lesser promotion and a greater production, can alone re-establish the Transvaal mines in the estimation of the investing public of Europe. In addition, a reasonable interest shown in the land in which we are all living cannot fail to hasten that advent of railway communication on which you very truly say so much of your prosperity depends.

I trust you will pardon my expressing my views thus fully on a question which includes the making or marring of the Gold Fields of Witwatersrand and the future welfare of so large a number of Her Majesty's subjects.—I have, &c.,

RALPH WILLIAMS,
British Agent.

To the Chairman,
Chamber of Mines,
Johannesburg.

From my chiefs I received censure for expressing any views at all, although it practically saved the financial situation, but "sufferance is the badge of all our tribe." It was once my lot to have a long despatch of mine commented upon with singular favour in very high quarters, and I replied: "If I had known you were to see it, Sir, I would have filled it with tabulated statements and statistics of how many children had passed the fourth standard in education." Why is it, I wonder, that despatches are usually so stupid. However, if my despatches were journalistic, I, at all events, have a distinguished example to follow in Lord Milner, who happily, throughout his whole official career, could never forget that he was primarily a journalist, and secondarily a governor.

During my time in Pretoria the High Commissioner was very good to me in the matter of leave, and I made many delightful visits to Cape Town, where my wife and I were always made to feel very much at home by the High Commissioner and the General Officer Commanding.

Sir Hercules Robinson was a governor of the old school, and I think I state what is correct if I say that for thirty-five years he had been the head of the community in which he lived, beginning as President of the tiny island of Montserrat in the West Indies, and passing through many governorships, including Ceylon, Hong Kong, New South Wales, and New Zealand, finally ending up with two terms of office in South Africa as Governor and High Commissioner. He was soaked in the traditions of office and in the dignity of his post, and he took care that his staff should not be remiss in supporting him. Each morning the governor's railway coach used to arrive at Cape Town from his country house by the ten o'clock train, and strangers would go to see the governor and his staff walking up Adderley Street as one of the sights of the place. All were in tall hats, and as summer advanced black hats were changed into white ones, with the precision of a uniform in the presence of royalty. I well remember the old blue coach in which he travelled, and how often I, at four o'clock, used to go down and, saying, "May I come in, Sir," went out with him to his country house, receiving the kindly hospitality of himself and Lady Robinson. Lady Robinson was herself a personality of great mark, loved by many, disliked by others, for she was nothing if not thorough. There used to be an old saying amongst His Excellency's staff when anything went wrong, "Send for Twigg," which arose from an incident on their first arrival, when Lady Robinson, fresh from the splendid glories of Australian government

houses, went round thumping the dingy old cushions left by their predecessors, Sir Bartle and Lady Frere, at last, in despair, crying out, "Oh, Herky, send for Twigg, send for Twigg," Twigg being Sir Gordon Sprigg, at that time Prime Minister of the Cape Colony.

During one of my visits Sir Hercules told me all about his mission as Special Commissioner to Mauritius, whither he went in *H.M.S. Raleigh* to enquire into the conduct of the Governor there, Sir John Pope Hennessy, who in his customary manner had set the whole colony by the ears. The row was primarily caused by the Government having perpetrated the humorous joke of sending out Mr Clifford Lloyd to be Lieutenant-Governor and Colonial Secretary under Sir John, the former having been a strong and active Orangeman in Ireland, while the latter was a militant Home Ruler, a joke almost paralleled in the Boer War by the sending out of Sir Charles Warren as first lieutenant to Sir Redvers Buller. Sir Hercules took strong action and suspended the Governor of Mauritius, who went home, put his case before the Secretary of State, and was, wonderful to relate, reinstated. Truly Pope Hennessy was an example of the saying that "one man may steal a horse while another may not look over a gate," as his doings in Mauritius and other colonies would have broken three ordinary men. Lady Robinson had a number of monkeys, one being an ill-tempered little brute which she named "Pope," after Sir John, and it was one of the funniest sights, during the period of Sir Hercules' irritation at his ruling having been set aside, to see the old lady poking at "Pope" with her parasol and goading him to fury, scolding him all the time. I have also the kindliest recollections of old General Smyth (known as "John Smith" in contradistinction to Sir Leicester Smyth) and his charming wife. Lady Smyth was from the county of my birth, Carnarvon, and

was a very delightful personality, but she sometimes gave offence by forgetting, or affecting to forget, people whom she knew perfectly well, and she had a little way of saying, "and who is it?" when shaking hands with a visitor. It is recorded of her, though with what truth I know not, that when her husband was afterwards Governor of Malta she made this remark to the Duchess of Leeds, on the second occasion of their meeting, receiving the reply, "Oh, I'm still the Duchess of Leeds, thank you." War often raged between herself and Lady Robinson, one great occasion being when Sir Hercules left for England and the general announced his intention of living at Government House while "acting" in the interval, as to which there are some quaint stories which it is hardly fair to tell. At General Smyth's I first met General Baden-Powell, then a subaltern and A.D.C., the same clever versatile man as now, with the same habit of sleeping anywhere out-of-doors wherever he could, regardless of the weather. General Sir William Kelly, afterwards Chief of the Staff to Lord Kitchener in the Boer War, was Military Secretary to General Smyth. I was present at a notable banquet which was given to Sir Hercules Robinson in Cape Town on his retirement from his first term of governorship in South Africa, and heard him make a remarkable speech. He was not a good speaker, and I believe he always learnt every word of his speeches off by heart. In almost every speech I ever heard him make he began with the words, "I am very sensible of." I suppose one gets into habits of that sort. On the occasion of which I write, he summed up his work in the country and gave utterance to the remarkable words, "There is no longer any room for the Imperial factor in South Africa." I remember Mr Dormer, the famous editor of the *Cape Argus*, leaning across the table to me and saying, "He has burnt his boats at last." Sir Hercules was wrong, as time has proved, but he

was not the only one who thought at that time that it was a case of "hands off" for England in the future destiny of the country.

By far the most powerful personality then in the Cape Colony, and I may almost say in South Africa, was Sir Henry (now Lord) de Villiers, and I think that, so far as Transvaal policy went in the entourage of the High Commissioner, he positively moulded it. And yet he, like Mr Hofmeyer in the matter of local politics, seldom appeared. He was the man behind the scenes. It is too soon and events are too new for me to speak of the part which I well knew that he took not only in Cape Town but in Pretoria. The Cape was determined to control Imperialism, and the agents of the Cape were at work in almost the highest posts in the Transvaal building up this policy. In the end it failed as then designed, but it was not the fault of those who then moulded the policy of the Cape Colony. As a first step they were bent on having an official agent at Pretoria, and to that end the Cape sympathisers at Pretoria lost no opportunity of belittling me and of proclaiming my shortcomings. To some extent they succeeded, for when, in 1890, I left Pretoria, the British Government first sent up Mr Hofmeyer as acting British Agent, a procedure much akin to putting the wolf in charge of the sheepfold, and later appointed Mr Jacobus de Wet, a Cape politician, to succeed me as British Agent, of whom I will speak later.

CHAPTER XIII

PRETORIA—*continued*

I PAID two visits to Sir Arthur Havelock in Natal, being once nearly wrecked in the mail steamer *African*, which ran on to the Whale Rock during the passage, luckily coming off without serious damage. Sir Arthur Havelock was essentially a successful governor without one single quality which makes a great man. He owed, I think, much of his success to his name, which naturally marked him out. He was a most courteous gentleman with a certain amount of shrewd common-sense, but I have never been able to understand why, time after time, he was sought out for the great posts of the service, and ultimately for India. Lady Havelock was a most kindly woman and one whom thoroughly to know was thoroughly to like.

I owe her many thanks for her friendship and hospitality.

Natal, the garden colony, was always at loggerheads, more or less, with the Cape, the former deeming herself the natural port for the Transvaal and the interior, while the latter declined to relinquish her old supremacy. I recollect old Colonel Schermbrucker, the joker of the Cape Parliament, in a speech in Parliament on this question, using the words, "our sister Colony of Natal, which all of us must admit is a most respectable forwarding agency," giving furious offence to Natal. The words have often been ascribed to Sir Thomas

Upington, but I am as nearly certain as possible that Colonel Schermbrucker was the author of them. As time has proved, there was ample trade for both countries, and I suppose that the Union has healed all wounds. From Pretoria I went on a visit to Mafeking to renew my friendship with my old friend Sir Frederick Carrington, on the way passing through and inspecting the Malmani gold-fields, which were then being boomed. I reported to the Secretary of State most unfavourably upon them, my report being unluckily afterwards published in the *Times*, and I verily believe that if I had visited Malmani again at that time they would have carried me tarred and feathered on a rail, though I have often been there since; last time to receive Mr Chamberlain. Sir Sidney Shippard was then Administrator of Bechuanaland. He had been a judge in the Cape Colony, and had gained the confidence of the High Commissioner to a great degree.

Sir Frederick Carrington was the head of the police, and was nominally subordinate to the Administrator, but in reality he held a very independent command, doing exactly as he liked. This system I found still existing when, years afterwards, I held the reins in Bechuanaland, and I broke it; but it required almost the practical disbanding and re-enrolment of the police force to do it. Sir Frederick's second in command was Captain (now Sir Hamilton) Goold Adams, then a subaltern officer seconded from the Royal Scots, now High Commissioner of Cyprus. They used to keep a pack of hounds there and hunt jackals, and I had two days out with them. Later on Bishop Knight Bruce, the Bishop of Mashonaland, showed that he was a muscular Christian as well as a bishop, by riding with these hounds whenever in Mafeking.

While at Pretoria I became very intimate with

Mr Merriman, the famous South African politician, and the last Prime Minister of the Cape Colony under the old *régime*. I forget why, but, for some reason, he had decided to quit the field of politics at the Cape and throw in his lot with the Uitlanders of Johannesburg, and thither he came as the first general manager of the Robinson Mines. Never was a square peg in a rounder hole. From the day that he came he was dissatisfied with his incongruous position, and I judged that the only really happy day that he had was the day when he left it. Both he and his wife were our constant guests, and it was delightful in that dust-heap of political chicanery and commercial hustling, as Johannesburg then was, to enjoy the society of the most cultured and clever man in South Africa and his charming wife. To that society my wife and I owe many happy recollections, and I believe that to them also the days passed with us are pleasant memories. But Mr Merriman was nothing if not a politician, and he was sometimes inclined to be acrid and forgetful of his friends in his political earnestness. I recollect when he left the Transvaal his standing at my gate and saying to me: "We shall never either of us as long as we live forget the kindness that you and Mrs Williams have shown us," and yet a month later, from his place in the Cape Parliament, when advocating the appointment of a Cape agent in Pretoria, he described me as utterly inefficient in the performance of my duties. It distressed him a good deal when I wrote a good-natured word of remonstrance to him afterwards.

Mr Merriman has always been thorough, but changeful as the winds. It is said of him that on one occasion when taunted in Parliament with a sudden *volte face* on some current matter, he replied: "The honourable member has charged me with making certain statements on this subject of a

different tenor on a previous occasion and of now changing my views. I have not the slightest recollection of ever making any such statements, but even if he is correct that I did make them, my reply to him is that I was wrong then and am right now." He took very strong pro-Boer views on the Dutch war, as did his wife, and, just for a moment, it was difficult to keep up the old kindly feeling; but that is all passed and gone now, and I can say with truth that of all the friends whom my wife and I left in South Africa, none hold a warmer place in our hearts than Mr and Mrs Merriman.

The rending of families over the Boer War was great, and I believe I am correct in saying that the wife of a distinguished Cape Colony judge whom I well knew, and who was herself a Boer sympathiser, once said mournfully, "I cannot say my prayers at night now for my boys, as they are fighting in so bad a cause." The boys were loyal Englishmen fighting in their country's ranks, and the judge himself was a strong supporter of England's cause.

The first English cricket team came out to South Africa in my time, captained by Mr Aubrey Smith, then the well-known Surrey amateur bowler. For some reason they lost their first five matches, and, good team as they were, arrived at Johannesburg with a somewhat lowered reputation. The match was dubbed "Transvaal *v.* England," and although the Transvaal team were, every one of them, British subjects and most of them English public-school men, the Boers took an intense interest in the match on behalf of the titular team of the Transvaal. I forget the score, but I know that England wanted a very large number of runs to win when Robert Abel and Frank Hearne were at the wickets. Feeling ran high, and I was sitting with Mr Rhodes on the grand-stand which had been specially put up for the occasion. The luncheon interval occurred, and as Abel and Hearne came off the ground Rhodes called

out to them to come to him, which they did, and he said, "Look here, you Abel and you Hearne, if you will win this match right away without either of you getting out, I will give you fifty pounds!" And surely enough they did win it without another man going in, and, as far as I remember, the team never lost another match during their whole tour. The ground prepared for this match was the site of the now famous Wanderer's Club, and that match was the origin of the club. It was then quite outside the town; now it is in the middle of it, and the site must be enormously valuable. I saw the final match of this cricket team at Cape Town against a Cape Colony eleven captained by the present Sir William Milton, now Administrator of Rhodesia, when little Johnny Briggs, the Lancashire bowler, bowled out the whole Cape team for a very small number of runs, thus ending the trip in a triumph for the Old Country.

The Bishop of Pretoria, Dr Bousfield, was a notable figure of the time. Never did a more militant personality wear a bishop's robes. He and I were good friends, but our friendship was for a moment eclipsed by a sudden innovation of his, omitting from the morning service in the Cathedral the prayer for the Queen. Why he did it I cannot think, as he detested the Boers. I had a correspondence with him over it, and in my last letter I wrote, "In fine, my Lord, I hold that you should not only fear God, but also honour the King, both of which I conceive to be the duty of a Bishop of the Church of England." He complained to the Metropolitan Bishop of Cape Town, who invoked the aid of the High Commissioner, and I received a snub for interfering in ecclesiastical matters, for which I did not care a straw, as I had the whole of the loyal British community with me. It interested me in after years to note that the very same metropolitan prelate who was the cause of the censure

upon me went specially from Cape Town to hold the thanksgiving service held by the troops in Pretoria on Lord Roberts' entry; but England was top-dog then, and even archbishops are fallible I suppose.

President Kruger was, curiously enough, singularly careful as to my rights as a duly accredited diplomatic agent. I remember once saying to Dr Leyds, "Oh, it doesn't matter, the old President probably knows no better;" and his reply was, "Don't you tell him that, for there is no point on which he is more sensitive." On one occasion the Landrost of the town subpœnaed me as a witness, whereas he ought, of course, to have written a note asking me if I had any objection to attend. The matter came to the President's ears, and he at once apologised and severely censured the Landrost. When I did then attend the court voluntarily, and the court officer proceeded to swear me, the Landrost, fearful of another wigging, called out, "No, don't swear the Resident, we may not do it," and, quite improperly, my unsworn evidence was received and acted upon. On another occasion the President showed his fatherly control over his subjects on my behalf. While travelling near Bronkhorst Spruit I found that a Naachtmaal (the monthly Communion service of the Dutch Reformed Church) was being held at a farm near, and wishing to meet the Boers I rode up to the house with my party and knocked at the door, which was opened by the owner, one Erasmus, who was a bitter hater of everything English. Erasmus came to the door, looked at me, and then slammed it in my face. As it happened, Christian Joubert, who was at that time Vice-President of the Transvaal, also saw me and came forward, most indignant at the slight put upon me, insisting that I should be at once admitted. All then went well, and I had a long talk with the Boers present, and so the matter, as I thought, ended. But several days later I was surprised by a visit from Messrs Joubert and Erasmus at my house in Pretoria.

Joubert said (in Dutch), "Mr Resident, I felt it my duty to report to the President what happened the other day, and the President sent for Mr Erasmus, and has now directed him to come here and apologise to you." And, accordingly, old Erasmus apologised; after which, over a glass of sherry, we all made friends. Nothing could indicate more strongly the power of the President over his burghers than this control accepted by one of the hardest and bitterest haters of England in the whole Transvaal. I always found General Joubert, our famous foe at Ladysmith, exceptionally courteous, and he was one of the few Boers who welcomed me to his house in Pretoria, for, as a rule, the lives of Englishmen and Boers were lived entirely apart. On one occasion I sent my private secretary, Mr Collinson, to represent me at a funeral of someone who was a member of the Church of England. He drove from the church in the same carriage as General Joubert, and as they were going to the cemetery the general said, "You English are a funny people, you use the same tunes for your weddings and your funerals. To-day you sang 'Brief life is here our portion,' and at a wedding which I attended the other day you sang, 'The voice that breathed o'er Eden,' and both hymns are set to the same tune." I wonder to how many people this fact has occurred. I never realised it, and I have never found anyone else who did.

I question if in any country in the world corruption reigned more virulently than in the Transvaal during the years of my tenure of office. One is apt to think of the Boers as simple shepherds, whose sole desire was to live a pastoral life far removed from the turmoil of the outside world. And so they were in a measure, but chance had made them the centre of a scheming mass of humanity recruited from many lands, all bent on getting the better of one another, and the Boers showed a singular aptitude for trimming their sails to the prevailing wind.

The duties of a British representative abroad not infrequently include the unmasking of cheap swindlers, and verily in those days Johannesburg was a Tom Tiddler's ground for these gentlemen. News came to me one day that "Lord Cochrane" was having a great time there, the real Lord Cochrane being then a child of two or three years old. I was just considering what steps to take when my secretary came into my room, saying, "Lord Cochrane is here and wants to see you," and he was presently ushered in. I said, "What is your name?" He replied, "Lord Cochrane." I said, "You lie, Lord Cochrane is a baby," to which he murmured, "Well, not exactly Lord Cochrane but the Honourable Mr Cochrane, but they will call me 'Lord' in Johannesburg." I said, "You lie again, try and tell the truth." He then said, "Well, Sir, I am really the son of Sir Henry Cochrane who lives in Dublin, but the people in Johannesburg insist on giving me rank." I said, "You are a very shoddy swindler, and have not even the ordinary manners of a gentleman. In ten minutes from now I will write a note to the Chief of Police about you, and they have a most uncomfortable prison here. Go, and never let me hear of you again." He went, and from that time disappeared from the arena of South African society. I afterwards got a letter from Lord Dundonald, who told me that the man had given him much trouble, and that he believed him to be a discharged footman formerly in the service of Sir Henry Cochrane.

On another occasion a man was announced to me as "The Honourable A. B." When he came in I said, "What do you want to see me about?" and he replied, telling me who he was, and the peerage to which he was the heir, and continued, "I suppose, by your manner, you think me an impostor, but you will find that I am not." I replied, "On the contrary, I know that you are not an impostor, and I know also the reasons why you left England in such a hurry

the other day, and all about you. Make yourself scarce quickly lest worse befall you." He said, "Oh, you've heard that, have you," and without a word more left and disappeared from the neighbourhood. He is, fortunately, dead now, and there is another heir to the peerage, the present holder of which I know very well. Oddly enough, I had received a letter from England on the very morning of this man's arrival telling me of circumstances which were, and are, quite unknown to the public.

I had another curious experience from one of my visitors. At the Jubilee of 1887 a general pardon was issued to all deserters who gave up their names to some duly constituted authority, but the period during which names might be sent in was twelve months, after which the amnesty was strictly refused. A few days too late a well-dressed man with all the appearance of a gentleman was ushered in to me and, to my surprise, told me that he was a deserter of many years ago, that he was now rich, but that having been out of civilisation recently he had not heard of the amnesty. I sympathised with him, telling him that it was too late, but said, "Take my advice and go straight to Cape Town, tell your story to the military authorities, get your banker and your friends to go to them, and you will find the road made easy for you, but I can do nothing." He turned to me and said, "The date of application might be put back a few days, Sir, might it not?" and then hesitatingly, "a matter of a thousand pounds or even two thousand pounds would be nothing to me." I looked at him and said, "Look at the door and the window and choose whether you will be kicked out of the one or thrown out of the other." He incontinently fled, and I never afterwards heard what became of him.

An old soldier came to me to draw a long-neglected pension. I said, "What is your name?" He replied, "Thomas Atkins," to which I sternly

said, "Look here, my man, this is not the place to make jokes." "But, Sir," he said, "my real name is Thomas Atkins"; and Thomas Atkins he was, and drew his pension afterwards under that name.

There was a story current in Pretoria that on the occasion of a previous amnesty, during the time of the British occupation, a gentleman of position in the place dined one night with Sir Owen Lanyon the administrator, and the next morning paraded before him as a deserter among those applying for a pardon. I believe this is true, and I knew the applicant well in after-life, a most worthy and loyal citizen.

I have dealt with my time as British Agent at Pretoria in perhaps a series of somewhat sketchy incidents rather than in a sustained account of my work during that period, partly because a *résumé* of the political events of that time would now be inexpressibly dull, and partly because there are many matters of which it is not expedient that I should write. I have alluded to the actions of those in authority, but I am not blind to the fact that my own inexperience in official affairs must often have been a source of some dismay to those over me who had imbibed caution and precedent as the very breath of their nostrils. As a matter of fact I grasped the situation thoroughly, and I advised honestly and I believe correctly, but my methods had no doubt too much of the *fortiter in re* for a subordinate officer to please my chief, who was essentially of the old *régime*. In addition to this I never really had a fair chance, as I was harassed and misrepresented in every step I took by the Cape section in the country. With the old Boers I always got on, and even with the "Hollanders" I had but trifling difficulties, but the Cape wire-pullers rendered my position impossible, and they deliberately designed to make it so. As it has never harmed me and is all ancient history now, I am not

afraid of telling it, but it caused me much bitterness at the time. Besides all this my wife's health caused me much anxiety, and I became very desirous of getting away, so I urged the Secretary of State to move me to some other work elsewhere. My own representations would have been probably useless had they not exactly chimed in with the scheme of getting a Cape agent, and I was granted six months' leave, feeling pretty certain I should not return. I sent my wife and son down to Natal, and a few days later, in the spring of 1890, I left Pretoria for Johannesburg and Cape Town. During my period of official residence I had, in accordance with official custom, carefully abstained from mixing myself up in the speculation in which every other soul in the country was engaged; but on the one night I spent in Johannesburg, when leaving, I was with a friend at the club, and asked him to advise me as to a small speculation. He recommended "Transvaal Coal Trusts," then at 4s. per share, and I handed him a cheque then and there for £200, buying a thousand shares. Some of these I sold at a handsome profit, and others I held until I finally sold them out at £2, 11s. 6d. a share, not a bad profit on my little speculation. I could have made a great deal of money had I chosen to do so in those years, when corner lots in Johannesburg now worth vast sums were sold at from £80 to £150 apiece, and shares in the best mines were to be picked up for a song. Pretoria as I first knew it was a magnified village with water running down every street, and with many of its streets bordered by old rose hedges. It was picturesque in the extreme but very unhealthy, due principally to bad water and undrained swamps. On my later visits after the war it was difficult to recognise in the large town extended far to the eastward the old-world village where Kruger built up his great power. On my way down, after being twice capsized in the coach in which I was travelling, I, as I always did, stayed

at Kimberley as the guest of Mr Rhodes, and I was there present at a very remarkable dinner given by him at Mrs Jardine's hotel. I do not know if any life of Mr Rhodes has included an account of this dinner, but those who were present will never forget it. The party consisted of Mr Rhodes, Dr Jameson, Sir John Willoughby (who afterwards held the military command of the Jameson raiders), Mr Archibald Colquhoun, Sir James Sivewright, Mr F. C. Selous, Mr Ross, one of the members for Kimberley, another whose name I will not give, and myself. Many of the names are exceptionally notable, but a more mild dinner in an ordinary way was never given. It resulted, however, in an incident which I have never seen paralleled. We suddenly became aware that our nameless friend was very drunk, and as he got more drunk he got more objectionable, levelling his abuse principally at Mr Ross, who took it most good naturedly, until at last the nameless one broke out, "You, you, why every soul in Kimberley knows perfectly well that you are nothing better than a common I.D.B." This phrase meant "an illicit diamond buyer," which was a criminal occupation peculiar to Kimberley, and in respect to which there was a special criminal court for the trial of cases; and nothing more grossly offensive could have been said. This was too much, and Mr Ross jumped up, as did the other. They squared up to one another, and Mr Ross with his full strength, and it was great, hit his opponent between the eyes and rolled him over like a log. Mr Archibald Colquhoun sprang in between them, while Sir James Sivewright, like Mr Bob Sawyer and Mr Benjamin Allen in Dickens' famous story of the fight between Mr Pott and Mr Slurk (those who know him can almost see him doing it), danced round the trio, calling out, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, pray be calm, and remember you are Mr Rhodes' guests," the

rest of us simply looking on in wonder, until suddenly Rhodes, without moving from his chair, thundered out, "Sit down, you fools," and the storm abated as quickly as it had begun. The author of the disturbance was got quietly away and the rest of us spent a pleasant evening. This was the very last occasion on which I ever saw Mr Rhodes, and this terminated a close personal association of seven years, during which time we had discussed, and sometimes worked together in, many important matters relating to the development of South Africa. I recollect him saying to me, "You are very foolish to go away. You will probably go to some wretched West Indian island, your wife will be taken down to dinner by a black man, and nobody will ever hear of you again." As to the black man he was right, for later on in Barbados it happened more often than not that it became her lot to be taken down to dinner at Government House by the black Chief Justice, Sir Conrad Reeves, as to whom I have more to say later; but he was not correct as to the rest of his prophecy, as I have been heard of in one or two places since those days. It also closed my personal association with Dr Jameson, whom up to that time I had known very well as Mr Rhodes' most intimate personal friend, and three of whose medical prescriptions I still have as interesting reminiscences of those bygone days, when his fame rested upon the fact that he was by far the most brilliant physician who had ever practised in South Africa, an honour which, without detriment to the credit of others, many would willingly accord him up to the present day. His departure from the field of medicine to that of politics has been as great a loss to one as a gain to the other.

I personally had nothing to do with the proceedings which culminated in the establishment of the Chartered Company, except, as I have already said, in the original plan which was evolved when Mr Rhodes and I were in the little hut in Vryburg in

1885, and in many later talks, but I watched what was being done with great interest. From the moment of the Grobler affair Rhodes saw that no time was to be lost, and his friend Mr Rochfort Maguire went up to Bulawayo, and sat down for many weary months with Lobengula, trying to get the concessions on which the Charter was to be founded. Ultimately he did get them as to Mashonaland, which at that time was supposed to be the only gold-bearing country, but he did not, I believe, get any concession as to Matabeleland. On this, application for a charter was made to the British Parliament, and in 1889 the charter was granted. Apropos of this Rhodes did an extremely clever thing. On one of his journeys out from England to the Cape he happened to be a fellow-passenger with an M.P. who was travelling out to inculcate Home Rule principles upon the South African communities. To everyone's surprise, Mr Rhodes on arrival at Cape Town took the chair at the first meeting, spoke of the question as being one which deserved thorough ventilation and discussion, and not long afterwards sent Mr Parnell a cheque for £10,000 towards the campaign. A few months later two well-known Irish Members of Parliament came out to Johannesburg on a proselytising mission. While they were there Mr Rhodes found excuse to come and stay with me at Pretoria. One day while out for a walk I said chaffingly, "Rhodes, what on earth are you doing here when your dear friends are in Johannesburg spending your £10,000?" He turned sharply round upon me, saying, "Well, what have you got to say against it? I got what I wanted, didn't I?" I replied, "Yes, you certainly did," at which he laughed and said no more.

In 1890 the first expedition to Mashonaland started from Cape Town. I was at the railway station and saw it off. It was an extraordinary

affair. Neither England nor the Cape was at war with anybody, yet here was a thoroughly organised military expedition under Colonel Pennefather, late of the Inniskilling Dragoons, equipped with all fighting material and clad in uniform, starting out to take "peaceful possession" of a country as settlers and gold miners. Never, surely, did a shepherd open the door of his fold to the wolf more foolishly than did Lobengula when granting the Chartered Company's concession. The expedition succeeded and established themselves at places which they named respectively Salisbury and Victoria, the former ultimately to become the successful capital of Rhodesia, the latter to sink into comparative insignificance. Then followed doleful days. I do not propose to write of the woes of the settlers or of the hardships which they endured. It is enough to say that the project came perilously near to failure, for Mashonaland was not what had been expected, and they turned longing eyes upon Matabeleland. History, as written in Rhodesia, tells us that Lobengula raided Mashonaland contrary to the terms of the concession, while other critics hold that a trifling action on the part of a few isolated Matabeles was made the cause for an advance by the Company upon Lobengula, with the ultimate result that Lobengula was driven from his capital. No one who knew Lobengula in the plenitude of his power, and who had experienced the courtesy and protection which this ruthless Matabele chief ever accorded to white men who visited his country for sport, could fail deeply to regret his sad end. It was the inevitable extinction of barbarism by civilisation, but it also entailed the elimination of a picturesque personality from the story of South Africa whom many held in kindly recollection. At that time the Matabele did not understand maxim guns, and advanced in large masses fearlessly upon them,

only to be hurled back in confusion. In the second Matabele War they acted very differently, but that is a later story. And so it happened that the Chartered Company became established in Matabeleland as well as in Mashonaland, the whole country of Lobengula coming within their domination under the name of Rhodesia. During this war occurred the gallant stand made by the Wilson party at the Shangani River, where the entire party was absolutely wiped out. The affair had a peculiar interest for me, as a former private secretary of mine, little Ned Welby, was of the party and was killed there. In relation to this massacre the Matabeles afterwards said that the Englishmen, before the final rush, "gathered together and sang a great war song." Some of the English papers of an evangelical turn of mind suggested that this war song was without doubt the old hundredth psalm, a grotesque supposition in respect to a group of Rhodesian settlers of early days. Of course what they did sing was "God Save the Queen."

In connection with either this war or the second Matabele War, I forget which, there is a monument in the Cathedral at Salisbury, Rhodesia, which the Bishop showed me on a visit in later days, and which has always struck me as one of the most touching I ever saw. It was raised in memory of two young telegraph clerks, and has upon it the simple words, "Greater love hath no man." It commemorates the incident of a sorely beset party of whites in the direst straits. Some few miles away there was a deserted telegraph station, and there was some hope that the wires connected with it were still standing. These lads volunteered to try and reach it, and they succeeded. They found the wires intact, and actually spoke to headquarters, receiving the assurance that help was being sent at once, and it was sent and the little garrison saved, but the gallant boys were caught and killed. Surely never were the

words of our Lord, "This is my commandment that ye love one another as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," more beautifully exemplified than in the self-sacrifice of those two.

While at Cape Town I first met my chief Sir Henry Loch, who had, not long before, been appointed High Commissioner in succession to Sir Hercules Robinson, but I never really had much official association with him, and know but little, except by hearsay, of his work in Africa. On our visits to Cape Town we stayed a good deal at Farmer Peck's hotel, a curious little old-world hostelry at Muizenburg. Among those who used frequently to stay there was the wife of a since famous multi-millionaire whose name is now a household word in connection with the Johannesburg mines, but who in those days was almost unknown. In later years, when I have read in the *Morning Post* of all the glories of her London parties I have often recalled the homely little menage at Farmer Peck's, with the Kaffir girl washing out the children's socks, and with the mistress hanging them over the banisters to dry, and have pondered on the ups and downs of life.

After a day or two in Cape Town I left for England, so ending the third period of my work in South Africa.

CHAPTER XIV

GIBRALTAR

A FEW weeks after my arrival in England in 1890, while at the Grosvenor Hotel, I met in the hall Mr de Wet, the Minister for Native Affairs in the Cape Colony Parliament. He greeted me somewhat pompously with the words, "Ah, have I the honour of meeting the British Agent in the South African Republic?" to which I replied, "No, Mr de Wet, I rather fancy that it is I who have that honour." I knew a good deal more than I was supposed by the authorities to know in connection with the inner arrangements that were being carried on. However, one night a little later on, returning from a dinner-party to my rooms in Sloane Street, I found a very polite letter from Lord Knutsford, offering me the post of Colonial Treasurer of Gibraltar. Of course I knew that this probably was, and was intended to be, official extinction, and at first I was much inclined to hold out for better terms, which I think I might have got. But my wife was ill, I hated the idea of returning to South Africa, and I wanted to remain in the service, in addition to which service in Gibraltar seemed to me to have delightful social attractions. I consulted my wife, slept on the offer, and next day accepted it. For some reason, I cannot think why, Mr de Wet was made a K.C.M.G.; I suppose that he might enter upon his post with added glories, and the pay of the post was raised. He went to Pretoria with the

full backing of both the Colonial Office and the Cape Parliament, with the result not of a brilliantly successful career, but of a hopeless failure, if quarrelling with the President and his government was failure; for in a wonderfully short time he was at loggerheads with everyone, and, as was said to me afterwards by a high politician in the Transvaal, "Before you left the old President thought he would like a Cape Dutchman, and you had hardly gone before he longed to have his Englishman back again." Sir Jacobus de Wet ended his official career over the Jameson raid, his knowledge of affairs not having ostensibly made him aware of that impending freak, of which everyone except himself knew perfectly well, and which a word from him must have stopped. For this short service he was awarded a pension of £400 a year, in addition to his other Cape emoluments.

What a change from South Africa to Gibraltar, from a world where British power then seemed at its lowest to the very focus of its military might. The government system at Gibraltar has always seemed to me a curious one. The governor is a soldier, and is both civil governor and general officer commanding. For civil purposes he is under the control of the Colonial Office, while under the War Office in his military capacity. Apart from this outside control he is autocratic. He has a body of civilian officials who hold all the administrative posts, and who, curiously enough, get a precedence which one would not expect to find in a place which is so purely a fortress. How this has come about I hardly know. I profited by it, but I have often thought that it was somewhat of an incongruity. The civil population is under twenty thousand, I think, and is almost entirely a Spanish-speaking community. Although they certainly do not want to come under Spanish control, it cannot be truthfully said that as a body they are in

sympathy with Englishmen. There is, in fact, a rooted antipathy, speaking generally, between the local people and the soldiers, which results in petty little annoyances from a certain section of the people towards the soldiers, and in the populace being generically termed "Scorpions" by the garrison. The feeling has nothing like the intensity of that in Malta, but all the same it exists. The oddest and most oblique views obtain among the civilians of Gibraltar as to their rights, and, as a rule, they are in constant opposition officially to the soldiers, this feeling having been sometimes somewhat accentuated by the militarism of some of its governors and subordinate officers, who were not always skilled in dealing with civilians, even when they were their own kith and kin. I, myself, have experienced something of this. It was my habit as colonial treasurer to direct that all baggage of regiments coming on duty to the colony should be passed without question, leaving it to them to report later if they had introduced anything which required a permit, such as private guns or regimental wines. One distinguished regiment arrived, and the adjutant, a noble lord, was asked by my inspector to be kind enough to send in a return at his convenience. At this he took umbrage, and addressed himself to me in a letter I have never seen paralleled. It was brimming over with insult, and finally told me that when in future dealing with the regiment on such matters I was to address myself to the quartermaster-sergeant. I took the letter to the governor, with the result that the officer in question was sent to apologise to me, which he did in a halting way, unlike his colonel who accompanied him, who expressed his regret like an English gentleman, and finished by hoping that I would consider myself an honorary member of their mess. I quote this story as indicative of how often the good name of British officers is dragged down by an ass who is wrapped up in

the toga of his own ignorance. Speaking for myself, I number among my closest friends sailors and soldiers with whom I have been associated, and the errors of the few have never blinded me to the excellences of the many.

I took up my quarters at Gibraltar in a delightful house, St Bernards, which unluckily I was only able to secure for six months. Its only drawback was the incessant ringing of the bells of a Roman Catholic church, which seemed to me to leave off at twelve at night and begin again at four in the morning. I remember with something akin to horror the occasion of my first visit to the Colonial Treasury. I knew less than nothing of the work, figures I had always hated, and I lived in dread of being found out. However, I asked for the books as though they were simple ABC to me, and then when alone pored over them, at first in dread, and afterwards much relieved as I found that they presented no difficulties whatever. Besides being Treasurer I was also Commissioner of Crown Lands and Inspector of Revenues. As soon as I got firmly seated I found my work ridiculously easy, so much so that I longed for other work to do, but I had to content myself with that for some years until I was later on made Captain of the Port. At the time I was actually appointed Sir Arthur Hardinge was governor, but before I took up my post he was succeeded by Sir Leicester Smyth, whom I had known when commanding in South Africa. Poor Sir Leicester had a very short innings, for he developed that dread disease cancer in a few months and had to leave for England, where he shortly afterwards died. Never was there a more courteous and kindly soldier than Sir Leicester, whose only wish seemed to be to make those around him happy. Mr (now Sir Cavendish) Boyle, for many years my intimate personal friend, was the Colonial Secretary, and he, for the three years during which I knew him in office there,

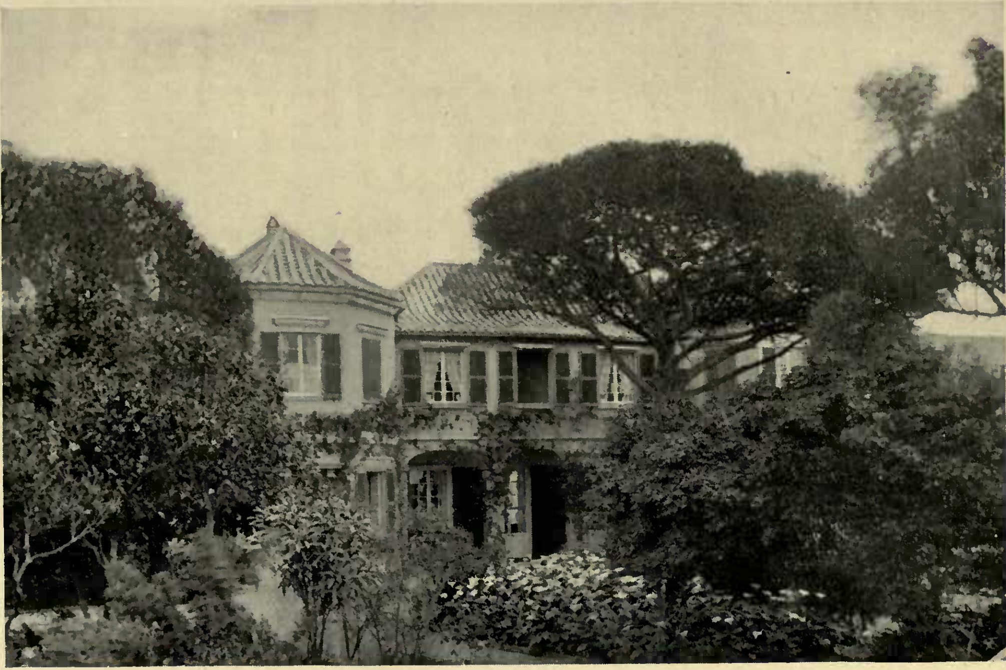
practically governed the colony as far as civilian matters were concerned. A soldier knows as much about civil administration as a civilian does of soldiering. The appointment of a soldier to a Government such as Gibraltar is of course necessary and desirable, but he is none the less, as a rule, without the least knowledge of his civil duties. For this he is, until he has learnt it himself, obliged to trust to his colonial sectetary. This works out all right in a fortress like Gibraltar, but it is a thousand pities that our masters so utterly fail to recognise the fatuity of appointing soldiers to posts in the colonial service, the duties of which they have never learnt, and which are, as a rule, wholly out of harmony with their previous training. I do not for a moment suggest that some of our best governors have not come from the army, but they have to be caught early, so as to give them time to lose much of the system which they have acquired regimentally, and to learn wholly new methods. The appointment of sailors is as great a hardship to hardworking public servants as is that of soldiers, but in themselves sailors are more versatile and, saving only a little blue-water brusqueness, they assimilate themselves to new surroundings a great deal better in my opinion.

After the death of Sir Leicester Smyth, Sir Lothian Nicholson was appointed to be governor of Gibraltar, about as fine a specimen of the cheery old soldier, to whom civilians were a lower order of beings, as one could well find. I believe that there was a good deal of friction in high places as to his appointment. It was said that the Duke of Cambridge insisted upon it, and that the Secretary of State for the Colonies strongly objected. At all events the old Duke forced the pace, for at a dinner at which the Secretary of State was present, he abruptly announced that his old friend, Sir Lothian Nicholson, had been selected for the

appointment. Sir Lothian was a first-rate man on a horse, and he used to take a humorous delight in taking his departmental staff officers all over the Rock and trotting smartly down the steep and narrow paths, to the great discomfiture of some of them. On one occasion his horse was badly kicked by that of one of his staff, and the following garrison order was issued: "All Staff officers when riding with the Governor and when not certain of the temper of their horses must be attended by a careful groom who can be trusted to lead their horses." This order created much merriment on the Rock and gave rise to many jokes and cartoons at the expense of the staff. I remember Sir Lothian minuting on a paper of mine which was submitted to him for his confirmation, "I authorise this entirely upon the Treasurer's responsibility." When I went to see him to explain that I could not possibly act upon so qualified a permission, he replied, "But, my dear fellow, I know nothing at all about the matter; you are responsible, not I." It was a difficult matter to persuade him to strike out the last words of his minute. During most of my time I had a charming house, as I was shortly able to migrate to "the Grange," which stood on the crest of the Europa road and overlooked the harbour, the Spanish coast, Ape's Hill, and Morocco, in a way unequalled by any house in Gibraltar. It was private property and was practically almost rebuilt for me, saving only the retention of its old-world outside walls. I remember the late Sir Henry Jackson standing with me in my garden and saying, "Upon my word, Williams, you may rise to be the Governor of many colonies, but you will never live amid such beautiful surroundings again, go where you will." I paid a heavy rent, but I never regretted it. In its old condition it had been the home of the registrar of the Supreme Court, who had let its large, quaint, old-fashioned

garden run to seed to a deplorable extent. Before entering I employed about thirty men to cut, dig, and delve on all sides, supervising everything myself; with the result of a temporary bareness, although I knew that a year or so would restore all the old features in renewed vigour. I asked the previous tenant to come and look at it, which he did and ruefully said, "Well no doubt you think you have improved it, but it looks dreadfully like the seashore." Two years saw all the old ivy growing with renewed vigour, the lovely climbing geraniums wandering brightly everywhere, the quaint old box-hedge sprouting out fresh and green instead of standing dreary and brown, the arum lilies one of the sights of the place which mail steamer passengers used to flock to see, the whole place being a perfect example of a lovely country home hidden away in the midst of glaring white roads, hideous barracks and arid surroundings. It was closed in by high walls and entered by great wooden doors which opened into one of the only two gravelled carriage drives on the Rock, every bit of the gravel being carefully sifted so that not a rough uneven stone marred the whole approach. Alas! for the old home in which I lived for nearly six years; after I left it was annexed by the War Office, and on its site now stands the great military hospital, more useful no doubt to the general community, but a sad example of the necessity of utilitarianism.

In 1891, the year after my arrival, occurred the loss of the Anchor Line Steamer *Utopia*, one of the most fatal maritime disasters of modern times, in which six hundred persons were drowned. She was carrying over a thousand emigrants from one of the Italian ports to the United States, and on the evening of the 17th of March, with a strong gale and a tumbling sea, she tried to make the harbour. The Channel Squadron were at anchor, and her proper



THE GRANGE, GIBRALTAR.

[*To face p.* 196.

course was to keep entirely outside the men-of-war. The captain, however, made a mistake and tried to go inside, at the last moment changing his mind, starboarding his helm, and trying to go outside. He had allowed for the wind, but the tide was far stronger than he knew, and he ran straight on to the bows of *H.M.S. Anson*, ripping out 28 feet of his ship's side, sheered off, and went down close alongside *H.M.S. Rodney*. I was playing pool at the club (it was just past seven o'clock in the evening) when the guns fired. The succession of guns from both the Rock and the Fleet made it clear that something unusual had happened, and I threw down my cue, ran down the stairs, jumped into a cab, and went as hard as I could to the Ragged Staff. At first I could see nothing amidst the glare of the electric lights of the Fleet, but then out stood the *Utopia*, still afloat, and if anything else had been needed the wild shrieks of those on board were enough, for they rang out in all their horror through the storm. Suddenly a blue-jacket at my side said, "Oh look, Sir, my God, look at her!" Her bows rose in the air, showing bright and red, and, accompanied by one wild despairing scream from the masses of emigrants whom I could see struggling and rushing hither and thither on deck, the *Utopia* went down, carrying with her one thousand and twenty souls. Some idea may be gained of the kind of night it was by the fact that here, almost alongside nine ships of war with men on them skilled and daring to an uncommon degree, with hearts prompting them to risk their lives, without thought, for the saving of a single one, only four hundred out of these thousand unfortunate people were safely brought to shore. Not only did the men-of-war do all in their power, but a port launch of the Government was on the spot as quickly as could possibly be managed, in addition to which Prince Oscar Bernadotte, in command of a small Swedish man-of-war, was out with his boats. So bad was the night that the

steam pinnace of *H.M.S. Immortalité* was smothered in the sea, several of her crew being drowned. I reached my house at about ten o'clock, all, with the exception of one sad incident, being long since over. The *Utopia* had gone down in shallow water, and her masts and even her funnel were still to be seen. On the funnel, his leg twisted round the stay, hung one unfortunate man whom we could see from the verandah of my house, for the electric lights of the Fleet made all lighter than day, and he hung there in relief against the black and dreadful night. Captain Bouverie Clark had been in charge of the boats during the night, and he still remained there, determined to save this last man. Time after time he brought his steam pinnace to windward with a small empty boat attached to a line, paying out the line each time so as to let the boat pass under the man, but the nerve of the wretched man failed, and he would not jump. Each time the boat was hauled safely back the same manœuvre being repeated. At last, about 10.30, the man jumped right into the boat, but alas! as evil fortune would have it, the boat, while being hauled in, struck some part of the ship (probably the top of the davits, which were also out of the water), was upset in an instant, whirled away in the waves, and all chance was gone forever.

I saw the *Utopia* being raised, and it was a very clever piece of salvage, common enough now, but then, I think, having only been once successfully performed on an Orient liner in Sydney harbour. First the rent in the side was roughly repaired by divers; then the sides were built up with a temporary planking until they were clear of the water; as soon as that was completed pumping began, and as the ship rose the side planking was gradually removed, until at last she lay at her anchorage, a desolate looking object, but otherwise intact. I saw her once more at Glasgow, lying on the scrap-heap waiting, I suppose, for someone to buy her, but

I think I am right in saying that she never made another voyage. One somewhat gruesome result of this wreck was that, for a year afterwards, no one in Gibraltar would eat any fish. One old general, one of the gentlest of men, stood out alone against this, and I remember a dinner-party of his at which I was present where fish was handed round, some twenty guests refusing it, the general and his wife solemnly eating their portion as a protest against our squeamishness.

Precedence was a great stumbling block in Gibraltar. At one party I was taking out my guests from the Ragged Staff in batches in the Captain of the Port's galley to the steam launch a little distance off, each trip the General Commanding the Infantry Brigade and the Chief Justice politely bowing to one another but declining to get in. On the last trip I said, "Now then, gentlemen, get in, please," on which a war of politeness began—"After you, General," "No, pray take your seat, Sir Henry," until I fairly burst out laughing, managing somehow to get them both in without detriment to the dignity of either. On another occasion at my own house I utterly failed to get the General of Artillery and the Attorney-General of the Colony into the drawing-room by the same door, one of them finally going out through one of the French windows and arriving at the gathering of ladies by that route.

Poor old Sir Lothian Nicholson died in harness as Governor of Gibraltar. A curious little incident occurred as between him and myself in reference to this. He, being in robust health, wrote me a letter saying that it would be convenient for him to have a cheque slightly in advance of his salary, and asked me to have it made out. It was, of course, contrary to regulation, and I went to him and told him that I could only do it on his issuing an official order as governor, saying, "You see, Sir, if you died I should be held responsible," and he did not press it. A day

or two afterwards he left for a trip in Spain, went into some malarious catacombs and died prior to the end of the month. His funeral was far the largest official funeral at which I ever took part. Mr Boyle, the Colonial Secretary, asked me to assume charge of the seating in the cathedral, and a pretty job I had as between the relative ranks of the Spanish officials, the Morocco officials, the British Minister at Tangier, the foreign consuls, the navy, the army, and the civil government. However, I got through it all right. The only incident worth recording was when I found that the senior sidesman of the church (an old retired ranker of the quartermaster branch of the service), whom I had superseded temporarily, had put six lieutenant-colonels into a seat which I had reserved for captains of battleships. I asked him what he meant, and he said, "It's all right, Sir, they are lieutenant-colonels." "Yes," I said, "of course I know that, but the others are senior captains and are much senior;" to which he retorted, "Well, it's the first time as I ever 'eard as a captain came before a colonel," an opinion largely held in uninstructed society, often to the social discomfiture of the naval side of His Majesty's service. This funeral took over two hours, and certainly the most abused man in Gibraltar that day was the brigade-major of infantry, on whom devolved the management, and who everyone said was responsible for the delays which occurred. I paired with the Roman Catholic Vicar-Apostolic on that march, and found him a most entertaining companion. He was the son of a tobacconist in Gibraltar, and on the principle that a prophet has no honour in his own country (or to be pedantically correct, "a prophet is not without honour save in his own country") his compatriots would have none of him and breathed out sulphurous threats of what they would do if he was forced upon them. It was before my time, but I have often heard how the governor, old Lord Napier of

Magdala, who cared for nothing but the discipline of the matter, would stand no nonsense, and enthroned him in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at the point of the bayonet, lining the streets and the church with troops. During this time I was subjected to a successful operation at the hands of that clever and well-known surgeon, Dr Turner of Gibraltar, whose skill has brought relief to many of those visiting the old rock. He was the best colonial surgeon I ever met, and I am glad to think that on a recent occasion he was honoured by his King as a reward for many good services.

Sir Lothian Nicholson was succeeded by Sir Robert Biddulph, one of the most thoroughly capable men with whom it has ever been my lot to be associated, and from whose example and precept in official affairs I always think that I learnt a great deal. He had gone through a wide experience, and amongst other things had been on Sir Hope Grant's staff in China. He once described to me in the most graphic way the story of the seizing by the Chinese of Messrs Parkes and Loch (afterwards Sir Harry Parkes, the famous diplomatist, and Lord Loch, the almost equally famous governor), which he told me he actually saw. The treatment they received and their ultimate release is a matter of history. He was a delightful *raconteur*, and my wife used to say when she had the luck to sit by him at dinner that he was the most agreeable man who ever took her down to dinner. All this was subject to the avoidance of religious matters, on which he held peculiar views, which were apt at times, and on occasions, to make him very unpopular, and sometimes to obscure his judgment. He was the best financier I have met in my official life, and used to stagger me with his facile knowledge of the subject. However, by the use of a small amount of common-sense, I got on with him even on those matters, and I think won a good deal of his confidence and regard. He had been for a

long time High Commissioner of Cyprus, so came to us with the fullest experience of colonial administration. From Sir Robert I received the utmost kindness and hospitality during the three remaining years of my stay on the Rock.

During his time we received a visit from the Duke of Cambridge, still Commander-in-Chief of the army, but nearing the close of his active service. There was an idea that the old Duke was devoted to pork chops, and I know that every regiment he visited gave him pork chops for luncheon, and at every table that he dined he got the same dainty for dinner. Someone told me that he damned them heartily at one of the messes where they were pressed upon him, and it well might be that he had wearied of them, as in the army no meal was ever deemed sufficient for His Royal Highness unless it included a dish of pork chops. He brought with him amongst the members of his staff Prince Louis of Battenberg, attached in some capacity. I often met Prince Louis both before and after, and knew him fairly well. His position was as variable as the colour of a chameleon. I have met him as a commander and as a captain, and on both occasions have sat senior to him at dinner, and I have within a few days been invited "to have the honour of meeting His Serene Highness," and have made my low bow as a humble member of society before a member of the Royal Family. On one occasion, at a great dinner at Government House, I took down a lady of the garrison on whose other side sat Prince Louis. She talked to me very pleasantly for some time, oblivious of her other neighbour, at last saying, "Who is the officer on my other side?" Knowing her proclivities, I said, "Don't you know? that is His Serene Highness Prince Louis of Battenberg," rolling it out with great effect. "You don't say so," said the lady, turning her back upon me, and conversationally grappling him for the rest of the evening, ignoring me, her lawful possessor, with flagrant dis-

regard. I afterwards reproached him with it, and he laughed heartily.

During the Duke of Cambridge's visit, at a dinner-party of forty-two, my wife sat on the Duke's other side, he, of course, having taken down Lady Biddulph, who was not very talkative. General Sir Robert Grant took my wife in, and their conversation got upon the Society of "Souls," not then so well known as later. "Do tell me," said my wife, "what this Society of Souls really is, and why they are called 'Souls'?" "Don't you know?" replied the general. "They call them souls because they make so many little slips.' The Duke, who had one ear listening to what passed, broke in saying, "What's that, Grant? What's that?" and heard the story repeated. Looking across the table to the governor, he called out, "I say, Biddulph, have you heard that capital story that Mrs Williams has just been telling to General Grant?" "No, Sir, no, it is General Grant's story, not mine," said my wife; the Duke interposing with, "Let me tell the story, my dear lady, please let me tell it." The whole room was silent while the Duke was speaking, and it was very hard for the guests not to burst into a shout of laughter at the dismay of His Excellency, who was torn asunder between his respect for the Duke and his horror of the story.

On another night a clever and ambitious lady, the wife of the chief of the staff, a very senior full colonel, sat next to the Duke, and as he was well aware that everybody wanted something from him, he prefaced his conversation with her by saying, "Well, my dear lady, and what do you want?" to which she cleverly and quickly replied, "Either a brigade at Aldershot, or a good billet in Pall Mall, if you please, Sir." On the evening when I was present, after we returned to the drawing-room, I was surprised at feeling a hand on my shoulder, a voice saying, "Come along, Mr Williams, and tell me

all about Lobengula; come and sit down, never mind about these people." It was the Duke, who took me into a corner and asked me all sorts of questions about the African countries which I knew so well. At last we got on the subject of the Transvaal, and he said, "Now, I want to know, did Mr Gladstone do right to give back the Transvaal?" "Good heavens, no, Sir," I replied, "that is the cause of all the trouble that has happened ever since." "So I always said," replied he, "so I always said. Oh! I'm a regular old Tory." It is not often that one hears a member of the Royal Family proclaim his political views so decisively. He was a grand old Englishman of a bygone age. It was the fashion to say that he was worn out and behind the time. Perhaps he was, but I am bound to say that since those days we have never had a single military administration which their successors have not damned as incompetent. Theory has replaced theory, and system system, and at the end of it all we are told by the critics that we have no army. Perhaps the old Duke knew as much about the army as his successors after all.

Mr Chamberlain, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, visited Gibraltar at this period, accompanied by his wife and son, Mr Austen Chamberlain. I was fortunate enough to sit next to Mrs Chamberlain at dinner at Government House, and made my first acquaintance with a personality whom the majority of those Englishmen who know her regard as the most charming of all the American women who have made England their home. Sir Robert hated tobacco with utter detestation, and Mr Chamberlain, as all the world knows, was rarely without a cigar. I was sent for by the Governor to his office to give information upon some matter, and there I found the Secretary of State in that holy of holies smoking to the top of his bent. I moralised afterwards upon my own humble position

Lady Williams.

[*To face p.* 204.

when I found someone so great as to be able to defy even the Governor himself. I think it was then that Mr Austen Chamberlain first met his wife, Miss Ivy Dundas, without doubt one of the prettiest and most charming girls I have ever seen. It used to be said in Gibraltar, when I had charge of the port, "If you want a steam launch from the Captain of the Port, you will always get it if Miss Dundas asks for it," which was true enough, for she was a young lady to whom it was impossible to refuse anything. I gave her my best possession, a pet monkey, when I left Gibraltar for good in 1897.

CHAPTER XV

GIBRALTAR—*continued*

IN 1894 I was asked by Captain Baker, R.N., the Captain of the Port, to act for him during a longish term of leave, and did so. I suppose I did it satisfactorily, for shortly afterwards, on Captain Baker's retirement, I was on the first of January 1895 appointed to that office in association with my other posts, and with a salary and emoluments totalling up to about £1000 a year. This was the best and pleasantest post I have ever held, and never during all my service have I had so good a time. I had charge of all the steam launches and all the boats, and entire control of the whole harbour (except the naval station at the New Mole) and of all the immense amount of shipping in it. It has often been asked why I was appointed, how it came about that I, a civilian, received a post always hitherto held by a naval officer, and, more wonderful than all, how I was allowed to assume it without a protest from the navy. In the first place, amalgamation was in the air, the reduction of posts was desirable, and I had ample time to do much additional work. But I suppose that the real reason of my appointment was that I had a special aptitude for it, and knew a very great deal about it. How and why I had learnt it I hardly know, but my early days of boating in heavy weather, my many seagoing voyages and, later on, my yachting had not only given me a love for the sea, but had taught me much. In addition to this, I was a great

friend of the Senior Naval Officer, then Captain Lake, and he personally wished for my appointment. Anyway there I was, a civilian, holding control of almost the greatest harbour in the world. The department had been worked in a prehistoric manner and I set about its reformation. I found that a great deal of the work of both the port and the revenue was being done in Spanish, and I even found numbers of revenue forms which were issued in Spanish. When I asked, why? the reply was: "We all understand Spanish." Of all our national errors there has been to my mind none greater than the slipshod way in which we have allowed our own language to be superseded in our colonies. In Africa we have allowed Dutch, in Canada French, in Mauritius French, in St Lucia and Dominica a French *patois*, and in Cyprus I think I have heard that there is a language difficulty. In my opinion the language is a matter which should admit of no compromise in any British possession. English should be the only language used to and received from British subjects. If they do not know it, they should be compelled by dire necessity to learn it. The neglect of it in South Africa will end by losing the country to us, all our troubles in Mauritius are due to the fact that we have reared a colony of French aliens and not of British citizens, while the negroes of the little colony of St Lucia are, for the most part, actually ignorant of the government under which they live, and I question if thirty per cent. of them could tell you the name of the King who rules over them. I had every form printed in English and forbade any Spanish letter to be received except from Spanish subjects. Many were the remonstrances that reached me from business men who could speak and write English as well as I could, but who had not hitherto chosen to do so. At all events it resulted in Spanish disappearing from the written records of the office. Whether it has since returned there I cannot say. I

worked very hard at my job in the port and loved it as I have never loved any other work.

One of the most curious things in Gibraltar and in its connection with Spain is the tobacco question. Tobacco is not dutiable in Gibraltar, while in Spain its introduction, except by the great tobacco company which controls the monopoly, is entirely prohibited. The Spanish Government receive a huge subsidy from the company, and are therefore compelled in outward decency to pretend to protect them, while there is no doubt that many of their officers connive at the smuggling into Spain of tobacco, by which most of the population of that part exist. Enormous supplies of tobacco legally entered Gibraltar to be carried out illicitly across the neutral ground through the Spanish lines. I have myself actually seen a Spanish customs officer meet a man not twenty yards from his own customs station, take parcels of tobacco from him, stuff them under his coat, which bulged like that of a pantomime puppet, and walk through the lines past his own brother officers, who had watched the whole transaction, and who doubtless each did the same thing twenty times a day. Even large cartloads of tobacco used, towards evening, to be taken out and introduced into Spain under other descriptions with the tobacco actually sticking out of the cart.

But far the most interesting smuggling was carried out by trained dogs. The dogs were kept in boats moored just off the Spanish shore. At night the tobacco was taken out of Gibraltar harbour in boats to the Linea shore, was there packed on the dogs in waterproof covers, the dogs were thrown overboard, swam to the shore, and ran home to their masters with their loads. In this the dogs got as cunning as their owners, and knew well how to avoid a "Guardia Civile." The "Guardia Civile" were (I hope they still are) the

one incorruptible body of men in Spain. At one time they were, I think, one of the finest police forces in the world, and with these men there was no compromise; they seized cargoes, shot dogs, and arrested law-breakers whenever they caught them. How, or why, they remained honest I never could imagine; but there is no doubt that every Spaniard was inordinately proud of them theoretically, no matter how inconvenient they were to him in practice.

At this time the Spanish Government were forced by the monopolist company (called the "Tabacaleria") to protest to the British Government that Gibraltar was being made the base of an illicit traffic, and threats were made of retaliation under the most-favoured-nation clause. I happened to be going home on leave, and the Governor deputed me to see Lord Ripon, the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, about it. The Governor also told me to speak to Lord Ripon about the undesirable influx of British Indians into Gibraltar. When I mentioned this latter point to Sir Robert Meade, then Permanent Under Secretary, he gruffly said, "Do you want the worst quarter of an hour you ever had in your life?" I replied, "No, I don't." "Well then," he said, "I shouldn't advise you to get on to the subject of British Indians with Lord Ripon. If you do you'll rue it," and so I discreetly left that part of my mission unfulfilled.

Lord Ripon was personally one of the most pleasant of men, less like the popular conception of a marquis in appearance than almost any man I ever saw. He was most courteous to me, and I remember his saying, "I hear that you have the best post in the service, and are a kind of admiral in Gibraltar." I replied, "Not quite that, Sir." He said, "I hear that no one can even give a picnic without your aid;" I meekly saying, "The Government boats are never used when they are

needed for the public service, Sir," to which he replied, "I am quite sure of that." Then he went on to the question of smuggling with dogs, and gave me very specific instructions to stop it, and I went back to Gibraltar and began my campaign against the dog smuggling. I was out with my port police day after day and night after night. I seized the boats moored just off the Spanish shore, towed them to Gibraltar amidst execrations from the beach, and took out their dogs and poisoned them wholesale with strychnine; I raided the caves at the back of the Rock, where we discovered that a lot of them were concealed; I harassed the men who were engaged in the traffic, and altogether made myself thoroughly objectionable to these peaceful exponents of authorised law-breaking. I received dozens of threatening letters, generally to the effect that I was to be killed the very next time I dared to enter Spain, and yet, at least three times a week, I rode alone through the lines, and over the very ground where the trouble lay. I have often chaffingly said to them, "Well, here is the Capitan del Puerto, what are you going to do with him now that you have got him?" Curiously enough the Captain of the Port was (perhaps is) the only one person except the Governor that the poorer classes of the Spaniards understood. They knew and felt his power, and thought much more of him than did his own compatriots within the fortress. At all events I never suffered harm or even insult during all these rides. This dog and man campaign went on for some time, until that happened which I well knew would happen. The Spanish Government represented that the Gibraltar Government were going too far, and the Colonial Office wrote out to that effect. The Governor sent for me and laughingly told me of it. I replied, "Very good, Sir," went back to my office, cancelled all the orders, and from thenceforth the smugglers reverted to their old practices undisturbed by me. No greater example of

the mistake of taking the smuggling question seriously can be cited than this story.

I had a great deal to do with the various admirals who visited the port, and, with one exception, found them charming to me. I look back with wonder at the courteous and forbearing way they dealt with one not of their own cloth who had been so unceremoniously forced upon them. The exception was Admiral Fitzroy, who came in with nine ships of the Channel Squadron. He was ill, no doubt, and he led me and everyone else a pretty dance. Fortunately, he hardly ever left his cabin, but he managed from that coign of vantage to make my life a burden to me. However, someone, I suppose, made the Admiralty aware of his condition, the squadron was ordered home, the admiral took leave, and not long afterwards died.

Of all the admirals that I ever met in command Lord Walter Kerr was the most charming personality. He brought with him to Gibraltar his brother, the late Lord Lothian, and it would have been hard to find two more lovable men than were these two brothers. Perhaps the most distinguished sailor whom I ever met was the famous American, Captain Mahan. He several times visited Gibraltar, and always made visits to my house. He was a delightful man, and as interesting in private life as in his books. I remember asking him how his name should be pronounced, and he replied, "I know that you English pronounce the name 'Marn,' but the proper pronunciation of my name is Mahan, like Redan, and I am so called by all Americans." I have been many times corrected in my life because I have ventured to pronounce his name in his own way, but it seems to me that so great a man should be privileged to call himself what he likes. One suffers from erroneous criticism sometimes in these things, and I have passed my life under the burden of correction in the pronunciation of the word "equerry," which all the world pronounces with the accent on the first syllable, although no equerry

that I ever met failed to put the accent on the second syllable. Another pitfall in names was that of the late Lord Beaconsfield, he pronouncing it with the first syllable long, while the town from which he took his title prefers the first syllable short.

While at Gibraltar I saw a great deal of the late Duchess of Cleveland, one of the most remarkable women of her time. As a matter of fact, I first made her acquaintance while she was sitting on a wheelbarrow at Liverpool Street Station in London, waiting for the train to take us down to the P. and O. steamer at Tilbury. She was a great deal at my house on the several occasions of her visits to Gibraltar, and I took her all over the place and for trips in my steam launches in many directions. She was a wonderfully interesting old woman, full of anecdote, and the peculiar charm of her recollections was that they were actually personal. One nearly always hears a story of great occurrences told at second hand. With her it was, "I remember Lord Palmerston telling me," "Garibaldi often used to say," "The late Emperor Napoleon has often said to me," "Mr Gladstone told me the other day," and so on. Everything was at first hand with her and she had known everyone. Her book of autographs was without doubt the most remarkable I have ever seen, containing the signature of almost every distinguished man of her time of every country. She was present at the famous Eglinton Tournament, was one of Queen Victoria's bridesmaids and had lived on to another generation, in whose joys and pleasures she shared to the full, although so much of her life was in the past. I have a bundle of many letters from her in that old-world handwriting which almost takes me back to the style of Richardson's novels or Madame d'Arblay. My wife and I afterwards stayed with her at Battle at one of the interesting gatherings there. I wonder what has become of the

famous Battle Abbey Roll, in which all the guests were supposed to write something, and in which I wrote the inevitable poem. The insertion by someone of that brief verse—

> "A pity at Raby
> There isn't a baby."

is almost too well known to quote; but I doubt if many remember the criticism of one too bold guest who, in connection with the late duke's rooted horror of tobacco, wrote, "Nothing smokes here except the chimneys."

I once asked her how it was that almost everyone was personally magnetised by Mr Gladstone when in his company, and she replied, "Because he is always able to speak well on the subject in which his companion is most interested. No matter what it may be, he will discuss it with vigour and show a clear knowledge of it and a temporary absorbing interest in it."

During my time at the port we had some interesting incidents. Once the coal-heavers struck, and not only declined to coal the P. and O. steamers, but tried to prevent others doing so, and my aid was invoked. The idea of an affair of that sort in a garrison full of soldiers seems absurd, but it is a maxim of British administration never to use military power until the civil power has shown its incapacity to cope with it. That maxim was not followed in the famous Sidney Street battle with the anarchists, and the whole world laughed in consequence. I had very few police at hand on this occasion and the strikers were many. I got some coal-heavers who were willing to work on to my station on the old mole, and stood at the gate with about a dozen of my police to protect them. The strikers were noisy and threatening, their leader, a burly ruffian, breathing violent invectives against me. I warned him to stop, but he continued. At last I could stand it no longer,

and calling on my police, a splendid body of men, to stand by me, I suddenly threw open the big gate, sprang on the ringleader, and hit him straight between the eyes, knocking him down. With my men I went baldheaded for the crowd, hitting right and left whereever I saw a face, with the result that they turned tail and ran, and the ships were coaled. I received a letter of thanks from the company, which until today I thought was still in my possession.

One day it was reported to me that a Dutch brig was making for the harbour with a signal of distress hoisted. I ran down to the wharf, jumped on my steam launch and went out to her. As I got near two men of the crew shouted to me in a distracted fashion. I ran up alongside and found them almost off their heads with fear. It seems that that morning they had been boarded by Riff pirates who had taken possession of the ship, had murdered the captain, shot the mate in seven places, and wounded the others, leaving the vessel in an indescribable state of destruction. I went down to the captain's cabin and found every single thing in it smashed to fragments, the doors pulled down, and the whole place completely wrecked. In the midst of it lay the captain stark and dead. The mate lay in the cook's galley in a terrible state, and we had to pull down the galley to carry him out. He recovered, and I think that the Moorish Government had to pay £8000 to the Dutch Government in compensation. At another time I got a similar message of a large barque coming into port in distress. On going out to her I found her wholly unable to shorten sail, so we ran alongside and scrambled up as best we could. She was a Norwegian, 156 days out from one of the Pacific islands with a load of copra. Only the captain and two apprentices were in any way available for duty, and even they were in a wretched state with the dreadful disease of scurvy. The whole of the rest of the crew were huddled away in their

bunks in a deck-house, utterly prostrate with the disease. Never in my life have I seen a more horrible scene, the men in a positively loathsome condition, the cabin indescribably filthy, most of the men not having been able to crawl out of it for weeks, and the smell almost unendurable. I signalled for the doctor, and the men were taken off in batches to the hospital, their faces covered with muslin to avoid the staring gaze of the crowd on the wharf. They all ultimately recovered under great care, but it is not often in these modern times that such an outbreak of scurvy occurs, and it gave me an inkling of what sailors had to endure in olden times. I never had more pleasure than in sending for a large basket of oranges and watching the captain and his two boys revelling in them.

The annual Algeciras Fair was one of the great events, and I always took advantage of it to take over a party of sixteen on Sunday for the whole day. We used to dine on the deck of my largest launch, which was practically a decked-in steamer. The fair was an extraordinary gathering of which, of course, bull-fighting was one of the main features. As I had seen bull-fights both in Monte Video and Madrid, I never went to them except once, when some ladies of my party insisted on doing so. I knew what would happen and warned them of it, but they would not take my advice, with the result that, after about twenty minutes, they all implored me to take them out, which was not so easy, as the Spaniards angrily resent the flouting of their favourite pastime. However, I insisted on the doors being opened, and we left amidst the jeers and hoots of the huge crowd. Every kind of wonder and freak was to be seen in the booths, and before taking my party round I used to send my old chief messenger to investigate and expurgate those places which were undesirable. One lady, the wife of a well-known general, insisted on neglecting this precaution, and

saw a great deal more than she bargained for, to her great anger and everybody else's amusement. We used to return at about one o'clock the following morning, draggled wrecks of our previous day's splendour.

The Calpe hunt was the safety-valve of Gibraltar. It afforded an outlet for everyone, men and women alike. Whether one rode straight to hounds or warily, or only went to the meet, it always provided amusement and exercise. Without it the Rock would have been shorn of three parts of its attraction; with it Gibraltar was one of the best military stations in the service. The point-to-point races also did a lot of good. Curiously enough the Royal Engineers, not generally considered the best horsemen of the army, furnished the winners both collectively and individually in this race on several occasions.

I had an odd visitor to the port in Captain Joshua Slocum, an American who crossed the Atlantic in a small boat, and who afterwards sailed round the world in the same cockleshell. He had arrived at Gibraltar almost penniless, telling me that his remittances had not arrived. I fancy some Boston newspaper had promised to finance him. I found him almost in pawn to a ship chandler, to whom he was indebted for the necessaries of life and whom he dubbed as "that all-fired skunk who refuses to take the word of an honest American citizen." I released him from his difficulties, for which he was very grateful, and it is pleasant to me to remember that over a year afterwards, when I had forgotten all about it, I received from his wife payment in full, with a kindly message.

As a civilian it is not my province to speak of the fortifications of this wonderful stronghold of England. When I went there it was, for all modern purposes, most inadequately defended. The grand old galleries with their obsolete guns were the pride of patriotic Britons, the wonder of tourists and the sport of naval

and military experts. I think that it was Lord Charles Beresford who first brought this fact before the outside public and rammed it home unceasingly upon the authorities. During nearly all the time I was there modern guns were being put into position, and I suppose that now the place can give a good account of itself to any attack. But indifferent as the land defences were the sea position was even worse. There was no harbour in any sense capable of protecting ships from a torpedo attack, although at that time the French had an enormous torpedo fleet. No ship of war could have remained a single night in Gibraltar in war time, but must have put to sea every night. There was no dock and very poor provision for repairs. The simple traveller as he arrived in the mail steamer gazed in awe at the frowning rock and "impregnable walls," and thought of scaling ladders and the days of the Peninsular War, but there was nothing, literally nothing, adequate to the defence of the key of the Mediterranean. The long peace had closed our eyes in sleep, and I think it is a fairly accepted fact that the place was at the mercy of any strong and capable enemy who might hold the temporary command of the sea in those waters. Now all is changed, and docks, breakwaters, torpedo-booms, and all modern defences have taken the place of the old sleepy arrangements.

I suppose that a very famous article in the *Fortnightly Review* by Mr Laird Clowes, the well-known naval critic, called "The Uselessness of Gibraltar," is now nearly forgotten, but it created a great sensation at the time, and he had a considerable following in his heresy. I remember lending a copy to the present admirals Sir A. K. Wilson and Sir George Atkinson Willes, then respectively captains of the *Sanspareil* and the *Howe*, and I still have my copy with the scathing marginal notes of the latter officer. Mr Clowes endeavoured

to prove that Gibraltar was a useless and costly appanage of the empire, and that it could be profitably exchanged for Ceuta on the African coast, which could be better defended. Apart from the errors which he made as to Gibraltar itself, he forgot two things—firstly, that we could not hold Ceuta without taking possession of, and fortifying, the neighbouring country; and secondly, that having given up Gibraltar to Spain it would not be a negative quantity in the future adjustment of European affairs, but a very great positive, giving to Spain (or to any power in alliance with her) a fortress capable of being made of immense strength, with unlimited food resources behind it, a railway to bring it supplies, and entire freedom from attack on three sides of it. He forgot that the very arguments which he used to prove its uselessness to England demonstrated its strength if held by the enemies of England in alliance with Spain. Even if every word he said had been true, it would have been insanity to give up Gibraltar; but, as a matter of fact, his points were largely erroneous. He argued that because it had been neglected in the past it was useless to protect it in the future; that because Ceuta was, in his opinion, better capable of being defended it should be acquired in lieu of Gibraltar; that because Gibraltar was within range of possible Spanish guns we should hurry out of it, bag and baggage. He presupposed a Gibraltar standing still, and a Spanish government, backed by French engineers, laying out an elaborate system of attack. He imagined the Spanish batteries on the Algeciras shore disabling similar British guns on the Rock "in ten minutes," but he was oblivious of the fact that the Spanish guns were just as likely to be disabled as were the British guns. He argued about high-angled fire when it told against the British defence, but gave it no weight in respect to a British attack on the Spanish guns. Another point he did not know, and I question if many people know it now, namely, that

one cannot see British ships lying under the shadow of the Rock from much of the Spanish side. I once took out Captains A. K. Wilson and Atkinson in my launch, and we landed on the Algeciras side at an unfrequented bay. I told them to bring their best field-glasses, but did not say what I intended to show them. We climbed a hill with a full clear view of Gibraltar on a lovely afternoon, and I said, "Now, gentlemen, we will presuppose ourselves a Spanish battery. Find your ships." But although the Rock was in full view the ships were absolutely invisible. I am not blind to the fact that the position of those ships could be fairly accurately guessed, but it would be only a matter of guessing, which is an important point.

Happily for the safety of the empire the ideas of Mr Clowes and his very powerful following fizzled out, but they did good in that they demonstrated clearly to all sections of politicians that Gibraltar, as it then was, was worse than useless and actually courted disaster. From that time money has been showered upon it, both on land and sea, and though I know nothing of the latest developments except from hearsay, I know that in Gibraltar any enemy would have a very hard nut to crack, and I earnestly hope that as long as England lasts, the fortress of Gibraltar will continue to be, as Mr Chamberlain once described it, "the first bastion of the Empire."

We all remember the Fashoda incident, and the fury which filled France at the ejectment of Major Marchand from that place by Lord Kitchener. I remember asking some admirals at Gibraltar why France so suddenly climbed down on that occasion, their unanimous view being that the French Government was only deterred from war by the remonstrances of the French admirals, who pointed out that their fleets had been starved and that they could not hope to stand for a moment before the sea-power of England. And yet at the time

we are told, whether rightly or not I do not know, that France was far stronger and more effective than we were in torpedo vessels, and that we ourselves had utterly failed to appreciate the sign of the times. What strides we have all made since then.

Tangier, the wonderful old town on the Morocco coast, was a delightful place to visit whenever we had a few days to spare, and I always found the governors under whom I served very amenable to requests for casual leave. Civil governors in crown colonies are bound by regulation in dealing with their officers, but military governors are not, or were not, guided by the same principles, and I practically went over to Tangier whenever I liked, spending many a pleasant week-end there. It is a marvellous old place, having originally come to England as forming, with Bombay, the dowry of Catherine of Braganza. We gave it up later, and I fancy at the time we were quite as ready to give up Bombay. On landing at Tangier you were jumped at once into another world, a mixture of the Old Testament and pure barbarism. But old as the existing place is, it is as of yesterday compared with the original town on the other side of the bay, erected by those early prototypes of the English, the ancient Phœnicians, of which there are just a very few visible relics left. In Tangier you see a people gathered from all parts of north and central Africa, the ordinary Moors from Fez, the Riff pirates, and the people from far Senegambia, all come to this notable *entrepôt* to exchange their goods. Sunday is the great market-day, and it was a wonderful sight to see the strange groups from far-away Timbuctoo with their camels and desert surroundings mixed up with smart ladies from Gibraltar, large-hatted, blue-veiled, and spectacled American tourists, and well set-up officers of the British garrison, all in one incongruous

group, the old world held in wonder by the new, and the new in contempt by the old, a contempt visibly shown in the faces and gestures of the Moors. One marvelled at one's own safety in the midst of that motley throng, amongst whom the very name of Christian was anathema. And yet, strange to say, two notable marriages have taken place between English women and Moors, the first being the case of a long-ago Sultan of Morocco who, history says, took as his wife the wife of a sergeant of a British regiment quartered at Gibraltar, their progeny being the red-haired Sultan Muley Edris, who is reported to have been the most bloodthirsty ruffian who ever ruled over Morocco. This was only a tale, for the authenticity of which I cannot vouch, but the later marriage was undoubted, the lady being still alive, the Grand Shereefa of Wazan. The Grand Shereef is a successor of Mahomet and is the head of the religious side of Morocco affairs. The Grand Shereefa has not long since given her experiences to the world in an interesting book.

Tangier is the headquarters of the European Legations, and it is the oddest thing to see the handsome houses with their well-kept gardens and grounds abutting on the squalor and filth of an Eastern camp. At Tangier I used to be a good deal in association with the most English Spaniard I have ever met, the then young Duke of Frias, a very blue-blooded hidalgo indeed, who was master of a pack of hounds there, was educated at Eton, and was as distinctly looking a fair, blue-eyed Englishman as I have ever met. His mother was Miss Victoria Balfe, the daughter of the composer, who first married Sir John Crampton, the British Minister at either Lisbon or Madrid, I forget which, in respect to which marriage there was a very famous law case, and afterwards the Duke of Frias. Among the many interesting people whom I met and knew at Gibraltar was the Archduke Charles Stephen of

Austria, who came there in command of an Austrian squadron on its way to the opening of the Kiel canal. He was the brother of the Queen Regent of Spain. I saw a good deal of him in connection with the Port. I recollect that squadron well as having the best of good fellows in it. All Gibraltar swore by them as the best type of naval officers they had ever seen outside our own service.

Gibraltar had its titular bishop, but it saw very little of him, as he only visited the colony once every two years for a fortnight, generally coming in May, so as to be present at the official Queen's Birthday festivities. He always carried his port wine with him, the archdeacon being too rigid a teetotaller to bow the knee to Baal even for the benefit of his bishop. On one occasion at the great luncheon where the Spanish governor from Algeciras was present and many foreign notabilities, besides sailors, soldiers, and official civilians, his lordship lost his episcopal hat, and it was the quaintest thing to see the little man wandering round murmuring, "Someone must have taken my hat by mistake." As he was the only man present not in uniform it was hardly likely. As a matter of fact I saw some of the foreign officers trying it on, so they may have raided it as a trophy, for he never got it.

Gibraltar Cathedral had a girl's choir in surplices and college caps, and very picturesque they looked. "Beautiful girls, Cousin Archie, beautiful girls," as a small midshipman once murmured in church to his cousin, my old friend Mr Fawkes, then the Attorney-General of Gibraltar, now a judge in South Africa. I do not know that they were beautiful, but they were a good deal better than some of the indifferent choirs of boys from which we so often suffer.

After Captain Lake left the next Senior Naval Officer was Captain Bruce (now Admiral Sir James Bruce), whom all the world knows as "Jimmy," whether they call him so personally or not. He

was a remarkable man in his way, and a thorough sailor. His wife was perhaps the handsomest and the best-liked woman I have ever seen, and had a winning and gracious manner which was unsurpassable. It was quaint sometimes to see, as many of us have seen in the sombre drawing-room at Government House, her husband summon her to make the move by putting his fingers in his mouth and giving a shrill gallery whistle.

Amongst visitors to the Rock was the late well-known and amusing Irishman, Bob Martin of Ross, better known as "Ballyhooly" of the "Pink 'un." He took the place by storm, and was a constant and welcome guest at every mess for several weeks. I was once mischievous enough to tell Lady Biddulph, who was a most serious lady, that he sang extremely well, and she said, "Oh, Mr Martin, I hear you sing beautifully, do let us hear something." His repertoire was not at all suited to the occasion, and it was the funniest thing to hear him say, "Sing is it! Oh then indeed I will. Will I sing ye 'Mulrooney's Dog' now, Lady Biddulph, or what shall it be?" There was no harm in his songs, but they were absurdly unsuited to the grave surroundings of Gibraltar Government House as then constituted, and the guests hardly knew whether to be uncomfortable or to go off into a shout of laughter.

After Mr Boyle ceased to be Colonial Secretary his place was taken by Mr (afterwards Sir Henry) Jackson, who lived to be Governor of the Leeward Islands, of Fiji, and of Trinidad in quick succession. He suffered from two great physical drawbacks. He had lost an eye, and was very deaf, but despite these two disabilities he was one of the most capable officials I have ever seen. I learnt a great deal from my close association with him which served me well in after years, and up to the time of his sad death from the dread disease of cancer I was his intimate personal friend, a fortnight rarely elapsing without

our exchanging letters. His death was a great loss to the service, and as such it was felt by the department at home.

And so life went on in Gibraltar for all those delightful seven years, with a good salary, a lovely house and grounds, pleasant work, charming society, a capital climate, and cheery companionship. Surely no man ever had a better time than I had on the dear old Rock, which I shall always love as one of the homes of a lifetime.

What could man want more? but I was ambitious and sought for a move. It had suited me during the period of my son's education, but that was now over, as he was just going up for his degree at Oxford, and I wanted to rise in the service. In due course an offer came of the Colonial Secretaryship of Barbados, a post with £300 a year less salary than I was receiving, but it was promotion. Besides this it was promotion to a post which has always proved a high-road to the great prizes of the service. As an example of this I quote Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, Sir Courtenay Knollys, Sir George le Hunte, and myself, all former Colonial Secretaries of that colony; Sir Francis Fleming a former Attorney-General, Sir Charles King Harman a former Auditor-General, and Sir Hesketh Bell a former clerk in the Colonial Secretary's Office, all of whom have been or are governors in some of His Majesties colonies. There may have been others in previous years, but I cannot recall them. This is a great record for one little colony, and although all these things had not then come about, still the post of Colonial Secretary of Barbados had a curiously good reputation.

I accepted without hesitation, and in May 1897, nearly seven years after my first arrival in Gibraltar, I broke up my beautiful home, drove out for the last time through my picturesque old gates, bade good-bye to my troops of friends, stood for the last time on the deck of my beloved *Nevada*, which was the joy

of my heart, and left for England. I should be ungrateful if I failed to speak of the members of the large staff of officials who served under me for all those years. I had, of course, bad as well as good, but, speaking generally, no man in the whole Colonial service had better cause to remember gratefully and affectionately the officers and men, both afloat and ashore, in each of the departments which were so long under his control.

I should be ungrateful too if I, as a civilian so long associated in my work with sailors and soldiers of all ranks, forgot the generous treatment which I received, the kindly hospitality ever accorded to me, and the courteous toleration always granted to me by the sister services when our opinions happened to differ on matters of public duty.

CHAPTER XVI

BARBADOS

In September 1897 I sailed from England alone in the Royal Mail Steamer *Orinoco*, leaving my wife behind me, as I had no house to which to take her. Barbados is undoubtedly the best-known island in the West Indies, a distinction it owed partly to its healthy climate, partly to its large white resident population, partly to its garrison, and partly to its geographical position, which for so long caused it to be the Clapham Junction of the West Indies, whither all steamers came to distribute their passengers for the other islands. And yet it is but a tiny place some twenty-one miles long by fourteen miles broad, being little larger than the Isle of Wight. The inhabitants of this latter isle have the reputation of deeming the rest of the United Kingdom, whose inhabitants they generically term "overners," to be an appanage of the Isle of Wight, and something of the same spirit is credited to Barbados in Marryat's novels in the old saying, "Badian tand tiff, England nebber fear." But whether this be so or not the Barbadian has an uncommonly good opinion of himself, and considers himself quite top-dog in the hierarchy of the West Indies.

There is an elective House of Assembly there, which dates from early, I think, in the seventeenth century, the official mace carried in front of the Speaker being always held to be Cromwell's famous "Bauble" received from the Long Parliament. The

island is not, strictly speaking, either a Crown colony or a self-governing colony, but has a species of qualified self-government. One of the most singular things about its political atmosphere is, or was up to my time, that the electors, who are, by a huge majority, blacks and coloured men, have consistently returned white members to Parliament, and when I was there there was only one single coloured man and no black man in the House of Assembly. The use of the term "black man" is sometimes considered derogatory, and on one famous occasion the late Lord Salisbury got into great trouble for using it; but if one wishes to be correct it is unavoidable when speaking of the negro race. The term "coloured man," which is so often politely used, signifies an admixture of white and coloured blood, and does not signify the great bulk of the people. For example, you will say to your servant, "Is so and so a coloured man?" and he will reply, "No, Sir, he is a black man," so that the misuse of the term "coloured man" is apt to land one in difficulties when writing official despatches or making data of any kind. The term "black man" is not in itself derogatory if it is not used in a way which shows it to be designed to be insulting. For instance, one of my senior officers in a subsequent appointment which I held complained to me that he received contemptuous treatment from others. He said, "I am a black man, Sir, and on that account I am looked down upon by the coloured people, but I have no grievance at all against the whites." It is necessary to explain this clearly, as white people as a rule differentiate as between the races by calling them "white" or "coloured," by which they mean either pure white or partly or wholly coloured. The races which are not white differentiate very clearly among themselves as to degrees of colour in all matters appertaining to their social life, and there is no one so ready as the black man to speak in contemptuous terms of a man

or woman who affects white society but who is not pure white. The whites as a rule do not care a straw about shades of colour, but the blacks very clearly realise it. Speaking for myself, I have met some excellent officials in the West Indies among my coloured and black officers of various degrees. I would not on that account have it supposed that I am an advocate for admixture of the races. No one is more strongly opposed to it than I am, but nevertheless I am not unmindful of the good services I have received and the ability by which I have profited from whatever quarter they have come.

The Barbadian differs from the native of any other West Indian colony in many ways. Primarily he is far more industrious, which is due to the more strenuous life he must of necessity lead. The island is very small, the population correspondingly large, and he must work if he wants to live. He is, too, as a rule better educated than his fellows in most of the other islands, and above all, he is ten times more loyal. His loyalty is intense and overwhelming. At the time of Queen Victoria's death I believe that every man and woman in the island took it as not only a national but a personal loss, and there was not one even of the poorest who did not wear some badge of mourning. In Barbados one hears no word of annexation to the United States, or even of union with Canada. It is (or was, and I hope is still) enough for them to be a direct appanage of the old country, and if from time to time things have been said by Barbadians which have given rise to a laugh, they have sprung not so much from an overwhelming pride in themselves as from the feeling that they directly share in the birthright of the old country.

This small island has a population of about 195,000 people, of whom I think about 16,000 are whites, a far larger proportion of whites than exists in any other island. Amongst these whites exists

a community of the poorest class who have preserved the purity of their race to a remarkable extent. They are mostly fishermen on the north side of the island and are locally known as "Red legs." They are descendants of some of the men who came out, I believe, in Cromwell's time, of the yeomanry who came out later, and, most curious of all, of the Scottish clansmen who were transported in 1745 after the rising in favour of the Young Pretender. One finds Scottish names redolent of the Highlands to a marked degree. Among the old papers which I unearthed from out of a mass of rubbish, I once came across a Government receipt for the bodies of some of these unfortunate deported rebels, given to the captain of the ship which brought them out. They were almost entirely of one clan, bearing one name, but I forget which it was.

I found on my arrival an invitation from the governor, Sir James Hay, to take up my quarters at Government House, and there I stayed for three months until I had got a house of my own. It is well-nigh impossible for me to describe or fitly to acknowledge the abundant hospitality and kindness which I received from the Governor and Lady Hay, both then and later, and I shall always regard them as of the kindest of my personal friends. Government House is a delightful old home, but it was marred by the miserable parsimony of the local House of Assembly in all matters relating to it. Its condition was never what it should be, its furniture totally unbefitting a Government House, and its arrangements lacking in almost every kind of modern convenience. Why this should have been I cannot think, as in all other matters the governor was generously treated and adequately supported. I remember once, when acting as governor, taking a committee of the local Parliament over the house to show them its condition, and stirring up even their consternation by lifting up the covers of three of the

drawing-room seats and disclosing them in all their nakedness as common old packing-cases, which there had been no attempt whatever to manufacture into decency. The whole house possessed one squalid bathroom, and no effort could induce the Government to provide another; and so it went on through the whole gamut of household necessities.

My first duty was to visit all the Government offices, and what struck me at once was the unnecessary multiplicity of official posts. I still have rather a good cartoon of myself from a local paper representing me as a woodman with an axe in my hand vigorously lopping off many branches from the tree of Barbados, the falling branches bearing the names of the doomed official posts. The most remarkable office was that of the "Prothonotary," held by a gentleman who drew a salary almost equal to that of the colonial secretary for the performance of work the nature of which I was unable then or later to discover. This gentleman soon retired on a pension, and was the forerunner of others. In all my posts in the colonial service I have advocated, and as far as lay in my power carried out, a policy of reducing the number of officials by consolidating posts, but of giving liberal salaries to those who remain; and I have at the same time largely reduced the total expenditure. Throughout the West Indies and in all other small communities in which I have lived, the local policy is to multiply posts with exiguous salaries so that a billet of some kind may be found for the largest possible number of citizens. A visitor to the West Indies at once declaims against the uselessness of the system of a separate governor and government in almost every island, and wonders why federation is not adopted and the many posts held by gentlemen of high-sounding titles not consolidated. And it is not only visitors who preach this, but it is a doctrine which lends itself pleasantly to young and inexperienced officials

lately arrived from England, who desire to gain early credit as builders of empire on economical principles. Theoretically, of course, there cannot be two opinions, but a thorough knowledge of the people, their constitutions and rights, their modes of thought, their island jealousies and their entirely divergent personalities make one doubt if this dream of federation can be brought to a practical conclusion just yet, and still more whether (even so) such conclusion would result in economy.

I had a good deal of trouble in getting a house, as, coming as I did from the luxuries of Gibraltar, I was inclined to be dissatisfied with those available. However, at last I got an old plantation house about a mile and a half out of the town, where I pitched my tent for three and a half years. My wife joined me in the middle of December, and I left hospitable Government House, beginning housekeeping on my own account.

The claims on the hospitality of Government House were at that time very great. The tourist system of the Royal Mail provided for a constant change of steamers at Barbados with continuous intervals of several days, and the place was flooded with what were known as sixty-five day trippers, many of whom were people in very good society who avoided the treacherous English early spring. The hotel accommodation was indifferent, and everybody who was anybody came out provided with letters of introduction to either the governor or the general, or both. In many cases the dispensation of this hospitality was a pleasure, but I have one or two instances in my mind where whole families deliberately quartered themselves without the slightest regard to the wishes of their hosts. Not very long ago Sir Harry Johnston wrote condemning the official printed introductions sent broadcast by both the Colonial and the Foreign Office in favour of any nobody, whose solicitations they found it difficult

to refuse. These introductions were known in the colonies as "soup tickets," and were a great tax upon governors. They are not generally issued now, I believe, probably owing to the protest then made. Apropos of visits to government houses, I once turned over a portfolio in a room which I occupied when on a visit, and there, scrawled on the inverse of the blotting paper, I read the words in a lady's handwriting, "Lord A. is a dear, but Lady A. is," and the rest was lost in obscurity. I tore the sheet out and burnt it, but it should be a warning to those who carelessly write down their views as to their hosts and hostesses with a broad-nibbed pen and then perpetuate them on their blotting-pad.

Nothing that Kipling ever wrote was truer to life than "Padgett M.P.," typifying the visitor to Greater Britain during its few weeks of pleasant weather, taking of the best, and going away extolling the country and wondering at the unappreciative stupidity of the official who failed to be satisfied with his surroundings. But Kipling did not go on to tell us of the monumental ingratitude of nine out of the ten of these travelling Padgetts who will accept your hospitality for weeks, or even months, will take the best seats in your carriages and all that you have, and will never give you one jot in return. How well one seems to recollect the familiar "good-bye, and of course you will call and let us know the very moment you are in England; we shall never forget your great kindness"; and then later the card left by you announcing your return, which remained unnoticed, or if recognised, satisfied by an invitation to luncheon and the pleasant fiction, "And we hope that we shall see a great deal of you during your stay," of which you hear no more. I have been, I think, a man given to, perhaps, too generous a hospitality all my life, but of later years I have, with some exceptions, scrupulously avoided making myself known at home to those who have been indebted to

me abroad, so shameless has been the obvious effort to avoid the slightest expense or trouble in returning all courtesies received.

Life in a tropical island is for many a lotus-eating kind of existence, but it is not so for a colonial secretary, who is, I verily believe, almost the busiest man in the whole world. Everything falls upon him: he is the eyes, ears, and hands of the governor, and is responsible that the governor knows everything reduced to its most condensed form. He should be versatile to an uncommon degree, and able in a moment to deal with a mass of papers, many of them urgent, which include such matters as a new drainage system, a hospital quarrel, a dearth of water in a district, a drunken and insubordinate policeman, a reconstruction of the judicial system of the colony, and a dozen or two other things, on all of which he must be prepared instantly to place on record his written opinion for the governor's consideration. And while he is harassed with all these things he has to see all and everybody who come to him with representations or complaints, as well as any official who has a scheme for the reorganisation of his office or a complaint against an incompetent clerk. Whoever else is dull it is not the colonial secretary. The first time I acted as governor I thought that this was all wrong, and that the governor could very well do all these things for himself, but I found it impossible, and that I, as others, slipped into the old groove a good deal. And with all this work the colonial secretary must be prepared to see the credit for his work go to his governor, and accept it as a matter of course. Can it then be wondered at that the service generally, and colonial secretaries in particular, bitterly resent the constant injustice done by putting sailors, soldiers, and politicians into governorships which they have never earned, and the work of which, five times out of six, they know nothing at all about; thus checking the natural flow of promotion

and preventing competent men from receiving the just reward of their labours.

Governing a colony, like every other kind of work, is an acquired art learnt by long drudgery and arduous training, and it is time that this should be recognised, so that these prizes of the service should no longer be distributed to members of other services who are either past their work or who have failed in it, or to politicians who either themselves, or vicariously through their wives, desire the dignity of representing His Majesty abroad. Surely if the glory of the drums, guns, and bouquets which welcome the governor and his wife to their colony is due to anybody it is to those who have borne the burden and heat of the day, and have climbed up the ladder of promotion by sheer hard work and dogged endurance. Feeling this very strongly, I found myself one day putting my thoughts into verse, a crime which I have often been in the habit of committing, but the burden of which I will not equally often impose upon my readers. My lines, I think, express the views of my fellow-servants fairly well, and I will venture to quote them :—

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY'S DREAM.

Dreamily I lie and wonder
  Why I came and why I stay,
What the spell that holds me bounden,
  Cursing each successive day.

Life so short, yet spent in exile,
  All that renders lifetime sweet
Far away across the ocean,
  Nothing left but flies and heat.

Nay, I'll swear 'tis not the wages
  Which each month I sadly draw,
Scarcely paying cook and house rent,
  Mostly spent the month before.

Certainly 'tis not the prospect
 Of "Our Masters" grateful praise;
Blame more often is the guerdon
 Which rewards my toiling days.

Can it be the club "Corona,"
 Paradise's outside gate,
Where my tingling ears may listen
 To a Secretary of State?

Where I now may dine and ponder
 On the machinations dark
Of my affable next neighbour,
 Principal or first-class clerk.

Do I dream it is the Birthday,
 When good colonists may meet
Agents-general at dinner,
 Or a governor may greet?

Is it surreptitious longing
 For a modest C.M.G.,
Or a knighthood in the future
 For her ladyship and me?

Possibly it is the power
 Which I hold where'er I roam,
For I'm somebody out yonder,
 But I'm nobody at home.

Or perhaps, in age's distance,
 I may contemplate a rise—
Money, health, reward, and honour,
 With some big official prize.

Thus, midst all these varied problems,
 Lazily I lie and grope,
Till at last I grasp the answer,
 Still remains the watchword "Hope."

So I dream and gently wonder,
 After all my lifetime's knocks,
What awaits me at the bottom
 Of the famed Pandora's box.

I have often found it hard to reconcile the speech of a Secretary of State at the annual Corona Club

dinner, where the Crown colony officials, home from their billets, for once associated in friendly amity with their masters the permanent officials, listen to his earnest language testifying to the high appreciation in which their work is held, and to the debt which is owed to them by the empire, with his cold, hard, and studied Parliamentary statements (one such having not long since been made in reply to a protest by that distinguished governor Sir Frank Swettenham, and another in reply to Lord Selborne) that the high prizes of the service are not for members of the service. The implied assumption, of course, is that the hands of the Secretary of State should not be tied in the selection of the best men, but the actual result is that the really qualified men are too often set aside to suit the humours of a Cabinet which may be in office, and it is time that this should be realised. One selection to an important governorship of a junior officer totally lacking in colonial experience, although doubtless excellent at his own work, stood out as so marked a condemnation in itself of the new system that the defence made excited the laughter of the public and the indignation of the service.

One of the pleasant amenities of Barbados was the frequent presence of British men-of-war. The colonist, whether official or unofficial, always loves a sailor, and the sailor in return nearly always understands the colonist. He grasps the positions of those in office and he fraternises with the people in a natural way which draws all their hearts. He is generally keen on joining in every sport, and he is not backward in returning social courtesies by jolly parties on board his own ship. I have always recognised the abstract wisdom of Sir John Fisher's scheme of concentrating our naval power for the general defence of the empire, but I, in common with many others, have regretted that a little more

consideration has not been given to sentiment, and a little less to pure utilitarianism. The occasional presence of a man-of-war binds the outlying parts of the Empire to the Mother Country in a way that nothing else does. The Englishman at home looks lightly on his flag, and it is a thousand pities that he does so, but to the Englishman abroad it is far otherwise. The colonist sees ship after ship of other nations arriving in his waters, and invariably gives them a warm welcome, but that welcome is always accompanied by the regretful utterance, "Why is it that we hardly ever see our own ships now?" If the authorities will only believe it, the presence at reasonable intervals of a British ship of war does more to keep alive that spirit of unity on which our scattered empire depends than all the speeches in Parliament that were ever made, or the despatches which were ever written. If it be true that the particular emblem of British might is not a modern fighting asset, but few know it, or even if they do know it, care to think about it. They know at least that the officers and men are their own kith and kin who bring to them the flag which they have carried and protected all over the world, and who have brought the name of England to singular glory. Surely the modern policy of concentration may be carried out consistently without that wholesale abandonment which has characterised our naval policy in recent years.

We had many pleasant visits from foreign men-of-war of all nations, and none were more warmly welcomed than those of the United States, although throughout the whole of that part of the West Indies with which I have been associated there is not one spark of desire to come under the American flag. In Jamaica it is, I believe, otherwise. I recollect rather a quaint story in respect to a neighbouring colony of an American captain, which was told me at my own dinner-table on my silver-wedding day

by the very pretty wife of a well-known governor. The health of the Queen having just been proposed and honoured, followed by the health of the President of the United States, the captain rose and asked leave to propose a toast which was accorded, the governor being under the impression that it was his own health which was to be given. The captain proceeded: "Your Excellency, I ask permission to propose the toast of 'Three virtuous women.' The great Queen who rules over the destinies of your vast empire is a virtuous woman; Mrs M'Kinley, the wife of our honoured President, is, I say unhesitatingly, a virtuous woman; and, Sir, the gracious lady who presides over Your Excellency's board is, I say again, without fear of contradiction, a virtuous woman. I therefore ask Your Excellency and this company to join with me in drinking the health of these three virtuous women." The astonished company rose to do honour to the toast, when the voice of a certain great lady of England, who was a guest in the house, was heard plaintively murmuring, "And where do I come in, Captain, please?" causing the toast to be drunk in a shout of good-humoured laughter. But all visiting captains were not of this eccentric brand, and I am happy to number among my friends many American naval officers, to whom I cannot pay a higher tribute than to say that they were like the best of our own.

CHAPTER XVII

BARBADOS—*continued*

On the 10th of September 1898 occurred the great hurricane which was the most notable local event of my stay in Barbados. In old days severe hurricanes were of frequent occurrence; old houses were provided with hurricane shutters, were built without eaves, and had attached to them hurricane underground chambers as a place of refuge. Nothing had happened for many years, the shutters had grown rusty in their places, and the underground chambers were a relic of the past, full of noisome air and the abode of centipedes and noxious insects. No serious hurricane had occurred since 1838, exactly sixty years, almost to the day. There is an old saying in the West Indies which runs:—June, Too soon—July, Stand by—August, Look out you must—September, Remember—October, All over—and it is wonderfully correct. The ordinary man has not the least idea what a hurricane is, and imagines it to be merely a much stronger wind than usual, but it is nothing of the sort. It is practically a moving pillar of wind, hollow in the middle, and may be twenty, or thirty, or forty, or more miles wide. It moves as a pillar would move if its base could be out on a platform and drawn forward. On a smaller scale it is typified by one of the dust columns which one so often sees in South Africa, the wind blowing round and round within it, so that during the first part of the period of your engulfment the wind blows from one

quarter, while during the second part it blows from exactly the opposite quarter. If the middle of the hurricane passes over you, there is an absolutely dead stillness between the periods. On the afternoon of the 10th of September my telephone bell rang, and going to it I heard the governor, who asked me if I had looked at the glass. I replied "No," when he said, "Look; I have been in many tropical countries, but I have never seen such a thing before." I forget at what the glass stood, but it was abnormally low. He said, "We are going to have a big hurricane. I am certain of it, and we had better take steps at once." With the exception of the governor, not one soul commented on the glass, or seemed prepared for anything, and the credit of the preparation that was made was entirely due to him. Now publicly to warn a whole community to prepare against a catastrophe that had not occurred for sixty years was liable to bring one into ridicule, but it was all or nothing, and I got the telephone to work, warned the harbour, the citizens, and the outports, and sent mounted police hither and thither with messages, receiving from many people whom I warned incredulous replies. I tried to get into communication by telephone with the captain-superintendent of the Royal Mail, but he was out in the country, and I failed to get him until five o'clock, when I said, "Look at your aneroid." He realised the situation instantly, and agreed with me in all that I had done. I got my servants to work, dragged out the old hurricane shutters, long past being fastened, but capable of being nailed in their places, barricaded the large doors and French windows, and made the house black as night with the exception of the open front door, all the time being fully aware that every one of my servants thought me a fool for my pains. Outside it was still as death, a silence which might almost be heard, and this continued until six o'clock P.M., when, as I was going upstairs, I suddenly

heard a shriek of wind. I flew down, rushed to the door, and just got it closed, the bolt shot, and the beam in its place, when a rush of wind hit the house as though it would batter it to the ground. The hurricane was upon us with a vengeance. I had never been in a hurricane before, and have never experienced one since. It is a terrible business. The wind howls and shrieks remorselessly. It seems to tear at you as though longing to get at you to wreak its vengeance. Occasionally, for a few moments, it seems to lull, only to rush at you again with renewed intensity. My house was an old one built with immensely strong walls, with no eaves, and of course in such a country there are no chimneys. Indeed, in only one house in all Barbados are there chimneys. My verandahs were torn to pieces, and I heard the trees outside cracking on all sides, even the old windmill, which had stood through the great hurricane of 1838, blowing away with a crash. My servants came up to the room abutting on the drawing-room and huddled there with fear, and we wondered how long we should last. Every moment we watched the aneroid falling, and still falling. At about nine o'clock we heard a beating at the front door and shouts for help. Getting all hands to hold the door, I opened it, and four wretched blacks tumbled in utterly exhausted. How they found their way through the awful storm and falling trees I cannot think. One was an old man who had gone through the experiences of 1838, and who declared that this was as bad or worse.

At half-past ten P.M. my aneroid ceased falling and a little later began to rise slightly, but the wind showed no sign of abatement for about two hours, and then seemed to have slightly less force in it, so we went and lay down on our beds and tried to sleep. At five o'clock in the morning (Sunday morning) I got up and found the storm over. I went out and made my way to a little hamlet close by, which was

swept out of existence, and found the inhabitants half-dead with exposure lying in such sheltered places as they could find. I took them to my stables and made them warm in the hay-room and other places, and left my wife to look after them, starting off myself into the town through an awful scene of wreckage. I got to the Central Police Station somehow, and as I went in I called out to the sub-inspector of police, an officer now high in the police service of the Straits Settlements, "Chancellor." He replied, "I knew you would come, Sir, and I have been waiting for you," and down he came, uniformed and belted as if going on parade. I have always been proud to think that at a time when a whole service was disorganised, and fear seemed to have taken possession of the community, this one young English officer of the Civil Service was ready to the moment and as cheery as if going to a picnic. We made our way through the town amidst broken telephone poles and wires, wrecked houses and stumbling blocks of every kind. The careenage was swept clean of its ships, and the place was as a city of the dead. We made our way to the Governor, who was living in a hired house, Government House being under repair, and there found Sir James Hay fully dressed, walking up and down under the vault of heaven, his roof having been blown off. He was smoking the inevitable cigar, without which few of his friends would recognise him, and was as undisturbed as though on his morning stroll.

To tell of that day would be tedious now, but it is enough to say that the police did their duty well. For the rest of the community all that can be said is that they were invisible. Sunday night came, and with it a storm of rain nearly as bad as the hurricane. At daybreak on Monday morning I started out again and found all in a flood of water, the road being impassable. There was a higher road farther on and I got across to it, but it, too, was running

like a river. As I was going to attempt it I met a man who had just passed through it, and he called out, "Oh master, master, don't go there or you'll be drowned." I said, "Have you not just come through it?" and he said "Yes"; so I, not in the sweetest temper, repaid his warning by replying, "You idiot, if you can pass it why cannot I?" and struck into it. I got through somehow, wet to the skin, being nearly carried away a dozen times. This was Monday morning, and a few people were about, and it was possible to get something done.

The West Indians have many good points, but cold and wet knocks the stuffing out of whites and blacks alike, and, as I have said, the service was demoralised. However, we managed to put something of order into the chaos around us and got to work. Practically we found that fifty thousand people were homeless and foodless and that work was at a standstill. The danger was of a rush of starving people from all over the island upon the town. We sent out mounted police to all the centres, constituting a committee in each parish, giving them a free hand to occupy all buildings, collect all possible food regardless of cost, and by some means or other to house and feed the people. This practically saved the situation, and in a very few days we were able to bring each centre under a definite and business-like system.

What accentuated the difficulty was that I received a message from the island of St Vincent, which had suffered worse than ourselves, that many of their people were in a state of starvation, and asking for an instant shipload of food, which somehow we managed to send them. The exposure of those dreadful nights, first the wind and then the rain, caused a fearful mortality both in the very old and the very young, as the statistics of that year will show. A summary of the accidents is comparatively trifling, but a review of the year

shows that the deaths directly or indirectly resulting amounted to some thousands. To make matters worse typhoid broke out, and every school-house in the country had its quota of typhoid patients.

One peculiarly sad incident occurred at the beginning of the hurricane. A little schooner plied daily to and fro along the coast to Speightstown, and just as the storm was coming on she came up to her moorings. The mate, who was standing in the bows with his boat-hook, missed the mooring-buoy, and the first puff of wind blew the vessel a few yards away from it. The man, whether guessing what was coming or not I do not know, jumped straight overboard with his line, swam to the buoy and got his rope round it. Another puff came and he held on, but without effect, the rope being wrenched out of his hand. He managed to swim to the pier, a few yards off, and in two minutes he saw the vessel with a large number of passengers smothered in the first blasts of the hurricane. These were the first victims of many who owe their deaths to that dreadful night. Three large barques were driven right out of the harbour, two being wrecked on St Vincent, about one hundred miles away, and one never, I think, being heard of again.

It is impossible here to attempt to recapitulate all the stirring events of that time. For myself I know that for many weeks I worked for eighteen hours a day, until one morning in my office all suddenly turned black around me, and I was just able to call to my chief clerk, and collapsed on to the floor, my heart having given out from overwork. I woke some hours later to find my wife kneeling by me and the governor also there. I shall never forget the governor's kindness to me when he said, "Go home and go to bed, and don't attempt work until the doctor allows it." I said, "I cannot, Sir, I have too many things to see to"; he replying, "I will come down here every day and take over your work myself

and do it, and what is more, I will put a police sentry on the door, and if you attempt to come in I will have you taken back to your house." This latter threat was a kindly joke, but as a matter of fact he did my work quite as well as, and possibly better than I should have done it, and I got my much needed rest.

Barbados differs from almost all the other West Indian islands in being of coral and not volcanic formation. It is a solid mass of coral with a thin sprinkling of earth on the top, and it seems impossible that it should grow anything. It is, nevertheless, extraordinarily fertile, and it is difficult to find an uncultivated spot in it. Until comparatively recently its water-supply was almost insufficient for the dense population, but several years previously a sum of, I think, £400,000 was borrowed by the Government for this and other purposes, and a sum much exceeding £200,000 spent on water, with the result that the whole population have stand-pipes within, at most, a couple of hundred yards from their doors with an excellent and ample supply. These stand-pipes used to be known to the negroes as "Queen Victoria's pump." The water was procured from an underground river which flowed apparently from nowhere to nowhere. It, of course, ran in the bowels of the island, and somewhere found an outlet into the sea. It was caused by the rainfall which soaked through the thin surface of the soil into the porous coral. The island thus became a gigantic sponge in which the water gradually sank into the hollows which existed here and there deep down. These hollows were large enough and long enough to form a huge reservoir, which fed a continuous river. There is practically an unfailing supply, and the curious part of the matter is that in time of drought the supply was often at its best; in the rains it was liable to lessen in volume, the cause being that, as the island is a close sponge, the water takes a long time

to soak through, so that the effect of rain or drought was not felt until long after the cause which produced it. In 1899, the following year, a hurricane of almost equal severity visited Montserrat, and also struck Antigua and Nevis. I saw its ravages as I went up in *H.M.S. Indefatigable* to inspect the results. In Montserrat the effect was terrible, the slight wooden houses lying about like packs of cards cast hither and thither, while even the old stone churches were levelled almost to their foundations. The lime plantations, on which the trade of the island existed, were temporarily swept out of existence. I had a delightful visit to Nevis in the *Indefatigable*, and wandered over it. It is forgotten that at one time Nevis was the most fashionable watering-place of the West Indies, whither flocked the rich planters to recuperate at its springs. Now it is merely the ghost of the past, and a sad memorial of the decadence of all things. Its fame, however, principally rests upon Lord Nelson, who was there so long as Captain of *H.M.S. Boreas*, and who married there. I went, of course, to St John's Church (known as the Fig-tree Church), in which is the parish register recording Nelson's marriage, but, as a matter of fact, he was not actually married at the church, the ceremony taking place at Montpelier, a house almost a mile away, the last remains of which were blown down in this very hurricane. The register entry runs as follows:—

"1787.
March 11.

Horatio Nelson, Esquire, Captain of His Majesty's Ship "Boreas," to Frances Herbert Nisbet, widow."

It has often been stated that Nelson's signature appears in the register, but that is incorrect. The entry is exactly as given above. There is also an

interesting monument in the church connected with Nelson, on which is the following inscription :—

WILLIAM WOOLWARD
of this Island Esqr.
died the 18th February
1779
Aged 53 years.
He married MARY daughter of
Thomas Herbert Esqr.
To whose joint memory
This Tablet is erected
By their only daughter
Frances Herbert
Who was first married to
Josiah Nisbet, M.D.
And since to
Rear-Admiral Nelson
Who for his very distinguished service
Has been successively created
A Knight of the Bath
and a Peer of Great Britain
By the title of
Baron Nelson
of the Nile.

It was always said that Nelson was in great monetary straits while in Nevis, and had some difficulty in escaping arrest for debt.

During my stay in Barbados I, with my party, visited Antigua, the headquarters of the Leeward Islands Government, where we had a delightful time as the guests of Sir Francis and Lady Fleming. The prosperity of Antigua had suffered considerable diminution owing to the low price of sugar, but it did not affect the cheeriness of the people, of whose hospitality I have the pleasantest recollections. On the way there we called at Martinique, the largest of the French islands, landing at and exploring St

Pierre, afterwards so utterly annihilated by the disastrous eruption on Mont Pelée. It is generally stated that the Empress Josephine, the wife of the Great Napoleon, was born in Martinique, but this is incorrect, she having been born in the (now) British island of St Lucia, at the little town of Gros Islet. Josephine did, however, live her young life, I believe, in Martinique, and to that island is due the honour of her girlhood, but not of her birth. I was in Mafeking when the St Pierre disaster happened, but in a long article in the *Daily Mail* I found myself described as having been the first to arrive on the spot with relief in the Royal Mail Steamer *Solent.* The credit, however, belonged not to me but to Mr F. J. Newton, who succeeded me as Colonial Secretary of Barbados.

Barbados is, I think, unique among the West Indian islands in that since the day that the British flag first flew over it no foreign flag has ever replaced it even for a day. Why this happened I cannot imagine, as history records kaleidoscopic changes in the ownership of the other islands during the long war.

It was during this time that my wife and I made our first visit to Grenada, which was afterwards our home for nearly three years during my term of governorship of the Windward Islands. We lived in a little cottage at the top of a mountain on the borders of a lake known as the Grand Etang, and fondly thought we were gathering health, but it was a terribly hot place notwithstanding.

During the latter part of my period of service in Barbados the Boer War broke out, and I became the great local authority on the question. I gave a lecture, at which a huge crowd was present, and the circumstances were a little amusing. There was no charge for admission, and Society unanimously voted that a lecture was a dull affair with which they would have nothing to do. My chief clerk

issued the tickets, and there was a rush upon them, Society at last awaking to the fact that everybody wanted to go. My office was besieged by them, only to be informed that there were no tickets left; but they would not be denied, and it resulted in the whole platform being crowded, and every alley-way and crevice being filled up with an audience, the interest and enthusiasm of whom I have never seen excelled. I spoke for two hours, with an interval at half-time to allow all to go away who found it dull, but no one took advantage of it.

When Ladysmith was relieved Barbados illuminated and rejoiced, but at the relief of Mafeking the place went mad. I happened to be at luncheon at the club when the news was brought to me by one of the waiters. Almost in a moment the street outside was crowded with a yelling, surging mob all waiting for me, and I returned to my office, struggling through a mass of people patting me on the back and cheering me, as if I, and I alone, was entitled to the whole credit of the defence and relief of that famous town. At night the enthusiasm was greater than ever, and both the governor and I paraded through the town amidst the wildest scene of rejoicing. But, as I have said, Barbados identifies itself entirely with the glories of the old country: if she weeps, Barbados weeps with her; if she rejoices, Barbados shouts exultingly. Alas! if only every community in the Empire were animated by this whole-souled and unselfish enthusiasm in its cause.

Sir Conrad Reeves, the then Chief Justice, was a character almost unique throughout our colonies. He was a black man, as far as I could judge, though it was the fashion to say he was coloured only, and he rose from the poorest surroundings. I have always understood that he began life as a "printer's devil," that he then learnt shorthand and reported first in the Magistrates' Courts and then in the Supreme Court. Someone, I forget who, helped

him to go to England, and there, I have heard, he was helped in his career by the great Lord Brougham. Coming out to Barbados, he gradually rose at the Bar until he was appointed Solicitor-General of the colony. Then Sir John Pope Hennessy arrived and proceeded with his ridiculous scheme, by which in a few short months he put black against white, and fomented riots throughout the country. Sir John felt sure that in the black barrister Mr Reeves he had a clever assistant to his hand, and in due course unfolded his scheme to him. To his amazement, Mr Reeves condemned the scheme *in toto*, and on its being introduced in the House of Assembly he rose in his place and in thunderous eloquence denounced it and its authors. It is said, with what accuracy I know not, that at the close of his speech he said: "I denounce the Bill, Mr Speaker, as the ruin of the colony, and I hurl back upon the Governor my appointment as Solicitor-General of this colony, so that I may denounce it more completely." The planters raised a subscription for him of some thousands of pounds, and very shortly afterwards the Bill was abandoned, the Governor recalled, and the whole of the leading officials who had perforce supported the Governor and were odious in Barbados (including the Attorney-General) were given appointments elsewhere. Mr Reeves was at once appointed Attorney-General, and the Chief Justice, Sir Boucher Clark, dying shortly afterwards, Mr Reeves succeeded him as Chief Justice of the colony, in due course receiving the honour of knighthood. Never surely was an honour more deserved or a better appointment made. He became known throughout the colonial service as an example of judicial integrity worthy of England's best traditions, and he was honoured by all who knew and watched his career. While upholding the dignity of his office to the full, he was personally one of the simplest of men, and

avoided that pitfall of conceit into which the black man raised to high office is so apt to fall, while he always took his part as Chief Justice in public entertainments at Government House and at my house, although he avoided general society, where he probably felt that his colour might be a bar to his entrance. I look back with pleasure to him as a warm personal friend, to whom I am indebted for much wise and kindly advice during my period of service in Barbados. He was a stern judge to his own people in their practices of obeah, of which he used to say from the bench, "It shames me to see our people steeped in these gross and degrading practices"; but, nevertheless, he sometimes humorously alluded to it, and one day at dinner at Government House when my wife said, "Sir Conrad, some of your people are dreadful thieves, for they steal all my fowls," he replied, "Mrs Williams, get a small bunch of chicken-tail feathers and hang them up over your fowl-house door, and no one will ever dare to enter it." "Oh, Sir Conrad!" said my wife, "you are telling me to practice obeah," to which he replied, with a twinkling eye, "Not at all, not at all, simply prescribing a local remedy." He is dead now and has an eminent successor, but Barbados will long remember the dignified old man who raised the status of the black man to a position of singular honour.

The murder of Mr Archibald Pile, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, was a tragic mystery which was never solved. Archie Pile was a member of an old and honoured family, a prominent planter, and was, I suppose, about the best known and most popular man in society and among his fellows. Friday was known as "Planter's day," as it was the day when all the planters and their managers gathered in St George for general business and to draw the money required to pay the labourers on Saturday. Mr Pile used always to drive in and out

from his country-house alone, and did so on the day of the murder. At about half-past seven in the evening his wife was sitting waiting for him and wondering why he was late for dinner, when he staggered into the room and horrified her by saying, "I have been shot!" There is a long and lonely hill on the road, and he told of how as he was walking his horse up the hill in the dark he became conscious that someone was behind him. This is not unusual in the West Indies, as the negroes have a most uncanny habit of either walking or running behind one for long distances, more often than not with their dreadful cutlasses in their hand. He looked back and saw what he described as a black face just behind the buggy. In a moment a hand was raised and a pistol discharged full into his back, the man instantly running away. No attempt was made to complete the murder and no robbery took place. Mr Pile's long struggle for life became almost historic at the time, reminding one of the terrible days of President Garfield, but there were no Röntgen rays available then, and after a long agony of many weeks he died. The murder created a tremendous sensation as being a new departure in crime in Barbados. The white population ascribed it without doubt to the negroes, but, curiously enough, the negroes charged the whites with it, and covertly, although in a way that many could understand, laid the crime upon an individual, saying that the black face was a disguise. Personally I have always been certain for many reasons that the murderer was a negro and that the motive was revenge, as no robbery took place. The Government and the Pile family both offered large rewards, which were later on increased to what was an enormous sum in the eyes of the poorer classes, but not one word of evidence was ever forthcoming, although I have no shadow of doubt that the murderer was known to the black population throughout the length and breadth of the

island. Even my own negro servants alluded to it cryptically, saying, "You will never find it out." This case is indicative of the entire antagonism of colour which exists in these islands, and indeed wherever the colour question is prominent. Well as the white man may think that he knows the black, he knows nothing of his inner being; and close as is the daily association of blacks with whites, they are capable of hiding away their real thoughts deep down in recesses to which the whites can never follow them.

CHAPTER XVIII

BARBADOS—*continued*

I ACTED twice as governor of the colony—once not long after the hurricane, and later on the retirement of Sir James Hay from the public service and prior to the arrival of his successor. My second term of office was a memorable one. On the very day of my assumption of office the North America and West Indian Fleet arrived, under the command of Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, and at the same moment three American ships of war also arrived, and we at once began a round of festivities, until news reached us of the illness of the Queen. It came to us with startling suddenness, and one day when I had a dinner-party of forty-two a telegram arrived that Her Majesty was in a condition of the utmost danger. I at once consulted the admiral, who was my guest at Government House, as to abandoning my dinner and a very large reception which I had arranged for the following day, and he advised that it should not be postponed. He pointed out that the news came to us through New York only, and that it might be exaggerated, and that abandonment by me would necessitate the cancelling of every single arrangement for parties which occupied almost every hour of the ensuing week, on what might prove to be wrong information, so the dinner-party was held. When the time came for the usual toast of the Queen's health I rose and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, on all occasions of this sort it is our loyal and loving practice to do honour to the toast of the Queen who rules over

us. News has reached me, and has reached you also, indicating that the life of our Queen is in grievous danger. I know not how far that news may be true, but I cannot, nor would you desire it, propose the usual toast as the situation is too grave for us to measure. I will, therefore, ask you to rise in your places and join with me in the earnest prayer, 'God save the Queen,'" and the words were repeated reverently by all present. On the following day the news in the morning was conflicting. My party was at 4.30, but at 3.45 I was rung up on my telephone by the manager of the cable services, who said, "The Queen is dead." I at once closed my gates, and sent out police on all the roads to stop the carriages of the coming guests.

The work of a governor on an occasion like this is very great, for the simple reason that no one else, as a rule, knows anything about it. Now we have precedents, then there were none. Parliament had to be summoned, and every detail of procedure laid down with reference to the colony, the navy, the army, and the foreign ships in harbour. I was greatly struck by the profound courtesy of the senior naval officer of the United States squadron, who called upon me to express his official sympathy. He said, "I desire, Sir, on this occasion to place myself entirely at your disposal, and for naval purposes under the command of the Admiral Commanding the British Fleet. I shall esteem it an honour paid to my country if I am permitted to regard the ships under my command as British ships in all matters connected with the death of the Queen." We took him at his word, and in the firing of the minute guns on the day of the funeral the three services of the navy, the army, and the American Navy fired each in turn, until the full tale of guns was completed. It pleased me greatly afterwards to learn that an ample recognition of this courtesy found its way to Washington through the Foreign Office.

The honour of proclaiming the accession of King

Edward fell to me, and few colonies were able to carry out the functions consequent on the obsequies of Her Majesty with greater dignity than little Barbados, with her military force and splendid naval array. I shall always look back on the occasion as one of the most interesting events of my life.

Sir Frederick Hodgson was, shortly after this, appointed to govern the colony, and I lapsed into my post as colonial secretary. Sir Frederick was a very active governor who was fond of having his own way, and perhaps a little bit of everybody else's way too, and I found myself relegated to the work of a chief clerk, with no hand in the control of either the colonial service of which I was the head, or of my own office, or of the colony itself; so in the interests of both of us, but more especially in my own, I thought it wise to take the first opportunity of making a move. My wife, too, had been far from well, and a sudden attack made it necessary for her to go home and for me to accompany her, and in April 1901 we left Barbados in the Royal Mail Steamer *Trent* on long leave.

In the foregoing pages I have said very little about my daily life at this period, but the fact is that official life in the West Indies is a matter of the dullest and most dreary routine. I was an extremely busy man, and during my term of office I learnt a great deal which served me in good stead afterwards. I worked with a staff of clerks in my office than whom I should desire none better. My predecessors had most wisely been careful in their selection of young fellows for the work, with the result that the colonial secretary's office had always stood pre-eminent. In the rush after the hurricane my staff worked almost night and day, and they knew that their work was appreciated. When I took up my post as colonial secretary I found almost every office congested with enormous masses of old documents, and I set to work to

winnow them. There was almost a public outcry at the "reckless iconoclasm of the Colonial Secretary" who was "destroying the best records of the Colony." But I was in truth preserving the records, for out of a huge mass of rubbish I was able to save many interesting documents, sadly damaged by neglect and the ravages of mice.

When I first arrived at Barbados the people did not quite understand me; but a year later, at and after the hurricane, they changed all that, and from thenceforward to the time of my leaving I experienced the love of the people to a singular extent. With them I could do no wrong. I could move among them without the slightest fear in their moments of excitement, I could chide them in the hardest and most straightforward language if I thought them wrong, I could dare to tell them the plainest home truths, I could even refuse their petitions and upset their most cherished wishes if I thought it just to do so, and yet I never for a moment alienated their supreme goodwill towards me. Hundreds of times as I walked along I was saluted by the words, "God bless Governor Ralph," the brevet rank being merely evolved out of their own affection, and I rarely went to any public gathering where I was not greeted by a burst of cheering, often to my great discomfiture when I was in the presence of my chief. I think it was all due to their belief that in some way I did my duty towards them in their time of greatest need, and having once gained their goodwill no act of mine could lose it. With this love to look back upon can it be wondered at that there still remains in a corner of my heart an abiding affection for the people of the dear old colony.

Slavery was abolished in the year 1831, but there were still many old people who had been slaves. I seldom, however, found them eager to talk about it, except in the case of a very old man who had for his whole life been first the slave and then the servant

of the Trollope family at Lord's Castle, until very lately represented by Colonel Frank Trollope of the Grenadier Guards. The old man was never tired of chattering of old times, and still talked of himself as a chattel: "I belong to de Masr; oh yes, I belong to him." It used to cost me half a crown every time I saw him.

There was a wonderful old negro character named Aaron Moore, who, I verily believe, knew more of the thoughts of the black population than they did themselves. He was of infinite value to me in keeping me posted up in the inner trend of native thought on any current matter, and I avoided many a pitfall by his aid. He was an itinerant barber by trade, and for generations had cut the hair of successive governors. He differentiated in his charges unblushingly, they being for the governor four shillings, for the colonial secretary two shillings, and for their clerks "a bit," the latter being a purely fictitious coin of the value of fivepence. He was a clever mimic, and often used to amuse me by taking off my contemporaries and predecessors, and I was in no way surprised on mentioning this to someone to be met with the reply, "Oh but, Sir, you have never seen his best one, yourself." His little broken-kneed pony and his wretched apology for a trap were as well known and as free in the governor's stables and yard as were His Excellency's own horses and carriages. I heard of his death in later years, and the colony could have better spared many another of its people.

When I first arrived the main industry, which was practically the sugar-cane, was at its worst. The enormous foreign bounties had made it nearly impossible to produce cane sugar at a profit. It is difficult in these days to realise the almost vast profits which were formerly made out of a few hundred acres of cane land. Men sent their sons to Eton and Oxford, kept up good houses in

England as well as in the colony, gave their daughters substantial portions, and lived without a care, believing that their profits were as secure as the firmament. Trusting to this, many of them laid heavy mortgages on their properties, being certain that with a little care they could easily be paid off. Then prices gradually fell and then bounties came, and with them a sad awakening to most of the fine old families, whose names are a household word out there. Properties heavily mortgaged and heavily charged with younger children's portions failed to realise enough to pay the interest on their mortgages, owners were stranded, and gentle ladies used to all the luxuries of life, suddenly left penniless. And to crown this trouble the Bourbon cane became diseased. At that time the Bourbon cane was the fetish of the planter, and to belittle it was a worse sin than to speak disrespectfully of the equator, so that it seemed as though their last hope had gone. But in 1898 Mr Chamberlain evolved the Imperial Department of Agriculture, and created an organisation with headquarters at Barbados and with an income from Imperial funds of £17,000 a year, to fight the disastrous conditions, of which department Dr (now Sir Daniel) Morris was appointed commissioner and head. Even now it is difficult to remember the almost resentful feeling with which this creation was received by the planters. That a stranger, full of theories but without, as was believed, any practical knowledge as a sugar planter, should come out to teach them their business and to displace their cherished Bourbon cane by new-fangled experiments was grotesque to the great majority of them, and the new department had hard work to establish its credit among those whom it came to benefit. But later history has shown that it did establish itself, that it introduced newer and better canes and better and more up-to-date methods, that it taught the people

how to meet modern conditions and how to work in line with the departmental officers for their own betterment, until at last by this means, and also by a wiser policy in the matter of bounties on the part of the Imperial Government, the sugar industry throughout the West Indies, if not restored to its former glories, afforded a substantial means of livelihood to an industrious and progressive people. I think, too, that I have heard since I left that even the old Bourbon cane has by care and cultivation been restored to something of its former greatness. In addition to this work the department introduced the growth of cotton and a number of minor industries for the peasantry, of which they never before dreamed.

A remarkable society incident, which I imagine is almost unique in the history of a colony, occurred on the occasion of a ball given by the townspeople of the place. Supper time came, we were all marshalled to take our places in due order of precedence, and started down to the strains of "The Roast Beef of Old England," when suddenly someone discovered that the master of ceremonies had arranged his programme with the extraordinary omission of the governor's wife, who was left, astonished and justly indignant, in her seat in the ballroom. Horror fell upon us all, the matter being set straight by the general officer commanding unceremoniously dropping his good-natured partner and hastening forward to repair the unlucky error. How, or why, this amazing and discourteous mistake was made I was never able to discover, the blame being transferred from shoulder to shoulder until its origin was lost in unhonoured obscurity.

Barbados is singular in that it alone among all the colonies of England has a legally constituted and endowed Established Church, which draws £16,000 a year from the revenues of the state. The Church of England parson of the parish is a legal factor in

the state organisation and, subject to the bishop, has to obtain leave of absence from the governor. The people belong mainly to the Church of England, though there are, of course, other denominational bodies of various kinds. The Roman Catholics have a very small following. I remember on one occasion going with the governor to the opening of the new Roman Catholic church, the previous one having been burnt down. Bishop Butler came over from British Guiana to officiate, and he was an old brother officer of the governor, having been the adjutant of the 87th Regiment in Sir James Hay's time, and was a splendid looking old man. But, despite this, he denounced us hotly in his sermon and condemned those of us who differed from him to a very lurid future existence, so much so that the governor on the way out murmured to me, "I take it as rather unkindly of my old friend." However, His Excellency had his revenge, for next day he decoyed the bishop out for a drive and all unknown to him drove to the races, driving in official dignity up the course to the grand stand with "God Save the Queen" playing, the bishop sitting alongside of him with episcopal dress and emblems complete. It was too late to remonstrate, and his lordship laughed heartily at the joke and took his seat in the box, getting away by a back entrance as soon as he conveniently could.

But despite the Established Church and the other religious organisations the people were singularly immoral in the matter of sexual relations. The official return of births during my time recorded about fifty-five per cent. as illegitimate and forty-five as legitimate. This arose almost entirely from the love of the negroes for a smart wedding. To marry without it was deemed a far greater disgrace than to live in concubinage without it, and hence the frequent, almost daily, sight of a wedding-party driving to church, the bridegroom in the smartest clothes, the bride in white satin with orange wreath

and veil and with some three or four children, the result of previous association, sitting on the front seat of the carriage. For these weddings, elaborate invitations were sent out on satin ribbon, and I had many sent to me, not in the expectation that I should go, but that I would contribute a donation towards the feast. They were oddly worded, for the negro loves words the tenour of which he does not understand, and I quote one of such invitations, or hymeneals as they were called, which lies before me on pink satin :—

Amor omnia vincit.

Having agreed to celebrate the consummation of our nuptials on the 14th of December 1899 at 11.30 A.M. we deem it necessary to inform you of the same in expectation that you will accord us the especial favour of granting us your presence on this auspicious occasion.

At the conclusion of the ceremony we will adjourn to Mrs A's residence to participate in a *déjeuner*.

JOHN SMITH.
MARY JONES.

The names are, of course, fictitious, but the wording is literally correct. The negroes use the oddest expressions in their letters, which they are very fond of writing. At the time of the hurricane their description of their wrecked houses was usually that they (the houses) were "totally emaciated," and one man wrote to me without the faintest idea of irreverence that "foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," by this meaning that he himself and his family were homeless.

I had a curious experience while in Barbados of the lack of discipline in the United States Navy in comparison with our own, when making an official call on one of their admirals. A guard of honour

was, of course, detailed to receive me, and all went well until I was leaving. As I walked up the steps from below, I being first, I suddenly came upon a furious altercation between the officer in command of the guard and one of his men, the man shouting abuse at his officer and the officer shaking his sword at the man. Fortunately I was not noticed by the officer, who had his back to me, and I turned sharply round to the admiral below saying, "I think I must have left my coat behind." Someone turned back to look for the fictitious coat, and in the meantime the uproar was quelled, and when I next appeared all was outwardly in order. One can hardly imagine such a scene on one of our ships, although by the pernicious efforts of agitators we may yet meet with it if we live a little longer.

There was an institution in the colony an allusion to which I cannot omit. This was the famous Codrington College, built and founded by General Sir William Codrington. The college was for the training of young clergymen, but at the time I was there it was not entirely fulfilling the hopes of its founder. Very few students were there, and I doubt if they were of the stamp which lovers of our old Church would best like to see as its exponents. It was, however, a lovely place, beautiful enough to take rank with any college at Oxford, and its old-world character in the midst of luxuriant tropical surroundings always charmed every visitor. Its Principal was Archdeacon Bindley, whom my wife and I have to thank for many a pleasant day in its lovely grounds and who is now living in the dignified ease of a country rectory in Norfolk. Great efforts are being made to restore this old college to the purposes which were the aim of its founder, but I fear that racial difficulties and colour prejudices will be found too powerful to make it what it was designed to be.

Altogether Barbados was a charming place in

which to live for a term. Its social life was pleasant, its tennis, taken as a whole, the best I have ever seen, its hospitality unbounded, and its people ever welcoming to those whose duties or travels brought them into their midst. We left it glad indeed with the hope of change and advancement, but regretting the enforced separation from many old friends, with whom we had spent nearly four years of happy work, and I hope of some usefulness.

On my arrival at home the Colonial Office gave me little expectation of a move, and I met with that somewhat cryptic greeting which we of the service so well know, as we assiduously wear out the office carpets in our efforts to climb up the rungs of the ladder. However, I got my move by something of an accident. I have told how I was previously a good deal in association with Lord Milner when he was sub-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette.* In the meantime he had advanced with giant strides. He had been successively Private Secretary to Lord Goschen, a Radical candidate for Middlesex in the House of Commons; Financial Secretary in Egypt, his experiences in which country are embodied in his wonderfully fascinating book *England in Egypt;* Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue; Governor of the Cape Colony; and lastly, High Commissioner of South Africa; surely a great record in so short a time.

Apropos of this it is amusing now to think that during the Warren controversy I gave a high officer of Sir Hercules Robinson's staff a letter of introduction to Mr Milner, as he then was, saying that he would do well to see him, and I have my friend's letter now, written after his return from England, in which he says, "I have not managed to find time to look up your friend Milner, but I went closely into the matter with A., who is a much better authority on South African affairs." Mr A. has since risen to the modest repose of a County Court judgeship,

while "your friend Milner" was, by the irony of fate, the successor of Sir Hercules Robinson in the post of High Commissioner of South Africa.

Lord Milner fell out with the Liberals over Home Rule, and, if I remember right, resigned his membership of the Eighty Club on that question. He went out to South Africa at a most critical time, and he grasped the true situation exactly. He was a born journalist and a born governor. His journalistic methods pervaded all he wrote, and made his despatches singularly interesting. On the first occasion that Mr Merriman visited him, Lord Milner, I suppose, showed that he had a very distinct personality, for I was, later on, told by a distinguished colleague of Mr Merriman that on his return from the interview he said, "Look here, we have got a man who wants to run everything for himself, and we shall have to put him in his place quickly, or trouble will come of it." In the result Lord Milner managed very effectively to reverse the position, and the Cape politicians, for the first time since the days of Sir Bartle Frere, found their master.

Never surely was any man more tolerant and moderate than was Lord Milner in dealing with the monstrous aspirations of Mr Kruger until the climax of the Bloemfontein Conference, when, if we are told correctly, he put his foot down definitely. The Jameson raid, to which I will allude later on, had roused the Boers to fury, and they armed to an extent which showed that war and war only was their definite aim and intention. Strange to say, the Cape Government seems to have done nothing to hinder this policy, as is shown clearly by the story of Mafeking, when stores and munitions of every kind for the British were stopped, while the trains at Port Elizabeth were detailed for the urgent conveyance of munitions of war to the Boers. Mr W. P. Schreiner, then Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, was always, rightly or wrongly,

credited with this procedure, and those who read history will judge for themselves of the frame of mind of that Minister of the Crown. His friends are apt to characterise him as a crank who was animated by the most amiable intentions, using arguments which invite a reply in the terms of the old adage:—

> "It was all very well to dissemble your love,
> But, O! why did you kick me downstairs?"

Very acrimonious views have been expressed as to the action of Sir William Butler, who commanded the forces in South Africa at the time. On the one hand he was held up as the enemy of his own country, and on the other as a grossly misunderstood and gallant soldier. That he was a gallant soldier none would deny, but that his political proclivities unwittingly biassed him in the exercise of the official duties which so unfortunately fell to him is the opinion of most of those who know the circumstances of the time, and those opinions will not be modified by a perusal of his memoirs. A red herring has been constantly drawn across the trail in respect to this controversy by the quotation of his undoubtedly correct views that England totally misconceived the power of the Boers, and that the War Office arrangements were at fault. In that he was right, and he was not listened to, but that fact does not in the least degree minimise his attitude in his political capacity.

In connection with this underrating of the Boer power a distinguished general, Sir John Ardagh, now dead, was subjected to much obloquy. He was at the time head of the Intelligence Department of the War Office, and the newspapers and the public united in censuring him when our early disasters fell upon us, for failing to understand the situation and failing to report correctly upon it. I have no knowledge of these circumstances in my official

capacity, but it is a fact which I do not think will be denied, that a complete report, which foretold the situation almost exactly, was furnished by him in triplicate to the Secretary of State for War, Lord Wolseley and another, prior to the beginning of the war, which report was not acted upon, and Sir John suffered the blame properly due to Ministers of the Crown and Army Headquarters. As to the rights of the matter no one who knew the inner story of the conditions doubted for an instant the necessity of a very large mounted force, but how great a force was necessary no one dreamed, and all learnt a lesson over the Boer War which is not likely to be forgotten. How that war was fought, how General Joubert lost his opportunity by not ignoring Natal and marching straight upon Cape Town, raising the whole of the people of the colony on his march, and preferred to shut himself up outside Ladysmith until we had time to bring a hopelessly overwhelming force against the Boers, are all matters of history which every one knows.

As to the Boers, there is no doubt that very diverse councils prevailed before their ultimatum was sent in, and that many of the wiser of the old Boers doubted ultimate success, while the younger bloods, and the Hollanders who saw their lucrative posts likely to slip from them, urged an instant ultimatum. There is a delightful story which I believe is true, that the famous and gallant General de la Rey was one of those who deprecated hostilities, his counsel being derided by the war zealots, and that at length he said, "President, these men who now urge you to war will be the first to desert you, but I and others who counsel you towards peace will fight to the end if trouble comes upon our country." And fight he did, as we all know, while so many of his opponents after a brief experience of campaigning sat comfortably at Pretoria as nominal prisoners on parole, and after even Kruger himself had fled from the country.

It is not unusual to find those who are the readiest to shout for war more solicitous than their neighbours for the safety of their own skins.

But to return to my own affairs.

Finding myself likely to have to return to my post at Barbados, I determined to invoke the aid of Lord Milner, who had, in 1901, just returned to England on a brief visit in a blaze of glory. He was, as may be supposed, extraordinarily busy, and to catch him seemed well-nigh impossible, but one day I made the attempt and called at his chambers in Duke Street. He was out, but by good luck as I was chatting to his clerk he himself came in. I broached my business quickly, and after a moment's thought he said, "Yes, you certainly have deserved something for all your work in Africa. Now I have only two things available for you, and for either of those I will recommend you. One is the post of Resident Commissioner of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, and the other the Colonial Treasurership of the Orange River Colony, but the latter post I do not suppose you would care to accept." I asked for details, and for one day to consider them, which he gave me, and on the following day I accepted the resident commissionership of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, subject, of course, to the approval of the Secretary of State.

This post had previously been held by Sir Hamilton Goold Adams, recently promoted to be governor of the Orange River Colony, and was a very good one. Matters at first did not go well for me, as there was some demur as to accepting my name, probably on the grounds that I had been too much mixed up with Rhodes; but that was got over, and in due course I received my appointment, my leave being cancelled by an order to start for South Africa without a moment's delay. No appointment ever given was more the sport of chance than this. I am certain that my name had never entered Lord Milner's head until the moment he saw me. Another turn down a

street, the failure to take a cab to his chambers, or a moment anticipated or lost in a chain of unimportant events, would have left me for ever outside the scope of African affairs, and most certainly outside the prospect of ever governing a colony. Such are the chances of life, and I have recognised them again and again throughout the whole of my career.

I was taking the waters at Harrogate when my orders arrived, and left at once, embarking in the *Carisbrooke Castle* for Cape Town, leaving my wife to follow me later.

CHAPTER XIX

BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE

CAPE TOWN in 1901 was a marvellous place, full of soldiers, and crammed to its corners with their friends and relatives, amongst whom were many distinguished personages. It was also waiting for the arrival, in a few days, of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, who were on their tour through the Empire. Of all wonderful sights the famous Mount Nelson Hotel was one of the most strange, packed as it was with officers from the front and their wives and friends, a medley of people, distinguished and undistinguished, all interested in one subject only, the war. I stayed there a very few days, and left for Bloemfontein, whither I was going as the guest of my predecessor in the Protectorate, Sir Hamilton Goold Adams. A railway journey in war time has its exciting incidents, and all the accessories of pilot engines and armoured trains made ours quite unlike anything in my experience. In due course we reached Bloemfontein without being attacked or even sniped, although we hourly expected it. As the guest of the governor, I was of course in clover, but the conditions there were not pleasant for ordinary civilians. Martial law and military rule are inevitable at times, and when carried out by men of discretion may be rendered bearable, but, unluckily, subordinate officers, non-commissioned officers and privates in a little brief authority are not always discreet, and the result was much injustice. The attitude of the N.C.O.'s

and private soldiers at the various outlets of the town was curiously offensive to civilians, who were deemed a lower order of beings, and the absence of a uniform caused the "damned civilian" to be subjected to many slights at their hands. And, strange as it may seem, the English civilian got worse measure than his brother Boer. Why I never could conceive, but it undoubtedly was so. I stayed for over a week at Bloemfontein, and then left for Mafeking to take up my post, arriving there in due course under the guardianship of armoured trains and full military paraphernalia, as the Boers were rather active on that route at the time.

Mafeking was, and still is, a little town, or rather a magnified village, situated on a plain with nothing to attract attention to it in the ordinary way, and yet it is, I suppose, better known than any place of its size in the world. It has been the fashion of late years to belittle the gallant defence which made it so famous, but there are no more ungenerous criticisms than those levelled at General Baden Powell and the defenders of Mafeking. The difficulties were very real and the defence was carried out with wonderful skill and pertinacity, It, too, demonstrated to the Boers the dogged tenacity of the British, and it kept some five or six thousand fighting Boers away from other scenes of the war where their presence would have been very troublesome to us. I am not going to re-write a history of the siege, in which I did not take part, and am content to add my protest to the many which have been made against the slighting way in which this great feat has been regarded.

When I arrived the place was still under military occupation, and though we were not a besieged town it was even then a matter of some risk to drive three or four miles outside the limits. Indeed, on one occasion a large party of armed Boers actually got between my carriage and the town, raiding some

cattle while doing so, and very nearly capturing my carriage and horses together with the Government Secretary, who was driving in it. Mafeking occupied the strange position of being the seat of government of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, although itself a part of the Cape Colony; the Protectorate Government being administered from the "Imperial Reserve," an area which had been specially reserved when the rest of the country was given over to the Cape Government. Neither I nor my officers had really any legal status in the place, and in some respects our position might have been ridiculous if it had not been so well understood. The original giving of it to the Cape was an error. It arose from the fact that at the time of the gift it was intended to hand over the administration of the Protectorate to Rhodesia, the authorities of which intended to create a capital at Pitsani Potlogo, a place on the other side of the Ramathlabama Spruit, some sixteen miles away, in country which was then, and is now, within the Protectorate. Then came the Jameson Raid, after which the whole position had to be reconsidered and the government of the Protectorate left to imperial hands. But, unluckily, a very few months before the raid Mafeking had been handed over to the Cape prior to the completion of the rest of the bargain, and so the imperial authorities found themselves without a capital and with all the paraphernalia of a government, a civil service, and a large police force. There was, therefore, no course except to make use of the imperial reserve in Mafeking and the large buildings upon it which had not been handed over; and so this makeshift arrangement began as a temporary measure and has lasted ever since. The Jameson Raid started in part from Pitsani Potlogo and in part from Mafeking. Its history is interesting, but I, who at the time was living in Gibraltar, had no personal connection with,

or official knowledge of it, although as a matter of fact I know all about it. Mr Kruger was aware of every detail of its preparation, and, as history tells us, was "waiting for the tortoise to put out his head to crush it." How, or why, its authors imagined the Boers dull-witted enough to be unmindful of their arrangement of depôts, buying of horses, accumulation of arms and munitions, their supposedly private communications, and their very day of starting is amazing. I have always been of opinion that the organisers thought that the divisions which existed among the Boers in church matters, which were then angrily accentuated, and also in respect to the Presidency, as to which it was believed that Mr Kruger had outwitted General Joubert, would cause General Joubert to welcome anything which might embarrass his opponent and possibly place himself in power at the head of a more progressive form of government. But if they did so think, they knew very little of the Boer mind, and forgot that the moment the integrity of the Transvaal was threatened from outside, all internal differences would be at once laid aside and the whole country unite against an invader. However, they decided upon action, and the start in this fatuous raid was made with the full knowledge of not only the Boers but of the imperial officers on the spot. Its wild rush at first, the utter exhaustion of the men, who were quite incapable of the exertion demanded of them by the terrible ride, and finally its inglorious collapse at Krugersdorp, are all too well known for me to dwell upon. That a reliable history from a reliable quarter of the inner doings of all that led up to the raid will one day be written I most surely believe, but until we see it we shall never be certain of its inner story. The man perhaps who could have told us most, the late well-known and brilliantly clever Mr Edward Fairfield, died suddenly during the proceedings of the subsequent

inquiry, and was, therefore, never examined, but we shall hear the true story some day notwithstanding.

I found myself provided with a miserable little house in one of the streets of Mafeking, and with an office that would have been a disgrace to a post-office clerk. The house had originally been built for the government engineer officer and had been turned over to the commissioner as another make-shift. Coming as I did from my beautiful houses elsewhere it was a bit of a shock, but something had to be done and I took up my quarters at the little hotel, which was at least interesting from the crowd of officers who were quartered in it. There I lived for over two months, in the meantime causing alterations in my house to be made and a number of rooms added. My first experience of the incongruous nature of my post came to me in connection with the police force commanded by Colonel Walford, a former officer of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. I wrote him a minute that I would inspect the police, and in reply received a call from him, at which he said he would be very pleased to show me his police at any time. I replied, "That, I suppose, is meant to convey to me that I have no official authority to inspect the police," which he admitted. I then made it clear to him that the old dual control, which I have alluded to previously in this book, was at an end, and that I intended to assume the control of everything. I found the force smart enough at drill and of fine physique, but as a working police force of but little use, while their upkeep was inordinately expensive; so after a time I asked Lord Milner to allow me practically to disband them and to reconstitute them with a small nucleus of white police, the main body being Basutos. The Basuto is an ideal policeman in South Africa. He is, as a native, superior to any other tribe; he is intelligent, loves discipline and takes readily to smartness, is trustworthy and honest, extremely plucky, very loyal to his officers and to the

THE COMMISSIONER OF BECHUANALAND STARTING ON TOUR (p. 304).

HEAD QUARTER HOUSE, MAFEKING.

[*To face p.* 274.

flag, and above all he has that self-control without which he would be worse than useless. The Matabele is a fine fellow in a rough and tumble affair so long as he can control himself, but his blood gets up quickly and then the trouble begins, and no Irishman at the old fair at Ballinasloe could crack heads more readily or more unmercifully. The Matabele in authority is also instinctively a tyrant and systematically oppresses those under him. The Basuto, on the other hand, is capable of wielding authority without inflicting hardship and of using severity without allowing it to merge into brutality. The Basuto, too, is peculiarly good as a detective amongst other natives, and in a great country like the Protectorate it was almost impossible for a fugitive from the justice of another country to evade him. For service of this kind among natives the white policeman is practically useless. My new force was a great success, and I was never prouder of anything in my life than of my Basuto police. Colonel Walford was given an appointment in the South African Constabulary, where he did very well, as he was an efficient officer, although he had mistaken his position. We parted on the best of terms and our last good-bye was rather amusing. He said, "I knew this would happen, Sir"; I said, "When did you know it?" He replied, "The very first moment you stepped out of the train at Mafeking station; I knew then that you would never submit to the dual authority and that one of us would go under, and I guessed that it would be myself." He is since dead, and a good officer is lost to His Majesty's service.

It is not generally known that the Bechuanaland Protectorate was almost the only bit of British territory south of the Zambesi which was not subjected to martial law during the war. It was pressed by the military authorities, but the Government wisely refused to allow it. What might have

happened if young and inexperienced officers had been allowed to carry out their experiments among the hordes of natives without an adequate force behind them I am alarmed to think. Even as it was I found that much mischief was being done by military officers acting without authority. Sir Hamilton Goold Adams had been absent for more than a year and the reins left with a subordinate acting officer too infirm to perform his duties. He complained to me that he had been personally insulted again and again by officers who sought to set aside his authority. Lord Methuen was the general officer commanding in the west, and fortunately for me had a chief staff officer Colonel (now General) Belfield, who was of the best type of British soldier. I shall always gratefully remember his sound common-sense and genial personality. With him I quickly came to terms, and, with the joint authority of Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener to support us, we soon put the chaos into order.

One of the oddest things in conjunction with the war was the credulity of some of those in military authority when they had to do with civilian affairs. I recollect a lady once coming to me, furnished with letters from officers of high rank, the nature of whose business it is unnecessary to mention. Knowing, perhaps, a little more than they did, I was on my guard, and the circumstances of our interview were quaint. I was informed at my office that the lady wished to see me, so summoning the government secretary to sit by me, I directed her to be ushered in. She took a seat, looked at the Government Secretary, and said, "My communication to you is of a strictly private nature;" to which I replied, "Madam, I have no secrets from the Government Secretary." "But your door is open and the clerks outside will hear what I say." "Madam," I replied, "that is precisely the reason why I have caused the door to be left open, I intend them to do so." The

lady jumped up and, after firing off her indignation at me, flounced out of the room, and I thus escaped an embarrassing situation.

Having reorganised the police and added to my house I was able at last to vacate my miserable little office in the town and to establish myself in delightful quarters on the reserve, whence the administration could be worked with that decent dignity which was befitting. My first duty was to visit the chiefs of the Protectorate, or all of them who were within reach. It is well to explain that the Protectorate consists of six native reserves, the rest of the country not being under any chief of consequence, although there are minor chiefs who hold a limited authority. The reserves were those of the Bamangwato under Khama, the Bakwena under Sebele, the Bakhatla under Linchwe, the Bangwaketsi under Bathoen, the Bamalete under Mokgosi, and the Batawana under Sekgoma. The last tribe was by no means the least important, or the least powerful, but its reserve lay far to the north, beyond the historic lake N'gami, and it hardly enters into my early doings, although later on it was the scene of by far my best and most important work in the country. The system of control was a most wise one. The Commissioner, subject always to the High Commissioner and the Secretary of State, was paramount over all, and he was so recognised. But in tribal matters the commissioner, as a rule, did not interfere, save only when the chief's action made interference necessary. The result was that the paramount chief retained the dignity of his power and the respect of his people, while, knowing well that his position depended upon the commissioner, he became the best possible subordinate to the commissioner in all matters connected with the tribe.

The assistant commissioners had, and have, wide criminal jurisdiction powers, extending to the fullest terms of penal servitude, and they also had extensive

civil judicial power. Murder alone was dealt with by the resident commissioner, who tried cases either of whites or natives, with the assistance of the two assistant commissioners as assessors, but without a jury. The commissioner was also a Court of Appeal in all civil cases, and from him there was, in civil cases, a further appeal to the Privy Council. The procedure for murder may seem to many rather autocratic, but it was far the best suited to a country where a jury system was in practice impossible. Indeed it was, and is, absolutely necessary, and it will continue to be so until (if ever the time comes) the country is peopled up. I tried, I think, five murder cases. It may have been four, but I have no notes, and am not quite certain. Three or four of these were native cases, and one that of a white man, a German ganger on the railway, and two, if not three, resulted in a verdict of guilty. From the verdict there was no judicial appeal, although the Royal Prerogative of mercy lay with the High Commissioner, as it does with the King in England.

Of all the Bechuana chiefs Khama is the most famous, known as he is not only in Africa but in England, and practically, by name at all events, throughout the Empire. Khama is, to put it briefly, a thorough and instinctive gentleman. I remember Lord Selborne saying to me, "In all my experience I have never met a man more thoroughly well-bred or with better manners than Khama." He was a quiet, modest man, scrupulously fair and honest, thoroughly loyal, and holding immense control over his large tribe. When in England he had been the guest of Mr Chamberlain at Highbury, and I shall never forget, on the occasion of his again meeting Mrs Chamberlain in the garden of my office at Mafeking, the courtly way in which he took her proferred hand and bowed low over it, with an old-fashioned grace which would have done honour to the beau of a hundred and fifty years ago. Sebele

was an immensely big man, but strong neither in physique nor in control. He meant to do well, and was, I think, extremely fond of me; but his constitutional weakness and vacillation gave me a good deal of trouble. Linchwe was a splendid chief, a big, strong, burly man, full of character, very downright, and capable of being a warm friend or a powerful foe, just as he was dealt with himself. One had only to speak plainly to him, deal absolutely straightforwardly with him, and never deceive him, to win his entire regard and his unfailing support. Of none of my chiefs have I so stirring a recollection as of the fine manly and outspoken Linchwe, and I verily believe that he returned my regard to the full. Bathoen was a capable chief and a clever man, but he was a bit of a sea lawyer, and not always easy to deal with. Mokgosi, the chief of the Bamalete, was a cipher, and his people were of but little consequence in the general scheme of government.

The visits of the commissioner to the tribes invariably follow a recognised procedure. On his arrival at his camp, which is probably the police camp a short distance from the town, a number of the smaller chiefs arrive with the greetings of the paramount chief, and to make arrangements for the time when the chief himself is to make his visit. The commissioner does not discount his dignity by seeing these smaller fry, but retires into the background, his place being taken by, perhaps, the assistant commissioner. One of my assistants was Mr Ellenberger, probably the best Sechuana linguist now living, and on him generally fell the duty of arranging matters. The natives were not to be hurried: they leisurely dismounted and walked up to the assistant commissioner, saluting him, all then sitting down on the ground. Every sentence spoken was spoken slowly and was followed by a pause. The following illustrates exactly what happens:—

Natives.—We have come—
A. C.—Eh! (long drawn out).
Natives.—Eheh!
Natives.—We have come from the chief—
A. C.—Eheh!
Natives.—Eh—!
Natives.—The chief has given us a message—
A. C.—Eh—eheh—

and so it went on through every detail, each short sentence being interspersed with "Eh—ehe—eh—" reiterated again and again until it was hard not to laugh. The chief himself was probably waiting over the rise, and on the messengers returning to him he, accompanied by a long line of minor chiefs and people, came up to make his visit. Matters then assumed a more practical attitude and the previous circumlocution was abandoned, but it was invariably used in the initial stages; and the greeting I have described is thoroughly characteristic of all greetings between the natives themselves, who rarely come straight to the point when they enter into conversation with strangers from another village.

After a short interval the return visit is paid to the chief in Kgotla surrounded by as many of his people as can crowd in. There all the wishes and wants of the tribe are made known and their grievances aired. If the commissioner knows his business he knows that nine out of ten of these matters are put forward as mere padding to cover the real thing which is desired, and with a sort of hope that in the multiplicity of requests something may chance to scramble through. Never ask a native for his grievances; it is the common error of the departmental official fresh from the coils of red tape in which he normally exists, and bent, as he thinks, on going to the root of the matter; and the conscious air of superiority with which he pursues his investigations is peculiarly irritating to the more experienced settler who suffers from it. It is an

error which I have even seen made by a very wise Secretary of State; for Mr Chamberlain, on his visit to Mafeking towards the close of my time, prefaced his greeting to the assembled chiefs by a request that they would take the opportunity of telling him of their wants and difficulties, or of any grievances they might have, with the result that they nearly all, with the exception of Khama, poured forth a tale of claims upon their neighbours' territory, and other kindred wants which were as dead as Queen Anne until their resurrection was invited.

On this journey I had my first experience of trying a murder case. The accused was a Bushman from the desert outside the reserves, and spoke only the Bushman language, which is full of difficult clicks, quite unattainable except by long experience. He was accused of the murder of a Bushwoman by clubbing her with his tomahawk. The trial took place at Palapye (properly pronounced Palachwe), the capital of the chief Khama, in the magistrate's court-room. No one could be found who could at all accurately interpret directly from Bush language into English, so two interpreters had to be employed, with all the possibility of error which was involved. The skull of the murdered woman had been brought in, and during the whole trial rested on a ledge alongside the prisoner, whom it did not the least disconcert, he watching it with much interest, both when the medical evidence on it was being given, and from time to time. He was, of course, provided with assistance, but there was practically no defence, and he was found guilty, this being the first occasion on which it became my duty to pronounce the death sentence. A Bushman's life is always a chancy affair, liable to be ended at any moment, and I think that he probably experienced infinite surprise at seeing a number of his white masters taking so much trouble to find out whether he had or had not done something so unimportant as clubbing a woman.

I visited the other chiefs in turn, and returned to Mafeking, leaving almost immediately for Cape Town to bring up my wife and her party. We spent eight days at the Mount Nelson Hotel, crowded still more than on my first visit with heaps of interesting people. What perhaps struck me most of all during my stay there was the magnitude of my bill, which amounted to something like £120. I have not got it, but it is engraven on my memory in letters of gold; gold, alas! no longer mine. On our return journey we took with us in our coach Lady Methuen, who was anxious to go north to join her husband, but who, owing to military regulations, had not been allowed to go. My son also accompanied us on his way to Bloemfontein to a post in the colonial secretary's office to which he had been just appointed. Thanks to Lord Milner's kindness, he had been for a long time previous to this doing odd jobs in connection with the High Commissioner's staff, one of which was the deciphering of secret telegrams, as to which he once told me, "I know so much that I hardly dare open my mouth to say anything."

From this time onwards we settled down regularly to life in Mafeking. The Boers got more troublesome, and we had many scares, but little ever came of them. The following quaint notice in the local paper serves to indicate in some degree the spirit of unrest which pervaded the place.

NOTICE.

The following signals are notified for general information :—

BY DAY.

Alarm sounded on trumpets and bugles in camp. Hooter blown continuously in railway buildings. Red flag hoisted under Union Jack on camp flagstaff.

BY NIGHT.

Two shots in quick succession from any sentry posts, or rockets fired. Alarm sounded on trumpets and bugles. Hooter blown continuously in railway buildings. Red lamp hoisted on camp flagstaff.

In the event of these signals being made, all inhabitants of the town who are not required for defence purposes will return at once to their houses. Doors and windows to be closed and all lights extinguished. By order, etc., etc."

By this notice it will be seen that the shadow of war was still upon Mafeking.

Many small expeditions started from there, but one only was important, and that was the last departure of Lord Methuen, when he was defeated and captured by General de la Rey. Strictly speaking the expedition started from Vryburg, but Lord Methuen and his staff were dining at my house on the night previous to the start, and only left by a late train. It was a grievous business and one incident in connection with it was peculiarly sad. On that Sunday afternoon a young artillery officer, named Venning, was at tea with us. He was a nice boy and my wife said to me afterwards, "I don't think we've asked that boy to dinner"; I said, "No, but he is going out for this bit of a scrap, and we'll ask him when he comes back." But he never came back. I heard the whole story afterwards from Major Tilney, of Lord Methuen's staff, who saw the boy and his senior officer, Lieutenant Nesham, lying stark and dead, stripped naked by the Boer women, to the everlasting shame of their sex, lying by their gun, which they and the gallant men under their command had defended to the last with their lives. To Lieutenant Nesham, as the senior officer, was given, I think, the Victoria Cross, after his death, but the two boys equally shared the glory and equally

earned the reward. Almost all those who had dined with me that evening were shot down, and the whole thing cast a sad gloom over us. The mishap was due entirely to the hopeless failure of the colonial mounted troops, who at this stage of the war were recruited from all sorts and conditions of men, many of them being utterly unreliable. The few imperial troops which were out behaved, I always heard, with great gallantry, but it was hopeless. Throughout the war the artillery hardly ever seemed to fail, and I once asked an old gunner officer why this was. His reply was, "Well, you see, we have our gun to look after. Every man has his place at his gun, and it would take a plucky man to desert his own particular post in the sight of his fellows. It is just the training and the feeling that whatever happens they must stick to their gun that keeps our fellows together when in a tight place." Whether this modest explanation is the right one I do not know, but I do know that we who knew the incidents of the war held the artillery very high in our estimation.

There is a good story in connection with the capture of Lord Methuen which, as it was told me by Lord Kitchener himself, I may venture to quote as absolutely true. Lord Methuen, it should be remembered, had during his whole period of command of the west been trying to capture General de la Rey, but always missed him. After this fight the general, full of goodwill towards his fallen enemy, asked whether he should send any telegram to Lady Methuen to tell her that her husband was doing well under his wounds, to which, of course, Lord Methuen gratefully acceded. The general forthwith indited the telegram, which on its route found its way into Lord Kitchener's hands, and the first part of it ran as follows:—"To Lady Methuen—I have been chasing your husband for now nearly two years and at last I have caught him." The telegram then continued in a kindly strain. As may

be supposed these words were not sent on to Lady Methuen, but the comic reversal of the real situation by De la Rey, justified perhaps in some measure by the final issue, struck all who saw it as irresistibly funny, coming as they did in a message animated by sympathetic kindness of heart.

Incidental to the murder trial at which I had presided, I shortly after this had a quaint experience. I was returning from my drive one day when I found a man by my gate. He touched his hat and asked to speak to me. I asked him who he was, to which he replied, "I am a member of the legal department of the Cape Colony, and I have been ordered to report myself to you, Sir." I professed entire ignorance of that department, when he continued, "The fact is, Sir, that I am the public executioner, and I have come up to hang a man for you." This was disconcerting, as I was disinclined to welcome him in as a member of my family, so I sent him off to the magistrate, asking that he might be lodged with the local gaoler. Next morning I met Colonel Belfield, the chief of the staff, who told me that at dinner the previous evening at the hotel, being rather late, he had chanced upon a most delightful neighbour who had told him endless good stories. After a little inquiry I said, "You've been dining with my friend the hangman," which turned out to be the case. I afterwards found that the hangman had, later, spent the evening with my servants, my wife's maid protesting that he was "a very nice gentleman indeed," but his graphic stories sent them all to bed with an uneasy feeling in the region of their necks and a sense of insecurity as to their tenor of life in this world.

Shortly after my return I left for Johannesburg to see Lord Milner. Altogether I made five visits to him, and he always showed me abundant hospitality. On one of my journeys I drove across to Johannesburg by the exact route taken by the

Jameson raiders. It is curious how soon the route was forgotten, and how difficult I found it to get anyone to map it out correctly for me. In a few years it will have lapsed into oblivion.

Lord Milner liked to surround himself with very clever young men who were at that time not always as experienced in practice as they were brilliant in theory. Mr Merriman is the author of the famous nickname by which they were known throughout South Africa, "The Kindergarten." What the functions of some of them were I never exactly understood, but each, to a man, believed that he had a special mission for the regeneration of South Africa, and each in turn experimented, though not always successfully, upon the newly created organisation. However, they were very agreeable and brilliant young men, bound sooner or later to succeed in life, and only recently one of the most able of them has achieved that blue ribbon of journalism, the editorship of the *Times*.

CHAPTER XX

BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE—*continued*

THE great event in South Africa in the early part of 1902, which for the moment overshadowed the war itself, was the death of Mr Rhodes. He had never, I fancy, got over the anxieties of the siege of Kimberley, and for long past his health had been giving way. As all the world knows, he was buried on the Matoppo Hills, about twenty miles outside of Bulawayo, at a spot which he had often visited, and upon which he had thought out both the past and future of Africa. I was at his funeral as the guest of the Rhodesian Government, and it was the most striking event in which I had ever taken part. The first part of the service was held in the large drill hall in Bulawayo, where the body of Rhodes lay in state under a great catafalque. After the service we all followed the hearse containing the body to the outskirts of the town and then returned, the body being taken out to a spot near the burial-place on that day. On the same afternoon we all left for Fuller's Hotel, which was only four or five miles from the burial-place, and on the following morning we went to the rendezvous at the foot of the Matoppo Hills. Such a sight has surely rarely been seen: thousands of people gathered together from all corners of South Africa, all met to do honour to South Africa's greatest hero. And yet amongst all this motley crowd not one word of coarseness, not one sign of disorder, not one suggestion of

drunkenness was to be seen or heard. The same spirit was upon all and each felt the overpowering solemnity of the occasion. The distance from the foot to the top of the hill was about a mile and a half, and the crowd, now formed into an organised procession, started upwards. The body of Rhodes was not in the procession. The upper part of the hill was so steep and was formed of such slippery rocks that it had been deemed expedient to take it up there in the early morning, and the coffin had been hauled up by ropes attached to it; but the procession was formed exactly as though the funeral car had taken its proper place. It was headed by the band, followed by the Bishop of Mashonaland with the cross borne before him and with all the emblems of his office, and with his clergy in their robes around him. All the colonies were represented, as well as Lord Kitchener, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army. After the clergy came the chief mourners and pall-bearers, and then, with a short intervening space, the official procession headed by Sir William Milton, the Administrator of Rhodesia, with Lord Brooke as the representative of Lord Milner and Colonel Verner representing Lord Kitchener on either side of him. Immediately behind the Administrator I walked with, on either side of me, Colonel Chester Master, representing the Cape Colony, and Lord Alexander Thynne, representing the Orange River Colony. In a long line which wound away far below marched the representatives of many societies and public bodies, and then the public in great numbers. On nearing the top we reached the natives assembled in their thousands, who crouched down, giving every sign of mourning for one whom they held in extraordinary honour. The burial-place is a round knoll of solid rock, and immediately around the grave are grouped eight or nine huge rocks, standing upright exactly like Druidical remains. It is an extraordinary natural

Pedrotti, Bulawayo.]

CECIL RHODES' FUNERAL IN THE MATOPPOS.

[*To face p.* 288.

monument, of a dignity which it is beyond the ability of man to create. Here on the summit and within the circle lay the coffin with, below it, the shallow chamber hewn out of the rock into which it was to be lowered. The words "Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes" are all that are inscribed upon it. Not even a date is given. The chamber in which the coffin now lies is curiously shallow, due to the difficulty of hewing it out and the little time available. I do not think that there is a space of more than three inches between the top of the coffin as it now lies and the granite slab which covers it. The enormously massive covering slab was, curiously enough, found close by, and did not need a great amount of work to fit it for its purpose. On one side of the open grave stood the chief mourners, the Rhodes' brothers, Dr Jameson, Sir Lewis Michell, and others, and on the other the official representatives, while at the head stood the Bishop and the attendant clergy. The burial service anywhere is a service of singular beauty and solemnity, but here, amid such surroundings, and with a curious inward sense that one was taking part in a great historic event, it was beyond measure touching and impressive. At its conclusion the Bishop gave an address, and then, standing in his place at the head of the grave above the coffin of Rhodes, which had just been lowered, he read Kipling's famous poem, which begins—

> "When that great kings return to clay,"

and ends

> "Living he was the land, and dead
> His soul shall be her soul."

The poem was in the *Times* of that day for the first time, and had been telegraphed out by, I believe, Rudyard Kipling himself. Here, on the 10th of April 1902, we left all that remained of Cecil Rhodes, whose brilliant intellect had almost created a con-

tinent, and whose master-hand has left its indelible mark upon English history. It was an inspiration which made him choose the place, and I can conceive no grander spot than that in which all that remained of probably the greatest Englishman of our time was laid to rest. I have been there since, and have been delighted to see the supreme good taste of the Chartered Company in leaving the place in untouched wildness. A pile of wood lay in the valley to provide a fire for visitors who wished to prepare a meal. Beyond this was a small wicket gate and a rough path just as nature and the track of visitors had made it. An unpretending notice stood there with the words on it, "This ground is consecrated," and that is all that marked the place. All else was left to the visitors themselves, and it would seem as though even the tourist has generally respected it. To me it was intensely sacred, and I cannot conceive the minds of those who would desecrate it, and yet I have heard that a party of visitors from another land did actually spread their tablecloth on the very granite slab, and ate their luncheon on it within a foot of him who lay beneath. It only came to me from others, but, if true, what can we think of the minds of those guilty of it. Rider Haggard tells a story of a party of tourists, not Englishmen, whom he saw, hatted and irreverent, entering the Holy Sepulchre itself at Jerusalem, being snapshotted by one of their party almost within its walls. When blasphemous indecency can go to such lengths, there is not much room left to wonder that there are those who profane the last resting-place of a great man.

Within fifty or sixty yards of Rhodes' grave there now stands the famous Wilson Memorial, which has given rise to much controversy. This monument is a massive granite erection to the memory of the famous Wilson party, massacred to a man in the Matabele War. My poor young private secretary, Ned Welby, was among those so honoured. Its

Photo. Barnett] [*Johannesburg.*

CECIL RHODES.

[*To face p. 290.*

erection there was bitterly opposed by many, who deemed it an infringement of the solitude which gave grandeur to the original design, but to me it is not so. The memorial itself is magnificent in its simplicity. The event which it commemorates is a record of English gallantry which has stirred the heart of every Englishman, and the remains which lie beneath it form a fitting companionship for those of their great leader. I am far from wishing that the Matoppos should be made a national burying-place for the more or less prominent men who may follow Mr Rhodes in the scheme of South African development, but to me the Wilson memorial accentuates the greatness of the spot, and its presence lends an added beauty to the stately surroundings.

In May of 1902 I left Mafeking with my party for Pretoria and Johannesburg. The war was still going on, but there were negotiations in the direction of peace. We went direct to Pretoria, the first time I had visited it since I left it, twelve years before, in 1890. There is a story about this which may be worth telling. After I left I wrote a letter to my friend the well-known Mr Ewald Esselen, whose part in Transvaal affairs as an ardent supporter of national independence was so prominent, telling him, what he doubtless already knew, that I was not returning. He wrote a kind reply, saying, "We are all sorry that we are not likely to see you again." In a later letter I replied jokingly, "Do not imagine you will not see me again, for I shall come back when the British bands are playing in the Church Square and the British flag flies over the Government Buildings." He took it in the spirit in which it was meant and replied, "Now I am more than ever sorry because I now know that I shall never see you again in Pretoria." Much later, and not long before the Jameson Raid, I happened to mention this to the late Mr Fairfield in the Colonial Office, and he was extremely angry, saying, "Such a thing was most

improper and ought never to have been said"; to which I replied, "I am sorry you do not like it but it is true all the same, and I hope we may both live to see it," which did not tend to pacify him. On my arrival in 1902 at Pretoria station the first man I saw on the platform was Mr Esselen. I slapped him on the back, saying, "I told you when I would come back, old fellow, and you see I have come." He turned round and heartily welcomed me, and then shook his fist at me in good-humoured reproach. I am afraid that my diplomacy was not equal to that of Mr Fairfield, although I have no doubt at all that he knew not only as much as I did, but a great deal more.

At Pretoria I had my first meeting with Lord Kitchener. A number of matters needed settling on the western side, and I was immensely struck by the grasp of affairs he showed. In an hour he settled questions which had hung fire for months, and I blessed him for the quick way in which he initialed papers, giving directions to his subordinates on my side of the country. I had luncheon with him, and he poured out stories in a manner quite at variance with the cold, hard, unsympathetic soldier which he is generally credited with being. I met numbers of old friends at Pretoria, but otherwise found the place much changed. It still retained many features of a village, but was nevertheless quite a large town. I am afraid that I experienced an unholy joy in seeing the old flag once more in its place and in the many evidences of imperial control, all so different from the degrading conditions which I had found on my first arrival in 1887.

Returning to Johannesburg we stayed at Heath's Hotel, then the best in the place. It was a cheerless caravansera with legions of rabbit holes dubbed as bedrooms where prince or pauper had to make the best of it. It must, however, have made a fortune for its owner, for my bill for a short visit rose to a

great deal over £100. I bought a few shares on this visit, a profitless enterprise. There is an enormous amount of gold on Witwatersrand, but people have at last found out that as a dividend paying concern gold-mining is a poor proposition. As a speculative business to those in the inner ring it is a delightful pastime, and such as they laugh and grow rich as merrily as the month of May.

Johannesburg had grown into a very large town, but was still a sordid miserable place to live in. In my opinion it offered less attractions than any place of its size that I have ever struck. It talked money, dreamt of money, and reeked of money. There was no place on earth where money was the gauge of society so completely as in Johannesburg. Luxuries could be got there abundantly at an enormous price and they lay side by side with unsightly squalor and dreary mediocrity. Its inhabitants were gathered from all the countries of the globe and from all classes, and their native languages were as diverse as were the tongues of the dwellers of Mesopotamia of whom our Bible tells us. They ranged from the Polish peddler to the British peer, the former being as likely as not top-dog in Johannesburg. It was intensely galling to see the flag exploited by some of these pseudo-British subjects of the mining world for the benefit of their own pockets, and it made one sometimes doubt the wisdom of having rescued them from the tender mercies of President Kruger.

I returned to Mafeking, my wife accompanying me as far as Bloemfontein, where she remained behind with my son, and a few days after I reached home the news came to us that peace was declared. It was hardly realisable although we had expected it, and at first came as a kind of slump on one's energy. We had been so long immersed in war, and so long living amidst its incidents, that it seemed as though something was lacking, and the feeling was a little

akin to that of leaving the glare of the footlights after an enthralling play and driving home quietly in a four-wheeled cab to bed in the suburbs. It was all over, thousands of valuable lives lost, and several hundreds of millions of pounds spent, mainly to gratify the inordinate ambition of the Dutch to drive the British flag out of Africa. And they had gone perilously near to it, for had their leaders known their business better they could without doubt have pinned us to the coast-line, and have compelled us either to abandon the country or to reconquer it, the latter a task of almost superhuman difficulty. One of the oddest things about it was the virulence which it caused against us in the minds, utterances, and, as far or even further than decency permitted, the actions of foreign nations. This feeling arose partly no doubt from the natural desire to take the part of the little boy in his struggle with the big boy, but mainly from a feeling that our whole colonial empire was at stake, and that the world was within measurable distance of seeing England standing alone, her colonies slipping away from her one by one, and her mighty power shattered for ever. The Boers would never have kept up their tremendous resistance had they not believed that sooner or later Europe would intervene. I recollect coming across an intelligent young Boer officer, then a prisoner, who had been educated at the South African College in Cape Town and afterwards in Scotland, whose opinions on this subject were indicative of the general belief. He asserted that intervention was an absolute certainty. He said again and again, "We know it." Argument was useless with him; he, who was a staff officer in the confidence of his government, simply stated, "I am as certain of it as that I am standing here to-day." To point out to him that foreign nations were unprepared to cope with our fleets upon the seas, that there was no real union among them, that abstract sympathy was very different from concrete

action, was all of no avail. If such thoughts could animate one of their most intelligent thinkers, what might be deemed to be the views of the rank and file, who only derived their information from the inflammatory articles, baseless falsehoods, and infamous cartoons of the foreign newspapers.

I have often wondered what the Boer leaders really thought when peace was proclaimed. Did they think that they had lost their country, and that not only the British flag, but the Englishman himself would oust them from their domination, and ultimately take from them the land which they loved and the homes which they cherished? I think not. The Boers knew us better than we knew ourselves, or at all events better than the enthusiastic band of English workers who set out so manfully under Lord Milner's banner to build up a nation of patriotic Britons on that unfruitful soil. Certainly one great Boer knew the truth, and that was General de la Rey, who not long after the war vented his opinion at his home at Lichtenburg very openly. He said, "You think you have taken our country, but that you will never do, and I will tell you why. Your people will never live on the land; it does not suit them. They try it and then crowd to the towns, and they always will do so. Our people live on the veldt, they love the small country towns, they love their life in their wagons, and even the smell of the crowded market-places as they camp in them on their weekly and monthly visits. More than that, our people must outnumber yours; our boys marry at twenty and have very large families; your people marry at forty or do not marry at all, and when they do, have only two or three children. No! your people have beaten us in the war, but they can never take our country from us." Were ever truer words spoken, and has not later history demonstrated their absolute accuracy?

If Lord Milner's work had been arduous up to this period, surely it was far more arduous now. It

was for him to build up order out of chaos, and if possible to do so in a way which should effect a permanent British occupation of not only the large towns, but of the illimitable veldt. I think that perhaps he founded his hopes mostly on the educational side of the question. An enormous amount of money was spent in establishing English schools in every corner of the country, where English teachers solemnly taught English traditions. And yet how utterly the whole thing was on the surface, and how completely it failed to win over one single Boer child. To see the children day by day singing our National Anthem was enough to tell us how hollow it all was; the lines of sullen faces giving utterance to a well-taught lesson which they loathed. More than half of them, while opening their mouths, made no sound, and those who did sing did so, I have no shadow of doubt, with a full mental reservation. I remember expressing this view to a most capable and earnest school inspector at my house in Mafeking, who was full of hope and enthusiasm, and he openly pitied me for my inability to appreciate the value of his work. I said, "Every hour of your time is wasted, every thought which you are trying to inculcate is falling on barren soil. As sure as I stand here to-day, in ten years the Boers will have all and more than they had before, although they will not for a while regain their flag." I have said this so often, and in so many companies, and so many have heard me say it, that I am not afraid of being accused of prophesying after the event. When we find now, as we do find, not only British patriotism practically a dead letter among the mass of the people, but the very English language itself sought to be driven from our schools in an important part of the South African Union, we may well look back with a gentle melancholy at the misplaced enthusiasm which strove so hard in the hopeless quest for the germs of a British patriotism in the hearts of Boer children.

The British land settlement schemes were as earnestly undertaken, only to meet with the same sad failure. Great things were spoken of the future condition of South Africa, one utterance I recollect being a description of the time when "sturdy British farmers and simple Boer maidens shall mate together, their progeny growing up throughout the country as the mainstay of a loyal and progressive Colony." All this, of course, would nowadays be termed bunkum, but then it was verily and indeed the daily pabulum of a number of excellent men on whose shoulders the mission of the regeneration of South Africa temporarily fell. Look at those projects now, look at the land, and ask where those loyal and progressive children are to be found. The Englishman did, it is true, frequently marry the Boer girl, but in every single case I have seen in my time in Africa the children followed the mother, and if their homes were on the veldt and not in the towns, Dutch sympathies and the Dutch language came to the offspring of those marriages as surely as the night follows the day.

The natural result of the war was that a very large number of home and colonial officers and men were left more or less to their own resources. The great majority of these were gradually reabsorbed in the various civil walks of life, but a number had to be provided for, at all events temporarily, and this was done by employing them in the gigantically costly "Repatriation" scheme, which was designed primarily to replace the Boers on their farms and to give them something to restart themselves. Many of these men were capable and hardworking, but there was a residuum who were essentially undesirable, whom I have heard classed as "blood and treasure men," from their habit of grieving over the cruel ingratitude with which they, who had "shed blood and treasure" for their country, had been treated by England. As a matter of fact the war provided

many of them with more treasure than they ever had or were likely to have in any other walk of life, and such as these shed uncommonly little blood in their country's cause. However, they crept into billets here and there, with the result that their doings did not tend to exalt the repatriation scheme in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen. The Boer farmers, too, made an uncommonly good thing out of it, and the British taxpayer was milked on their behalf to an extent which, luckily for him, he never realised or appreciated.

At this period Mr Chamberlain, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, visited South Africa and travelled through it very thoroughly. Despite all his great brilliancy and grasp of affairs it was inevitable that he should gather many tares amidst the wheat of his information, and while, doubtless, much good resulted from his visit, he, I fancy, carried away with him many wrong impressions. I was almost startled one day to hear him in close conversation with a well-known South African statesman in high office, who poured into his ears a tale of the patriotism and loyalty which animated his fellow-citizens in a way which staggered me. When he was afterwards asked why he did it, his reply was, "I just told him what I knew he wanted to hear." And so it went on, as story after story was launched upon him, much of which he probably consigned to the limbo of fiction, but much of which, too, without doubt remained in his mind as fact.

Never surely did any distinguished personage on tour travel with the speed of Mr Chamberlain. His mules, constantly changed, kept up something like a continuous gallop, and I shall not soon forget the twenty miles over which I, with Sir Arthur Lawley and others on horseback, accompanied him from Malmani to Mafeking. The ride, too, was followed by misfortune, one amongst others being that the mare I rode, which was the best I ever had, stepped

upon a nail under the triumphal archway at the entrance of Mafeking, consequent upon which she had to be shot in a fortnight. General Baden-Powell was Mr Chamberlain's very capable *cicerone* during his stay, and I accompanied them to many points of interest. No description of the visit of Mr Chamberlain would be complete without allusion to his wife, who carried with her wherever she went a charm which won the hearts of all who met her. Her value to her husband in all his doings was far above rubies, her gentle nature and womanly pride in his ability being the natural and attractive complement of his strong and masterful personality.

My journeys in the Protectorate were constant, and in the later period of my time were, so far as the railway was concerned, very comfortably made. I travelled in a coach fitted with every convenience and lighted by electricity. I had great difficulty as to the question of this railway coach. I at last persuaded Lord Milner and the Colonial Office that it was a necessity, but the Treasury was the difficulty, and their letters displayed such absolute lack of knowledge of the conditions in wild Africa that they are worth comment. The Colonial Office expressed the hope that the Treasury would recognise that the coach was necessary for purposes of general administration. The Treasury suggested that the commissioner should make use of the ordinary trains, the Colonial Office replying that they were infrequent, and, further, that an officer of the rank of the commissioner should have a suitable place of habitation while travelling within his territory, in which the Treasury concurred, but argued that they were at a loss to understand why that officer could not avail himself of the various hotels which were doubtless provided at all stopping places. One would have thought that all in authority would have known at least something of the conditions of life in such a country as the Protectorate, and yet here we

had a prominent official of a great department pledging the august names of "My Lords Commissioners of the Treasury" to the absurd supposition that a wholly barbaric territory occupied by Kaffir chiefs was provided throughout with suitable and convenient hotels. The Colonial Office at last succeeded in conveying something of the facts to the Treasury and the coach was sanctioned, but as a matter of fact it was never built, as the Rhodesian railways provided one at all times at a moderate rate, so the difficulties were got over. The story was almost worthy of association with that credited to the War Office of the mice, the cat, the traps, and the bait.

I made many train journeys, the most interesting being my return in 1905 to the Victoria Falls. On the 14th of August 1883 I first visited the Falls, as I have already told. On the 14th of August 1905 I revisited them, to find there (for crowds now travelled thither) all the conveniences of civilisation. The great bridge was nearly finished, though part of it was still unplanked, the rails being laid over a yawning gulf of six hundred feet. My wife and I crossed this on a trolley, and I confess that I was never more frightened in my life as the shaky and insecure little rattle-trap, pushed by shouting Kaffirs, who ran fearlessly along the metals, threatened every moment to capsize. The engineers and all concerned crossed it in a dozen different ways all day long, and wandered through its mazes above and below as though strolling in Piccadilly, but to the uninitiated it was a fearsome task, and we were glad when we got safely back. It was very sad going over the old ground, for although the Chartered Company had done all that was possible to conserve the natural beauties, the mark of the beast was everywhere, the beast being the ubiquitous tourist. Even on Livingstone Island, on the very verge of the famous gorge, the ground was littered with the papers of a previous

picnic party, and it seemed as though visitors positively tried to ruin the place. Another of our delightful trips was to Salisbury, the capital of Rhodesia, a city of magnificent distances, but unutterably dreary. We spent Christmas there and met with much kindness, but we thanked our stars that we had not got to live there. I believe it has grown very much since then, and is now a pleasant place enough. The two principal towns of Rhodesia, Bulawayo and Salisbury, were sadly melancholy. Once the Government engaged a number of Metropolitan Police for service in Bulawayo, and these unfortunate men, tempted by high pay and full of the thoughts of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," went out brimming over with hopes of an eventful existence. A few months of patrolling the dreary wastes of morass which were termed streets enlightened them as to the true conditions, and I was told by the civil commissioner that they earnestly begged him to release them from their engagement as they felt it impossible to stand it any longer; and I believe that they were released.

On the occasion of one of my journeys I stopped at a small station in the Protectorate, Lobatsi. It happened that there was much of importance passing at the time between the High Commissioner and myself, and I spent the day in telegraphing to him and to others. The unfortunate stationmaster came to me in the evening saying, "You have kept me pretty busy to-day, Sir, for you have sent more than two thousand words over the wires." The Protectorate Government had an old contract which still existed with the Cape Government, who had the control of the wires, under which, by payment of £1000 a year, telegrams were free. Just after the war I met Sir Somerset French, the Cape Postmaster-General, who mildly remonstrated with me, stating that the telegrams of my Government for one year totalled up to over £7000.

CHAPTER XXI

BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE—*continued*

In 1904 I took leave to England, my total home leave since the year 1897 having only amounted to about two months. My wife and I decided to hire a small steam yacht, as we both hated motor cars and all that belonged to them. However, while wandering about London I one day strolled into the late Mr Charles Rolls' works at Lillie Bridge, where it suddenly occurred to me that my prejudices were stupid and that a car was exactly what I wanted, so, without consulting my wife, I ordered a small Panhard to be built for me, provided it could be ready in three weeks. I wrote this news to my wife, who was in the country, and she replied vainly protesting that she could never enter it, that she had only been in a car once in her life and had returned with a violent headache, and politely intimating that I was an ass. However, the car was built within the time, and we, with two portmanteaus on the top of it, started for Scotland in July, while the varnish was hardly dry. Never was there such a supreme success as that dear little Panhard, and from that day to this my wife and I have spent all our holidays motoring, roaming over England, Scotland, and Wales by every road, and it would almost seem every by-road, until I think we know our own mother country as well as, if not better, than those who make their living in it. Motoring opens out a new life to those

who take to it. Train travelling tells you but little of the country you pass through, and even what it does tell is confined to a few railway lines. In motoring you see the glorious beauties of England in their perfection; lanes, meadows, villages, parks, rivers, lakes, or mountains all take new life, and the English motorist knows that of all the world there is no spot so supremely lovely as the dear old land which, no matter in what country his work may lie, he loves to call home. I was fortunate with my car in that, after nine months' work and travelling 5000 miles, I sold it for two-thirds of the sum I gave for it.

With the exception of the difficulty as to his status within the Cape Colony, which is a constant trouble, I think that the position of the resident commissioner of the Bechuanaland Protectorate is one of the most pleasant of those in the gift of the Colonial Office, while the work is delightful and varied. It had the merit, too, of being the only post within my experience in which the holder could hope to live on his pay. I had an official income which, with allowances, amounted to £1400 a year, while in addition I had travelling expenses, a furnished house, orderlies, a coachman, horses and forage, carriages, harness, free railway travelling over nearly the whole of South Africa, and a free railway coach. Altogether £2000 a year would not have covered the direct and indirect emoluments of the commissioner. It is not a penny too much, as the expenses are considerable, but while holding it I, for the first time in my career, was freed from the burden of supplementing my official with my private income. I had, too, the pleasure of frequent change. Constant journeys hither and thither to the native chiefs were a necessity, and I look back with infinite pleasure to those journeys when, accompanied often by my wife, I travelled great distances by train, mule cart and bullock wagon over the picturesque country which was under

my control. The extent of the Protectorate is not realised by those outside of it, it being roughly about seven hundred by six hundred miles. The actual railway line runs through it for a distance of over four hundred miles. The ideas held about it during and shortly after the war by some of the newly exported and extravagantly paid departmental officers at Pretoria were sometimes quaint. They had, of course, nothing to do with it, but they occasionally favoured me with communications which showed how little they had learnt of the geographical and official conditions of Africa. I once received a stern admonition from a high departmental officer of the Transvaal censuring me for "delaying the returns of your district," and directing me to send them in at once. I recollect that my reply was a brief minute written across his own letter in red ink: "Consult a map, and if that fails to enlighten you, seek knowledge from the Director-General of Education." I called the attention of the High Commissioner's office to these repeated errors, and received the somewhat humorous reply, "Don't mind, as only the other day one of them sent in a communication to the High Commissioner himself bidding him to be more careful in the use of his stationery."

The assistant commissioner of the Northern Protectorate at the time of my arrival lived at Khama's capital of Palachwe, which place Khama decided to abandon and to establish himself at Serowe, a place some forty or fifty miles to the west of the railway line. I, accompanied by the assistant commissioner and Khama, drove out to inspect the site of the new town and to see if it was suitable. The journey was curious, because Khama lost his way, a most unusual thing in a native, who, within the limits of his own country, can generally go blindfold. We were short of water and our discomforts were great. The site, when we did see

it, was a charming one, and it is wonderful how in a few short months a great town sprang up there as completely as if it had existed for many years. For some reason the Colonial Office wished to keep the assistant commissioner (Colonel Panzera) at the old town, probably, I think, because of the expense of abandoning and rebuilding elsewhere the whole of his surroundings. I wrote a moving despatch about it and got very journalistic in my descriptive account of the conditions. I wrote, amongst other things, "The natives have left, the traders have left, the missionaries have left, Palachwe is blotted out, the Assistant Commissioner alone remaining." Going into my clerk's office to see if the despatch was copied, I saw lying on the desk an extremely clever cartoon of a ruined town, in the midst of which was portrayed Colonel Panzera, worn with famine, his hair straying about his shoulders, but still booted and spurred as was his wont, sitting moodily contemplating the wreck of all around him, while mice nibbled at his mouldy bread, and snakes writhed about him, and underneath it were written the words I have quoted. I sent the cartoon attached to the despatch and marked "unofficial enclosure" and it ultimately found its way to the Colonial Office, and is, I believe, still there, after which, whether due to my despatch or the cartoon, I cannot say, the Secretary of State acceded to my request and the change was made, the assistant commissioner being moved to Francistown in the Tati district, which was the proper place for him. This incident reminds me of another, based upon a correspondence from Gibraltar relative to smuggling, where a clever cartoon displaying a Spanish gendarme, his uniform stuffed with illicit tobacco, marching past his colleagues on the Spanish lines was similarly attached to a despatch, as to which it is stated that Mr Chamberlain, who saw it, minuted upon it, "This lends interest to an otherwise dreary

correspondence." Even dry-as-dust official correspondence sometimes has its humours, and it is recorded that not long since the colonial secretary of one of our small colonies, which is more than all the sport of the winds and the waves, wrote in his annual report: "The only reason that the officials of this Colony remain alive is that there are no trees in it high enough to hang themselves upon."

The assistant commissioner of the Southern Protectorate lived at Gaberones, and I was frequently there, as it was an excellent centre from which to visit my chiefs. I tried several cases of murder at Gaberones, one, I recollect, being curiously dramatic. The trial was prolonged, and I determined to finish it that day. Night came on, and the only means of lighting the Court was by candles which were stuck in empty bottles, shedding a dim and weird light on the Court. To add to its terrors a violent thunderstorm came on, and there, in the midst of the storm, I sat and pronounced sentence of death upon the prisoner. I recollect that the awesome surroundings so affected the clerk of the Court that he broke down in his duties, and I had to take them off his shoulders. The interpretation of the evidence was sometimes odd, although no injustice was done, as one of the assistant commissioners thoroughly understood the language. At this very trial we listened to a long and learned dissertation by the medical officer, full of technical terms quite beyond me to grasp, but which were glibly interpreted to the prisoner by a Basuto sergeant of police without even a pause. The interpreter knew all about the real facts, and he simply gave his own views stripped of all that he deemed unnecessary verbiage, which was a process much better suited to the prisoner than the language of a medical text-book; and when he strayed off the track the assistant commissioner corrected him. It reminded me a little though of the old story of the judge who sought to restrain his interpreter in the too

free use of the simple vernacular by substituting words of his own in a delicate case which was being tried before him, and who was met by a hesitating appeal from the interpreter of "I beg Your Lordship's pardon, but I am afraid I have not yet learnt all Your Lordship's fancy words."

A great deal of work fell upon me consequent upon the war in German South-West Africa between the Germans and the coloured forces of the Herreros and the Hottentots under Witbooi. There was a frontier line of much over six hundred miles between German territory and the Protectorate. How the Germans first got this territory is now ancient history, but it was due to the utter lack of interest shown at the time in all that concerned South Africa. We had been beaten by the Boers, and our policy was one of "scuttle." I believe that at one time we even contemplated handing over to the Germans Walfisch Bay, the only port in the neighbourhood, but that was happily averted, and they had to content themselves with Angra Pequena and Swartkopmund. The loss of the actual territory of South-West Africa, arid and profitless as so much of it is, was not so material as the admission of German influence into a part of the world peculiarly our own and the loss of prestige entailed by it in the minds of the natives.

At that time I had recently received an addition to my police force in Mr Arnold Hodson, who was appointed to a sub-inspectorship, and upon him fell most of the burden of watching the German operations and reporting them to me. Lieutenant Hodson, since appointed to Somaliland, has not long since written an interesting book entitled *Trekking the Great Thirst*, which gives a modest account of much of his work on our western frontier, but he has quite failed to express the value of it to the British Government. He was without doubt the best police officer I ever had, and to his untiring work

in the Kalahari desert is largely due the elimination of numerous incidents which must have brought about serious friction between the German Government and ourselves. Mr Hodson was for a long time on the German frontier and was frequently in association on one side of the border or the other with the Hottentots. The Germans suffered from all the faults which until recently characterised our own troops; their uniform, their kit, their methods were all European, and were totally unfitted for the conditions in which they found themselves. Mr Hodson has often described to me the way in which the Hottentots used to mimic the Germans while sitting with their women over their camp fires. They would hang about them all their cooking utensils or anything that would rattle and then jump up and down on their stools in imitation of the military ride of the German soldier laden with unnecessary accoutrements, while the women would roll themselves about and shout with laughter. I am afraid that the many criticisms levelled at ourselves by foreign nations in the Boer War and at other times made me take a somewhat unholy pleasure in these jokes against our neighbours, whose mistakes were far greater than our own and whose faults were more pronounced. That the Germans should prevail in the end was, of course, a certainty, but it was by no means a bad thing that they found such fighting a thorny path to tread.

One of my most successful actions while Resident Commissioner was the blocking out of the terrible cattle disease, known as coast fever, which ravaged Rhodesia and did serious harm in the Transvaal. Had it reached us it would have utterly ruined us. In 1896 the Protectorate lost nearly one million head of cattle by rinderpest; the number is almost inconceivable, but it is an officially recorded fact. Coast fever was even more deadly than rinderpest. Yet it was with the utmost difficulty that I main-

tained my position, even the High Commissioner gently remonstrating with me for being "unneighbourly," but I managed to stick to my point, with the result that during a period extending over several years the country to the north and east of us was desolated, while in the Protectorate we never had one single case. The Cape Government, to whom I formed a protective zone, never recognised my work, although their principal veterinary officer once told me that to myself alone was the credit due that the Cape Colony was free. No government in South Africa except my own could have done it. We were a pure despotism and, subject possibly to active interference by either the High Commissioner or the Secretary of State, I could do what I chose. Fortunately in the interests of the country even the House of Commons forgot our existence and the peripatetic politician never troubled our horizon. I doubt if there were twenty men in that august House who knew anything at all about us except as a mere name; and saving only in matters connected with the "Tati concessions," I do not think we were ever heard of in Parliament until the Batawana affair, of which I will tell presently. With the "Tati concessions" I had a good deal of trouble. They were a gold-mining company of some commercial consequence who, unfortunately for us, were blessed with a political chairman of some influence, the Master of Elibank, who, desiring to create his company into a small *Imperium in Imperio*, resented the intervention of the Government in its affairs. However, I generally came out on the upper side. I recollect the occasion of one of my judgments on appeal in a Tati concessions' case in which I decided against the company. An ultimate appeal was made against me to the Privy Council, and I happened to be present in London at the hearing where Lord Davey presided. I listened to counsel hopelessly misstating every fact and distorting my

judgment until I myself doubted whether I was a veritable Judge Jeffreys in my disregard of justice. I felt my cause was gone and longed to speak, but was compelled to sit dumb under the torrent of misrepresentation. Counsel finished, and to my amazement old Lord Davey, after a word with his colleagues, said to the counsel upholding my views, "We will not trouble you, Mr A." I could hardly credit my ears. Why or how the judges had grasped the facts I do not know to this day, but they had, and I had won my race without even being called upon to canter over the course. The opposing counsel fired one last shot, saying, "But, my Lords, the Resident Commissioner ruled so and so;" to which the reply was, "If the Resident Commissioner had so ruled he would have been wrong, but we have nothing to indicate to us that he did so except your own statement."

In 1904 Lord Milner left South Africa. I was his guest at Johannesburg at a very interesting farewell party which was gathered there at Government House, consisting of the Governor of Natal, the Lieutenant-Governors of the Orange River Colony and of the Transvaal, and other well-known personages. The Governor of the Cape Colony was for some reason unable to be there.

Lord Milner's work after the war was, I am disposed to think, more arduous than during the war. He gave his whole soul to it, and his utter weariness was manifest to all who saw him. He felt, as I suppose many of us have felt at some time or other in our official career, that he had so many strings in his hands that his continued presence was a necessity, and so feeling he laboured on at a task which must have weighed heavily upon him. It was imputed to him that he was solely in the hands of the capitalists, which was untrue, although it is probable that his own views were similar to those held by the capitalists. Never in the history of the

empire has there been a more absolutely pure governor than Lord Milner. That he left South Africa a poor man is the best proof of this. Not only would it have been easy for him to make a fortune without blemish, but it must have been only by constant restraint that he did not become rich. He knew everything, and everything was within his grasp without the possibility of tarnishing his hands. But he passed it all by, and, to the best of my belief, unless he saved something from his salary, he left South Africa as poor a man as when he entered it. It is possible that it would have been better if he had not stayed so long. His name, associated as it was with the loss of their territory and flag, was necessarily odious to the Boers, while the work after the excitement of the war could not but have been something of an anti-climax to him. His scheme of qualified self-government, which fell stillborn, could not, in my opinion, have ever been a success. It provided for an elective parliament with a nominee government, who were to hold seats as of right. What governor with a knowledge of either a self-governing colony or a crown colony could believe in the ultimate success of it? It practically constituted the High Commissioner and his nominee advisers the Aunt Sallys of parliament and the country, without giving them the power of a shy back in return, deprived as they would have been of the powers which they had under the crown colony system. Much as I dislike and distrust the full powers now given under the Act of Union to a people who are not at heart loyal to us, and whom we cannot expect to be loyal, they were the only possible alternative to a crown colony government.

Lord Milner left South Africa after a great career, after brilliant work done for the Empire during one of the most trying periods of its existence, to the sorrow of those who believed in him as an upright and untiring administrator, but, nevertheless, it was

as well that he should go, for the time had come for changes which made it necessary to uproot much of the system which he had built up, and to replace it with a structure which should, if possible, command the support of all within the country. Whether that system, now that it has been reared, will conduce to the greater glory of the Empire is a matter which many of us doubt, but it was inevitable and we must abide by it. His departure, to those of us who served under him and who honoured his whole-souled integrity, was a deep personal loss, and I, for one, look back upon the time that I worked under his chieftainship as one of the most interesting periods of my official life.

He was succeeded after a long interregnum by Lord Selborne, and I well remember that the news was received with something of disappointment, Lord Selborne being believed to be a peer of no great distinctive mark who, although he had risen to Cabinet rank, would come to us imbued with all the methods of the Colonial Office, in which he had served so long as Under Secretary. But what a mistake we all made, for, from the very beginning of his period of office, he won the goodwill of all, and not only the goodwill but a belief in his clear-headed administrative wisdom, which he carried with him throughout his term of office. The Boers were especially attracted by him, a feeling which I ascribe to his country breeding. He was more than a careful and wise administrator, for he was at heart a country squire. We all know the type of country gentleman who at our agricultural meetings and such places wins the regard of farmers and labourers alike by a natural and hearty good fellowship untinged by familiarity and yet genuinely real. Such a one was Lord Selborne. He hit the Boer in the bullseye at first shot and never got off it. Again and again have the old Boers spoken to me of him as one whom they delighted to respect, and in whose interest in them

they thoroughly believed. He was, too, a sportsman, full of joy in country pursuits, and nowhere was he happier than when shooting in the Transvaal or elsewhere with the old Boer farmers, who always bid him a hearty welcome. From the very outset Lord Selborne made his mark, and during the whole of his administration he never for a moment lost the confidence or the goodwill of all.

My experiences in Bechuanaland would be incomplete without a word or two as to the missionaries who form such an important factor in all native territories. I suppose that, like nineteen out of twenty of my own kind, I started with an instinctive and ingrained dislike of them. The cocksure young man with a mission is somewhat inclined to be arrogant in his superiority over his fellows, and he is too often but ill educated, like the youthful Scottish enthusiast who consulted his minister as to his labour in the mission field, to whom the minister said, "And what is your College, young man, and whaur did ye learn your qualifications?" to receive the reply, "I learnt nothing and have no college, Meenister; the Lord just puts words into ma mouth and I speak them;" the old minister replying, "Indeed, and that's verra interesting, and I can nae call to mind any such similar remarkable occurrence since the days of Balaam's ass."

There is something picturesque and attractive in the university man who sacrifices all the joys of society and home life to try and do some good in so unfruitful a soil. The young and athletic bishop who carries his Oxford freshness and zeal into a wild country simply because he feels that there is something in him which must find vent in striving to carry out our Lord's teaching to "go into all the world" becomes at once a delightful personality to us. The martyrdom of Bishop Patteson in the South Sea Islands, of Bishop Hannington in East Africa, and the life-long

labours of Dr Livingstone on the African continent all make a stirring appeal to us. And who can fail, too, to find beauty in the lives unhesitatingly given up to the teaching of the Cross by the cultured priests of the Roman Catholic Church, who count nothing as lost if they can but teach the lesson which to them is far more than life itself. But in the nonconformist missionary there is, as a rule, but little to attract us. He springs from a class of society which does not offer many joys to him in England, and his missionary life more often than not provides him with a livelihood considerably more comfortable than he can attain elsewhere. He finds himself endowed with authority hitherto unknown to him, with material comforts exceeding those of his home life, blessed, or the reverse, with a wife to minister to his wants, and in the receipt of a substantial addition to his income for every child whom he adds to the sum of the world. All this cannot fail to strike us, and it does strike us, and is the almost universal subject of critical comment to the ordinary traveller when speaking of the mission system. To accentuate this, it is past possibility of denial that for a long period the fatal stain of trade was mixed up with missionary effort. In the South Seas of the Pacific matters at one time got to such a pitch that a British man-of-war had to intervene, and in South Africa the missionary was too often allowed to enrich himself by trade, the result being that even to-day half the world regards the nonconformist missionary as a man who covers a profitable undertaking with a cloak of religion. But, so far as my experience counts, all this is of the past. The great "London Missionary Society," which I know best of all among the nonconformists, has long repressed with a stern hand the slightest attempt on the part of their ministers to engage in trade, and during the whole of my personal experience I have never found one single instance of it. On the

contrary, I have found homely families seeking to do good and living a somewhat dull life amidst daily colourless surroundings. Apart, too, from the religious side of it, missionary effort may be a most valuable aid to those who administer these more or less turbulent native territories. The native sees those around him living cleanly lives, not seeking his money except to build places of worship or to promote education, not running after his women; and, in spite of himself, he respects them, and in respecting them he learns something in which he may honour the white man. In the trader he often sees but little to respect, and it is well that he should learn that there is something more in white colonisation than the desire to acquire his land and gain profit at his expense. In the nonconformist system, too, he finds an outlet which is thoroughly congenial to him for such spirituality as he may unconsciously possess. He easily assimilates himself to long and, as many of us think, dreary prayers, he falls easily into the constant slow droning of wearisome hymns, and still more readily into praying loud and long for his neighbours, while forgetting his own sins, and I think that some of the wisest among the missionaries themselves would be the first to admit that large numbers of their flock have caught a good deal more of the shadow of their religion than of its substance. It is idle to deny that the Church of England is not so popular with the natives as is nonconformity. The clergy do not admit it, but figures show it. I think that this is due not only to the unconventional services, but to the so-called social gatherings which, alike in England and the Colonies, do so much towards binding the varying elements of nonconformity. With the Church differences of class make such gatherings either impossible or unreal; in nonconformity there is practically no difference of class, or if there is it is so slight as to be insignificant, for in forty-nine cases out of fifty when a man or woman rises

in the social scale their sons and daughters abandon nonconformity just as they take to late dinners. Speaking generally, Roman Catholicism does not catch on with the South African native. It does not admit the personal element enough to satisfy him. He cannot grasp the possibility of being saved without his own full personal intervention ; and spiritual groaning is as the breath of his nostrils to him. Hence, as a rule, the earnest and self-denying Jesuits, while honoured by those around them for their unselfish lives and their cheerfully borne hardships, make but little headway among the uncultured races in Africa. My own experience in Africa is that the native is far more trustworthy in his pagan than in his semi-Christian state. The Chief Khama is a notable contradiction to this view, for he is as true and honest as he is genuinely religious. The greatest thief I ever had in my employ was the most outwardly pious exponent of his religion. They are not above a little deception, too, in such matters when it adds to their personal comfort. I was amused on one occasion by a Roman Catholic priest who came to me one day in the far interior and informed me that one of my boys was a convert to his faith, and asked that he might be permitted to attend mass, to which I cheerfully consented, though I wholly misdoubted the conversion. Some months later, when staying with a Congregational minister in Matabeleland, he said to me, "I am greatly interested to learn that one of your boys is a member of the choir of my brother's church in Grahamstown." "Is he?" I said, "it is instructive to know this, as he was a devout Roman Catholic convert at Pandamatenka, and I do not doubt that he will adopt the tenets of the Church of England on the first opportunity that he can get access to the parson's kitchen and any loaves and fishes to be found in it." After all my native boy was not, perhaps, the only man who has managed to suit his creed to his environment.

Native superstitions are sometimes hard to eradicate, and, after all, I am not sure that they are one whit worse than our own over the number thirteen and all similar fancies. Among the Baralong people, who had their headquarters at Mafeking, I once saw one of their predictions remarkably realised. Their chief Wessels Montsioa died, and a day was fixed for his funeral, which I was to attend. I was warned beforehand that the day of a chief's funeral was always marked by a terrible storm such as was rarely seen, to which I did not pay much attention. It was a lovely day without a cloud in the sky, and when the afternoon arrived I, with my travelling cart and escort, started from Headquarter House to the native church. While we were on our way a storm suddenly broke out of such fearful violence that it was absolutely appalling. The rain came down in sheets and the wind blew so that we could hardly go through. I got to the church, my escort taking shelter where they could, and the service began, but it had hardly proceeded when a hail-storm burst upon us of such fury that for forty minutes (I took the time) the clergyman stood in his place without saying one word, for not a sound could be heard. The hail then turned into rain, and when we left the church to march behind the body to the burial-place in the chief's cattle kraal, we were walking positively over our knees in water, while the little sluggish Molopo river was a roaring torrent of over a hundred yards wide, violent enough to have swept away an army. I have never seen such a convulsion of storm and rain either before or since, but the natives took it as a matter of course and as the invariable accompaniment of the death of their chief. It is wonderful, too, how even educated natives, thoroughly used to civilisation, cling to ignorance. While out driving one day with my wife I turned to my groom behind me, an exceptionally intelligent young fellow, and said, "Benjamin, the crops are going to be rather

bad this year," and he replied, "Yes, Sir, of course they will be." I said, "Why do you say of course?" "Oh," he replied, "it must be so, because the white man has stopped the rain." I said, "You idiot, haven't even you wits enough to know that the white man has no power to do anything of the sort?" and he replied, "No, Sir, I know very well that he can and that he does do it, so that the people will have no food and so will have to go to the stores in the towns to buy it." I reasoned with him that if the people had no crops they would have no money to buy food, and that good crops meant good profits to the traders, but all that I got was the dogged reply, "No, Sir, we all know very well that it is the white man who stops the rain." This ignorance on the part of an otherwise highly intelligent domestic servant serves to indicate the abyss of superstition in which the mass of natives are plunged, despite their schools, their missionaries, and their modernised surroundings.

Early in 1906 I went over to Johannesburg on a visit to Lord Selborne, and one evening while dressing for dinner I heard a tap at my door, and Lord Selborne himself came in and greeted me with the words, "I congratulate you heartily. Here is a telegram offering you the Governorship of British Honduras." I am afraid I must have seemed very ungrateful, for I blurted out, "British Honduras! Oh, but, Sir, I don't think I want it." He said, "Think well before you refuse it; remember it is a Governorship and on the upward road." I went into my wife's room and told her, and she at once said, "Refuse it, we can never live there. We want promotion dreadfully, but surely not to that." All that night I wavered, but next morning the wording of the telegram, which gave me to understand that a refusal of the offer by me would not prevent my selection for another governorship should a suitable occasion arise, finally decided me, and with Lord

Selborne's entire approval, I declined the offer. It was fortunate that I did so, for I believe it would have proved the end of my official career.

After Lord Selborne had been about a year in the country, he decided to go on a visit to the Protectorate accompanied by Lady Selborne, and it devolved upon me to make all the arrangements for them so that they should see every paramount chief with his tribe, except of course the Batawana people, who were too far away, and that Lòrd Selborne himself should have some good shooting. The visit was to last between a fortnight and three weeks, and great preparation was necessary, as very many hundreds of miles, both on the railway system and away from it, had to be travelled, while every single night had to be spent in a specially prepared camp. In India these things are easy, but in Africa the difficulties are great, especially in this case where there was absolutely no civilisation of any sort to help me. I first called a meeting of the officers whom I wished to detail for the work, and laid the whole plan before them. We pictured the High Commissioner arriving within our borders, and tried to foreshadow his every movement and every want for almost every hour of each day during his visit. When it is realised that two large special trains were required during the whole period, large numbers of horses, mules, oxen, wagons, and Cape carts and all the paraphernalia attaching to them, and that all these things had to be conveyed by train great distances in the night for service at another place on the following day, that tens of thousands of natives had to be gathered together at different spots with the necessary supplies, that elaborate camps had to be built where we were away from the railway, extensive shooting plans to be organised and a thousand other details to be attended to, and that the whole of it fell on my shoulders alone to organise, some idea may be

formed of the work I had to do. We arranged the camps in four sections, first, for .the High Commissioner and his party; secondly, for myself and my party (for my wife accompanied me); thirdly, for the officers; and fourthly, for the men of the escorts and all the others attached to us. We travelled great distances, which were not always realised when they were done at night. I had a little laugh at Lady Selborne one morning, when at 8 A.M. she looked out of the train and saw her own cart, with the ten beautiful black mules which I had provided for her and in which she had driven the day previous, saying, "Ah, the dear things, and did they trot up in the night?" We had travelled two hundred and fourteen miles that night!

Never were there two pleasanter people to travel with than Lord and Lady Selborne. They saw the brightest side of everything—he a sportsman to the tips of his fingers, and she taking to camp life as though she had been born to it. It is so easy to cater for people of that kind; they take things as they find them so much more cheerily than less well bred people. It is recorded of a Johannesburg lady that she, on the first arrival of Lady Selborne, remarked, "The High Commissioner is all right, but his wife cannot be anybody of consequence for she wears such plain clothes." This, of one of the great house of Cecil, who could be, and was a real grande dame when occasion demanded, is rather typical of some of the feminine newly rich of the South African gold-fields. I had arranged for separate messes, but the High Commissioner would not hear of it, and we sat down daily a party of sixteen to dinner. I had engaged the famous hunter Van Rooyen to bring down his own hunting horses from Rhodesia and to act as hunting guide. He was an old friend of mine of my early journey in 1883, and his experience was great. It was delightful

to see him with Lord Selborne and the cheery good fellowship that existed between them. "Come along, oude Baas," was his constant mode of address to His Excellency, the term being, as I have already explained in the case of President Kruger and "De oude Vrouw," really a term of supreme goodwill. Our meetings with the chiefs and people of the Southern Protectorate had nothing in them of particular interest, but the gathering at Serowe, the headquarters of the Chief Khama, in the Northern Protectorate, was very remarkable. He had arranged a great game drive, and, incredible as it may seem, had turned out eighteen thousand beaters, a number that would stagger even the greatest of our great landholders at home. These men he sent out far afield several days before, making a kind of circle in the manner of the Patagonian Indians. They drove in the game to converge as far as possible towards a platform on which the High Commissioner was to take his place. The shoot came off, but was only fairly successful, as from lack of proper organisation among the various parties the game mostly broke back. Our reception by Khama was the finest native gathering I have ever seen. Khama himself with his chiefs met us some five or six miles out—a plain, unostentatious old man, thoroughly respectful and cordial in his greeting, but as clearly at his ease as though he himself had been born in the purple. He, with Lord Selborne and myself, rode into Serowe, Lady Selborne and my wife driving immediately behind us. On our approach to the town the scene beggared description. Many tens of thousands of men and women, in fact the whole tribe of the Bamangwatos from far and near, met us with a shouting, clanging, and screaming the like of which I have never heard, while the women gave forth a chorus of that curious sound between a whistle and a Swiss yodel, which will be familiar to all who have ever received a great native recep-

tion. To my delight Lord Selborne turned to me and said, "This is marvellous, quite the most wonderful thing I have ever seen. There was nothing approaching it in Basutoland," the last words being especially grateful to me, as, be it known, there is a slight though friendly jealousy between the officials of the Protectorate and Basutoland as to the relative importance of their respective territories.

One of our many little Zulu wars was going on at the time, and I had despatch riders travelling night and day with the news, Lord Selborne often working late into the night at his telegrams. I recollect one cold night very well, when a cheery police officer of mine mixed some steaming glasses of hot toddy, and at about eleven o'clock arrived with them at the tent of the personal staff, shouting out merrily, "Hot toddy here, who wants hot toddy at a penny a glass?" to be confronted to his horror with the High Commissioner himself, whom he thought to be long in bed and who sternly drove him away, being too much immersed in his important work to see the joke of it. However, later on the discomfited visitor was invaded by the staff, all shouting for toddy, and he had to unroll himself from his blankets and boil his kettle again. His offence must have been quickly purged, for he was promoted by Lord Selborne to be an assistant commissioner some months later. Lord Selborne's visit was throughout an immense success, and I was amply rewarded for my part in it when, on reaching Mafeking on the return journey, he jumped out to bid me good-bye, saying, "A glorious trip perfectly managed, without one single hitch from beginning to end." I do not think I have ever met any man with a clearer capacity for gathering the true facts of any case than Lord Selborne. He could listen patiently to the long-winded stories of the native rulers as to their claims for territory, all the while instinctively

separating the chaff from the wheat, and he never, so far as my experience went, made a mistake. He was a chief of that delightful kind, who having given you his confidence supported you, and such an one is a pearl of price, as all officers know.

CHAPTER XXII

THE GREAT BATAWANA CASE

And now I come to the great Batawana question, which centred itself upon the point of whether Sekgoma, who was at the time the ruling chief of the Batawana tribe, or Matibi, a young man of twenty years of age, who was being educated at the famous missionary school of Lovedale in the Cape Colony, was the rightful chief. The Batawana reserve lay to the north, far away across the Kalahari desert, the historic Lake N'gami being within the reserve, the capital being at Tsau, a distance of about five hundred and forty miles from the railway line. Its people were intelligent, masterful, and amply armed with rifles, for the most part of modern pattern, many of which they had got through German territory, many from the refugee Hereros, and more from the Portuguese slave traders in the further north. Sekgoma himself was a man of middle age, of a crafty disposition, and though not avowedly hostile to us, and while technically obedient to the orders of the Commissioner, he had no love for us. At Tsau we kept a police officer with an acting commission as magistrate, who had some thirty Basuto police under his command. There were two or three trading firms up there, and altogether from twelve to fifteen white men lived there.

Sekgoma had gradually alienated the goodwill of a portion of the tribe until it practically became divided into two camps. While matters were in this

condition Sekgoma himself came down country on his way to Kimberley to see a doctor. It was a rash thing to do, as only his personal authority kept matters quiet. He came to see me, and opened up the whole question of the succession, and told his tale. I then, and since, have always thoroughly distrusted him, and I certainly regarded him as a source of grave danger to the peace of the Protectorate; but nevertheless I never doubted that if he was indeed the rightful chief he should be so declared, and should so remain until he forfeited his rights by some overt act. Indeed at the time, although I greatly disliked the man, I was a little inclined to sympathise with his position, and was not by any means sure that the missionaries were not making rather too plausible a case for their *protégé* Matibi. While Sekgoma was on his way to Kimberley, Lord Selborne paid the visit of which I have just told to the Protectorate. While he was there Sekgoma returned as far as Khama's headquarters at Serowe, on his way home again. I sent a message to him that he was to await our arrival at Serowe to lay his case before the High Commissioner. During our stay there Lord Selborne had him before him, and listened to his whole story in so far as he himself was disposed to tell it. Message after message kept reaching us, sent down urgently from Tsau by the magistrate and by the traders, that Tsau was an armed camp, that each section of the natives slept with their rifles in their hands, and that a general fight was imminent, in which the lives of all the whites would most certainly be sacrificed.

One morning in the little office of the magistrate at Serowe, after hearing the outline of part of this most complicated claim, and after further alarmist reports had reached us, the High Commissioner turned to me and said, "I am sorry, Williams, but you must go yourself. There is nothing else to be done." I replied, "Yes, I know it, and had you

not said so I myself should have suggested it." We then and there decided that, pending my inquiry, Sekgoma should be told that he must remain where he was, and that Khama should be asked to ensure that he did so. Sekgoma remained very unwillingly, but Khama then, as always, proved himself a loyal adherent of the Imperial Government. I returned with the High Commissioner to Mafeking, and an incident occurred on the train which displayed his methods with his officers very clearly. I said to him, "My journey will be a very risky one, and native feeling is roused to a dangerous pitch. When I have made the inquiry may I act upon my judgment forthwith without reference to yourself or the Secretary of State? Remember that I shall be nearly six hundred miles across the desert almost entirely unsupported, without the possibility of communication with you and with nothing but my personal authority to rely upon." His reply was, "No, I cannot do it. I am afraid you must refer to me before acting." I simply replied, "Very good, Sir." In the evening his servant came to my railway coach to summon me, and on my entering Lord Selborne's room he suddenly looked up and said, "I withdraw what I said this morning. You can act at once and promptly in accordance with any judgment you may form. I have been thinking that in any case I should have to rely upon your reports and that no possible good could be gained by delay, while it might involve great risk to yourself. You can therefore act without reference either to myself or to the Secretary of State, and your written instructions shall be so worded." It is difficult for me to express the load which this generous concession lifted from my heart. I knew the danger and fairly accurately gauged the position. I had absolute reliance on my own personal authority over natives, and was without a shadow of fear of them provided that I might exercise that authority decisively and

instantly; but I knew also that the faintest doubt of my authority and powers would be fatal and would be followed by utter disaster. It was, then, with a light heart that on my return to Mafeking I began my hasty preparations, for the service was imminent. A message was sent full speed by police despatch riders across the desert that I was coming, and a stern admonition given to all to maintain order until I should make my inquiry. My party consisted, in addition to myself, of Mr Ellenberger the Assistant Commissioner of the Southern Protectorate, Sub-Inspector Surmon, Sub-Inspector Hodson, four white non-commissioned officers, and twenty-one Basuto non-commissioned officers and troopers, with bullock drivers and leaders, making a total number of thirty-nine, a ridiculously inadequate force to deal with a powerful and quasi-hostile tribe, but a dangerously large one to launch out upon the almost waterless Kalahari desert. I took four bullock wagons and a large water cart, all drawn by spans of oxen.

In dealing with natives it is well never to undervalue the importance of effect. I therefore paraded my small force in Mafeking one morning in complete full-dress kit, as though about to take part in a Jubilee procession in Whitehall, inspected every detail, and then and there made each man retire to his quarters and pack, in the smallest possible compass, every single thing ready to be used spick and span when the proper time came. I also packed my blue and gold uniform and cocked hat and dress sword, which, though entirely out of place on a mounted officer, would, I knew, inspire respect in the natives to whom I was going. I tried to forget nothing, and the event proved us to be as well equipped a little force as ever started across the Kalahari. We took, I think, thirty-two horses, and our oxen numbered about one hundred, but these latter we could supplement in some fashion on the

way. My wife, who was a perfect traveller, longed to accompany us, but the risk was too great, and to her sorrow she had perforce to be left behind. I left Mafeking early in May 1906, and arrived at Palapye Road Station, travelling thence by Cape cart to Serowe, where all my party had mustered. I shall never forget Khama's greeting to me when he came to bid me good-bye. After assuring me that I might be confident that he would aid me in every possible way, even with force should I call upon him to do so, the old man put his hand on my shoulder, an unusual thing for a native to do, and, speaking in Sechuana, said, "You are going far and on a dangerous mission, may the great God guard you and bring you safely back." On the afternoon of the 14th of May I left Serowe, and after travelling about two miles out I saw a man sitting on a stone waiting for me, and there sure enough, true to his frequent habit of seeing an honoured guest to the boundaries of his town, was Khama, his slight, lithe, and grizzled old figure looking curiously simple and old fashioned, albeit he was the most famous of all the native chiefs of our time. He again bid me a quiet good-bye, and I watched him for long standing there and looking after me, doubting greatly in his own mind, I am sure, whether I should ever return. That was the last time that I ever saw Khama, and probably I shall never see him again. He was and is a perfect specimen of a fine old native gentleman, preserving to a large extent the entire simplicity of his native habits, while grafting upon them all the best which he had acquired from, and wholly free from the faults of, the white man. A shrewd, far-seeing, capable administrator, he loved his people and yet was true as steel to the King. He had got hold of the reality of the Christian religion while holding himself free from that sanctimonious self-righteousness which nearly always marks the Christianised Kaffir; and if ever there was a native who deserves

CHIEF KHAMA.

[*To face p.* 328.

the honour and respect of Englishmen it is Khama, the dear old chief of the Bamangwato.

That portion of the actual Kalahari desert which we had to cross was in distance about one hundred and eighty miles, and the watering-places were very few. Had I not sometime previously had a couple of additional wells constructed on the roads, we should have found it impossible to travel with so large a party, as the season had been exceptionally dry. Such wells as there were, too, held but very little water, only at best barely sufficient for us, and it was necessary for me to send on mounted police to every watering-place a day or two in advance to prevent any Kaffirs or Bushmen from watering their cattle there until I had passed. In every case but one we drained our wells to their last drop, but as they were recuperative, it only took a day or two for the water to rise to its ordinary level. It seems almost incredible that in that dreary waste of scrub and sand water should be available at levels of some eighty feet below the surface, and sometimes at much less, but it was so in many parts, or the country could not have been traversed at all out of the rainy season.

All three of my officers were extremely good shots and thorough sportsmen, so a good deal of game was shot from time to time, but we had our hands far too full to spend much time on it, as necessity compelled a record trip, a difficult matter where every mile is ploughed through deep sand so heavy that hundreds of times a day it seemed as though the wagons could not possibly be moved without attaching another span. Still we did move, and it is astonishing how if you stop behind, or wander to one side for a few hundred yards to shoot something, the wagons slip away, leaving you with a long weary trudge to come up with them. We seldom, except at night, sat long on the wagons, and if not away shooting generally walked ahead through the sand with nothing to mark the space, each mile seeming dreadfully like the last.

I wish now that I had some notes of all that happened, but I have never kept a single record of my life, except some albums with scattered cuttings from newspapers chronicling great or small events which may have happened to me. Of anything like a diary I have nothing, and I have no notes of stories or incidents as the days went round. Perhaps it is as well, for the details of a journey so full of difficulty, interesting as they are to those who take part in it, are apt to be a bit boring to a reader. And so without any great incident we reached the Botletlie River, and the trek over the Kalahari with my large party was accomplished. It is difficult to realise that the whole of this long journey was practically travelled through uninhabited country so far as permanent settlement of any kind went. A few of Khama's cattle-posts here and there, and a few isolated and wandering Bushmen, constituted the entire population. Even we saw very few human beings of any kind, and I suppose that almost every soul there within reasonable distance came to have a look at us. On the right bank of the Botletlie River lived one miserable trader alone. I forget his name now, but his condition seemed to me almost to beggar description. He had plenty to eat and drink and that was all. He did not shoot, he had no books to read, no soul to speak to, and one would almost fancy no thoughts to think, and, though living on the bank of the river, I judged that he used no water to wash. A more dreary, aimless, wearied specimen of humanity I never saw. A brother had lived with him, but he had left; I am inclined to recollect that we were told he had gone off his head, the natural and only possible result of such a life.

The Botletlie is, in its lower reaches, a fraud, although it is marked in the map as a great river. Most rivers grow bigger as they run downwards by tributaries flowing into them, but the Botletlie has no tributaries, and its volume is constantly lessened

by innumerable outlets for its waters into the interminable desert. Most rivers run into a lake or into the sea. The Botletlie, travelling eastward, never runs anywhere, and gradually loses itself in the neighbourhood of the great Makalakari Pan, sharing in this the nature of the Nata River, which, rising far away near Francistown, close to the Rhodesian border, and flowing westward, finally loses itself near the same pan. The Botletlie rises in the Okovango marshes above Tsau, whither I was going, and comes down in streams under various names, the main river being the Thamelakan, and at the point where it first assumes the name of "Botletlie" it is a noble river indeed, a vast sheet of water interspersed with islands and bordered by great spreading trees, as beautiful as the Zambesi itself above the Victoria Falls. All this time and for many a mile farther on we were in Khama's country, and we now began to come to villages of either Bamangwato or Bushmen, or of the two commingled. The story of my coming had been sent round, and every village was on the tiptoe of expectation, for in those wilds the Czar of Russia himself would not have been as great a man as was the Commissioner, whose name was behind every government order, was attached to every proclamation, and was the watchword of every police trooper, but who never in the history of the country had been seen in the flesh. As we trekked on and passed village after village, whether by day or by night, our welcome was wildly hearty and boisterous. Men and women shrieked out pæans of welcome, guns were fired, drums beaten, horns blown, and at night torches waved at us. They positively overwhelmed us with their greetings, especially myself, whom they danced round with loud and terrifying yells, firing their guns around me, or sometimes almost at me, to my imminent danger, as they were just as likely as not to have left a bullet undrawn. That I escaped accident was

almost a miracle, but I would never allow them to be driven away, and let them rejoice to the top of their bent. We soon arrived at Rakops, the one far away solitary police-station which I maintained as a connecting link between the railway line and the Batawana territory, where were stationed one white non-commissioned officer and two Basuto troopers. Curiously enough, there was a good deal of competition for this post among my police. To me it seemed a terrible spot to be condemned to, but I suppose that the freedom from discipline, the unlimited game and the unfettered domestic arrangements which obtained there offered many charms, for I generally found that my men wanted to go there. The travelling now was even harder in some respects than in the desert, for the winding track lay along the river bank through thick belts of trees, and the sand being fearfully deep, the oxen could hardly get along. Water we had in abundance, as the river, by this time a glorious sheet of water, was continuously at our side. We had plenty of game to shoot, ducks, francolins (known as pheasants), partridges, and guinea-fowl being in incredible numbers. At last we reached the border of Khama's territory and entered the Batawana country, where for a time the population became more sparse and where we came daily and almost hourly upon the fresh spoor of lions. I was in such a hurry that I kept every one to his work, and we all bent our energies on travelling, to the neglect of the sport which lay around us. The lions were very near us and watched us, I am certain, night and day. One evening we were walking along ahead of the wagons when we came across a spot on the track where a few minutes before about five lions, as far as we could judge, had been rolling in the sand. The very marks of their tails as they whisked them to and fro like cats were still there and the displaced sand was still damp. A few hundred yards further on we came to a sort of

stockaded camp of a Hottentot hunter, who lived there with a few natives, getting skins and horns for trade. He told us that he had been practically barricaded in for the last fortnight by the lions, which had already killed two of his horses and seemed determined to get him. However he took it like a philosopher and declined to move on with us, saying that they would soon tire of it and go away, which I afterwards heard that they did. We were now about a hundred miles from Tsau, our oxen getting more and more wearied, showing themselves quite unable to complete the journey, so I decided to send on Mr Hodson with two troopers on horseback to bring back fresh oxen as quickly as possible. In two hours he started, riding night and day, and in a wonderfully short space of time he reached Tsau, collected the oxen and returned to me, bringing with him Mr Merry, the police officer and acting magistrate there, and also the brother of Sekgoma, who was temporarily acting as chief of the Batawana. With these relays we quickly reached Lake N'gami, the famous, and for a long time almost mythical, lake of the very distant interior. At the time of Dr Livingstone's visit to it, he being the first white man who saw it, it was a huge sheet of water about forty-five miles long and proportionately broad, and must have been a wonderful sight to come upon. Now it is but a bed of reeds, one vast area stretching out far beyond the horizon of tall wavy reeds shivering and shimmering in dreary melancholy. The natives say that there is a great deal of water in the middle of it, but I do not think anything would induce them to go far into it and see it for themselves. I walked a short distance into the reeds myself, and it was a most alarming place. The whole ground was a thin crust—one moment you were on the top of it and another you sank down over your knees. A very brief experience satisfied us of the danger of penetrating too far, and we soon returned. N'gami is peculiar,

too, in that two rivers flow into it from the north and east respectively, while no water runs out of it, and yet it has mainly dried up. Why this is and where the water goes to I am at a loss to know. Curiously enough in this very year 1913, at the Royal Geographical Society, on the occasion of the Livingstone Centenary, I heard a distinguished African traveller speak of "the Botletlie River which takes its rise in the famous Lake N'gami." This mistake is almost universal.

There is a delightful picture in one of Dr Livingstone's books of the arrival of himself and his family on its shores, the whole family reminding one of the pictures so familiar to us in *Masterman Ready*, their dresses singularly unsuitable to their surroundings, the children clothed as though from models in a cheap draper's shop, and the mother bonneted and shawled in the true old fashion of the British matron. The lake is shown as a vast sheet of clear water stretching out far into space, and that it is correctly shown I am sure, as I personally met old men who had been with Livingstone on the spot at the time, and who told me a great deal about it.

Leaving N'gami we arrived at Totin, one of the many old capitals of the Batawana; it being a usual custom for succeeding chiefs to create new capital cities. The reason of this periodical migration is not entirely political, but is due partly to sanitary reasons, partly to water-supply, and largely because the arable ground is liable after a time to get worked out. Totin was the scene of the terrible massacre of the Batawana by Lobengula's people in 1883, to which I have previously alluded, the large impi of Matabeles whom my wife and I met in that year being then on their return from it. At Totin there were two rivers to cross, and the dragging of the wagons through them was a work of great difficulty. All the contents were taken across in canoes, the oxen with the empty wagons being then driven into the water to swim

across, the wagons, half-dragging, half-floating, but nearly all wholly submerged, being taken across, to the infinite danger of their total loss. The crossing, however, was safely accomplished and all mustered in due course on the other side. At Totin lived a white trader who was one of the most remarkable characters whom I have met in the interior of Africa. He had been formerly a merchant of good social and commercial standing in Kimberley in its early times, but falling upon evil days he had wandered out thither, and had remained there ever since as the local agent of an interior trading firm with headquarters down country. He was a singularly cultured man who had retained much of his old manner, was well read, and was, even still, thoroughly well informed by newspapers on all current affairs of the outside world, but was as completely cut off from it as though he had passed to the other side of the Styx. One does drop upon such men here and there, and the parting from them is always to me peculiarly sad, as it seems to be severing from them one of their last and most infrequent links with their former life. A day or two brought us to a branch of the Okovango River, about twelve miles from Tsau, and there I camped over for a day or two to get into fitting trim to make my formal entry into the capital town. I had completed the journey from Serowe in a period of under thirty days, a record time for bullock-wagon travelling. The whole day was occupied in bathing, in washing the horses, cleaning saddlery and rifles, burnishing bits and generally tidying up, and on the following morning I started on my ride into Tsau, I, most irregularly, being dressed in my blue and gold levée dress, which I fancy has never been used on horseback either before or since, while my officers and men were in their gala kit, looking wonderfully smart and soldier-like. I had been informed by Mr Merry that the whole route had been bewitched by

the partisans of Sekgoma in such a way as to make it fatal to me if I decided against him, and that the Kgotla and platform on which I was to hold my inquiry were similarly bewitched. As to the roads, I believe little sticks of dreadful import had been stuck into the ground by Sekgoma's witch doctors after being subjected to special treatment of a baleful character for my undoing. As we approached the town many thousands of people came out to meet us, the men being all armed with modern rifles which they fired in a reckless way. At one moment one of my officers called out, "That man is going to shoot the Commissioner," and put spurs to his horse and rode up to me, but it was a false alarm, although I have no doubt that many bullets did accidentally find their way around to our real danger. The women stood in great crowds a little distance from us uttering their shrill cries of Lu-lu-lu to a deafening extent. I have never yet found anyone who could imitate, even faintly, this cry, but it is a singularly inspiring greeting. Passing through the town from end to end we came to the police camp which lies on a slight eminence on the far side of it, and there I stood and addressed the people of the tribe for the first time. One of my most useful assets in life has been a clear and penetrating voice. My wife has often protested against it as a dangerous gift when I have commented adversely in some public place on the ill-made dress or unattractive personality of a neighbour sitting at luncheon two or three tables away from me, murmuring, "They hear every word you say," but on public occasions it has been of great service to me, for there is nothing which will so surely gain the attention of your audience as making them hear every word with perfect distinctness. Even though your words have to be interpreted the very sound of them, falling clearly and decisively from your lips, gives a force and power which cannot be over-estimated, and I have done more in putting down

disturbances by the power of my voice and by an absolute freedom of utterance than by any other means.

Mr Ellenberger, the Assistant Commissioner of the Southern Protectorate, interpreted for me, my speech being merely a statement of what I had heard of their unruly ways and a warning to them that perfect order must be maintained during the course of the inquiry into the chieftainship, which I was there to make, and as to the rights of which I was empowered by the British Government definitely to decide. I then retired into the magistrate's quarters, and the crowd dispersed to discuss the situation and no doubt to comment upon myself. In those quarters I remained for forty days, during which period I was fortunate in putting an end to one of the most dangerous troubles which had disturbed any of the Bechuana tribes for very many years, but they were forty days of grave anxiety and responsibility to me; and I recollect expressing the view in a despatch to the High Commissioner that I was happy in the feeling that they were not of the nature of Lent, and so annually recurrent.

On the following morning I went in such full state as I could muster, mounted and uniformed, to the Kgotla and took my seat on the dais, my four officers sitting two on each side of me, and my whole escort of white non-commissioned officers and Basuto non-commissioned officers and troopers all standing at the side of, or behind me, with their rifles and revolvers ready for any emergency. The men of the tribe were in great crowds in front of me, armed with their rifles, being more or less divided, Sekgoma's pronounced partisans being on one side and Matibi's on the other, the doubters mixing sometimes with one side and sometimes with the other as the inquiry went on. The subject of inquiry was one which, according to English law,

could have been settled by a judge in a few hours, but under native law it was curiously difficult, because it involved the decision of what constituted a royal wife. Briefly it was as follows:—Lecholatebe, chief of the Batawana, had seven wives, taken by him at different times. By one he had a son Moremmi, by another a son very much younger, Sekgoma, the subject of the present inquiry. Lecholatebe, after being married to two wives, entered into negotiations with the chief of the tribe of the Bamangwato, who was also named Sekgoma (and who was the father of Khama, the present chief of the Bamangwato), for the hand of his daughter in marriage. The negotiations fell through for a time, but were subsequently renewed, and ultimately the daughter of Sekgoma and the sister of Khama became the wife of Lecholatebe. A large number of cattle were paid for her, she was formally conveyed to him as his wife, and she became his wife, afterwards giving birth to a son, who was named Moremmi. There was no doubt at all in the minds of any of the tribe that unless Sekgoma's daughter (whose name I forget) was a royal wife according to the customs of the tribe Lecholatebe had no royal wife, and, therefore, no son who of absolute right could lay claim to the chieftainship. The main point, though there were innumerable by-issues, was whether she was, or was not, a royal wife. If she was, there was no doubt that her son Moremmi was the legal heir, and that Moremmi's son Matibi was the present rightful chief. If she was not, then the chieftainship was not the birthright of Moremmi, and his son Matibi had no greater claim to it than Sekgoma.

Sekgoma's claim was based on the fact that there being no royal wife there was no definite successor, that on Moremmi's death he, as a son of Lecholatebe, had been elected by the people as the chief, and that as so elected he had the indisputable right to the

chieftainship, as Matibi had neither inherited it by birth nor had been elected to it, and he contended that Moremmi himself had held the position of chief, not as of right, but by election.

Those who know the intricacy of native customs, the verbosity of native witnesses, the fertility of native imagination, and the total disregard of truth of natives desiring to establish their case, know the difficulty of giving judgment even on a trifling case of yesterday. But here was a case extending over very many years, a positive æon in the minds of a native people, where truth and falsehood were still further obscured by an absolute inability to recollect actual facts and a genuine conflict of testimony in respect to them. Matibi had been educated, as I have already told, by the London Missionary Society at Lovedale College in the Cape Colony, and was now a well-educated lad of, I think, about twenty-one years old. Sekgoma was a native of the ordinary barbaric type, of a singularly crafty disposition, and delighting in the exercise of arbitrary power. Many acts of oppression were alleged against him by those who differed from him, and conditions had arisen which not only seriously endangered the lives of the white traders, but which threatened to result in a general massacre. There is no proof that Sekgoma ever definitely decided to cast in his lot against the British Government, but there was considerable reason to believe that he would do so, and, situated as he was, it would have been neither difficult nor dangerous for him. The difficulties and cost of a substantial expedition against him would have been immense, with the desert of waterless country intervening and without any practicable base of operations. But even if that had been surmounted, and it doubtless would, by the aid of Khama, have been surmounted, he had abundant country to the north of him to which he could have retreated with all his tribe with perfect safety. For

to the north lies that No-man's-land where the so-called boundaries of the British, the Germans, and the Portuguese are wholly undefined, and where minor chiefs reign, oppress, murder and enslave, to the shame of the civilised nations which are supposed nominally to control them, and where not only sanctuary could have been obtained, but where probably a chief with such a powerful following could have subjugated a considerable part of the country. There in the north ruled the Chief Nyangana, who was once in the hands of the British authorities, and whom they were fatuous enough to allow to return to his country. There, as late as the year 1906, as gross a slavery existed, and may for aught I know still exist, as ever disgraced the darkest days of that abominable traffic, a fact which must be well known to Europe, although it chooses to shut its eyes to the conditions under which it is carried out.

This, then, was the position which I had to meet when I arrived at Tsau, these were the intricate circumstances into which it was my duty to inquire and upon which I had to adjudicate. I do not propose to bore my readers with the long details of the investigation, which occupied five days of many hours' sitting on each day, the main point at issue being the marriage of Sekgoma's daughter. There was, however, one dramatic incident which is worthy of record. One of the wives of Lecholatebe, whose name I unluckily forget, was still living, a very old woman, who had a perfect knowledge of all the circumstances, and on whom the Sekgoma party confidently relied to support their case, as she was believed to be a partisan of theirs. It was out of the question to call her before the court as she was too old and infirm, so I arranged a tea-party to which she and three or four other ancient crones who formed her *entourage* were invited. I also arranged for the presence of two of the chiefs of each of the

contending parties to be present at the meeting. The day came, and the old women all sat down on the ground in the courtyard of the magistrate's house, and were regaled with tea and many good things. For a long time I said nothing of the subject as to which we had met, but at last, through Mr Ellenberger, I gradually led up to it. I spoke of her as a very old woman and then extolled Lecholatebe as a great chief, and, by degrees, warmed the old queen into some degree of interest until she began to mumble out stories of old times. I then spoke of the wives of Lecholatebe and of their names, without laying stress upon any of them, and passed on to the native customs of marriage. At last I said, without changing the slightest inflexion of my voice, "And so X (naming the royal wife) was the daughter of Sekgoma, Chief of the Bamangwato," and she replied, "Yes." "And did Lecholatebe pay any cattle for her?" to which she replied, "Yes, a great many." I said, "I suppose he paid cattle for all his wives," and she replied, "Yes, but not so many as for her." I said, "Why?" and her reply was, "Because she was a royal wife." I could hardly believe my ears, but neither I nor my officers, who were by me, moved a muscle, and I held up my hand to make the chiefs keep silent. I then said, "Were there any other royal wives of Lecholatebe?" to which she replied, "No, X was the only royal wife." "Then," I said, "who was the rightful heir to Lecholatebe as Chief of the Batawana?" "Why, Moremmi, of course," she replied, "and he was the Chief." "And who then is the rightful Chief of the Batawana to-day?" I asked; to which came the reply, emphatically given, "Matibi is the rightful Chief of the Batawana." Never were listeners so dumbfounded as we were, the Sekgoma chiefs knowing not what to say. One of them did interpolate, "But Sekgoma is the Chief;" to which she murmured, "No, no, Matibi is the Chief," and then relapsed

into silence, and no more was to be got out of her. The old woman was, of course, far the most important witness of the inquiry, as she knew of her own knowledge all the circumstances of the marriage and the view that Lecholatebe himself took of it, while her personal interest would naturally have been not to place a rival wife over her own head. That she spoke the plain unvarnished truth there was no manner of doubt.

On the evening of the fourth day the inquiry was practically completed, and I informed them that on the third day from that I would give judgment. On the same evening I wrote my report to the High Commissioner to the effect that Matibi was the chief. I had not, during the trial, expressed to, or asked from, my officers with the exception of Mr Ellenberger, any opinion upon it. When my report was finished I summoned them round me and taking them in turn, beginning with Mr Hodson, the junior, I asked, "Who is the rightful Chief of the Batawana?" and each in turn replied, "Matibi," which was a satisfactory confirmation of my own view; and then I read to them my decision, in which they unanimously concurred. I had previously made arrangements to have my report sent down with the utmost possible speed, by posting at various places relays of horses, and at one or two places relays of troopers, who were directed to travel with all the speed of the Fiery Cross the moment the packet was delivered into their hands, but I gave no hint of the date when they would be wanted. I had purposely postponed my judgment for three days so as to allow my messengers to get away unmolested, and at half-past ten on the night that the report was written I summoned two of the best of my Basuto troopers, and directed them to be ready for special service in half an hour. The report was folded and refolded in wrappings, and finally carefully sewed up in canvas, and at a little before midnight was handed

to the men with orders to travel, as well as their horses would permit, night and day, and to instruct those who succeeded them to do the same. Of course there were mishaps on the road, but the packet reached the magistrate at Serowe, Khama's capital, in thirteen days, which was not bad going through that waste of sand. It thus happened that my men had got far on their way before a word was known of my decision.

On the appointed day I went down to the Kgotla, taking especial care that all my men were fully prepared and the police camp efficiently guarded. After hearing a few minor points, I told those present to divide themselves into the parties of Sekgoma and Matibi respectively, during which division I would retire. In ten minutes I returned and found them divided, the larger section being the supporters of Matibi, which relieved me considerably. I then rose and, standing, gave my judgment. I spoke for much over an hour, reviewing the whole case from the beginning to the end, Mr Ellenberger interpreting in the language of which he is so complete a master. At the conclusion I said: "People of the Batawana, you have heard the whole case, and it is for me alone to direct you as to who is your Chief, and I now announce to you that my decision is that Matibi is the rightful Chief of the Batawana. Sekgoma is not the rightful Chief of the Batawana. From this moment Matibi is your Chief." I then stopped for a moment and finally concluded with the words, "That is the decision of the British Government, and that is the decision which you must obey."

There was a dead stillness and I wondered what was going to happen, but by degrees the audience broke up, and it became clear that for the time at least the tribe unreservedly accepted my decision. As I mounted my horse when leaving the Kgotla a woman, who I learned was Matibi's mother, rushed up to me, seized my leg and covered my foot with kisses, shouting out my praises and bursting into a

paroxysm of tears of joy. As I was changing my clothes afterwards I said to my Basuto sergeant of orderlies, "Well, Gopani, that is over, and all without trouble so far;" to which he replied, "There could be no trouble to Morena, for were we not all around him, and we would have settled a good many of them before Morena would have come to any harm," and then he added, "And Morena was right, too, in what he spoke, for Matibi is the Chief according to native custom, and we all know it."

Once again I cannot refrain from praising my splendid Basuto police. It is not too much to say that in all the world of my experience I was never served by men on whom I placed greater reliance. They had their faults sometimes, like other men, but for sheer loyalty and quiet pluck I have never met their like, and I had the feeling ever present with me that, few as we were in number and volcanic as was the position, I had men around me who would, every one of them, give up their lives before disaster could touch me. My sergeant of orderlies, Gopani, was one of the best of all. I shall always look back upon him as one of the most trustworthy men of any colour who ever served me. When the day comes, as, alas! I fear it may come, in the scheme of the Union of South Africa, when England forgets her promises and the Basuto people are absorbed into the general hierarchy, the tribal system abolished, the control of the paramount chiefs minimised to the vanishing point, the government of the country placed in the hands, not of Imperial officers, but of hybrid Dutch colonists, and the people degraded into the quasi-civilised and wholly undesirable condition of the Cape Colony Kaffirs, then a great nation will sink into insignificance, and the most picturesque feature of native life in South Africa will be wiped out for ever.

CHAPTER XXIII

LAST DAYS IN AFRICA

AND now came a weary time of waiting, for I at once made up my mind that I could not leave the country until I had installed Matibi in his chieftainship, and he had to receive the High Commissioner's orders, and then to make the journey from Khama's, where he was awaiting events, to Tsau. My monotony, however, was pleasantly relieved by a despatch which reached me by special messenger from Lord Selborne, informing me that an offer had come of the governorship of the Windward Islands. Lord Selborne further said that he had consulted my wife, who had expressed herself as certain that I would accept the post, and that he had so informed the Secretary of State. During my absence my wife had taken a charming little house in Johannesburg, and so was in frequent communication with both Lord and Lady Selborne. Only those within the colonial service can quite realise what it is to feel that you have got your governorship at last. It is the crown of your service, and you have the feeling that, no matter what comes, your career has been to a great extent successful. Then the gap which is bridged over is so very great. No matter how busy and how important a colonial secretary or an administrator may be, he is always very far below his chief, and he feels it in a thousand ways : in the bearing of the people, in the sense of subordination, and in the circumstances of his surroundings. To the governor

the centralisation of all society in himself and his wife counts for much. Life is dull as a rule to the colonial official, while to the governor it is rarely dull. All important matters go straight to the governor, all visitors call upon him, and all that is interesting is gathered round him. In his work he loses much of the drudgery, but retains all the interest. He is provided with a big and probably beautiful house and all the amenities of life are given to him. Surely his lot is for the most part a pleasant one to take up after bearing for many years the burden and heat of the day. As for me, far away on the edge of the great marshes of the Okovango, there was still much to do before I could lay down my duties as Commissioner, much that was full of interest. One night while sitting with my officers I suddenly burst out, "I'll do it!" "Do what, Sir?" was the comment. "I will not return by the desert but will cross the Thamalakan River, travel north to the Mababe Flats and then northward to the marshes of the Chobe and the Chobe River, taking Selous' route of 1878, and then travel down the Chobe to its junction with the Zambesi and so to the Victoria Falls." Everyone was delighted with the prospect, as for many years it had been desirable to reopen that route. In his first book of travels Selous tells us how he with his party travelled on foot twice in 1878 from the Mababe Flats to the Chobe. He could not take animals owing to the prevalence of the tsetse fly. Curiously enough, since that date not one single white man, so far as I could learn, had ever crossed by this or any kindred route. A good many had travelled north from Tsau along the Okovango River up to what is known as "the German strip," and have so journeyed by the north side of the Chobe to the Zambesi; but to take this route, which has abundance of water, it is essential to make use almost entirely of German soil, besides which there are

many troublesome rivers to cross. The position of the Germans, as occupying a very large territory in South-West Africa abutting on the British territory of the Bechuanaland Protectorate and as holding a strip lying to the north of the Protectorate, enabling them to have access to the Zambesi, rendered England's position very precarious, inasmuch as to convey troops and munitions of war across the Kalahari is a sheer impossibility. The above-mentioned strip was given to the Germans in the general settlement with them of African affairs in 1890. I collaborated at the time with Sir Harry Johnston in writing an article for the *New Review* on the operation of the German treaty in Africa, but nevertheless I always deplored the cession of this strip, which so weakened our position in that part of Africa.

The route I proposed to take was far away from German territory until the Chobe River was reached, and from that point down to the Zambesi was still through British territory, though flanked on the north by German territory on the other side of the river. The question to be solved was, firstly, whether the tsetse fly was still a danger; and secondly, what quantity of water could be obtained between the Mababe Flats and the Chobe marshes and what the country was like. If it was a practical route it entirely transformed the situation; it at once created a base at the rail head at the Victoria Falls for the whole of that part of Africa, instead of as previously on the eastern side of the desert, and it made it not only possible, but comparatively easy to get into close communication with the well-watered territories adjacent to the Okovango, which, I do not doubt, the Germans would be extremely glad to add to their very waterless colony on the sea coast in the west. It will therefore be clear how important this route was to us. I decided to despatch Mr Hodson at once with a small "Scotch cart," a few

horses and two troopers to travel over a portion of the route, and to that officer is largely due the credit of reopening it. In his absence, and while waiting for Matibi's arrival, we had two things to think of—first, the absolute necessity of preserving the peace amongst the Batawana; and secondly, how to amuse ourselves. Had I been willing to credit the reports which came to me daily from both natives and traders, a dwelling in the crater of Vesuvius would have been preferable to the position I was in. Matibi's friends regaled me daily with assurances that a rising on the part of the adherents of Sekgoma was but a matter of hours; while the traders, nervous from the long strain which they had suffered, listened to every alarmist report with eager ears and poured it forth to me. One of my methods to take the attention of the people from politics was the inauguration of a great race meeting, for the Batawana is, before all things, a sportsman, and loves his horses as he loves his rifle. Great preparation took place and many troubles were forgotten in the competitions which were to follow, one of the principal features being races in sections, between the members of various families, which were run off in heats. This proved a huge success and tided over several weeks. For ourselves, we laid out a rather crude golf course, for the magistrate was a golfer worthy of a really good handicap at St Andrews, and had his whole paraphernalia with him. I, too, had taken my clubs with me, on the off-chance of something turning up, so we were well prepared. What those golf links were to us is beyond description, for every day they gave us amusement and abundant exercise. I organised, too, a kind of regatta among the Makoba people, who are a tribe whose home is in the Okovango marshes and on the rivers, and who are extraordinarily skilful in the use of their canoes. These matters, with some odd days of modest shooting, for I could not venture far afield from my unruly

charges, occupied our days. This tribe of the Makoba are in several respects remarkable. They are entirely and willingly the servants of the Batawana. It would be incorrect to describe them as slaves, for they accept their subjugation and humble position willingly, and are not treated with hardship, but they are, in very truth, willing slaves. Why they are so I am unable to understand, for while the Batawana are, generally speaking, a small race, the Makoba are a splendid lot of big fellows physically capable of swallowing up their masters at a gulp. And yet here in very many thousands they submit to an unquestioned domination and a perpetual service. Their huts are built in the very marshes themselves, actually on the "sudd" in many places, with water under them and all around them, and they are almost as clever in wandering over their insecure territory as is the situtunga antelope which makes it his home. I made a close investigation among them as to leprosy, which, if it exists anywhere, ought to exist here among these almost entirely fish-eating people, but although I heard of cases here and there which might possibly be leprosy, there were no proofs of it, and these splendid and healthy people went far to disprove the well-known theory that leprosy is the inevitable scourge of fish-eaters. Their canoes are simple logs, roughly hewn without any regard to stability, and yet the Makoba sit, or generally stand, in them with entire comfort and safety, and make long journeys in them. I never dropped across a kindlier or a merrier people than the Makoba, despite their conditions. To see them racing their boats, contending for our prizes with shouts of laughter, rolling from this side to that in their eagerness of competition, and their sheer animal exuberance of spirits made one bubble over with laughter oneself and think better of all the world. At last news was brought to me that Matibi had started up with such followers as he had around him, and with an escort furnished to him by the

Chief Khama. His orders were to hurry, but like all natives haste was contrary to his nature, and so days went on and I felt inclined to curse his dilatory travelling, so different from my own ways. However, all things come to an end, and one evening I heard that he would make his entry on the next day, and on the following morning I once more put on my smart uniform and waited at the entrance of the compound to receive him. Presently a long train of horsemen appeared in the distance, with Matibi at their head, mounted on a white horse given to him by Khama, having gathered round him a considerable concourse of the Batawana people all shouting adulations of their new chief. Approaching me he dismounted and walked up to me, greeting me with all the courtesy of an educated man.

Once more, and for the last time, with Matibi alongside of me, I rode to the same Kgotla formally to instal him and took my seat with him, he sitting on the dais alongside of me. My words to the people were very few: "People of the Batawana I present to you your Chief Matibi, who has, after long inquiry, been proved to be your rightful Chief, and it is for you now to receive him according to your ancient customs." There was no dissentient voice and all went merry as a marriage bell. Matibi then addressed the people at length and well. He spoke firmly and clearly and announced his intention of ruling with justice and right, but he warned them that he would tolerate no nonsense and would put down rebellion with a strong hand. He stated that in accordance with my directions, he would let bygones be bygones, and he then turned to me and said in English, "May I make an example of one man?" to which I replied, "Yes, provided that his life is held safe." He then summoned before him two or three of the leaders of the opposition and warned them, finally calling up the head of the witch doctors who had bewitched the place in which we

were sitting, and who was the right-hand man of Sekgoma in all mischief. He recounted his misdeeds and the evil effect which his counsels had created amongst the tribe, and said, "You must go forth from among us and never more take your place among the Batawana. The tribe will know you no longer. You will go now from this Kgotla where we are sitting, you will take no food for your journey and no cover for your feet, and will have nothing to carry you whither you are going. You will not go south, for Khama will drive you out, but you will travel north to a people outside our borders and may there live if they will receive you. Now go!" The man said not one word, but laid down his belongings and walked, amid perfect silence, out of the Kgotla, shooting as baleful a glance at his chief and myself as I ever wish to see; and so an incident of great dramatic effect ended. Several native customs were then carried out. Matibi selected a number of the young men of the tribe as his bodyguard, and with them, carrying his rifle with him, ran out and around a cattle kraal, and backwards and forwards, the whole of them returning to the Kgotla and singing a song of victory and triumph, the details of which I forget, although I inquired about them at the time. These proceedings being ended, I made a short speech, bidding good-bye to the Batawana and returned amidst a chorus of general jubilation to my quarters. Matibi having assured me that he was perfectly satisfied with the security of his position, I left Tsau on that same afternoon, having previously made arrangements to do so. I slipped quietly away while the tribe were resting after their morning rejoicings, and I do not think that twenty people saw me as I passed out of Tsau for the last time. And so ended the great Batawana chieftainship case, a case which at one time bid fair to cost many lives and much money, and which brought to me what I have

always conceived to be the greatest success of my official life.

Retracing our former route for some distance and again skirting Lake N'gami we arrived at the confluence of the rivers Thamalakan and Botletlie, which we had to cross before we could go northward. This crossing was no light matter, for it involved taking the body of each wagon clean off its wheels and carrying the parts over separately. Two canoes, or even three if necessary, were lashed together and the wagon placed upon battens upon them, the whole being guided over by men in other canoes. The oxen and horses were all made to swim across. The river was here a great sheet of water and was full of crocodiles, so the crossing was not without risk, but it was safely accomplished. We now travelled along first one river and then another through a charmingly wooded country, full of game of all kinds, and my officers were wonderfully successful in their shooting. In due course we reached the famous Mababe Flats of which Mr Selous wrote so much in his first book. They are still crowded with game to an extent which I have never seen elsewhere in Africa. I forbade indiscriminate slaughter, but encouraged *bonâ-fide* sport. As there were many Bushmen villages hereabouts, and as we were dependent upon them for guides, it was necessary to feed them all, and they got through an immense amount of meat. I doubt if they had ever had such a good time since Selous' visit. After crossing these flats we left the abundant water and were dependent upon pans. But the main point was whether a watering-place called Gat Gharra, for which we were making, held sufficient and permanent water or not. That it had enough for us we knew, but whether it would contain a supply sufficient to be of service in a military expedition was another matter. In due course we reached it, and I am satisfied that the water is abundant and permanent. We questioned dozens of natives from

many different villages, and they all alike said that at no time was there appreciably less water in it than we saw. From Gat Gharra we travelled on through a lovely country so full of great forest trees as to be almost impassable in places for my wagons.

The question I have been asked all my life with reference to journeys such as this has always been, "But how did you find your way?" The explanation is, that having decided what point you wish to make for and, roughly, the route which you intend to take, the way, more or less, finds itself. Where watering-places are few there is nearly always some kind of track leading to them. It may be, and often is, extremely faint and you may often lose it, but it gives you something to go by. Then you may, and sometimes do, get Bushmen guides, but they are not always reliable. Within their own areas they can find their way home again, but that is a very different thing from being able to select a route along which half a dozen bullock wagons and a number of men and horses can travel. As nearly all travelling where water is scarce has to be done at night, the track is constantly lost, and your Bushman guide stands by quite unconcerned, not troubling himself one bit whether you are on the right track or not. We carried two powerful reflecting lamps, and night after night one of my officers, and sometimes I myself, walked dreary miles shining the lamps upon the ground to try and discern the faint tracks which we were following and which we again and again lost. I have always travelled unscientifically with just the stars and ordinary natural indications to guide me. Personally I have found the "Magellan cloud" the best and truest guide of all, whether you marched with it in front of you, or behind you, or on this side, or on that. There it always is, a clear and never-failing beacon. And so travelling along, with a great deal of shooting of many different kinds of game, we at length reached the Chobe marshes and

the Chobe River. On each seven miles of our route we carved a big broad arrow on some prominent tree, and there the marks will be for many a year, known to the Bushmen too, for the Bushmen notice all marks of that kind and remember them. The day that I rode up to the banks of the Chobe was a great triumph for me, for the road was now opened and the base at the Victoria Falls established, and I was satisfied that not a single tsetse fly existed upon it. With reasonable care and judicious management any number of men could be concentrated in the Lake district, as we call the country in the vicinity of Lake N'gami, at extremely short notice, but the belt between the Mababe Flats and the Chobe would have to be travelled under the sole direction of local officers. There is no room there to allow inexperienced officers to learn their work, as was the case in the Boer War. Unquestionable disaster would follow any mistake, and I do not think I am discourteous to the army or unmindful of their merits if I say that the mistakes of Imperial officers in such matters are frequently colossal, until they understand local conditions.

At this point I decided to leave Mr Ellenberger and Mr Surmon to bring on the wagons, and to hurry forward with only my own wagon, accompanied by Mr Hodson and a few troopers. Our way lay along the south bank of the Chobe through a lovely country teeming with game, and while on this part of our journey Mr Hodson shot his first lion, a peculiarly fine one. As I was close by when Hodson killed his lion my Basuto orderly turned to me and said, "Morena has shot a fine lion." I replied, "Nonsense, it was Mr Hodson's." "No, no," he replied, "Morena is the Chief, and he was there, and by Basuto custom it was Morena himself who shot it." This theory is perhaps not wholly unknown in some of the Courts of Europe. I afterwards heard that the remainder of my party

got a second lion a few days later at nearly the same spot. The spot was an interesting one, for there stood a great Baobab tree on which were carved clearly the names of the white hunters who were there in 1878 at the same time as Mr Selous, but, if I recollect right, Selous' name was not among them. I was very sorry that time did not permit of my crossing the river and visiting the famous old native town of Linyanti, famous especially as being the spot upon which Livingstone fixed as the centre of his proposed missionary operations among the Makololo. We passed within a very few miles of it. The utter failure of that project and its disastrous issue are a matter of history. Without further event we arrived on one lovely morning at Kazingula, the great confluence of the Chobe and the Zambesi, of my visit to which in August 1883, exactly twenty-three years previously, I have already told. Here we opened and drank our one pint of champagne which I had kept for the purpose, to celebrate the conclusion of our long and arduous journey. We crossed to the north bank of the Zambesi, repeating our operations as in our previous crossing of the Thamalakan. The Zambesi being approximately six hundred yards wide at this point the risk to the horses was considerable, and some of them were nearly drowned, having to be dragged for the last part of the passage with their heads forcibly held above water. We travelled down the Zambesi to Livingstone, the capital of Barotseland, and one morning walked up to the delightfully comfortable house of Mr Frank Sykes, the well-known Civil Commissioner, and for the first time since leaving Mafeking early in the previous May, experienced the pleasures of civilisation. From Livingstone I started on the same day to travel on a trolley to the Victoria Falls Hotel, but it broke down half-way, so with Mr Hodson I walked on, and on the 13th of August 1906 I once more walked over the famous

bridge, now entirely completed, and up to the Victoria Falls Hotel, arriving there as grubby and as travel-stained as on my first visit to the same spot, then so wild and unknown, in 1883.

The dates of my visits to the Falls are curiously exact. On the 14th of August 1883 I first reached them. On the 14th of August 1905 I again visited them, arranging the date as an anniversary. On the 13th of August 1906 I again arrived there, this time by pure accident, after one of the most arduous of all my journeys, and I left them on this last occasion on the 16th of August. At the hotel I found all my letters awaiting me, amongst others a notification of my appointment as Governor of the Windward Islands, the fact of which I found had been published in the *London Gazette* of the 4th of August, so that I found numerous letters and telegrams of congratulation. It was a charming welcome after all my work, and perhaps the most delightful letter of all was one which I found awaiting me from Lord Selborne, the High Commissioner, of which the first words were, "Welcome back after an arduous and important mission most admirably fulfilled." I took the train to Bulawayo, and a few days later left that town for Mafeking. I shall not easily forget the kindness of my last send-off from Bulawayo, and more than all I appreciated the good-will which I received from the representatives of the various Churches. Although it was Sunday morning the Bishop of Mashonaland, the rector of the Jesuit Missions, and the head of the Congregational London Missionary Society were all there to bid me God-speed on my way, all saying kind things of my work while I had been among them. I think this pleased me most of all, because throughout my whole career while holding on to my own Church I have always striven to see the best side of each faith and to do justice and right irrespective of creed. I found my wife on the platform at Mafeking to

welcome me back from the only journey of importance I had ever made without her since our marriage, thirty-one years before. My son, too, had come over from Johannesburg to meet me, and this and the kindly greeting I received from all the members of my own service and crowds of friends made it as bright a homecoming as ever fell to the lot of a tired official.

I very shortly left for Pretoria to visit the High Commissioner and report upon my work. As I entered his study he jumped up from his chair, seized me by both hands, saying, "Welcome back, Williams, welcome back from a most difficult task splendidly accomplished. I have been very anxious about you throughout, and I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you once more safe and well." Surely that was a good enough reward, and it was in strange contrast with that which I received from the Secretary of State, Lord Elgin, a month or two later. There have been, I think, but few men holding notably high positions who have acquired the official respect and the personal regard of those serving under them more fully and completely than Lord Selborne. I cannot recollect one single act of his which appeared to me unjust or unfair, and I cannot recall one single unkindly thought of his. I can only remember his wise and patient consideration, his shrewd, common-sense judgment, and his cheery and abundant hospitality. England has seldom sent forth to her colonies a more far-seeing statesman or a more courteous gentleman than was my former chief, Lord Selborne, under whom I am proud to have served.

Returning to Mafeking I packed up my traps, received a farewell dinner from my officers, who, as far as was possible, all gathered round me, and very shortly left Mafeking for Cape Town on my way home. I think I have already said that I have been singularly fortunate during my official life in the

officers who have served with me and under me, and in no place has this been more marked than in Mafeking. The Government Secretary, Mr Barry May, was my right-hand man in all things, while the other administrative and police officers were as good a lot as any man may wish to have with him. I think they were sorry to lose me, and I know that I was sorry to part with them, for a more loyal, straightforward lot of men would be hard to find. England may possibly gain in the consolidation of her Empire by transferring the government of its outlying parts to the people within their own borders, but it will lose, and is gradually losing, the services of a body of Crown colony officials, east, west, north, and south, who, on often trifling and insufficient salaries, have supported her interests, upheld her dignity, and endured hardships in her service which, I think, are but little realised and have received but scant appreciation.

To return for a moment to the deposed Chief Sekgoma, who was now interned at Gaberones, the headquarters of the Southern Protectorate, for we well knew that if he was permitted to be at large he would speedily undo all that had been done and recreate all the difficulties which we had striven to put an end to. He did what all tiresome persons do and consulted a lawyer, who at once proceeded to invoke that most convenient old safeguard of our rights, the Habeas Corpus Act. Sekgoma, if I remember right, claimed that he was practically imprisoned without trial, and further that the actions of the Commissioner, emanating as they did from the headquarters of the Protectorate which were within the Cape Colony territory, were subject to Cape Colony law. As a matter of fact I had foreseen this, and on the occasion of my signing one very important document in respect to him had actually crossed the Ramatplabama Spruit and entered Protectorate territory for the purpose of signing it. I

was informed that it was the intention of the lawyer to serve me with notice to appear in the Cape Courts to justify my actions, and I anticipated this at any moment while on my journey to, and during my stay in, Cape Town. This would have been extremely inconvenient to me, as it is quite possible that I might have had to postpone my departure. However, I got safely on board the Union Castle steamer *Saxon* and started on the voyage. When only about two hundred yards outside the dock, and just as we began to go full speed ahead, out came a tug with the apparent intention of speaking to us. One of the officers standing by me said, "That tug is coming after us, I wonder what is up?" and I felt that I was probably the sought-for offender. However, the captain either did not see it, or seeing it paid no attention to it, for we pursued our way, and the tug finding it of no avail returned to the harbour. I have often wondered whether that tug conveyed the parting shot of Sekgoma and his legal adviser at the Commissioner who deposed him. Subsequently my successor in office was so served, and the case came on in the Cape Courts, the judge holding that the Cape judicial authorities had no jurisdiction, which was obviously a correct interpretation of the situation. In later years Sekgoma has more than once appealed to the English Courts, but always without success. Now, I believe, he has been discharged and located on some area which has been allotted to him, the time having presumably gone by when he could revive past troubles.

And so I left South Africa for probably the last time. I had entered it twenty-four years previously as a traveller seeking the experiences of its waste places, without a thought of official service, and I left it as governor of an important colony. To my work within it I owed nearly all the success that had hitherto come to me, and I had been more

than fortunate in being able to take a leading part in many of the important events which had occurred during that period. Unless it be that the future may see a rising of colour against colour, which under a tolerably united South Africa is not as probable as it seemed a few years ago, the country appears to be now destined to a continuous life of fairly prosperous respectability, and to have bid a long farewell to those exciting incidents which have so prominently characterised its past history.

CHAPTER XXIV

PREPARATIONS FOR THE WINDWARD ISLANDS

On my arrival in England I went to the Colonial Office to see the Secretary of State, and experienced one of those unpleasant cold douches which are so good for us when we are inclined to be overmuch pleased with ourselves. I had written despatch after despatch about the Sekgoma affair, and the High Commissioner had said many nice things about me, but Lord Elgin gave me but little appreciation for all my hard and successful work. I passed on to Mr Winston Churchill, then Parliamentary Under Secretary, and the change was like drinking a bottle of champagne after a pot of weak tea. Mr Churchill knew all about it, he had read the despatches, followed the whole thing with keen interest, and knew the places as though he had been born there. Standing with his heels on the fender in his characteristic attitude with his hands behind him, he asked all kinds of pertinent questions, and suddenly producing a map he threw it down upon the floor, and then, both of us lying at full length upon the floor, he proceeded to point out my route as well as I could have done it myself, insomuch that I left his room quite rehabilitated in my own estimation.

Throughout the whole of my service under the Colonial Office it has been a constant source of regret, and perhaps of gentle wonder, to me why the two branches of the Colonial Service, namely, the Home and the Colonial branches, are so entirely out of sympathy with one another. That they are

so is not a matter of conjecture but of fact. To put it briefly, the office is apt to regard the Crown colony official as a man who, by perverse actions within his colony, gives them constant trouble, and who, on his infrequent visits to the old country, badgers them for promotion; while the Colonial official regards the *personnel* of the Colonial Office as established for the sole purpose of his undoing, as tiresome in matters which they do not understand and as coldly unsympathetic to him in his desire for reasonable advancement. The obvious cause of this is that neither quite understands the work of the other, nor the difficulties in which he is placed, and the remedy lies in a more definite amalgamation of the services. So far, almost the only attempt at so-called amalgamation has been to pitchfork agreeable gentlemen from the Colonial Office into governorships in the colonies or other great prizes of the service, to the deprivation of those who have reasonably earned these posts for themselves, a procedure which accentuates the cleavage that exists. No attempt has been made to transfer comparatively junior officers to equivalent posts in the colonies, and later to restore them to the office with their acquired knowledge ripe within them. Occasional and sporadic attempts have been made to introduce Colonial officials into the office, but it has rarely been a success and has been almost entirely discontinued. Until some scheme has been effected there will be no sympathy of action and no unison of effort, and the administration of our colonies will be carried out on the principle of a "tug-of-war," the rival teams being those on the spot and those ruling at home.

Another point which is especially galling to the outside official, from the governor downwards, and, perhaps, most of all to the governor himself, is the procedure under which all decisions and instructions are conveyed to them. The governor receives

portentous despatches in the first person singular from the Secretary of State expressing approval or disapproval of his actions, conveying sanction to or disallowance of his legislation, and concurrence with or censure of his expenditure or his economies, which the governor very well knows that the Secretary of State has never seen and never heard of. The despatch, it is true, bears the august name of the Secretary of State himself, but it has probably been thought out and drafted by a gentleman of but brief experience, scanned over hastily by a busy senior, and has finally received its imprimatur, in the shape of a rubber stamp bearing the name of the Secretary of State. Unless the circumstances are unusually important, the matter is controlled by the first-class clerk allocated to that particular branch of the service, and although that officer may be, and often is, cosmopolitan in his views, his purview is sometimes confined to the narrow limits of the four walls in which he has spent much of his life. The enormous mass of work which the office has to get through makes it inevitable that the Secretary of State's personal attention should not be invoked except in the larger matters which receive consideration, and even the hated stamp, invented, I believe, by Mr Chamberlain, may be overlooked; but the point which galls is that, in the opinion of the Colonial official, the Office, as a whole, has no actual and personal knowledge of the complex conditions on which it has to decide, and is often narrowed down in its decisions by that limitation. So that when a man with the wide and diverse experience of a governor, or the varied attainments of a colonial secretary, finds his best conclusions set aside in the few brief words of a despatch bearing the signature of one whose participation in it is pleasantly imaginative, he simply curses "the Office," and seeks for such comfort in his disappointment as he may in other directions.

Another point which I think the Colonial Office might fairly consider is the reasonable interchange of colonial officers between themselves from time to time. This procedure they sternly reprobate, for some reason which I have never been able to fathom. One man likes heat, the other likes cold, or it may be that both are wearied to unutterable dullness with their surroundings. One man has children to educate or a delicate wife, another is a bachelor to whom all places come alike. The only possible hope of escape is by harassing the Office for promotion. Why on earth may they not, other things being equal and suitable, arrange between themselves, subject, of course, to the full consent of the Office, for an interchange at their own expense, and so tide over years of their period of service with some degree of satisfaction to themselves. But no, it may not be. Once appointed to a post there a man must remain until some bright day comes when his name is remembered by someone on the promotion board, and he goes one step higher up the ladder. Under these circumstances can it be wondered at that officers weary the Colonial Office, both officially and personally, to relieve them from a life which has often become nearly intolerable to them. I firmly believe that an approved system of interchange of posts moderately carried out would do more to satisfy the longings of the outside service than anything else, and the Secretary of State who inaugurates it will shed a bright ray of sunlight on many a wearied officer, and will earn the unfeigned thanks of the whole service.

The appointment of Sir Francis Hopwood, alas so quickly terminated, to be the permanent head of the Colonial Office was hailed with joy throughout the Colonial Service. He introduced a breath of fresh air into the gloomy portals of that great grey building, and his continuance there would in all probability have resulted in many reforms. But Sir Francis was, and is, a man whom no depart-

ment and no Royal Commission seems to be able to do without, and he flashed like a meteor across our path to plunge first into the somewhat dull organisation of a Treasury scheme, and later into the maze of Admiralty reconstruction, and Colonial work will probably see him no more.

The Colonial Office is a great department, and its officials are educationally distinguished and abundantly zealous, but it is not quite perfect, and it never will be perfect, or even on the road to perfection, until it learns the way to gain the sympathy of those whom it controls, and until its officers have acquired for themselves a practical knowledge of the conditions with which they have to deal. As one who has now left a service which he loves, who has not been without some slight degree of honour in its ranks, and who has numbered many personal friends in the old office, I have ventured thus to give my opinion upon its conditions, not with any critical desire to place blame upon those with whom I have been so long and often so pleasantly associated, but in the hope that it will awaken in the minds of some in authority a belief that much still remains to be done before this great service, under its modern conditions, can be regarded as completely efficient for the purposes for which it is maintained.

I arrived home from South Africa at the end of September 1906, and began quickly to make my preparations for my new surroundings. The first thing to be done was to see to my personal staff. This is a matter too often left to the last moment, so that a governor finds himself saddled with some raw youth who, having failed at all examinations, his parents wish to launch forth upon the world in the hope, shared by Mr Micawber, that something will turn up; or without any staff at all, and dependent upon the colonial secretary's office of his colony for a borrowed assistant.

To my mind the private secretary is nearly as

important a person as the governor. In the first place, he should not be too young and not too old, he should be at least moderately good looking, and, more than all, a thorough all-round gentleman. He should write a gentlemanlike hand, compose a good letter, and be able to say unpleasant things in a consistently pleasant manner. He should be able when the governor says, "Confound the man, tell him I won't see him," to transpose those words into a regretful assurance that the duties of his governor at the moment are so overwhelming that sheer necessity compels him to deny himself the pleasure of seeing the visitor. He should stand between his governor and all worries that he can shield him from; he should religiously hold his tongue on what goes on at Government House, while at the same time acquainting his chief with all that passes in the outside world; and if, in so doing, he is able to recount the little scandals and *tracasseries* of society they are amusing and perhaps not unwelcome at Government House. In addition to these things he should be at least as good as and rather better than those around him at all sports of every kind; should be a good judge of a horse, a fair critic of wine, should have some knowledge of French, and should be a capable manager of men. For all these virtues he should be content to receive a salary from a grateful country not much in excess of that paid as wages to the butler or the cook, on which he must cheerfully provide himself with a few uniforms, besides all the pretty clothes and belongings which are the necessity of every self-respecting private secretary; so that it is desirable that he should be blessed with a modest competence of his own. Just one other accomplishment and he is complete. He must hit it off with the governor's wife, which is sometimes his most difficult task, for even the most charming viceregal ladies are not infrequently a little *exigeantes*, and a misunderstanding with her is

the rock on which delightful relations between himself and his chief sometimes come to grief. From only one responsibility is he traditionally free. He need not of necessity fall in love with any of the young ladies of the governor's household, that being a duty which by custom more generally falls to the lot of the A.D.C.

My first work then was to embark on a search for this paragon. One of my earliest applicants bore with him an eloquent testimony to his capacity as the secretary of a diocesan church synod in one of our larger colonies, while the next I was urged to take because he was a young gentleman of heedless ways, had spent all that he had, and his father thought that service under me was calculated to reform him. However, a lucky visit to a friend of mine who had recently retired from gubernatorial honours brought me into touch with exactly what I wanted; and so began a warm friendship with Mr Fitzherbert, a member of the ancient family of Fitzherbert of Swynnerton, who gave me his services and who continued them during a period of over six years until my retirement, and who is without doubt the most universally popular private secretary in the Colonial Service. It is curious how seldom governors and their secretaries continue so long together, and for this the governor is, as often as not, in fault. He expects too much, and sometimes when the governor himself is not quite "out of the top drawer" he treats his secretary as a kind of glorified upper servant, which, of course, no good fellow will for a moment put up with. I personally recollect one instance of a governor who told his private secretary that the facings of a fancy uniform that he had bade him provide for himself "must match the liveries of the coachman and footman," but happily such extreme instances are rare.

I arranged with Lieutenant Hamilton Dean, of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, to come out with

me as my A.D.C. An A.D.C. was not quite so difficult to find, for although the right kind of officer is not grown on every bush, there are generally a few available men who, wearied perhaps with routine, are not unwilling to exchange it for a time for the amenities of a Government House. As a salary is not usually provided, a private income is a necessity to this officer also, more especially as his country deems it necessary to dock him entirely of the few daily shillings which constitute his official stipend in the army. As I was going to the West Indies I was not troubled as to servants, excellent servants being available there if one is lucky enough to hit upon them.

On the 2nd of January 1907 my wife and I, with a niece of my wife's and the two members of my personal staff, sailed for the West Indies in the Royal Mail steamer *Thames*. The history of the Royal Mail line is peculiar in some respects, and very notable in its later development. Formerly a line of great fame, it had gradually sunk, both in the public estimation and financially, until, beyond its distinguished name, its vessels had but little to recommend them as mail steamers of the present day. Then came a change, and Sir Owen Philipps was appointed chairman of the directors. From that moment the affairs of the company have been on the upward grade, until to-day the company, still bearing its old name, stands at the head of the greatest shipping combine of modern times, having absorbed within the scope of its operations many of the greatest shipping circles of our time, including the great Union and Castle companies of South Africa.

One of the officers of the *Thames* surprised us one day by telling us that he did not know whether he was himself or his brother, or whether his name was Arthur or Phonsy (Alphonso). It appeared that, as children, they, being twins, were sent on a visit to their grandmother, where one of

them died, upon which the old lady wrote to the sorrowing mother announcing the death of "dear little Arthur," and returning Phonsy by the same mail. But on arrival the mother disputed the fact, and asserted that Arthur had come safely home, and that it was Phonsy who was missing, and so the dispute went on between the two ladies, and as the survivor told us, "I am either Arthur or Phonsy, but I haven't the least idea which."

We had delightful fellow passengers and reached Barbados after a fine voyage. At Barbados I found a great reception prepared by my old friends of all classes. On my landing the wharves were thronged with a multitude of people, the crowd surging round me shouting out their welcome, holding out their hands if they could get near me, and patting me on the back, reiterating praises of "Gubnor Ralph," as they always affectionately called me. It was more than delightful to receive such a welcome, and it touched me extremely.

After paying my respects to the governor, Sir Gilbert Carter, and his most charming young American wife, I went off to a breakfast luncheon which had been arranged for me, to meet troops of friends, all assembled to greet me, where champagne and speeches effervesced together until it was nearly time to leave for the smaller steamer into which we transhipped for Grenada. Barbados, indeed, was not forgetful of past associations and what it deemed to be past services on my part, and I was not less appreciative of the kindly remembrance by its people of the many old days which I had spent within that loyal little colony. At eight o'clock on the following morning we reached the beautiful island of St Vincent, where I first came within the limits of my governorship; for the governorship of the Windward Islands includes the island of Grenada, which is the headquarters, and also the islands of St Lucia and St Vincent, as

well as the many islands known as the Grenadines. St Lucia and St Vincent both possess administrators who are subordinate officers to the governor, and who, on the arrival of the governor within their administrations, revert to their offices of colonial secretary while he is with them. The Grenadines have a magistrate over them who lives at Carriacou. As on landing I had to read my commission, and as it was imperative that this function should first be performed at the principal seat of government, I did not land at St Vincent, but simply received the personal welcome of Mr Cameron the administrator and the members of council, who visited me on board. On the afternoon of the same day we arrived at Grenada and our voyage was ended.

Grenada is a lovely island and extraordinarily fertile. It was the fashion to say that, taking it acre for acre, it is the most productive spot in the King's dominions. We landed amid the usual greetings, addresses, and bouquets, and drove off to Government House in which I had previously stayed for one night some years previously as the guest of Sir Alfred Moloney. The house stands very high and is a charming one, beautifully situated, with its front door facing on to the harbour and the lovely lagoon, and with its other frontage up a long valley, down which there is an almost constant breeze. Fifty yards on either side of the house the breeze could not be felt, but upon the house itself it nearly always played. I fancy that its large rooms had formerly been a part of a house of the old French governors, as they were quite un-English in their appearance. It was immensely improved since my former visit, my predecessor, Sir Robert Llewellyn, having built on to it greatly, adding many comforts to it. It had, amongst other things, five very large bathrooms and two smaller ones, the joys of which in a tropical climate cannot be over-

Government House, Windward Islands.

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estimated. The garden and grounds were luxuriant and beautiful, and the colony provided me with five gardeners to keep them in order. In addition to these joys the garden was also said to be provided with a ghost in the shape of a great dog which rushed out at you at night-time as you went along the carriage drive. None of us, although passing at all hours of the night, ever saw it, but some of my servants positively refused to go out alone after nine or ten o'clock, and declared that they had been chased by this uncanny animal. My former butler at Barbados came back to me, one of the best servants I ever had, and also a former housemaid. My cook had been in the service of various governors for a great many years, either in Grenada or in Trinidad, and was a pearl of price; an enormously fat old black woman who positively rolled in her gait, but who never failed us. When, in my wife's absence, I have said, "Mrs Cox, I want forty people to dine here the day after to-morrow," she would drawl out, "It's very short notice, Your Excellency, but I'll manage somehow," and as good a dinner greeted my guests as one would find in Piccadilly. The old woman is still there, grumbling no doubt as always, and I have no doubt she will remain on with many another governor. My coachman, too, was inherited, having been over seventeen years in the same post; a very smart man with the hardest hands on a horse that I have ever come across, but devoted to his horses. When I told him later on leaving, "Preddy, Sir James Sadler has telegraphed to me that he will continue to employ you," he replied, "Oh yes, Your Excellency, I'll stay," and I am certain that the impression in his mind was that it was he who was called upon to approve of the governor's appointment and to concur in it, far more than any feeling of pleasure at his first-rate billet being still assured to him. His contempt for the coloured races was very great, although he was only partly coloured

himself. If anyone spoke to me on the road and I said, "Preddy, who was that gentleman?" he would reply, "Oh, just a common coloured fellow, Your Excellency." I had many servants, good and bad, but, on the whole, I never wish to be better served than I was by my household in Grenada.

On the day following my arrival we all went down in state for my swearing in. What struck me most about the ceremony was the extreme poverty of the surroundings, the Council chamber being a part of York House, the other part being used for the sittings of the Supreme Court. Indeed, the whole of St George, the capital town of Grenada, is squalid in the extreme, and much of it abominably filthy. No one seems to notice it, and I really think that the great majority of even the better classes have lost all sense of proportion in this matter, and quite fail to realise the sordid nature of their daily surroundings. Even some of the Government offices are in the same category, the Treasury being a place where one would hesitate to stable a span of mules, so narrow, inconvenient, and insanitary is it. And yet this utterly miserable town occupies a site on which angels would love to dwell. No town on the shores of the beautiful Mediterranean has more gorgeous surroundings both by sea and land, and to no place can the words of Bishop Heber, "Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile," be more aptly applied, for man alone has, by neglect, made this lovely spot abominable.

My very first task on assuming the government was one which bristled with difficulties and was a legacy left me by my predecessor in office. I found an Act on the statute-book providing for an entirely new system of education which contained a provision that it was to come into force in the following April, and I found every single Church in furious opposition to it. Great meetings were being held in public places and in the churches by the Roman Catholics,

and it was universally condemned by the man in the street. A joint deputation of all the denominations and of other prominent citizens waited upon me in respect to it, and for once in their lives were unanimous. The Act was not only unworkable, but it contained little petty restrictions upon the Roman Catholics which were contemptible. Had I tried to enforce it, it certainly would not have been conformed to by them, and compulsion of half a population when the other half is in qualified sympathy with them would have been impossible. From all points of view the Act was objectionable, and I therefore telegraphed to the Secretary of State to allow me to pass a new Act suspending it indefinitely. As it was rather a bantling of the educationalists I had not much hope of success, but, to my delight, sanction was given, and the hated law passed into the limbo of forgotten things without ever coming into force. Many months later I passed a fresh Education Act, and I cannot refrain from recording the opinions expressed to me after it became law. The Roman Catholic vicar-general said, "I shall never be able sufficiently to express to you the thanks of our Church for what you have done for us"; the head of the Church of England said, "It is an excellent law, and I cannot think why none of us ever thought of it before"; while the leader of the Methodists said, "I think, Sir, that it might have been improved, but, on the whole, it is a good working law, and we are satisfied with it." This was a very considerable triumph for me, and I recollect thinking how Mr Birrell, about that time struggling with his abortive Education Bill in England, would have rejoiced to have so successfully reconciled the unruly ecclesiastical and educational teams which he tried to put into the same harness. I may not, however, take too much credit for the work, which was largely due to the aid I got from my colonial secretary, Mr Drayton.

I found my daily life in Grenada an extremely busy one, as everything, from great to small, was referred to the governor; but without work existence there would be as intolerable as in a prison. There are practically no amusements, but few decent roads, hardly any recreations, and no sport. Even lawn tennis can only be played on two places in the island that I know of, so hilly is it, and bicycling is almost impossible. A certain amount of riding over the mountain paths is possible and a few rather melancholy drives are within one's reach. Of society there was very little; among the officials and a few of the planters and merchants we made kindly friends, but as compared, for example, with Barbados and Trinidad, there was no society at all. I have heard it authoritatively stated by men belonging to the island that, including all the officials, it would be impossible to reckon up a hundred men, women, and children of pure white blood in the whole of Grenada. But whether that be correct or no, society, including a good many agreeable people of slightly coloured blood, is a sadly trifling asset of an Englishman's life out there; so that the governor is almost solely dependent upon his work and the resources of Government House to make life tolerable to him. There was a good club with many pleasant members, but in a club the governor is rather a nuisance to himself and everyone else, as he impedes conversation, and his presence is a little analogous to that of the good-natured headmaster who tries to mix with his boys, but whose personality cannot be eliminated. So that when, in April, it became my duty to visit my other islands we were none of us sorry at the prospect of a change of scene.

We left by the Royal Mail and were received by a welcoming crowd of Vincelonians, as they are called, and I read my commission and was duly sworn, after which I visited Government House, an old-fashioned bungalow of a picturesque but extremely inconvenient

GRENADA.

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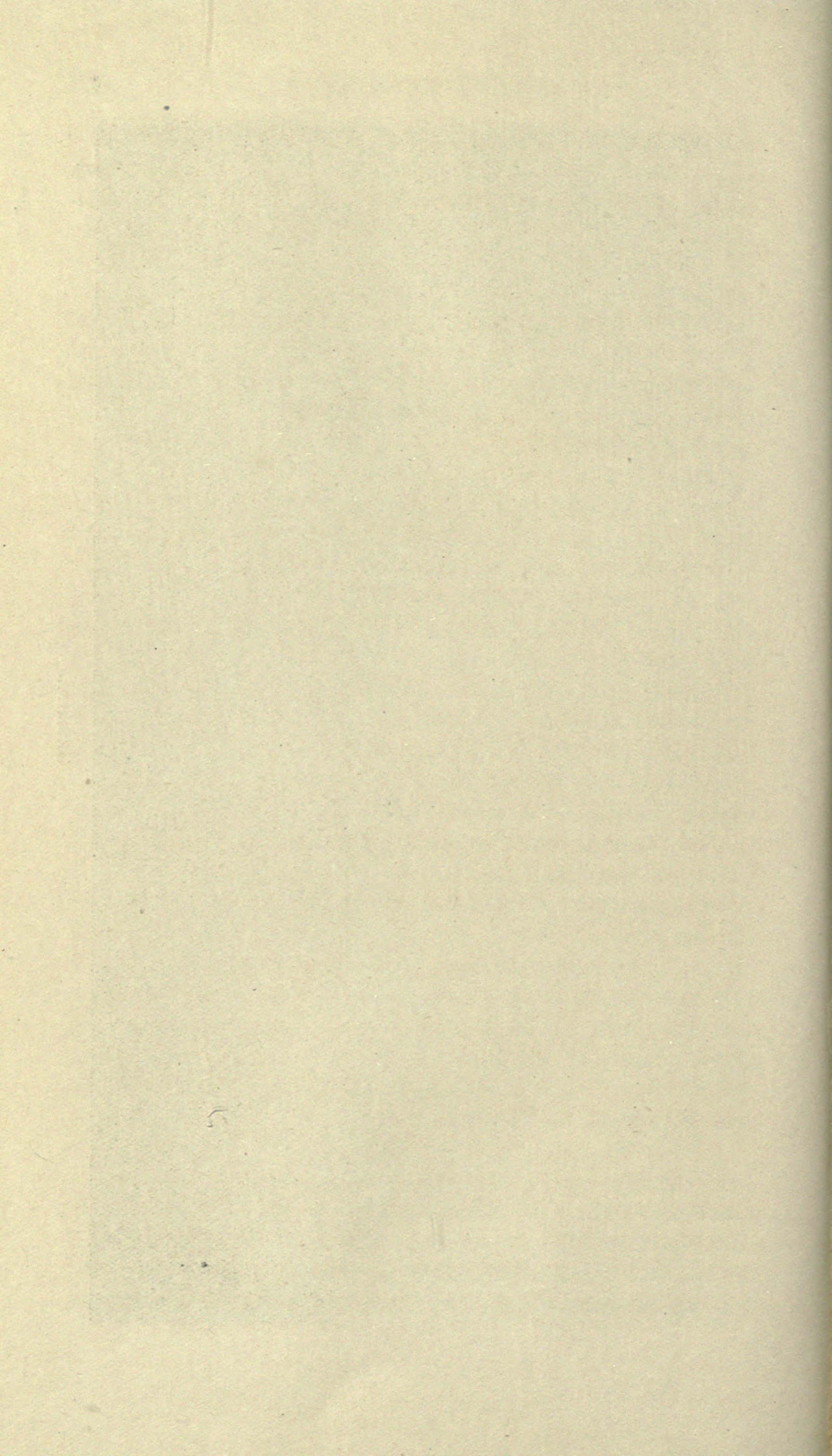

character, which I have heard was originally designed by a non-commissioned officer of the Royal Engineers. There is a story current that a former lieutenant-governor of the island is in the habit of walking up and down the verandah at nights carrying his head in his hand. I have slept many nights there and was never fortunate enough either to hear or to see him. Personally I cannot conceive any governor who has been lucky enough to get away from this island ever being fool enough to wish to return there. The island is lovely and has also the inestimable advantage of not having within it, I believe, any poisonous snakes. Why this should be so, while St Lucia. distant at the nearest point only eighteen miles, is the favoured haunt of the horrible fer-de-lance, it is hard to understand. There is an old yarn that the Caribs, the original inhabitants of the islands, introduced the fer-de-lance from St Lucia into St Vincent with the object of driving their invaders out of the country, but that it was a failure and that the snakes could not exist there. The last remnants of the Caribs are a picturesque survival of St Vincent, and they still have a location of their own. They must, I fancy, have become a good deal mixed up with the blacks in course of time, but not nearly so much as might be supposed, and they still retain the strong characteristics of their race.

On the following morning we arrived at St Lucia, where the same ceremonies took place. It is impossible to refer to St Lucia without commenting on the extravagantly costly series of errors which has characterised the War Office in dealing with the place. It is the central coaling-station of the West Indies, and has a deep, though small, harbour where vessels of a large size can conveniently be coaled, and so was looked favourably upon by the navy. It has a land formation which lends itself peculiarly well to military defence, and on that account was selected as a military base by the army. The navy spent no money

upon it, contenting themselves with establishing a coal depôt there under a civilian contractor. The War Office, on the other hand, had, for a great many years past, spent an enormous amount of money on works there. It is impossible for anyone like myself not in the secret of the financial side of the matter to estimate with anything approaching to correctness, but I do not think it will be denied that very many hundreds of thousands of pounds, if not millions, have been spent on the barracks and their accompanying buildings, every shilling of which is as wasted as though it had been cast into the sea. Visitors who see these vast ranges of empty buildings, but few of which have been used even for a single day, stand almost breathless at the amazing lack of foresight which led England into this huge expenditure. I doubt if the public have the slightest idea of this St Lucian folly. The estimated value of the barracks is, I fancy, entered each year in the public accounts at a very high valuation on the asset side, but their real value does not amount to one-twentieth part of the value of the bricks which are in them. There they stand a monument of as fatuous waste as ever existed in any country. High naval authorities will tell you that they have known for many years past, indeed ever since torpedoes, long-range guns, and other modern appliances came into use, that, no matter how well defended from the land side, the harbour itself was open to attack at long range from the sea, and was absolutely shelterless except from the weather. And yet up to the year 1906 building went on, practically until Sir John Fisher's scheme of naval concentration and the withdrawal of isolated garrisons became a part of the defence scheme of the Empire. One of the most grotesque things about this monumental waste of money deserves record. Most of the barracks are on the top of a very long and steep hill, up which every brick and all material had to be carried. During the whole of the work

every atom of material had to be carried at first on the backs of porters, and later, when the roads were improved, on little carts. Very shortly before the abandonment it occurred to somebody that an aerial tram from the bottom to the top would serve this purpose, and one was constructed. As everyone who has seen anything of mining in hilly countries very well knows, the first thing that a mining company does in similar circumstances is to build an aerial tram, though it took many decades before this knowledge reached the military authorities, but at length the tram was completed. It was stated, although I cannot vouch for its truth, that when the line was finished trucks were sent out which were made for a different pattern and which did not fit, and that on the first and only occasion of trial the trucks capsized. At all events the line was practically never used, and public report states that not long ago the whole material was sold for £10. The War Office has so long, and so consistently, laid itself open to criticism in matters of this sort that one may be pardoned for quoting a story current in the West Indies which is not more unbelievable than is the existence of the barracks themselves. It is said that on the initiation of the buildings many years ago a large number of bricklayers were sent out for the work, but that the officer in command on arrival reported that there was abundance of stone, and requested that quarrymen and stone-masons should be supplied to him and the bricklayers withdrawn; to which he got a reply conveying a severe snub for his suggestion, and informing him that bricks would be at once sent out for the bricklayers to lay. And so through all these years did the bricks follow the bricklayers and the bricklayers lay their bricks, every brick being imported from home at a cost which must have been enormous, and which is locally estimated at ninepence per brick before it finally took its place in the building. The barracks now stand as

a melancholy memorial and the object of an occasional stroll. They are now and again quickened into a brief life by an afternoon dance held by society in one of their gloomy halls, only to sink back, as twilight falls, into the lurking place of the fer-de-lance and the locally dreaded "duppy," both of which are credited with haunting their precincts.

St Lucia has an excellent Government House, which is nearly as great an example of waste on a smaller scale as the barracks, being extremely costly and inconvenient. The island is largely fertile, but is for the most part uncultivated. It is the only one of the Windward Islands which still grows sugar cane on an extensive scale, though a good deal of cocoa is raised there. The sugar is mainly worked in four large factories, Cul-de-sac, Roseau, Dennery, and another, which are all furnished with a full complement of modern machinery, and which all employ a very large number of men. These factories formed a prominent feature in the events which I am now going to relate, the riots of St Lucia.

CHAPTER XXV

THE WINDWARD ISLANDS

It seems to me that any history of mine on the subject of the riots should be prefaced by an apology, because it must of necessity be so purely personal; but there is no alternative, as upon me alone rested the whole responsibility of repressing the serious disorders which arose. Shortly after my arrival a number of the coal-heavers of Castries, who form a very large and united body of both men and women, marched up to Government House to lay before me a representation that their wages were too low. Now there was no body of labourers in the West Indies, I believe, so well paid as were the coal-heavers of St Lucia, and the grievances laid before me were without a vestige of foundation. The position of a governor is one in which it is imperative that he should be free from all imputation of taking sides in matters outside his administrative powers, and especially in all having to do with the relations of capital and labour. I therefore told them that it was a matter on which I could express no opinion; that it was entirely between themselves and their employers; and finally, that they would be wise if they considered well before doing anything which might drive ships away from St Lucia to coal elsewhere. I quote this at length because it was afterwards ascribed to me that at this interview I recommended the men to strike, which is of course ridiculous on the face of it; but no fiction is too monstrous for a

certain class of West Indian newspaper to propagate, or for a West Indian reader to swallow. My visitors then went down into the town, and from our coign of vantage at Government House we could see, far below, through our glasses, a great crowd of people evidently discussing affairs, the women dancing slowly round in circles and waving branches, which I have since found to be a sure sign of trouble. I think that it was on the following morning that a large crowd of coal-heavers assembled round the government buildings in the town clamouring to see me, and from the balcony I addressed them, reiterating again and again the words, "My advice to you is to go back to your work." On that afternoon a large picnic was given at which all society was present, and to which I have often looked back, as at the moment, although it was not realised, we were on the brink of a volcano, and the lives of those present were on but a light tenure. The chief of police came to me at the picnic and told me that the people were much disturbed, but that it would all fizzle out, and the administrator and other officers ascribed no serious import to it, so much so that on the following morning I left for Barbados on my return to Grenada. On the next day, as my steamer was actually under way leaving Barbados, a telegram was put into my hands from the administrator of St Lucia that matters were now so serious that he asked for a ship-of-war at once if possible. There was none available, the nearest, the *Indefatigable*, being on the coast of Mexico. I at once went to the captain and asked him if he would divert his course and take me to St Lucia, which, after a formal official request from me, he consented to do. I telegraphed to the administrator that I would arrive off the harbour at about midnight, and that a boat was to be sent out to sea to meet me, and at that hour, while still about three miles out, a small row boat arrived alongside with the administrator,

the attorney-general, and the harbour-master on board. They informed me that a good deal of fighting had taken place, and that the police had been obliged to shoot, but that now all was quiet, as most fortunately a heavy storm of rain had come on.

With my secretary, Mr Fitzherbert, I landed on the lonely wharf, and walked up to the central police station which was a blaze of light, all the police and a large number of young men who had enrolled as special constables, and had taken part in the fighting, being on the alert. I called round me a number of responsible persons, and there, in the dead of night, we discussed the whole situation, and I heard the worst forebodings for the following day. I cabled to the Secretary of State, urgently pressing that the *Indefatigable* should be ordered to my assistance at full speed; and I also telegraphed to the Governor of Barbados requesting him to hold a hundred police with a maxim gun at my disposal, and to have a steamer in readiness to convey them at a moment's notice. I then lay down for an hour's rest. At about 6 A.M. I got up and had a shower-bath, and then suddenly I turned to Fitzherbert, who was under the shower with me, and said, "Why shouldn't we, just you and I, go out and tackle these fellows ourselves?" I knew very well that if I told anybody else I should not be allowed to go alone, so, some quarter of an hour later, we slipped out by the back entrance and started on our stroll. The streets were absolutely empty, only a woman here and there at her door; but the news of my presence spread like wildfire, and almost in a moment people crowded out of their houses exclaiming, "Why, here's de Gubnor; where de Gubnor come from?" for my arrival was like a bolt from the blue to them. We walked down every single street I think, slowly and easily, with a crowd behind us, and so astonished were they that not one

tried to molest us. It completely beat them, that while they thought that they had the white men sheltering behind their barriers, here were the Governor and his Secretary taking a morning stroll among them, only stopping occasionally to dub them "a parcel of damned fools" for giving so much trouble.

We got back to the police station to receive the news that the people from the great sugar factories were massing and, in brief, that the movement had spread all over the island. It therefore became imperative to deal instantly with the coal-heavers, and the coal merchants agreed to meet them at eleven o'clock. I went down to the place of meeting to keep order, but did not attend the conference. All we had was a detachment of twelve police under their chief, Mr Laborde, the others, numbering about twenty, being left at the station as our sole reserve in a critical situation. The leading coal merchant declined to leave the protection of his house, so I had to go up with Fitzherbert and escort him away from a tearful and apprehensive family. While strolling about in the courtyard waiting, Mr Laborde hurried up to me and said, "Sir, sir, they are looting the market, I hear, and there is a terrible row up there! What shall I do? I dare not withdraw my men here. Shall I send out the reserve men?" I replied, "No, do nothing, I will go there myself." Jumping into a little buggy standing near, and taking a local gentleman, Mr Mallet-Paret, who pluckily offered his services as interpreter, I started, but had only gone a few yards when Fitzherbert plumped in on the top of me and said, "What, Sir, going without me!" We drove to the market, a very large building where a great business was done. The conditions were simply indescribable, a pandemonium; crowds of the lowest class, including all the prostitutes of the town, all armed with sticks, robbing right and left, and screaming out

their vengeance upon everyone, many hundreds of men shouting and waving their cutlasses, the stalls overturned and robbed, and the country women, who had all had their goods looted, joining in the uproar. All around the building and inside it was thronged with this mass of screeching humanity, a veritable hell broken loose. I dashed into the middle of them, and being a very big man, with a peculiarly powerful voice, I succeeded in making my presence known and felt. I forced myself through them somehow, amidst the sea of waving cutlasses, and got into the centre of the building, the outside crowd surging in after me. I climbed to the top of some boxes so as to command the whole audience, and from there I spoke to them and told them in plain language what I thought of them, ordering them with all the force of which I was master to maintain order; my interpreter repeating my words in a shrill key which, on thinking it over afterwards, struck us as irresistibly funny. Why they obeyed me I cannot conceive, but they did, and I succeeded in checking the violence of the outbreak. This, although it was only at the beginning of events, was undoubtedly one of the most critical moments of the whole trouble, for if any single isolated man or woman had struck me down from behind with a cutlass, or if in the crowd I had fallen, I am certain that within half an hour there would have been a massacre of every white soul in Castries and later on in the whole island. The native is a curious and impulsive creature, for, as I was leaving, an infuriated man sprang towards me with a club in his hand and threatened to strike me. I gripped him and threw him from me, calling out, "You dog, do you dare to threaten the Governor?" when in a moment the others fell upon him, tore his coat from his back, and the last I saw of him was being chased down the street by his fellow rioters. I returned to the conference place, and there learnt that the coal-

masters had given way and had agreed upon a higher scale of wages, so that for the moment it seemed as though the back of the rising was broken. It was an extraordinarily fortunate circumstance that this temporary settlement took place, for it practically put the coal-heavers out of active participation in the later events, although they still continued to be a dangerous though slumbering force.

As we were preparing to return to the police station, news reached me that the whole of the labourers from the Cul-de-sac factory were marching upon the town, having as a sort of quasi (though willing) prisoner, their manager, Mr Bennett, who, though I have not always agreed with him in his action in connection with either this or later events, showed a cool pluck throughout, in broad contradistinction to the chicken-heartedness which prevailed among so many prominent men on the island. The first object of the labourers was to see me. I threw a cordon of police across the street to stop their progress beyond the station, and then awaited their arrival. In crowds they came, Mr Bennett in his buggy in their midst, and a deputation from their number came in to me. After hearing them, I went out and addressed the crowd, and then, knowing that I was totally unable to stop them, I told them that they could disperse and wander into the town as they liked, and hoped for the best. On their reaching the coal-heavers they found them unsympathetic as they had got their rise of wages, and were not disposed to carry matters further; and so, for the moment, the trouble seemed nipped in the bud. But it had by now got hold of the country districts which were all ablaze, and reports asking for assistance which I could not give reached me from many directions. Yet at this moment, when the life of every white soul in St Lucia was in imminent danger, I received a telegram, asking me

if I was quite certain that I did want the assistance of a ship of war, questioning, if I recollect right, the convenience of it. My reply was clear and conclusive, and I remember turning to those around me and saying, bitterly, "I am almost minded to telegraph to Barbados for the assistance of the Brazilian admiral who is now there, but shame prevents me."

Next morning early a small force of ten police, under a white serjeant-major, the holder of the Victoria Cross, was sent out to Cul-de-sac to garrison the factory against an apprehended attack, and at about ten o'clock, I, with Fitzherbert, and a clerk in the colonial secretary's office, Mr Ferguson, a plucky young fellow, started for Cul-de-sac. On reaching the hill overlooking the factory we heard shots, and hurrying down we came right into the middle of a great mass of the Cul-de-sac employés, and also of the whole of the labourers from Roseau, who had just been beaten back after an attack on the factory. Lying there in a huddled crowd were some fifteen men and women all bleeding from their wounds, and some in a terrible state. I stood on the steps of a little telephone-shed which was there, while the people crowded round me in a threatening attitude, and I recollect that I thundered out at them, "You may murder me if you like and be damned to you, but, by God, while I have breath in my body you shall obey me"; one of their leaders, a Barbadian, replying, "No, Sir, we will do you no harm." I told them to wait where they were while I went up to the factory, whither I went, on the way passing a number of natives, some wounded, a few dead, the leader, a big burly negro, lying on his back with arms and legs outstretched and a terrible expression on his face, stone dead. I then returned to the crowd, got all the Roseau people around me, and ordered them to follow me out to their factory, some four miles distant, where I would

hear them. I wanted, of course, to break the combination.

First sending orders to the administrator to cable to Barbados for the police, and telling him not to worry about me, I started out to Roseau amidst the crowd of returning labourers. As I approached the factory I found a large area of the plantation in flames, and on arrival I found the factory sacked and seriously damaged, the store cleared out, and the manager's house, with the furniture, steeped in paraffin preparatory to burning it. I mounted on the top of a wagon and from there made a speech. I went into all their alleged grievances, and exploded a number of the falsehoods which had been told them. Of one matter I recollect that I shouted, "It's a lie," the interpreter following me with "c'est un mensonge," and again "It's a damned lie," the interpreter shrieking "c'est un sacré mensonge." It was no good mincing words with these people. I had no force, and if I myself failed to hold them the game was lost; and there is nothing which impresses a negro mob, or indeed any mob, more than having a clear certainty within their bones that you are not one whit afraid of them. I succeeded to some extent in bringing the people to reason, and oddly enough they were not as incensed as I should have supposed at the shooting down of their comrades; and I stopped the fires and saved the factory and machinery and the manager's house. I even persuaded some of them to put out some of the fires which were most dangerous. That finished, I left for Castries, calling at Cul-de-sac on the way.

In the meantime Castries had been visited by a large force of the labourers from Dennery factory, who had come thither, a distance of twelve miles over the mountains, to concentrate with the combined forces of Cul-de-sac and Roseau, a combination which we had happily defeated. Had it taken place,

Castries, the white people, and the factories would have all gone. The administrator, with the force at his disposal in Castries and with the knowledge that he was safe from attack elsewhere, was able to countercheck this movement of the Dennery men, who returned over their hills again. And then at this critical point sorely needed aid came to us, but not from England. The Dutch man-of-war *Gelderland*, under the Captain Baron van Asbeck, steamed into harbour ready for all emergencies, with a large party of men on deck ready and eager to land at a moment's notice and to give us their assistance. The administrator feeling safe in their presence asked them to remain on board, but to hold themselves in readiness, and awaited my return. It is impossible to overestimate the value of this help, for I most assuredly believe that had it not come we could not have controlled the forces against us much longer, so thoroughly did the people know that the Government were in their power; and a one-man control will not last for ever.

That evening urgent appeals came from Dennery, and during the night the Barbados police arrived, a splendid body of over one hundred men, and also a body of white volunteers with their maxim gun. Early in the morning I visited the *Gelderland*, and told the captain that I was going to ride over the hills to Dennery, and was sending round the Barbados police there by sea, and I asked him if he would stay in Castries. He replied, "Have no anxiety about Castries, I will remain until your return, and my men are entirely at your disposal and, in your absence, of the administrator." When I looked at the group of eager officers who said, "Oh, Sir, why won't you let us land and go for these fellows?" and when I looked at the great fair-haired and burly bluejackets in long lines around me, I felt a kinship with them which for ever blotted out all soreness over the events of the South African war, and I blessed this ship and its

officers and crew in which President Kruger had sailed from South Africa to Marseilles when he fled from South Africa for ever.

Much against the will of the chief of police, I started with Fitzherbert and Ferguson, and also with the acting magistrate for the Dennery district, to ride over the hills, arriving at Dennery at a little after midday. The chief of police insisted that I should be attacked on the way, but I felt certain that I should not. The factory was deserted, a good deal of damage having been done to it, and only about fifty or sixty men still loitered around it. The manager and his wife, a very notably plucky woman, welcomed us warmly, for their position was an extremely dangerous one, although they had not so far been subjected to any personal hurt. Just as we had settled down to a comfortable rest after our long hot ride, the telephone bell rang, and word came that the Dennery factory labourers were in Dennery town, some three miles distant, looting it, the whole place being in an uproar. We rushed out, jumped on our ponies, and started on a ride which I always look back upon as one of the escapes of my life. I am a very heavy man and I was riding a mere pony, but an uncommonly good one. I simply lay down and galloped for bare life up hill and down hill as I never galloped before. Fitzherbert afterwards said, "The thought that came to me, Sir, was the Governor will certainly be killed and I probably shall," so utterly reckless was our ride and so rough and hilly the road. In comparatively few minutes we covered the distance, and approaching the entrance to the town came upon dozens of negro men and women carrying great loads of loot on their heads. I rode straight at them, and they all incontinently dropped their loads, jumping over the hedges and running as though for their lives. There was no time to be lost, and we galloped into the town, finding the mob just beginning to loot the house of one of the large storekeepers, having

already cleared out his store. We rode straight into the middle of them, I lashing them with my hunting whip, crying out, "Obey the orders of the Governor," at which they bolted, having, I suppose, no doubt in their minds that I had a number of men behind me. We rode up to the little police station in which were the two policemen, the Roman Catholic priest, the custom-house officer, and the doctor and one or two other people. The acuteness of the situation may be gauged by the fact that even the priest himself had to take refuge. The first thing I called out was, "Have you got a whisky and soda among you?" and the doctor replied cheerily, "Yes, Sir, and lots of ice too." The crowd then gathered round the station, and I warned them that a large force of police would be on the spot almost at once, and that they would do well to be quiet. In two hours the Barbados police landed, over a hundred in number, and as they fell into their ranks, a fine lot of well-disciplined fellows, under their inspector-general, Colonel Kaye, I felt that I did not mind all the rioters in St Lucia. The dear old priest in Dennery was in normal times loved by his people; but they had defied him and insulted him, and when the police were in their ranks and the inspector-general said to me, "Do you want anyone arrested, Sir?" I turned to the priest, and the brave old man walked out and touched one man after another and handed them over to the police, saying, "They have well deserved it and I will not shield them." I rather feared for him in the future; but I believe that he, later, recovered all his influence over his people and that he is as well beloved as ever. The arrests over, we all marched to the factory and there established a camp, which was later taken over by a detachment of the Royal Marines, who remained there for some weeks until the disquiet was ended and all arrests made. Next day we returned to Castries to find the *Gelderland* still there, and a few days later all risk from the

riots was over when the *Indefatigable*, or the *Ungetatable* as she was now called throughout the West Indies, steamed into harbour and ended our trouble. While sitting down writing my report I turned to Fitzherbert and said, "What an anti-climax! are not you sorry it is all finished?" and he replied, "Yes, we have had the time of our lives"; but in truth it was an anxious time for all of us, and we were within measurable distance of a disastrous massacre.

In looking back, the principal point that struck me about the white people was the cool pluck of so many of the women, and the feeble inertness, or worse, of so many of the men, from the older of whom, speaking generally, I received no assistance at all. Many of the young men behaved very well, and some of them received ugly injuries which they bore cheerfully, feeling that they had only done an ordinary duty. Most of my higher officials kept their heads throughout, including the administrator, Mr Cork, while the attorney-general, too, showed much personal courage. The chief of police, Mr Laborde, and his sergeant-major and sergeant-instructor, were as good men as I ever wish to have behind me in a tight place, the sergeant-major, alas! being disfigured for life, though I was fortunately able to promote him later to a better post. It was a curious thing that throughout the riots the telephone wires were never cut. They were entirely overlooked by the rioters, and the courage of the little lady in charge at headquarters, who stuck to her post by day and lay down alongside the instrument at night, receiving and forwarding orders as coolly as though nothing was the matter, filled me with admiration. Our salvation was due primarily to the arrival of the *Gelderland*, and secondarily, to the aid of the Barbados police. Our own police behaved wonderfully well, but their numbers were too few to be of much avail. It is satisfactory to know that the fiasco of the *Indefatigable* led to

the establishment of a second ship of war on the West Indian station, the *Scylla* being at once sent out, so that now there is always one ship in the East and another in the West. It is well that it should be understood that unless in these negro islands early help is available, there will sooner or later be a catastrophe of magnitude.

Up to this point I had received nothing but expressions of goodwill from both press and public alike since my arrival in the Windward Islands, both in respect to my general actions and my work in the riots. But now an incident occurred which transformed many of those who had hitherto supported me, and who had extolled my action throughout the riots, into bitter enemies who, during the whole of the rest of my time as governor, pursued me with the most malignant falsehoods of the blackest type. The administrator was going on leave, and it became necessary to appoint a man to act for him. Mr Laborde had acted on a previous occasion and had done well; but he had many enemies, and notably the press were opposed to him. Knowing this, I asked the Colonial Office to send out someone from home if possible, and so get over the difficulty; but my suggestions could not be complied with, and Mr Laborde was appointed. As the intention became known the press took it up, and on the day that the Barbados police left St Lucia, I received an anonymous letter on the subject. An anonymous letter is the favourite weapon of West Indians, extending to all classes. It is a peculiarly dastardly mode of attack, and I have ever held it in great contempt. The letter unfortunately got burnt in my train fire in Newfoundland and I have been unable to get a copy of it, but it consisted of, first, laudation of my personal action in the riots, but a warning that, despite this, the writers intended to make governing impossible to me if Mr Laborde was appointed to act as

administrator. It implied that the writers were in a position so to represent matters that I should be held responsible for the loss of life which had occurred, and it declared that all legislation would be impeded, so that my tenure of office would be rendered impossible to me in the future.

I have always been practically certain as to the identity of the writer, and of that of at least two men who were cognisant of it, and were associated in carrying its threats into effect. Those threats were carried out almost to the letter, and throughout the remainder of my term of office in the Windward Islands, I was pursued by the most bitter animosity by a section of the people who had every opportunity of making themselves heard. That I was supported by a majority of the best people was of little avail in the shower of daily abuse to which I was subjected. It did not do me any harm officially; but it did effect the purpose of those who wrought the evil, to the extent that it rendered all my work useless, and my best efforts to promote improvement difficult, while it left behind to me an abiding dislike for the rest of my period of government in the Windward Islands. This habit of anonymous letters even extends to the women, and my wife, somewhat later, got another letter which, though it extols me personally, I cannot refrain from quoting, as it is a quaint illustration of what women of the better classes will descend to in their zeal for finding fault with their neighbours, who in this case held the very leading positions in the colony, although I withhold their names. The letter ran as follows:—

MADAME,—The Governor is a gallant man and so brave. If the Chief of Police were also brave the Governor would not have had to return, but he did nothing for anyone.

You will have your part to play too. Mrs A. is a weak woman given to favourites. Her favourites are Mrs B., Mrs C., and Mrs D. She is always

with them. In society she has one of them on either side. They poison her mind against everyone who attempts to be friendly. If you would aid your husband, and be liked, have no favourites. Don't let the B. woman get your servants or anything. She seems to run you and your house and keep you away from all others. Move about and don't let them surround you. Be the same to all. A Governor's wife has to be the keystone of society.—Yours, WELLWISHER.

Whether we rightly guessed the author I cannot tell, but I only know that when my wife read it out to the accompaniment of shouts of laughter from us, we all, including my staff, without a single dissentient voice, proclaimed the name of the same lady.

Before finally closing the history of the St Lucia riots, I will venture, as it was published in the *Gazette*, to quote an extract from a despatch which I received from the Secretary of State on the subject:—

"I congratulate you and the Administrator of St Lucia on the courage and judgment displayed in dealing with the situation, and I am satisfied that the energetic and well-considered measures which were adopted prevented the disturbance assuming more serious proportions. I am satisfied that the strong measures at Castries on the 23rd of April and at Cul-de-sac on the 25th of April were justified, and were probably the means of preventing a greater calamity."

A few days later I left St Lucia for Grenada in *H.M.S. Indefatigable.* It is fair that I should say that from no captain or officers have I ever received more active co-operation or more sustained courtesy than from those of the *Indefatigable*, and that the delay in their arrival was due not to any laxity on their part, but to the Admiralty reductions in expenditure which necessitated their absence from their legitimate sphere of duty. I left them a small

legacy in the shape of a doggerel poem which I will take leave to quote:—

A REMINISCENCE OF ST LUCIA RIOTS, 1907.

When danger and trouble surround us,
  And men and munitions we lack;
We eagerly scan the horizon
  For a sight of the Union Jack.

When our hearts are borne by disaster,
  And prospects are drear and black,
We pray we may glimpse in the offing
  Our time-honoured Union Jack.

Give us back our old bluejacket comrades,
  Our ships and our flag give us back,
The boast and the pride of our country,
  Our well-beloved Union Jack.

In joy and in sorrow we need them,
  As to port and to starboard they tack,
The grand old white ensign of England
  And glorious Union Jack.

A large number of men were later on convicted, and some of them got long sentences. The rise of wages granted to the coal-heavers was of very short duration. Under the new order of things, ships declined to pay the increased rates, and ship after ship went elsewhere, so that idleness prevailed on the wharves, until at length the masters put it before the men that they might if they chose return to work at the old rates, or that they, the masters, would consider the desirability of removing their head-quarters to another island; with the result that all returned of their own free will, and the old rates, which were ample, were restored, the coal-heavers having in the meantime lost considerably through their stupid and unreasoning violence.

Later in the year my wife left for England and remained away until nearly the end of 1907. My A.D.C., in the course of his ordinary duty, married

our Government House young lady, and I invited Mr Taylor, an old Brasenose friend of my son's, blessed with many of the good things of this world, to come to me as extra private secretary, a post which he held with slight intermission, until some months after I had taken up my duties as Governor of Newfoundland.

On my wife's departure for England Fitzherbert and Taylor and I, with my chief clerk Wilson, left on a round of visits, staying at St Lucia again this time for I think five weeks, and having a very pleasant time in society, despite the evil influences which pervaded the island. Later on we visited St Vincent, remaining there for some weeks. While there we visited the country, so terribly devastated in 1902 by the eruption of the Soufrière, a volcanic mountain which bursts into activity at intermittent periods, whenever there is an eruption of Mont Pelée, in the neighbouring island of Martinique, and rode over the lower slopes of the Soufrière, but did not climb to its summit. Much of this land has now been reclaimed from the damage then done, and it will, I do not doubt, prosper well until another cataclysm occurs, and the volcano takes its periodical toll of human lives and human energy. St Vincent is a dear, pretty little place, but oh, so dull. One is led to wonder how anyone can continue to exist in it.

From St Vincent we went on a visit to Trinidad, where, during the absence of its governor, my old friend and colleague, the late Sir Henry Jackson, Sir Gilbert Carter, the Governor of Barbados, was temporarily acting as governor. Government House at Trinidad is a very large and handsome building, but is a monument of singular stupidity. It is on the lovely Savannah, but is on the wrong side of it, right under the hills which shelter it from any waft of wind, and which keep it as hot as the Inferno. It is built, too, to retain all the heat and keep out every breath of air. I slept in the great room in which

"distinguished visitors" are placed, the same room of which it is locally stated that our present King, then Prince George, wrote home that he had slept in "the hottest room, in the hottest house, in the hottest island of the Empire." Trinidad is unquestionably for its size one of the richest possessions of His Majesty. Although its capital, Port of Spain, is to some extent sordid in its streets, the island as a whole bears prosperity on the face of it. The Savannah, a great unenclosed park, is the finest thing of its kind, I believe, in the world; a vast expanse of green grass with handsome trees studding it, where cricket, lawn tennis, polo, football, golf, and racing all take place. It is worth while going to Trinidad to admire the Savannah. Sir Gilbert and Lady Carter gave us many delightful days, on one of which we visited the famous pitch lake, which has been too often described for me to tell of it. It is the hottest place in the world, I verily believe; so terrible is it, that the white people who control the work have constructed a residential pier, far out on the sea, on which they have built their houses, and where they live with some degree of health and comfort. It is not often that two governors with their personal staffs spend an enforced night in prison, but it happened to Sir Gilbert and Lady Carter and myself. We were cruising in the Bay in a small open launch, and were returning late when a violent storm came on, and we were just able to get under the lee of the island on which the penal station is; and there, much to the amazement of the superintendent, we craved our supper and hospitality for the night, camping in three half-partitioned rooms, separated only by a seven-foot high hoarding.

While at Trinidad the first instalment of the great American Fleet which cruised round the world arrived, under Admiral Seabree, as regular an old sea-dog as ever I met. We went to a great party on board the *Washington* flagship, where an incident

occurred which rather touched me. The Stars and Stripes were being lowered at sunset, and in the American navy that function is made more of than in our navy, the flag being lowered very slowly, extending over some minutes, during which the band plays one of the two American National airs. We were all standing at attention and saluting, when I looked at my neighbour, pretty Lady Carter, and saw the tears running down her face. I whispered, "Lady Carter, you are crying," and she replied, "Yes, you don't mind, do you, but for the moment I feel like an exile." Never lived a woman who took more readily to English surroundings, but I honoured her for her love of her old flag, and I often wish that our English men and English women had half the affection for the White Ensign that every American has for the Stars and Stripes. This love of the Americans for their flag is at the root of half the success of their nation. The British representative abroad, no matter what service he may be in, often sighs for the support from his Government which he sees accorded to his colleague from the United States. The least important consular agent may unfurl the Stars and Stripes for the protection of his country's interests in the wildest mob of any civilised or semi-civilised State in the world, and it is instantly respected; but who can say the same for the Union Jack? The truth is, that departments at home often dare not support their representatives, because they fear the diatribes of those baneful weeds of our legislative system who daily revel in shameless depreciation of their country's credit. This means trouble, and trouble is a factor which every well-regulated civil servant views with constitutional aversion. American political life may not be free from corruption; Americans may bicker and use expressions which we, in our supposed greater legislative refinement, would hesitate to utter; but, in the midst of it all and above it all, they are American and stand

shoulder to shoulder, right or wrong, against the faintest whisper to the dishonour of the country of their birth. We may well envy the spirit which prompts each American not only to glory in, but to uphold with all the strength that is in him, the great banner which is the sacred charge of every one of them.

It seemed as though trouble was bound to follow me in the Windward Islands, for in the midst of my delightful visit, a telegram reached me that a negro clerk in the treasury at Grenada had attacked the colonial treasurer, had fired many revolver shots at and into him, had stabbed him in several places with a carving knife, and had practically run amuck; that the negro population of Grenada was almost in a state of riot in their sympathy with the would-be murderer; and finally, that the administrator had telegraphed for the *Indefatigable*. So, engaging a horrid little steamer used for coasting, shaped like a saucer and redolent of generations of passengers of the lower orders, my staff and I returned to Grenada, to find the population, which we had left bright and cheerful, transformed into a sullen and dangerous people. I think that every West Indian Governor, past and present, will agree with me that these periodical outbreaks on the part of the negro population of the West Indies are mainly due to the newspapers. The term newspaper is as a rule a misnomer in itself, for it has rarely any news in it. Many of the papers in the smaller islands, though there are honourable exceptions, have always seemed to me to exist for the primary purpose of stirring up trouble. A coloured editor was once asked by a friend of mine why he so persistently published matter which he knew to be false, and he bluntly replied that he could not sell his paper unless he did so. He said, "The people like that kind of thing and I have to furnish it." And what do such papers as a rule furnish? Not, as in England, fair criticism of

political views or political methods, but gross personal abuse, without even a pretence of foundation, slung hither and thither, to be devoured by readers who still remain in the abysmal ignorance of believing that newspaper matter is always true. There is nothing so easy as to create disorder among a negro people who, despite a certain amount of acquired civilisation, are not very far removed from the original savage, and to whom, in all their gradations of class, the horrible superstition of obeah is still a very living thing, and the responsibility of those who inflame the passions of such people is very grave. The treasurer, after a hard fight for his life, recovered, and the clerk was sentenced to imprisonment for twelve years, the day of his sentence being an occasion of fresh disorder, which, with the very small force of police at my command, gave much trouble.

As I landed in Grenada from Trinidad, a cypher telegram was put into my hand to which I was too busy to attend for some little time, but which later on I found to contain the news that the Secretary of State proposed to recommend my name to the King for a K.C.M.G., an agreeable variation of the otherwise unpleasant surroundings which existed at the moment. But every rose has its thorn, and from thenceforth I was to suffer from that constant mispronunciation of my name which has grown up of recent years. When I was a boy "Ralph" was pronounced by all the world, rich and poor alike, as though written Rafe, but now, as the product of board schools and Americanisms, three-quarters of the world vulgarise it by altering the pretty, soft sounding name into the hideous "Ralllph," which galls me every time I hear it.

My wife rejoined me in Grenada in November 1907, and left again in the following July for England, being followed by me in August. In a big Daimler car we travelled the length and

breadth of England and Wales during our holiday, until I was brought up short by a fearfully acute attack of sciatica, which kept me a broken-down invalid at Llandrindod Wells for very many weeks. During this visit I found great changes at the Colonial Office, Lord Crewe having taken up the post of Secretary of State, and Sir Francis Hopwood that of Under Secretary. I think that if a general consensus of opinion was taken from colonial officers both in and out of the office as to who was the best Secretary of State for the colonies for many years past, their choice would fall upon Lord Crewe. In all respects he is a remarkable man. He led the Government in the House of Lords for a long period, during which he had to introduce and to endeavour to pass measure after measure which was odious to the great majority of the better classes in England. He has been in close political association with several men whose very names are anathema to the Unionist party; and yet I will venture to say that he has never made a single personal enemy, and I would almost say not a single political enemy. His calm, unassuming, and most courteous manner, always unruffled and always invoking personal respect, and his quiet unconscious dignity have given him an almost unrivalled position, while his success as a leader whose duty it has been to force unpalatable legislation upon those of his own class has been unapproachable. And as he was in the political world so he was in the great department over which he held control, understanding everything, missing nothing, courteous to all.

While in England I applied for the next presentation to the Governorship of Newfoundland, which all my life I had wished to hold; but I left England at the end of 1908 without any very lively feeling that I should get it. On the 17th of February 1909, however, about a month after my return, a cypher

telegram was put into my hand just as I was going up to dress for dinner to receive a large party. As I was at the time getting many such telegrams about a political imbroglio at St Lucia, I laid it aside, saying, "Another of those tiresome St Lucia conundrums," and went down to dinner. Next morning after breakfast I called Fitzherbert to help me over the decyphering, and as I was lighting my pipe he read out, "I propose to recommend your name to the King for—" "Good heavens," I cried out, "for what? Go on quickly," and the next words were "the Governorship of Newfoundland." I did not wait for the rest, but flew to my wife's room with the news, at which we were almost too overjoyed to speak. Never did man or woman want anything more earnestly, and never was a governor delivered from a more galling bondage than I was by these few delightful words. My staff were almost equally glad, and we found it very hard for the many weeks that passed before the King's approval was received, to avoid blurting it out before our servants. Somebody at dinner would say: "When do you suppose we shall really go to—" and then a sudden stop and a hasty change to another subject. However, all came in due time, including a telegram of warm welcome from the Prime Minister of Newfoundland. I felt like a man raised to another sphere, and I could hardly wait, as the days passed on, until I could shake off my load. At last the day came, and I left Grenada in June 1909 a very much older and more tired man than when I had arrived at it in 1907, but almost young again in heart and spirit by the anticipation of all that I was going to gain in the healthiest colony in the world, amongst a loyal and warmhearted people.

The more I look back upon those with whom I have worked in my official life, the more convinced I am that England is wonderfully well served by her colonial officers. Here in the Windward Islands,

as elsewhere, I found as a rule a body of men striving to do their duty, and in Mr Drayton, the Colonial Secretary of Grenada, I found the best of them all. How a man of such attainments came to be cribbed for over twenty years within such meagre surroundings has always puzzled me. He was, without doubt, one of the most capable officers in the Colonial Service; and yet here he was compelled by those in authority to remain, in spite of the high commendation of almost every governor under whom he worked. When I have compared the commanding ability of Mr Drayton and his tireless and ungrudging service with the mediocre capacity of many of those whom I have seen time after time promoted over his head, I have marvelled at the blindness of those who have passed him over. Amid the many crosses which I had to bear as Governor of the Windward Islands, I look back with grateful recollection upon the officials of all ranks with whom I was associated, nearly all of whom strove to do their duty honestly and well on, for the most part, salaries which afforded them the barest means of living decently.

The system of Crown Colony Government, where all matters are nominally referred to both the executive and legislative councils, but where the governor holds a casting vote, is necessary; but it is without doubt irritating at times to the unofficials, and they are not slow in expressing their irritation. It is often argued that such limited representation of the people becomes a farce, but it is not so. It compels the free discussion of every matter, and every member of council is in a position to express an opinion and to criticise all suggested legislation, while full publicity is given to all legislative council debates. The governor can, it is true, overrule the unofficials; but, as a matter of fact, he most rarely does so in any important matter unless he has the direct instructions of the Secretary of State, and he often has to bear the brunt personally of actions which are not

his own. The fact is that the West Indian Islands are not ripe for full representation, as every thinking man who has any knowledge of them will admit. The governor may be a strong personality or he may be weak, but through him the Secretary of State must continue to hold the balance of power.

A story is current of a former Lieutenant-Governor of Grenada, under the old régime when Grenada was not the home of the Governor-in-Chief, that he was too often in the habit of yielding to his executive council when he ought to have been strong, a procedure which met with the displeasure of his wife, who was of sterner qualities. In those days the councils were held in what is now known as "the boudoir" at Government House, which abuts upon the hall. The room being very hot the door was generally left ajar, and the story goes that when at the end of a critical discussion the lieutenant-governor showed signs of yielding to his unofficials, a low admonition was heard from outside, "Be firm, Robert, be firm," a warning which had the effect of bracing up His Excellency to his duties.

CHAPTER XXVI

NEWFOUNDLAND

My preparations for Newfoundland were full of pleasure to my wife and myself. After years of hot climates and tropical clothes it was difficult to realise the necessity of furs and woollens, while the buying of fishing rods, fishing tackle and flies, was all delightfully full of promise of happy future days.

In August 1909, we left Liverpool in the Allan Line steamer *Carthaginian*, one of the old type of steamers, now fortunately nearly obsolete. On the 5th of September we arrived, in a fog, off St John's, but at about 1.30 P.M. the fog lifted and the harbour of St John's lay before us in all its beauty; and it is very beautiful, although the actual town leaves much to be desired. The day was Sunday, and a very large crowd assembled in the bright sunshine to greet us. Guards of honour from *H.M.S. Brilliant*, then in harbour, and from the local brigades were drawn up on the wharf and in the streets, and some thousands of people lined my way, while the streets were decorated with flags. The genuine welcome accorded to me by the hearty crowds of cheering colonists touched me very greatly, and I felt that I was among my own kith and kin; and it was with a full heart that I first set my foot on England's oldest colony, and drove through the capital to dear old Government House which was to be my home.

I recollect reading in Sir William des Voeux's reminiscences that what struck him most of all on his arrival was that here he could walk out at mid-day and enjoy the climate, instead of, as in the tropics, remaining perforce in the house until the dreaded power of the sun had abated its terrors. And so it was with me, and at first I found it hard to realise.

The popular conception of Newfoundland is that of a very barren island inhabited by a few rough and uncultured fishermen, where icebergs, polar bears, and walruses form the principal features. But how different it all is. There you find prosperous and wealthy merchants living in surroundings of the utmost comfort, thriving shopkeepers, sturdy fishermen, and a satisfied peasantry who would do credit to any country in the world. The main features conducing to comfort which you do not find are comfortable hotels. Practically there are no real hotels in Newfoundland, and this is primarily due to the craze of the so-called temperance party, whose strivings for total prohibition make it out of the question for anyone to embark his capital in a hotel. I say "so-called temperance," not, be it understood, as throwing any doubt upon the genuineness of the many excellent men who advocate total abstinence, but because I always resent the use, or abuse, of the word "temperance" by men whose intemperance in their views may be more properly described as a bigoted intolerance of those of their neighbours, and who regard all who do not agree with them as bent upon ruining their fellow creatures in both soul and body. Every right-minded man advocates temperance in all things, including the consumption of alcohol; and these are apt to resent in some measure the annexation by the total abstinence party of a word which belongs more truly to moderate consumers than to total abstinence advocates. Sir Benjamin Richardson, the great modern apostle of total

abstinence, once dubbed the "moderate drinker" as "the siren who sits on the rocks of intemperance and lures the unwary to their destruction." It is not to be wondered at that moderate men take exception to this kind of cheap stuff, and hence it is that the efforts of worthy reformers are so often minimised in their usefulness by an advocacy which approaches fanaticism. But while furious in their search for the well-being of their fellows in the matter of the drink traffic, there is an absolutely apathetic neglect among the masses of Newfoundlanders of the terrible malady of consumption, which is the curse of the colony, a colony so healthy that consumption should be unknown. It springs from their hatred of fresh air in their houses, which is universal, and from the use of the abominable American stoves which render the living-room of the home almost uninhabitable to those unused to them. Their ideas of sanitation remind me of the story of the mother who on taking her child to the hospital was told by the doctor, "You must take his clothes off so that I may examine him;" to which the reply was, "Oh, doctor, I cannot do that as I have already sewn him up for the winter." If those who shriek for the extremities of prohibition would put half the energy which they so misapply into the crusade of health being carried on by a few ardent and useful citizens, they would do a work of infinite value, and would save many hundreds of lives now lost by sheer neglect and wrongheadedness.

One of the early matters which struck me was the neglect to raise their hats to the governor on the part of so many of the people, and at first I was inclined to ascribe this to purposeful rudeness, but I learnt better later. The Newfoundlander of the humbler classes is self-contained, undemonstrative, and shy, and he does not readily transform his goodwill into demonstrative action. It has always been my habit to go about among the people, and my wish to get to

know them, and it was not long before I found out the Newfoundlanders. I soon found that a friendly greeting, a little joke, or a nod of welcome transformed them into a courteous and kindly people, eager to proclaim their goodwill. I recollect one day shortly after my arrival, while out alone for a walk, I came upon a somewhat dour old fisherman sitting in his hut engaged in the unsavoury work of gutting his great pile of fish. I asked leave to go in, and chatted with him for a long time, asking him many questions, and on leaving I shook hands with him, despite his rather unclean work, and he then said, "And who might it be that I am speaking to, I should take ye for a stranger from the old country." I replied, "Oh, I am the Governor." The old man looked up astonished and said, "The Governor! The Governor sitting in my poor place with me, just talking like anyone else. Oh! but isn't this a great day for me," and away he came with me to tell his neighbours how the governor had been to see him. And so it is all over the colony, that when once the people understand that you want to know them, and that you sympathise with them, there is no limit to their courtesy and goodwill. But here, as in other places, politeness is not always the rule, as was illustrated by an experience of a former well-known governor, Sir Alexander Bannerman, of whose reign so many stories are told. While driving along a rather narrow road, he overtook a small cart in which sat a crabbed old Irish farmer who paid no heed to him. "Will you kindly allow me to pass?" said His Excellency. "I will not," was the reply. "Perhaps you do not know who I am," said the governor. "I do not, and do not wish to," replied the old man. "Do you not know, Sir, that I am the Governor," shouted Sir Alexander. "Oh Lord, the Governor is it," was the reply, "and it's a damned fine job ye've got anyway, and I'd advise ye to take care and stick to it." Once when out with my wife

and her niece for a drive we called at a little house where the people were drying their fish, and on leaving, the good woman of the house turned to the ladies of my party, giving them four eggs, and saying, "There, my dears, take them home and eat them with your tea to-night." Another time a fisherman presented me, as a testimony of goodwill, with two large dried codfish, which I carried in my hand about a mile back to my carriage, there handing them to my coachman on the box, much to his disgust, he having been formerly one of Queen Victoria's postillions at Buckingham Palace, and unused to such homely proceedings.

The pay of the governor is wholly inadequate to meet the cost of the post, and it is thoroughly recognised that it is so; but it is in the same category as that of everyone else, all official salaries being almost beggarly. Salaries were all fixed when living was very cheap and servants everywhere available. Now living is extremely dear and servants almost unattainable, as every raw girl whose sole employment in her home has been the cleaning and drying of fish can get golden wages in New York without difficulty. But if the pay of £2000 a year is small, I found the Government liberal to a degree in all else, and ever ready to keep Government House up thoroughly well, and to find means for my travelling by sea and land with every comfort. Government House is a great stone building, ugly but extremely comfortable, rather like an old-fashioned English country house. It is the fashion to abuse it; but we found it a delightful house to live in, and as has always been my custom, I left it in very much better order than I found it. It was built, I believe, by the Royal Engineers and cost an enormous sum of money, but the huge walls, monstrously thick as they are, do not always serve to keep out the damp. In their usual fashion the Engineers indulged in some slight eccentricity, for they built a moat of nine feet

Halloway, St John's, N.F.]

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NEWFOUNDLAND, IN SUMMER.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NEWFOUNDLAND, IN WINTER.

[*To face p.* 408.

deep by thirteen feet wide all round it to give light to a great basement which should never have existed, the result of course being that during the whole winter the basement is periodically filled with snow, adding greatly to the dampness. The colony is entirely self-governed, and has its Prime Minister and its Leader of the Opposition just as in England. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the governor of a self-governing colony is a dummy, as he can take a very real part in advancing the welfare of all within his government. If he holds the relations he should hold with his ministers he can do much by discussion with them, and if necessary by use of the powers entrusted to him. In all matters outside direct Parliamentary work he is, or ought to be, a very real influence; and if he is fortunate enough to gain the goodwill of the people, he will be listened to and his words considered by every man in the colony. I venture to think that while a capable and honest prime minister adds much to the comfort of his governor, the governor on his part can add quite as much to the well-being of his ministers, by maintaining a sense of good feeling and good fellowship between the head of the Government and the people.

St John's boasted four daily papers. It was a constant source of wonder to me how they managed to exist and where they found their material. They were, of course, greatly aided by political cleavage, two supporting the Government and two the Opposition. In two of them Ministers of the Crown were depicted as angels in robes of white, while in the other two they were a pestilent and dangerous body of men, tottering on the verge of criminality in their devices for the ruin of the colony and all within it. To a Crown colony governor or administrator accustomed to the battering rams of the public on both sides of him, like Mr Pickwick between the carpet-bag of Mr Pott and the fire shovel of Mr Slurk, this was very

pleasant. As a rule the hard knocks pass him by, and he cheerfully holds the balance between the two parties. In respect to one matter only did I bring down a shower of violent criticism upon my head in the opposition papers; but it was a solace to me to think that no one in any class whose opinion was of value paid the least heed to it.

Newfoundland was fortunate in possessing leaders of very unusual ability in the Prime Minister, Sir Edward Morris, and the Leader of the Opposition, Sir Robert Bond. Sir Robert had held office for a long period of years, with almost dictatorial power, which, towards the close of his term of office, brought him into conflict with my predecessor, Sir William Macgregor. He lived alone in his country house at Whitbourne, or in a little lodging in St John's, taking no part in the social life of the colony, and if report be true, consulting his colleagues but little in his scheme of government. His was not only the dominant personality, but almost the entire personality of his Cabinet, and I have marvelled at the sheep-like obedience of his colleagues and supporters. When in opposition he retired entirely from the world, except during the sessions of Parliament, when he came into the arena and entered with vigour into the fray. In private life he struck me as a cultured man, whose whole soul was steeped in his books and his country pursuits; but in the House he was a very Rupert of debate, eloquent, stinging, and untiring in his condemnation of his opponents, sometimes as I thought allowing the bitterness of political animosity to overshadow his better judgment.

My association with Sir Edward Morris, who was Prime Minister during my term of office in Newfoundland, is one of the most pleasant memories of my official life. During the whole of that period he was not only my official prime minister but my warm personal friend, and I recognised him as one who, if sometimes inclined to be rather optimistic as

to the prospects of the colony, served it uprightly with a whole-souled desire for its welfare.

It is the fashion in England to imagine Ministers of the Crown in Newfoundland to be corrupt to the core, but it is not so. Such knowledge as I have of Canada in which I have lived for a year, and of Australia in which I lived for several years, and of South Africa which I know as well as any man living, leads me to think that Newfoundland is neither better nor worse than the other self-governing colonies of the Empire in its administrative methods. The doctrine of "the spoils to the victors" prevails in Newfoundland just as it does in every other self-governing colony, and to that extent the system is bad. I will not say that patronage was always exercised in the best direction, or that money was always laid out in the best way; but I am certain that neither Sir Edward Morris nor Sir Robert Bond would ever have committed a wilfully dishonest action, or have been a party to a corrupt bargain, although members on either side were not slow in fouling their own nest, and in asserting a general system of corruption in their desire to oust their opponents from office. The bad reputation which Newfoundland has got is due to the extraordinarily oblique ideas which the electors at large have of their political duties and political responsibilities. Electors give no thought to general principles of policy of which they know nothing, and for which they, for the most part, care nothing. For them it is simply a case of the "ins" and the "outs." Broadly speaking, every election in every constituency turns on local matters, the erection of bridges, the sinking of wells, the establishment of a ferry, the subsidising of a local steamer, and other little kindred jobs. Every soul in the colony is painfully cognisant of the fact that the enormous sums voted each year for the repairs of roads are largely thrown away, the money being simply allotted *pro rata* to each district, and then

divided up in payment for nominal labour on the roads, which the evidence of one's eyesight proves to be purely chimerical. And yet no minister, no matter how able, how honest, or how brilliant, could hope to remain in office who dared to try to put an end to this grotesque expenditure. The individual Newfoundland elector regards his vote as an absolute asset. He does not want a cash payment on the spot, but sooner or later every district will require a return for its votes in some form, and will probably get it. One elector wrote to his member, one of the best and most generally popular men in the House of Assembly, saying, "I draw your attention to the fact that I have voted for you for ten years, and have never yet been paid anything. Please remit twenty dollars without delay"; and I do not doubt that the applicant deemed himself perfectly within his just rights. In such a case the application would probably fail as too flagrant even for Newfoundland, but it is indicative of the real belief of the elector as to his honest perquisites. They regard their member as one who has to look after their personal interests in every detail. He must be ready to watch over them when they are ill and get them free medical treatment; he must get them tickets for the seal fishery, employment on the railways, free passes from place to place, billets for their sons and daughters, and must even strive to sell their fish above market price at the bidding of any ignorant or mischievous agitator. In fine, there is nothing too ridiculous for electors to expect of their member, and failure in any single case may send back a constituent to the outport to which he belongs, to become the centre of a clique resolved to displace the member from his seat in Parliament.

Each government is regarded as the milch cow of those who put it into office, and is required almost of necessity to make little petty disbursements here

and there for local requirements, or partly imaginative personal services. I recollect a case, one of many of the same kind, which completely illustrates how thoroughly the Newfoundlander expects to be paid for his labour in conveying his food on his fork from his plate to his mouth. A pitiful wail came to me of the terrible hardships endured by a small settlement in the colony, due to lack of drinking water, and application was made for a Government grant of eighty dollars in respect to it. The petition, drawn up by a minister of religion, detailed how, by a little labour on a well, abundant water could be procured to meet all necessities, and implored the Government to step in and avert the horrid consequences of thirst which were so imminent. The very obvious argument that the men of the settlement by a fortnight's labour could sink the well for themselves was foreign to their minds. The well was necessary to provide water for the people to drink; the duty of the Government was to pay wages to the men for providing themselves with water, and there was the whole matter in a nutshell, as existent in their minds. I do not hesitate to say that unless that settlement was subsidised to the extent they asked, they would, at the following election, have voted against the Government to a man. It is a fact that some years ago a prime minister of Newfoundland, in asking for money to relieve distress, which he painted as acute almost to starvation in a certain district, read out a letter from a clergyman, who wrote that the conditions were so terrible that if relief did not soon come, the people would be compelled to draw out their money from the savings bank to enable them to support themselves! This grotesque appeal was fortunately too much for even a Newfoundland legislature.

The people live among narrow surroundings, with but little knowledge of the outside world; and it

has been bred in their bones that it is their duty to strive to extract favours from a government, whose sole idea they believe to be a desire to deprive them of their rights. The outport people have the wildest idea of the value of money. No officials in the world, from the governor downwards, are paid so exiguously. Cabinet ministers are paid either nothing at all, as in the case of the prime minister, or, at best, the salary due to a decent clerk, while some of the magistrates earn but little more than the sergeant of police who stands in their courts. And yet these poor impoverished officials are often depicted by inflammatory orators and by the party press as rolling in the lap of gilded luxury at the expense of a hardworking people; and this kind of cheap stuff finds ready belief far and wide throughout the colony.

I have often wondered why anyone should wish to be Prime Minister of Newfoundland. He receives no salary, does not make money, and usually leaves office considerably poorer than when he entered it, as he has to neglect or abandon his own business. He is subjected, during the whole of his term of office, to the most violent vituperation, to charges of dishonesty which are never proved, and if the law of libel is invoked, unblushingly withdrawn, the libeller suffering no lack of prestige among his neighbours for his libel, simply because all is deemed fair in politics. He cannot even give his patronage where he pleases, or to the best available men, but is tied and bound by chains of expediency which must gall his withers unceasingly.

One of the most tiresome of a governor's duties is the power that he holds in the recommendation for honours at the King's hands. He is not infrequently harassed by local gentlemen, who insist on seeing him personally, and urging upon him the desirability of getting something for them. One persistent applicant badgered me for a C.M.G. in

season and out of season, but all to no purpose, ultimately, however, obtaining his reward by catching my *locum tenens* napping during my absence, and persuading him into putting his name forward, with a successful and triumphant result. The Royal Prerogative of mercy is yet another troublesome privilege. It is a peculiarity of colonies, and not unknown at home, that the moment a criminal is convicted a large number of people immediately set about getting up a petition for his or her release. I have had hundreds of such petitions, signed recklessly by citizens of all classes and callings, by dignitaries of religion of all ranks, and by thousands of men and women who know nothing whatever about the case and care still less. Nineteen out of twenty of these sign simply to get rid of the bore of refusing; clergymen partly because they are apt to have somewhat ill-balanced minds in mundane affairs, merchants because they cannot spare the time wasted in refusal, shopkeepers because they fear the possible loss of a customer, and the poorer classes because they feel a certain sense of importance in affixing their names to a public document. In Crown colonies all such petitions can be quickly brushed aside, but in self-governing colonies it is otherwise. The governor is technically supposed to act upon the advice of his ministers, and ministers who owe their position to votes, are unwilling to take any action which will turn a supporter into an opponent. It is so easy to say in official language, "Oh, let the poor devil out," and yet so utterly unjust and illogical, and so destructive, too, of law and order. In my opinion colonial ministers dislike this responsibility, and, as a rule, are only too glad to find a governor strong enough to politely overrule them, and who declines to exercise the prerogative without conclusive reason. I have consistently deprecated the issue of undeserved pardons, and have never once found myself in conflict with my

ministers; but it is none the less an unfair position for a governor to occupy.

Denominationalism reigns supreme in the colony, even to the extent that, apart from the prime minister, the Cabinet must be, if practicable, evenly divided between the Church of England, the Roman Catholics, and the Nonconformists. Even the local policemen must, if possible, be similarly selected, and occasions on which a policeman has had to be withdrawn for failure of this precaution are not unknown. Many of the people are very conservative in their church views, and do not change. A local cleric once described to me an interview between a woman of his neighbour's flock and her rector. Said she: "Parson, I've got a beautiful new sewing machine since you were here last, which does my work in half the time." "Take it away," said the parson, "it is the work of the devil." "Oh, but parson, why do you say that when it saves my poor fingers?" to which his reverence replied, "I am only saying what you say when I try to improve the services of the Church and make them brighter; you tell me that my changes are devil's work." "But surely, parson," was the reply, "that's different. My sewing machine is just my sewing machine, but our religion is as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen." That reply was typical of the love of some of the old stalwarts for dreary music, unadorned whitewash, melancholy altars, and black preaching gowns. And as they were different in religion, so were they different in character and speech. Thousands of Newfoundlanders speak with an accent which would lead one to believe that they had never been outside of Ireland, their every characteristic being Irish, almost excelling that of the Irishman born. You would find small farmers who, you would swear, had never left their Highland crofts in Scotland, and west countrymen as redolent of Somerset, as were their ancestors who first settled in

the colony. Never did a community exist in which were so curiously intermixed loyalty to the Empire, ardent Home Rule, patriotism to their own colony, and rigid adherence to the old-fashioned ways of the little corners of the world from whence their ancestors came.

CHAPTER XXVII

NEWFOUNDLAND—*continued*

THE one serious difficulty which has beset the colony for very many years was the Fisheries Question, which is now happily nearly at an end. It was twofold: with the French and with the Americans. No one who has studied the history of our colonies, or indeed of the Empire, can fail to realise the amazing negligence and lack of foresight with which our oversea possessions were administered in bygone times. No matter whether as the result of failure of our arms as in the case of the United States, or of success as in the case of France, the treaties which were negotiated from time to time very generally conceded some privilege in connection with a far-away possession of little account to the mother country, but of vital importance to the colonists. Why any rights in a British colony were ever allowed to be retained by the French, always in those days subordinate to us on the seas, is past comprehension; but virtually one half of the coast of Newfoundland was at their mercy, their rights being nominally on the sea, but being generally construed to extend to the land abutting on it; territorial as well as maritime rights being actually enforced by the British Navy as against their own people. The degradation to which a British people, and indeed the whole British nation, was subjected during the long years of French occupation was never realised in England, or it could never have continued. The question had simply

come to be regarded at home as one of the tiresome responsibilities of the Colonial Office, as to which there was probably someone who knew a little about it, who made periodical summer trips, and whose knowledge enabled him to deal with despatches which had to be dealt with, and to pigeon-hole the rest. The part taken by the Admiralty appears to have been to instruct Her Majesty's ships to protect French interests, confiscate the property of Newfoundland fishermen, and drive them from participation in the industry of their own colony; and very much ashamed, I imagine, a good many naval officers must have been of carrying out the work imposed upon them. The wording of the declaration of King George the Third in connection with the Treaty of Versailles in 1783 is worth repeating, as so completely indicative of the bearing of England towards her colonies in those days. It is as follows:—

"To this end and in order that the fishermen of the two nations may not give cause for daily quarrels, His Britannic Majesty will take the most positive measures for preventing his subjects from interrupting in any manner by their competition the fishery of the French during the temporary exercise of it which is granted to them upon the coasts of the island of Newfoundland; but he will for this purpose cause the fixed settlements which shall be formed there to be removed. His Britannic Majesty will give orders that the French fishermen be not incommoded in cutting the wood necessary for the repair of their scaffolds, huts, and fishing vessels." Why the word "temporary" was introduced is difficult to understand, since the so-called "temporary rights" were in full force up to the year 1904. Can it be conceived that Great Britain, who was mistress of the sea, not only sanctioned the alienation of half the coast rights of her oldest colony, but bound herself to depopulate the whole of the coast-line thus conceded, and by her fleets to police the

fisheries in the sole interests of a foreign country. Now, at last, consequent upon Lord Lansdowne's Treaty of 1904, and upon the Hague Arbitration of 1910, Newfoundland has in the main regained her ancient heritage; for when it became necessary to adjust with France our mutual relations in respect to several parts of the world where a conflict of interests arose, Newfoundland was included in the Treaty, and the harassing tenure held by the French was given up in exchange for concessions by Great Britain in West Africa, Lord Lansdowne earning the undying gratitude of the colony by freeing it from the serfdom to France which had for so long enfolded it.

The question with America, although of equally long standing, never reached so acute a stage. Why the rights which exist were ever granted to the United States can only be explained by the supposition, that in old days Newfoundland was deemed to be such a useless place that nothing in connection with it much mattered. However, in 1910, the great Hague Arbitration took place and a judgment was given which, although it only partly settled some points and left others in doubt, did in the main put an end to the essential points of difference, and adjusted the Fisheries on a basis by which they can be enjoyed under equitable conditions by both Newfoundland and the United States.

Any experiences of Newfoundland would be incomplete without allusion to the well-known contractor, Sir Robert Reid, now dead, and to his sons, who still control the entire system of the railways of the colony, the major portion of the coastal traffic, the electric lighting, the tramway system, and the great dry dock. I do not propose to give the history of their dealings with Newfoundland; but it is sufficient to say that Sir Robert Reid built the railways and worked them, and received large sums of money and certain concessions of land

in payment therefor, having also previously carried out lucrative railway contracts in Canada. When he died he left a great deal of property in Newfoundland and a very large fortune, even estimated at American values, outside of it. Nearly the whole of this fortune, both inside and outside of the colony, is practically used in one way or another in the development of Newfoundland. During the period of my government the brothers Reid were given important railway extension contracts, which will doubtless ultimately exceed a million pounds sterling in value, for the construction of new branch railways in Newfoundland. In common with others, I do not know whether the Reid railways are run at a loss or not; but it is without question that the new contracts for construction are likely to pay well, and inasmuch as business men are not usually mere philanthropists, it is probable that in one way or another the Reids see the colour of their money somehow. But it is equally without question to me that the exploitation of the large capital which is in the hands of the Reids is of inestimable value to the colony, and that its withdrawal would go perilously near to ruining it, and would probably bring about enforced confederation with Canada on Canada's own terms. And yet, with the party led by Sir Robert Bond, the work of the Reids is bitterly censured, while to the leader of the party their very name is as a red rag to a bull. The most childish arguments are repeatedly used, the most unjustifiable condemnation unceasingly showered, and the most unfair criticism endlessly poured upon this great firm for all that they do, or for all that they leave undone. And yet everyone knows perfectly well that both the Government and the Opposition are financially incapable, and mechanically and professionally incompetent, to carry on the work themselves; and that it is to the last degree unlikely that any other capitalists would

take over the responsibilities, except at an entire sacrifice of the colony's separate existence. I have often wondered what would happen if some speakers were taken at their word, and the Reids, consenting to a certain amount of loss, gradually minimised the scope of their business, leaving it to the colony to supply the gap as best it could. It would be a veritable bolt from the blue to those who really desire the prosperity of the colony, while it would satisfy none but the few who would profit by the withdrawal of a healthy competition, and the remnant whose political and personal animosity outruns their patriotism. No greater example of this spirit has ever been seen than the discussion which arose upon a gift by the brothers Reid of two hundred thousand dollars for the establishment of open-air sanatoria to combat the plague of consumption. The whole colony, and all its newspapers without exception, joined in appreciation of the gift; but no sooner did Parliament sit than a furious attack was made, all prospective benefits were forgotten or thrust aside, and the Reids who had made an undoubtedly philanthropic gift to their fellow citizens were held up to public execration by their political opponents with insensate violence. The opposition papers which had joined in extolling them, excelled themselves in vituperating them, and motives were ascribed to them which every thinking man knew to be entirely without foundation.

The simple fact of it all is that the Reids are strong and competent business men, whom chance has brought from Canada to Newfoundland, who strive to carry on their business in a practical way, and who recognise their responsibilities to the colony in which they work by frequent benefactions given to almost every good work for which money is asked, while at the same time they utilise their capital to the advantage both of themselves and of the public. I shall be surprised if some day New-

foundlanders do not discover this when it is too late, with a somewhat unpleasant shock.

There are considerable points of difference between Canada and Newfoundland which merit some comment, firstly as to Labrador, and secondly on the question of the confederation of Newfoundland with the Dominion. In relation to Labrador the Governor of Newfoundland's Letters Patent define in a somewhat loose way the portion of Labrador within his government. Canada, I believe, holds that practically nearly the whole of the hinterland belongs to her, while Newfoundland holds that to her belongs not only the coast-line (within certain limits which is indisputable) but also a large part of the hinterland. As this matter is one which will probably occupy the attention of the Privy Council ere long, I do not propose to deal with the merits of it; but it is a sore subject with Canada, as the rights of Newfoundland are likely to interfere with the projects of the government of the Province of Quebec, while Newfoundland holds that she has every right to profit by her possession of an area which may ere long become a valuable asset. As a matter of present fact Canada does far less for, and spends far less on, Labrador than does Newfoundland. This is probably due to the fact that there are so few Canadian voters to conciliate, that it has not been found worth while to trouble about it. Newfoundland does spend a considerable annual sum in one way and another in relief of distress, and when, as often happens, there is an outcry in the American and Canadian papers as to distress in Labrador, and Newfoundland is pilloried for allowing it, investigation would disclose the fact that the distress is in Canadian territory and that the blame lies with Canada. It is very desirable that the dispute as to ownership should be settled in the interests of both countries.

The question of confederation is somewhat too

complex for me to discuss in detail here, although in its broader aspect I will venture on an opinion. The Englishman at home, if he troubles about the matter at all, is generally inclined to regard the colony as stupid for standing outside the Dominion, to her own great damage. But this is simply because England gets her views from Canada and not from Newfoundland. It is persistently asserted that the majority of the people are in favour of confederating, which is directly contrary to the fact. The great majority are opposed to it, and the matter is not at present a plank in the platform of any political party. A politician may, at election time, level a charge of "confederation" against his opponent; but he does it, not because he really fears confederation as a living issue, but simply to score a point against his adversary in the estimation of the electorate, as a Judas who would sell his country. Whether it would be to the pecuniary advantage of the colony to confederate I doubt, as when once the newness of annexation to Canada has worn off, it would, certainly while the wild rush to Western Canada continues, become a neglected appanage of the greater Dominion. Many matters might force confederation upon the colony, but unless and until that time comes it is better left alone. Sentimentally it would be a grievous thing, as putting an end to the individuality of England's oldest and most loyal oversea possession, merging it with the conglomerate mass of humanity of all nations who constitute the population of Canada. To the mother country it would be an error of magnitude, as it would hand over to Canada the last direct imperial link of the chain which binds us in that part of the world. A very large number of Canadians are no doubt intensely loyal, but the bond is getting yearly weaker, partly due to the hybrid European immigration, partly to the increasing American immigration,

partly to the newly developed French spirit of nationalism, and largely to the purely national instincts which are growing in strength among all sections of the younger generation of Canada, leading them closer to the land of their birth and further from that of their forefathers. Among these latter the chain is one which will hold just so long as it is convenient to Canada to keep it as a protection against United States aggression, and as a bulwark against possible enemies on their Pacific Coast. Personally I do not believe that Canada will ever annex themselves to the United States. They are far too conscious of their own great destiny and their own resources, but most certainly the British Empire will not continue indefinitely to hold them. Quite recently rumours were heard of their desiring to remain neutral in the event of the mother country being at war, if it suits them to do so; and loyal though a large number of Canadians are, there are without doubt many who would accept the protection of our fleets both in peace and in war, but who would hesitate to bear their burden in times of stress. It seems ungracious to express these views in the face of the generous policy so recently inaugurated by Mr Borden, and the outburst of loyalty which it has evoked; but Mr Borden may be defeated by any chance turn of the political wheel, and I am very confident that there does exist among the Canadian people a strong feeling that the tie of Empire is one which will have to be reconsidered as soon as Canada feels that she can stand alone.

So long as Newfoundland is willing and even anxious to remain directly imperial, it is to the interest of the mother country to foster that spirit of direct loyalty and to keep her. Canada wants Newfoundland, not because she values her products, or seeks wealth from her inclusion in the Dominion, for she is far too fond in her Press of speaking lightly of them, but because she desires

the control of the coast of Labrador, to hold in her own hand the key of the St Lawrence, the possession of every acre of British soil, and the control of every British subject in the Western hemisphere. Such possession would afford her the same feeling as that of the landed proprietor who at last acquires the Naboth's vineyard within his property, which had hitherto prevented him from enjoying his full sense of proprietorship; and when that day comes the links which bind Canada to the Empire will have become appreciably weakened.

The development of the extensive spruce forests of the colony for the making of paper pulp opened up an important source of new industry in 1909. The Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, having Lord Northcliffe as their chief, acquired then a very large tract of land round Red Indian Lake, and erected big mills at Grand Falls for the making of pulp and paper. The first outlay of this great company was about £1,200,000, while later, the mills have been greatly enlarged, making the total cost, I believe, something like £1,600,000. One of the first public acts of my wife and myself in October 1909 was in connection with the opening of these mills. Lord and Lady Northcliffe invited a large party out to Grand Falls and entertained them royally for several days. To start the working there were three separate levers, each lever starting its own range of machinery, and Lady Northcliffe with the most kindly and self-denying courtesy asked my wife to pull the first lever. This my wife positively refused to do, saying, "Nothing will induce me to deprive you of the crowning honour of being the first to start the work in which you are so intensely interested. I will pull the second if I may." And so it was. As Lady Northcliffe pulled, the vast machinery in the first alley-way started smoothly on its work. My wife then pressed her lever and the middle alley was put into motion,

Halloway, St John's, N.F.]

THE GOVERNOR ARRIVING AT GRAND FALLS AS THE GUEST OF LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

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while the honour of pulling the third lever fell upon Mrs Beeton, the wife of the general manager of the Company, to whom so much of the success of the scheme was due. It was a stirring sight to see this great mass of machinery, erected here in a far-away forest, rolling on its course and beginning its task of making the whole of the paper for the *Daily Mail*, and possibly ere long all which may be needed for the group of newspapers under the Northcliffe control. To the newspapers of Great Britain it promised freedom from any combine in America in restriction of the output of paper, while to Newfoundland it was the harbinger of new industries to supplement her great fishing industry, and to serve to find remunerative labour for many of her young men without their having to emigrate to other lands.

Lord Northcliffe is too well known to need any words from me, but I doubt if it is realised how large a part his wife has taken in the success of his great enterprises. Full of energy, endowed with brilliant capacity, and having, as all who know her will hasten to say, a charming and gracious personality, she has worked side by side with him through all their strenuous life from the old days when they made their first great success in the well-known paper *Answers* up till now. And yet when I last saw her the burden of her work sat lightly upon her, and one might well have believed that to her, life had been unchequered by anxiety. I have met many men and women in my time whose lives have been interesting, but I have met few who have combined in one delightful nature an equal capacity for bearing her burden of work and usefulness, and for grasping the sunshine of life more completely than Lady Northcliffe.

Besides the Grand Falls Mills there is another large plant for the same purpose erected at Bishop's Falls by the well-known English papermaker, Mr Albert Reed; and I once spent a very pleasant day with him, during one of his periodical visits, going

over his admirably managed works. The colony lives in the hope of attracting further capital in this direction. She does not want to fritter away her resources to small men, who will devastate the country leaving nothing for the future, but to encourage and foster those who will, by judicious cutting and careful administration, conserve the industry for many years to come, while utilising such timber as is available in the present to their own advantage and that of the colony. Before returning to St John's we visited the famous Bay of Islands, one of the many beautiful places which abound in Newfoundland, the place being the main depot in the colony for the operations of the American fishermen from Gloucester, Massachusetts.

At this time my staff received an accession in the person of a very much travelled and experienced officer, Lieutenant Gale of the Bedfordshire Regiment, who, saving only for a short period when he went to England to pass his examinations, remained with me as A.D.C. up to the conclusion of my government. Whatever may be said of me in the countries which I have governed, I believe that each colony and protectorate will condone many shortcomings on my part for the sake of their cheery recollections of my personal staff.

Far the brightest part of my life as Governor of Newfoundland was the going about and seeing the country and people, and I did a good deal more of this than most of my predecessors. The coast is so charming and the people are so interesting, that I never tired of them. It is all so fresh after the squalor of St John's, which town, though on an ideal site both in respect to beauty and convenience of drainage, is one of the most unlovely in its details of any I have ever come across.

In May 1910 I with my wife, our Government House young lady, Miss Dean, and the two members of my staff, a party of five, started off by special train

to see something of the country and to fish for salmon in the famous Codroy Valley. We paid a second visit to Grand Falls, stopping at Lord Northcliffe's bungalow which he lent us, and from thence went on to Millertown and up Red Indian Lake, which is the central point of the Grand Falls Company's lumbering operations. While there we went into the woods to look at the beavers, protected by the letter of the law, but alas! too lightly protected, I fear, to preserve these beautiful little animals very long in the country. The salmon fishing of Newfoundland, of which so much is said, is not I fancy as good as it was in former days, but it is nevertheless very good. As a rule the fish are not large, ranging from seven to fifteen pounds; but much bigger fish are caught, and a year or two ago a salmon of over forty-two pounds was taken by an American fisherman in the Codroy Valley. It may be of interest to someone who reads my book to know a little of the details of salmon fishing in the colony, and at the risk of being dry, I will give a few hints about it.

All fishing is free to those who provide themselves with the modest licence required by the Government, costing ten dollars. A fourteen-foot, or even lighter rod is ample for all needs, and small flies with single hooks are alone useful. The ordinary fishing kit is all that is necessary. If the ladies of the party fish, they must be provided with regular waders and must dispense with a skirt. Fishing in a skirt, no matter how short, is waste of time.

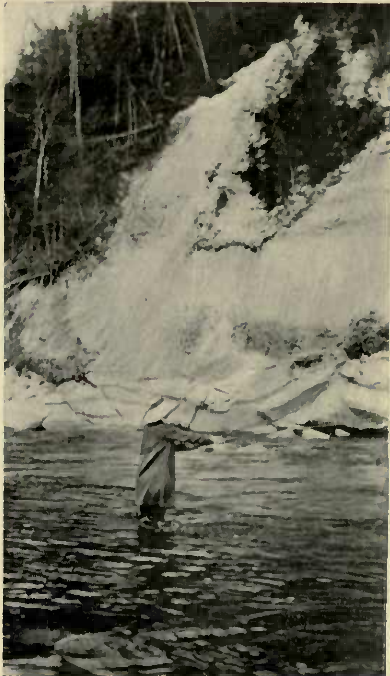
Abundant fishing can be got from early in June until the end of August, if a man is willing to travel from river to river. A camping kit is essential and the lighter it is the better.

The ideal way to fish in Newfoundland is with a yacht, when every river can be visited at its best, and in such case a light canoe and Berthon boat of shallow draught should be carried, as the salmon have to be followed up the rivers and the bank

walking is uncommonly rough and difficult. Mosquitoes and black flies are the one drawback, so that veils and gloves are a necessity.

One cross which the English sportsman, whether from the colony itself or from the old country, has to bear is the American "sport," as he is locally called, and in this category I am bound to say one may fairly include some of those from Canada who go fishing in Newfoundland waters. Many of them are lamentably lacking in the spirit of fair-play. They will unblushingly anchor their boats on every pool of an open salmon river, fishing each pool up and down during a whole day, and if convenient a whole week, to the entire exclusion of the waiting sportsman who is willing to take his turn. They will even, when tired, hand their rods to their guides to keep the pool for them, although this is directly contrary to the law, and they will be utterly without knowledge that they are doing anything unsportsmanlike. They carry the determination to get the better of their neighbours in business into the realms of sport and count it a smart thing to do. One most notable exception I met when, with my whole party, I descended upon an American fisherman in comfortable and peaceful possession of a charming stretch of water. I apologised and assured him that we had no intention of invading him, but would be content with our humble share; but this would not satisfy him, and he insisted on giving up the pools to us and even on lending us his canoes and guides, and showing us the best places. He was charmingly cosmopolitan, and greeted the young lady of our party, who was clad in a dainty suit of knickerbockers with smart fishing waders, as unconcernedly as though she were dressed in the latest Paris fashions. He confided to us that he shunned his fellow countrymen in fishing, and was not in sympathy with them in their sporting methods. One of a party of Americans once heaped coals of

GOVERNMENT HOUSE PARTY GOING A-FISHING.



MISS DEAN SALMON-FISHING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

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fire on my head when, boiling with indignation, I with my staff, all three rod in hand, watched him unconcernedly hauling himself about in his pool. He hooked and killed a salmon which I was uncharitable enough to hope he would lose, and at once pulled himself to the bank and with great politeness begged my acceptance of the fish. He was quite a good fellow, but like the rest of his countrymen was without the instinctive knowledge of fair-play which Englishmen learn in their great public schools, largely because if they lack it it is kicked into them. We fished many rivers and visited many places, returning to St John's after a three weeks' delightful trip, during the whole of which time our special train with many luxuries was our comfortable home.

Remaining only about a week in St John's, we embarked on the Government steam yacht *Fiona* for a month's cruise up the east coast, and from thence to Labrador. The *Fiona* was formerly a well-known English yacht, and in a plain way was made charmingly comfortable for us. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the harbours and bays which diversify the whole coast-line. The approach to St John's and the grim cliffs which seem to overhang everything give the ordinary traveller very little idea of the true loveliness which a yachting trip in the summer months will disclose to him ; and why should not the English yachtsman make many a cruise thitherwards? Americans do occasionally go, but Lord Brassey stands alone in my personal experience as the one Englishman who has sought out something that Newfoundland has to show, and he was too hurried to see much. Why, I wonder, are the great beauties of the bays, harbours, inlets, rivers, and lakes practically unknown? Rich men with large yachts wander aimlessly about the English Channel, or send their yachts to Monte Carlo, or occasionally visit Norway, but hardly one ever

visits Newfoundland, where the summer climate is delightful, where one meets with an interesting and warm-hearted people, and where salmon and trout fishing may be enjoyed on all sides without let or hindrance. Icebergs the yachtsman will see no doubt, but with care they need be no terror to him. He may be assured that he will not live on blubber, nor shiver on an icefield. He will, as a rule, be in charming summer weather, and will enjoy his cruise as he has rarely enjoyed any other. To us it was a pleasant experience to be near an iceberg, while our boats went off and chipped away pieces to replenish our ice chest, for in summer time ice is nearly as much needed as in the tropics.

There was a very general routine in all towns of the colony when the governor visited them. An address and speeches of course, for the Newfoundlander loves speeches, and will listen with endless patience to the most dreary of them. One unfailing duty which must never be omitted was a visit to the churches of the several denominations and, if possible, to the schools. After the usual round there was something of a luncheon or tea gathering, the latter being preferable, inasmuch as local option was in force in most places, and a heavy meal at mid-day with raspberry vinegar, or liquids of a kindred nature, to refresh one's tired senses was not invigorating. It was quaint to hear a hospitable gentleman rise in his place and call out, "Ladies and gentlemen I ask you to charge your glasses with milk and water." As one of my staff said, "It would have been all right if there had been any milk, but the Governor was so thirsty after his speeches that he drank it all up at his end, and there was nothing but water left for us." It is perhaps better to be dry after one's speeches than in the delivery of them. On our route up the east coast we visited Bonavista, where John Cabot is supposed to have made his landfall, and later on called at

King's Cove, where he is stated to have careened his ship. It had not advanced much since those days. Nothing could more thoroughly indicate the simple character of the people than an incident at Twillingate, which is known as the Northern capital. While driving out with the committee we passed a dear old couple on their little farm engaged in haymaking, he in his shirt sleeves and very rough kit, and she in a sun bonnet, both of them having formally passed us in their best clothes and shaken hands with us at a public reception an hour or two before. I do not know when I have been more pleased than by the genuine pride which this old couple showed in their English descent and in all that belonged to the old country. They were a type of contentment and simple comfort.

CHAPTER XXVIII

NEWFOUNDLAND—*continued*

Of all the places to be met with in Newfoundland there is none more interesting than St Anthony, the headquarters of the famous deep-sea missionary, Dr Grenfell, whose reputation is world-wide. The story of his first coming to the colony, so far as I know it, is as follows:—

Sir Francis Hopwood visited Newfoundland about the year 1890, and was much struck by the absence of surgical aid to the many thousands of fishermen and their wives who visited the northern part of Newfoundland and the coast of Labrador (or "The Labrador" as it is always locally termed) each year. On his return he spoke, I believe, to Lord Strathcona and to Sir Frederick Treves on the matter. The former was, and is, always ready with money for any good cause, and the latter said, "I have just the man for you, a brilliant surgeon, imbued with a missionary zeal typical of the early crusaders, Grenfell." And so Grenfell went to Labrador, carrying with him surgical blessings hitherto unknown in these far northern waters. His personality is a remarkable one; a simple-mined, earnest, and most strenuous man, brilliant and ever up-to-date in medicine and surgery, and with it all, imbued with the deepest sense of religion. He is one of those men who, while believing that nothing counts which is not to the glory of God and the good of man, is yet wholly free from cant, although a little liable to be

taken in by others to whom cant is their daily bread. He cures men's bodies by his professional skill, and is willing to minister to their souls in his missionary zeal with equal assiduity, and yet, while never losing sight of the practical realities of life, is ready to see the humorous side of anything, and equally to tell or to appreciate a good story. His influence on others is perhaps his most remarkable gift. Not only has his great organisation (and it has grown to be very great) been entirely supported by his own efforts, but he has collected outside the colony very large sums to be spent for the benefit of Newfoundlanders in St John's and elsewhere. Americans and Canadians seem only to have to listen to his lectures to open their very ample pockets to him with abundant liberality; and not only does he gain money, but perhaps more wonderful than all, every kind of personal service. He gathers brilliant surgeons, sometimes of ample means, who follow him for years and join with him in the hardships of his life throughout winter and summer; gentle ladies, some of whom are gifted with fortunes, give him their services as nurses and attendants; and St Anthony in the summer time is full of young men from the colleges of Yale, Harvard, or M'Gill, who work like navvies, making roads, laying drains, installing electricity, driving motor boats, and forming the crews of mission yachts, as though their very means of livelihood were dependent upon the work. Yachts are given to him when they are needed, and it seems as though he had only to ask to receive from the generous people of the Western world. His hospital at St Anthony is a remarkable one, well up to date, and worthy in its methods of the great cities of the world. There, too, he has an orphanage charmingly conducted by a cultured English volunteer lady, the daughter of a Kentish squire, while his schools are equally remarkable. Most interesting of all the schools which we saw was the Kindergarten, the pupils at which were

put through their work by some volunteer American ladies, who threw marvellous energy and affection into their play-work with the children. But even these gentle efforts do not escape criticism, and it is said that some rigid nonconformist ministers condemned, from hearsay, this harmless gathering where the little children danced round in their games, alleging that dancing and the devil were in close alliance. So Dr Grenfell invited them to visit the school, where they solemnly decided, after grave consideration, that the games as played involved no moral contamination to the children. Another objection had to be met in justification of the texts which he put on his buildings and orphanages, such as "Suffer little children to come unto Me" and so forth, in which some of his critics spied "Ritualism." How or why I cannot conceive, as such things are rather indicative of quite a contrary school of thought. Here at St Anthony were large herds of reindeer brought over and bred by Dr Grenfell, for nothing in the way of experimental usefulness comes amiss to him. He has several hospitals on the Labrador, one of which, at Battle Harbour, we visited, where we found the same modern methods, the same medical skill, the same bright surroundings, and the same gentle nursing. Here as well as in St Anthony we saw numbers of the Esquimaux sleigh dogs, looking far more like wolves than dogs. Dangerous brutes they are at times, and where they wander no other domestic animal can be at large. When with their masters about the house they are gentle enough, and allow themselves to be fondled. The resident hospital surgeon who owned many, declared them to be gentle as spaniels, but his wife held them in dread, and wired in her two-year-old baby with the utmost care. Many are the absolutely authentic stories of these dogs attacking their drivers if by chance they stumbled and fell, or of their attacking and sometimes killing children, an instance of the latter having occurred on

the Labrador coast not long before our visit. Nevertheless they are invaluable, for without them men and women would be prisoners throughout the winter, while with them great distances can be traversed in an incredibly short time if need be.

Battle Harbour was crowded with fishing schooners during our visit. We went to evening service at the Church of England there, finding it crammed to the doorways with the fishermen, while large numbers stood outside. The hymns sung were well-known ones, and I never remember to have heard a greater or more earnest volume of men's voices in any church. Everyone sang with hearty goodwill, one of the American lady nurses playing the harmonium. We were amazed to listen to a most eloquent sermon in this far-off corner of the world, but learnt after the service that the preacher was a distinguished Canadian clergyman (one of the Cowley fathers) who had wandered up there for his holiday. We fished our way northward in the bays and rivers as far as Cartwright, one of the Hudson Bay stations founded in 1770 by Major Cartwright, an English officer of whom many strange stories are told. Dr Grenfell in one of his books gives a graphic account of him, combining as he did in his own person much brutality, a cheerful immorality and a pious prayerfulness, the blended whole being thoroughly characteristic of a certain type of the old pioneer of civilisation. Dr Grenfell's work has recently been subjected to a good deal of criticism on the score of its business management, and I think, perhaps, that such criticism is not without some reason, although in one American paper it has been accompanied by entirely baseless attacks. His trouble is that his work has grown to be too large for the sole control of a man not versed in business matters, and immersed in his medical duties. Those who care to read his book *Down to the Sea* will judge for themselves the

character of the man and the beauty of his conceptions, while his literary and scientific research find scope in his book *Labrador.* Not long since he married an American lady who, report says, is well dowered, so his home at St Anthony is made charming for him, but he goes about his work as heretofore with the same resistless energy.

On one of our many train journeys we met with a serious mishap which might have ended in even greater disaster. Travelling one evening in our train at about thirty miles an hour, we were sitting at dinner when, about nine o'clock, we suddenly became aware of smoke in the coach in which we sat, and in a moment we discovered that the sleeping coach next ahead of us was on fire. We made a rush for it to rescue my despatch box and cyphers, but were beaten back. My aide-de-camp then tied a wet towel round his mouth, but that too failed, and in an instant the flames shot up through the roof. Luckily we had a powerful brake on the coach in which we were, and jammed it down, attracting the attention of the engine-driver, and the train was stopped as quickly as possible. The conductor ran back and uncoupled, drawing the rest of the train forward, and not a moment too soon, as a minute later it could not have been done, and the loss would have been infinitely greater. Fortunately there was a water-chute some three hundred yards farther on to supply passing engines, and to that the forward part of the train was taken; but the flames were too violent, and all that could be saved of the burning coach was the floor and under carriage. On the next morning we surveyed our losses, and estimated them, all alas! uninsured, at about £650 between the five of us. The bedrooms of the ladies were in the after coach in which we were dining, and so their actual personal belongings were saved, with the exception of their furs which, by bad luck, had been removed from their cabins just before dinner;

CAPTAIN GALE (A.D.C.) MR FITZHERBERT (Private Secretary.)

Halloway, St John's, N.F.]

A BURNT TRAIN IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

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but all our portmanteaus and their contents were burnt to ashes, and everything belonging to my staff and myself went out of existence. Even the silver of our dressing-bags was fused into molten lumps. The water which played upon the floor of the coach caused enough of my cypher to be saved to serve for identification, and curiously enough a little silver and ebony crucifix lay at the bottom of the coach blackened but absolutely unharmed, although the triptych in which it hung was burnt. Not one single other thing was saved. The coaches were all lighted with many very powerful oil lamps, and the mass of oil from them caused the terribly overwhelming smoke which so completely defeated our efforts for salvage. We had reason to be thankful that our brake worked as quickly as it did, or there would have been a vacancy in the office of Governor of Newfoundland. We were about twenty hours from St John's, and of course started back at once, arriving a soiled and bedraggled party, very unlike the usual arrival of His Excellency the Governor at his seat of Government.

But despite this misfortune our cruises within my Government by land and sea both in Newfoundland and Labrador are a very pleasant memory to us. Every rose, however, has its thorn, and the thorns of those northern climes in the summer time were the flies and mosquitoes. The virulence of the tiny black flies in their particular haunts is overwhelming. Nothing will keep them out, but happily they are not equally troublesome everywhere, and the only thing is to avoid the places where they become intolerable. The mosquito is a large, slow moving insect, quite different from his brother of the tropics. He sits down upon you on any part available to him to drink his fill of blood, sensuously enjoying himself, and calmly awaiting his fate, never troubling to try and get out of the way and avoid the avenging hand of his victim.

In August 1910, a few days after returning from our long cruise, we went over in the yacht to Conception Bay to celebrate the tercentenary of the landing of John Guy, a Bristol merchant, the first man to make a permanent settlement on the island. We were escorted by *H.M.S. Brilliant*, and then, for the first time in our long and happy cruises of that year, our machinery broke down badly, and we arrived back ignominiously towed by our gallant escort.

Ah! yes, Newfoundland is a charming colony. It has, it is true, a long, bitter, and boisterous winter, hateful to those who fear cold, but nevertheless full of pleasure to such as seek health after years of tropical work, and who can find enjoyment in winter amusements. But it has in most years a summer, and later on an Indian summer, which compensates for the long days of cold; and to the governor, who can wander hither and thither at will under the pleasantest conditions, amidst a people always kindly, always welcoming and loyal to the traditions of the old country, it affords a happy and restful life which my experience teaches me to believe that he can get in no other governorship. Of all the memories which come back to me I doubt if there are any brighter than those of the dear old country which prides itself on being termed "The Ancient Colony."

On the 6th of May 1910 news reached us of the death of King Edward. Newfoundland is very loyal to old memories, and his visit there in 1860, when Prince of Wales and little more than a boy, was still fresh in the recollection of many, so that his loss was keenly and personally felt. I had the honour of proclaiming the accession of King George, which I did in the Council Chamber in the presence of most of the members of the two Houses of Parliament, as well as of many notabilities. I afterwards read the proclamation to some thousands of people from

the steps of the colonial building and later in the day to about six thousand children in the Prince's Rink, where I addressed them at some length. It has thus been my lot as governor to proclaim the accession of both King Edward and King George, and I reflect with some pride that the same honour has fallen in both cases to another old Rossall boy, Sir Frederick Lugard, now Governor of Nigeria.

In June 1911 we excelled ourselves in our celebration of the coronation of King George, and were peculiarly honoured in the fact that His Majesty himself took a personal part in our doings. Dr Grenfell had collected a very large sum for the erection of a Seaman's Institute on a somewhat colossal scale, the foundation stone of which His Majesty consented to lay on Coronation day. Never did anything happen more fortunately or exactly. Direct electric connection was established between the foundation stone and a room in Buckingham Palace, and at 4 P.M. the King was to touch a button in England which would lower the stone into its place in Newfoundland. The time fixed brought it to almost exactly 12.30 in the colony, and a full ceremonial was arranged for it. I was bold enough to take it for granted that everything would be punctual to an instant, and at one minute to the time fixed I had the troops called to attention, the massed bands ready, and then turning to the people I said, "In a few seconds His Majesty the King will touch a button at Buckingham Palace which will lower that stone into its place, he will be with you Newfoundlanders on this his coronation day in sympathy and in action, as you are in sympathy with him. Raise your hats in honour of His Majesty." I turned towards the stone, and on the instant the big gong rang and the stone descended quietly into the place in which I had laid the mortar to receive it. A burst of cheering broke out, the troops presented arms, the bands played God Save the

King, and in no corner of the Empire did the King and Queen get a more loving, loyal, and real outburst of enthusiasm than there at that moment when His Majesty so honoured us. A pleasant episode occurred later, when one of the little Princes said to me at Balmoral, "I think I must tell you, Sir Ralph, that before my father went into the room to touch the button I went in to look at it, and I did so want to press the button to see what would happen, but they would not let me. Would it have been very dreadful if I had?" to which I replied, "You would have had the worst scolding you ever had, Sir, but we should never have known of it."

Immediately after the Coronation festivities we all left for England, where we had a delightful motor tour of thirteen weeks, scouring England and Scotland from John O'Groats to Land's End, and fishing in many lochs and rivers of Scotland. While in Scotland I was honoured by an invitation from the King and Queen to Balmoral for a week-end visit, where I saw Their Majesties in their Highland home. I shall never forget their personal kindness to me. Both the King and Queen let me talk to them for hours, listened patiently to my stories of many lands, and made me almost forget their great position in their kindly interest. Loyalty to both must ever be the predominant instinct of all under their rule, but to me they were far more than the King and Queen whose authority it was my duty to recognise, and whose individuality I was bound to honour. He was a kindly and courteous host and a sympathetic chief, while she was a gracious and lovable woman, whose pride in her country shone out in every word she spoke and every sentiment she uttered. Both King and Queen must ever remain dear to the hearts of those who are privileged to come within the sphere of his hearty English way and her gentle womanly influence. At the end of a delightful holiday we returned to Newfoundland,

arriving there on the 30th of October 1911 for the last period of my official service.

During this last term I completed my tour of the whole island, the same party of us embarking in the yacht *Fiona* for over a month's trip. Our journey embraced nearly the whole of the west coast and all of the south coast, and the beauty of the coast-line and of the many bays in it struck me with fresh admiration. There is nothing in Scotland which can exceed the charm of Bonne Bay, Fortune Bay, and, best of all, Hermitage Bay, and the whole coast-line reveals fresh beauties to those who explore it. I had, too, an opportunity of seeing more of the outport people, and my earlier impressions were amply justified. In May 1912 I visited Toronto to pay my respects to the Duke of Connaught, and in July I again visited Canada, going to Halifax in *H.M.S. Sirius* to be officially present at the opening by His Royal Highness of the Memorial Tower.

I have said very little of my daily life in Newfoundland, for such matters are apt to be but dull reading, but it was, nevertheless, consistently pleasant. A governor's work in a self-governing colony is not arduous, and there is much leisure for social amusements as well as for gatherings which tend towards the betterment of the colony, in which he may, if he chooses, take a useful part.

One memorable episode during my time, in 1909, was the receipt by me one morning of a telegram from Commander Peary from Indian Harbour in Labrador, announcing that he had discovered the North Pole. As is probably well known, his captain and crew were all Newfoundlanders. I have an interesting relic of that expedition in the shape of the horns of a "white caribou." This species was discovered by Commander Peary in 1906, and was again seen by him in 1909. The horns which I have were given to me by a member of the crew of the *Roosevelt*, and I am very proud of them.

Towards the close of January 1913, I left Newfoundland in the Allan Line steamer *Numidian*, and parted with a sad heart from the throng of kindly friends who came down to see me off. I could not even watch the coast-line of the old colony as it faded away into the distance. In some respects my service had been unique, for I had held office not only under the Colonial Office to which I properly belonged, but in connection with the Foreign Office as British Agent in the Transvaal, with the Admiralty as Captain of the Port of Gibraltar, and with the War Office as a Captain in the Bechuanaland Expedition; and now it was all over, for at midnight on the 31st of January, which I spent in the train between Glasgow and London, I ceased to hold office under the King. One pleasant episode remained in store for me, for on the 10th of February I was summoned by His Majesty the King to Buckingham Palace, and there received from him a gracious appreciation of the services which I had tried for so many years to render to the Crown.

During my whole colonial service it has struck me as strange that the old country and the colonies understand so little of one another. The Englishman may, and often does, shout with jingo applause for the colonies, and the colonist may protest, with almost too great a fervour for reality, his loyalty to the mother country, but at the back of it all there is something of aloofness in the minds of both. The individual colonist (I do not speak of the Colonial Premiers with all their panoply of official distinction) visits England with a certain amount of suspicion. He is never certain that he is not looked down upon, and he is apt to assert himself a trifle boastfully in consequence. The Englishman, although vaunting his love for the Empire and all its glories, has unquestionably deep down in the recesses of his heart a feeling that he is top-dog, and the Colonial born is instinctively aware of this feeling. But despite this

the Englishman goes to the colonies with the desire to throw himself into their life, and to make the best of what he finds there; but he is not really welcome, and is made to feel that he is not welcome in a thousand ways. Openly and without the faintest attempt at disguise he is spoken of as a "foreigner" and an "alien." In Newfoundland, one of the most loyal of all the British colonies, these abominable words were daily used in the press, and in the utterings of those who are fellow citizens with Englishmen in this great Empire of ours. The appointment of an Englishman to any post, on the very rare occasions on which it might chance to be made, was openly resented. One read daily, side by side in the local papers, paragraphs glorying in the appointments of colonists to posts in the motherland, and deploring and resenting some similar success of the homeborn in the colony. To preach against this feeling was useless, for while the people will listen if it is not unkindly put before them, it utterly fails to sink down into their minds, and the newspapers abstain from reporting it for the simple reason that it does not pay to tell the plain truth. You may send the colonist home, educate him at home, and bring him back a finished product; but you will have failed, in nine cases out of ten, to eradicate the dislike that he has to the success of anyone other than of those bred within his own borders.

These doctrines will read as rank heresy in the minds of those who are soaked in the theory of "blood brotherhood," and who remember with kindling hearts the glowing words of Mr Chamberlain on this subject; but they are none the less true, and many men who, like myself, have spent their lives studying the question at first hand will recognise the truth of them; and it seems to me always better to face facts and argue them, than to hide them away and make a pretence that they are non-existent.

For the first time, so far as I know, in the history

of the colonies since they have become a real factor in the general hierarchy a great Colonial statesman, Mr Borden, the Prime Minister of Canada, has brought into working effect a large and generous policy embodying a real unity of affection, of purpose, and of responsibility as between England and her colonies, and in the great Dominion of Canada this policy has been received with acclamation; but no one who really knows the inner trend of the feeling doubts that this is but a wave of sentiment which will grow weaker and weaker as time goes on, and as the Poles, Lithuanians, and Mesopotamians who flow into Canada year by year lessen the influences which work for a real and binding union. To myself and to many of those who have an abiding love for our mother country, and who glory in the success of our colonies as strong and manly communities, it seems almost pitiful that all which tends towards lack of union cannot be swept away, and a dominant and overmastering love for the Empire as a whole take its place.

We applaud Rhodes as an empire builder, and we usually think of him as one who has added a great province to the Empire; but Rhodes' aims were far wider than mere additions of territory, although he has often, with his map in his hand, said to me, "We will paint the whole of this red before we have done with it."

Rhodes aimed at an individual far more than a geographical union. That was the object of the Rhodes Scholarships, to bring home to every soul in the Empire, if it might be so, a certainty that, no matter where within the Empire his lot might be cast, he was but a unit of the whole, that the Canadian and the Yorkshireman, the Australian and the man from Kent, the Newfoundlander and the Welshman, the New Zealander and the Scotsman, and the Africander and the Irishman were merely kindred sticks in the same bundle, and that each

individual should, regardless of himself and regardless of local interests, join in one great effort to maintain and to strengthen that vast influence for good which we speak of to-day as the British Empire. Anyone who can do aught to teach this lesson of Rhodes to every citizen of Great Britain and of Greater Britain will have done well as a citizen of his country, for without her colonies, Great Britain must sink into comparative insignificance, while without the protection of the mother country the colonies must become the prey of foreign powers, or, at best, be but minor constellations in the category of nations.

And so, as I said on the first page of this book, I have tried to tell the story of my life. Has it been interesting, I wonder?

When I think of the many delightful books of recollections that I have read dealing with home and foreign politics, and with society with a very big S, I almost hesitate to ask anyone to read what I have jotted down. Much of it deals with conditions which are fast passing away. Self-governing colonies are being confederated, Crown colonies are disappearing one by one, and of many of those which are left confederation is in the air; the House of Commons is by degrees assuming to itself a critical authority and a direct control unknown in the past, while the spirit of local self-government is spreading far and wide within the Empire. With these changes the old self-reliant colonial official, trained by long experience, must give way to a successor, who will be little more than a clerk to register the orders of the Secretary of State and those under him. It is probably all for the best, but a little swan song from one of the passing generation may be forgiven to him. For I have loved my work, and the saddest day of my official life was that on which I laid it down, full of zeal, full of energy, still young enough, still strong enough to be Prime

Minister of the Empire if it were within my grasp, yet deemed too old to remain in the service and to do the work which I know so well.

There are governors to whom retirement comes as a relief, and who welcome the day when they finally take their place as extinct volcanoes; but the back-waters of life, the directorate of companies, the club card room, the sylvan cottage, or the parish council have no joys for me, and the world seems rather empty. For the spirit of work is as strong within me to-day at sixty-five as in the days of my youth long ago, when I chose as my guiding star through life the motto which I commend to those who come after me in the old service—

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

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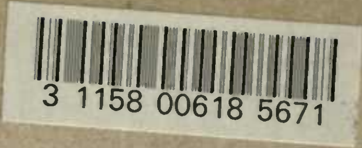
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