

he achieved the impossible. Brooding long years in African deserts he saw the great plan; all his work was the filling-in of this plan.

We are inclined to underestimate the ideals, plans, and dreams that come to us in our luminous hours. Men cavil at them, but it is these that win battles before they are fought. Napoleon believed that every battle was won by imagination, and so while others slept, the great Corsican marshalled his forces and hurled them on his foes, achieving the victory in his dreams.

Now the dreams of the great Afrikander were ones that disturbed his ease and led him to obloquy, odium, and bitter hatred, for they were the stuff out of which an empire was built. He swept his hand down the map of Africa from top to bottom and said, "All red!" for so the English territories are colored. He realized that the scattered republics which went to make up South Africa must be welded into one coherent whole if the continent was to take its place among the first in the world. It was evident that the aborigines were not capable of self-government, and must inevitably give way before the advances of the white man—that the fittest must survive.

Now Mr. Rhodes contended that every nation aiming at a high standard should rest upon the three corner-stones of Justice, Liberty, and Peace; and as it was manifest that these three had reached their high-water mark in the Anglo-Saxon race, his far-stretching plan of "All red!" was justifiable, and must indubitably result in the greatest good for the greatest number. This plan of England's paramountcy in Africa was a large one, but the Great Colonist pursued it unflinchingly. In our ultra-sensitive times, it was a grim work he had to do. It meant, too, the load of calumny which is the burden of fame, for "What is Fame in life but half dis-fame?"

The red glare of war still hung on the horizon when

The Duel, Rhodes *versus* Kruger

began its long and momentous history. At this time the English troops had scuttled and run before the Transvaalers. The Burghers had been victorious at Laing's

Nek and Majuba, and so it was a very small figure indeed that England cut in their eyes.

Now, it happened that Paul Kruger had dreamed the same dream as Cecil Rhodes, except that it carried him only as far north as Zambesi. There was another difference too, for while the Englishman would allow equal rights to all, the Dutchman desired to assume the position of sole master of this territory, treating the Uitlanders and blacks as vassals, without any rights or liberties.

The First Trouble

arose over Bechuanaland, the trade-route to the interior. Rhodes urged the Imperial authorities to take this territory under British protection for it was the key to paramountcy in South Africa. Already the Dutch were trekking in and forming small colonies preparatory to annexing it to the Transvaal. In all his varied career, greater disappointment never came to Rhodes than the announcement from Downing Street, that no action would be taken in this matter. Immediately following this decision, Germany annexed a large territory to the north. This move caused anxiety in England, and the result was the proclamation of the British protectorate over Bechuanaland, for which Rhodes had fought so earnestly. The Boer colonists openly defied the proclamation and Rhodes was sent to interview Delarey. With apparent nonchalance, he walked into the tent of the Boer commandant and invited himself to breakfast. In describing his visit afterwards he said, "I stayed with Delarey a week; I became godfather to his grandchild and in the end we made a settlement."

But the wily old Doper, President Kruger, was not to be so baffled, and he at once took the bit in his own teeth by issuing a proclamation annexing Bechuanaland to the Transvaal. Now by this he not only ignored the British protectorate, but deliberately cast under foot the agreement made at the famous London Convention, whereby the Transvaal was not to extend her boundaries without the consent of the British Government.