THE FOUNDER: HIS AIM FOR RHODESIA WAS "HAPPY HOMES"

SIDELIGHTS ON THE LIFE OF CECIL JOHN RHODES

By SIR JAMES G. McDONALD, K.B.E. (Author of "RHODES: A LIFE.")

"HOMES, more homes," said Cecil Rhodes—"that's what I am working for, that is what I want to see. Homes for those to the south of us and from the overcrowded English towns."

He made that remark during the Matabele Rebellion, while with a relief column riding through the Insiza District of Matabeleland in June, 1896. On another occasion he repeated it, sitting at our camp fire after an evening meal in the Matopo Hills, when he discussed with Lady Grey, the late George Wyndham and others, the question as to whether it would bring happiness to one who had led a purposeful, energetic life, if he were to follow the example of one of the best Roman Emperors (Diocletian) and retire, as he put it, to the country and grow cabbages and potatoes. He followed the question with a quotation from Ruskin: "Listening to Ruskin while at Oxford," he said, "his lectures made a deep impression on one. One of them in which he set out the privileges and opportunities of the young men in the Empire made a forceful entry into my mind. It was in an address in which he made a strong appeal to the Youth of England to go forth and found colonies as fast and as far as She is able to use them and to be formed of her most energetic and worthiest men." . . . 'Will you youths of England, he went on, make your country again a royal throne of Kings; a sceptred isle, for all the world a source of light, a centre of peace; mistress of learning and of the arts, faithful guardian of time-tried principles, under temptation from fond experiment and licentious desires, and amidst the cruel clamorous jealousies of the nations worshipped in her strange valour, of goodwill towards men? That is what England must do or perish . . . You must have a fixed purpose of some kind for your country and for yourselves, no matter how restricted, so that it be fixed and unselfish.'" Rhodes held that these words sent a thrill through him—his main object in life was now to secure more land, more territory, so that Happy Homes might be possible for those who had little hope of finding them in the crowded places in England. "I contend," said Rhodes, "that we are the first race in the world and that the more of the world we inhabit the better it is for the human race. I contend that every acre added to our territory provides for the birth of more of the English race, who otherwise would not be brought into existence." And so came 800,000 square miles to be added to the Empire, out of which numberless happy homes have been established and continue to be established. It is of interest to note that on February 27th of this year, Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary of the Imperial Government, in a speech he made at Oxford, said: "Be so proud of the race to which you belong that you will be as jealous of its honour as you are of its safety and that you will fight for both with equal determination." Rhodes's views and sentiments could not have been better expressed.

Rhodes in 1887. He was then 34.

Long before Rhodes had gained possession of all the territory which now bears his name (and to which might very well be added Uganda and Nyasaland, for but for his determined efforts the former would have been in the hands of Germany and the latter of Portugal) he had begun to develop as fast as was possible the Southern part of Rhodesia and within 2½ years from 1889 in which the Charter was given him to occupy and open up Mashonaland, the foundations had been established of Salisbury which it was decided should be the capital of the country and is now a fine town of fully 12,000 people. For the development of the country his vision did not then lead him further than railways, telegraphs and telephones, but these he built at a record pace and before his death he had succeeded in doing much more than blazing the trail. He was creating a new country and he did not fail to give it as much of his time as he could. Of rest he never thought. All one needed for that, he said, was an occasional change of occupation, e.g., diamonds to agriculture, on to forestry, gold mining, Cape politics, development of Rhodesia, horse breeding, fruit growing, irrigation. As Edward Dicey, the historian, said: "Rhodes does a full day's work when he feels he is having a holiday." He inspired the pioneers and early settlers of the country with his optimism and energy. During the year 1900 he spent over two months travelling all through the Eastern side of the country, visiting as many farms as was possible, meeting every settler in those parts and restoring the courage of those who had fallen on evil days. He passed no criticism but gave great encouragement. After his death, an old Dutch farmer at Chipinga, Jan Coetzee, said to me: "When Mr. Rhodes came here two years ago he saved all of us, for we were about to give up. He gave us courage, helped us to build a church, and now we have a school not far off in which our children are well taught and we have made our homes here." Had Rhodes lived to know that, how delighted he would have been, for nothing gave him greater pleasure than to hear that school buildings were required. "It is a healthy country," he would say, "a high and cool plateau, children will thrive in it." He was deeply hurt on one occasion when the late John X. Merriman, a great friend of his at one time, referred in the Cape Parliament to Rhodesia as a country of mosquito ridden swamps. "Come and see it," retorted Rhodes. "Don't talk of what you know nothing." A year or two afterwards Merriman did travel through the country, with the result that he helped to

(Continued on page 27)

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settle it by inducing some of his younger relations to take up interests there, and in his later years he could not say enough in its favour.

To another friend, Edmund Garrett, he said: "I am creating a country—my Rhodesians and I . . . To create is interesting. You will say 'Yes, if it comes out all right,' I am not bothering about that. I know the country too well to do that. You know the British public would not look at my telegraph to Cairo, yet it is well on the way, already at the Equator. There is imagination in that creation and work. It is a great thing, a pleasurable thing to look ahead, to plan and create."

Rhodes had a great liking for Table Mountain. He maintained, against any adverse criticism, that it was the most beautiful mountain in the world, whether one looked up to it or away from it. Its massive character, its impressive solitude, its boldness and vigorous outlines, appealed to him and, because he had taken a liking to some of Rudyard Kipling's books and desired to show his appreciation of the author, he made up his mind to build a house for him on the slopes of the Mountain which he said would bring him further inspiration for future works, and this it certainly did. Often for his morning ride he would take a path up the mountain, pull up his horse frequently and turn round to admire the view. "We people here," he would say to his guests, "broaden because we are always looking at the mountain." In these rides he discovered many fine trees which he gave orders to free from the bush and clinging entanglements. The lovely silver trees which were being cut out by vandals were jealously protected. As regards flowers, he delighted in a blaze of colour, and on the grasslands on the lower slopes of the Mountain he planted large areas of blue hydrangeas, bougainvillas, cannas and red and mauve salvia. Hundreds of poor people were allowed on Christmas Day to pick from these areas all they could carry away. Some abused this privilege and came again and again carrying flowers away for sale; he would not, however, withdraw it, but sent his forester to warn them that they must not come back for a second load.

At his death he left the great estate he had purchased on the Mountain to the Government of the Country. He had not bought the property for his own selfish pleasure but for the inspiration and enjoyment of the people of South Africa. His words to Michell, his agent and afterwards executor, who purchased much of it for him, proved this. "The place," he said, "belongs as much to the public as to me." To Sir Herbert Baker he said: "I have bought all this but I don't possess it." But he had the joy of it to himself and those friends for whom he really cared, in the early mornings when it was rare to see anyone about, and how it pleased him to find others enjoying it then as much as he was.

May the people of South Africa never forget the wonderful gift bestowed on them! "He hath left you all his walks, his private arbours, and planted orchards on this side Tiber ("Table Bay"); he hath left them you and to your heirs for ever, common pleasures, to walk abroad and recreate yourselves. Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?" (Shakespeare—"Julius Caesar.")

Rhodes had great conversational skill and possessed the knack of drawing from those in his company their ideas on the subject they knew something of. Many a poor conversationalist after half an hour's talk with him left with the feeling that his ideas were sound, for had not Rhodes seemed impressed? No matter who the man was—bricklayer, miner, tradesman or farmer, Rhodes soon had him talking, leading him along until the special subject he understood came to light—then he was happy. He was gaining information from someone who knew. If he was uncertain over some remark he pulled up with a question such as: "You say . . . now, why do you say that?" or "There is another side to that—let us consider the question. Is it not possible . . .?" Even in his early morning rides of an hour to an hour and a half he often rode alongside anyone going to work and had a friendly conversation, always delighted when the workman spoke of his interests freely. When he had something of importance on his mind, he reiterated his case; "a conviction comes by reiteration," he said, and if some of his guests were not convinced he "ambushed" them as he termed it, by leading up to the subject and drawing in others to talk who were in agreement with him. "When I went into Parliament," he said, "I went there saying I will take the North. Can't you see what it will bring to the Cape? It is a great, an immense plateau with an occasional belt of low country, up to the Lakes, up to the Sudan. It is so high that under the Equator it is cool. It is a country for white men and their families. We must get it. We must fill it with homesteads and towns, with railways and telegraphs. We lost the American Colonies, we must make up for that. It is not nonsensical, it is practical. If we get the North we hold the balance of the map—the balance of the map. We must hold the balance of the map. First Bechuanaland, for that is the neck of the bottle on the road to the North—the Suez Canal we might call it. There are difficulties, perhaps complications, they can be overcome but the North we must secure. It is a serious matter—you must look at it and think it over quietly but seriously. It is the Key position. It must come into the possession of the British for the protection of the Cape and for the advancement of Great Britain. It has to be faced: why are we delaying? I repeat to you that it is for us to secure the North, for the country to the North of us is the balance of the map, and if you lose it where will you be? I will tell you. Under the heel of another Power." That shows his method of convincing others.

Rhodes had a great liking for the "Essential Kafir"—the native. He had got on well with them ever since he had arrived as a boy in South Africa. Several Zulus accompanied him from Natal when he decided to try his luck at Kimberley, and they remained in his service for many long years. On the Vaal River diggings they were invaluable to him. As his fortunes progressed he did much for the welfare of all native employees in the diamond fields, and for their part they trusted him implicitly and he had but to hold up a hand and they flocked to serve him. It did not matter whether they were Xosas, Basutos, Zulus or Matabele, all wanted to work for him. I remember his writing me in November, 1897, from his Inyanga Estate in Mashonaland! "I am anxious to do some work here but find Inyanga natives very backward. Send me, if you can, 30 to 40 Matabele. I am sure they will come to me when they know they will find me here. Provide well for their journey . . ." In four days I had them off on a journey of 450 miles—all on foot, for there were no railways or other forms of conveyance for natives then. His secretary wired me 29 days after: "All natives arrived to-day singing the praises of the Chief." When the Matabele got to know him after the Matopo Peace Indaba, hundreds of them used to come to him every time he stayed for a week-end at his Matopo Farm and talk over their troubles and hopes with him, and on leaving they would say, "Sigu wena gupela osipeteyo" (there is no one but you for us), "Usengu Baba no Mama wetu" (you are now our father and mother), "Sinkangela guwe ngusilondoloza" (we look to you to protect us), then "Hlala guhle U'Rhodes, Hlala guhle Lamula Inkunzi" (rest in peace Great Rhodes, Rest in peace Separator of the Fighting Bulls). To which he replied: "Hamba guhle mahlobo yami" (Go in peace my friends). It gave the Matabele much pleasure to know that he was maintaining two young sons of the Matabele King out of his own pocket, sending them to a first-class school in the Cape Colony and having them to spend their holidays at one of his places there.

The well known Glen Grey Act which he introduced when he was Prime Minister of the Cape Colony has been of the greatest service for the uplift of the native from tribalism of a low character to a form of citizenship which has brought his self-respect to a much higher plane. The basic principles of the Act were thought out by Rhodes himself. "One of the main objects," to use his own words, "was to induce the native to recognise the dignity of labour." Rhodes loved the happy lightheartedness of the native but considered it was his and our task to help him to use his limited powers to the best advantage and to develop his undoubted worth as one of the greatest potential assets of Africa. "At present," he said, "they are children in intellect only and must be treated patiently and sypathetically." Have we been following his advice?

Rhodes was no orator—in fact, he lacked rhetorical qualities, but he had a style of speech simple, effective and pungent which was of great service to him, for it often lent to expressions of business or duty a glamour of romance. His periods or sentences had a distinctive quality of their own. Imagination frequently quickened his tongue, as on other occasions did a fiery attack by an opponent. But no stately sentences fell from him — many of them were unformed carrying unfinished phrases, but always showing a virile force when he threw his will power to the surface. When he particularly wished to carry a point, reiterated hammer strokes would fall from his lips —strokes that carried and convinced his audience who felt they were coming from a man who knew his subject to the core and who was fighting for a good cause, a man who was not to be shaken and who feared no opponent. In general, his speech was straightforward and trenchant and plain in diction, simple in

(*Continued on page 29*).

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construction and vibrating at times with intensity. On the occasion of the Raid Enquiry, on being asked: "What have you done, Mr. Rhodes? How much have you done?" He replied: "How much have I done? Does indefatigable industry lead nowhere?" I shall give one or two short extracts from some of his speeches to show what I term his style. The first is both moving and beautiful and was made to illustrate a point when he was speaking on Rhodesia. "I remember," he said, "in the impetuosity of my youth, I was talking to a man advanced in years who was planting—what do you think? He was planting oak trees—and I said to him very gently, that the planting of oak trees by a man advanced in years seemed to me rather imaginative." He seized the point at once and said to me: 'You feel that I shall never enjoy the shade?' I said 'Yes,' and he replied, 'I had the imagination and I know what that shade will be, and at any rate no one will ever alter these lines. I have laid my trees on certain lines; I know that I cannot expect more than to see them beyond a shrub, but with me rests the conception and the shade and the glory.' There is a simplicity in that short extract that will appeal to most people. In another speech made in Vryburg in 1898, he said: "South Africa will never be true to herself till she has buried all racial bitterness. What will you get by setting race against race? It will not feed you, it will not give you land, it will not secure the future of yourselves and your children. What is it going to do for you? I will tell you. It is going to starve you." That shows the convincing note. On another occasion, speaking at Cape Town, he said: "The people of England are finding out that trade follows the flag and they have all become Imperialists. They are not going to part with any territory. They intend to retain every inch they have got." As usual, directness is there.

Living as he did for long periods on the frontiers of civilisation, he developed a conversational style of speech which greatly pleased the pioneers and early settlers in these outlying places. Even dwellers in the towns got to look forward to such speeches, for they seemed to take them into the inner mind of the speaker. The following, made in Cape Town in March, 1898, is a good example. "He (Mr. Borkenhagen) said to me—'Mr. Rhodes, we want a united South Africa.' I said. 'So do I. I am with you entirely; we must have a united South Africa.' He said, 'There is nothing in the way,' and I said, 'No, there is nothing in the way.' 'We are one.' 'Yes,' he said, 'and I will tell you we will take you as our leader. There is only one small thing; we must, of course, be independent of the rest of the world.' I said, 'No, you take me either for a rogue or a fool. I would be a rogue to forfeit all my history and my traditions, and I would be a fool, because I would be hated by my own countrymen and mistrusted by yours.' That was the overpowering thought in his mind, an independent South Africa. But it is an impossible thought, an impracticable thought. It is only a fool who would indulge in it now. The only chance of union is the overshadowing protection of a supreme power. Any German, Frenchman or Russian would tell you that the best and most liberal Power in the world is that over which Her Majesty reigns." Simplicity and directness show there. That shows clearly what was in his mind. Mostly his speeches had in them a quality of their own, showing a flavour of actual life which is not often met with, and he quickly held his audience in his grip. As he said more than once, he was given to speaking his thoughts out aloud and if they were worth it and were being absorbed by his hearers, he repeated his points with increasing emphasis.

When he had to face strong opposition he became intensely earnest, holding his head well up and keeping his eyes full set on his audience and never showing a trace of nervousness. Frequently he held them spellbound, and then a wave of enthusiasm would seize them and all opposition promptly disappeared.

Like all strongminded men, men of action whom it is not possible to hold back, Rhodes had enemies. He admitted that "in pursuing my object, the enlargement of the British Empire, and with it the cause of peace, industry and freedom, I have adopted means in removing opposition which were the rough and ready way and not the highest way to attain that object. But you must remember that in South Africa where my work has lain, the laws of right and equity are not so fixed and established as in this country, and if I have once or twice done things which savoured rather of violence than of protest or peaceful striving, yet you must look back to far-off times in English history for a parallel to the state of things in South Africa . . . In those past times there have been not a few men who have done good service in the State but some whose actions have partaken of the violence of their age, which are hard to justify in a more peaceful and law-abiding age. It is among those men that my own life and actions must be weighed and I trust to the justice of my countrymen."

Rhodes was always an early riser. I lived with him for months at a time and found that it was his custom to get up not later than 6 a.m., when he went out riding for one and a half to two hours. While travelling in the veld he rose a full hour before that and we were generally in bed by 9 p.m. for riding often 30 miles a day, and walking another 6 to 7 shooting for the "pot," tired all of us. Never when he was in his house near Cape Town was he to be found out of bed after 11. It would have been difficult to find many men living such a strenuous life as Cecil Rhodes who led such an abstemious and temperate one. All day he was at work wherever he was, but late hours and over-drinking were never indulged in. He could not endure "high living": he liked good but simple English food and had a good appetite but never exceeded. As for drinking—it was generally a bottle of beer or a gin and soda at lunch, with dinner a couple of glasses of hock or champagne or sometimes a whisky and soda followed by a glass of port, often a liqueur (old brandy or Kummel), but no alcohol after leaving the dining-room. Had he been more than a very moderate drinker he could not possibly have got through the vast amount of work he did daily. In the dining-room, smoking room or elsewhere he would not tolerate loose talk, such as is not infrequent among men over wine and cigars. If anyone talked in such a fashion he was "put down" and never asked again as a guest. He had a profound respect for women, but he never associated closely with them. I can remember his saying one night: "When I entered the political field I had to give up all thoughts of mixing closely with women. No one who enters that field can last if he gives much of his time or attention to the other." Rhodes was always distressed when he saw young men whom he knew drinking in the day time, save perhaps something light at lunch. "Drinking too freely ruined hundreds of good young fellows in Kimberley," he said. "Do what you can to turn them off it." I can with absolute certainty say that his advice and wish in this respect caused many of us to give up all drink until after sundown, with, I need hardly say, the best result. In this connection it may be interesting to mention an occurrence of his undergraduate days. At dinner one night one of the undergraduates who had drunk rather more than was wise made some offensive and gross remarks about two well-known and highly regarded people—husband and wife. Sitting near him was a young man, by name Barnes Lawrence, who jumped up and said: "How can you talk like that. You are a low hound. If you ever utter words like that again I'll do my best to thrash you and do it properly." Someone sitting near said: "Oh don't get so hot over it." Lawrence rejoined: "Shut up, leave this matter to me." Rhodes then jumped up and said: "Why, you are a regular Briton, Barnes Lawrence," and, turning to the offender, added: "If you give us any more talk like that, we will all let you have it, so hold your tongue." "And," said Barnes Lawrence who described the incident, "hold his tongue he did."

During the last two years of his life, Rhodes began to show a shortness of temper that was never seen in his early days or in his prime. Illness was doubtless the cause, and for the final twelve months of his life all his rest had to be taken sitting in a chair or propped up in bed. He became very restless and kept moving in the hope that changes of scene and climate would help him to regain some degree of better health. But it was not to be, and one day he realised it and said: "Well, after all I complain only of one thing—that the Almighty won't give me ten more years to live—I must make the most of what I may have," and he turned with greater force than ever to complete such work as he thought the most urgent of all he had in hand. The Force that possessed him allowed no interlude or rest. In his earlier years he had great patience. "Do not rush things unless you know your foundations are secure," I heard him say one day to Milton whom he wisely chose in 1896 as Administrator for Rhodesia, "we must carry the settlers with us." I saw no impatience in him myself until 1898. From then onward, however, it began to show. "You must push things along," he would say, "others are beating us, you must get 200 acres cleared and planted by Xmas time. It will never do for you and me to become the laughing stock of the country, so get busy." Towards the latter end of 1896 he gave some of us a lesson in patience which I have never forgotten. The Matabele Rebellion was drawing to a finish and all the chiefs had given in save four, one of them a powerful leader, by name Holi, who had married

(*Continued on page 31*).

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THE FOUNDER—(Continued from page 29).

a daughter of Lobengula—Ruler of the Matabele for many years. He and three minor chiefs under his control would not come out of the Matopo Hills to offer their submission. When Rhodes heard this, he said, "Very well, we will go and sit at the door of Holi's Kraal till he appears and is ready to come to reason." So with four of us and our native servants, mule waggon and horses, he set out, and after cutting a track in the hills we came to an open well watered glade not very far from Holi's big kraal and about 40 miles from Bulawayo. There we made camp and for five weeks we moved about shooting a few guinea fowl and fishing in the Malema River while Holi sulked in his Kraal with about 1,000 armed natives. We were lost to the world save for a rare visit from a mounted post rider. "They won't harm us," said Rhodes, "they know the rebellion has been a failure and Holi is feeling the bitterness of defeat. As time goes on, that will pass and he will come to us and yield, but we cannot leave him alone till he has done so, as he might breed mischief otherwise." About the end of the fifth week, Holi arrived in our camp one morning and after a talk of some two hours everything was settled and the rebellion was really ended. By 11 o'clock Holi left very satisfied with the settlement that had been reached and in less than an hour Rhodes was chaffing all of us as a lazy lot and urging us to pack up and get off. Realising what was in the air we had, however, been busy and by noon we were off, trekking with our mule waggon and horses till 4 p.m. hastening towards Salisbury, 350 miles away. Rhodes cheerful and happy. "What did I tell you," he said, "we wore him out. It cost us precious time but no lives. Now let us make up time. Didn't I tell you that he'd come to us if we showed patience?" The day came, however, when he could no longer ride more than a few miles at a time, and gradually his own patience diminished. One saw the weariness, the disquiet of his mind; nothing went quickly enough for him and occasionally anger would blaze forth—yet how quickly it subsided, and he never failed to do all he could to make up for any such outburst. He began to suffer badly and could no longer mount a horse. Patience came back to him then, and he lay for a few weeks propped up in bed with no one to look after him save one or two of his devoted men friends and two Coloured servants. Then one night the end came, "So little done," he murmured to his friend Michell, "so much to do." He suffered much in these last weeks physically but not mentally. To me the night before his death he said, "And so you go back to Bulawayo to-morrow. Well, go on with my avenue, it must be got ready for the children and nursemaids. Press it forward and remember I will be on your heels." And so he was a few days after, but alas, in his coffin. That was close on 40 years ago but his spirit still rides through the land and the schemes he had planned continue to grow though more slowly, lacking the master hand.

Was Rhodes a religious man? I have been asked that question time and again. My reply generally has been, "Can you tell me first what you mean by religion? How do you define it?" Rarely have I had a satisfactory answer, so I have said, "Let me tell you Rhodes's definition given when laying a foundation stone for the Wesleyan Church in Bulawayo." "What is religion?" he asked. "I will tell you. It means the betterment of mankind. Why did the ancient Romans throw those who were Christians to the lions? Why did the Spanish Inquisition put men and women on the rack and tear them apart? Why did the Scottish Covenanters burn others at the stake? All with the same object—for the sake of religion—for the betterment, as they believed, of mankind. . . . There are many sects in religion. I do not belong to yours but it is, I am sure, as good as mine. When we come abroad we all broaden. Here we see great wide spaces, we encounter immense solitudes which impel us to think of doing good work and helping to improve the condition of humanity in general. Believe me, religion is a better thing for South Africa than materialism. It helps the formation of character and, of course, the only true ideal of character is our Saviour.

"I remember," he went on, "the Bishop of Derry was staying with me at Groote Schuur about a year ago and one Sunday he was to preach at Rondebosch Church. 'I suppose,' he said to me, 'You are coming to hear me this morning?' 'No, Sir,' I replied, 'I have got my own chapel.' 'Where is that?' asked the Bishop. 'It is up the Mountain—Table Mountain,' I answered. Thereupon the Bishop remarked, 'Dear me, Dear me, a nice place to have your Church.' Now, added Rhodes, 'I will tell you something, I do not care to go to a particular church for I find if I go up the Mountain quietly I get thoughts, what you might call religious thoughts because they are thoughts for the betterment of Humanity. Yet I believe that every man and every woman would be better for the giving of an hour frequently to church. It would make them better human beings. . . It would help to make them braver, kindlier, more thoughtful and more unselfish and bring them the praise of all men."

"Was Rhodes a religious man?" I am asked. My answer is "Yes."

Rhodes had a firm belief in the great value of education, a belief which grew stronger as he became older, and in time it brought him to the founding of the Rhodes Scholarships. There is a grandeur in this idea of his, for his object was to create a fellowship among the leading young men of the great Anglo Saxon race and through them to secure, in time, the peace of the World. In his will he named certain qualities as those for which he would look in his ideal scholar, "for these," he said, "will be likely to guide him to esteem the performance of public duty as his highest aim." His views about the English speaking people were well described by his friend W. T. Stead. "What," said Mr. Rhodes to him, "is the highest thing in the World? Is it not the idea of Justice?" Justice between man and man—equal impartial fair play to all; that surely must be the first note of a perfected society. Secondly, there must be Liberty, for without freedom there can be no justice. Slavery in any form which denies a man a right to be himself is, and must always be, unjust. And thirdly . . . Peace—of the industrial commonwealth as opposed to the military class or fighting Empire. "What race," he went on, "most promotes, over the widest possible area, a state of society having these three—Justice, Liberty and Peace, as corner stones? Every race," he characteristically observed, "will no doubt vote for itself, but who will receive the second vote? I will tell you—the English-speaking man whether British, American, Australian or South African, for he is the type who does now, and is likely to continue to do in the future, the most practical effective work to establish justice, to promote liberty and to ensure peace over the widest possible area of the planet."

Rhodes greatly desired a union of the English-speaking people but without drawing them from the land of their birth or adoption, and to achieve this purpose he laid it down for the guidance of the Trustees for the Scholarships that they should select young men of promise from outside Great Britain and bring them together for three years at Oxford with the object of broadening their outlook and that of the youth of Great Britain as a result of their mutual association in the intimate residential life of the colleges of one of the most famous and beautiful universities in the world. The scholars themselves were to be selected on four grounds: (a) their literary and scholastic attainments; (b) their qualities of manhood, which he defined as truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness and fellowship; (c) their exhibition during school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in their school mates; and (d) their fondness for and success in manly outdoor sports, such as cricket, football and the like. He said on one occasion: "I do not want bookworms—I want the best man for the world's fight. Work is not sufficient in itself, we must inspire others to work, for the mass of mankind cares more for pleasure than for work or lofty ambitions."

A scholarship covers three years and the value is £400 a year. The system has justified itself and seems to be working well. On the whole it has been a success, perhaps because it has no political ends. And yet what did Rhodes really desire? Jameson once said: "Another Cecil Rhodes!" Well, that would mean politics—a man with imagination, courage, public spirit and sentiment, a man whose character and ability would at least command attention.

To come to a somewhat lower plane, but an equally interesting one, I feel I must give a short account of a Prize-Giving in June, 1901, at one of the earliest schools in Bulawayo. Rhodes was always delighted when he heard of a school for children, and though he was very far from well on this occasion he made a speech that delighted all those present, young and old. "I hear," he said, "there are over a hundred children in this school; six years ago there were only little barbarians in this locality. Education is the whole difference between barbarians and civilisation. This is perhaps the only country in the world where an attempt is being made to solve the religious difficulty in education, by allowing the children to be taught their different religions in the same school. If your children were at a Board School in England, you might hear a chapter of the Bible read, but if you asked your teacher: "What does that mean?" he would not be allowed to answer you. He can read the Bible to you but he must not

(Continued on page 33).

www.rhodesia.me.uk

 (*Continued from page 31*).

answer questions. It is most ridiculous for one of the most advanced countries in the world. But here we have a system, that for half-an-hour in the morning the clergy of each church can teach their special dogmas to the children of the members of their congregations, but the boy whose father does not want him to have any religious teaching does not get playground, he gets geography. We have hit on a solution which is going to work. In England a Board School can have no religion. That is a mistake just as it is a mistake in Australia where they have excluded religion from the schools. It is an absolute mistake, because a child at school is at that period of its life when it is most pliable to thought, and if you remove from it all thought of religion I don't think you make a better human-being. I know that a child brought up religiously is a better human-being. Do not dismiss religion from your schools. Let parents and teachers tell the children that there is one thing in life better than material instruction and that is religious belief ! " From those remarks it can be seen clearly that Rhodes placed no reliance on a Godless education for the rising generation and the short speech gives, very concisely, his views on education and religion. On another occasion he remarked to General Booth of the Salvation Army : " Prayer is good; it brings before you the duties of the day, pulling one up to face the obligations for their discharge."

Limelight had no effect on Rhodess. Popularity from the masses such as he got did not detract from his character or lower his judgment. I remember his saying : " At one stage of my career I used to read what the papers said about my speeches, etc. They criticised them freely—' Mr. Rhodes did not go far enough ' . . . one would say, while another would remark : ' Mr. Rhodes missed a great opportunity ' . . . and so on, then telling me what I should have done or said. I paid some heed to their remarks and said to myself, ' perhaps after all, there's something to be said for their views and they say they speak for the public. I must try and meet them. Well, I did, but to no purpose—they so often knew better (so they said) what was required than I did, so I said to myself again : ' You must take the responsibility on yourself. If you feel you are right stand fast to your opinions, and pay no heed to Press views.' I didn't, and I am sure I was right, for so often, after a time, many of the newspapers altered their attitude, and it would be 'How right Mr. Rhodes was in the policy he inaugurated " . . . and so on. The fact is, if you mean to deal fairly and honestly with the public you must possess understanding, sincerity, generosity and sentiment. Without those qualities they won't listen to you, let alone follow you."

Rhodes frequently stated that he learnt a lot from Ruskin, but I do not think it was Ruskin who inspired him with his urge for ' More homes, happy homes.' He came from yeoman stock and love of the country was ingrained in him. His heart was always in the land, and that was a bond between him and the Dutch-Afrikaner element. He was quick to realise good land from indifferent, and he saw on one of his many expeditions the value of the Drakenstein Valley in which he bought a large number of farms and gradually created the great industry, The Rhodes Fruit Farms. To get the right trees and the right men to establish the industry, he sent one of his "young men" to California to bring back eight or ten qualified fruit growers, though the workmen he employed were South African Dutch and Coloured, with a sprinkling of English. " The English," he said, " are too impatient and want to grow rich too quickly. To get the best from the soil you must have workers on it who are patient with it and care for it." Near Kimberley and in Rhodesia he had several farms, all occupied, in which he grew lucerne, oats, wheat, etc., and reared horses, cattle, sheep and donkeys. He supervised all these himself and as far as I was concerned, as his factor or agent in Rhodesia, he became very annoyed if I did not at least once a fortnight let him know how things were going. Not always too easy for me, for I had many other concerns to attend to. Of all his possessions, apart from Groote Schuur, and Table Mountain, he cared most for Inyanga, situated some hundred and fifty miles from Salisbury well up in the hills, which might almost be described as mountains. " Here I can sleep," he said. " Is there a more soothing, a more pleasant sound than that of running water ? " I had seen to it that his bedroom was built close to where a mountain brook tumbled over a pebbly bed. Alas, he was never able to live there for more than a week or two at a time. The altitude was too much for his heart. In 1897, he injudiciously prolonged his stay and, but for the good fortune that Dr. Jameson was there with him, his short life would have ended then. For all his estates and farms he secured the best pedigree stallions and bulls from England, and stud donkeys and Angora rams from Turkey. Fruit trees, *e.g.*, peaches, plums, oranges, etc., he got from America and Australia. He built dams for irrigation purposes and brought over one of the greatest irrigation engineers from America to advise him on that subject. On these experiments and works he spent vast sums of money.

Wandering alone one Sunday aforenoon on his Matopo Estate in the middle of a dry season, he noticed among the dried up grasses on the veld a variety that looked fresh and green, and he asked that it should be noted and seed from it collected, the result being that to-day it has added greatly to the value of the grass crops in Australia where its introduction proved a huge success, whilst it is being gradually spread throughout South Africa. Australia, I think, gave it the name it is known by all over the world now — Rhodes Grass — and well is the name deserved.

Had Rhodes lived another few years, he would have done much towards the education of South Africa in art, particularly in sculpture and architecture. In 1901, he sent his friend H. T. Baker (later Sir Herbert Baker) to Italy and Greece to bring him back designs and sketches of buildings and monuments that might be suitable for this country of bright skies. Unfortunately, death claimed him before he was able to make a start with such selections as he had made from Baker's drawings. He had fixed on several—a Church in Cape Town, a Guest House on the site of the Kraal of Lobengula, near Bulawayo, and a Memorial to the Pioneers of 1890 who named him, he said, as the Founder of a country—Rhodesia. It should not be forgotten that the great sculptor, Watts, who possessed the highest spiritual ideas, gave his greatest life's work in sculpture " Physical Energy " as a free gift to be dedicated to Rhodes's memory. For many years Watts had only heard of Rhodes and had not formed a favourable opinion of him. When he met him, however, and after an hour's conversation, he said to his friend Lord Grey, " I have met a man : he has done great deeds and he is looking to do others. I pray that he may be successful." And so " Physical Energy," a man looking ahead seeking to accomplish further deeds, entered his mind and was developed by his brain and hands.

> The Rider with the loose flung bridle-rein . . .
> Alert, devouring—and the imperious hand
> Ordaining matters swiftly to bequeath
> Perfect the work he planned !

To those who have said that Rhodes lacked artistic and cultural qualities I would say : " Read his Will and some of his speeches and you will form a sounder judgment.' Speaking in Kimberley in 1894 he said : " One of other thoughts that came to me in my early days here when I was diamond digging was that, if fortune favoured me, I should do something towards helping the rising generation to gain some knowledge of Art." He was doubtless thinking of creative art, for in one of the fragments of some of his written " Thoughts " in which he summed up a lecture by Ruskin on "Instincts of Life," he says : " I think the best from a human point of view is creation but whatever you choose you must work with all your soul for that instinct you deem best." Music did not appeal to him, nor did pictures, save in portraiture. Sculpture and architecture he liked, and he was much interested in the finest examples to be seen in Egypt, Greece and Rome. He had a sound judgment on such things but had no great liking for Victorian Art. Well planned and stately public buildings he considered gave rise to love of one's country , and subconsciously pride in one's country followed. ' If people live in beautiful surroundings," he said, " they will be better inspired to interpret through their art the beauty and grandeur of the country." When Sir George Martin, the organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, visited him at Groote Schuur, he drew him away from a hurried lunch—" You must come with me—there is time to see the glorious panorama from the Mountain." When they got to the point where they were able to see two oceans meet and the Hottentots Holland Mountains, away beyond the great flats, Rhodes said : " I want artists to paint it, but they cannot get its enormous expanse. Now I want you to put it into music at St. Paul's ! " And so Martin did, but Rhodes had passed on before he was able to render it at St. Paul's. It was heard, however, by those who were present at his memorial service under the dome of the Cathedral.

Did Rhodes possess culture? First, let us say, if we can, what culture may be. It covers a wide field; generally it is supposed to embrace a high educational training, the development of mental faculties in particular, a refinement of taste in literature, with a balanced intellect and judgment. Did Rhodes possess

(*Continued on page 35*).

www.rhodesia.me.uk

THE FOUNDER—(*Continued from page 33*).

those qualities? He certainly did, but they were not easily observable, for he lacked the faculty of easy expression and often found himself unable to set out what he felt in appropriate language. He read a great deal and could give apt quotations from the Bible, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Marcus Aurelius, whose "Meditations" he always had by him, and from various early Greek and Roman writers. History, and especially ancient history, he read much of. Shakespeare and Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam" were always among the small number of books he travelled with.

Rhodes was always trying to impress the value of culture, to quote his own words, "on such fruitful ground as he encountered." In what we may call the preamble to that part of his Will which dealt with the Rhodes Scholarships, he said: "I consider that the education of young colonists at one of the Universities in the United Kingdom is of great advantage to them for giving breadth to their views, for their instruction in life and manners, and for instilling into their minds the advantage to the Colonies as well as to the United Kingdom . . ." Rhodes named certain qualities which he desired in his ideal scholar, "for these," he wrote, "will be likely to guide him to esteem the performance of public duty as his highest aim." The cultural qualifications required for candidates for scholarships are far greater than the physical which are given only twenty marks out of a total of a hundred, but he considered the latter quality brought out character and self-confidence and was necessary to give balance to the educative process. His main desire was that "my scholars must become imbued with the spirit of Oxford and take it back to their own countries." The qualifications for a scholar as laid down by him were, briefly: brains, fellowship, leadership and sportsmanship, in the order named. It would seem from the foregoing that Rhodes had a firm belief in the value of culture. The influence of the Scholarships has already made itself felt in many countries and is tending to advance the higher and more cultural side of education and, although Rhodes was first and foremost a man of action, indeed one of the great men of action in the history of the world, the fact that he found time in his brief life of ceaseless activity continuously to impress upon the rising generation the supreme importance of culture is evidence that he himself must have possessed artistic and cultural qualities to a considerable degree.

Rhodes never believed in correspondence as a method of settling difficulties or conducting business of any important character. Personal contact and discussion were what he always arranged if it were at all possible. He felt that more could be done in an hour's friendly talk than by months of correspondence. "If you meet people," he said, "you soon know whether they are prejudiced one way or the other — you score a point when you gain that knowledge. Letters will not tell you. Often you gain inspiration from their remarks." He possessed great powers of persuasion and a remarkable gift of magnetism. Very frequently he won over opponents completely. Then he would cross his hands—left over right — with a slight clap. "We have found the solution," he would say, "you'll see we have found the solution." Always he desired to give credit to whoever had helped him. The Ego was never given prominence.

His influence over men, young and old, was very great. Lord Grey, one of the Trustees of his Will, said: "I have known many men whose characters were entirely changed by Cecil Rhodes, who in their later years took the responsibility on their shoulders to make the world a better place for others because of what they had learnt from Rhodes."

He did not possess the slightest streak of smallness in his character—he hated such a trait. On occasion I have seen him jump up and call on a "down and out" pioneer to come and sit by him at some public dinner.

Unpunctuality he could not endure, and dirt or untidiness about any place were a source of annoyance to him. He took much interest in seeing that a clean and dry site was always selected for the night's encampment, which he insisted should be placed on the side the wind generally came from so that we should be free of dust, and "always," he said, "camp on red soil if it is possible for the drainage on such is best."

Many men came to him with letters of introduction. He saw them all and did his best to "size" them up. A number he sent on to me, but only those who he thought might succeed in a new country. Here is a letter in regard to one:—

Dear McDonald.—The young man who brings you this comes of good stock. He talks well. Put him under Ross, if he fails there try Hull for him. I think he will be proved on his farms. If he's no good send him back (Home). Pay his fare.

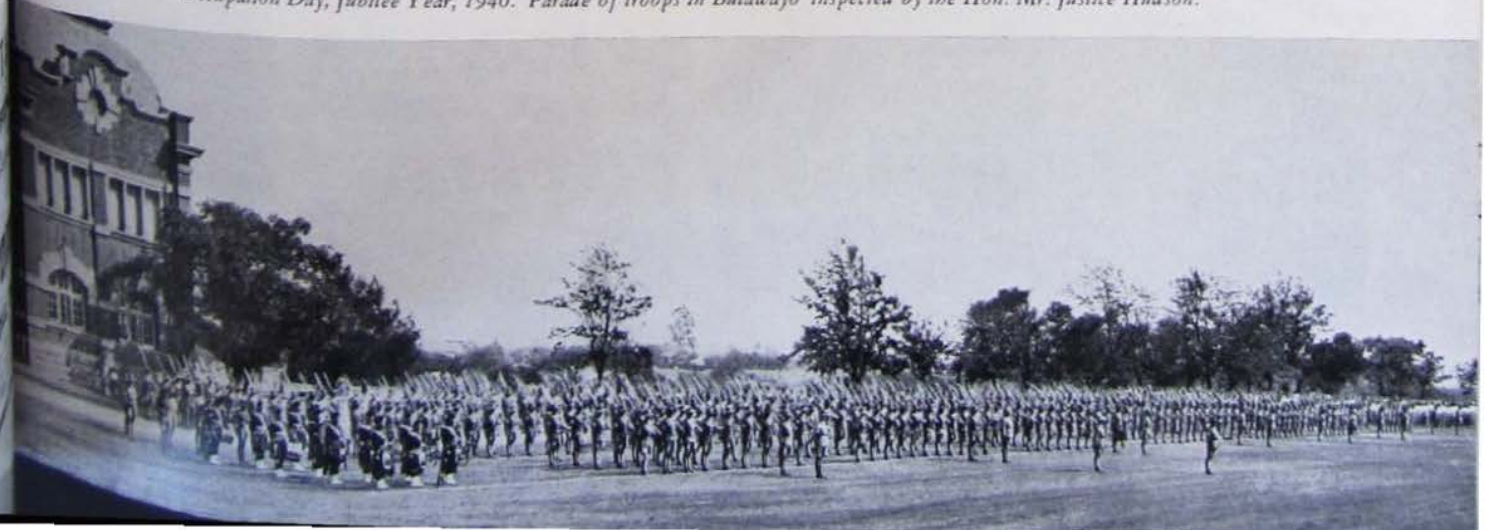
Yours—C. J. Rhodes.

The young man went back. I regret to say a large percentage of those he sent up to Rhodesia did the same. They belonged to the "loafer" type which he could not endure. "If ten per cent. are a success," he said, "we are doing well." One of his greatest successes was his butler, by name Norris, who took a fancy to come to Rhodesia. Rhodes started him and his wife who also came from England on a farm in Rhodesia where they worked hard and did very well and they have provided a large number of useful settlers for the country—sons, daughters, and grandchildren. Their hearts were of course in the land.

A member of a big family, Rhodes learnt early in life the need for hard work, but he realised that life to be worth living required more than materialism — culture and patriotic service were of even greater importance, while for success imagination was essential.

A feature in regard to Rhodes was that barely a year or two after his arrival in South Africa he had determined the goal which he must attain, and although he tried to get help from others, he got none and had to fight the way to his objective alone. "To be useful to my country," he said, "is my chief aim and desire," and his achievement in that respect was amazing. "Let the English-speaking people," he said, "absorb the greater part of the world, under one rule and they will end all wars. Let the United States and the British combine . . . What a dream, but it is probable: it is possible."

Talking of him to a friend of mine at his dinner table one night, the late Lord Rosebery said: "Rhodes was the product of omnivorous reading, wide vision, opportunity and a predatory spirit!

People rarely die before their tasks are finished. Was Rhodes's finished? In a way—yes. He had reached the Zambesi; he had seen his Pioneers across it and up to Lake Tanganyika, and from the heights of Inyanga he looked down on a great expanse; great flats, fading away in the distant shimmering light, where a country he had founded was developing, whose rocks would bring wealth, whose grasses would bring cattle, whose soil grain and fruits of the earth. As night approached, what did he see from his small farm house high on Inyangombi? In the far distance a faint light here, another there, whilst the yodelling of a native herdboy was to be heard as the small flocks were being driven towards the settlers' homes. "Happy homes—Happy homes," he murmured.

Occupation Day, Jubilee Year, 1940. Parade of troops in Bulawayo inspected by the Hon. Mr. Justice Hudson.